Entwined a Reylo fanfic

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Entwined a Reylo fanfic

by Dark Guardian

Summary

Expect long chapters, deep description, slow slow burn but hopefully worth it, lots of Force stuff, character arcs and possible major character deaths, intense scenes and lots of thirst. Force bond, Light, Dark and lots of confusing longing in between. Smut... hopefully lots of smut by the end ;) this is my first work, so please maybe cut my poor editing and grammatical errors some slack—please.

Ty and enjoy...

Also feel free to comment! If I’m not updating fast enough here, the full 66 chapters and counting as it’s still in progress are located on the free app Wattpad under: Entwined a Reylo fanfic by -DarkGuardian- here’s the link https://my.w.tt/1WfeJxOBWL
Kylo Ren gasped and choked on air as he struggled against the limitations of his body. In the last thirty minutes he'd been shot with a bowcaster, stabbed in his left shoulder, and slashed in multiple places; The worst of which were the places she had attacked him. Maybe his pride had something to do with it but the constant sear of where she had slashed his flesh with his grandfathers lightsaber, had certainly felt the worst of it. Only moments ago she had stood over him, the blue glow of the plasma blade in her hand illuminating her once soft features in sapphire. Now she looked menacing. The most enticing walking contradiction he'd ever seen; an angel hellbent on vengeance!

Wisps and curls of her chestnut brown hair had freed themselves from the constraints of the three loops she tied them down with. Some blew around her in the soft wind while others clung to her face, locked down by a mixture of perspiration and the melting snow along the heat of her skin. Under the blue glow of the plasma blade she wielded, a plasma blade which was rightfully his by blood, sweat glistened and sheened along her sun kissed face and neck. He eyed the length of her, appreciating her hight and physique, though she was a bit thin he found her to be exceptionally strong. She was still much shorter then him but most people were. She was long and lean but athletic and powerful.

And her eyes...

Before when she looked at him they were wide and circular with a fear that he could follow right to her soul. Now they burned with her anger towards him. He knew he should use the Force to lock her down or mind trick her or even just to connect with the power she was currently housing so he could strengthen his own, but those blazing eyes. They dared him to try to tamper with her mind. They threatened to ignite him with their flames. It was tempting too! He could see himself as ash and ember while she engulfed him. Maker, he could never hope for a sweeter destruction then the one those eyes promised him now.

While he fought to pull himself up onto his elbows, he locked onto those wild hazel orbs. The muscles in his right shoulder refused to co-operate with his commands no matter how hard he willed it. But still, he fought against the weakness of his flesh as though through sheer force of will alone, he could override his muscles and the pain that shot through them.

Why he had followed her in his already vulnerable state he didn't know. He was better then this, stronger, and yet when it came to this girl...this scavenger... his reason always seemed muddled. This was the second time she'd bested him in one way or another. The first was during the interrogation of her only just over an hour ago. He had been in the midst of probing her mind and some how she had turned the tables on him. She found her way into the dark recesses of his mind, pulling his greatest fear to the surface and spitting it back at him like venom.

He surmised that he had lost the upper hand the second he'd revealed himself from beneath the security of his masked helmet. But while he wore it, something in the way she looked at him; with such anger and loathing in her eyes, had bothered him. Seared his soul with the same intensity as the plasma blade that wreaked such devastation on his flesh only moments ago. Why her perception of him mattered at all...was beyond him, but Maker, it had.

He'd tried to be gentle with her, though he couldn't fathom why. He'd asked for the information he sought instead of just taking it as he should've done in the first place. But no, instead he'd casually inquired about the droid he knew she had recently been in possession of. Her sharp wit had amused
him when she had responded with the specifications and the build of the unit. She was quick to answer his question with out really answering his question.

As frustrated as he was amused, he cut her off, explaining more specifically about what he needed from the unit. He told her about the navigational chart the droid held inside it's memory core. Despite how hard the particular BB-8 unit had fought to keep the sensitive information to itself, it had for some reason, entrusted the image of the holo map to her.

"You, a scavenger." He remembered thinking aloud.

He had regretted the words as soon as they'd left his mouth. Her eyes dropped and there was a look of hurt on her face. At his words, her previous bravado had slipped into the background. The tactless reminder of her insignificance left her retreating from him and Ren couldn't tell which of them was more embarrassed by this. He quickly turned back to the point of his interrogation, steering the conversation away from his previous misstep.

"You know I can take whatever I want." He'd omitted.

It was more of a warning then a question and when she didn't respond he moved closer to her. Nearly touching her face, he paused so close to her skin that he could feel the heat of her. And he felt something else between them as well. An unseen force that mingled between the space where his hand hovered and her skin met. He was shocked at what he was feeling and at the time he didn't recognize it for what it was. He felt her tense, saw her shaking and wondered what caused such a change in her otherwise impenetrable resolve.

Had she been feeling what He was was? Did she think he was doing it? Causing those... jolts of heat and energy between them? The feeling was too tempting and without taking her unease into consideration, he moved closer to it.

His head stopped just above the slope of her neck and shoulder. Her nerves were getting the better of her with his nearness and she began breathing in shorter gasps. He hadn't meant to so callously invade her space but he had to admit now that he was there, he didn't want to leave. Something hummed between them and he followed it, turning his mouth into the crook of her neck. He pushed only slightly as her mind was already so open, so defenseless in her subjugated position that it took little to no effort to read her. The only struggle he felt was the effort he put into controlling the force with which he probed, so as not to hurt her. Tingling waves vibrated off of her skin. His mouth so close he could feel it along his lips as he spoke in a quiet tone.

"You're so lonely..." His hand shook ever so slightly as the feeling intensified in response to his gentle push into her mind.

"...So afraid to leave..." He was intoxicated with the almost electric feeling between them now. There was something familiar about her, something irrationally personal that he couldn't quite place.

Ren was to distracted by the images in her mind to notice the tears that were swelling up in her eyes. Even as they rolled in thin cascades down her cheeks he continued to glimpse where he didn't belong.

"...At night, desperate to sleep..." Lost in his unexplainable fascination with her, he couldn't help but look up at her then, his eyes taking in the pain on her face as he saw her tossing and turning in the darkness back on her home planet, Jakku.
He knew how she felt, lost and alone in a world determined to use and destroy her, and somehow it made him feel connected to her. Like they were two kindred spirits who could share their experiences with one another without fear of judgment or rebuke. It hadn't dawned on him then how one sided this must have been for her at the time and so he continued describing her most private thoughts to her as if she didn't already know what they were.

Searching deeper he found a brighter memory in the pool of her memories and brought it to the shimmering surface. A quick smile tugged at the corner of his mouth as he reveled in the warmth of the new image that played in her mind like a hologram for his enjoyment.

"You imagine an ocean..." He basked in the feeling she had when she thought of the rippling waves on the midnight surface of her own personal ocean.

Kylo hadn't even noticed when his index finger extended to caress her cheek. At his touch the image expanded and he saw a luscious island, green with vegetation and florals, with high peaks and cliffs that she imagined exploring over the course of countless self-dedicated hours.

"...I see it. I see the island..." He lulled as though dreaming aloud.

He touched her in a very private way with his mind, peeking through and glimpsing at her deepest emotion laced memories. Though he hadn't meant to be so invasive, he found himself searching for other things that made her feel like her island had. Things that made her feel warm and safe. Then the quick flash of a familiar face took him by surprise, even caused him to slightly withdraw.

What was he doing here in this sacred place, a place where she kept her hopes hidden away like little treasures? He watched the memory of this girl swell with pride as she had unintentionally impressed the infamous rogue, smuggler and thief, he knew as his father.

"...And Han Solo..." His voice darkened and the pace at which he spoke quickened. "...You feel like he's the father you never had." He said disdainfully. He swallowed hard and shifted uncomfortably. "He would have disappointed you..." He warned, his eyes moving along her face, tracing the soft lines of her has he spoke almost protectively. He leaned in closer again and started to say something but he lost his train of thought when she suddenly snapped at him.

"Get out of my head!" She reiterated every word so there was no way he could mistake the severity with which she spoke.

It suddenly dawned on him that this was no casual conversation. In his fascination with the girl, he'd become distracted and forgotten the circumstances that had brought them together in the first place. He remembered that this in fact, was an interrogation, and he was running out of time for pleasantries. He had to regain control of the situation, had to get what he needed to move past the circumstances they'd been forced into.

He withdrew from her but his hand remained between them and even with his arm fully extended in her direction, he still missed the buzz of being closer. The crackle of the unseen force that pulled between them still tickled along the palm and fingertips of his right hand, but the loss of the heat between their bodies was an agony he hadn't expected.

He lifted his chin, pushing past his own discomfort to complete the mission he would allow no other to undertake. "I know you've seen the map." He heard the weakness in his voice, heard his unsteady words in his own ears. He readjusted his composure, regaining control of himself before he spoke again. "It's in there." He clipped. " And now you're going to give it to me."
He certainly hadn't wanted to bully it out of her but now, feeling as though he had no other options, he set out to do just that. He straightened his arm and he pushed his probing mind forward again, but this time he was met with resistance.

"I'm not giving you anything." She said in defiance.

His brow furrowed as he looked at her in shock. He saw the light flash through her eyes as she realized that he was struggling to get in. Now she gritted her teeth, strengthened her will, and pushed back. Suddenly she was glaring at him, forcing him back from her mind. He physically stepped back almost stunned. She was closing her mind like a door. Nearly shutting him out but he was Kylo Ren, Master of the Knights of Ren, and apprentice to Lord Snoke himself; he would not be denied.

"We'll see." He challenged.

He locked eyes with her, sparring against her will with his own. Mentally catching the door before she could shut him out and from there, he began to force it back open. It was then that he suddenly felt her standing with him in the threshold. Not giving in to the weight of his mind, but holding him steadfast. Their force essence meeting at a stand still as one pushed against the other in an intense battle of wills.

It was sudden and startling when he truly felt her with his mind. Her face looked as surprised as he felt. That humming between them grew and he sensed it spreading around them as they battled against one another. He felt a searing heat slide across his hand even through the thick leather glove that protected it. He felt it lick up his arm, across and over his shoulder. He began to sweat as it burrowed into his chest filling him with its ever growing presence. It seared him to his core, branded him from within. What it was... what it meant... he wasn't sure of. He watched as she too began to sweat and pant.

"Don't be afraid." He said, a hint of gentleness in his voice. "I feel it too."

He wasn't sure if he'd said that to comfort her or himself but he assumed in the moment that it had been the for her benefit. Now that he thought back on it, he wasn't entirely sure that had been the case. She had blinked then as if coming out of a daze. He could see the internal struggle on her face as she pushed harder against the assault, blocking him from forcing his way through to her side. He eyed her in confusion. The clear disbelief on his face gave him away and she used that moment to push past him.

"You," She started. "You're afraid." She collected her self for one final assault shoving him aside as he stood mentally stunned in the door way of what he now realized was not just her mind, but his as well. When she fought back against him, he had let her stumble through to his side and she was wasting no time pulling the now vulnerable thoughts from his head.

"That you'll never be as strong as Darth Vader." She finished through clenched teeth. Suddenly he dropped his assault, stunned in disbelief and shock. With out him there to hold the door open, she fell out from his mind, no longer mentally strong enough to hold herself up. She gasped and panted as she collapsed in on herself. He'd stepped away from her as though he'd just been burned. Moved back as though he was to close and thought he may yet again be scorched.

He hadn't had the time to collect himself or reflect on what had just transpired, when he felt the pulling call of his master. He retreated then, only to later return to an empty cell. She had used the Force to escape. Surprising them both with her unexplained knowledge to mind trick the storm trooper on guard. She with no previous training, had compelled the trooper into releasing her. A technique only trained more advanced force users would know. He had previously wondered how she'd done it. But now as he laid on the flat of his back beneath her heated gaze, ready for her to
strike a killing blow, he knew. He knew the moment she turned his own fighting techniques against him. Again it was through his faults that she had found the time and strength enough to gather the focus she needed to enter his mind.

He was stronger in the interrogation cell, but now... after the encounter with his father just moments ago, he was mentally drained. He was weak, confused, and bereft of control. He'd battled internally as he stared at the once familiar face of Han Solo. His foolish father had finally gotten himself into a battle he couldn't win, a situation he must have known he couldn't survive even before he walked into it and Ren hated him more for his foolishness. He thought that the hate would make it easier to cope with the loss in the aftermath but it only made his confusion worsen. Thinking that his father had willingly offered himself up to Ren with the heavy possibility that he'd be slaughtered in an attempt to bring him back to the Light only damaged Kylo's hold on the darkness within him.

For the second time in as long as he could remember he'd taken off his mask and internally brought his shields down with it. After baring confessions of love and acceptance even in the face of everything Ren had done, Han humbly begged for his son to come back home. Ren fell further into the pit that was his inner struggle. The light poking holes in the dark, the dark reaching out to strangle the light. To smother it out of existence. Ren voiced his thoughts to the older version of the face he'd remembered to be his father. Told him in a moment of utter weakness about his internal war. The words echoed in his mind and he swore he heard them now in his ears.

"I'm being torn apart." He admitted. "I want to be free of this pain." His emotions beat inside of him. "I know what I have to do, but I don't know if I have the strength to do it." He confessed. Desperately he searched his fathers eyes.

He remembered a man who use to be prideful and stubborn. But after his fathers humble plea for "Ben" the boy he had been when his father had seen him last, to return home...Ren truly felt himself falter. He felt like that little boy again, ignorant in his innocence. He wanted to cling to his father and pretend that every thing would be alright. But he wasn't a child anymore and it would never be that simple again. Still, he wondered at it as he watched his father look on him with such compassion, pleading with his eyes for the chance to save his lost son. Kylo was broken in that moment. He found himself to weak to decide on his own.

"Will you help me?" He heard his words tremble.

His father didn't hesitate for even a second, he stepped closer to his son, closing the last bit of distance between them.

"Yes, anything." He proclaimed.

Ren dropped his helmet, his eyes never leaving his father. He unhitched his saber from his belt and held it out to him conceding his defeat. His fathers hands fell over his own, covering the hilt as they searched each others faces. Ren could see the hope in his fathers eyes and just as he thought his internal fight was over, the scene darkened and the last light of the sun melted away from the sky just behind his father's form. Ren saw the significance. A dark foreshadowing of the force's will, coaxing him back to the Dark side, ensuring him that this was the correct path. It told him this was the only way to be free of the pain that constantly racked and tore at him.

Just as the sun had died in the sky to be harnessed and reborn into the ultimate weapon, "Ben" to would have to die. The son would have to die to be reborn with superlative power or he would never be free of the tendrils that constantly clawed at his mind. They would always be there if he didn't do this, pulling him back to the side he tried so hard to fight against. There was no going back now. It was too late.
His fathers grip tightened on the hilt of the saber but it didn't budge. Ren held fast as he watched the realization move through his father face. The light in his eyes changing to disbelief as the red plasma ignited and pushed through him.

His son froze momentarily... nearly in disbelief himself. Ren leaned into his father. The plasma blade holding Han in place as he tried to catch his breath. Ren's features hardened. His resolve building itself back up while his insides crumbled. They starred at each other. Both faces illuminated in crimson.

"Thank you." Was the last thing he ever said to his father and he found the two words... disturbing.

In one swift motion he pulled the blade from Han Solo and the man just stood there. Strong in his own resolve he didn't falter. Instead in an unexpected motion, he raised his hand to his son before lovingly resting it along his face. A short moment passed between them and Ren felt something inside of himself die but it wasn't what was left of "Ben" as he'd hoped. He didn't feel limitless power, or assurance within the Dark side. Instead he felt something deep and haunting well up inside of him. His mouth fell open as he recognized the emotion for what it was.

Regret. Kylo Ren felt his breath expel as though he were struck hard in the gut.

The nagging tendrils were already back, squeezing and gnawing at his soul with more ferocity then ever before. The forgiving hand of his father dropped from his face and suddenly, Ren was drowning. He saw the body of his father fall from the platform and as he watched him spiral further and further into the abyss below until nothing remained to be seen, he recognized the symbolism for what it was . Emotions spun into a fierce storm inside Ren and he was being pulled deeper under the waves of despair.

Sorrow, doubt, hurt, confusion and hate, not for his father but himself, all swirled together in a violent vortex he had no control over. The war inside of his head raged harder then it ever had before. He felt so lost as he realized that this... he struggled to find the right word, decision could never be undone.

He didn't move, still lost in his thoughts when suddenly the bright red bolt of a bowcaster tore through him. He staggered forward cradling his side. Blood was already poring into his glove clad hand as he carefully measured the extent of the damage with his fingers. The shot passed directly through him leaving a decent sized whole in its wake.

If he'd been less powerful, he'd be dead, but this wasn't new. This ability to soak damage had already been within his arsenal of powers as a Force user. Defensively, Ren had always excelled. He had capabilities even his grandfather lacked.

Until now, he hadn't noticed the fighting going on over head but he didn't care. He was still reeling from his thoughts even with the new hole aching in his side, when a sudden explosion jerked him free of their boney grasp. His head flew up and he scanned the upper balcony searching for the intruders who'd interrupted and assaulted him. That's when he saw her. Even though a fight ensued some where close behind her, she stood entranced looking down at him. Almost mesmerized in her stare. His stomach twisted and turned. He felt almost sick. He stared back up at her wondering how much she'd witnessed. That's when Ren noticed him, the traitor. He felt his weakness slip away only to be replaced by an intense anger.

Good, he thought. He was more comfortable with this sensation and he would use it to fuel him.

Ren snarled and he stood, straightening himself to his full height. He pushed through the pain as he moved in full strides across the bridge using it to propel him forward. Rage swelled in his chest as he thought of how much trouble that traitor had caused him.
This all could have been avoided had he dealt with FN-2187 when He'd spotted him on Jakku. Ren had sensed the former storm troopers disdain and mercy during the massacre that ensued there in the village around them. And there was something else. Something Ren had intended to deal with at a later time.

The former Troopers hesitance was more then enough fuel for Kylo to burn him with. He cursed inwardly then, as he proved himself again ultimately responsible for the chain of events leading up to now.

A second thought made him nearly falter. Had he killed FN-2187 during the raid, then he would've never met her.

He closed his eyes as he strode forward letting the Force guide him. He reached out with his mind sending the Force out of him in the form of a pulse to find her. Then he saw her in his mind's eye. His signature slammed into hers. He saw her like a bright light in the ever darkening world around him.

When he found her, he knew that she could feel it too. His fury washed over her like a wave threatening to engulf her, threatening to drag her down with him. She stumbled forward under the weight that was kylo Ren's mind. He couldn't help himself as a smug smile tugged at his lips, curving his mouth into something wicked. He sent another pulse to her and even though there was no physicality to it, he liked touching her. The thought surprised him for an instant before he shrugged it away.

Force, he enjoyed knowing that he could effect her, that he wasn't the only one moved in some way by the other.

Then he touched her! The traitor caught her arm and urged her forward as though she had simply lost her footing. He steadied her and they hurriedly continued down their path.

How dare he interrupt their moment. Ren found himself grinding his teeth together. Fire clawed at his insides as FN-2187 held her arm, brief as it may have been.

Maker, look what she did to him? He thought referring to himself. Every time she was near, Kylo found himself second guessing everything he did do and questioning every thing he didn't. His head was fogged when it came to her and it only stirred the already liquid magma that was his rage.

He knew what they were planning as they moved further from the Starkiller base, making their way through the dense surrounding forest that provided the perfect cover for the base's many hidden enterances. He had no doubt that somewhere close, the Millennium Falcon would be waiting for them to make their escape on. The recollection of his childhood refuge brought back those weakening emotions. A twang of sadness turned to bitterness as he thought about Han Solo's ship being used to steal the girl away from him, like his father was pulling one last great heist from beyond the grave.

His knuckles ran white under his glove as his hand still squeezed the hilt of his still blazing lightsaber. The plasma crackled in response falling into unison with its masters emotions. The fist free of his saber balled tightly too and he beat at his wounded abdomen calling the pain forward in his mind to clear him of unwanted emotions, forcing the rage back to the front. Moments later he'd found them. Cutting them off, he stood blocking their escape rout.
The pair froze when they looked up and saw his menacing form blocking their path, daring them to come closer. FN-2187 looked terrified being the coward that he was, but the girl... she looked at him with a rage that matched his own.

"We're not done yet." He'd called out as calmly as he could manage. He saw her breath quicken in response as though she new he was talking specifically to her.

"You're a monster." She retorted, her own fire growing in her eyes. Something inside of him was crushed with the weight of her words not because of what they were, but what they implied.

So that was it then. No point in wondering how much she'd seen now. She'd just confirmed it in that once statement. What he'd done clawed at him from the inside out and yet some how it hurt so much more knowing that she had seen it. He held his lightsaber out in his right hand, his left fist still balled, was pressed into the wound in his side. She made him feel weak.

He goaded her now, and he did it as much for himself as he did for her. To watch the fire burn in her eyes.

"It's just us now. Han Solo can't save you." He slammed his fist into his side again urging his rage to the front lines.

He intended to dominate his weakness.

She eyed the fresh splats of blood pooling in the snow beneath him. She took that moment to pull her blaster on him but she hadn't gotten a single shot off before he stopped her.

She was clever, this scavenger and quick. He noted before force slammed her into a tree just hard enough to render her unconscious. He'd return to her once he had dealt with the traitor.

The second it happened FN-2187 was there rushing to her side, unconsciously tossing his blaster aside freeing his hands so that he could hold her. He pulled her up to his lap but she hadn't gotten a single shot off before he stopped her.

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The second it happened FN-2187 was there rushing to her side, unconsciously tossing his blaster aside freeing his hands so that he could hold her. He pulled her up to his lap, rocking her and calling her name as he tried to wake her. Kylo stalked towards them, his rage overflowing as he spun his lightsaber around in his wrist. It crackled and hissed menacingly matching the burning rage that was consuming it's master. Falling in unison with Kylo's thoughts and feelings. Screaming with one voice...

Mine!

Hate seeped from his skin, fumed from every inch of his being.

He wasn't good enough to be so close to her and now again, he touched her!

Once more he found his fist smashing into his side.

As though he needed any more power. He could barely contain himself now as it was.

"Traitor!" Ren yelled with a ferocity that shook the already crumbling world around them.

FN-2187 carefully rested the girl back on the ground, mustered up his courage, and gently pulled the lightsaber from her belt.

Ren had no idea how it came into her possession but it made him rock under the weight of his own fury to know that it was now in his filthy traitorous hands. The former storm trooper ignited the blade and stood his ground valiantly in an attempt to protect her.
Pathetic, as if she needed to be protected from him, not that this boy even stood a snowball's chance in Mustafar against him. His rage reached a boiling point when the traitor ignited his grandfather's lightsaber.

The boy foolishly charged him and they had fought, if you could even call it that, as it was mostly Ren toying with him. Ren had him pinned against a tree, the cross of his saber was searing into the boy's shoulder when he felt her stir. The traitor's time was up. He took a high powerful swing at the boy's head. He'd just barely ducked out of the way and Ren spun around following the strike through with his saber slicing into the thick tree instead. The plasma seared and hissed in disappointment. FN-2187 stumbled back but took the opening when it was presented. He slashed forward just managing to skim across Ren's right bicep with his saber. He leaned forward and clenched his teeth.

The traitor swung again but Ren slammed his lightsaber against his grandfather's mid swing and wrenched it loose from his enemies hands in one powerful arc. With a heavy backhand to the side of FN-2187's head, Ren spun, re-positioning him self behind the boy as he stumbled forward. He dragged the hungry saber up the boy's back giving the blade some relief as the plasma sliced up his spine.

FN-2187's body collapsed face first into the snow just as Ren was beginning to feel light headed. He was still loosing blood at a steady rate. He disengaged his saber deciding then that he would retrieve his grandfather's lightsaber and the girl, then he needed to get to a med bay.

Kriff, he hated med bays.

He held out his hand willing the lightsaber to him through the Force. It trembled in the snow but refused Ren's summons. He could feel himself dizzying. He pulled harder at the Force calling the saber to him. It jerked free from the snow with a speed he was barely fast enough to avoid and zipped passed his head. He spun around, confusion on his face for the second time tonight. He followed the blade with his eyes and much to his surprised there she was... holding the hilt of his grandfather's lightsaber in her hand. It was in that moment that he finally recognized who she was. It was the girl from his visions. It was unmistakable now and he wondered why he hadn't pieced the puzzle together sooner.

"It is you..." He heard his dumbfounded voice like a fleeting whisper on the wind. Then she ignited the blade and as the blue plasma glowed against her skin, he found himself in complete awe of her.

Maker she was beautiful. Her face fierce, sweat already gleaming along her hairline and forehead. She glistened under the soft blue light like a goddess. He tilted his head as he watched her bring the saber up across her body offensively as if proclaiming that she was ready to fight.

He ignited his own saber wondering how she'd look with it's crimson light caressing her skin.

Why the kriff had he thought that? Why was everything so confusing with her?

Before he could think further on it, she was charging at him. He parried and parried again. The Scavenger was clumsy with her strikes though she clearly had some defensive and offensive skills. When he felt himself dizzying, overwhelmed by the pressing exhaustion of the continuous loss of his life force, he decided to strike back. The world around them shook as it started to break apart. General Hux had clearly failed to protect the Starkiller from whatever plans the resistance had hatched to destroy it. His thought momentarily shifted to the explosion he'd felt on the bridge. Now the Starkiller was collapsing on itself. He sensed the time limitations of the crumbling world around them and pushed against the girl, leading her to where he wanted her.

Their sabers collided as they moved through the snow, past the erect and fallen trees around them,
and then through a long corridor of earth and stone as he fought her back. He made sure to aim high, to strike the center of her saber and when she retreated to higher ground he swung furiously at the rocks beneath her feet. He guided her path with his heavy strikes and he caused her to retreat until she was left in a small clearing only feet from a great chasm that had split the ground behind her. In one last heavy strike, he locked their sabers together, forcing her back. He lifted the blades over her face and finally she was trapped where he wanted her. That's when Ren remembered why he'd brought her here.

He would force her to the edge of the world, make her give up and admit defeat. He'd leave her no choice, come willingly or die. He would see her grovel before him, her head held low as she begrudgingly accepted her fate and shamefully followed him to his command shuttle.

He knew the impulse was poisoned by the rage he'd previously been consumed with before their duel but it was how he was suppose to feel, he was Kylo Ren, Master of the Knights of Ren and Apprentice to Lord Snoke.

So why did he have to keep reminding himself of that? Ever since that kirffing interrogation.

Using his weight alone, he slightly pushed the lightsabers closer to her. He closed the distance between them, freezing only when they where close enough together that the sapphire of her blade mixed wildly with the crimson of his own crossguard saber. Together their faces glowed under the amethyst heat that their two sabers pressed together cast off of each other.

Kylo saw the pair of them in his mind standing close together, steeled against one another; Two forces of opposing sides in a war larger and older then themselves or their makers. He took note of how black the sky was above them and how white the snow was beneath them.

Her of the Light, he of the Dark. They were here together, interlocked with one another as two powerful pieces in a seemingly eternal struggle of wills. Some how he knew they didn't belong on the same playing board as the other peaces in this game. He saw them standing in between the dark and the light. Their unique Force signatures fused together as one, leaving the two somewhere in the middle; Somewhere lost in the grey. He doubted either of them would ever truly belong to just one side of the Force again.

And as he looked at her, a cool realization slide over him.

He didn't want to hurt her. He'd never wanted to hurt her. Not now and not back in the interrogation room. Ren had been fighting an angry battle within himself for as long as he could remember. Now, ever since he'd met her, he was fighting a war. He didn't understand the strong impulse he felt to protect her, or his new desire to be so close to her. But he decided in that moment that he didn't want to fight the pull his Force had for hers anymore. He didn't want to fight her anymore.

Maybe if he embraced this pull like his Force did, he could think clearly again. He could use that crackling heat between them to strengthen himself. Perhaps their joining forces would make him more powerful then ever. At the very least he'd be able to think clearly with out the distraction of the tormenting emotions their interactions had caused him. She could stand with him, instead of under him. Of course, he'd take her either way...

Suddenly he called to her. He found he couldn't stop himself. Though this wasn't when or where he originally intended to proposition her, if his master even allowed him to take her as his apprentice.

"You need a teacher." He invited, his deep voice loud enough to be heard over the crackling of their
sabers and the howling of the wind and snow around them.

The world beneath their feet moved again and with what remained of his strength, he steadied her, kept her safely locked in the embrace of their lightsabers.

"I can show you the ways of the Force!"

He stared down at her. His eyes fell to her mouth and he waited for what felt like an eternity for her to respond. They never once left her lips as he watched for her answer and when she finally spoke, her voice hummed in his ears. She didn't seem to be talking to him though.

"The Force..." She voiced the word out loud as though discovering it in a moment of enlightenment.

His eyes found hers again and he watched as something stirred behind them. Then they closed shut. For a heartbeat all he could think to do was stare. Another bad decision he'd made where it involved this girl. Suddenly she was in his head again. With out realizing it he had opened himself up to her. His own Force reveling in hers while he allowed himself to feel her power as it welled up within her. He couldn't seem to help it. He just gawked at her in wonder and his power did the same. Drinking her in as if lost in a burning desert under an unforgiving sun with no water. His power recognized hers, his Force gulped for hers, taking in mouthfuls of her Force essence as it radiated off of her.

They hummed together, their Force signatures mixed in a way he had never known possible.

Her eyes opened and it was to late to react when he found her searching in his head. She had taken what she needed from him and he hadn't even known it. She pulled on his thoughts stealing as much knowledge of the Force and his techniques as she could before he'd caught her there. Something in her eyes changed. He watched as they suddenly grew wild and angry. He could see her restrain slipping and yet she harnessed the new emotions with such discipline, such accuracy. It was like looking into a mirror. He saw himself in her eyes, not as a reflection but actually in her eyes. As though she were borrowing a part of him. What's more, somehow she had refined his rage far better then he had ever done and it made her suddenly formidable.

She swung at him furiously. Had he not lost so much blood, he could have parried the onslaught more easily but as he was, his body was growing weaker by the second. He was almost sluggish with his weakened movements. He could feel as her power entwined with his and it didn't seem to mind, even as she pulled from him the strength she needed to overpower him. She began pushing him back and all he could do was defend himself. Stumbling as he tried to hold his ground. He'd taken blow after blow until she landed a strike across his left thigh causing him to stumble to the ground. The singed cut wasn't deep but he was already exhausted from the bleeding hole in his side. He steadied himself somehow managing to rise again as he sloppily swung at her in an attempt to force distance between them. She easily stepped out of range before lunging forward, landing a puncturing stab at his left arm.

That one had hurt like hell.

Again he stumbled back and again she took advantage. Both hands tightly gripped her lightsaber and she swung down at him with such strength it nearly knocked him from his feet. The act of parrying the attack left him open and her foot landed a solid kick to the gut, pushing him back, taking the last of his balance and leaving him on his ass. He should have struck her when she went in for the over head swing. It was slow, giving him plenty of time and she'd left herself completely open but of course, he hadn't. He sighed now as he thought back on their duel.

Every time with her.

Now it was her turn to stalk him. She let him get to his feet and in a last desperate attempt to over
power her, he swung out forcing her to step back from the sweeping slash. She moved just as he'd hoped. Arching her back she pulled her shoulder out of the path of the plasma. It opened her up for him to close the distance and as he expected her to, she swung down with her lightsaber. He caught her arm in his free hand preventing her from further attacks. Still in his head, she mimicked his actions grabbing onto his forearm. They were locked in each other's hands, there bodies spinning in a deadly dance. She copied his steps learning from him on the spot. He growled his frustration as she pushed down on him. He stared at his now mewling saber as she drove it deeper into the snow. Looking down only increased the dizziness he felt. It roped around him and pulled at him in strong waves. His strength continued to bleed out of him, painting the ground beneath their feet in red.

They held each other there, neither of them willing to bend to the other. His face suddenly fell blank and he knew he was slipping into unconsciousness. The loss of blood left him exhausted. The more he moved, the more he fought and strained... the more he bled. He found himself leaning against his screaming saber. For a brief moment his grip on her wrist loosened just slightly. The instant she felt it, she took advantage. For a split second he was almost relieved when she pulled her arm free, slamming her blade down into his, releasing him from the struggle. His saber retracted and he lost his balance. His body lurched forward. He had only an instant to regain himself before her lightsaber dragged through his right shoulder and burned a trail up and across his face in a blue blur of searing pain.

This was the moment that brought him here. His body clad in all black struggling to pull itself up. The cool snow did nothing to ease the already cauterized burns. The crystalline blanket beneath him slicked from a mixture of blood and snow, melting under the heat of his body. It hadn't helped him as he fought to straighten himself. She was breathing hard over him, her chest heaving as she swallowed greedily at the air around her trying to control her rage, his rage! Trying to regain some premise of herself. They both knew it was over and he expected her to finish it. He didn't want to die on his back, and so he continued to push himself up but his body refused. He fell back for a moment and if she chose then to end it, he wouldn't have seen it coming but she didn't. He strained again pushing himself, somehow managing to prop himself up shakily on his right elbow. He struggled for air and his shoulder screamed at him in defiance. Still he held himself fast as the ground beneath them shook. He needed to watch her, needed to see her face. For only a moment he locked eyes with her. There was a second between them before the ground shook again.

He could see through her eyes. Their roles had reversed from the day they'd first met. Before she'd found his mind with hers. Before she'd seen his face, the man behind the mask. The mask that had become the very persona of Kylo Ren as the galaxy had learned to fear him. Before he'd unknowingly given her the power to resist him, to fight him. When he'd terrified her and subdued her on Takodana, when he'd forced her mind into submission and pushed unconsciousness onto her. He'd let her fall like a feather in his arms as he swooped her up and carried her to his command shuttle. He memorized the soft lines of her face as she slept waiting to be called back to consciousness. And when he stood towering over her, his prey, his prize and saw how she looked at him, the disgust and fear radiating from her in thick waves as she called him "a creature in a mask".... all he could do was comply with his need to comfort her. To ease her fear even if only slightly.

She didn't look at him like that now. She looked at him as though she felt powerful. He could feel the sense of exhilaration and dominance it gave her. He felt no fear or disgust for her. Only pride and awe.

She still panted but slowly she seemed to soften. Her eyes still held her emotions but she was slowly centering herself. Something he was no good at.

Maker she was amazing. Kylo watched her in fascination and slowly felt himself calming.
The feeling was short lived when another rumble made the ground quake beneath him. The world shook more violently now and she broke their gaze looking out into the forest around her. The trees swayed and the rock and dirt rumbled between them.

"Scavenger." His mind called out to her. In his exhaustion he wasn't sure if it was loud enough for her to hear him but then her face shot back in his direction. "Run!" He commanded with the last of his strength.

Then the ground between them ruptured, groaned and tore them apart. She looked back down at him one last time, for one last second. Still panting, the world shaking her as it fell away between them. Her breath caught in her chest and she took off sprinting in the opposite direction. He watched her until she was out of sight. Until she disappeared in the thickening trees to far for his strained eyes to see. His body ached and burned. He focused on the only strike that mattered and used the pain of it to finally pull himself up. His face seared from his chin to just above the brow of his right eye. He was lucky his arm and shoulder had gotten the worst of it. The wound wasn't as deep across his face or he may have lost that eye completely.

But no, no the maker had seen it fit to allow him the pain of watching her run away from him... again.

He slumped back down and laid there in the bloodied snow. He wasn't sure if it was because he was half dead or because she still held onto his rage, still used the power of his Force to strengthen herself, but he felt himself weakening the further she got.

He was in ruins, a tattered, beaten mess and still bleeding out, yet still she ruled his thoughts. Kylo wrenched in pain as he slowly pulled himself up. He closed his eyes and let himself feel the hurt of his aching body. He harnessed that pain and used it to make himself stronger. He focused on every searing saber slash. His mouth trembled as he dragged himself to his knees. His head rocked and he fell forward barely catching himself. His hands dug into the still shaking ground beneath him. He grabbed at the snow with his gloves, pulling it to him like soft sheets as he straightened himself back out. Lifting his right leg, he planted one heavy boot in front of himself. Then he leaned in on his thigh, clenched his teeth and pushed himself up. He roared against the pain but ushered it to help him move one foot in front of the other. Slowly, steadily making his way back to the now crumbling base.

He was staggering along when he heard the irritating voice of General Hux muttering something as he approached.

Something insulting if kylo had to guess.

Storm troopers and a medical team at his back, Hux stood ahead of Ren enjoying the view a little to long before ordering the troopers and med team to help him. The last thing Kylo thought of before the darkness finally overpowered him was his scavenger and her wild eyes glowing against the purple light that illuminated their faces as they stood locked together somewhere in the grey.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *
-DarkGuardian-
Rey couldn't do it.

She starred down at Kylo Ren, her chest burning on the air she choked down in her fury. The man only a few feet away from her blazing lightsaber had hunted and terrorized her friends, stalked her like prey through the woods on Takadona and taken her captive. He'd stolen her away from the only people in her life that she had ever felt close to. She hadn't known Finn, Chewie, or...

She felt her rage rise again as she thought about the next name. It got stuck in her head and she didn’t want to think about him but she admired him to much to disgrace his memory with her weakness. Han Solo, in only a couple of short days, had been the only father figure she had ever known. Now he was gone. Executed by the man struggling to compose himself only a few feet away. Executed by his own son.

She had watched on in horror, unable to interfere from her position on the upper balcony. For a moment when Kylo Ren had offered Han his lightsaber, she thought he might join him. In her foolish ignorance she was some how convinced in the notion that The legendary Master of the Knights of Ren would give it all up, turn from the Dark side and join his father and family once more. Rey's hopes were shattered when she suddenly felt a suffocating shadow looming over her. She felt the darkness closing in and the sky behind her blackened. She was overwhelmed by the dark presence that slid past her, through her. It seemed to move with a life of its own in the form of ever consuming shadows. Crawling along the walls and floors, making its way out to the bridge on which the pair stood in confrontation. The exact moment the darkness crept over them a searing red plasma blade ignited, instantly pushing its way through Han's back. Rey cringed and turned from the memory.

She hadn’t known any of them long, but their warmth had won her over completely. The three had welcomed her into their lives arms open and willing. They had asked nothing of her. Instead they band together to escape one threat after another, Han had even offered her a job on the Millennium Falcon. The bloody Millennium Falcon! She had refused of course, needing to get back to Jakku to wait for her family to return. Every minute she wasn't there was another minute she risked her parents returning to no daughter. That is, until Maz had told her what she already knew deep down! They were never coming back. Now Rey felt lost. She would have had a place to go, a job and a belonging with Han and Chewie but this man stole that from her. She was just a simple scavenger from the desert planet Jakku. A no one in the face of it all but the others had accepted her as one of them without hesitation or degradation.

She couldn't go back to Jakku now even if she wanted to. She and the runaway storm trooper Finn, had stolen the Millennium Falcon from Unkar Plutt to escape the First Order and even if she had the ship to bring back, she wouldn't. It appeared that kylo Ren had fatally maimed Finn but some how she knew he was still alive, barely but he was and Chewi had disappeared after what happened to Han. She was alone with this man and she could kill him for taking everything that could have been away from her.

Rey glared down at Kylo Ren with a hate she had never even known she could harbor running through her body. Her center smoldered from it and when the heat became to hot for her core to handle, it spread. It traveled out from her until it found the hilt of Luke Skywalker's lightsaber clenched in her hand. The very same lightsaber that had been his fathers before him and would have undoubtedly belonged to Ren himself next.
Rey could feel the hate like an extension of herself. It squeezed with her hand, it urged her forward. The blue plasma blade could serve as a focal point for the rage, a release point, if only she'd just let it. It was his grandfathers lightsaber. It would be a poetic death. She thought. The irony of how obsessed he was with his grandfather was not lost on her while she pondered cutting him down with the very blade in which Anakin wielded as a Jedi. She twisted her hands along the hilt until they hurt. The rage inside of her was just itching to get out.

Rey's thoughts drifted back to how he'd terrorized her. Threatening her with the blade of his crimson red crossguard lightsaber the first time they'd met. He stood at her back and brandished it so close to her face, that she could feel the blade spitting and hissing in her ear. She had been helpless then, frozen in the force with which he wielded. He circled her like a predator stalking its prey. He painfully invaded her mind, searching her for information before forcing her unconscious under his power.

She woke in an unfamiliar cell, her arms and legs bound to some kind of upright table. At first the silence in the room had misled her to feel alone, her gut told her other wise. Her instincts picked his presence up immediately. Not that it was difficult to know he was there. She felt it. Somehow she felt him like she was feeling the anger in her chest now. She felt him as an extension of herself. And her survival instincts had confirmed any doubts she had about that feeling. She had that feeling you get when you think you're being watched. There was a tingle on her face and her stomach rolled as if her brain thought she was standing on the edge of some where high while peeking over. It didn't even take seconds to confirm her paranoia, the second she looked down she found him crouched a few short feet in front of her. That hideous mask of black and sliver stared back at her as blank as a statue, probably just as soulless to.

Rey thought he'd physically torture her and she was ready for that kind of pain. The second she saw him she'd been preparing herself for it. Instead he had calmly no, gently, called her his guest. His deep mechanical voice was very low and calm when he spoke to her and she couldn't help but wonder how much effort he had to put into passing such gentleness through the modulator of his mask. Her brain wracked, still sore from his earlier assault. What was he playing at? Another chance to intimidate me. She surmised.

She made a conscious effort to ignore how weak and small he made her feel. At least now he was crouched beneath her line of sight, allowing her the opportunity to look down on him. She used that feeling to fortify herself. When she realized they were alone, she began to think about her allies. Had they been captured to or was it worse then that? Worry gripped her then and she couldn't help but ask him about them. It made him scoff. His helmet tilted ever so slightly before he disdainfully answered her and he didn't miss the opportunity to slander them as he did so.

"You mean the murderers, traitors and thieves you call friends?" There was a pause, as though he were considering his next words carefully. "You'll be relieved to hear I have no idea." He finally said, answering her inquiry.

She bit hard at her inner cheek to keep herself from picking a fight with him. She wanted to defend her friends but something inside of her warned her against it. Rey thought carefully about how to handle him. She'd never met him before today and yet she got the feeling that he was unstable, like he would go off at any moment for the slightest of reasons. She knew why Finn was willing to run from everything now. How he was willing to give up every possibility just to escape this... this thing, that crouched in front of her and she disliked Kylo Ren all the more for it.

Her body tensed when she thought she'd seen him flinch. His shoulders flexed and he straightened his back. He must have been slouching before because now he look even broader. It made her shift uncomfortably, feeling suddenly intimidated again. He looked ready to spring up and pounce at any moment. Rey's face hardened.
I wish I'd of landed a shot on him back when I had the chance. She inwardly cursed her lack of skill with a blaster.
"You still want to kill me." He stated calmly with an undertone of wonder in his voice.

She hadn't said anything between asking him where her friends were and now, yet he reacted to her thoughts as though she had spoken them clear as day. He was in my head again. She realized.

Rey flared at him, unable to control the outrage she felt at being invaded so callously as though she had no rights to her own privacy. She spoke too quickly, unable to control or filter what came out of her mouth in that moment.

"That's what happens when your being hunted by a creature in a mask." She fumed.

The moment Rey heard the words leave her mouth, she retreated back against the hard metal behind her.
She supposed the slip of her tongue didn't matter since he could just read her thoughts anyway. She waited for his anger. Waited for him to come crashing down on her like a blazing meteor. She steeled herself for the beating to come, but he didn't move. She swallowed hard and waited, watching him. Unable to tell what was going on behind that mask.

Was he waiting for her to drop her guard? Why did She feel something like conflict or maybe uncertainty coming off of him? Was it coming from him or was that just her projecting? Every time she thought one question, another followed. It was a slippery slope, but she knew nothing about him and that made him all the more dangerous.

When he finally moved she flinched but he didn't reach for her like Rey had expected. Instead, he raised his hands to either side of his helmet. She heard a distinct clicking sound and the releasing whoosh of hydraulics as the locks in the helmet came undone. She had no idea what to do so she just stared down at him while he slowly rose, lifting the helmet from his head in the same motion. Taking a deep breath, she mentally prepared herself for the reveal of the thing that hid within the helmet. Then she found herself only able to blink, completely caught of guard, her mind went blank at the sight of him. Her breath caught in her throat. Momentarily stunned by the face that looked back at her. He was... human.

His face was long and angular. He had a full mouth and a constellation of beauty marks that stood out against the pale ivory that was his skin. Everything about him was unexpected. There was something gentle about his profile, something soft and insecure. Thick, almost shoulder length curls the color of the deepest parts of space had framed it, making him seem even paler then was humanly possible. His brow was prominent and his nose was large and sharp at the same time. It complimented his deep set eyes.

Maker, this was not what She had prepared for. It wasn't the first time Rey had ever seen an attractive man before, but she found herself gapping at him anyway.

His looks weren't ruggedly handsome or roguishly charming as she found most men who were considered attractive to be. She couldn't understand why he didn't reek with confidence. Instead, she found herself taking note of how nervous his mouth looked as he sucked slightly on the corner of his bottom lip while she studied him. Had she not been looking so intently, Rey doubted she would have even noticed the small movement. He looked vulnerable. Like he didn't know he was beautiful. But he was! In such a masculine way, that he left her feeling more intimidated now then when he had just
worn the damned helmet.

And when she found those intense eyes, Rey couldn't look away. She wasn't sure how she'd noticed the rest of his face after seeing those eyes. They drew her in. Demanded her attention. They were the darkest brown she had ever seen and they looked almost... sad. They seemed strained and tired from carrying the weight and responsibilities of a much older man. Stressed well beyond the years of what his actual age could have been. She couldn't help but wonder what torments he could have gone through to have had such shadows swirling in their depths. His gaze was so intense that she lost herself in it. It wasn't until she realized that she was literally suffocating that Rey broke eye contact with him just so she could breath. She didn't want to look back for fear of those smoldering eyes capturing hers. She grew angry at her weakness. Angry that she felt more uncomfortable looking at him like this, then with the foreboding mask of his helmet hiding his face.

She almost wished he would have kept that hideous thing on. It made it easier for her to dislike him. Now after seeing the humanity in those eyes, she found it difficult to think of him as anything but human rather then the creature she assumed he'd be and painted him as in her mind. In her defense, he had supplied the paints. She thought

Standing at his full height his presence filled the room, or maybe it had nothing to do with his height. It was more accurately just the sense he gave off in general. The way he carried himself. Layer after thick layer of that black armor wrapped around him like the night, covering him from toe all the way up to just below the jawline. She supposed this was the persona that he wanted to give off. He was menacing as a whole. The more she looked at him the smaller she felt.

He forcefully placed his helmet atop an ash covered table causing Rey to jump. She didn't want to think about where the ashes had come from, or what they had previously been. If he was trying to intimidate her, it was more then working. Rey found herself swallowing hard as she fought internally to stay strong on the exterior. She looked straight ahead, starring at nothing as he approached her.

He casually asked about the droid she'd been in possession of back in the forest on Takadona. Rey attempted to use her wit to play coy, trying to deflect the question by responding in a way she could answer him with out giving away any of the information he actually needed but he cut her off, thwarting her tactical maneuver. When he mentioned the navigational chart she shut down trying to think of anything else, determined to give him nothing.

He was confused or maybe just curious about why the droid had entrusted Rey with the sensitive information it carried. He couldn't fathom how a scavenger had gained access to it. The disapproving way he had said the word had stung, bringing her insecurities to the surface. She felt her resolve falter when her eyes dropped to the floor and Rey knew the response had betrayed her. She didn't know why her insignificance had bothered her so much now when she had freely and proudly given the information to Han, Chewie, and Finn only the day before.

So much for looking strong. She'd thought. This must have been why he hadn't touched her yet. It would be a mental trial of strength. Well to Mustafar with him if thinks he can intimidate me or break me with his superiority.

Well he was only half right, I will never break! Rey thought as she mentally hardened herself.

He allowed herself only a second of inward retreat before she looked up at him. Her face still straight ahead, she glared at him. Her eyes were watering but she refused to let the traitorous tears fall. He was looking a way. His bottom teeth grabbing the corner of his mouth for a fraction of a moment. Similar to the way he'd done before when he'd first revealed his face under her scrutinous eyes. She wasn't expecting to find him like that and for a second, Rey thought he may have felt
uncomfortable but she didn't have time to think on it when he suddenly looked back at her. His eyes catching hers as she feared they would if they ever met again.

"You know I can take whatever I want." He said, suddenly closing the space between them with his body.

She sucked in a sharp breath when his hand neared her face. Fearing he might strike her, Rey quickly turned away from him. Instead, his relaxed, open palm stopped before it had made contact with her. There was no threat behind it but still she flinched when his face followed the same path his hand took. He paused himself just behind it, perched himself just above her shoulder so their faces were aligned and rested his right forearm against the contraption that she was strapped to. His hand was still opened but he physically made no other contact between them. The shape and size of his face fit perfectly in the crest of her neck and shoulder. Rey swallowed hard and her tongue peeked out to wet her lips when they dried with her throat. He hovered there over her skin. She squeezed her eyes shut as though if she tried hard enough, she could make everything just go away. Rey remained silent as his eyes roamed between the side of her face, then back down over the top of her left shoulder.

Then Rey felt him probing her again. It wasn't the same as back on Takodona. She felt pressure in her head, but not the pain that she remembered following it. She was so panicked now and she didn't know if it was because of the invasion of her mind or her personal space. She could barely breath and she felt herself trembling. Her fists balled and she dug her nails into her palms as she fought to keep her composure.

His words were frighteningly gentle and he kept his face lower then hers as he spoke. She felt his breath hot against her skin and the weight of his hand disrupting the air between them. She noticed something else too... something she wasn't sure of. Some kind of... feeling between them. Like a heat between where their bodies were the closest.

I've never been so...was intimate the right word? She wondered before finishing the thought. ...with anyone before.

Rey lived as solitary of a life on Jakku as she could manage. Purposefully keeping her distance from the shady inhabitants of the planet. Now her most private thoughts were rolling out of her captors mouth as though he knew her all her life. As though he had the right to speak so freely of her insecurities and hopes. She was so embarrassed that hot tears rolled down her face. She hated how weak it made her feel. Then a gloved finger caressed her cheek and she felt a jolt of something warm and shocking under his touch. Rey was wholly confused. She wanted to retreat from him, but her body and mind were torn by the perverse situation she was in. Her head screamed against his invasiveness, while her skin welcomed his touch. The tingling sensation that followed where his finger trailed across her skin made her want to lean into the small contact. It was as alarming as it was disturbing.

Her head was reeling and it angered her. The way he invaded her space, crowded her mind with his. Plucking thoughts and memories from the most private recesses of her brain. All while being so... gentle with her. So careful as he walked the path of her mind leaving only tiny traces of himself as he moved through it. And then there was the feeling his nearness caused... This crackling and humming between them where ever their skin was closest. There was a trail of tingling heat where ever his gloved finger caressed her skin. Rey thought for sure he had to be responsible for it. Purposefully causing the confusion that made her body fight against her mind.

She wished he'd just take the damn information from her as he previously said he could. The
aftermath would have been much easier to handle. Certainly as invasive, but much less intimate then... Rey found she didn't have a word for it; ...This! Her mind said generalizing the situation down to one word as best as it could.

She’d finally had enough when he mentioned Han Solo. Rey didn't want Kylo Ren corrupting the prideful memories she had of Han. Didn't want him twisting or distorting them as he had this whole situation. She was tired of him pretending to be kind. Confusing her, making her feel like this "false" closeness was anything more then his way of perversely manipulating her into giving him the information he’d said he needed. She ground her teeth and demanded he leave her head. She was surprised when he pulled back like he'd been avoiding the quick strike of a snake. It made her feel like she had some power in the humiliating position she found herself in.

That’s when she learned that she could push back. The first time she felt the force since the vision touching Luke Skywalker's lightsaber had brought about. And Rey hadn't stopped pushing back since.

When he came at her in the woods after... no. She silenced that thought. She didn't want to think about him killing his father. It sickened her and it wouldn't help her control the rage she so desperately needed to quell in her head.

She had been so angry with him after witnessing that. Rey was tired of running and when she thought to make her stand, he took that from her to. He force pushed her into a tree before turning his venomous attention onto the first friend she’d made in a very very long time. When she woke, Finn laid face first in the snow. She'd been horrified to see the cauterized wound that ran along his spine nearly up to his neck.

kylo Ren stood with his back to her, his arm extended as he reached for something far enough away from her that her eyes had to strain through the darkness to see it. There in the distance was a lightsaber tucked in a blanket of snow like a swaddled child warm in its bed. He was attempting to call the lightsaber that Maz had tried to give her back at her castle on Takadona before he had abducted her. She imagined his men dragging her limp body onto to his ship and again she felt the rage building up in her. She didn't feel like herself in this state. Sure Rey could be an angry person when she needed to, sometimes even when she didn't. But she'd never felt this amount of rage. It was so raw so unrefined and relentless in its need to overwhelm her. It made her want to crawl out of her skin and yet, it had also given her the strength to defeat him. The only reprise she'd gotten from the tormenting anger was when Luke Skywalker's lightsaber had chosen her hand instead of his. She had been just as stunned as he looked. She thought she had seen him mouth something but she couldn't focus through the conflict going on in her head. There was a peace and a rage tugging at her. Similar to the way she felt now.

Rey watched on as he fought to sit himself up. He never gave up, always relentless in his passion and she couldn't help but wonder what drove him. The question left her mind addled but she found it to be a relief compared to the feeling of the ever consuming rage with which she was now fighting to control. She’d been furious with him over everything he’d done, everything he’d destroyed in the last few days, but it wasn't until he locked her at the edge of the chasm that Rey had started to feel like this.

He had fought her back easily, his strength and superior skills with a lightsaber had never been in question. She new it was foolish to challenge him, but she refused to stand idly by and watch him hack her friends down. She wasn't about to let him hack her down next, not with out so much as a fight. just because she was intimidated by him, didn't mean she'd kneel so he could behead her. When all you had to your name were the letters it was comprised of and your honor and integrity, you fought to keep them valuable, even if that was only to appease your own pride. Stand tall in the face of all odds. That had always been her way.
Kylo Ren knew he was a powerful, terrifying menace. He had no reason to hesitate when he could have easily cut her down from the beginning and for the life of her, she couldn't figure out why he hadn't done just that. Perhaps it was another cruel game he played. It wasn't until she was locked between him and the great chasm that she had any break from the onslaught that led her there. It took her several moments to regain herself and when he offered to teach her, speaking about the Force, it was like something inside her sparked to life. Suddenly, she remembered how she had pushed back against him in the interrogation room. Even though she feared touching such a deep dark place, a place in which she could fall into and never return, she reached out to his mind. It couldn't be any worse then him pushing her over the edge into the mouth of the pit behind her.

Surprised, Rey found he was open to the probing hand of her mind and like a clumsy thief she stumbled in, quickly taking only what she needed to survive. She didn't want to stay longer then she had to but there he was, open like the welcoming arms of an aspiring lover, warm and inviting. She shivered at the thought. She'd never had a lover and it confused her momentarily when she realized she'd made the comparison in reference to Kylo Ren. Perhaps he'd known she was there and had projected the notion into her mind. It could have also been the way her body responded to the nearness of his for the second time in a short span of hours.

He was staring down on her as though he could see into her soul. His eyes locked onto her lips after he extended her an invitation to join him in the Dark side as his apprentice. She blinked behind her eyelids trying to regain her focus and he raised his lightsaber higher along hers so he could see more of her face. Their Force signatures literally pulled them together like magnets. If she pulled back she'd tumble off the cliff to her death and yet in that moment she was less terrified to lean back, then forward.

As if sensing her insecurities Ren leaned in closer to her, allowing his Force to push against her ever so slightly.
He didn't take the opportunity to invade her mind but he easily could have. He merely offered a little less resistance to the pull between them. She thought the space between their bodies would fill with lightning and destroy them both at any second. There was a hot current running between them. She felt it in waves. It licked and crawled up her body and her skin tingled under the exposure.

No. She thought. She wouldn't be distracted or tempted by the weakness that was her lack of personal intimacy.

His mind was not at all like what she had felt back in the sterile room in which she'd first felt it. It was dark and twisted then, a foreboding shadow loomed in the blackness, filling the space down to every last crevice, nook, and cranny. He'd quickly caught her then and kicked her out with just as much speed. But now, he let her focus. Granted her as much time as she needed to search and with out the slightest hint of resistance. Rey didn't understand why. When she had enough knowledge that she felt confident enough to escape him, she withdrew.

She had been tempted, even if only for a second, to accept his offer to let him instruct her. It had only taken the brief scanning of the information in his mind to know that he hadn't been lying about how much he truly could show her about the Force. She was surprised by how much he knew about both the light and the dark. Rey had seen so much information in the very short time that she had to peek in. She wished she could understand and adopt all of the knowledge he held as her own, but it was way too much. She used what she had pilfered against him, wielding his own knowledge as a weapon, summoning the rage in the same way that he'd learned to. Rey used it to turn the tides of battle.
She had fought him back. Beat him down at every turn. She learned how to spot his moments of weakness. The rage sensed it every time he faltered. Still, she knew she was lucky he had been so wounded. Rey doubted it would have ended this way if he wasn't. That is, with her standing over
Now, if I could only just control the rage. Even the sound of her own voice in her head sounded frail under the restraints of the constricting rage. But she couldn't, it clouded her mind. She could feel it clawing at her insides. It spoke to her... she could hear it. It told her, no...demanded, that she... kill him.

Those soft brown eyes met hers at just the rite moment and she forgot about everything that had transpired between them. She forgot what he'd done to her friends. Even the memory of him slaying his father and cutting Finn down only moments ago faded as she lost herself in those damming eyes. The sadness in them was stifling. And there was something else, something she couldn't put her finger on. Rey only ever saw it when he looked at her. It weakened the voice inside her head. It dampened the call for blood. As she fell into his eyes, she felt the darkness clouding her head begin to retreat from her.

She shouldn't have been surprised when another scare opened up in the ground in front of her, but she was. The Starkiller had been compromised and it was a wonder it took this long for the rest of the planet around the base to fall apart too. Then again, maybe the seemingly great amount of time that had passed between all of the evenings events, had only been minutes in reality. Maybe the time Rey spent lost in her thoughts, gazing down at him, trying to regain herself had only been seconds, though they felt so much more infinite. She was almost thankful now for the gaping crack in the surface of the planet as it forced distance between them.

"Scavenger."

Suddenly a familiar voice broke her thoughts and for a moment she thought it was his, but it couldn't be, he was on the other side of the opening between them. The world around them shook violently. The cracking groans and the howling wind around Rey made it hard for her to hear her own thoughts, let alone his. And when it came again...

"Run!"

She didn't hesitate. She obeyed. Rey darted between trees and rocks and a number of falling things around her. The exertion slowly burned the rage down to a more controllable level. The adrenaline rush helped cool her mind. It helped clear her head until the gnawing tendrils inside began to retreat. She ran until she came upon Finn's body. Rey dropped to her knees. Leaning above him, all of the rage left inside of her died. She had no room for it. Only concern and grief for her friend. Then like a beacon in the night, the Millennium Falcon found the pair and all she could do was hope it was in time to save him.

*Hey guys n’ gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *
-DarkGuardian-
Kylo's eyes flew open as his body jerked back into consciousness. They darted around him, taking in his liquid distorted surroundings. His hand pressed against the cold glass of the bacta tank he'd been soaking in for hours. Immediately he recognized the room he was in. He was getting used to these surroundings. Being in the tank itself however, wasn't something you ever got used to. At least he hadn't. Now he was here so much that he had his own personal med bay set up, courtesy of The Supreme Leader himself.

The first time he'd woken up in this tank had been three days after the destruction of the Starkiller base. The hole in his side had taken some time to heal and he'd lost an exceptional amount of blood. His right shoulder and face had suffered extensive trauma, but the healing properties of the bacta had taken care of most of that. He'd have scars, but he didn't really care.

He was a knight, a warrior, what was another scar to him?

His hand unconsciously moved to his face. It was a habit he'd developed after the first time his mind had accidentally touched hers. This was his most prized possession and often he found himself longing to trace the now fine line of this, his most prized scar. He was glad it had taken General Hux so long to get him to the infirmary. He didn't want to loose this one. This one was hers and he wore it with pride. He found himself taking his helmet off every chance he was alone just so he could eye the scar or run his fingers over it like he did now. It was the only time he allowed himself to think of the girl who so viscously branded him, forever making him hers.

Not that she was ever willingly seeking him out, never willingly, but in defiance of his own urges he had to constantly shut her out of his mind. Barring her away in the deepest recesses of it until his training was complete. He despised going against what he felt was another part of their intertwined destiny, but this was his burden and with the rest of his responsibilities, he held the added weight of it heavy on his shoulders. Of course that didn't stop him from seeking her out in private, assaulting her mind whenever he found an opportunity that wouldn't put her at risk of being invaded by his Master. And these past months his Master was never to far, always summoning his apprentice to continue their training, so Kylo was immeasurably careful. He wouldn't leave his end of their connection open long and never more then just slightly. He couldn't risk the Supreme Leader finding and tunneling into her mind.

Remembering the first time he kneeled before his Master after the destruction of the Starkiller, Kylo squeezed his eyes shut. He thought for sure his life would end the instant Lord Snoke peeked inside his thoughts. He was dumbfounded as he kneeled in the darkly lit chamber looking up at the flesh and blood of his merciless Master. Kylo waited for a torturous death, for anger, for anything but what he got.

Snoke waited silently, eyeing his apprentice for what seemed like hours. Ren knew better then to speak before he did. He knew his Master was watching him closely, he could feel it. Kneeling before him, his body began to fight against the stiffness left in his limbs from the obedient position he held himself in. With nothing else to focus on he felt the betraying strain of the fatigue in his leg muscles, the biting pain in his knee from the cold hard steel beneath it, and the pull of his aching back and arched neck from holding his head bowed down for so long. Still his loyal apprentice did not falter. Not an inch. Not even after spending much time in silence waiting for his Master to finally speak to
"Rise, apprentice." The Supreme Leader had commanded, his calm manner unsettling in its deliverance.

Ren stood tall and straight for his Master just as he had been trained to do. He didn't bother flexing or stretching his aching muscles though he so desperately needed to loosen the tight ropes they had bound into. He would show no weakness here, not in front of Lord Snoke. Of all of the reasons his Master could have for smiting him down, Ren didn't want it to be for such a petty display of insolence.

In an attempt to relax himself under the intense gaze of his Master, he squeezed his helmet to the side of his hip tightly. He would kill him or he wouldn't. Those were his outcomes. Simple and clear. Still he said nothing as he waited for his Master's consent to speak.

"Though there are things we must discuss, you have pleased me Kylo Ren." Came his master's haunting voice.

Ren's head shot up. He eyed the tall humanoid that was the Supreme Leader carefully. His chest rose and fell heavily under the thick gold layers he wore.

The figure of his Master sat atop a throne of shadows. His long, thin frame mostly hidden by the engulfing darkness around him. He seemed blank as he looked down on Ren. His distorted grey and pink blotched skin pulled tightly to his damaged skull and his pale blue eyes set deep within it like two Larimar stones nestled in a cavernous wall.

"You are surprised by my words." His voice was flat. Emotionless.

Kylo broke his stare, dropping his ever betraying eyes to his boots. He felt like fidgeting as a child would under the dissatisfied gaze of a parent but he knew better then to show such weakness in front of his Master.

"Master, I have failed you." His words came out lower then he had intended and he shifted slightly before straightening himself back out.

"Ah yes... the girl." He said tilting his head slightly, his power fueled eyes burning into Kylo Ren's bowed skull.

He looked back up, not sure what he'd find in his Masters face. The last time they spoke of her the Supreme Leader had accused Kylo of having compassion for his enemy. He had of course denied the allegations and at the time he believed honestly so. Now, after the recent evens on the Starkiller, he wasn't so confident in his defense. Still, compassion was such a strong word. He was curious about the girl to say the least and even after every thing that happened, he still wanted her. Now more then ever he wanted her. But he still didn't grasp the underlining that came with that desire. He remembered how he felt as he guided her with a flurry of offensive strikes to the edge of the crumbling world from which the Starkiller had been carved from.

The anger and rage, the need to dominate and subjugate. Then once he had her, locked lightsaber against lightsaber, he knew he wanted to teach her. He saw her now as an opportunity to further empower himself as well as have her at the same time.

"Hmm." Came the deep sigh of the shadowed Lord before him. The Supreme Leader always looked very thoughtful, very calm and in this moment he looked no different then usual.
"Your thoughts on the matter also please me Kylo Ren. Though we must be careful with this girl, I do see the potential in having her close." His Master stood with far more grace then any one could have imagined possible by his appearance alone.

At the prospect of having her by his side, Ren felt his mouth suddenly dry and he swallowed painfully hard. He held absolutely still, trying as much as humanly possible not to move in any way. He didn't even breath. He hoped he would give nothing of himself away but his Masters eyes narrowed and he leaned in closer to his apprentice.

"Don't think to hide anything from me boy." His Master belted over his head. "I am the Supreme Leader and your Master. I see through you like water over mirrored glass. I know what your intentions are towards this girl, even if you do not." His speech was concise, his tone severe. There was no misinterpreting his words.

Kylo dropped to his knee once more. "Forgive me Supreme Leader. I am not..." He waited for the right words to come to him before continuing. "Accustomed to such- desires." He felt a slight flush admitting such an intimate weakness to one so powerful.

"Nor should you be." His Master calmly sat back in his thrown once more, thinking on how honest his apprentice's response had been. Another example of his devoted loyalty to him.

He thought on the past failures of the previous leaders of both the Dark and Light side. He quietly pondered over the teachings and failures that had ultimately led to the dismantling and destruction of the Empire. Snoke knew that this infatuation with the girl could lead to something more dangerous. Still, it was love and the destruction of it that had led to the creation and downfall of the strongest Sith Lord to have ever lived. With out it, his apprentice would never have been conceived.

Kylo Ren had proven time and time again his loyalty and dedication to both the Dark side and his Master. Perhaps if the Light and Dark had not interfered with Anakin Skywalker's love for Padmé Amidala, he could have become even more powerful. It was that very emotion that drove him to the dark side in the first place. The Light side with all of their rules and regulations had made Anakin easy prey for the darkness to corrupt and at the time, he had been one of the strongest Jedi's within the light.

His Apprentice let the time pass without so much as a hint of intolerance as he waited for his Master to ponder his thoughts. A student like Kylo Ren had never been taken in as an apprentice before. He had both the light and dark in him and before Snoke had been able to truly sink his claws in to corrupt him, the two sides had balanced nearly equal to one another. Only shifting weight sporadically. Snoke knew before he ever began training the boy that he would always maintain some of his light. It's what made him so perfect, so powerful. While the boy saw it as a weakness... Snoke knew better.

Kylo Ren was always at odds with himself. The darkness always struggling to pin down the light. This made him unique in that he was constantly reminded he chose the Dark, though much of that decision had been made after a lifetime of manipulation. It also meant that his guilt would keep him in the dark side. It was the most manipulative of tactics but in his experience, the most effective as well. This brought Snoke to the next part of their discussion.

"The death of Han Solo has proven your unwavering loyalty to myself and the dark side." He spoke slowly, calmly as he always did. "We shall proceed with your training immediately." He rose again. "And Kylo Ren, if you survive..." He let the severity of his words linger in the air between them, let them sink into the boys head. "...You will bring the girl to me. I will judge her value. If, only if, I believe her worthy... may you have her."
He didn't wait to see Ren's response before he lifted his lanky, undernourished arm and Force struck Kylo Ren with wave after wave of hideous blue lightning. The strikes were constant and he only stopped long enough to speak at his apprentice.

"Our first priority is still to secure the whereabouts of Luke Skywalker." A pause, then another strike of lightning. "Beyond that you will start with procuring as much information on the girl as possible." Another, much longer wave. "Continue to please me Kylo Ren and I will give you the Universe." Another blast this time dropping his apprentice to his hands and knees. "I will show you all the power of the Dark side and give you as much as you can withstand. With training you will grow and you will adapt until you can endure more and more. Your power will surpass that of even Darth Vader."

Kylo Ren fought with every ounce of strength he had, keeping himself there for a time, unwilling to fall. His master was relentless in his assault and the short blasts became a torrent as he spoke.

"Your resolve and dedication to the darkness will serve you well. Soon your ability to accept power will make your potential in the dark side limitless." Kylo Ren heard himself screaming over the sounds that the blue lightning made running through his body. His nose began to bleed and still he held himself on his hands and knees, his fingers pushing into the metal beneath him until he thought it may dent in his wake. Finally, and only when his master had finished speaking, did the onslaught end.

A crooked grin splayed across Snoke's already distorted features as he looked down on his apprentice. "You have pleased me again Kylo Ren." Was the last thing he heard before he crumpled to the floor and blackness took him.

This would be routine for several months, his master would build him up and tear him down again. Sometimes he would allow him to heal through a Bacta tank and sometimes he wouldn't. In between he would physically train, meditate, study, and orchestrate reconnaissance missions regarding both the location of Skywalker and in an attempt to gather information on his scavenger. Sometimes he even found time to eat and sleep... sometimes.

Through the liquid filled tank he saw a med tech with their head down resting on top of a metal desk, their face buried in the crook of their elbow. Kylo did no more then open his fist and the tech flew from their chair to the wall behind them. The shocked employee Slid down the metal plating and landed on their butt with a groan. He hadn't meant to be so forceful. The intense training he had been under going had strengthened his powers within the Force so quickly, that Kylo found he had little control over the volume with which he used them.

He was on edge today especially as he was eager to investigate the most recently surfaced rumor. If there was one thing the First Order was good at, it was sniffing out rumors. It wasn't hard to conceive of, The First Order had eyes and ears everywhere. Encampments and colonies across the galaxies. Yet, there was still no clear sign of Skywalker or the girl. He surmised at this point that they were still hiding together since he was having no luck tracking her down. He had felt his old Master with her almost seven months ago and since then he'd barely made contact with her. His uncle had been teaching her to guard her mind well. He could really only make advances on her while she slept or when she thought about him, which was near to never. His fists balled at his sides. She was to be his student. He wouldn't stand for anyone else touching her mind... least of all his uncle.

He closed his eyes and thought about her while waiting for the tech to prepare the tank for his release. He didn't allow himself to do it often, not while in such close proximity to the Supreme Leader. Kylo found no matter how hard he worked, no matter how well he did, Lord Snoke was ever watchful of him. He had said after his training that he could have the girl and while Kylo
understood it would have to be only after Snoke allowed it, he couldn't wait. He didn't want to do anything to jeopardize his chances. His training had been completed a mere few days now, and already he was itching to find her. When he did think about her, he drove himself mad. The need to open their force bond and reach for her only to be cut off and blocked out made him crazy with rage. He longed to hold her again like he did the first time he had unconsciously found her with his mind while sleeping.

It was before they had discovered their bond. He didn't like to linger on that memory. Only recalling it now from time to time to remember the way she felt in his arms and the way she tasted on his tongue. It was just after his first lesson, after the first torturous time Lord Snoke had used the lightning on him. He'd woken in the bacta tank much like he had now. His body had not yet recovered enough for him to take his leave.

He floated there helplessly. Ignoring his aching body, he closed his eyes and recapped everything that had transpired between he and his master. He thought of his prize. Of how he knew she would be his. There was no doubt that Lord Snoke would find her just as impressive as Kylo did. Then he found his thoughts again pulling him to the memory of her face and the way it looked under the bright glow of their lightsabers as they shook with the crumbling world around them. How lustrous she had looked with the purple glow the dueling lightsabers had cast against her as he locked her in place. He must have drifted off in the tank thinking of her because suddenly he wasn't with her at the mouth of the groaning planet but he was still with her, he just didn't realize it right away.

He found himself alone in a sterile room. The white walls and simple cream furniture made his eyes hurt under the harsh glow of the recess lights around him. He slowly, cautiously moved through the room. Following a faint sound he paused himself standing outside of a plain white door. At first he was hesitant to open it, his gloved hand resting gently on the metallic doorknob then he heard a quiet noise from within. A soft whimper urged his curiosity forward and he gently, carefully squeezed and turned the handle pushing lightly against it until the door was ajar. A thin light beamed through the small opening. When he was sure that who ever was inside hadn't noticed the intrusion, he pushed the door open wider. He stepped one booted foot in first. Still no response. The second foot followed the first taking his body with it.

It didn't take but a second to see where he was, even through the thick rolls of steam that ran from the room like prisoners seeking freedom. There was a high counter with a running wash station and towels folded in a neat pile. A simple white toilet matched the rest of the design of the room. Across from that was a plain stand with lotions, soaps and smaller towels neatly organized on it. Beyond that was the fresher chamber.

The pattering sound of running water filled his ears. He breathed in a deep breath and closed his eyes letting the lingering steam fill his lungs. He stepped further into the mist as he exhaled. The disturbance of his body moving in the room caused the steam to roll through the air, slowly clearing a path for him until he saw the outline of her body. It wasn't at all what he expected to see. He found her on the floor in the center of the hot stream. She was tucked in on herself, her legs pulled loosely to her chest. She trembled and shook. Her arms crossed over her knees and her head hung low, tucked into the safety of her body. Her clothes were drenched. They clung to her saturation weighing her down.

Her hair was mostly still in the three loops that ran down the back of her head but small strands had fallen loose. He was jealous of the intimate way the water ran through it, tracing in fine streams along her trembling skin, seeping into her clinging clothing. Still taking in the details of her soaked form in he noticed even her feet were still covered.

His insides twisted as he watched her endure bouts of uncontrollable tremors. Unconsciously he
began to move towards her, his arm outstretched in her direction. Desperately reaching for her his
gloved hand opened and he extended his fingers out. He felt the uncontrollable urge to touch her. To
comfort her. He hadn't known her name then, but if he had, he was sure he'd be calling it to her now.
He wouldn't use the word scavenger to get her attention. Not with her like this. It didn't mean the
same to them then as it does now so he opted for silence instead. When there was no more distance
to close between them he slowly knelt down to her. She didn't even flinch as the water began to pat
off of his body onto hers.

Could she have really been so far gone that she didn't even notice when his body blocked the cone of
water that had been covering hers?

He crouched down behind her and with out thinking, with out even considering what he was doing,
he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her back to his chest. When she still didn't react, didn't turn
to fight him... he gently aligned his forehead with the the back of her hair, leaving his face resting in
the air just above her neck. They stayed there like that for a long time. His breath lightly ran down
the sides of her neck and back. He could feel it rolling off of her shoulders. It danced along his face
trapped between the curtains of his hair and her skin. He doubted she could feel it through her
clothing or the lingering heat of the thick steam around them.

He steadied her when she shook and he ran his glove padded thumbs along her arms when she
trembled. He wished he'd taken the time to pull his gloves off but he didn't want to let her go now.
He wouldn't take the chance. He'd hold her until either she pushed him away or someone, at the risk
of their own life, pulled him off of her. Though he didn't understand his own actions or his primal
need to comfort her, he did know that this is where she needed him and as long as she accepted him,
this is where he'd stay.

He tipped his head up, tilted his face to the left and gently planted his lips against the soft wet skin of
her neck. Water from her hair ran over his mouth and when he pulled his lips away from her it
beaded on them. He licked the tiny droplets away and he could taste her. He savored the flavor of
her on his tongue...

...This was the gentle motion that startled her. This was the tiny interaction that brought her back
from wherever it was she had retreated to. Before she could turn to face him, before she could pull
away from him, a voice from beyond the room called out to her. They both jumped and some how
he found himself back in his tank, struggling to breath through the oxygen mask that covered his
mouth and nose.

Kylo didn't wait for his feet to hit the floor, he flicked his wrists and the straps under his arms and
around the breathing apparatus opened releasing him to the ground. He snatched a towel up from a
nearby bench and padded forward in the direction of the refresher.

"Sir?" A small, nervous voice called after him. Kylo stopped. He closed his eyes and clenched his
jaw. "I..I'm supposed to record a physical?" It said so nervously that it came off more as a question
then a statement.

He didn't need to see the med tech to know they were holding up the holo pad they had been
clenching in their hands while he was raised out of the bacta tank. He could feel the motion with his
mind. He didn't have the patience for such trivial things. She could be waiting for him right now. If
there was one thing he could credit to his mother, it was when she'd taught him that you should never
make a lady wait.

He felt his shoulders flex as he squeezed his hands into fists. Trying to control his growing agitation
he let a deep breath free through his nostrils.
"O-on second thought, I'll just leave this here and... y-you can get to it when ever you feel like it." The voice was cracking under pressure. "If you feel like it." They squeaked.

Kylo didn't know if this person was very brave or very stupid, but he did know one thing, it was clearly their first day. He strode forward leaving the medical technician's last words hanging in the air.

"Or not." They said in a defeated huff.

He took a quick shower. It would take him several minutes to equip the thick layers of armor and gear her wore and every second that passed Kylo grew more anxious. He ran his hands through wet hair deep in thought. He wondered what would happen if he did find her.

So far he was given permission for two things. First, find Luke Skywalker before the Resistance. He was pretty sure it was already to late for that since shortly after the Starkiller was destroyed, the scavenger disappeared right from under the many noses of the First Order and so far only Luke had previously managed that achievement. This meant that he didn't leave hiding to find her... she must have found him. The Resistance had obviously aided her in this since she had only seen one piece of the map the few days before she had disappeared. Kylo knew from personal contact that she was indeed with his former Jedi Master.

Their force bond could have been a very helpful tool had he discovered it before Skywalker had the chance to tamper with her mind. Kylo squeezed his fists. His anger returning at the thought of her mind under his protection. He rotated his neck while redirecting his thoughts.

Second, find out as much information about the girl as he could. This was also proving to be a challenge.

It was a short list, but somehow even with the full power of the First Order and his Knights, he came up with even shorter results. As far as the girl went, he literally had two things. She called herself Rey and she worked as a scavenger on the desert wasteland planet of Jakku for Unkar Plutt. That was it. No last name, no clue as to where she came from before she was about six, and no parental origins. He found nothing in her past. He was at a dead end with her history and it killed him not knowing more about her.

He toweled his hair until he was satisfied he wouldn't ruin the inside modulator of his helmet. It was still damp but he didn't care enough to finish. He took one last look at his face in the mirror. His eyes traced the scar from top to bottom and he smiled.

I'm coming for you scavenger. He thought wickedly. Donning his helmet and fastening his lightsaber to his belt, he was ready to meet with his Knights.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it.*

- DarkGuardian-
A Mother, a General, and a Princess.

~Three days after the Starkiller fight~

General Leia Organa stood plugging numbers into a holo screen, cross referencing the new information an old R2-D2 unit had given them. Apparently it was the very same R2-D2 unit that had accompanied Luke Skywalker on all of his Jedi missions. Imagine, after all the time the Resistance had spent tracking down the missing co-ordinates, the last piece they needed had been sitting in low power mode right under their noses.

Rey couldn't help but admire the General as she watched her work. The woman was incredible. It had been only three days since she lost her husband and General Organa had stood strong knowing what news awaited her as the Millennium Falcon landed. The shuttle hanger was alive with cheering members of the resistance and the refugees they housed. Boisterous voices and laughter filled the air all around her.

And yet, Rey felt wrong as she stepped down the ramp onto the surface of the Resistance's current base on the Outer Rim planet of D'Qar. Though the victory of destroying the Starkiller had been a great one, she didn't feel cause to celebrate. She sullenly made her way to the Princess knowing she would have to tell her the story of her husband's demise.

General Leia Organa, leader of the Resistance forces, princess, mother and now widow, had known before Rey had even opened her mouth. She had known the moment she lost him. From the very second his heart stopped beating, she had known. Her husband, father to her only child, best friend to her hermit brother, and smuggler of her heart, was dead.

She had felt it in the force through the worst possible messenger— her son. The loss of Han had hurt immensely. More then anything she could have ever imagined. At least when her Ben had fallen to the Dark side there was still hope. Hope that she could somehow bring him back. That anyone could somehow bring him back. Now she felt shattered inside. She had told Han to go to him. She had pleaded with her eyes for him to bring their son home and now they were both gone.

Deep down she knew who had slain him. She surmised that only one person could have done it. She couldn't bring herself to believe it, but she knew the second she'd felt Ben's grief, that he'd been the one to do it. Leia hadn't sensed him in so long. He kept her so cut off from him that she'd forgotten what her own son felt like in the Force. As suddenly as he came to her he was gone again. Han was a lot of things but foolish wasn't one of them; he knew either he would bring his son home or force him to feel his humanity. His father had always taught Ben life lessons the hard way. It was one of the things they fought about most when they were together. This was Han's last lesson. Leia was hurt more then she could say and she would never have the strength to give up on her son.

As painful as this reminder was, as unfortunate as the circumstances were, she was sure now that there was light in him. Whether it was enough to save him, she didn't know. But she would never give up on her son. He was all she had left of Han and she would honor him by finishing what he started. She would hold onto the hope more desperately then ever. She just had to keep on fighting for him. Even if that led her down the same path as her charming scoundrel.

Leia watched the young girl as she made her way down the ramp of her late husbands most prized vessel. When catching her up on what had happened since their first encounter aboard the Falcon, Han had spoken fondly of the girl named Rey. This spoke volumes about the girl, as her husband
was not so easily impressed.

Her eyes warmed as she thought about that blasted ship. She loved it as much as she hated it. The Millennium Falcon was the only thing in the universe that ever made her feel, just a little twang of jealousy. Her husband had always been true to her, but he may as well of had an affair with that bloody thing. He spent all of his time on it, leaving little to no time for her and their family. She had known who he was before they married, but Mustafar if she didn't love him anyway.

The scoundrel! Her heart smiled and ached at the same time for him.

Leia could see the worry on the girls beautiful face. She wore it like a painted mask. Sorrow clung to her young body like a wet cloak, heavy with hurt and loss. She was dirty, exhausted and heartbroken. Even with all of this weighing her down she was beautiful. A light that she had not seen in years shone brightly in Rey. The same light that she use to see in her son's small face. He'd beam as he looked up at her after she'd caught him stealing a cookie or found him hiding behind his uncle Chewie when playing hide n' seek around one of the many bases they'd called home. A light similar to the one she use to see in her brother but that was so long ago. Now Leia's eyes almost hurt from looking at her. She pulled the girl into her arms before she could even speak and held here there. Silently assuring her it was ok. That everything would be alright.

Rey wasn't sure what to expect from the General of the Resistance, but it wasn't this. It would have been appropriate for her to cry, or yell and scream, even shut down, blocking it all out. Instead, she took Rey in her arms and comforted her. It was a confusing response, but needed more then she could have known.

Rey didn't even need to tell her what happened. It was like she just knew. She remembered hearing stories of the force sensitive Princess, her smuggler of a husband and her legendary Jedi brother. Back on Jakku as a child, she had lived for the nights the story tellers would gather to spin their tales to the paying drunkards who loitered around the canteens.

Perhaps it was true that she could sense it in the force. Rey wasn't sure though. Her knowledge on the subject was lacking to say the least. She had so many emotions going on inside her that night that with her limited experience she doubted she could have noticed what Leia may have easily felt. But Han wasn't a force user, could you feel a non Force-sensitive being as they died. There was just too much she didn't know.

Rey was angry and hurting inside more then she had her entire life. It was easy to be strong when you had no one to lose. She had waited as far back as she could remember for her parents to come back for her. She'd marked every day she waited on the wall of the At-At she called home. It had been difficult to hold on to them for so long, but she always had the hope that her parents would come back for her. Now she couldn't remember their voices or their touch. No matter how hard she'd tried, not even their faces came to her mind.

She had tried though. She spent night after night, year after year trying to picture what they looked like, trying to imagine what possible reason they could of had for leaving her there. Alone and scared with Unkar Plutt of all creatures. Rey knew from the very first time she met General Leia Organa that she liked her. She felt a special kind of warmth from her, one that she thought only a mother knew how to convey.

No matter how bad this woman was hurting inside, she put me in front of herself. Princess Leia Organa was an astonishing woman, who gave everything she had into comforting a total stranger. She thought clinging to the woman she didn't know.
A private funeral procession, several supply runs and multiple sweeps of the Outer Rim layer around the planet and before Rey had known it, three days had already flown by. She gave herself no down time. If she kept busy she could keep her thoughts at bay. She was use to constant work, before she got here, she worked to stay alive. If you didn't produce you starved. There were no lazy days in her past. She was itching to move again. She needed something to do and fast.

As of now she was stuck in this small room. She sat in silence staring at numerous flashing lights. There were consoles everywhere, each with their own purpose. She envied them. At least they had a point. All Rey had ever known was Jakku. She knew she could never go back, not after the ruckus she had caused on her way off the planet. The First Order was after her then, and no doubt still were now. She had stolen the Millennium Falcon right out from under Unkar Plutt's nose to escape. Her life there was over. As of right now she floated between where ever the Resistance needed her, helping where she could. No one had questioned her place there, but she knew she wasn't one of them.

Chewie let out an irritated whine in the direction of the Resistance's best pilot, bringing her thoughts to a halt. He shook his furry arms in the air over his head clearly agitated by the man. Poe Dameran paced just behind the General. His normally calm demeanor fraying at the seems under the stress of waiting. It had gone on like this for the last two hours and Rey was surprised the pilot hadn't left a trail across the stone floor over which he anxiously blazed.

"Oh, I'm sorry am I bothering you?" He mocked the Wookiee. Exaggerating a tip toeing motion as he traced the path once again. Rey's eyes widened and she shook her head watching the two banter. Clearly being trapped in this room was staring to effect more then just her. Chewie quickly stood and Poe squared himself with the Wookiee, throwing his hands up in a gesture of surrender.

"Ok, ok. Take it easy big fella." Chewie's head motioned forward as a taunt before he sat back down and closed his eyes. He had been through a lot. After Losing Han no one could blame him for his short temper. He had been on the Millennium Falcon since they landed, only leaving to attend Han's funeral and this private meeting. Rey went back to eyeing Luke Skywalker's lightsaber. She turned it over in her hands until she had studied every inch, then repeated the process over and over until finally...The General straightened. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes locked onto a small solar system on the map. Noticing her sudden change, Poe reacted first.

"There." The single word brought everyone's attention to her. Her finger pointed to the holo map bringing all of their eyes to it at once.

Rey let out some of the tension she'd been feeling in one deep breath. It was the only sound any one had made until the General broke the silence. She poked a tiny dot on the map in very small unknown system, and it opened up. A very small planet grew on the map until it covered most of the holofield. The room glowed green under the dancing holo lights that slowly spun around them. With the exception of a few scattered Islands the world was mostly water. She flicked her hand across the holo and it spun giving them a global view of the planet. Her finger stopped over the largest island on the world.

"That's where he's been all this time. Almost six years ..." she didn't finish her thought out loud, she hadn't seen him in longer, he was always out seeking some kind of new 'old' treasure or ancient temple.

Poe leaned past the General sneering up at the map. "There, really? The guy takes a six year vacation and he picks that dinky system?" They all looked at Poe in unison. He shrugged their eyes away and went back to being his usual charming, all be it, smart ass self. "I'm just sayin, it's not where I'd go." His brows rose and he gave Rey a toothy grin before turning back to his leader. "When do I leave?"
He asked her more serious now.

The General didn't respond. She turned on her heals and walked out of the private holo room they'd been congregating in for the last few hours.

Poe's eyebrows rose with his face and hands. His eyes searching the air like he'd missed something. "What?" He shrugged at Rey. "Something I said?" He shook his head with his words.

She didn't answer him. She popped up and strode after the General.

"Woman, am I right?" He teased in Chewie's general direction.

The Wookie stepped past him purposely bumping against Poe lightly forcing the pilot to regroup before he joined following behind the others. Leia didn't stop walking until she was outside. Her hands grabbed at her knees as she haunched forward breathing deeply. This was the first time Rey had seen the General falter. The first sign of anything but cool composure. Rey took a careful step towards her, placed a hand gently on her shoulder and leaned down so her face was level to hers.

"I'm sorry I... just need." She tried shaking her head clear, leaving the sentence incomplete.

"It's alright. It's been a..." Rey paused for a moment scrunching her face up in her thoughts."Rough couple of days." She finished in an exasperated tone.

A strained laugh escaped Leia's mouth. It was pained and weak, not like her usual heart filled burst. She straightened herself and took a deep steadying breath.

"It's just been so long since I've even felt Luke. I almost started to think..." She turned to Rey, a soft smile pulling at her lips. She knew, not wanting to worry anyone around her, the General was putting on a front. As any great leader would, this woman held the weight of the world on her shoulders alone. She wouldn't willingly share the burden she carried.

Rey loved the way her eyes smiled with her. Always warm and twinkling. Her face was soft and welcoming. Delicate laugh lines hugged the edges of her eyes and mouth. A medium sized button nose that crinkled at the bridge when she smiled sat between two high cheekbones. A strong round chine accented her petite mouth. Her aged mouth made her top lip seem just slightly larger then her bottom and it only added to her charm. A delicate widows peek rested above her long forehead causing her already angular face look like a heart. The shape couldn't have suited her more.

Rey's breath caught in her throat as she looked closer at the General's eyes. Except for the little laugh lines that tugged at the corners, they were his. The color wasn't as rich but she doubted anyone's eyes were as dark as his. Their eyes paralleled each other in every other way. Though Leia had hid it much better, they both had that sadness in them. That weight Rey had seen in his eyes, were heavy in hers too.

Rey dropped her gaze to her hands as she played with them in front of her. She couldn't look at those eyes anymore. She hadn't noticed when General Organa's forehead wrinkled as she narrowed those eyes as if struggling with something and then her head turned to the side as if trying to hear over the ignition of a X-Wing Fighter jet's engine.

Rey didn't want to remember those eyes looking down on her in the interrogation room, or up at her from the bridge below, and especially not across from her in the snow. She tried not to think about him. She had been trying hard not to think about him since she left Kylo Ren on the other side of the ravine, but he just kept creeping into her thoughts. It left her feeling angry. To much time thinking back on every encounter with him made her more confused then the last.
She should have hated Kylo Ren for what he'd done, but the truth of that matter was while she did hate him to a degree, she found herself unable to hold onto the emotion. It was just too intense for her to fathom. There were moments when she thought of Han Solo and Finn, where she abhorred him. But then there were other moments when she felt more hurt then hate. And when she saw the torment outweigh the darkness his eyes held, that's when she felt the weakest. When she'd get lost in his sadness.

She felt herself drowning in a whirlpool of pain and confusion. The more she thought back, the more subtleties she noticed. Things she thought she felt or saw then, but had been too distracted and vulnerable to be sure of at the time. When he took his helmet off and looked as nervous as a bride on their wedding night. His face turning from hers in shame when he thought he'd hurt her feelings. When his face was near hers, and his finger caressed her cheek as she cried from the painful memories he brought forward and the embarrassment of sharing them with him.

Not that she had a choice. She thought bitterly.

These were not memories that described Kylo Ren. When she remembered him rotating his wrist, his burning crossguard saber hissing in the air as it spun around him. Saw him blocking her and Finn's path as he stalked them through the woods on the Starkiller. Watched the red plasma blade shoot through Han Solos back, the back of his own father. This was the Kylo Ren that she knew was real. No questions or second guessing needed. It didn't matter how much she analyzed the past for subtleties. His choices defined who he was, and he had made his choices. That's when she felt hate.

That last image seared her eyes. It would never leave her.

How could anyone kill their own father?

Every time it popped into her head, that's when the hate was at it's hottest. Rey couldn't remember her parents but she knew if she had them, she would do her best to keep them safe. She'd cherish them and love them... If she had them in her life.

She watched Han fall into the abyss below, but then watched Ren's face twist in regret and pain. More hurt and confusion played in his face and body language then she thought just one person alone could have. Had she been close enough to read them, she couldn't even imagine what he would have shown in the depths of those ever betraying eyes.

These were the two points that brought on the greatest emotions Rey felt. Hate and sympathy. It was like Kylo Ren were two different people, but she knew he wasn't.

While that may have been the case at one point in time, Rey knew the undeniable truth. Kylo Ren was just Kylo Ren. The other memories had to have been influenced by him, manipulated in her mind until she perceived them how he wanted her to. Tactically set and maneuvered to confuse her, ultimately leaving her vulnerable. That had to be the reason he took off his mask in the first place. To humanize himself. To play on her compassion. She new better now. She was right in the woods when she had called him a monster.

Damn those eyes.

She hadn't purposely thought back on Kylo Ren since Finn had been stabilized. She wouldn't give that monster one more second of her time. He'd taken enough from her already. It was bad enough that since that night she hadn't been sleeping but for a few hours here and there. Now she was frustrated at spending even one waking moment thinking of him.
Rey hadn't noticed when she wrapped her hands around her arms. She moved them up and down trying to create friction as if she were cold. Her eyes stared at the ground but she wasn't looking at it. She wasn't looking at anything. Leia didn't have to pry to see how lost the young woman was. As cruel as it was for her to be going through such a tormenting bout of emotions, Leia was glad. She was silently showing her things she could never have believed on her own, no matter how bad she'd wanted to. Her memories and struggles confirmed that somehow, somewhere buried deep inside of Kylo Ren, her son Ben still fought against the darkness.

Rey turned back to the General who was deeply searching her face. "I'm sorry if I...." Her words cut off abruptly.

Pain, quick and hot struck Rey and suddenly she was frozen in it. She felt it run through her body and it shook her to her core. It came again and this time she rocked from it. The General grabbed Rey's arms at her elbows and tried to steady her. The women locked eyes for a brief moment before Rey's body seized and arched painfully.

Leia's calm cool demeanor suddenly slipped away, she was calling for help now, but Rey couldn't make out what exactly she was saying. She shook violently as another quick wave of pain hit her hard. Her knees buckled. She would have fallen had the older woman not been there to gently guide her to the ground. The General was saying something to her now, but she couldn't hear it. Then Rey saw the bright orange of Poe's resistance jacket at her side, but She couldn't hear him either. She felt so much pain. It overwhelmed her senses until she couldn't get passed it. She felt it pushing into her like lightning, destroying her from the inside out. It bit over her skin every where it touched. Burning her on contact. It stabbed at her like an electrically charged knife and her body fiercely jerked every time it struck.

There was nothing physically touching her, but she could feel it assault her as though there was. Then something grabbed at her. She kicked and flailed at an unseen force. Something had her by the mind and it was pulling her into darkness. It pulled at Rey's very essence, draining her every second it had her in its clutches. Her mouth and eyes flew open in unison, but she couldn't see anything, couldn't say anything. Somehow she knew she hadn't physically gone anywhere. She knew she were still back at the Resistance base; but when the pulling stopped she also knew mentally she was somewhere else. She had been dragged kicking and screaming through her own mind until it had brought her here.

A voice in her head told her to keep silent, told her to keep holding on. She couldn't pin point it's identity, but she knew it was familiar. She'd heard it before in this way, in a dream... or a nightmare.

"Don't let him see your weakness." It warned. "Don't falter. Don't let go. Just hang on!" It encouraged through a pained voice.

Rey's eyes couldn't see but that didn't stop her mind from reaching out. She was hunched over on her hands and knees. Her large, gloved hands pulling at the metal beneath them.

Except they weren't her hands!

Rey wanted to look up to see who her tormenter was, but like her hands, her eyes weren't her own either. There was another voice in the room. This one was speaking at her...er...them.

It was terrifying in its calmness.
It was dominant.
It was fierce and strong.
It offered her... power.... so much power...
If she served, if She obeyed, the power would be hers... No, theirs!

Rey screamed against the now constant waves of pain. The first voice, had joined in her screams.

They paralleled each other. She realized. Because there were two of them there. In his head and she wasn't being tortured... he was.

She felt her stomach roll and she almost heaved. Then it stopped and he finally gave in. When he crumpled to the floor, it all fell away like a bad memory.

Rey was back, balled up on the ground shaking from the mental assault. It was all in her head, but she couldn't control herself. She laid helplessly shaking. Tears streamed down her face uncontrollably. It was startling when suddenly her hearing came back. It started with the heavy panting of her breaths. Then she could hear the voices around her speaking about what they should do with her as if she wasn't there at all.

Rey felt them closing in around her. They carefully called her name in an attempt to get a response from her. She could hear their concern but she felt claustrophobic as they crowded her. Her hands covered her ears, desperately trying to fend off all of their voices. She felt arms closing around her and her body lifting from the ground. Her head rolled back and she struggled to open her eyes.

"Pl..pl..ease." She heard the weakness in her breathy, broken speech. Her left hand slapped weekly at the chest of who ever held her.

"Shh, it's alright kid." Poe's soft voice filled her ears. She started to remember where she was. Who she was with. "I'm gonna get you to the med bay."

She could feel herself shaking her head. Her mouth didn't want to work so she slapped at his chest again.

He ignored her. Her body trembled against the mental pain she still felt. She balled her fists. The last thing she needed was more people in her face with lights flashing across her eyes asking her all kinds of stupid questions. Or a droid poking and prodding at her with sticks and needles. Their unmoving mechanical faces glowing under the holo pads they would collect all of her information on....

Why did she feel that way? How did she know that would happen there? Rey had never been to a medical bay before. If there had been even one on Jakku, she didn't know about it. In any case, she could never have afforded the treatment from one. Still she had the urge to fight against being taken to one now.

"No!" She heard herself yell rather forcefully.

Poe stopped in his tracks. He looked from Rey to the General, then back again.

General Organa tried soothing the still trembling girl in his arms. "It will be ok Rey, we're just taking you to...."

"I sss..aid..." She fought to speak between trembling breaths.

"No!" Her chest heaved as she struggled to breath. Then her eyes rolled in her dizzy head.

The General lightly swatted at Poe's shoulder urging him forward.
"I...it's not..." Poe's stumbled through his words trying to form a cohesive sentence to explain his situation and he just stood there partly frozen. His feet and legs refused to work. "I can't." He finally finished the only sentence he could find that made sense.

Leia's eyes widened in shock. Her back straightened and she eyed the weak girl in his arms in wonderment.

"Down." Was the only thing Rey had to say and Poe was gently bringing her to her feet.

Her eyes were fluttering open and closed. She leaned on him as she steadied herself to stand. He stayed frozen, letting her cling to him like a wall. When Rey rocked, her mental hold on him released and he caught her by the arm and let her fall against him. He didn't pull her back into his arms. He just balanced her there in his hands unsure of what to do next.

It was the General that broke the stupor. She started back in the direction of the med bay and motioned for Poe to follow her. Poe hesitantly followed his superiors lead, carefully guiding Rey forward, her feet dragging between steps. When she had more control of herself she planted her feet and the two lightly collided into each other and when her eyes opened both General Organa and Poe Dameron were staring at her. A mixture of concern and confusion both clear on their faces.

"Please," she finally found her voice. "I want to..." She rocked again. "...Take me to my room?" She hadn't meant for that to sound like a question when it came out.

General Organa reached a gentle hand out to her and Rey flinched, retreating back and nearly stumbling again into Poe. She wasn't ready to be touched. She didn't want to be touched.

"I... I'm fine." Her words were awful traitors and she knew it. Still shaking, she pulled away from Poe.

A wave of exhaustion hit her hard and she swayed. Poe was back in an instant but Rey pushed him away. He threw his hands up and carefully retreated. Leia and Poe were staring at each other again. Poe was shaking his head as though having a mental conversation with the woman, battling with their eyes.

Rey decided to take the decision back into her own hands. With one unsteady foot in front of the other she began in the opposite direction. The two moved back to her side each taking an arm in their own. They used their hips and shoulders to pin Rey between them escorting her in the direction she chose. They walked in silent defeat as they helped her to her room.

Rey felt weak both during the assault and now. She was momentarily proud when she was able to get to her room on her own two feet. Though, she did have help.

"Thank you." She was about to close the door when the General's hand halted her retreat.

"Rey, let me help you." Her gentle voice was soothing. Her forehead creased with concern as her soft brown eyes tried to comfort her.

Those eyes. They were so close to his. Hers felt much warmer then his, but they shared the same weariness. Rey squeezed her eyes shut in an attempt to avoid hers.

Leia pulled back from Rey like she'd thrown cold water at her face. Her soft features pulled into confusion. The General tried to follow her into the room but Rey positioned her body between her and the doorway denying her entrance.

"I'm fine." She clipped. Rey knew the General could see her shaking as she clung to the doorframe,
but she stood firm in her decision.

She didn't intend to be so rude, she just wasn't used to having people fuss over her. It made her uncomfortable. A lifetime alone handling whatever came her way in solace wasn't something you just got over. She cherished the idea of having her parents in her life and if that day ever came she'd welcome it, but she didn't know how to handle being worried over and she didn't have the patience or the energy to try here and now.

"I just need some rest." Rey pleaded with the woman.

The General sighed. Her lips pursed but she didn't fight anymore. Even when Poe started arguing over leaving Rey alone, she just shushed him. His mouth snapped shut like a child scolded by a parent.

"Alright Rey, but when you're feeling better..." She paused and her eyes grew very serious. "...We have some very important things to discuss."

Rey didn't have the energy to think over what that had meant. She just nodded, stepped back, and softly closed the door. She eyed the bed wearily and decided not to bother changing before she flopped down and laid her pounding head gently against the pillow. Within minutes she had regretted the decision. Her stomach churned and rolled like a poor doomed ship caught in a squall. She jerked up from the bed, throwing her hands over her mouth to keep her insides...well, in and she raced to the refresher to heave into the toilet.

When she finally felt empty she rose and moved to the sink. Thought Rey didn't get to see her reflection often, poor and on a desert planet where anyone sneaky enough could just waltz into your makeshift home and steal all of your belongings Rey never bothered owning a mirror. Instead she'd used a polished piece of scrap metal. Even still, she didn't recognize the girl that stared back at her now.

She was pale and sickly looking. Her body shook. Her mouth quivered and her eyes were wet from the strain of vomiting. There were dark circles under her tired orbs from the lack of sleep. Her hair, while still up, was disheveled and her puffy cheeks were stained from tears. She shook her head at the unfamiliar face before her.

The voices still echoed in her head, bouncing from one area to the next along the house of her skull and she wanted them gone. They wouldn't let her rest. They pulled Rey back to the pain and her body convulsed. Her hands gripped the solid white sink and she steadied herself. She squeezed her eyes shut and just focused on breathing. Unable to quiet the memory of the invasive voices, she quickly punched numbers into the faucet control panel for both the hot and cold and let the water run on high. She concentrated on the sound. Let it fill her head until the voices were quiet. But still they lingered in the background taunting her splitting head. Rey didn't bother turning the faucet off before she moved to the cleaning station. She didn't think about removing her clothes. She just stepped inside and blasted the water on herself.

The second the ice cold water stung her skin she remembered being struck over and over with that biting pain. She flew forward against the wall trying to escape the spearing cone of water. Her fingers found the controls and she shakily set the water as hot as she could handle. Then she slumped down in the center of the stream. She let the warmth run over her. It beat against her skin with welcoming relief. She could feel the heat of the water spread through her hair and clothes until there wasn't a dry part on her. It soaked into them until they were heavy and drooping and she didn't care.

Rey was relieved when the beating water began drowning out the haunting voices in her head. Pulling her legs into herself she rested her head on her knees and what remained of her mental
energy went into controlling her trembling body, but her head still swarmed with images of him being tortured.

What was that? Was it real? How was I there? She wondered.

Question after confusing question rolled through her mind like waves of sand in a desert storm.

Why was that happening to him? Did he survive? Did she care? No definitely not. Even in her own head she didn't sound convincing.

Maker, her skull hurt.

She crossed her arms over her knees and hung her head between them. She pressed her forehead in just the right spot trying to dampen the pain. She closed her eyes and waited it out as her body went through the motions of being mentally tortured. Rey was remembering when she had wished Kylo Ren would have "just" physically tortured her instead of the emotional manipulation he used, when her chest began to rumble with quiet laughter.

Yeah Rey, because your one tough chick. She mocked herself.

The laughter burst out from her mouth and more tears streamed down her face as she accepted her defeat. Racked with fresh pain from the volume and intense pressure the hysteria caused in her head, Rey's stomach turned and threatened to heave again. The laughter died down quickly under the new restraints the pain caused in her physically and she planted her head back in her arms crying softly into the running water around her.

She didn't know what was happening to her. She didn't know why it was happening to her. But she did know one thing. Whatever it was, had to do with Kylo Ren.

She let the steam fill the room. She welcomed the swirling mist as it consumed her. Inch by inch she disappeared in it and she felt glad.

Rey hadn't noticed him behind her, hadn't heard him enter the room. She didn't even notice when his body shielded hers from the steaming hot water. She thought of the smoke like steam and how comforting it was. Her eyes stayed closed as she focused on it. She could feel it all around her. She let it pull her in close and she leaned into it with her mind until she swore she could feel a hard wall against her back. She breathed a deep sigh of relief when she felt it like big warm arms wrapping around her own. Pulling her closer into herself, the heavy steam hugged her tightly, gently. She felt so warm, so safe.

It rested on her head and she imagined the weight of someone she loved nestled there in its place. She wasn't shaking as much now. Slowly she felt herself relaxing. Even the pain in her head was dimming. Her mind was starting to fade, heavy with sleep. It flickered like a candle on its last inch of wick. She imagined strong hands gripping her biceps while delicate thumbs massaged along her aching shoulders. She felt her heavy eyes roll in her head and the candle burnt out. She drifted for a time, just basking in the way the steam comforted her pained body.

Rey slowly woke. Her eyes stung and her face was sore from crying. She smiled remembering and very much enjoying the serenity the steam gave her. It still clung to her and she marveled in it.

If she could just keep her eyes shut, it would stay with her. She thought not wanting to return to the real world outside of its comforting embrace.

When she felt the weight that had been resting on her head lift, she panicked. She squeezed her eyes shut and held onto her sleepiness, eager to keep the other sensations from fading away to.
As long as it didn't let her go she could be happy. Just as a smile slide across her steam drunken lips she felt something. It was warm, soft and... pressed gently against her neck.

"Rey?" A woman's erratic voice called out to her.

Startled She jumped. Rey wasn't sure if it was because she suddenly felt like she wasn't alone or because of the voice calling her name as it frantically banged at her bedroom door. She whipped around in the water, but she was alone. Still her heart beat wildly in her chest.

"Rey, are you alright?" More panicked knocking followed the voice.

"Ye...yes." She found her voice and she called back to the other.

"I'm coming." She climbed quickly to her feet almost slipping in the water as she ran for the door. Just before her hand reached the access panel, the door slid open.

General Organa stepped into the room in a near panic. She didn't even notice Rey standing behind her as she moved threw the room searching for something. She eyed the space around her like if she looked hard enough she'd find some one hiding there.

"What are you...?" Rey started. But the General took off for the refresher before she could finish.

She followed behind her for the second time today. Her boots squished onto the floor, sloshing with water under every step. Upon entering Rey noticed she'd left the faucet running all this time. She rectified that before turning back to the woman staring at the empty refresher. Water still pattered against the floor and walls and an embarrassed Rey reached in and keyed the panel, turning the water off. When she looked back, the General was staring at her. Her chest rose and fell like she'd been running.

"Where is he?" She asked, her voice in a panic.

Rey blinked at the woman curiously. "Who?"

"I felt him, I.. I know I felt him." She looked so desperate.

Rey didn't know what to do. She rested her hand on the older woman's shoulder in an attempt to offer her comfort. Her eyes fell to the floor as she realized who ever she was looking for wasn't here.

"General I don't know who your looking for but I assure you, it's just me here." Rey spoke quietly to her as if she may break if startled in the moment.

"Please, call me Leia." She still stared at the floor.

Rey nodded even though the woman couldn't see it. "Leia, if you tell me who your looking for, maybe I can help you find them." She offered keeping her voice as light as she could without making the woman feel like a small child who'd wondered away from their parents. She wouldn't forget who she was speaking to. She made a point not to offend or disrespect the Princess and General that was this strong woman in front of her.

Leia looked up at Rey. Her eyes had a fresh determination in them. A certainty.

"I know he was here." She stated mater of factly. Then she blinked at the fully clothed, fully soaked girl in front of her. "Why are you wet?" But before Rey could answer, Leia placed her hand over her mouth. Her eyes widened. "Oh, did I make you fall in?" She gasped.
Now it was Rey's turn to blink in confusion. "What?"

"Did I make you fall in? When I startled you."

Rey's head tilted to one side. She put all of the pieces together in her head except one. "How did you know you startled me?" She shook her head in question.

Leia's eyes had started scanning the room again as though she thought someone may suddenly appear out of no where. Then she nodded. "He was here." She said with assurance.

"Who?" Rey asked thoroughly confused.

"My son." She turned and grabbed two towels from the stand by the sink and pulled at Rey's hand. "Come on." She led the girl into the bed chamber. "We have things to discuss."

Rey didn't say anything in response. She just let the woman lead her forward until Leia stopped and held open a fluffy white towel. She turned her head to the side to avert her eyes. Still Rey didn't respond. She just stood there like an idiot.

"Well? I won't look." She declared with a hint of offense in her voice.

After another second Rey figured out what the woman was waiting for. She had been so distracted that she'd forgotten she was soaked and now dripping all over the floor. Rey peeled off her clothes and took the towel from the General. She wrapped it around herself and the General called a droid in to order some clothes for her. Leia motioned for Rey to join her on the edge of the bed. The two sat facing each other. Rey was so lost and she replayed their conversation in her head over and over trying to see if she had missed something.

Leia gently urged the girl to turn so she could work at her hair with the second towel she'd grabbed. She dabbed handfuls of Rey's hair with the towel as she spoke. "When did you know you were Force sensitive?" The question was so random that it took Rey a moment to answer.

"Only a few days ago." She played with her hands not sure what she was supposed to do while the kind woman dried her hair.

"Think, when specifically did you first feel it?" She asked carefully.

Rey closed her eyes. "When I commanded a storm trooper to... no." Her eyes popped open and she shifted uncomfortably.

"During the interrogation with..." Rey stopped not wanting to hurt Leia by bringing him up.

"It's ok Rey. I'm not as breakable as everyone thinks." Leia's voice was strong but gentle reminding her of just who she was speaking with. "Go on." She insisted.

Rey nodded. "He was interrogating me. He tried to take the holo map coordinates from me but he couldn't."

Leia stopped drying her hair. She gently turned Rey to face her.

"He couldn't? You were able to resist him?" She blinked at her as though she couldn't believe what she heard. "Your sure this was the first time you felt it in you? You never accidentally did anything or made anyone do anything before that?"

Rey sincerely thought on that question. She wished she had been able to use the Force before that, it
would have made her life a lot easier up to this point.

"No, that was the first time." She was confident in her answer.

Leia nodded. She was thinking deeply as she asked her questions. "What have you been able to do since then?"

Rey scrunched her face in deep thought. "Well I was able to..." She searched for the right word. "Push back against him, resist him as you put it. He looked pretty surprised when I did that. When he tried to force his way back in my thoughts, I managed to keep him out. I guess I... got in his head instead." Rey continued lost in the order of her memories, trying not to leave anything out. "I was able to convince a storm trooper to unlock my restraints and made him leave me his blaster." Rey smiled pretty proud of that part.

"Luke's lightsaber came to me instead of him and the only other thing I can think of was the Force vision I had the first time I touched it, though from what I'm told it was by the sabers choice to have received the vision so I guess I don't get credit for that." When she looked back the General was staring at her.

"How did you know how to used a Jedi mind trick to escape?"

Rey thought for a moment before realizing she was asking how she convinced the guard to let her go. She didn't know Jedi speak and the term used to describe it was knew to her.

"I don't know." She was back to fiddling with her hands. "I guess I saw it in his mind when I was there and just..." She shrugged as though it was no big deal. "Figured out how to do it from what I saw..."

"So he forced his way into your mind..." Leia started.

"Carefully." Rey interrupted.

Why was she defending him? For Leia's sake. Rey thought to herself.

Leia let out a single surprise laugh on a breath. "Ok, so he carefully pushed into your mind and then some how after you forced him out, you were able to enter his?" She questioned in a breathy voice.

"Well when you put it like that it sounds kind of... simple." Rey rolled her neck at the last word remembering it to be much more difficult then that.

Leia ignored her and continued down her thought path out loud. "And while he tried to take information from your mind, you instead seized the opportunity to take information from his?"

"Maker." Rey exclaimed. "How could I have forgotten?" She remembered when they were fighting in the woods. When pulled his techniques from him and used his strength to fight him back and she explained it to Leia the best way she could.

The General was dumb founded. She sat across from the girl in silence until eventually there was a knock at the door and Rey was the one to answer it. She didn't want to break the General's concentration so Rey left her to her thoughts while she dressed hoping it would give her time to process everything she had told her. It was a lot for her to take in herself, so she gave the General ample time to do it as well.

Rey didn't need the mirror in the refresher but she felt the urge to inspect herself. She hoped she looked better now then she had earlier. She swiped back and forth in an attempt to clear the moisture
off the mirror. The image of the washroom reflected back at her and Rey remembered why Leia had come here in the first place. She said she had been searching for her son. She left the refresher and hurriedly fixed her hair on the way out to the General.

"General, I mean, Leia. Why were you looking for your son in my room?" Her words were soft and delicate as if trying not to break a sheet of glass that she was inching across.

"Oh, dear." Leia wasn't sure how to feel when the realization dawned on her. "I think, I think some how you may be connected to my son." She said in a careful tone.

Rey's eyes widened. "What do you mean connected?" She didn't mean to sound hostile but it came out that way anyhow.

"You know I'm Force sensitive?" Leia asked.

Rey nodded and Leia continued.

"Well, your new to the force and being a very caring person you tend to project yourself. Something shines in you. You walk into a room and the mood lightens."

Rey wasn't sure what she was getting at but she listened intently trying to figure it out.

Leia continued carefully. "I think it is the Force around you. It's so new to you and you can't control it yet so you project. Since I'm Force sensitive myself, sometimes I can hear you like your speaking to me." The General blushed. "Especially when it concerns... my son... I can hear you." When Rey's eyes widened Leia quickened to her point. "Your obviously very conflicted when it comes to him."

Rey's eyes lit up in anger. "What is with your family thinking it's ok to listen in on some one else's thoughts?" She snapped callously.

Leia gently scolded her.

"As I said before, your very loud with your thoughts. I assure you I had no intention of listening in on your personal feelings. At least not until I realized what they were about."

Rey's mouth fell open. "What do you mean feelings?" She asked accusingly.

"Outside when we were talking, before your episode. You started noticing the similarities in our features, especially in our..." She paused not wanting to upset the girl further. "...Eyes."

Rey blushed. She couldn't remember much about before or after what ever it was that had happened to her earlier, but she did remember that.

Leia sensed her discomfort and shifted directions for the time being. "What happened to you back there?"

Rey wanted to run and hide. She didn't want to talk about something she didn't understand herself.

"Please Rey, this is important. If by some chance you are connected to him we have to find out how and why."

Rey sighed. She couldn't argue there. She told Leia everything she could remember. She wanted to lighten the story to save Leia from knowing she'd seen her son being tortured, but she knew editing the details wouldn't help anyone so she told her everything. The two sat quietly for a time until finally Leia spoke.
"A Force bond!" Leia's words were almost a breath.

"A what?" Rey was caught off guard by the woman's sudden words.

"A Force bond. I believe this is what connects you two. After the episode, when Poe tried to help you to the med bay you... you did something I have only ever seen my son do. I don't know what Luke is capable of now, but I know I've never seen him do it before. It's an advanced and very rare gift in the Force." She spoke gently.

Rey had no idea what Leia was talking about and it showed on her face like thrusters igniting on a ship.

"You Force froze Poe when he tried taking you to the med bay." She leaned in and gently grabbed Rey's hands. Leia was doing her best not to frighten the girl or upset her further, but she seemed to be failing miserably.

Rey chilled thinking back to when Kylo Ren had done that to her before abducting her. "I...? No! How do you know it wasn't the mind trick thing?" She questioned in disbelief.

Leia shook her head. "There was no suggestion in it, no coercion. You said one word and he stopped dead in his tracks unable to move until you were to weak to hold him any longer. For a Jedi mind trick to work there has to be very clear and precise instructions given. Also..."

Rey didn't know if she could handle anymore but she needed to hear everything Leia knew.

"You were thinking of my son before you fell into your episode. I think when you did that you opened yourself up to him. From what you've told me I think he may have been pulling on you from his end. I have no idea if he meant to or if he even knew he did it, but it sounds like he reinforced himself with your Force strength. Used it to survive whatever was happening to him. Just like you did back on the Starkiller when you took the knowledge and power you needed to survive from him. You two seem to be able to use each other's Force and abilities. There is no other connection I know of that's strong enough to do that." Suddenly her eyes lit up. "Can you speak to him?" Leia asked excitedly forgetting herself and the discomfort the girl in front of her must have been feeling.

Rey looked absolutely horrified at the possibility. "Stop!" She closed her eyes trying to process everything.

Rey couldn't imagine having unlimited access to his mind and refused to accept that he could have the same with hers.

She wouldn't allow it. She could not have a Force bond, or any other kind of bond with Kylo Ren... She started shaking her head. She didn't want to hear anymore. She couldn't hear anymore.

Still holding Rey's hands in hers Leia gently ran the pads of her thumbs over Rey's knuckles. Rey's gaze shot down to her hands. She thought of the enveloping steam in the refresher. The way she remembered how the steam had felt...

Like hands on her arms, like thumbs gently massaging her skin. Like Leia did now! Rey yanked her hands from Leia's and took several steps back.

"No, that's impossible! He..." Rey was starting to hyperventilate.

The General's eyes widened and her breath quickened. "He was here wasn't he? I'm right about the force bond." Leia moved to comfort her but Rey jumped out of her range like she was made of fire.
"Please just stop." She near begged.

Rey couldn't think anymore. She couldn't breath and her lungs were burning, constricting, Rey wouldn't believe it had been him holding her... comforting her.

He couldn't be capable of something like that. She had no way of knowing it was him. She was just imagining it. She was reaching at straws.

Rey felt herself getting light headed and she closed her eyes to focus on her breathing. In her sudden panic she had convinced herself into thinking something that couldn't possibly be true. Leia had said she could feel her son here but, maybe it was just lingering through the connection they shared before. It was easier to accept and far more logical then what Rey had been thinking a second ago.

Rey began breathing in from her nose and out from her mouth. She felt herself centering and finally she looked back to the General.

"How do I break it?" She asked in a very stern, serious tone.

Leia shook her head. "I don't know, but I know some one who might."

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and vote if you liked it. *

-DarkGuardian-
A Past and a Present

It had been several months since Rey had landed on the Island and it quickly became her favorite place in all of the galaxy. To think, she almost wasn't allowed to stay...

When she had first seen him standing alone high up on one of the largest Islands of Ahch-To, she had been instantly overwhelmed. This was him. This was Luke Skywalker. He wasn't a legend, he was real and she was standing ten feet away from him.

When he lifted back the hood of his robe, she felt her eyes water. There was no mistaking it. She was here, she had a purpose and this was it. He was very well maintained for a man who spent the better part of five or six years alone. His clothes were neat and clean just like the rest of him. He stood tall. He had a wild air about him yet oozed self control and discipline. Like his nephew and sister he held a quiet sadness in his eyes. The difference was, he held that sadness at bay. The strength in his blue eyes dominated any lesser emotions and that quiet confidence shone proudly in their depths.

His beard was white with patches of pale chestnut. It was thick but mostly kempt. His hair was longer but also very well maintained. His features were hard and the light didn't seep from him like she imagined it would. She had expected an aura about him like that of Leia; a warmth or soft glow maybe. But she felt nothing of that nature in Luke Skywalker. She wondered if the warmth had been beaten down in his age like the rocks at the bottom of the swelling cliffs around them. Still... she knew it was him, there was no doubt in her mind.

She raised her arm out to him, the lightsaber tightly gripped in her hand. She focused to keep her arm steady.

Her nerves wouldn't get the better of her. She stubbornly thought, but there was a desperation in her eyes. Rey looked breakable and she knew it. So much weighed on this moment. She was painfully aware that her future was completely in his hands.

He walked down to her with heavy, certain steps. He took the lightsaber in his hand, eyed it for a moment and then without warning; It sparked to life so close to Rey that she stumbled, nearly falling backwards down the cliff side.

"You're not supposed to be here." He said. No explanation behind his words. Just that simple statement.

Rey gaped at him dumbfounded. He disengaged the lightsaber turned on his heels and started up a rugged path leaving her behind. Rey clumsily climbed the cliff side trying desperately to keep up with him.

"Wait, please." She pleaded but the great Jedi ignored her and continued on his path.

"We need your help—." She started but he cut her off.

"Someone always does." His mechanical hand flashed against the overhead sun as he waved her off.

Shocked by his cold words and nonchalant response she stopped in her tracks, her chest heaving with now saturated weight of her drowning hope. "Leia sent me." She tried.

"Go home." He said flatly.

Her heart was racing, her mind flooding with everything that she had gone through to get here. It
was all pointless if he just walked away.

She lost her home, her freedom, even her mind was no longer her own. Panic and was creeping in. Hurt, confusion, disappointment... failure.


If the First Order caught her she was dead or worse. She had no belongings, no family. What good was she to Leia if she couldn't complete a mission of this importance. And Han... would that have been for nothing? No, she couldn't give up so easily... Even as she felt the nip of defeat at her heels she continued forward.

"I need your help." She pleaded quietly, her excitement thoroughly deflated.

Luke felt the sorrow in her words and loneliness. It had surprised him when he stopped. He had wanted to walk away from her. He had intended to just keep going, but his thoughts plagued him.

How long could he keep heading down this path? How long could he fight his true nature, turn his back on those who needed him? He kept himself away from her to keep her safe but did that matter anymore... now that she'd found him?

Even with the distance between them, even with her lack of training and knowledge in the Force, her light tugged at him. Luke Skywalker mentally sighed.

Never look back. He heard his mind echoing the words he'd said sooo long ago.

But he couldn't do it. Not again. Not this time. He turned and marched back towards her. He stopped just ahead of her and leaned in, grabbing her attention with his sudden change and nearness.

"Han knew what he was doing. He knew what he was walking into and he chose to do so anyway..." Blue eyes glossed over as Luke spoke of his old time friend.

Rey started to open her mouth but Luke silenced her.

"He literally knew, Rey. He knew... because I told him." His words finished quieter and she could feel the hurt in them.

Somehow Rey knew he was speaking very literally and there was only truth in his pain filled eyes.

"...How do you know my name?" She asked, delicately.

Luke's eyes shifted, he could feel the Force around her. This girl had no idea what she had inside of her. She had no idea how to harness or control what was locked away and he wanted to make that right. He let a puff of deep air out through his bearded mouth.

"Your mind is completely open." He turned and casually started back up the cliff side again. "And your a loud thinker!" He exclaimed between steps.

He truly hoped this was not a mistake...

"If your going to be staying, you'll need to learn how to control that. I'm not used to all that— noise, anymore." He called back to her, waving his fleshy hand in the air around his ear and purposely bringing exaggeration to the word noise.

It was sudden when Rey's heart lifted in her chest and standing against the breeze and with her new found excitement redeemed, she almost fell over. She smiled as she ran after him. Once she caught
up, she fell into step just to the side of him, her eyes glancing a peek at the Legendary Jedi whenever she could with out full on staring.

"Well..." She started, warmth and a tiny bit of agitation in her eyes at yet again, another Skywalker able to hear her thoughts like they were broadcast over a holocom just for them... "I still think it's a family thing." She mumbled to herself, a light smile tugging playfully at her lips.

He eyed her out of his peripheral. The girl already warmed his chest, melting the ice he'd encased himself in long ago. And her light, it already nagged at his conscience.

She— a beacon of light that would eventually bring the darkness right to them— She would be the downfall of Luke Skywalker, just as his nephew had been before her...

This was such a bad idea.

"Come on," He said through a sigh. "I'll get us some food." His pace became more certain and together they approached a clearing hidden between high jagged peaks. "You look like you haven't eaten since... well— forever..." He rudely mocked her appearance but Rey paid no mind to the bluntness of his words, opinions or otherwise. Growing up on Jakku, the little interactions she made with others, were usually brief and blunt. There was no place for manners in her world.

Rey's eyes widened when she found earth made huts all positioned closely together. They where obviously hand made. Stone after inlaid stone built the huts up from the ground they sat on. Some were bigger then others but from afar she could see how they resembled stoney rolling hills. They looked small from here but she was betting they were bigger then they appeared up close as well as on the inside.

It's like a small kingdom... a kingdom of stone. But why bother if he was the only one here?

"You coming?" He asked way ahead of her now.

Rey silently nodded and climbed the Stoney steps up to the flat that housed the stone huts, taking two to three steps at a time to catch up.

"I think you have a story to share, and something tells me that it begins with a droid." He smiled at his own inkling.

"Ok, that..." She wagged an accusatory finger at him. "That right there... I didn't feel you in my head and I wasn't thinking about BB-8 at all. —How did you do that?" Her eyes narrowed when she asked the question.

How could he have possibly known that all of this had started the night she found BB-8?

Luke Skywalker shrugged. "All the best stories begin with a droid." He said disappearing into one of the huts.

Rey's suspicion melted away and she smiled warmly at the memory of rescuing the ball of mischief that was the little droid who would start her down a life changing path.

Initially she had expected Master Luke to accompany her back to Leia and the Resistance, instead he had refused. He would disappear for most of the day, leaving Rey to herself. She didn't mind since it gave her time to explore the Island and she always found something interesting to do or something amazing to see. He would return around sundown and ask her again to repeat everything in detail
that had happened to inevitably bring her to him. She had stuck to the facts, leaving out her personal thoughts and opinions. He had listened intently to Rey's story several times. Each time she told it she remember more details. This went on for weeks with no change, no extension of help or inclination that he was considering how to aid his sister. And then just as Rey started thinking he wasn't going to join their cause, everything changed. She expected him to leave the Island behind to join his sister in the fight, instead he had offered to train her. Well, now that she thought back on it, he hadn't really given her a choice...

It had been the same as the night before and the night before that. They sat across from each other and ate. The GrandMaster Jedi would sit silently, listening as Rey once again rehashed the memories in full detail. Somewhere in the middle of the StarKiller fight, Luke had interrupted her.

"Why did Leia send you?" His words startled her, his suspicion leaving her brain blank for a moment. "Leia could have just as easily come herself. She could have sent any one of her several close and trusted representatives, even a family friend... So why then, did she send you? Surely, it couldn't have been just because you're Force sensitive." He spoke like he was thinking out loud, but Rey knew he had expected an answer. His eyes narrowed as his suspicions rose. "What aren't you telling me?"

Rey's heart beat frantically in her chest, like the newly feathered wings of a baby bird looking over the edge before their first attempt at flight.

The pace of Luke's questions quickened in tune with her pulse. "I can sense your inner struggle. You want to tell me something, but your scared. Why?"

He was relentless in his line of questioning but he wasn't wrong and Rey knew it.

"I told you the first day we met, that I needed your help." She shrugged.  
"Yes, but since you've been here, you have advocated for the Resistance— Not yourself." He waited patiently, his face expressionless.

Rey felt her mouth dry. She licked her lips and swallowed the tight ball down that had been building up in her throat. She had found peace and quiet since she had been here. Rey's wide hazel eyes, glossed over with a buried fear, searched the Jedi's face across from her. Silently those eyes pleaded with him, begged him not to push this... not to make her say it.

She was sure if she spoke about the things going on in her head, they would come back. He would be back— tugging at her. Whispering to her— hurting her in ways that only he was good at.

"You're so lonely..." The memory of his voice in her head, buried deep between layers of the most recent memories that kept her up at night. "At night— desperate to sleep..." Rey shivered then, remembering how his eyes had roamed over every inch of her face, his own silhouette so close that she could feel the heat of his breath fanning hotly over her already flushed skin.

Her fists clenched tightly at her sides. She didn't want to chance letting him into her head after she'd worked so hard to keep him out. She had to keep her defenses up so Kylo Ren could never find her, never get to her like he always promised to whenever he caught up to her in her nightmares.

Luke Skywalker stood up suddenly, forcefully, and it made Rey jump, nearly knocking over the bowl of now cold stew sitting before her. In all the time Luke had ever placed food in front of her, she'd never not devoured it at an inappropriately quick speed.

"We're done here. If you won't open up, then I can't help you." He calmly removed their dishes from
the table and moved for the wash tub. "Get some rest, you'll be leaving in the morning."

Rey just stared at the Jedi's back. Disbelief and hurt leaving her to lame to speak. He was gone before she came back to her senses. She walked to her bed as though lost in a daze. She should have told him what he asked when she had the chance but even now, she didn't see the relevance.

What did her personal issues have to do with what the Resistance needed from Luke Skywalker? Leia had sent her to Luke for his assistance with her, what had she called it, Force bond? But she thought once Luke agreed to joining in the fight she could ask him for his help. Besides she hadn't experienced anything since that day back at the Resistance base on D'Qar. Maybe there was no bond...

Rey fell asleep weighing her thoughts. She felt confident in her decision to ensure Luke's help for the Resistance before her own self interests. It was the right thing to do. How else could she contribute to the bigger picture? Although she also wouldn't deny that it did selfishly allow her to hide, at least for a little longer, from her fears and weaknesses.

Luke watched the young girl sleep. He'd felt her distress like a punch in the gut. She was tossing and turning on the floor of the hut. Her blankets were strewn about and she tightly gripped the thin padded mattress beneath her. It hadn't taken any use of the force to see that this girl needed his help. Whatever it was that was tormenting her she kept locked up so tight in the back of her mind that without her first granting him access he couldn't reach whatever it was, not with out hurting her in the process. He had an idea of what it was but he hoped like hell that he was wrong.

He had done all he could to avoid her since she'd first landed here. His mind constantly wandered back to the night he had left her on Jakku in the grubby hands of Unkar Plutt. He wondered if he'd let her stay with him if things would have turned out differently, if his nephew would have turned out differently?

It had been what? Around thirteen years ago. He had made sure she would be looked after though he obviously had reservations about leaving her with Plutt.

He couldn't think of anywhere else he could hide her as inconspicuous as there. He had left specific instructions for the girl to be looked after but she was to be given no special treatment. He left no reason for questions to be asked. His nostrils flared at the memory.

She'd have a hard life, but he also knew she'd be alive. He'd given her the best chance she had.

She could have stayed with you... The little voice in his head poked.

He shooed it away. He knew if she stayed with him she would have grown in the force and while he still fought with his decision to suppress her ability, he had known it was for her own good.

Hers, or yours? That voice prodded.

His eyes closed. He could still see his temple burning. He was on his knees watching the remains of everything he'd built smolder and collapse around him. He could hear the screams in his head though there'd been no one left alive to utter them. His mechanical hand rested silently on his R2-D2 unit, his head dropped in defeat and his eyes closed.

He hadn't meant for this to happen. He had let everything go to far. He couldn't have seen this coming. Not in this way.
He had known the force was shifting. It hadn't started with her, she was just a small piece at the time. He felt the light wavering in the girl and he'd done his best to shield her before she too could fall to the dark side. Before she could be lost to the temptation around her. She was so young then. He wouldn't describe her as fragile, she'd never been that. But impressionable, definitely. Especially where Ben Solo was concerned. His heart sank at the thought of his young nephew. Luke should have done things differently. But shouldn't something he could spend his energy on now. Not with her here.

It was working its way around full circle and Skywalker's decision was at the center of it. He had done his best to cloak the girl's force signature and there was no where better then Jakku, with its force dampening core. The second she left the ship graveyard of a planet, he felt her signature pop up in the universe like a warning light on a holo map. He was sure that the darkness had too. And there was another, somewhere. He had felt it a just days before her return. An awakening, a strong pulse in the light side. Wether Luke stayed here on his island or not, the force was working around him. He was all that remained of the former Jedi Order. It was his responsibility to take on new students and train them in the ways of the Light as he'd been taught and that's what he'd done. It was what was expected of him even now. He could feel it. That call to teach, to train. But Force, if he wasn't tired of losing everything around him.

It was all done wrong from the beginning, lies floated around everything he stood for and he had paid dearly. He was still paying. Now he feared his time was up. The fight was coming to him and he had a choice to make again. Train her or watch her burn like everything else around his past. He felt pity for the girl. Wether Luke Skywalker wanted it or not, this girl would play a big part in whatever was to come. He may as well give her a fighting chance.

He shouldn't have, but he peeked in her mind once or twice to glimpse her life back on Jakku. He needed to get a sense of her before he would allow himself to teach her. It had been hard, lonely, and at times painful. But she had survived. She was a smart, strong young woman now. A spitfire and a warrior. He smiled then remembering the warm little girl he had taken in around three. She was with him only a short time, almost three years, but in that time she'd shown great sensitivity to the force. She had great potential. Her light was blinding. She cared for everything and everyone she came across. Especially For Ben, she'd taken to him like the tide to the moon. Always following him, copying everything his young nephew did. Her light spread to him for a time. She helped him through the darkness until it became to much for him.

When he'd caught her using the Jedi mind trick on one of the other students at the tender age of five, something he hadn't yet taught such a young student, he knew that she could not only be dangerous but that young Ben's influence had become a bad one. He began watching the two closely after that. That's when Luke had discovered something very rare! Ben and the girl had formed a Force bond. He understood the girls capabilities then, she could use the Force within Ben to strengthen her own. To make matters worse Ben had been training her behind his back and Luke had no idea how long that had been going on. After discussing the matter with his former Masters and teachers he had taken their advice and removed her from the equation entirely. It had been for the best. It had been his first and most trusted Jedi Master that had suggested the desert planet of Jakku. It was a harsh suggestion to say the least, but it had made sense too. No one would go looking for anyone of importance there.

He reconstructed her memories so that she thought she had always lived on the sandy wasteland. It broke his heart but he did what he could to protect both his nephew and the girl. She was hope in an ever growing darkness. He had to do what he could for her. If and when Ben ever found his way
back to the light, Luke would go retrieve the girl. As he was, Ben was lost. He was confused but still
diligent to the ways of the Jedi. He was young and his Master had hoped all would pass. Luke had
gone through a similar phase shortly after he discovered who his father was. It was a hard road to
navigate but at the time Luke had the confidence that his nephew would overcome his trials and find
his way into the light, just as Luke had. He and Luke had been so close then. Ben would openly
share his struggles with his uncle during their adventures. They did everything together for a time,
they hunted for artifacts and Force sensitives, even sought out the earliest Jedi temples across
numerous galaxies.

Benjamin Solo was the only other living soul that knew what he had been searching for all those
years ago. Luke had come so close to showing his nephew his discovery, but the boy was so young
and struggled with his own balance in the Force, he couldn't let this new knowledge of the Force
influence him. Especially while the boy struggled so intensely with his inner darkness already.
Finding and deciphering the ancient texts had destroyed Luke from within. It had shifted the Master
Jedi's world in such a way that he could no longer, in good conscience, advise his students. This
especially applied to Ben, so he avoided the Academy and all of it's attendants. He had to much
work ahead of him in deciphering the rest of the texts. He needed to collect all of the information
first, then he could apply it to his teachings. It would change everything! In his weakness and blind
quest for truth and knowledge Luke had let his nephew stray too far from the light. Still, they were
family, Master and Apprentice, he thought he could reach the boy. That is, until she was gone...

Ben had only asked about her once after her disappearance. When Luke had told him that she had
been relocated to another temple. Ben had called him out on it.

"Your a liar!" He yelled. "A liar and a thief!" He'd accused with a certainty that was frightening.

Not understanding the full weight that came with a force bond then, Luke had been completely taken
aback by the boy's emotional reaction to the loss of her. She had been with them only a few years at
the time and was so young that Luke hadn't expected his nephew to become so attached to the child.

"You took her from me." Tears and anger flashed in his eyes.

Luke still saw his young face as clear in his mind as the day it happened.

"She wouldn't leave me! She wouldn't abandon me like everyone else!" Ben would never trust his
uncle again after that.

When Luke had tried to comfort him he lashed out. A rage he'd never seen in the boy clawed its way
to the surface.
As painful as it was to watch, Luke had thought then that he'd made the correct choice in dividing
the two when he had.
He thought that Ben would get over it, but he never did. He never truly recovered. He pulled further
away from is uncle and he never got him back. Now he wondered if her light would have been the
difference in the decisions his nephew would ultimately make only six later. One thing he knew for
certain, was that at least she had kept her light.

All of the hardship she had faced in a life of forced solitude and still she was alight with compassion
for those around her. For life itself! He had made the correct decision in keeping her out of the fight.
He decided.

She was sweating in her sleep. Tossing her head side to side. He wondered how often she had these
night terrors.
He had made sure she could never remember her time with him or at his Academy. He sealed her
memories off tight and with it, her access to the bond. She couldn't reach for something she didn't
know was there. He could never get rid of her memories completely, but he could prevent her from accessing them on her own. She was so young then. It was easy to move her mind with his. The trick was not damaging it in the process.

Luke had selfishly hoped to keep her out of the war between the light and the dark. He knew from personal experience how the force worked, it would guide, lead and even manipulate to achieve an end to it's means. Everything would line up one way or another and nothing Luke had done, had changed that so far. He thought what he was doing then was the right thing to do, his only real choice. All of the knowledge he'd gained over the years following the decimation of his Jedi Temple had kept him certain in that decision. He just wished there was a better way.

Maybe he could have saved Ben. He would like to save her from what he knew was to come. Perhaps he still could?
But his visions hadn't helped Han, hadn't helped Ben and he doubted even with his knowledge now, that he could help her.

He certainly would try! But the road he was on was a dark one, and all of his Masters, and all of his training did not prepare him for this path. Her life had been a hard one but she was resilient. Perhaps her strength and her compassion would be enough to sway the force. Anakin Skywalker should have been the chosen one, the savior. The force had been wrong then, maybe it was wrong now.

He remembered her little hand reaching for him. The swelling tears in her eyes as she called for him to come back.
He had taken her memories away before he'd left, told her to wait for her family and told her that they would come back for her. It was the only way to ensure she'd never leave. He knew her desire for her family would make her the warden to her own prison. It broke his heart knowing that she was begging for a family to come back that never could, because they didn't exist. Luke Skywalker had known she would wait, always.

Now she was here, a pulsating light in the overwhelming darkness that overweighed the scales of the force.
You should have never left her behind. Again that voice. She could have been trained now, so much stronger. He couldn't help his thoughts, they weren't wrong. He had to keep reminding himself of how quickly Snoke would have found her.

You had the island. His mind reasoned. Luke knew it was just his regret planting it's seeds. The island was the perfect force shield as long as he remained under the interfering static that made up the planets outer atmosphere. The weather could be erratic to say the least but even Dagobah wasn't as safe from the prying eyes of the Dark side. He had after all, brought Ben there to train, following the teachings of his previous mentors lead.

That was before he knew what he did now. He scoffed at the memories of his former Jedi instructors. He wondered how many of them knew what they taught was a misguided representation of who the true Jedi were. There were only a few that had ever figured out what he spent his life searching for. The few that had recognized the ways of the Jedi for what they had become, not what they were intended to be.

Luke wished that he had the foresight that those few had. He was to ignorant then, to young to have seen what they saw. The Jedi Council had questioned them at every turn, but they had been on the right path. The force was not always black and white, good verses evil, or right as opposed to wrong. The Jedi had been ruled by fear, and in doing such, manipulated their teachings until they skewed the very core beliefs that the force was comprised of. They had even compromised themselves, allowing
one of the greatest Darksiders to manipulate the council from within its very own ranks.

Palpatine. His memory hissed out the name.

They had been so blind allowing him to sneak right in and poison their minds and their padawans all from the comfort of a seat on the very council which was devised to oppose his kind. Luke had made the same mistake. They had such false teachings that it weighed even the purest of the light side of students down. Made them martyrs to their cause until one after the other they fell to the darkness or retired upon their council throne. This constantly proved fatal for the Jedi and their ways. It created two sides and no room for anything in between. You could not shine a light without casting a shadow. He knew now that the Jedi Code had been wrong. It had been picked through and comprised of only what the ancient council had decided on. A glimpse and false representation of what the true Jedi Code would have been.

In gathering all of the force sensitives he could find to train in the light as he’d been taught, Luke had unknowingly shifted the balance once more. He had only just started piecing together the knowledge he was now certain of, and this had cost him a great deal. He knew that Ben had been struggling, but he had been so distracted in his quest for more knowledge that he had missed what was really going on. He had missed the rise of something new.

No, new was the wrong word. There was something old in this "new" threat. Snoke had slipped right into power under everyone's nose. While Luke had only been sniffing and clawing at the clues around him like scrapes, Snoke had swooped in and brought everything down around him. Luke had led his students to the slaughter, gathering them like sheep at an alter. To make matters worse it had been his own nephew who had been the primary target of Snoke's manipulation, using him as the sacrificial blade that slit the throats of everyone around him. Luke had left him tormented and alone just when he needed him the most. He had been so wrapped up in his own self pity and anger that he had practically handed his nephew over on a silver platter. He wouldn't do the same to Rey. Not if he had any kind of chance in helping her

No, for Rey the island would have been a means to an end, it would only be a temporary relief for what was really ailing her. The real reason he had chosen to hide her away on Jakku instead of secretly training her here, where her force couldn't be sensed by outside sources, was because the island could shield her from what was outside, but it couldn't hide her from what was inside.

She had a force bond with Ben Solo and now she's found it in Kylo Ren. The defenses he had put in her mind before he left her on Jakku where weakening now, which could only mean one thing: Kylo Ren, Rey, or both, were growing more powerful in the force. Had she been allowed to stay with him her powers would have grown, strengthening their force bond, allowing the dark side to come crashing down on them both. To help her now, he could only feed her knowledge and strength to increase the power she had in the force. He could lend her his guidance and force ability to help fortify the defenses he had already put in place, but that was it. The rest was up to her.

He glimpsed in her mind. He could see the memories he'd locked away in her head. The mental stronghold was cracking. He could see the glow of her memories peeking through the broken rifts. It was only a matter of time now before the box would shatter like an egg under the weight of her rapidly growing force powers, or his, had they been permitted to grow within their bond. He could only hope that the bond hadn't yet been discovered by either of them. If it had, then he may have even less time then anticipated. The years had gone by far too quickly.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it.*
-DarkGuardian-
The Stuff Of Nightmares

Orange glowing embers floated in the air, drifting in thick rolling smoke. They danced and cracked at their hottest points, shooting up from the burning buildings with snappy popping sounds. There was destruction all around. Nothing was left untouched. It looked like an army had torn through the poor village and it had: an army of seven.

Rey darted between the destruction trying to follow the low sounds of the voices ahead of her. She crouched low around the side of a still smoldering building. She peeked around the corner quickly. Her eyes found three shadowy figures. Their armor was so dark in the night that she couldn't tell where it ended and they began. She could see the glistening steel of their weapons against the blackness of their armor. She wanted to move in closer but a small scream brought her attention else where. The figures ahead of her didn't seem to hear it, or they didn't care.

She huddled close to the ground as she scaled the distance between her and the sound. She heard louder voices. They were thick with spit and grime. Something about them made the hair on her neck stand on end. She couldn't see who they belonged to yet but she was getting closer. She new in her gut they were dangerous. Rey continued to creep along until she found what she was looking for. A few shadowed figures were discussing something at the far end of a dark road. Rey silently moved closer. She realized that the third much smaller figure was a young girl and the two larger males had her cornered against a wall between two buildings.

"I hear your good at fixing things, I've got somethings back at my place that could use some attention." The first started. He thought he was smooth but his undertone gave his intentions away.

"I have something you can wrap your hands around girl." The second said more crudely. He nearly drooled as he spoke. They taunted her. Laughing and grabbing at themselves inappropriately.

A wave of heat overtook Rey. It forced it's way in until she felt it burning in her own chest. She grew angry, suddenly very protective of the unknown girl. She was about to move in closer when she noticed another much darker figure standing further down the path. It loomed over them and they didn't even realize it was there. She felt the urge to scream; To warn the girl of the predator stalking the group only a few feet away but she was interrupted by a sudden string of profanities from one of the men. Her eyes shot back to the unsuspecting group. One of the men had provoked the girl and she had struck him hard in the leg with what looked like a long stick.

"Filthy little scavenger, I'm going to make you sorry you did that you little bitch."

Suddenly the world spun around her. Rey wasn't watching something happen to this girl, she was watching it happen to the twelve year old version of herself. She looked down.

Sand.... there was sand everywhere. She was on Jakku. How is this possible? A memory? Rey thought very hard about where she had been before she had come here. She thought past the sudden burning and destroyed streets and buildings. A bed, she remembered a bed. She was sleeping. Was it possible to dream of a memory so vividly?

Her attention snapped back to the present when she heard another scream. The one she had hit was angrily grabbing for her. The girl darted out of the way getting herself stuck in a tighter spot between the two men. Rey's heart tightened.

How could she help a memory of herself? Then she smiled suddenly recalling how this played out.
The first man was laughing at his friend who was bouncing up and down on one foot. He cradled his shine in his hands, furiously cursing at the girl as he hopped up and down. When the initial sting of pain had passed he quieted his tone and began making vile threats wrapped up in overly confident promises. He was grabbing at his parts like the pig that he was while he taunted her but the girl held her own, frightened as she was on the inside she'd never show him that weakness on the surface. Still Rey would never forget how that kind of fear shook her. Not the fear of something intangible, a nightmare or a shadow creeping along the walls of ones imagination, though now she knew to fear those things too, but for fear of her innocence and how she could be exploited. Around the parts of Jakku she did her business in; it was a very real fear.

The first man stuck with his initial approach. Offering the girl food, water and a place to lay her head if she made it worth his while. He stepped closer to the her and she swung her walking staff in his direction. Before she could regroup the second more aggressive man grabbed her by the hair. He spun her around and her back collided flat against his chest. He wrapped his arms around her and she screamed.

Rey's heart was pounding in her ears. She knew how this ended but it was still painful to watch. Sickening to remember.

The much larger man squeezed her in his arms and she remembered how the air rushed from her lungs. His hand roamed over her until it found her left breast and he squeezed and groped her painfully. She cried out and he covered her mouth with his palm. She bit down so hard that she heard popping and cracking in her head. She dug her teeth into his flesh until he bled. He dropped her then, screaming and cradling his hand to his chest and she wasted no time in regrouping, she crouched down ready for the first man to assault her. He threw his hands up and mumbled something about not wanting the trouble. The second was already back to calling her names and kicking sand in her direction.

There was something frightening building up in Rey and she didn't understand why. She knew in a few more seconds this man would get a jaw full of her staff and yet she had this rage that made her want to rip his spine out. She felt it tug at her. Hot, white heat begged for her to release it. It mingled with her confusion and she realized it wasn't hers. She recognized the feeling. It was that same feeling she had when she was fighting against... him. That's when she remembered the predator that had been stalking the group.

No! That's impossible. He wasn't here. He couldn't be here. She would have remembered. Her mouth trembled and her body shook.

She had never been more terrified of anyone in her life then she was of him. Rey looked back to where she had seen the large skulking shadow. He prowled forward as though he were made of the very Darkness he stalked through. He was a creature of shadows and darkness. Something that couldn't exist yet took shape in the form of this unearthly Dark sider.

She balled her fists ushering forward her inner strength. She fought back against her weakness.

This is a dream, I won't be a victim in my own dream. Nightmares can be fought and overcome because they aren't real.

She heard the distinct crack sound that she remembered her staff had made against her would be attackers head. Almost eight years later and she was still satisfied with that sound.

Good for me. She praised herself, but her eyes never left the shadowed figure.

It was quickly making its way to them, closing the distance in large angry strides. A crimson
crossguard saber seared to life in it's hands, illuminating the terrifying form or Kylo Ren. Burning red glowed against his mask and highlighted the black of his armor. The devil in the night, was nearly upon them.

Rey fell back in a panic. She desperately shimmied back on her palms and heels trying to put space between them. She flattened herself between the ground and the building she had used for cover. She waited a long moment before peeking around the corner again. She expected to hear angry slashing sounds and her past self screaming but there was nothing. She peeked back around the corner and she was terrified that he might be waiting for her there. She thanked the maker that he wasn't.

He was stopped feet from the girl who was eyeing the first man. She was glaring at him with a ferocity that made her older self proud, daring the man to make a move. He back peddled away from her. Stepped over his friend and said something about out how he didn't know the first man all that well, apologizing as he went on his way. He walked past the Dark Warrior with out so much as a glance.

Kylo Ren spun around, he twisted his wrist and the lightsaber slashed across the mans back in one dazzling arc. The shot would have cut him down from shoulder to hip. The master of the Knights of Ren froze in the stance of his follow through. He was expecting the same thing Rey was; at any moment the man would fall to the ground. But he didn't. The man kept walking until suddenly he disappeared like a clearing fog. This was after all, just a memory, a memory in a dream...

But how was he apart of it? He seemed to watch it with her but he obviously couldn't effect it. Rey clasped her temples with the pads of her finger tips. This was making her brain hurt. She over dramatically decided.

She thought back to the burning destruction around her. She took note of the area where her younger self stood. There was nothing out of the ordinary. No smoke or fire. No destruction.

Holy kriff, this wasn't her vision, it was his. She was watching him have a vision about her past.

Ren straightened himself. He turned back to the girl. Just like the other two, she was completely unaware of him. She had flattened her back to the wall behind her and was now breathing deeply, staring at the unconscious man at her feet. Tears stung her eyes. Her fists squeezed her staff tight at the top and middle. She twisted her hands around it and gripped it until her knuckles were white. Rey remembered the anger that followed the fear. The rage from being made to feel weak but even in her youth, Rey was far from helpless.

Kylo Ren stepped carefully to her as though she were a frightened animal that would run if he startled it. The girl looked right through him; As far as she knew he wasn't there. She straightened herself, stood tall and stared ahead as if grounding her emotions. He bent at the hips and cautiously leaned down to lesson the massive height difference between them. He slowly lifted one large gloved hand near to her cheek. It stayed inches from her skin, hovering in the air just above the lines of her face. His open palm traced the side of her jaw as though he intended to cradle her face in it but he never made contact with her.

Rey felt her chest tighten and as she watched with curious eyes, she forgot how to breath.

Heavy tears dropped from her younger self's eyes but she held her strength. She stood tall even refusing to blink. Kylo Rens fist crushed the air as the tears fell through his grasping hand to splatter in the sand meters away from his feet.

The man on the ground groaned and little Rey took off in a sprint. Kylo's body straightened, his fists balled at his sides and he turned in her direction. He watched her through that expressionless mask
until she was gone. Fading into the distance, she disappeared like mist. Ren turned his attention to the 
man on the ground. His helmet rotated as though he was memorizing the mans features then he 
turned on his heels and marched off in the direction he'd come from.

Rey stayed slumped against the wall for a time. She calmed her breathing and waited until she could 
no longer hear the loud thumping of her heart in her ears. Then not knowing what else to do, she 
headed off in his direction. She was a good distance behind him as he'd had a decent head start on 
her. She knew he had to be moving back to the others he'd come with.

His Knights? She wondered.

Rey froze just as she herd a blood curdling scream. Her legs didn't want her to move any closer. She 
pushed her fear down and forced herself onward. If she followed the sound, she knew she would 
find him. Rey had wished she hadn't the second she found the scene.

Kylo Ren towered over some poor man. He was slumped over on his knees. He cradled his arm to 
himself and her eyes took a moment to adjust against the heat of the smoldering fires and floating 
smoke that still rolled off of the piles of rubble around her. Then she saw it; the man's appendage laid 
a few inches from his kneeling form. The outline of the severed hand glowed under the menacing 
plasma blade Kylo Ren wielded. There was a body a few feet from that. The red and orange embers 
around them only enhanced the hellish sight before her and when Rey finally realized who the man 
cradling his stub was, her heart froze mid thump in her chest.

It was the second man. The one from her memory... from his recent vision. Was Kylo Ren exacting 
justice on her behalf? She shook the thought free from her mind. No one could guess at Kylo Ren's 
motives... except for Kylo Ren.

Rey desperately wanted to look away when Ren raised him to his feet and held him there with his 
mind, but she felt herself locked with him in the moment. His anger burned hotter then the 
destructive flames around them. She remembered the helplessness she'd felt when the war lord had 
froze her with the Force and her muscles ached at the memory too. The man was crying, begging for 
mercy but Kylo Ren had no mercy!

Rey was confused, on one hand she felt a sinister glee. She spent most of her last years on Jakku 
watching her back particularly from the man now begging in her enemies hands. He'd tried to force 
himself on her several times. He had circled her like a vulture. He always had a back for finding her 
when she was at her weakest and then he'd try to buy her off and when that didn't work he'd try to 
force her compliance. The last time he approached her she'd nearly ripped his bits and pieces off. He 
hadn't tried anything since but she always knew he would be there if she faltered, ready with another 
disgusting offer. And then there was what he did to her friend, but she couldn't think about that right 
now...

On the other hand, no one deserved the torture she knew he was enduring. Aside from the loss of his 
right hand, Rey could see he was physically distressed. Living so close to a canteen, she had seen 
enough blood at night to know what the black streams were that trailed down from his ears and nose. 
There was no swelling that she could see and she wondered how he was bleeding from those places 
with out some kind of blunt trauma present.

Ren leaned into him for a private moment and Rey felt the strongest desire to know what was 
happening. She found herself inclining forward. Though she was a good distance away, her hands 
sank in the sand as she shifted her weight to lean in closer. She stretched her mind, strained her ears 
and closed her eyes. Her lips moved silently and she heard his words, his voice, coming from her 
movements.
"You touched her..." He spoke so low, so quietly she should have never heard him.

He wore his helmet yet she heard no modulation effect in her ears. She felt his breath on her face as it bounced off the inside of his mouth covering. His rage settled in her chest like a weight pushing her deeper into the sand. When she realized what was happening, Rey squeezed her eyes tighter trying to remember where she was. She pictured herself crouched in the sand, hidden in the shadows from the men she now felt at her back, but they were there, his knights were just behind her. She could feel their presence like the cool hands of a shadow along her skin.

She couldn't be standing in front of someone who perversely perused her for close to the past six years. And she certainly couldn't be in the head of the man who seemed to be vengefully pursuing her now...

I'm not standing two feet from a man who had plagued me for years, who had delighted in my failures and suffering or prayed on my hunger. He's not there and I'm not here. I'm dreaming. It's just a dream. She tried reasoning with what her mind was otherwise telling her. She, for her own sanity tried convincing herself that this was a dream... but deep down she knew better.

When she was at her best the poor excuse for a man in front of her made himself scarce, but when she starved, when she was weak or ill, he was there waiting with a new proposition for her. He had many woman in and out of his bed this way, but she would never give in to him and she was sure this was why he was so persistent.

He's of my past, not of my present. She encouraged herself hoping he'd be gone when she opened her eyes again.

But when she opened them, he wasn't, and she was looking in his face, smiling down on him through Kylo Ren's slitted mask. Her hand gripped the heavy hilt of his lightsaber and it made her feel powerful. It warmed in her hand as though it welcomed her touch. She could feel the searing heat of it licking up his arm and neck, creeping under his helmet. It caressed his cheek and she felt it as though it were her own skin, as if the crimson plasma glowed just for her.

You are safe here. No one can touch you, no one will hurt you! His voice fell in unison with her thoughts and she shivered as though he had spoken against the sensitive skin of her ear. For a long impossible moment, the world around her was silent and then...

"For you!" His words were directed at the man held in front of him but she felt them brushing her mind like they were meant for her and only her.

They moved together with such grace and power. They spun. His lightsaber danced in their hand and the man fell to the ground, seared in two from his groin up threw his neck. Rey screamed with the man, but nothing escaped her lips. She fell back into herself, back into her own body, her own mind, and clenched her stomach as she tried not to vomit.

Some how she knew it was her fault that she had found herself in Kylo Ren's head. Rey had no idea how she did it, but she knew she never wanted it to happen again. There was a heaviness in her head now and she wondered if it was a side effect from whatever it was that she'd just done.

She opened her eyes and she saw her trembling hands outstretched and digging into the sand. She grabbed handfuls to assure herself that she was really there. She felt it gathering around her open fingers, flowing over her skin and she released a sharp painful breath. She huffed just above the sand and the tiny grains tickled her cheeks when the air expelled from her lungs in heavy puffs.

She rested her forehead along the coolness of the nighttime dessert and just breathed. It must be late
on Jakku. The only time the dessert world around you was this cool, were many hours after dark, or very early in the morning. She was grateful for the cool grasping fingers of the breeze along her neck, but the pressure in her head was building. The tiny hairs along her arms were on end and there was a heavy feeling of dread gathering in her gut.

"Scavenger..." The simple word was deafening. It shook her to her core.

Panic and something else rose up in her chest as two large black boots stepped into the sand inches from her hands before his long black robes hide them like curtains over a stage. She closed her eyes again, told herself that she was dreaming again, and again but to no avail, she tried to wake herself up. She lifted her head before opening her eyes and her heart sank.

He was standing above her. His black robes caught in the wind and they bellowed around him with the sweeping sand. His blazing red lightsaber shone over her like an ominous messenger and she wondered how with the crackling hiss filling her ears now, she hadn't heard him approaching sooner. The silver and black mask of his helmet looked down at her and there... just beyond the darkness of the slit, she swore she could see her reflection cast in red twinkling back at her in his eyes.

Her hands dragged through the sand leaving lines behind her hesitant fingers as she sat up. Still on her toes and knees, she rested her palms flat on her thighs and stared up at him. She was upright but her shoulders slumped. The malignant plasma blade moved in the reflection of her eyes. She steadied herself for the blow to come.

They say before you die your life flashes before your eyes... but whomever "they" were, they were wrong... All Rey could see while she waited for her execution was the crimson of his lightsaber dancing in her eyes. It crackled and hummed and she swore it nearly whined in the cool night air as the breeze blew along the searing blade.

Heat radiated around the unique weapon built by the hands of death. She could feel it crawling towards her. It illuminated the ground beneath it in an eerie crimson glow, like hell fire, She thought. It's master's black boots and raven colored robes were cast in red. Kylo Ren was the Grimm Reaper and he'd finally come to collect her soul.

Rey thought she was ready; she thought she was prepared. When she looked up and saw him she weighed her options and found she had none. She decided then that she would meet her death in a dignified manner; but then he reached for her.

She was capable of accepting her death, but imprisonment at his hands, submission and subjugation... never again! She surprised herself when she found the strength to move her limbs and she flew back retreating from him before his hand could claim her.

Rey rolled and she hit the ground hard. Her hands found the staff that she slept with and she held it in front of her ready to strike. Her eyes darted around her frantically. She eyed the darkness searching for a threat but she found none. He was gone. The nightmare was over.

She was back in the rocky hut on the island. The soft glow of a candle flickered as the gusts of air from her swift movements threatened to snuff the little flame out. Luke Skywalker stood at the foot of her bed. He raised his hands up showing he meant no harm.

"You were having a bad dream." He said.

He was calm and it soothed her. She was no where near Jakku. She was no where near him. She
was with quite possibly the strongest force user in this and many other galaxies, and he was calm. Whatever she had felt wasn't real. Just as she thought; it was all in her head.

"Are you alright?" He asked, his brow pulled in concern.

She couldn't speak but she nodded. He followed her suit with a nod of his own before leaving her alone in her hut.

Just another nightmare... She silently breathed words through her head.

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind, than she suddenly felt him there with her. She recognized that pressure. She felt his weight in her head. The same as when she found him standing above her moments ago. His deep, mellifluous voice played in her ears like a haunting song that she'd never be able to forget.

"Scavenger." The way he whispered that single word changed everything it had ever meant to her.

It lingered in the air like smoke. Drifted up her spine leaving delicate chills over the sensitive skin. She had never heard his words in her head before. It was alluring and terrifying. They sank deeper then her ears could have ever allowed. There was nothing between her head and his voice. No other sounds or distortions interrupted the vibrations his voice masterfully crafted into words.

"I can feel you now. I can feel your heart... racing in your chest..." His voice was so deep. He spoke slowly as though he were describing everything in the exact manner he felt it. "...As though it were my own." He finished languidly.

Her body tingled with every sound that came out of his mouth until it became painful to listen to.

"Scavenger?" He paused waiting to see if she would answer.

She knew he was smiling, she could hear it hanging on the word. She pictured him standing in the sand where she'd left him; the night wrapping around him like a greedy cloak. She remembered how he stood tall and proud over her, all smug with that kriffing helmet on and her fists balled. She quietly exhaled needing to keep herself focused, grounded.

Maybe if she kept completely silent he would just go away... If she were really lucky, he'd think he was crazy and never attempt what ever it was he was doing now, ever again! She hoped.

"I'll never leave you alone!" He belted through her skull.

She was shocked by his erratic response. His words were quick and harsh. There was a darkness behind them that she couldn't identify and it disturbed her. She held her breath fighting against her temper to keep from responding. He pulled on her mind with his, just a slight tug. Only enough to force a response out of her. The sudden shift of his weight against her mind made her gasp and she had to steady herself with her staff.

"There you are." He purred in satisfaction. He brushed against her with his mind and the feeling was maddening. It was alluring and sensual.

He was the devil in silk, and she was sure he must have known it.

He was gone just as suddenly as he'd come to her. She was alone in her head again and she was glad. His weight lifted and with it the veil of darkness he had cast over her mind. She was breathing heavily. She felt like she'd been running for miles. She was light headed and dizzy. She had to figure out what had just happened to keep it from transpiring again.
Rey finally laid back down, but she wouldn't dare fall asleep. She was to damn terrified. She laid awake like that for the rest of the night. She jumped and flinched at every sound around her, never knowing what was real or what was in her mind.

When morning finally came she was glad to find Luke just outside of the hut sitting by the ashen remains of the extinguished fire pit. He stood the second she walked out.

"Are you ready?" He asked flatly.

Her mouth opened, she was ready to beg to stay if she had to, ready to tell him everything. But she hadn't said a thing before he threw a pile of garb and robes at her.

"Go put these on. Your training begins today." He stated plainly.

She blinked at him like she didn't understand and he shooed her away.

After she had changed he led her to the highest point of the island.

"This is where we will work to strengthen your mind every day. You must learn to control your thoughts, to block off incoming threats. I will help you guard your mind." He sat down on a flat rock and closed his eyes. "Are you ready?"

She stood motionless staring at him intently. Did he somehow know what had happened last night? Did he know that she'd been mentally compromised?

"I know only what I need to Rey." He shifted as if suddenly uncomfortable. "I felt him here last night" He said quietly. "I felt him here as strongly as I feel you now." He moved his head as though clearing the air of an unwanted stench. "I should have started this the first day you arrived and for that I'm sorry but now, I'm ready..."

Rey didn't respond. What could she say? She didn't know what was happening to her but it was clear that he did. In his own way he was offering her help without her even having to ask for it and for an instant she saw it around him, that same warm glow that Leia had.

One of his brows raised and he peeked at her through one clear blue eye. "...Are you?" He questioned, his voice softer now. A gentleness eased towards her and she felt the feather light weight of his force energy humming around her.

Rey swore she could see the force moving around him. It brought a feeling of peace and harmony. It enveloped her in a serene blue field of tiny, crystalline particles of luminescent light. She closed her eyes welcoming the buzzing sensation that surrounded her.

"Scavenger, No!" His voice boomed in her head and she saw the color red flash behind her eyelids. It cut into her mind demanding her submission. He lacked the self control and finesse he used last night, and it physically hurt her. She felt bombarded and overwhelmed. She pictured the violent red waves of his anger clashing against the azure light surrounding her and it shattered the tranquility around her like glass. He hurt her, just as he had the first time he Force locked her and pressed her mind into unconsciousness on Takadona.

This is what she needed. This was the kylo Ren that she could handle. The one that her self preservation responded to and her stubbornness fought. She took several steadying breaths and sat down next to Luke Skywalker.

"Yes." She finally answered.
Just as his rage threatened to dominate her, Luke took her mind gently in his and the weight around her lifted. From that moment on she would call him Master and she would become his student.

*Hey guys n’ gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *
-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren was in a fury. The blood in his veins boiled until there was none left, only dust and ash where liquid should be. He strode through the burning streets until he found the others. His Knights could see the rage poring off of him in thick hot waves. They didn't know what had their master so enraged but they didn't dare stand in his way. One by one they side stepped allowing Kylo Ren a wide birth with which to avoid them. They were all to aware of the destruction his anger was prone to leaving in its wake.

A line of prisoners waited for him. Initially he would have questioned them all about the girl and any information leading to her, but now Kylo had a more demanding matter to attend to. That inner rage screamed at him for retribution. The villagers were all on their knees. Their hands were at their sides and their heads were hung low, just as they had been instructed to do. He had sent the woman and children away; The First Order had their way of doing things but Ren had his own. His Knights wouldn't question him their loyalty knew no bounds.

The Master of the Knights of Ren roughly grabbed at each of the males by their scalps, painfully jerking their faces forward until he found what he was looking for. The first man, the one that hadn't touched her but had insulted her and grabbed at his manhood in front of her innocent frightened face... The one who tried negotiating for her, offering her starving body nourishment in return for his pleasure; He was in Ren's hands first. He pulled him to his feet. The man kept quiet not knowing what was expected from him. He understood fighting the First Order meant immediate execution. What he didn't know was that he had already signed his own death warrant years before now.

Kylo Ren's lightsaber blazed to life in his right hand. The man went to step back but Ren grabbed him at his left shoulder. He raised his right arm and pulled back so the tip of his plasma blade was level with the mans chest. He raised it over his heart. The man tried pulling from Ren's grip but his fist clenched his shoulder, dug in and held fast like stone.

"For her." The modulator distorted his voice but his words remained clear, low and direct.

Even though the helmet covered the anger in his face and shielded the heat in his eyes, his Knights knew that for some reason this had become personal. They wouldn't dare interfere, not that they would have in the first place. Ren steadied the crackling blade against the mans chest and he screamed in agony. Slowly he pushed the plasma in deeper. He forced inch by long burning inch into the mans protective cage until it pierced through to his heart. Blood poured from the mans mouth. His screams fell silent and his feet gave out. Still Ren held him there, his job not yet done. He twisted his wrist and the blade hissed in appreciation as it eased past the dead mans heart. His eyes never closed. Not even after Ren's lightsaber ate it's way through his enemies flesh. He pulled the blade back through the mans lifeless body. His left hand opened and the corpse fell to the sand, it's glazed eyes still open in horror.

Ren stared in the dead mans eyes as he watched the light from behind them fade into nothingness. He heard nothing of the gasps or cries from the onlooking village around him. He only heard the sound of the last breath escaping his victim's mouth and the satisfied hiss his crackling lightsaber made as it seared through his enemies flesh. He pulled the blade back through the mans lifeless body. His left hand opened and the corpse fell to the sand, it's glazed eyes still open in horror.

Kylo Ren stepped back from his kill. His breath ragged and his left fist balled while his right squeezed the hilt of his cross guard lightsaber. The plasma blade seemed to gasp for air with it's master. It hummed and sparked while it blazed in his hands. He was struggling under the weight of his hate. It wasn't enough. He wasn't even close to satisfied. The dead man at his feet had the weaker hand in the assault against the girl. She was so young, he was betting if at all yet that she had barely entered woman hood. These men were repulsive. Ren was
a monster and a murderer but he would never force himself on a child.

He started down the line again hoping he was here. He needed the second man to be here for his own satisfaction. His hungry lightsaber hummed with anticipation as he moved from one man to the next and then he found him. His fingers dug into the man's scalp just as he had done to her. He pulled him up by the roots of his hair. The man's pudgy hands fought against Ren's grip but it wouldn't loosen. He was crying, begging for his life, offering Kylo Ren and the First Order anything to spare him. This was a man use to weaseling his way out of things. He was soft and round everywhere and it pissed Ren off even more to know that while she had starved, he had gorged himself greedily.

"Please, please I can give you anything. What do you want? Just tell me what you want." The man cried.

Kylo froze eyeing an opportunity to torment the man. He dropped him on the ground and the sniveling filth whimpered at his feet.

"There is something I want." His words were steady, monotone. He seethed under the helmet trying to remain calm.

"Yes, yes, anything. You name it and I will get it for you." Hope was rising in his eyes.

Ren's darkness smiled inside of him. It waited for the crushing blow. It longed for it.

"Stand." It was a simple instruction yet the man below him looked like it was in a language he didn't know. Ren opened his left hand. In one subtle motion he force raised the man to his feet. He took one quick step closer to his thick sticky body. The man recoiled but Ren kept him there. His helmet tilted slightly to one side. "Hold out your right arm." His mechanical words stayed flat.

The man sobbed and mumbled incoherently.

"Let me help you." Ren said softly, posing his words in a friendly manner.

Suddenly the man was wailing as his arm began raising on its own. He tried clawing it back down to his side with his left hand, but it was no use; The muscles were no longer his to control.

"Please, please don't hurt me— anything you want." He spit when he begged. Snot ran down his face and tears smeared his full cheeks.

Ren let his arm hang in the air. He stepped back twirling his lightsaber casually. The man was shaking now his legs trembled beneath him but Ren wouldn't let him fall. He held the man there for as long as he willed it.

"Shhh." It was such a strange sound filtered through his modulator.

Ren waved his hand in front of the man and he froze. No more whimpering, no more begging not even a cry escaped Rens control. Ren eyed the man's hand from finger tips to wrist. He blinked. Both surprised and shocked, he found a rumble in his chest for the briefest of moments. There was a jagged, crescent shaped white scare over where the man's thumb joint met his hand.

My little scavenger had nearly taken his thumb off. Fleeting pride swelled in his chest before his anger returned to chase it away.

Kylo's eyes burned again as he found her assailant's eyes searching between his mask and his hand. He knew what Ren was looking at; He could feel it. The mental fingers of Ren's force reached for the man's mind and he clawed his way in. He spared the man no pain as he raked through his
memories. As forcefully as he could manage, Ren probed his mind. He wrenched every detail he could about the girl from this man's head. This filthy swine was always watching her, always spying. He waited for the right moment to pounce, he waited for the second she let her guard down and his thoughts were always disgusting.

A few days before she left this stink whole of a planet, he'd watched her undressing. His memory lingered on her lean, athletic figure as she removed each piece of clothing. She was a smart girl, never removing more then she had to while she wiped all of the grime and sand away with a damp cloth. Still he traced her curves as he watched her wash, trying to picture what was hidden beneath the scraps of fabric she had kept on to protect herself. Ren twisted his probing hands inside of the mans mind. Sweat ran down his temples and blood started to trickle from his nose and soon afterwards, it streamed down his ears. Still Ren pushed deeper. He seized the memories from the man's mind painfully.

He didn't even know he was capable of doing such a thing until the moment he started doing it. When he was satisfied he'd plucked every trace of her from his head, he left his mind. His eyes were bloodshot, he was bleeding from his ears and his left nostril. Ren smiled behind his helmet. He hadn't known he was doing so much damage, but it pleased the rage within him to know he had.

"You..." His voice was calm almost soft when he spoke.

Then the man wet himself. A dark stain grew between his legs to puddle beneath his feet. One of his Knights chuckled behind Ren and he whipped around furiously. The knight instantly fell silent. He lowered his head submissively to his master. Ren's chest was heaving with rage. He began pacing back and forth in front of his victim, taunting him with every step. The man still held his arm out and his eyes followed his tormenter's every move. When Ren stopped pacing the man's heart nearly exploded in his chest. The black cloaked form of Kylo Ren leaned in. He spoke in a soft whisper, so low the decoder didn't even pick it up to cloak his words.

"...Touched her." He was coming unhinged and he couldn't control himself any longer.

His words barely had time to settle in the man's ears before Ren's lightsaber came down and separated his hand from his outstretched arm. Ren released the man from his hold and he dropped to his knees clutching at his stump while screaming in agony.

In the past Ren usually tried to avoid torture. He didn't really have much use for it since he could just mind prob the information he wanted from any one at any given time. He didn't care for the suffering of others and with General Hux around, he didn't usually have to play the role of the torturer. He preferred to be swift. No point in wasting time.

He took pleasure in it this time. He felt joy through the form of torture now, even if only in this one instance. The man's screams calmed the burning rage in his chest.

He didn't know why he had seen a vision of her but there she was; A young version of the fiery woman he'd dueled with at the edge of the world only a few weeks ago. His hunt for information on her had brought him to her home turf. He thought he had dreamed of her when he saw her shaking in the refresher, now he wasn't so sure. There was no doubt that he did see her tonight though.

His Knights had noticed nothing as the two men followed the young girl through the streets backing her into a corner. Kylo was sure he was awake and alert, yet he'd seen her only a few blocks away from where he stood now. He followed her through his force vision and it led him to this man. He would delight in his pain. Kylo had felt her fear when this man had cornered her.

He had terrified her. Touched her. His inner darkness coaxed.
After she'd fought him off, he still had the nerve to swarm around her like an insect waiting to attach himself to her the second her guard was down. Kylo's insides twisted as he saw the similarities between himself and this creep.

Rey is a grown woman now and while it wasn't exactly a fair fight, at least she could fight against him. Hell, she had stood toe to toe with him in the past and come out victorious. He smiled at the thought. It should have torn him apart inside. Knowing an untrained force user with little to no fighting experience had kicked his sorry, puppy eyed ass.

He'd lost to a girl. His pride tried goading him but he pushed the childish notion away. You didn't grow up the son of a Princess who was also a Resistance leader, warrior and General, and not learn to never underestimate a woman. Besides, he didn't care that he'd lost to her. His darkness had purred in response. It only made him desire her more. His alpha wanted an omega and he found it in her.

The girl's self preservation had done her well against him. She became what was necessary to defeat him. She didn't shy away from it, she embraced it. She embraced his darkness and he knew she would do it again if she had to. He was hoping he could get her to do it for other reasons. He would pull her to him in anyway that he could. He would corrupt her if he had to but he'd rather seduce her.

He bit at the corner of his mouth, he didn't know the first thing about women. He only knew how much he preferred her the way she was now. He didn't want her drowning in the darkness like he did, she was a creature of light and he wanted to keep her that way. He knew that was a foolish way to think. A thing his Master would never allow and could never find out about. Still if he couldn't win her, he'd take her.

He relished the way his rage felt inside of her and he'd take what he could get. He wasn't totally clueless in how he felt. He saw the evidence every time he replayed their encounters in his head. She had shown him very few weaknesses and he should have taken advantage of them all, instead he'd turned away from them at every opportunity.

He was always walking on thin ice when it came to her. His footing had to be sure, precise and careful. He was traversing such unfamiliar terrain. A heavy foot or wrong step could send him breaking through the surface. He could see himself trapped under the crystalline ice, his black gloves pressed against the clear glass like surface, trying to escape.

His darkness told him to take her, dominate her. Somewhere deep down he thought it was his place, his rite to do so. Then his conscience kicked in and he felt the light scolding him in his mothers voice. Telling him to be gentle and chivalrous, telling him to be a man and not a petulant child.

He scoffed at the little voice, he was a training to be a Master of the Dark side, he had no room for a conscience. His temper flared at his inner struggle, then reminded himself that this moment wasn't about him; It was about her.

Ren turned his heated gaze on the whimpering coward again. He still cradled his stub. His eyes filled with tears as he stared down at his detached appendage. Kylo imagined her thoughts in his head. He imagined her watching him as he protected her from the likes of men like this one.

Looks like there was a little room for chivalry after all. A wicked grin stretched across his long, full lips.

He lifted and held the man within the Force so he couldn't flee. He was tired of his sniffles and cries. He knew looking down at him that if he'd ever gotten the chance to overpower the young girl, he would have never shown her mercy. He would have gotten off on her cries. He leaned into him then and his words were drawn out so long and so low that Kylo barely heard them himself.
"You touched her."

Tears ran down the mans face and it only made Ren want to torment him more. He held his lips poised to speak but then something brushed against his mind. Something warm and familiar and he knew exactly what it was. More importantly he knew who! He felt her. He blinked as though trying to wake himself. He hadn't felt her in his mind since she'd given him his scar. His eyes rolled in his head. He was overwhelmed by how good she felt there. A lost piece of himself returned and fit perfectly into place like it had never been missing.

Maker, this girl was taking him over. There was nothing he could do to stop her and truthfully he didn't want to.

Kylo never found peace in his head, not until she was there. Somehow she cooled him when he smoldered. He wanted to savor her there but the tendrils that always gnawed at him were biting again. Demanding he quench his rage first. It had been fed like a wild beast since he was a small boy and now there she stood, wagging a disapproving finger at it. It whined at her scorn with it's tail between it's legs while it sulked. He cursed inwardly. Suddenly a sharp realization gave him pause.

If she could touch his mind, she was close. How had he not felt her sooner? Maybe he had but he believed it was the remnants of his prior vision. He mentally scratched his head.

He wanted to look around but he couldn't tear himself away from the man in front of him. His rage wouldn't let him stop now, it was too hot, there was too much fuel and it needed to burn. He had already given in to it and now with her near, something else much more powerful and primal encouraged him.

His need to protect her over whelmed him. He wanted vengeance, justice, blood... more blood then this man could give. But it was a start and it would have to do. It was more urgent then even his rage. Demanding that he demonstrate his ability to protect her through vengeance. His lightsaber vibrated in his hands, sending tremors through his fingers and palm, past his wrist and forearm, up into his bicep and shoulder. From there it rooted out until he felt it surging through him along the path of his veins. The energy from his lightsaber urged him forward, passionately agreeing with his need for retribution.

He was very precise when he spoke. He selected his words carefully so she would know he was speaking to her. It was his apology for not being there for her sooner, for not stopping this man from tormenting her. He would offer this man up as a sacrifice to her... for her! He gently felt for her mind and his darkness pulled on her secret desire to see this man pay. His words were low and soft and meant only for her.

"I owe you this!" He said. In that moment her connection was so deep with him that he felt her mimicking his words as he spoke.

His darkness bled into her light one slow drop at a time and he felt her hand under his as he gripped the hilt of his incandescent lightsaber. She may as well have grabbed his... He groaned and shook the thought from his mind before she could find it. It was his darkness manipulating his thoughts and he knew it.

He clamped his teeth and he felt his jaw flex. His heart beat wildly in his chest. When he hesitated he knew it was heavily influenced by her indecision to slay the man. She'd never taken a life for anything other then self defense and he remembered how heavy it weighed on one to do so. No matter how much his Master could try to beat it out of him or how much he pretended it didn't effect him, he still felt that weight. He severed another part of himself with every life he took and he wouldn't do that to her.
He would guide the strike taking the credit for the blow. He knew she wasn't a killer and the last thing he wanted was for her to feel that weight and he especially didn't want her to retreat from him. He wrapped her up in his strength, held her in his head so she felt comfortable against him. He needed her to feel protected by him, needed her to feel safe. He knew she had never had that and he so badly wanted to be the one to give it to her.

I could be gentle with her...

He eyed the man viciously.

But he would pay. His own primal urges demanded it of him.

He would show her just how brutal he could be in her defense. There would be no doubt as to why this man would die.

He spun with the blade. It was an unnecessary show of skill, an excuse to dance with her in his mind, to feel her hand tremble under his. He slashed upward. Dragging his lightsaber though the man's groin, bowels and chest with his physical strength alone. This was the vengeance of a man over a woman. He needed no pull on the force to fuel this kind of power.

He released his hold on the man as his blade slide through the soft flesh of his neck. The two halves of him landed simultaneously on the ground with a wet thud. He panted over his kill, unable to control his satisfaction. Powerless to restrain his sudden need to touch her, to have her; his mind grabbed at hers possessively. He knew it was too much way to soon, but he couldn't stop it. It was his darkness and it demanded he have her.

Rey screamed in his head. She pulled away from him the second his Lightsaber finished its work. She felt him reaching for her and she had escaped him just in time. He heaved over the corpse with his mind reeling from the loss of her.

He wanted her back now!

His eyes closed and he reached out with the Force. He followed her signature with his mind. She was close. He could still feel her. His head snapped to the right and he moved through the darkness until he found her.

Rey's body was arched over. Her face nearly touched the sand while her hands dug into the molecular grains of rock and stone. She gripped at it as though she couldn't tell if it were real.

"Scavenger..." The word came out like a plea and when it passed through his lips, she froze.

He knew she could feel him standing there. His feet were only inches from her hands. She was beautiful under the crimson glow of his saber. She stayed bowed before him like she was worshiping and he was her temple. Something liquid and hot stirred in him. His groin tightened looking down on her like that. The way her back arched and her fingers dug and pulled in the sand like sheets. Her head popped up and her large fearful eyes flew open... she was marvelous.

Rey slowly straightened herself until she was upright. She sat back on her heels using the pads and toes of her feet to balance herself parallel to her knees. Her palms rested on her thighs and her chin raised to face him. Those hazel eyes glowed under the plasma of his lightsaber and he was sure he'd stopped breathing. He saw nothing but her kneeling before him. There were no titles or roles. Not the light or the dark. She was not an enemy or a student. Even his Master had no sway on him in this moment. His body registered one word to describe her;

Woman.
His mind registered another, more dangerous title;

Mine!

He foolishly reached for her and of course she withdrew from him. She nearly tumbled back into the sand but before her body hit the ground, she was gone... pulled out of whatever force had allowed her here. He closed his eyes and searched for her. Physically she was gone but mentally she lingered. He felt for her within the Force and that's when he found it hiding in a place in his head he'd locked away almost fifteen years ago.

A small trail of energy. It moved with the life of a blood stream and it was similar in color. It was comprised of energy particles, like he saw when he'd first learned to use the force. Tiny flecks of red crystalline light danced in a stream. His end started where he'd hidden the light side of his Force away all that time ago.

Of course that would be where she could hide from him. He spent every waking moment fighting against the pull of the light inside of him and now he was wading through it in search of her.

He tugged on the thin stream of crimson light. It strummed under the fingers of his mind. Sent waves from his end to hers. He could feel it leading to her. He followed the little red stream and it guided him right to her. He carefully, gently touched her mind.

"Scavenger." His body hummed when it felt the rippling vibrations her mind sent through the line. "I can feel you now." He heard the lust laced in his words.

His voice was so soft, he almost didn't recognize himself. After seeing her bowed before him, a different desire all together demanded his attention. She made him want things he'd never even considered before. He never felt the desire for anything but power or darker emotions within that nature. Not power for himself, but to complete what he'd set out to do; To fulfill what his grandfather started but never finished. The balance.

"I can feel your heart racing in your chest..." With his eyes still closed he placed a hand over his heart. "...As though it were my own." His words left his mind exactly as he felt them. There was no manipulation between them on this Force wave.

His teeth pulled at the corner of his bottom lip. It was a nervous habit that he was sure would give him away had she been able to see him, but as it was, she barely omitted to being on the other end at all. He did hear some of her thoughts though. She was just as much a novice when it came to controlling her thoughts as she was with the Force. Every once in a while she would think between their connection instead of behind her guarded walls as he did. He smiled at how simple minded her tactics were at the moment. Her strategy consisted of her ignoring him in the hopes that he'd just leave her alone.

"I'll never leave you alone!" His words came quick and were very austere.

There was a hint of possessiveness behind them and it startled him upon realizing how very seriously effected by her he truly was. He couldn't help himself when the words came rolling out of his mouth. He was lost in a complete state of limerence and he didn't care, let her see what she did to him. He was just glad to have her with him. Even if it was only for a little longer. She still didn't respond. He pictured what she looked like on her end, she was probably just as flustered as he was. It made him smile.

"Scavenger?" He tried again, his voice lightening with amusement.
This time he sent a small wave of his Force with it just to test out the restrictions of the newly discovered connection. Her mind gently bowed under the weight of his. His Force was so much stronger than hers and he realized he had to be careful not to hurt her. He was pleased to see that he could touch her in this way, though he did notice how the slightest pressure from his mind weighed down on her much more than he intended. He sensed no pain from her but he did manage to maneuver a small gasp from her lips. The sound made his insides melt.

"There you are..." He coo'd. He was satisfied with himself and he let her feel it through their bond.

He reached through the thin dancing line and touched her the way he wanted to when she was bowed before him in his sand. He felt his mind caress hers like the brush of knuckles over private, sensitive skin. He was relishing in her response when one of his Knights called out to him. He lost his focus and with it his connection to her. He stood there in silence for a moment ignoring the voice at his back. He panicked at the sudden loss of her.

What if he couldn't get her back? What if their connection had been severed and he lost her there for good?"

He felt insignificant with out her there completing him, like a thirsty bug, clinging to a blowing leaf in the wind while little dew drops slithered past just out of his reach.

He pushed and dug at his mind until he found the pool of light he had hidden away. Relief shook through him as the thin red string that led right to her glowed in response to his touch. Now that he was confident he could return to her whenever he wanted, he tucked the flowing energy away again.

He turned to his Knight. He wanted to be furious with this man for interrupting them but he was delighted with his new discovery to care. His followers had been intimidated by the very violent executions at his hands. They were no strangers to violence and they didn't shy away from it, but they were used to the swiftness of his fury. He had displayed something much darker tonight. He was also very aware that they couldn't see or feel her like he could. He must have appeared quit insane in his recent actions, storming off to stare at nothing in the ground. Executing prisoners as he rambled about out some random "her" while he fumed.

His Knights had fought and bled with him for years now. They knew he was sensitive to Force visions but it still must have been rather unnerving to witness. He could feel their unease. They were accustomed to his rage, but never had he ever taken his time with a kill or made such a display out of it.

There was nothing he wouldn't do for this woman and it scared the kiriffing Force right out of him. He gave his actions little thought around her and even less thought for the consequences.

He'd spent the rest of the night with his men questioning the village. He offered no further violence; there was no need. His previous display had loosened their tongues. He left the rest alive, he wanted their eyes and ears working for him. He would terrorize every inch of every Galaxy to find her.

When he was done there would be no where left for her to hide.

Back in the comfort of his Command Shuttle, Kylo released the hinges of his helmet. He couldn't pull it off fast enough. Setting the helmet to the side, his hand rose to his face and he languidly traced the scar with his fingers. He closed his eyes and let his mind travel to her through their bond. He had read about force-bonds before but there was very little information recorded on the topic. He knew they were extremely rare, that their wielders had a mental and in even rarer cases physical access to one another through the force.

The bond could only be broken through the death of one or both bond mates. If it were a case where
one survived it could be extremely painful and in some cases result in mental damage or even death. He also knew that bond mates could share each others Force, pull or lend energy to the other when needed. He was sure there was more but he didn't remember enough to be sure of the rest. He made it a point to do some digging when he got back to the base. He wasn't sure how to approach his Master about it, but he wouldn't dare try to hide it now that he knew it was there.

Rey didn't notice when he carefully crept the into her mind. He had intended to catch a hint, even a glimpse of where ever it was she'd been hiding but he instantly hit a wall. She wasn't alone, he could feel another presence with her. They were close to where she was and very strong with the Force.

No, not him. Anyone but him!

He didn't have time to process his emotions or control his reaction. Skywalker knew kylo Ren was in her mind and he used his invasion against him. His Force countered Kylo's presence. He was physically close to the girl though that didn't worry him as his uncle was undoubtedly still celibate, not that the Master Jedi would ever see someone so young in that particular light. Still, it would allow his uncle easier access to manipulating her perception of him.

He would paint himself as the unwavering Jedi, honorable and true in his ways, just as he had done to Ben Solo almost twenty years ago. He already felt her giving her trust freely to the fake prophet of the Light side.

"Scavenger, No!" He raged at her.

His emotions were pure through their connection and he couldn't have masked his anger even if he tried. He had no time to calm, no time to temper his rage. His anger couldn't help him now. In this situation it was a weakness. It pushed her from him and he couldn't use it to force her back. His temper and his lack of control over it, sealed his fate.

She pulled away from him. Rey offered her mind over to Luke Skywalker and he wasted no time in seizing it. He quickly closed off their connection. He couldn't keep Kylo out forever but he could certainly make it harder for him to get threw to her side now.

Kylo knew his former Master well. He would help this girl build up her defenses. Teach her how to wall him out. She was so strong willed and stubborn, that he was betting she would catch on very quickly. Kylo decided at that very moment that he needed his Master's guidance. What ever childish reservations he'd felt before were gone the second Skywalker came into play. He was a very dangerous piece on the board and Kylo hated loosing!

Kylo blinked, clearing his head. He found himself staring hard at the dark ceiling in his chamber. The memory had taken his mind in a flash and he had to try hard to push it from his mind. He knew why it was there; Rey had been thinking about him while he was thinking of her. She must have been thinking about the first time they connected through their bond. That made him smile a little, but it didn't alleviate the anger he felt at having what should be his student, in another's hands.

Especially in his. His thoughts seethed with hate for his former teacher.

He slammed his skull against the back of his bed, forcing the image of Skywalker next to his scavenger out of his tired mind. He sighed, propped himself up and folded his arms behind his head to slouch against the back board. He scowled into the empty room and his mind drifted in too many directions, all of the paths it took, always leading to her.
~Hey readers, thanks for making it this far and I hope your enjoying the inner struggle that these two characters have. I'm really trying to stay as real to these characters as I can, keeping in mind that they are human with very real emotions and vulnerabilities. That being said, imagine having all of the emotions that we experience then add the Force powers into the confusion. When the two mingle which do you think is more difficult to control... the emotions behind the power or the power behind the emotions? ~

*Let me know what you think or if you have any comments/questions and I'll try to get back to you in a timely manor. Thanks for reading. I'll do my best to keep on updating.*

-DarkGuardian-
Rey ran. She ran fast and she ran hard. She ducked and dodged. Rocks flew past her from one side to the next as she darted up and over, through and around. One caught her in the right arm. It slid through just enough skin before colliding into a bolder hard enough to shatter into a sandy white cloud on impact. She dove behind that bolder, rolling to her feet on the other side.

She quickly examined her arm. A thin line of blood already started to trickle. She clicked her tongue to the roof of her mouth in disappointment. Two loud cracks against the backside of the boulder warned her that her break was over and she took off again. She was sore and had several bruises of varying sizes all over but she wouldn't stop.

Luke called out to her. "Your wasting your energy. Use the Force." He barraged her again.

She closed her eyes and turned towards the flying rocks. Her hands flew in front of her and they crashed against the invisible surface of her Force shield. She opened her eyes and examined herself. Her eyes widened and she beamed back at him.

"Did you see that?" She nearly bounced as she spoke. "I stopped them all!" She yelled through a wide toothy grin. She shook her head as if in disbelief.

"Don't get cocky." Was his reply. He fired another at her, catching her off guard and right in the left shoulder. Her body jerked back on that side and she stumbled back barely catching herself.

"Nerf herder." She cried under her breath. She was disappointed at her lack of awareness and par reflexes. She rubbed the worst of the bitting pain in her arm away and cradled her left arm against her. She eyed her Master angrily but had no time for a retort when the assault began again. She took another hard shot, this time to the left side of her right leg. She fell to one knee. Her arm raised and her hand stopped a stone mid air just inches from her face. She ground her teeth, the heat in her gut rising. She flicked her wrist and sent the rock back at him. His head moved to the left and the stone flew past crashing into the cliff side behind him.

"Better." He said. He launched three more at the same time and she flung them away, two left, one right.
He went for more with is mind but she was already working on her own assault.

She pulled a small boulder from behind him to her. He was between her and the larger stone and it slammed into his side before he knew what was going on. He spun from the hit but he didn't go down. She was shuffling to his side in an instant.

"Master I'm so sorry. I.." She crowded him, not knowing if she should help him straighten or not. He threw his hand up at her.

"It's fine, you did good." He said through painful breaths. He groaned and arched his back trying to stretch the already swelling area. "I think that's enough for today." He said turning back towards the encampment.

Rey nodded. She was glad to be done for the time being. Her training had been sever these last few weeks. She wasn't sure if she had done something to upset him or if this was just the way it had to be. She wasn't trying to be ungrateful and she'd never doubted that the path to become a Jedi would be a difficult one, but this was getting a little intense.
She wondered if he really would have let that rock hit her in the face and if he had, what kind of damage would it have done?

"We'll start again tomorrow." He moved away from the rocky trail that led back to their huts and he didn't look back to see her response so she didn't give him one.

Her right foot shuffled over the ground as she moved along. Her muscle was aching and she could feel it swelling up. She stopped and found a place to examine herself. She rolled her pant leg up as high as she could and there it was. A freshly budding yellow and green bruise. The tender skin surrounding it was already puffy and the muscle had already began to stiffen. Rey sighed and began working at the throbbing muscle with her hands.

Growing up she had heard stories of the great Jedi and their adventures. She had been overjoyed when she imagined herself with that title. At first her hopes had only grown but then things started to change. Her heart was heavy now. Nothing of the last few weeks had fallen in line with any of the things she'd ever heard of in regards to the unwavering light of the Jedi and their Code.

She was grateful to Master Luke and his teachings but they were few and far in between. It was like he didn't trust her or had some other reservations. Perhaps his hesitation with her had simply stemmed from his time alone in isolation on the island. She could relate to his instincts to close himself off. Rey was very careful to allow him the space he needed but she was getting restless. Somewhere out there was a war waiting to be fought. Her friends were at the center of it and she desperately wanted to get back and join them in their fight.

He'd been teaching her mostly how to defend herself using the force. She had also learned to meditate, how to shield her thoughts and mind, and currently she was learning now how to see and interact with the Force around her. Only recently he started teaching her how to wield his father's lightsaber. It was only through choreographed stances and techniques but she was sure once she had perfected them he would begin to physically train her.

The thought of practicing actual combat with a Jedi Master made her hands tingle with anticipation. She could feel the adrenaline already pumping and she giggled like a child.

When Master Luke wasn't teaching her he disappeared to somewhere on the island that she wasn't allowed to follow. Her curiosity had started to poke at her but she wasn't about to give him a reason to distance himself further or worse to turn her away.

Rey found a grassy patch just far enough from the edge of the nearby cliff to lay down on. It was a strange thing, not being afraid to fly in a ship that she'd never piloted before which could travel at light-speed, only to later discover she had a severe fear of heights. Although to be fair it probably wasn't the height that she feared but the water at the bottom of the drop. Back on Jakku she had roped down into many ships and mines without even breaking a sweat. The thing is, on a desert planet you don't really ever get the chance to learn how to swim.

She peeked over the edge and her heart rose in her chest. Viridian swells rolled into massive violent waves before slamming into the cliff side. The water climbed thick jagged stone walls before retreating back hard into itself, dragging everything down with it. Angry white tips flowed out from the endless midnight blue depths that surrounded the island like hands waiting to grab unsuspecting ankles.

She shivered. Back on Jakku Rey used to find a place like this in her mind when she needed to escape the cruel reality she faced daily. Now this close to the edge, she felt overwhelmed, almost fearful and there honestly wasn't much that really scared her. She loved the island itself but the water surrounding it gave her anxiety. She had found some shallow pools along the beachside to wade
through and once or twice, she had even gone as far as her waist line but the second she felt the
current pulling and the undertow snaking around her, that's when her bravery slipped.

She crawled from the ledge back to the soft green of the grass that she could lay in forever. It was
nothing like the hot rolling sand that clung to everything and got everywhere back home. The grass
was cool and soft. It smelt so nice and the way it moved with the wind, she could watch it for hours
and sometimes she did. She found she loved the color green. Turning to her side she ran her hand
over the short blades. She closed her eyes and let them tickle her palm. She smiled as she watched
each blade slide over her skin through the force.

"Abusing the force for your own amusement...? That's not a very Jedi thing to do, Little scavenger."
A soft distant voice teased her.

She propped herself up to her palms as the world around her melted away into darkness. Her eyes
took in the sudden change of scenery around her. Rey wasn't on the cliff side anymore. She was in
some kind of room.

It was large, open and dark. Very dark. There were beams reaching from the bottom of the floor to
the top of the ceiling with thick gashes of red molted metal stretching most of the length of them. She
could use the soft glow from the tortured beams to see a little. Their smoldering scares shone just
bright enough for her to navigate the area with her eyes.

There were stands with control panels and small flickering lights waiting to be tampered with, she
immediately hated those. They lite the things closest to them for a second at time and it played with
her eyes. She blinked several times adjusting her eyes to the darkened space around her.

She slowly, lightly moved through the room, investigating the area around her as she searched for an
exit. She could see large heavy looking bags hanging from the ceiling and what looked like a
weapons rack at the far end of the room. Her pace quickened as she moved for it. That's when she
stepped on something hot and sharp causing her to swear inwardly. She lifted her foot and peeled
shredded metal and wires from her boot. It was still hot in her hands and she assumed that whatever
had cut up the beams had first enjoyed a taste of this... or what was left of it.

She turned it over to examine it more closely and when her fingers found the hot section her foot
had, her hand retracted with such speed that the piece of what she now realized was a droid, went
flying through the air. She pulled her fingers to her lips and in an attempt to cool the burning
sensation, she sucked the stinging tips into her mouth. There was a deep, guttural sound from behind
her and she spun to face it. For a second under the light of the flashing panels she thought she saw
someone. When the light flashed on again they were gone and she remembered what brought her
here... his voice!

"Where are you?" She growled through the darkness. A brush of air behind her sent her spinning
around again. Her eyes scanned the area around her but still there was only darkness.

How poetic of a representation for Kylo Ren. She thought bitterly.

Then from behind her, just like in every one of the nightmares she'd had since she'd met him, that
sound came; the searing hiss and crackle from his igniting cross-guard lightsaber. She could see the
red glow behind her. It illuminated the floor just in front of her. He was close. If she were to be
honest with herself, she knew he was close even before the glow and hum of the lightsaber gave him
away... she could feel him near.

Rey froze, her fear locking her in place. She heard the hum of him twirling his plasma blade in his
hand and she watched as the crimson glow moved over the floor in sweeping shadows. She felt the
heat of that blade creeping towards her in waves; like it was reaching for her of its own volition. At least now she knew who and what was responsible for the injuries the beams and droids had endured.

She realized then that she must have been in some kind of training room. Her eyes frantically worked, straining against the flashing lights and the maddening crackle of the crimson illumination of his plasma blade as it grew nearer. Desperately she searched the darkness for an exit again. Kylo stepped closer behind her and Rey's heart jumped into her throat leaving her swallowing painfully to force it back down where it belonged.

She couldn't die here, it was only a dream. She thought but then she rubbed her fingertips together remembering the burn she had felt only seconds ago. Could she die here? Her mind swam in a sudden panic.

"What makes you think I want you dead?" He asked inquisitively. His voice rang through the air just behind her and she shivered. Rey had been vigorously training for months to keep her thoughts guarded and quiet and it all fell away the second she was next to him.

Good to know that was paying off. She chastised herself silently.

Rey decided not to answer him. Instead she slowly turned her head to the right. She didn't need to move her head to stare at the crimson bathed floor between them but she made a show of pointing out the glow of his weapon while she stood unarmed.

"It's not exactly a fair fight." Rey had meant to sound strong but she heard the shakiness in her voice when she spoke. Again for the show of it, she held out her hands with her palms open for him to see she was unarmed.

Kylo Ren took two large strides forward brining his lightsaber so close to her that his arm shadowed over hers. His plasma blade groaned when he moved next to her. It crackled wildly as sparks spit in the open air along the length of it. His hand stayed low. He wasn't trying to threaten her but he would use the plasma blade to trap her.

The last time Rey had seen that angry lightsaber he had used it to sever a man completely in half. She shifted uncomfortably at the memory. It took all of the self control she could muster not to bolt away from it. It wouldn't have helped if she did, she had no where to go. She couldn't side step to the left quick enough to escape his reach and if he chose to swing the saber from this close, she had no doubt the blow would be fatal. At the proximity with which she found herself to him, she defiantly couldn't step backward. Forward would put her closer to that angry blade and she'd rather let him choke her to death before she would allow herself to meet her demise at the end of that sinister weapon.

She eyed the hilt the plasma was housed in. It looked rough at best. Fastened together the same as he was. Unstable in it's craft and ready to explode at a moments notice. Quick to destroy, to consume and to overwhelm. They were both powerful, both dangerous, and yet some how both torn. Just as his hilt forced the split of the kyber crystal, sending it's focus in multiple directions, she felt he too had something controlling him, forcing a divide in him in a similar way.

She had witnessed his indecision first had. Had seen him struggling with his inner demons that night on the Starkiller. Now his black gloved hand squeezed the hilt tightly. So tightly in fact, that she could see his forearm flexing under the black pleats of his armor. He gripped the weapon as though he were containing it. As though he was the only thing keeping control over the straining plasma.
"Since when does life ever offer a fair fight?" He asked sincerely.

"It certainly hadn't for your father." She spit it out before she could stop herself. Her eyes shut tight. At least now she'd die quickly. She thought to herself.

He was silent behind her. She didn't even hear him breathing. She swore she heard the plasma blade whine as it retracted back into it's core. She thought she heard the very air around it being sucked with it back into it's prison. She tensed at the sound assuming it would be her last, but nothing followed. Then she felt this deep swelling pain in her chest. This shattering sadness built up and she thought she might for just a moment... cry. Then regret washed over her and she was back to the pain again.

Heat stirred beneath her chest. The pain was melting down, reforging itself into a sharp, hot anger. It was a confusing wash of emotions and she didn't understand why she was feeling them so suddenly and all at once. Han's death had hurt but she had given herself the time she needed to move past the would be father figure, though she was obviously still very angry at kylo Ren.

When he spoke again, she understood where the emotions had come from.

"Don't talk about things you don't understand." He seethed.

He had genuine anger there but under that were the same emotions she'd just felt. He used his anger as a shield and he was hiding behind it now. She should be use to being privy to his more intense emotions by now. Every time they were near each other she got sucked into his depths.

It was so surreal to be able to literally feel what some one else was. Not just sharing the feelings between them but actually physically feeling what he felt, was mind boggling and to be honest, exhausting. Rey now knew that she had hurt him with her words and she instantly regretted it. She forgot about the situation she was in, forgot how dangerous he was and in that moment of weakness, she turned to face him.

Rey froze absolutely stunned. She was just inches from his bare chest. So close, her nose almost touched him. She couldn't breath with out taking in his scent and it was something unique. Something that she couldn't pin down well enough to describe but it was marvelous. Cool yet spicy, crisp, earthy and very masculine. It reminded her of the night air. She almost smiled when she realized he reminded her of the soft grass she was currently curled up in.

She swallowed painfully hard as her eyes took him in. This was a body carved by the hands of
abuse and war. Both old and new scares accented the entirety of him. He was a warrior in every way. It wasn’t hard for her to imagine him as the Master of the Knights of Ren now. His age meant nothing when compared to his experience. He wore the proof of his battles like permanent medals of honor.

It only took seconds to find the larger scare in his left abdomen. That one had undoubtably come from Chewie's Bowcaster. She traced it with her eyes. It looked like a young child had made an innocent attempt at drawing a circle. It was mostly round but sloppy, shaky, and even a bit jagged in places.

Rey's heart twisted with guilt and fear as the desire grew within her to see what she'd done to him. She was as curious as she was disgusted with herself knowing that she wanted to look up so badly to see what damage her anger was responsible for that night. Her eyes moved over the black armored sleeve that covered the length and top of his right arm and shoulder. A thick rugged scare peeked up from behind it. It stretched the length of his collar bone up and across his traps. The blade had just grazed his neck and the scar was thin there before starting thick again at his jawline and that's where Rey stopped. She couldn't bring her self to look further. She closed her eyes remembering the cauterized slash she had left across his face the last time she'd seen it.

How badly had she disfigured him? That beautiful, masculine face. Was there still sadness in those eyes or had she turned them to ice? She wondered at the ramifications of such a disfiguring mark, remembering the first time she'd looked upon his once perfect face. Her heart swelled. She could feel her breath rolling off of his chest. It reminded her that he was real. That he was not just a memory of some sad tortured soul that her mind kept painting him as.

This is Kylo Ren, you hate Kylo Ren. She evoked trying to push her thoughts away from sympathizing with the very man in front of her. She’d gotten soft since she met Leia and the others. Back on Jakku she'd have never given her actions or his a second thought. It's not like murder and death didn't surround Rey her entire life.

But Han felt different. His death had been a loss and having nothing prior to loose, only made it all the more difficult to cope with. He wasn't like the usual smugglers she'd run into in the past back on the dusty planet. He had a set of rules, a code if you will. He was with the Resistance and they were the right side of the two forces. They were the light and Ren was the dark. He was a monster no matter how beautiful the face was he hid behind. Her inner resolve voiced.

But he hadn't hid behind it. He had removed the mask he wore and shown himself to Han Solo. Faced his father with all of his demons and struggles bared. His father's last moments had been of clear love and forgiveness. Her inner light defended.

Still, she couldn't just accept that. She couldn't get past the anger. Rey imagined red paint splattered across his face where the scar would be. It would always be there to remind him of what he'd done. She hadn't intended on marking him but the connection didn't go unnoticed. She'd struck him right where his father's hand had touched him so lovingly only minutes before. There was a fleeting moment of satisfaction and she knew she should be ashamed at the darkness of her thoughts. She knew Han wouldn't have wanted his son marred in shame over what he'd done. Han had the love to forgive him and that alone should be enough for Rey to get over it. Rey remembered the emotions she'd felt through him in the after math and again when she'd brought it up just seconds ago.

He would never be able to move past what he'd done, even if he wanted to and that was her fault.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She fought to keep them from falling. How could she be responsible for such hate, such destruction? She'd called him a monster but she'd been only a strike away from killing him herself. She admitted shamefully to herself.
And Maker, if she didn't think about it often since.

Kylo look down on her in anger and then in awe as he listened in on her internal struggle. He hadn't initially meant to pry but she was so open and it did concern him. He reasoned.

Her inner battle mirrored his own and since he was the cause, he felt guilty over it. He could feel her mentally withdrawing from him but he wouldn't allow it. He had waited to long to have her here, to have her this close. He wanted to share with her what the scar meant to him. He wanted her to know that it was a reminder of her and not of his father.

When he thought of what he did to his father it was because he chose to not because she or anyone else needed to remind him. He would never forget and he didn't want to. He'd done what he thought he had to do at the time and he couldn't change that now even if he wanted to. Her scar was the only good thing that had come out of his life in a long time.

A part of him died that night with his father. Another part came to life when she had marked him, unknowingly claimed him as her's. Kylo Ren was permanently branded. He would always belong to her now and wether she knew it or accepted it, she belonged to him too. He suddenly needed her to understand how he felt about it.

He silently clipped the hilt of his lightsaber to his waistline and he grabbed her left hand with his right. He gave her no time process what was happening before he pulled it over the right side of his face. He held it there when she tugged back. His fingers stayed over hers as he slowly guided them along the scar. Rey didn't look up. She didn't even open her eyes. Her fingers trembled against his skin as she blindly studied him under the pressure of his hand. She traced the thin smooth line from over his brow, down his cheek to the hard line of his jaw.

He didn't breath while she touched him. Kylo had run his fingers over this scar so many times since she'd given it to him that now without falter, he delicately moved her along with surgical precision. He stared down at Rey as he held her hand under his. Her fingers left a hot trail over the sensitive flesh as they explored. She wouldn't look at him and he desperately wanted to see those wild hazel eyes looking up at him like the night she'd done this to him or the night he discovered their Force bond.

He led her fingers down until they rested on his jaw line. He wanted to bring them further down, wanted to feel her trace the tissue down his neck and over his shoulder but he could feel her hesitation growing. Her resistance while touching him was building and he didn't want her to fight him. Not so soon after he'd just gotten her skin on his. When he stopped guiding her she tried to pull her hand away but he kept it in his. He wasn't ready to let her go just yet. Kylo pulled against her when she tugged and instead of letting her hand go, he brought it to his mouth.

In an attempt to regain control Rey balled her fist intending to strike him. He had no rite to touch her like this. Again he countered her. He caught her wrist in his powerful hand and though he could have easily crushed it, he secured her under his wrapped fingers and gently pulled it out to the side of his face. She didn't have the arm strength to fight him, especially while he extended her arm so
awkwardly away from her. Though he was bent to meet her he was still much taller and she couldn't
use her weight to help pull her arm free. She felt ridiculous pulling against him. If she'd been looking
straight ahead her face would have been pressed into his chest but when he'd trapped her she was
looking up at him and so she was stuck looking up at him now and boy did she glare!

Kylo Ren was staring down at her and suddenly she felt like there was a lack of air in the room. Her
lips parted to allow more oxygen in and out of her heavy chest. Ren's eyes dropped from hers to her
mouth and she felt her cheeks flush. She was embarrassed, flustered and excited by the way her body
responded to his. Rey shuddered under the intensity of his gaze and that made her uncomfortable.
She didn't like the lack of control she had around him. Her stomach was heating and she didn't know
if it was from outrage or something else.

"Let me go." She attempted demanding, but it came out more of a whisper.

Still staring at her lips as she spoke, Kylo Ren's pupils blew up, his eyes dilating as he stared down at
her. There was something wild about them now, something unhinged and primal. Rey attempted to
step back, somehow forgetting that his arm was fastened around her back, a barrier of steel that
caged her in with the beast above her. His arm responded by tugging her closer.

"When I'm done." He said single mindedly and with a hint of something more dangerous then his
unstable emotions.

Her brows rose at his domineering response but she didn't have time to retort before he silenced her.
In one smooth motion the arm behind her back curled and lifted, scooping her around the curve of
her lower back and waist just enough that her toes were barely left touching the floor, and his mouth
captured hers.

Her mind exploded with images of angry waves crashing against the cliff side she knew she was still
sleeping above. He forcefully led her lips with his and suddenly the waves were fire; he was fire and
he was setting her ablaze. In that moment, she would gladly welcome the grasping hands of the
viridain swells amongst the jagged teeth of the rocks below. Let them pull her under until she
couldn't breath. She didn't care, she couldn't think to care. All she could do was feel.

Her hand was smoldering against the heat of his chest and she could feel the strength of his heart
beating furiously against her palm. He was pulling her under like the waves and she was powerless
to stop him. Her eyes closed as they rolled in her head. She stopped fighting him then. Her body or
her mind, was in shock and she became unable to process what was happening or who it was
happening with. She couldn't catch up to the world around her. Every thing was happening so fast
and she was moving so slow.

Just as Rey thought she'd drown in him, his mouth broke the seal over hers. His lips softened and he
gently moved along hers. She shivered under the delicate touch of his mouth over her swollen lips.
All she could do was follow. Her insides were liquid and she felt her legs starting to shake as her
knees weakened. He pulled away and rested his forehead along the bridge of her nose. She was
stunned into silence as he breathed over her mouth. The soft black waves that framed his face tickled
along her skin, sending chills all the way down to her toes. They stood pressed together for several
seconds before she came back to her senses.

What the kriiff just happened and why hadn't she stopped it? Her inner voice was as furious as it was
confused and she could barely make out what it was saying. Then he spoke over her mouth and she
didn't care.

"When it's not a dream... imagine what that will feel like." His eyes closed as though he were doing
just that.
"Imagine what it will feel like..." His head tipped so their lips nearly touched and he spoke over her mouth adding emphasis to the last of his words. "When I'm really touching you." His breath rolled along her chin and neck. She felt it in small puffs over her collar bone as he exhaled and she shivered.

They way he finished the last sentence made her quiver and she literally started picturing his words in her head. He'd said it as though he were sure it would happen. Like it was predetermined and set in stone. Her skin sizzled and she felt her body responding in ways that shook her... no, terrified her! Somewhere in the middle of it all his grip on her had loosened. She felt her feet flat on the ground again.

Focusing on her footing she set her mind to concentrating on the feel the solid ground beneath her and she used it to level herself. She didn't know when her balled fist had relaxed but now his leather clad hand was pressing against her skin. His fingers were bending over her knuckles, working to force her palm open against his. Her mind threatened to go blank again but she caught it just in time. She imagined resetting it like a droid on the fritz. She blacked everything out and rebuilt the world up around her. Rey shook her head and Kylo knew his time with her was up.

"That's never going to happen." She said finally finding her voice.

She jerked her hand out of his and he didn't stop her. He let her go then and to both their surprise, she didn't fall. Bully for me. She thought. Her legs still felt weak but she held herself up just the same, pretending to be unaffected by their recent contact.

Kylo watched her eyes smolder even as she looked away. He was amazed at how well she held herself, even as he felt his own body rock from their sudden intimacy. He watched her closely as she feigned normalcy. He could see how flustered she really was but he didn't bring attention to it for fear he may embarrass her. He'd already gone to far. He hadn't meant to kiss her but when her lips had parted under his eyes, he lost his self awareness and his body took over where his reason should have. She had so much more control over herself then he did.

He marveled at her strength. The way she caught and brought herself back under restraint. Physically her chest heaved and her body shook ever so slightly. Even her fists were balled tightly at her sides. All while she was mentally pretending as though nothing had effected her. She was trying very hard to convince both of them at of that and he found it endearing. The harder she tried, the more amused he became. She held her head high and she clearly made an effort to look through him rather then at him. He couldn't help it then, she was adorable and it made him smile. It was genuine and warm. An act he hadn't done since he was a boy. He corrected the mishap quickly. His lips pulled to a straight line before she could see it. Thankfully she was to focused on looking at anything but him.

He was fire and she was ice. And Maker, he loved the way they melted together. He smiled inwardly.

It reminded him of the first time they'd challenged each other in the interrogation chamber. She had won there, but he was sure this victory would be his given enough time. "We'll see." He said mimicking his first challenge to her. His eyes were dark and mischievous. A small smile played at the right corner of his mouth and when he spoke, her eyes flew to his lips. She stared at his mouth for a second to long before she finally looked away.

Yes, she could win battle after battle, it wouldn't matter in the end because he would win the war! He thought as he stared at her wild eyes.

Without warning green pierced through the darkness filling the small space between them with the same color as the grass she slept in. It separated them like the ravine had back on the Starkiller base.
Kylo stepped towards Rey but he was already too late. His eyes caught hers for a brief moment. They were wide with fear as she stared at him through the emerald light and then... she was gone. With their connection severed, she woke from her dream in a startle leaving him alone in the dark room.

Kylo reached for her with his mind but he was met by a strong force wall. It was far too potent to come from just her mind. "Skywalker!" He hissed. Kylo yanked the hilt of his lightsaber free from his waistline. It shook in his hand matching its master's unstable fury with an anger of its own. He ignited the plasma blade as he screamed his agitation into the air. He slashed and struck repeatedly at the beams and droid dispersion panels cutting his way through the room. He Force pulled the training bags, ripping them from the ceilings and hacked at them one after the other. Next he dismembered every single training droid in the room. After that he took his rage to the walls, slashing and pummeling with a combination of his blade and fists until his knuckles bled in his gloves.

When he finally found the red over his vision clearing he stopped. His lightsaber retracted and the room was silent except for his heavy breaths and the dying sounds of sputtering electrical wires strewn about. He pressed his forehead into the wall just inches from where a thin glop of melted metal was starting to run. Heat lingered along his face tickling the sensitive flesh of his scar and he thought about her fingers. It had been months since he'd seen her. Since Luke had walled her away from him, he'd barely even been able to brush her mind with his over the long spans of time.

How long would it be until he found her again? How long would it be until she unintentionally drifted to him as she had tonight? Months... years...? He wouldn't survive that long with out her. He stayed with his head pressed into the wall just inches from where a thin glop of melted metal was starting to run. Heat lingered along his face tickling the sensitive flesh of his scar and he thought about her fingers. It had been months since he'd seen her. Since Luke had walled her away from him, he'd barely even been able to brush her mind with his over the long spans of time.

Luke stood over Rey, his green lightsaber illuminating his scowl in a frightful way. She scrambled to her feet, her eyes never leaving his. He looked wild. His hair whipped hard in the wind. His eyes glowed against the green of his plasma blade. His beard had grown scraggily and his robes bellowed behind him. Other then his appearance there was something else off balance about him. She couldn't figure out what it was but something was changing in him and she'd seen it slowly developing over the last few weeks but now it happened at a rapid pace, seemingly right before her eyes.

"Master?" She found herself blinking up at him as though trying to identify who he was. Except for the clothes he wore and even they were not as tidy, he didn't look a thing like the man she had met that first day she arrived on the island.

His lightsaber retracted and he walked away from her without a word.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it.*

-DarkGuardian-
Rey sat beside the fire pit watching the crackling embers pop as they gnawed hungrily at the wood they were fed. She leaned in closer to the flames, savoring the warmth over her skin. She closed her eyes and basked in the blanketing heat. She was still getting use to the chill that came with the constant wind on the island. She wrapped her arms around herself and tried not to think. She was overwhelmed with everything that had happened these last few days.

She had been pushing herself extra hard in an attempt to keep her shields strong. She didn't want another dream like the last weakening her defenses. Since Rey had somehow connected to his mind through her sleep, he had become a reoccurring thought in her head. Kylo Ren was an anomaly. One minute he was threatening and murderous and in the next he was kissing her, palming her hand in his.
What the kriff was she to do with that? She shook her head releasing the thoughts from its grasp. He was her enemy and she wouldn't forget that. He was the Master of the Knights of Ren and the apprentice to the unknown force, known only as the Supreme Leader Snoke. There were so many things that had to be taken into consideration and to prepare for. She didn't have time for the confusion that was Kylo Ren.

Maybe that was his plan all along, to confuse her, keep her unfocused and off balance. It certainly would explain a lot and give him the upper hand.

She knew that the next time she saw him in the flesh, one of them was expected to die. Rey had been lucky at best the first time they fought. He was wounded on multiple levels and hesitant to kill her, most likely that would not be the case next time since she had rejected his offer to become his student. He had no use for her now, she was just an object in his way.
On the plus side, Master Luke had started training her in combat with a Lightsaber now.

He had let her keep his fathers lightsaber stating simply that, "It had chosen her as it's wielder." She had asked him about his father and the other Jedi on many occasions but each time she mentioned them, he would misdirect her. Rey had been rite about him changing in the last few weeks. He didn't try to hide his feelings now. He trained her but it was out of necessity and nothing else. He was becoming more hostile with her daily. She was new to the force but she could feel it pulling at her. It was telling her to pursue the cause of his ailment, and Rey didn't intend to disappoint.

Tomorrow. She decided.

After training she'd follow him, discover where it was that he was going and why. Her heart felt heavy with betrayal but she knew it was what had to be done.

She stood up then and doused the flames out. She watched the fire die, it's glowing orange embers sizzled to death as it gushed it's last smokey breath.

~Somewhere in the outer rim aboard the Mega Star Destroyer~

Kylo Ren paced back and forth along the length of the long window in the meeting room. He was restless again. It had only been a few days since he'd last felt her and already his skin was itching. His hands flexed and crushed into fists repeatedly. General Hux ran his mouth about one thing or another as he usually did. Ren hadn't been paying attention before the General had snipped at him, effectively disrupting his thoughts.
"Ren, did you hear anything I just said?" He pried. His voice sounded extra winey today but Ren was betting that it was a side effect of his own lack of patience.

Ren could hear the undertone of annoyance in his voice but the General knew better then to antagonize him when he was already on edge. He stopped in his tracks. He turned slowly in the direction of the redhead and tilted his helmet glaring at him through the slits in his mask.

The General shifted in his seat uncomfortably. He cleared his throat before speaking again. "We've taken two more Resistance bases and located a third." He placed his hands flat on the table in front of him.

Now steadied in his chair and fresh with pride over his small victory, he mustered up the courage to foolishly poke at Ren.

"What progress have your Knights made?" A smile weaseled across his arrogant face.

The air instantly thickened. There was a tension between the men that threatened to snap at any moment. Everyone in the room stiffened. Some eyes watched Hux, others Ren. It was a blatant challenge directed at his Knights competence and his own.

"Get out." His words were clipped and concise.

The command was not a request, not a suggestion, not even an order. Those were all things you could follow or deny. Ren gave the men no choice. He was in their heads and compelling them to leave via a mass mind trick. He had grown so powerful that all it took were the two simple words and a slight push of his will.

They all rose, all but one. The General looked around himself surprised at first, then stunned and finally, fearful. He had tried to stand as the men around him left but his body wouldn't move. All he could do was stare at the man's helmeted mask. He hadn't seen Ren's face since that night on Starkiller. He wondered if what remained still looked like a man.

The Supreme Leader had spent every moment of every day grooming and training Kylo Ren. He wasn't sure how much that had changed the boy behind the mask. It didn't matter either way, Hux knew that he still hated him. He had done everything in his power to meet the needs of Snoke, just as his father had before him. Still, the Supreme Leader doted on Kylo Ren. He was weak! He chose alternative routes over destruction at nearly every turn. His upper lip curled into a near snarl as he remembered how the "ruthless" Dark Prince had tried to reroute his plans to use the Starkiller on four of the identified Resistance support planets. Hux had been dying to use the weapon. He reveled in the terror he knew it would bring. He watched the massive sun melt from the sky as it was harnessed into the planet sized weapon. He watched the world around him glow red as it was fired. He'd never felt so satisfied in his entire life.

Ren wouldn't even stay and join the rest of his "comrades" in the victory, instead he chose to hide on his destroyer as the weapon dealt the massive blow to the resistance. He couldn't shake the feeling that the First Order was a means to an end for the recently achieved Dark Master. Hux knew the way to control was through fear and subjugation.

Ren was only as good as his Force ability and unfortunately he had grown in his powers... at a startling pace. The General sneered in his thoughts.

He envied Kylo Ren for everything he was, everything he had and everything he could have. They were close in age, young enough to have anything and everything they ever wanted but while Hux reached for such things, Ren turned his back. Always denying himself all of the luxuries that could
come with only the kind of power he possessed.

Hux thought if he had the kind of power and backing that Ren did, combined with his own ability to be cold, viscous, and tenacious, there would be nothing that could stop him.

He would be a god. What— A— Waste! He digressed ambitiously.

He narrowed his eyes at Ren forgetting who he was talking to out of pure habit. He had instigated and harassed Ren since the first day he had joined the First Order almost seven years ago. It wasn't something he thought about anymore, it just sort of happened.

"There is no need to show off, Ren." He spit his name out as he said it.

Kylo Ren said nothing as his Knights joined him in the room. Hux was beginning to sweat now. His white forehead glistened with fear. Each, like him, wore their masks and armor at all times. They were a dark shadow in the well-lit room. Their bodies made little to no sound as they moved even though they were clad head to toe with their specialties. Blasters, swords, staves, explosives, even dark magic, where all his to command and that was just to name a few.

Ren was enjoying himself. It was an unnecessary show of power, one he hadn't even intended to display, but it was effective non the less. His Knights stood side by side just ahead of their master. In one swift motion they dropped to one knee and lowered their heads. They didn't need to see Ren nod them away, though he did anyway. They felt their masters will and they obeyed with out hesitation. They turned and one by one, took a seat at the table.

"I believe you had a question for my Knights?" Ren smiled behind his mask. All at once they looked at Hux.

Ren conveniently let the General loose from his hold at that very moment and Hux jumped in his chair.

Faces with out faces stared at him, waiting for him to do something. They didn't move, didn't even seem to breath. Their masks of death and power, with out eyes, bore a single hole through the wormy General. His skin crawled and his stomach tightened. He felt the darkness around them. It was staggering. It left him struggling to breath. He pulled at his collar as though it were to tight. It aggravated him when he felt the tickle of beading sweat at his temples.

Hux had a choice, he could stand his ground and ask his question again, or he could bite his tongue and admit defeat to the man he hated most in the universe. He ground his teeth, clenched his jaw, and flared his nostrils. He stood slowly, cautiously. Hux had no intention of fully surrendering to the Force spoiled brat that was Kylo Ren. He would bide his time and some day in the near future, he would strike.

A fake smile on his face, General Hux stood as he replied to his nemesis in a calm mannered tone.

"I'll leave you to oversee your... " He eyed the faceless mercenaries of death before he finished. "Men. I'm sure you're capable of leading the few you have to command. I do not question The Supreme Leader's judgment." He turned and began walking to the exit. "Not his." The General smirked leaving his shots out there confident they had not been significant enough for Ren to respond with force. He was good at that. Invoking and nagging without pushing Ren's anger over the tipping point.

"General?" Ren called out to him calmly.

Hux froze, his fists balled at his side not in anger but in an attempt to control his sudden fear. He half
turned to face the man but said nothing in reply.

"Have you or your armies located any one of the top priorities that you have been tasked with?"

Kylo wanted to smile when he asked the question. He knew it was a very good slam to the General's ego and that he would take it personally. Especially under his Knights watchful eyes, but it was too serious of a question to make light of.

The General clenched his jaw tight.

"No." He lowered his head to Kylo Ren for only a second and left the room.

Kylo could feel his anger creeping up. He sighed trying to release some of the tension in his chest. It didn't work. He closed his eyes and thought of her fingers on his face, tracing his scar. The heat from her other hand searing into the center of his chest as it was pinned between them in their closeness. Heat rose from his core and spread through his body. It traveled through his bloodstream until no part of him was left unaffected. It buzzed through him from his fingertips to his toes, leaving his appendages tingling and sensitive. He was melting in his armor now but at least he had a hold of himself.

His eyes opened and his Knights were staring at him. He heard himself swallow in his ears. There was no point trying to hide anything from them. They trained so closely in the force and in combat that they may as well have been one unit. They were the elite of the Acolytes of the Beyond. They were a group only heard of through dark whispers, amongst even darker company. They had been his grandfather's guards, hunters, assassins, scholars, personal army and anything else he required them to be.

Now they were Kylo Ren's and these six were his closest allies. They were his Knights and they would follow him through whatever or wherever he led them. Something darker and far more dangerous devoted them to him. They practically worshipped him, just as they had his grandfather before him. Along with their obsession with his grandfather and the darkside, they shared the same desire to see his grandfather's vision complete. The same as Ren's vision. They would help him restore balance to the force. Most who heard of the Acolytes had thought them to be soulless worshippers of the darkside. But they weren't.

It was a fact that they hunted dark relics. It was also a fact that they hunted relics of the light. A little known fact, but a fact that the less. They were devoted to knowledge and that knowledge brought them a great deal of power. They leaned closer to the darkside for the simple fact that the light had to many restrictions. They could hunt for, obtain and use any knowledge they acquired without limitation among the ever encouraging Darksiders. The light had spurned their society decades ago and it had left them separated and exiled from that side.

From his boyhood on Kylo Ren had become just as significant as his grandfather was in their eyes. He was the blood and power of Darth Vader incarnate. His grandfather had been known for many things but little was known about his true intentions. Kylo Ren would need to become a master in both the light and darkside of the force to obtain the power he needed to bring balance. But he would. One day at a time he would. There would be many sacrifices along the way. He had made too many already, but that only ensured that Ren would not turn back. To give up now would make everything he had done pointless. A waste.

He thought of his father's face then, his hand gently resting on his son's cheek before the light in his eyes faded. Ren's fists clenched. He viewed over his Knights in one panoramic look. They were his greatest pieces in this game and would literally sacrifice themselves for their king in the end. As
their leader it was Ren's responsibility and duty to protect and serve them as well. To make himself worthy of what they had so freely given to him. He would not fail or everything would have been for nothing.

Kylo was momentarily embarrassed by his weakness when she became the forefront of his desires but it faded when he realized how responsible the force was for putting her there. She had surpassed everything else in queue until she was at the top of his priorities. After all of his visions of her, he had never known her face, rarely ever had they even been in the same solar system, and then suddenly they line up simultaneously on the same path. How could all of these things be coincidence. No, the force had been leading him to her. He knew it the second he discovered their bond. They were meant to be here together. The force had set them on the same path, she just didn't know it yet.

Her face flashed across their eyes when their master pictured her in his head. They knew what he wanted most and they would help him obtain it. The dark relics they wore on their heads connected them all through the force. They were imbued with the abilities of a Master and their apprentice. All linked in the dark side by the dark powers that resided in their helmets. They felt with him, craved with him. What he wanted they wanted. They were linked by blood and darkness. By oaths and other chains that could never be broken.

He should not have thought of her so near to them but he wanted her so badly, that he doubted that any distance made much of a difference. The third of his closest six Knights shifted as though she were uncomfortable. He couldn't help but smile, though it was wrong of him. It had to be strange, being filled with the desire for another woman. Something childish stirred in Ren's stomach but he pushed it away immediately.

"Tell me you have something." His voice filled the silence in the room, the modulator adding an extra tone to his already deep voice.

His first stood, then lowered his head to his master and waited for his constant before he spoke. Their Master's anxiety got the better of him and he impatiently ushered his follower on.

"Speak." He snapped.

His Knight responded without hesitation. "We have determined the whereabouts of the defected storm trooper, FN-2187."

Kylo stretched to his full hight, his shoulders straightened and his chest rose. His interests were fully peeked.

"Our sources believe that he may know the location of the main Resistance base." The Knights waited for his Master to respond.

Kylo thought deeply for a moment. "Does Captain Phasma know you have this information?" He questioned curiously.

The knight shook his head. "No master, we thought it best to come straight to you."

"And you're sure it's him, the traitor?" Ren hadn't noticed when he had sat down not even after the Knight he spoke with followed his lead.

They always tried to keep their heads just under their master's when speaking with him. It was a sign of submission and respect and his Knights were unmatched in their show of respect. At six foot, three inches, this wasn't a hard task for them to achieve. Ren stood above most men from an early age. He had gotten so use to his Knights mannerisms that he didn't even notice things like this
"Yes, Master. Without a doubt." The unmoving mask replied to its superior.

Ren placed his hands flat on the black table between he and his Knights. He leaned into his elites then. Without saying a word he instructed them through their unique chain of telepathy.

"No one beyond our bond will know of your discovery. Waylen and Terok you will watch FN-2187 from a distance. Track his movements, who he meets with and where he travels. No one must discover this. We need to know what he knows and more importantly who he knows." He stood up from his chair and his Knights rose following his motion.

"The rest of you keep on your current tasks. You have done well. I am very pleased." He knew he didn't need to tell his Knights this last part aloud or at all, but he felt it was deserved. He bowed his head to his Knights dismissing them from his company.

All bowed and turned to leave, except one. Ren hadn't noticed his third at first. His back had already turned to the long window. His mind in deep thought, he stared out into the open galaxy. He was already devising and planning when suddenly he realized he was not alone. He didn't need to look back, he could see the knight through the force but he did so anyway. His helmet turned first, then his body followed. He said nothing to the lone Knight. His helmet leaned to one side and he glared at her through the mask. He felt her discomfort, her anxiety... and her fear. His eyes narrowed.

His Knights had no reason to fear their master. Not them, never them. Unless they had given him a reason to be feared...

She bowed her head low to him. "Master." Was all she said before he was in her head. She stood her ground through the assault. Ren had noticed something was off during the meeting but he had dismissed it as something else entirely.

Now he was seething. He stormed past her leaving her panting on the floor behind him. He hadn't meant to be so forceful with her but what he found in her head was unacceptable and it enraged him.

The angry Master of Ren marched to the holo chamber to meet his Master. The Supreme Leader had already returned to the vast recesses of space. He was always on the move in his personal shuttle. Never staying in one place for long. It made him untraceable. A whisper on the lips of the endless expanse of space. Normally Kylo would wait to be summoned by his Master. He preferred avoiding such transactions entirely when he could but now, with his fury empowering his bravery, he was seeking the Supreme Leader out.

He stood in the room a mere few seconds calling to his master through the Force before Snoke answered. His larger then life hologram appeared before his apprentice as it usually did. He wore his cloak of cloth and shadows as he sat on his thrown of darkness. He eyed his apprentice calmly. Those blue eyes seem to smoke with the coldness they gave off. Ren lowered his head to his master but he didn't kneel. Ren hadn't even noticed this and his Master said nothing of it.

"What is it my apprentice ?" His voice was level and calm as it usually was.

"You called for one of my Knights." Ren informed his master as though he didn't already know what his past actions were.

His master's eyes continued to vapor like a wispy mist made of frost. He looked on his apprentice as if he had said nothing at all. He was mute, expressionless.

"What you have asked of my third, it is inappropriate and unnecessary." Ren spoke levelly with his
superior and he didn't know what encouraged him but he didn't waiver either, even when he realized what he was doing.

His master rose from his thrown and stepped calmly towards the smaller form of his underlining. Ren thought he would assail him with that unrelenting lightning or shred and tear at his mind with the brutal claws of his own. Ren's insolence had earned it, but instead his master only spoke to him in a quiet low voice.

"My son, there comes a time when a boy must become a man." His masters eyes never wavered and his tone never faltered. "You have been secluded and denied your entire life. The light inside of you wars with your true nature and you listen to it because as a boy you were taught that it was wrong to long for the things you burn for now."

Kylo went to speak in his defense but his master silenced him with the simple waive of his hand.

"I am not the light Kylo Ren. I will not deny you, but I will not lose you to yourself either. I have seen in your mind, I have glanced over your latest encounter with the girl." His voice darkened. "I have seen how she responds to you. The power you can hold over her is greater then you know."

His master held his hand out palm open. A tiny blue light appeared above it. The energy glowed and danced brightly over his starved taut skin. Kylo's eyes widened in awe at the beautiful light.

"She can be forced to the darkside through your bond. You can overpower her and bend her will to your own, if you need to." His hand crushed the light in it's grasp. He paused as he watched his apprentice take that information in.

Kylo hadn't previously known he could do such a thing. He hadn't seen anything about it in his research but he knew if his Master said it, it was true.

"Initially, I thought this would be our path, if she denied our summons to the darkside." He said. Then he opened his hand once more and there shackled by glowing red chains was the little blue light. Though still bright it was dim compared to before. Instead of dancing it weakly fought against the unbreakable chains that bound it to his hand. His master carefully covered the little light with his other hand trapping it between his palms.

"After watching your last encounter with her though, I think there may be a more gentle solution." Again he paused giving the young man time to process.

Kylo's brow furrowed at the word gentle. Why would such an ancient and powerful being like Lord Snoke care about such things.

The Supreme Leader smiled down on him. It was crooked and wicked in nature. Slowly he spread his fingers so the light could be seen creeping through the cracks. The shade of the blue darkened into a rich purple as his Master continued to speak.

"Because my boy, with women, it is always easiest to take the path of least resistance."

Lord Snoke lifted his hand from the light and it smoldered, turning from purple to a bright burning red in his palm. It's glow grew and kylo squinted as he carefully studied the now vibrant ball of power. It shone over his masters face casting his features in red. Ren could feel it dancing in his own eyes as he watched its playful alluring nature burn and grow. Ren pealed his eyes away from the intoxicating power. He locked eyes with his master's suddenly dark blue orbs. There was something new in his eyes. Something unfamiliar.
"You have grown much in your powers and you continue to grow still. She motivates you in great ways, just as Padame did to your grandfather."

He watched kylo's eyes widened and glow at the mention of his grandfather.

"I am your all father and you are my son. When you please me, I will dote upon you..." He held the vibrant light out to his apprentice.

Kylo lifted his hands and received the brilliant light from his master. It glowed brighter in his possession. It bathed the blackness of his gloves like a growing red dwarf burning in the blackness of space. It swirled and danced above its new home thriving and growing like a super nova. Color splashed out in every direction casting beautiful, tiny stars out to rain down around him. Kylo stared at it with wonderment and fascination. The exuberant illuminations shone over his mask, penetrating through the slit to reflect in his eyes like fireworks in the night.

"And when you disappoint me," His master moved his hand above the light and it seemed to retreat from the un-welcomed presence like fire under water. He opened his palm flat and the light froze. "I will severely punish you." He crushed his hand closed.

The suffering light darkened above kylo's palms until it matched the shade of his gloves. Then it burnt out and dusted into ash in his hands. A darkness Kylo Ren had never known crept into his mind, burned in him consuming everything else around it like a black hole. His master smiled inwardly at his apprentice.

"Never forget this Master Knight of Ren."

Without hesitation Kylo took to his knee, succumbing once again to the temptation presented by Lord Snoke. His master's hand rested gently on his head and even though it was only a hologram, kylo felt the weight of it upon him.

"I am going to give you a gift my son. Knowledge is the most valuable tool you will ever possess. It is the sharpest blade and the hottest fire to ever burn." His master nodded past Kylo.

He peered over his shoulder at the figure who now entered the chamber. Ren quickly stood as they approached.

Kylo Ren's third, obediently followed his master's summons. He swallowed hard as he watched her. She stopped inches from him. Aside from their training or combat and the oaths they spoke upon bonding as Master and student, they had never stood so near to each other. Kylo's eyes ignited behind his helmet. They traveled between his Master and his Student. His masked warrior stood before him in complete silence, with obedience and eager compliance.

"You will begin your training immediately." His master turned and began walking away. "You will learn the most deadly of arts, the most manipulative and dangerous forms a Master could ever know. You are already familiar and skilled with many of the weapons within the arsenal of this art but you have yet to learn the most difficult form. You Kylo Ren, will master the art of seduction." He said, his holo projection faded but his Master's words were clear, solid and weighed heavily on Him.

Kylo Ren stared at the open space where his Master had previously been for a long time. Finally he looked down at his Knight. He blocked her off from his thoughts, guarded himself with an impenetrable mental shield. He said nothing before turning and walking out of the dark chamber, leaving his student standing alone in the silence of the darkness around her.

Kylo Ren moved through the base like a storm. Anything foolish enough to stand in his path he
tossed aside with the simple flick of his fingers. He couldn't breath. He'd tried but there was just no oxygen. He was dizzy. His head was spinning as he replayed the entire conversation in his mind over and over. He wasn't sure what to feel or what to think. He had begun by standing up to his Master. He was lucky not to need a med bay. Instead Lord Snoke had spoken to him, rather then down on him.

He knew what seduction was but not how to apply it to woman. While training with Skywalker it had been forbidden to travel down that line of thinking, let alone acting on it. For the darkside it was a distraction that he didn't have time for. He never expected his Master to encourage it. Passion was a welcomed thing, encouraged and fanned like a burning fire. But passion for a woman... never. Lust was one thing but lust was fleeting. It wasn't a threat.

Lord Snoke had been speaking in long term. Seduction could lead to passion just as quickly as passion between two, could lead to compassion. Passion was forbidden to the light as it was a gateway to the dark. Just as compassion was forbidden to the dark as it was a gateway to the light. His Master had referred to it as a gift. Kylo knew that this was true. He himself had been seduced to the darkside with the promise of power, though it hadn't really been that simple, but he didn't have time to reminisce over his fall from the Light at the moment.

He understood that manipulation was a form of seduction. He even understood how seduction through pain could be used to bend the will and mind of even the strongest of foes. Seduction was no more then finding what your victim wants most and tempting them with it until they break. He was no fool when it came to the destruction that seduction left in its wake. He couldn't help his thoughts then as they jumped back to his time with his parents.

As a boy he would watch his father sweet talk his mother into anything. They would be happy for a short time and then his father would leave again, breaking his mothers heart over and over in the process. He would always come back and it would start all over again. They fought about many things. Ben would be at the forefront of most of the arguments. His mother would list his fathers shortcomings with his son,

"You don't spend enough time with him." She'd say.  
"He's struggling, he needs your guidance, I sense the darkness in him, your never around..." the list went on.

He'd fight her off with his charm calling her things like, sweetheart and princess, though she hadn't used that title since she became the General. She hadn't realized that she was just as bad as he was. She was a powerful woman with a powerful title and loads of responsibility. She didn't have time for her son and when she did, Ben got dropped like a hot plate the second his father came home. There love tryst would start all over again until it soured over one thing or another. The two would part again and Ben would be left alone somewhere in the middle.

As the boy, Kylo had used the term sweetheart once or twice before but it was never for the purpose of seduction. She was very young and it had all been very innocent, but Ben had genuinely cared for the girl. She was special. Not something to be used and thrown away when one became bored with the others company. She was his first real friend. Her age meant that she wouldn't try to manipulate him or over analyze what ever it was that he was going through, though she had been an insightful little thing. Her knowledge and ability to listen and comfort went well past her years.

He simply enjoyed her company and she his. They played together, trained together and at one point he had even began to train her himself. She was so young that training her in the Force was forbidden by the masters and though he shouldn't have, it made him feel more connected to her. She
was his light in an ever darkening world.

He and his uncle had been close at one point. Until he started going on his relic hunts. Still Ben would go to him for guidance with the Force but he was no help. He only made the young boy feel guilty and ashamed. After a time his uncle stopped training him all together. Ben had known his uncle feared what the boy may become. Fear was against the Jedi code yet he saw it every time he looked into his uncles eyes. He started warning his nephew away from the girl eventually too. Scolding him about how attachments were not permitted. About how they led to darker things.

When she had disappeared one day Ben had known what had happened. Luke Skywalker had taken her away from him like she was some toy. Like he needed to be punished for letting his darkness creep out every once in a while.

This made him think about his scavenger, Kylo now understood what his former Master had meant. He had started off curios about the girl. From there he became intrigued then awed. He hadn't had a chance against her. His darkness claimed her before Ren had even had a second to object. It was violent in its need to have her. He hadn't even known her name yet and he was obsessively seeking her out. His reactions had been possessive since the moment he first saw her next to another living being.

Hell, he had bridal carried her to his ship, not allowing his troops to touch her. He kept her close from day one.

What a nerf herder to think he stood a chance against the darkside. What would he have done if he did accept his fathers offer to go home? She would be there... tempting him back to the darkness that so fervently demanded he have her.

He paused in his thoughts. A sudden realization distracting him, freezing him right where he stood.

If he had given into the light, they would have been allies. Perhaps that would have been his chance to have her.

A cool sweat formed over his skin. It gelled along his forehead and neck.

No, she would have pulled away. Your darkness would have shone through the second you touched her. A voice in his head told him.

He shook free from his foolish thoughts. This is where he belonged. He had no home in the light. He was alone and secluded here by his choice, not through their rejection. Even his uncle who he had idolized, had turned his back on him when he had needed him the most.

He thought back to when Skywalker started disappearing for months at a time just like his father used to do. It was around that time that his acolytes had tracked him down and presented him with his grandfather's helmet. He understood his uncles fear after he learned of his family history from the acolytes. Ben had started talking to his grandfather's helmet, only seeking guidance, never expecting it to respond. He told it his deepest fears and doubts. Spoke of the fear and loathing he had felt from the others.

One day, much to his surprise, his grandfather did respond. He encouraged him to stay strong, to follow his own path and to train himself when others had refused after Skywalker had stopped and disappeared. He kept his new training and interactions with his grandfather a secret. Especially from the little girl. Even after he began training her he had kept it from her. He wanted her to grow in her power. He wanted to help her thrive and develop but he could feel himself slipping into the dark and he couldn't imagine her there. The light that she had was too bright.
He knew the power of his influence would weigh to greatly on her. Still, fed and consumed by his selfishness, he kept her close. He would train her in the force without bias, not leaning more to the light or the dark and when she were old enough, she could make her own decision as to which side she belonged.

His grandfather had warned him of Skywalker's impending deception. He had told him of Luke's jealousy towards his closeness with the girl. Luke had treated her like a daughter after all. But when it came to choosing, she always picked Ben first. By the time the boy was convinced about his uncle's true nature it was too late and the girl was suddenly gone. He hated Skywalker after that. It had been his breaking point. The moment he decided to give in to the darkside. Before they were his Knights l, some of them had been his instructors, his darkside teachers and then his comrades. His grandfather had encouraged him to join their order as one of them until he could find a master worthy to send to his grandchild. His grandfather had shown devotion and compassion to him like only the girl before him had.

His mother and father had showed him love when he was around her age up until the second they sensed the darkness in him. It was a persistent darkness that he had always tried to hide and fight. It had always whispered and pulled at him and they had turned him away. Sent him to Skywalker, the false Jedi.

Ben had his first taste of seduction as a youngling. Through stories of valor and hope. Mostly circulating around his uncle. He loved when his uncle would come and visit and when he was told he would be leaving to train with him he was delighted. He told him stories of great Jedi and his father Anakin Skywalker but he would lead his gullible, ignorant nephew into thinking that Darth Vader was some horrible inhuman monster. Never disclosing the fact that Anakin and Vader were one in the same.

One could plant the seeds of seduction and like a tree and it would grow. It would sprout breaking free from the top soil and bloom so large that it could block out the light over head if one didn't know how to see beyond. If you couldn't see through the gaps in the leaves or past the colorful fruits and buds that distracted and misguided ones eyes, you could be overshadowed by the lies before you. It's not until you discover the truth that the beautiful lie wilts before your eyes.

By that time it's too late, the damage has been done. Roots have already sunk deep, destroying anything in their path. It would feed and drink from the soil until its soul was left starved and thirsty, dry and Barron. He only knew seduction as a weapon to destroy with and he didn't want that with his scavenger. The disappointment and hate he felt for Skywalker would never be acceptable coming from her.

He sighed, in his head he already knew that he was planning on seducing her. After their last encounter together he wouldn't pretend he had the strength or self discipline to play by the rules and no one expected him to. She especially didn't. He knew she must have thought he was manipulating her with every word and every touch from the start. It was the nature of the dark side. He couldn't blame her for her thoughts. But he never found that to be the case. From the beginning his actions and words were spur of the moment. He gave himself little time to think or respond around her and that hadn't been on purpose. When he decided to pursue her through seduction it had been of a pure desire to have her and yes of course her power, but he would settle with what he could get and he undoubtedly wanted her more then anything else.

No one seemed to notice that as Kylo Ren grew in his training with the force, he also grew in mind. They only measured his growth by the level of power and physical strength he obtained. Since the death of his father, he began to see through the shadowing tree that his master had planted so many years ago. Tiny beams of light began piercing through the full, thick foliage as Kylo began his ascent
to the top.

His thoughts moved away from his boyish insecurities and doubts. He was harder to manipulate now. His mind had grown in strength and maturity. He knew after his father's death, when he had felt an even stronger pull to the light side and not the dark, that he himself had been seduced and manipulated at every turn.

He trusted his grandfather's wisdom to lead him down the path that he needed to follow and he didn't want to undermined him, but he also knew that Snoke was no more then a Snake in the grass. Ben's father was a foolish man but when it mattered he was usually right. His words echoed now in kylo Ren's ears.

"Snoke is just using you for your power. When he gets what he wants, he'll crush you." Had been some of the last words the man had ever said, and he was right.

His Master wanted him to seduce her to the dark side. He wanted to use her, like he'd used kylo all his life. He had seen past the blossoms and fruit that his master held before him. The second he had sniffed that brilliant light out from in Kylo Ren's hand. He knew then that his master had felt him slipping from the darkness. He didn't know how, but his master knew that he was faltering. And Kylo had seen the truth behind the seduction that his master had used, though it was so tempting and accurate a weapon he almost hadn't. His master was planning on using his weakness for the girl against him. He would win either way. He expected Kylo to force her to the darkside by whatever means he chose to do it with. If Kylo did, she belonged to his master as much as Kylo did. If he failed, then he would destroy her or Kylo. That depended on which of the two he thought was more powerful or useful at the time.

That was a best case scenario. Worst case he would use her to manipulate Kylo Ren further to the dark. He would keep control of his ever growing apprentice one way or another. He had been such a child in thinking that he could have this girl for himself. But Kylo was privy to the game now. He had shown his Master a glimpse of the darkness that resides within. He had done it so his Master would believe that his darkness was ablaze for the girl and while that wasn't entirely a lie it wasn't a whole truth either. He had never denied how bad his darkness wanted the girl but what it burned for in the moment he revealed it to his Master, was rage, hate and defiance.

His demons where furious that she had been threatened. That Snoke had even implied that she could be used by him in any way for any reason, infuriated him. She was his and he would have it no other way. Kylo Ren wasn't stupid. He understood that he wasn't nearly powerful enough to stand toe to toe with the Supreme Leader... not yet. But he would be.

Still he trusted his in his grandfather's wisdom and he would not stray. His guidance had already led him to her. Kylo Ren was correct when he told his father that the Supreme Leader is wise. There was much Kylo could still learn from him but he was also weak. Kylo saw it now. He feared Luke Skywalker and the future he could bring to the force, and now he was beginning to fear Kylo to. He should have seen it sooner. He moved place to place so that he could never be tracked by pursuing enemies like Skywalker, not that his uncle intended on doing anything but tucking his tail between his legs.

And now he would use this girl in an attempt to control Kylo. He wouldn't need to control his apprentice if he didn't fear him. Lord Snoke had an unmatched power in the Force, but Kylo was betting his physical body was weak and brittle. The Supreme Leader was only as strong as his mind. Kylo Ren had a great power of his own but he had previously been to weak mentally to utilize it properly. He was learning quickly and his master was a better teacher then even he understood. lord Snoke was right, it was time he learned how to wield more powerful weapons in the game he played.
Not just against the light side which was slowly becoming less threatening to him but for the endgame battle.

Like every apprentice before him, there would come a time when it would be Kylo Ren against the great lord of shadows himself and Kylo was determined to survive.

He would allow his Master to guide him further. He trusted his grandfather to keep him on the correct path to achieve their goal. The girl had purposely crossed that path, he was sure of it. Ren would seduce her after all. But he would do it the way he had originally intended. There would be no deceit between them. As he'd said when they first met, he would rather be honest with her from the beginning. It something he himself, was never granted.

He mentally sighed. He had know idea where to start with her. What could he offer her that could possibly lead to her seduction. Maybe power, though she didn't strike him as the type. Most creatures craved it and easily fell to that offer. He had, although it for him, it was a means to an end. Something he needed for the bigger picture, not out of desire for himself. Maybe she could want riches, she had come from nothing but he didn't see her as that type either. She was an anomaly. He had no idea what she fought for, what motivated her.

Perhaps he could use the insight of a woman after all.

He really wished it wasn't through one of his Knights. The very idea left a bad taste in his mouth. It just felt like an abuse of power. A break in the chains of their shared respect and loyalty.

Use her, she's at your disposal. The darkness whispered coaxing his guilt away.

Ren felt sick at the pang of pleasure the idea put into his head. He truly was torn between the dark and the light.

"Don't you have something more productive to do with your time Ren?" The sniveling voice of a pestering bug flying around his head removed him from his thoughts for the second time today.

In response Kylo didn't think, he just acted. His arm lifted and his hand reached. He force choked General Hux, lifting the man from the ground with no effort. His anger fueled his power and he had buckets enough to fill a galaxy. He slightly crushed and the man's face began changing from red to purple. Captain Phasma rounded the corner at just the right moment and she called out to Ren just in time.

"Lord Ren, Put him down." She snapped.

His helmet shot to her direction.

She flinched back but didn't retreat. "Please." She said in a less scolding tone.

Ren tossed the General to the side, his helmet never leaving her direction. His body collided with the wall and he slide down to the floor, painfully gasping for air. Phasma nodded to the crumpled up General and two storm troopers moved from behind her to aid him.

Thank you.

She didn't say it out loud but Ren heard her as though she had. He lowered his arm and his fists clenched at his side. He nodded and turned down the hall again.

"Your a stupid fool Hux. Are you trying to get him to kill you?"
He heard her scolding voice as he walked away. It made him smirk.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *

-DarkGuardian-
Rey was awake before the sun came up and she was practicing the same as she did every morning. The pads of her feet sunk into the wet earth as she traced her footsteps in the saturated sand one after the other. She danced through her own trail, practicing the steps over and over until the waves inevitably erased her map. Then she would reapply her footsteps and begin again.

Each step accompanied a different strike or block. She swung Luke Skywalker's legacy lightsaber around her in the dim morning light casting the soft glow of sapphire above the sand and white tips that stretched across the rocky shore underfoot. She repeated the routine until she no longer had to look down at the ground for guidance and her steps aligned with her strikes, sweeps and blocks.

It became a memory etched into the fibers of her muscles. When she memorized the order of the steps correctly she moved on to precision and strength. She blended her movements with her form until her body ebbed and flowed with the motions of the lightsaber and the invisible partner she pictured countering her. She hadn't noticed when the sun never came up over head; It had of course, but behind so many dark clouds that it didn't draw her attention from her training. It wasn't until her Master spoke that her concentration finally broke.

"Well, I guess I shouldn't be too upset that you're late for your training." He said calmly.

Rey's toes dug into the sand on a sudden stop and she nearly slipped on a slick rock underfoot. She looked at her Master, then at the sky expectantly. Gritting her teeth in frustration at the lack of her awareness Rey glanced at the dark rolling clouds over head then back to him. "Master Luke, I'm so sorry." She began but he waved his mechanical hand at her dismissively.

"Don't worry about it. From here it looks like your learning more on your own then beside me anyway." He teased with a half smile on his face.

There was something thick around his aura today. Some kind of unseen weight pressed down on him. His normally straight shoulders slumped and his chin was low pointing down at his chest.

"I have been practicing what you've taught me. I wanted to surprise you today during practice." She said with a hopeful light behind her eyes.

The sudden Pssstchuue and radiating hum of Luke Skywalker's green plasma blade striking to life in his hand, made her jump. He rotated it in his wrist and it cut through the air with a whoosh. He mimicked the words he'd asked her on the first day of her training.

"Are you ready?" He asked her with a glint of emerald shining in his eyes.

She twirled her blade in her hand copying his motions and adding a few of her own. She cut a beautiful blue X through the air in front of her and three large circles to her side so fast, that it looked like one continuous blue orb. Then she brought the lightsaber to a sharp stop and pulled her bent elbow close to her shoulder. She pointed the tip of the luminescent plasma blade at him with her left arm extended out away from her body. Her pinky and ring finger bent in but her thumb, index and middle finger remained straight extensions of her arm. Her legs matched her stance and she was ready. He nodded to his student, impressed with her form and speed.

To an untrained eye, a duelist twirling their lightsaber looked like an act of showmanship but it wasn't. It was just another way a Force user could synchronize themselves with their lightsaber. Aligning their power with it, allowing the weapon a life of its own. Once united, the plasma blade
became a true extension of themselves.

Luke darted forward and she side stepped. She knew her back was still to the water so backpedaling wasn't an option. She circled with him until she was well away from the shoreline. Her Master let her reposition herself before he struck again and she was very much aware and great full, of this fact. He swung high and she parried with a crack as the two blades crashed against each other. Both master and student stepped back.

"Good." He nodded as he tested her.

His next swing was a low woosh across her stomach. She jumped back and followed through with a slash of her own which he easily parried with his blade. He threw his strength into the block and pushed her lightsaber off of his. She stumbled back a few steps before regaining her footing on top of a mossy rock. His pace picked up and she found herself losing ground. He spun and she jumped, his green plasma blade narrowly missed her shines. She took several steps back, staggering along the way. Panic started to set in as she found his eyes with hers. His brow was furrowed and a look of determination darkened his features. He moved forward and she copied his pace back.

"Master?" She called through panicked gasps.

His silent response was a quick lunge towards her face and she bobbed her head to the opposite side before ducking under his seeking blade. She was stumbling back, blinking in disbelief.

If she had been a fraction slower, he'd have taken off her head. Twice!

Something warm started to tug at her insides. Her nostrils flared and she gritted her teeth striking out hard and fast. He parried and she pushed forward in her assault desperately trying to make up for lost ground.

"It's not enough." He yelled over the clashing lightsabers.

Her eyes widened in confusion. "Not enough... for what?" She asked between strikes. Her breath hitched and she felt fatigue pulling at her arms and legs.

He ignored her and caught his lightsaber with hers. She nearly slipped over the rocks and he came down on her. Their lightsabers cracked against each other and he pushed down. She grabbed his wrist with her free hand. With both hands now reinforcing her hold and strength, she closed her eyes. It almost took too long but somehow she managed to push out with her mind. Her force slammed him hard in the chest and he stumbled back. She rolled away from him and struggled to higher ground. She had the endurance for the physical requirements of the battle, but mentally she was still light years away from Luke Skywalker.

When she turned back to face him, Luke was already back on his feet and hastily following her up the stony path. She struck high, then low. He parried and retaliated with his own strikes. He was using moves she'd never seen and she was barely holding her own to begin with. Fear welled up inside her chest. She pushed her saber off of his and took off in sprint up the narrowing path of the cliff side, trying to buy herself some much needed time for recovery.

Rey turned, using the Force to launch rock after rock at him just as he'd taught her. He deflected each shot and even sending a few careening back at her. She paused and held her eyes closed. Rey knew he was still advancing, she could feel the pressure of his Force against hers like the repulsion of a magnet. It pushed back at her, threatening to disrupt her focus but she tried to block it out anyway. Having only a mere few seconds to focus and she listened to her breathing and tried to clear her head.
For a fraction of a moment, she felt calm, then she saw it. His force was moving like a wave coming at her. Her eyes opened and she raised her hand to create a wall of defense but it was too late. It hit her hard and she tumbled back under the massive weight that pushed her back. She flew through the air until gravity took her down. Her body rolled and bounced over the ground, scraping along her arms and legs as she went.

Later she'd be thankful for the thick wool arm wraps he'd given her as part of her training gear. Rey landed smack against the stone wall of the cliff side. Her head collided with the unforgiving, immobile wall behind her and her vision instantly blurred. Her lightsaber retracted when she lost the connection with the Force that bound it to her and it went flying free from her hands.

Heavy eyes rolled in her head and she was temporarily dazed. She needed to focus but she couldn't. She reached inside of herself for anything to hold on to. She searched for anything she could use. Pain, rage, fear, it didn't matter she just needed to grab onto something. She suddenly remembered when she had tapped into Kylo Ren's power to defeat him. Maybe she could do the same to Master Luke.

She concentrated with everything she had. She pulled on the power that welled within her— and then she found it; some kind of dazzling red string. Her heart raced as she followed it with her mind. Her certainty increasing with every second she spent moving along the flow of guiding energy, somehow she knew. Rey knew that this… Force tether, connected her to her Master. Yes, she could feel it. Though this discovery was new, her Force essence recognized the connection like it had been here before… no. Like it belonged here. Like the connection she found had always existed. This bond was infinite. Deep and intense. And there was something else there too, but she couldn't decipher what it was.

Rey didn't have time to figure it out now, she just needed to share what the connection offered her. She needed to tap into the immense power it housed, he housed. She needed him, she needed… She froze when she got to the end. Her head rocked, and as she identified the Force user on the other end of the connection that seemed embroidered directly to her soul— her heart nearly exploded in her chest. This was not just her connection... it was their connection!

"Ren!" She heard her voice loud and clear in his head and in the aftermath, she couldn't do anything to take it back.

At the tug of her voice, Kylo Ren jerked into consciousness. His hand flew to his face, his fingers reaching for his scar. Something was very wrong. He could feel it in his chest. It was an emotion he rarely felt, but it was rising like a storm in him now. Panic! Undeniable, unmistakable, terror stricken panic!

He closed his eyes and focused. He swore he heard her call to him. He was in a deep, sleep like meditation, but he could still hear her voice in his head as though they had just shared the space. He was alone now, but he knew she was here— somehow she was here. Her Force signature still lingered in his mind and he reveled in it. He reached the cord that led from his mind to hers and he pulled on it hard. She wasn't fighting him and it caused all of his internal alarms to go off at once.

"Scavenger?" He called to her softly at first.

He exhaled and opened his eyes. There was a dark sky above him. It was threatening to open up at any moment but that wasn't his most pressing threat. He was slumped against something hard and his head ached. He reached back and felt where the most prominent pain was. It didn't take him but seconds to find the gash in his scalp. When he pulled his hand away his small fingertips were
bloodied. He reached for his lightsaber but it wasn't in his belt, because he wasn't himself!

"Scavenger?" He tried again with more urgency. "Come on girl... wake up!" He demanded through her clenched jaw.

His eyes darted around her and he had his surroundings down. He mapped them out in his head before his attention moved back to her condition. She had some old and new bumps and bruises. A few scrapes here and there but the most pressing matter was definitely the scalp splitting hit to her head. He'd identified his threat just as quickly as he'd seen everything else. Luke Skywalker was striding up the rocky hillside to her. At first he thought it was to help the girl, but everything about his posture screamed threat.

Luke looked down at his student. He always had the urge to call her his apprentice, but that would have been a false hood. He knew from the first time he'd tried to train her that they'd never have that bond. He feared that the position had already been filled and Luke surmised that either when Ben had first began to train her as a youngling or when the two fought on the Starkiller, they had unknowingly forged a Master-Apprentice bond too. Luke Skywalker had no idea how it would effect their already growing Force bond. What he was attempting now was risky to say the least, but he had to know how deep their connection truly went.

Luke had started Rey with training swords and practiced for weeks with the tools before moving to the real thing. She was intelligent and determined. She practiced and learned with a determination that he admired but the second she'd had an ignited lightsaber in her hands, her training fell away. She was good. Very good. But she used a fraction of what he'd taught her. He'd seen the fight style she'd chosen to use before. It was years ago. Almost eight to be exact. It was the last time he and Ben had trained together.

Rey had fought against Kylo Ren once and from what Luke gathered, she'd been in his former apprentice's head twice. Only once was during a duel and yet, she had learned more from him in that short time then all of the hours, days and weeks Luke had spent training her. He had to know how severe their connection was before he could proceed with any of the ideas in his head. No knowledge gained could make attacking her any easier but he still had to do it. She was dazed and he could see it but still he had to push her.

He stalked over to her, unfortunate rain drops sizzling as they instantly evaporated upon contact with the plasma of his lightsaber. She looked up at him for a fraction of a second and in that short time, all of his fears were confirmed. The light green and honey eyes that normally warmed his heart were there, but they were encompassed by something else entirely. Something dark and foreboding. Something angry and powerful!

He knew Rey was in there somewhere but she certainly wasn't at the helm. Her eyes had transitioned significantly and Luke was stunned. He hadn't expected anything close to a fraction of this. He had thought she would retaliate his strikes like she had previously managed against Kylo Ren when he'd threatened her. He expected she might pull from him if their connection was strong enough. Maybe use some of his power to back up her own, but this... he'd never seen anything like it.

He would never mistake the eyes he saw shadowing over hers like a reflection over water. He was looking into his nephew's very enraged brown orbs. She called her lightsaber to her and it was sudden and powerful. It ignited and Luke brought his own down against hers. He pushed the blades down over her catching their eyes with his own. Her hazel eyes were in there, just behind his. Luke was going to call to her in an attempt to bring her back but before he could, the air was knocked out of him and he flew backwards.

Seconds before, Kylo called for the Skywalker's legacy saber hoping this time it would answer his
summons. With his humming lightsaber out at his side Luke Skywalker was nearly over Rey. Kylo caught his grandfather's saber in his hand just in time to oppose his uncle. It felt heavy and foreign in his grip. Not at all as he expected it to feel, but it would do. It ignited and with the sound of crackling lightning between them it caught his uncle’s blade before it could crash down on he and his host. With his left hand extended and his palm fully opened, Kylo Foce slammed his uncle back hard, causing Skywalker's eyes to widen in shock. Kylo pulled himself to his feet and his body swayed. He felt so weak, so small compared to his normal stature.

"Skywalker!" He exclaimed through a very feminine voice.

Now it was Ren who was shocked, and then he wasn't. He remembered when he suddenly felt her in his head back on Jakku, and right in the middle of an execution! This must have been what she felt like then, accept he'd been aware of her the second she had entered his mind. He was very present and active in his own thoughts, while she didn't currently seem home. He closed his eyes and felt for her in the darkness of their now shared space.

There you are. He started off smiling at her presence but that quickly changed into a scowl.

He could feel her cowering behind him in her own mind. It wasn't like her at all. She was his fierce warrior and now she hid in the corner of her mind like one of his victims. His eyes opened and he directed his rage on Skywalker.

He had done this! She was petrified of him! She trusted him and he betrayed her just like he had young Ben Solo years before her. Anger was only one of the emotions coursing through him now... Or was it coursing through her?

He could feel her stirring behind him in her mind and he knew he had limited time to make use of this rare opportunity. She was conscious but in clear shock. She watched as he maneuvered her body as if it were his own. He chased his uncle back with a mixture of strikes and force shots that Rey thought she was far from capably achieving.

"This... is your power!" He said in her head, reiterating every word to drive the point home. He realized this was a unique moment and that he may not get another like it again. "I can teach you how to use it, how to harness and unleash it. You can be greater then this..." He continued his onslaught effectively demonstrating a fraction of what he offered her. His words were warm and welcoming but but dripped like honey with the promise of power. "...With the right teacher." He enticed using his voice in her head like an aphrodisiac. He offered her a mere glimpse at what she could be.

She shook her head at his words but her mouth fell open and she leaned into the idea of the power and self-awareness that he offered. Rey was slowly gaining her wits but still she didn't push against his hold over her. She sat like a co-pilot in her own mind and she allowed it as he took the controls. Rey felt confused, disoriented and all around hurt.

Her vision was still hazy but he made up for it by letting the Force guid him.

Luke was caught so off guard that he was stuck in a defensive state. He couldn't catch an opening to advance on her. Kylo enjoyed how agile she was. She was much smaller then what he was used to working with. And she was nimble, it made ducking, dodging and advancing so much easier. He transferred their lightsaber from her right hand to her left. He dashed and spun under his former Masters swing, positioning her body behind his. She finished on her knees and when Skywalker turned to face her, Kylo came up with the full physical power she had and sent him flying with a solid Force punch to the gut. He appreciated her physical form. Her strength was impressive for her size and he wondered wether or not she trained for this physique or if it was purely a mixture of genetics and environmentally influenced conditioning that sculpted her over time.
Rey blinked as she watched her Master flying through the air. He landed in the water, inches deep in the choppy waves. She was mentally stunned that her mind and body had the capability to do that. It was the loud boom of thunder over head that brought her attention back to her current predicament. She watched her Master's lightsaber retract and he shook his wet hair around his face as if coming out of a daze.

Kylo moved her body towards him but Rey tightened her muscles against his control. He could feel her hesitation now, but she still didn't fight against his control over her either, merely warned him through her reluctance. He took a long, by her standards, stride closer to the fallen Jedi. Then her mental hand fell over his to grip the hilt of their shared lightsaber.

"Please... I don't want to do this? Don't make me do this!" She pleaded with him.

He froze. He was snarling down at Skywalker. He was so close, he could end it all here and now, even if that wasn't what he originally intended for his uncle.

He almost killed her... His darkness crept up to entice him forward.

It was a wonder he’d kept it at bay for this long. Her light was astonishing. He panted inside of her head. He was liquid metal needing to be cooled. He stared down at the man who had betrayed him so many years ago and he should have felt hate. He felt disgust and contempt but not the hate that was rightfully his to possess. He was in a rage back in his own body. He could feel it burning under his skin, but not in hers.

She was that cooling touch against his burns. That ice when he boiled. It reminded him of how the snow had felt melting against the heat of his face during their first duel. He wondered if she would melt like that against him too. Somehow even through all of his pinning over this girl, Kylo knew it would hurt just as badly to have her, as it did not to.

She cared for Skywalker, admired him. She was wholly confused and even scared at the moment but that was as far as she went in her negativity towards her teacher. He was furious with Skywalker for abusing her trust with whatever scheme he was hatching and suddenly more furious with her for letting him take advantage of her softness.

How dare he attack her! How dare she let him! Again that darkness pulled at him. He could feel it directing his thoughts and feelings now. He felt less stable every second that passed.

"We were training."

She defended Luke and Kylo realized in a slip of control, he'd let that last thought out between them. He straightened himself then. His eyes never left the Jedi who was currently cooling in the water. He relaxed his posture and her body responded to his mental lead. Her legs moved closer together and her back straightened so she wasn't leaning over the shoreline anymore. Tiny waves barely touched the tips of her feet before they were dragged back into the mouth of the ocean and he felt a growing sense of anxiety wash over her with each passing caress. He was curious, but his attention was still on the recovering Jedi only a few feet from her.

"Well, I'm glad to see you've decided to join the Dark side. It makes my job a lot easier." He said sarcastically.

"What in the kriff is that suppose to mean? I haven't, I wouldn't!" She snapped.

Her head nodded to Skywalker as he spoke through her mind. "You may want to remind your... " He paused, he couldn't bring himself to allow Skywalker the title of Master in reference to her. "Him
of that." He growled angrily.

"What are you talking about?" Her voice was laced with offense and she physically glared at the open space above Luke Skywalker's head, since she currently didn't have access to Ren's physical form to burn holes in.

Kylo's tone was suddenly very serious. "Look at him." Her head shot down to the older man gathering himself in the water. "Does he look like a Jedi Master to you? Do you think that this is how the Jedi train?" He asked sardonically. "I've been his student before and I can assure you, this is not how it's done."

He raised her left hand to the back of her head. She winced as her fingers found the still gushing split along her scalp. Her eyes widened as she looked between her bloodied fingers and her mentor.

"Scavenger," He spoke the word so quietly she almost wasn't sure he'd said it at all. "He almost killed you." His words were soft and filled with hurt.

The image of the rock Luke launched at her only a few weeks ago during their training flashed before her eyes. Rey pictured it caught in her force net, inches from her face. She looked back down at Luke Skywalker and he swallowed hard. He held his head low and his mouth had fallen into a very deep frown. His blue eyes had softened and he looked more then embarrassed. He looked ashamed.

Kylo Ren had a different response to the imagery all together. Anything soft in him was hardening into an impenetrable shell made of anger and hate. Rey could practically feel it seething from her skin. She had that same clawing feeling in her gut as she did when she stood over the recently defeated form of Kylo Ren while she watched him struggling to compose himself under her threatening gaze. That racking burning in her gut that preceded that dark voice... The one that told her to kill. She looked into her Masters pleading sapphire eyes and she already knew there was no decision to be made; Because there was no struggle here. She couldn't hurt him.

Could Luke see what she saw at that moment? Did he know about the internal fight she was having with her enemy just feet away from him? She wondered now as she watched the change of emotions flow through Luke's eyes.

Still, it hurt more then she wanted to admit when she omitted to herself that Kylo Ren's words weren't lies. It made her feel sick to her stomach. He was her enemy and yet, so far he was the most honest of everyone around her since she left Jakku. Aside from how confusing their more intimate encounters were, and she had no doubt after he offered to teach her again that he used those moments to manipulate her both mentally and physically into giving into his proposition, he was the only one who was straight forward with her from the beginning. She was waiting for that ball to drop as she knew with out a doubt it inevitably would. She felt so defeated at the revelation that Kylo Ren was the only one around her that hadn't broken her trust. Then again she hadn't really given him any to break so she supposed that it didn't really matter. She had given her trust and mind over to the Jedi who had nearly just killed her, probably more times then she realized, and it damaged her somewhere she didn't know she was breakable.

What had she done to make him so upset with her? She questioned herself.

Her heart literally sunk in her chest and Kylo could feel every painful moment of it. He recognized the feeling. He shared it with her. It was another emotional scar they had in common and of all the things he was starting to hope they'd share, this defiantly wasn't one of them.

"I'm sorry..." He said truthfully.
He went to say something else, but she cut him off as her hurt suddenly gave way to the gnawing anger creeping up in her.

"Why are you here?" She said out loud. "Why do you care?" She sounded angry with him now.

He guarded himself against her fury, he knew it was just her lashing out. If there was an academy for misdirected anger Kylo would be at the head of the class or maybe more likely the founder.

Luke blinked at her then. For a moment he stared at her blankly, then he cautiously rose out of the water.

Kylo shrugged at her line of questioning. "You called to me... so I came." He said levelly. Her mouth dropped open and she fumed at nothing in front of her.

"No I didn't! I wouldn't..." She retorted defensively at first, then she just trailed off remembering when she had followed the strange current of power that had ultimately led right to the sleeping Dark Prince himself.

"Rey?" Luke questioned her.

Kylo widened their stance defensively but Rey was more aware of herself now and she retracted the lightsaber in their hands.

Luke stared at her puzzled. "He's in there, isn't he?" Her Master asked.

He slowly waded forward in the water. He wanted to reach out with his mind but he thought better of it. He could see that she was struggling internally and he needed to let this play out. He needed to know that she was mentally capable of handling herself. If things escalated he would intervene. He lightly squeezed his mechanical hand, wishing to know more about what was going on in her mind. He felt how strong his Force was repulsed from hers and he knew with out a doubt that Kylo was keeping her mind sealed off from him. It would be a painful breach for him to enter her mind while his nephew blocked him out, but he would force his way in to protect her, if he had to.

The two heaved in unison, both seeking to control her body.

"He's a threat." Kylo warned.

"No, he's not." Rey defended.

Luke froze unsure of whether or not she was speaking to him or her inner demon.

Kylo scoffed at her. His hand squeezed the saber as though he was seriously considering the possibility of using it. Rey was starting to sweat now. Even with the chill of the ocean breeze and the tiny cooling rain drops running down her face, she could feel the perspiration building along her temples.

If he wanted to, he could take me over and I would be powerless to stop him. She thought between them, forgetting that he could hear what went through her head.

Kylo feigned ignorance as though he didn't just hear that she was smart enough to know that she was fighting a loosing battle. She was absolutely right, he could forcefully take her over but he wouldn't. Lord Snoke had done that to him once when he was a boy and he would never abuse her mind in that way.

"Enough of this." She panted. "I rescind my invitation to you, now get out of my head." She said as
viscously as possible trying to mask her insecurity and exhaustion.

"That's not how the Force works!" He snapped at her.

Why was she acting like this? She had called him here. He had practically saved her life. He fumed in private. He flexed his mind in hers and she winced in response.

It didn't take this action to know that Ren was angry with her but Rey couldn't understand every that'd just happened. She wasn't even fully conscious for some of it. She just wanted to be left alone in her own head again. She needed time to think without him taking up space and influencing her with his emotions.

Kylo Ren was angry at her blindness more than anything else. She was too trusting and it had almost cost her the ultimate price. He could feel his resolve slipping as she fought him for control. She was so confused and hurt that he felt like a bully holding her body against her mind. His fist balled and they squeezed the hilt of her lightsaber, correction, his lightsaber. He was getting angrier the more his uncle neared her.

He wanted to lash out out the man. He wanted to slash, cut, and hack his way through him for so many reasons, but his real anger was for feeling his own fear. It was only there because she wouldn't stand against someone who clearly intended her harm. His fear was for her safety and he hated how weak it made him feel. He didn't have to stand idly by and watch though. He was in the position to intervene. His will could overlap hers the second he sensed a threat from Skywalker. She'd hate him for it, but at least she'd be alive to do so.

"Scavenger, if any one is going to kill you, it's going to be me." He said flatly.

His grip on the lightsaber tightened and he felt her slipping. He also felt stupid for saying that, but it didn't make it any less true. His darkness was creeping in and this wasn't the time or place to have a battle with his inner beast.

Her sudden fear made her literally retract from him. She physically recoiled from his words as though dodging a strike to the face. He mentally loosened his grip on her then, his temper had caused enough damage. He reluctantly gave up his hold on her.

Once fully under control of herself she let her emotions over his threat rise to the surface. He felt her anger welling up in her and he tactically softened just as she'd recently done to quell his rage moments ago. She opened her mouth to scream at him but the sudden softness in his voice gave her pause.

"Please, you can't trust him." He warned in a faint, distant voice and he faded from her mind.

Back in his own head and body again, he was pissed! He hated retreating from her mind of his own volition, but he needed time to cool off before he tried to deal with her and if he stayed to long, he was sure she'd have tried to kick him out anyway. In the end he'd let her, he couldn't stay their forever after all. Then she'd cut him off again and he'd be back to square one. As little and confusing as it had been, he knew he had made progress with her. He came back to his body with a painful jolt and his lightsaber had already found its way into his hand. He wanted to tear the whole ship apart to cool his fury.

He stood up from the floor of his personal chamber on his Command shuttle. He'd been traveling a lot as of late investigating rumors and overseeing the ruling of important colonies and visiting First Order supporters for the organization. These assignments could be handled by the higher ups within the First Order but Ren took over in an attempt to avoid his Master's most recent task, err, lesson or
what ever he was supposed to call the uncomfortable situation between he and his third Knight of Ren. He pushed that battle to the back burner for the time being. He had enough to focus on presently.

He liked his privacy so he'd nearly barricaded himself in his quarters for most of the time during the trips. He hadn't been sleeping much as of late so he was in a deep meditation to substitute for the recovery time his body and brain had been denied. It was a quick way to compensate for the healing and restorative properties one went through during the R.E.M cycle. That's when he heard her calling to him. He felt the urgency and fear in his chest like it was his own. The last lingering sensation she'd left for him to find before she retreated back to herself, was panic.

He heard her voice calling to him like a melody stuck on loop in his mind. He could still feel her Force essence lingering like the faint scent of a lover on a pillow and sheets in an empty bed. He mocked his personal thoughts then, Like he'd know anything about a lover or the scent they'd leave behind. He'd only ever imagined her in that role and that was a very recent development. He unconsciously lifted his hand to his face. That thought had started after he'd been stupid enough to kiss her. It had only been in a dream and yet it had emotionally scared him just as permanently as the physical one he ran his fingers over now.

It hadn't dawned on him until now, but after their most recent encounter he was sure that she'd finally found the bond that tethered them together. Why else would her most prominent emotion before she fled leaving him alone in his head after she sought him out, be panic? She obviously didn't know who or what was waiting for her on the other end of the Force-bond between them and when she'd ultimately stumbled upon him, it scared the kriff out of her.

She had indisputable evidence now proving that their bond was absolutely real. He decided it was a good thing. For some reason or another she consistently seemed to reach for him with her Force whether she was privy to it or not and he liked it! She may still be unaware of the fact that her Force constantly sought his out. They paralleled each other in that way. Since the Starkiller fight they kept unconsciously popping up in each other's dreams, visions and now heads. Though to be fair to her, Kylo had been trying to infiltrate her since the moment he first discovered their bond.

Ok maybe since the interrogation. He admitted to himself. He'd hoped that he had influenced her that night on Jakku when he'd planted himself as a safe haven in her mind. He was her secret weapon, and Maker, he loved when she utilized him.

He'd left their connection open ever so slightly. Just enough that even without his focus he could feel her if she needed him. He wasn't sure if she knew she could cut him off or not, but it didn't matter, so long as she didn't act on it. He was painfully aware that she could shut and barricade him out with the assistance of her current instructor but he was betting that she wouldn't allow Skywalker anywhere near her mind so soon after he'd hurt her. At least for the time being and as long as Kylo didn't give her cause to take such actions, he was hoping she'd just ignore the tiny red rope that flowed between them.

He pulled his hood from over his head and ran his fingers through his hair. His eyes closed and he exhaled a deep breath he'd been holding in. He decided he would wait until she was alone and then he would open their line up again. He was anxious the second he'd made up his mind to see her again so soon. His body was still seething with equal anger towards both her inability to properly defend herself physically and mentally, as well as her poor judgment in the company she kept. "Murderers, traitors, and thieves." He'd called them. He forgot to mention liars but he supposed that fell under the traitors category.

He also couldn't overlook the fact that he himself, fell under all of those categories. He hadn't lied to
her, but he certainly couldn't deny that he was a thief. Kylo smiled remembering how he'd stolen her away back on Takadona.

He was still way to peeved to let the snowball roll down that mountain, so he opted to let out some steam instead. He pulled his cloak and upper body armor over his head, kicked off his boots and peeled off his socks before he set out to burn off some rage. There was no need for all of the extra clothing as it effected his form. He ran through different sets of interval workouts. It took longer for his rage to burn out this way, but the calisthenics were much more practical and he liked the physical power it brought to his body. His shuttle wasn't small but it certainly didn't have the extra equipment or rooms to just go hacking at everything in one of his rampages.

After a while he could feel the rage melting. It dripped from his skin in the form of his sweat and it felt good. His body was buzzing with a new energy. His adrenaline addictively coursed through him and he felt the urge to run. He made a mental note to instal a cardio trainer in his quarters at the next chance he got. When he finally felt spent, he discarded what was left of his clothing and padded to the refresher. He let the hot water run, allowing time for the room to heat up.

While he waited for the steam to build up around him he eyed his scar in the mirror. His fingers trailed down slowly and his eyes followed them closely. He found his eyes closing the further down his fingers trailed. Kylo knew he shouldn't of thought of her in his current state. His body was already amping itself back up. He could feel his blood pumping in his veins, spreading to every part of him. His eyes opened when he felt a tug of arousal in his gut. He had to stop before it went any further or he could be damn sure things wouldn't go well tonight when he saw her next. He rolled his eyes disappointed with his lack of self control. He turned and reprogrammed the water temperature.

"You brought this on your self." He said aloud as he stepped into the freezing cold water.

~Back on Ach-to~

Luke Skywalker slowly approached his student. He'd felt terrible for hurting her but he'd more then confirmed the suspicions he had been working to unveil for weeks. Kylo Ren and Rey had not only discovered their bond, they were openly exploring it. He still didn't know how they affected one another from a Master-Apprentice stand point, but he did know that he was unable to connect with the girl himself. Rey's hand shook with the weight of her disengaged lightsaber. Luke knew it wasn't the physical weight of the weapon that caused the strain in her muscles but the mental fatigue she'd been forcefully exposed to. When he stepped closer to her, she mirrored him backwards.

"Rey, it's alright. We're done for the day." He said in a calming tone.

White lightning was beginning to streak from cloud to cloud above them. Small inconsequential drops turned into big fat splats of water all around them. He ignored her fearful, angry eyes as he walked past her, giving himself ample birth so as not to frighten her further. Her body and eyes followed every step he took. He'd been straining her trust in him since he started pushing her to see how much she could take before she reached physical or mental limitations that would then force her to pull on their Force-bond to reinforce herself. He didn't know if she had finally reached her breaking point with his trust or if this situation could be salvaged.

"It's time I showed you something." He called back to her calmly. "You want to know where I go on the Island everyday when I disappear?" He lead her through her curiosity. Her body slacked and he felt her tension dissipate under her growing interest. He knew she'd take the bait he offered. "Follow me." He said, and she did.

~Hey readers, I'm sure you have all have your guesses and opinions as to who the characters are in reference with the title, and so I'm curious to see who you thought represented who? Let me know
what you think in the comments ;) ~

*As always thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *
- Dark Guardian -
The Birth and Death of the Force

It was a long, silent walk. Luke had tried several times to engage in conversation with his student, but to no avail. Rey was very confused and very hurt. She didn't know who she could or couldn't trust. There was a nagging feeling in her gut, like something bad was about to happen and no matter how hard she tried she couldn't shake it. The further from camp they walked the more her anxiety grew. Her gut twisted and her stomach rolled harder with every step forward. Even her fingers were beginning to tingle.

Luke turned to find his student white in the face. He unconsciously reached a hand out to her and she froze. Her feet planted hard in the ground underfoot. Her eyes narrowed at him. He withdrew his hand quickly from her.

"Rey, I think we should take a look at your head." He said quietly. His features were soft and she could see the concern in his eyes. But the quick change in him only this morning, made her more cautious of him now. She took a deep settling breath before speaking.

"How much further is it?" She shifted her weight to her left leg, wishing she had her walking stick with her. She could feel an ache spreading over her right thigh and hip. She must have clipped a good sized rock when she'd gone rolling from his Force wave. Luke's eyes watch her carefully. He took note of her condition but he didn't press it further just yet.

"We're not far now." He spoke quieter then usual and his eyes were doleful. She though of the way he looked at her when she'd been struggling to keep Kylo Ren from using her body to execute him, while he regrouped only a few feet away. She knew looking down on him then, that if he wanted to, he could have fought her back, but instead he looked up at her in personal defeat. He looked regretful and ashamed. He held that same look now.

"Why did you do it?" She suddenly asked. "Why did you attack me?" She became very serious. Her eyes scrutinized his, as she waited for his response.

He took a deep breath and his eyes looked to the ground for a moment before locking onto hers. Somehow, he looked more serious then her now. "I had to push you." He tensed and she could feel the determination in his words.

"Why?" The word was simple and direct an effective way to prob him for details.

"Because I had to know how connected you two are." It was a narrow answer to her direct question, which only led her to more questions. She obviously required a broader understanding of what chain of thought had led him down the path of nearly killing her, multiple times.

"Explain." She kept her interrogation simple, to the point.

"Everything you told me the first day you arrived here has pointed to a Force connection with Kylo Ren." He said bluntly, cutting through the delicacy he had been trying to show her before. If she preferred it straight, then he'd give it to her that way. Luke knew he needed to reinforce, if not rebuild completely, his trust with the girl. "The same night I threatened to send you home, you had a nightmare. You were so tormented that I sensed your struggle and when I found you tossing and turning in your sleep, I reached out to you. I saw flashes of your encounter with him and when he reached for you, I pulled you out." He paused there and his voice softened before he spoke again. "I knew then that your connection was a Force-bond. I had a feeling that you knew it too, so I never
confronted you about it. I could feel you holding back from me every time you told me the events that brought you here."

He stepped closer to her. It was a concerned motion, as though he were moving to help her from a dizzy spell. But she wasn’t dizzy, she was standing her ground, strong and tall. She let him approach her as he spoke. She didn't waver as she waited for him to continue.

"I needed to know how developed your bond was, how deeply your Force was entwined with his. You pulled from him twice before when your life depended on it, so I put you in those circumstances again." He said flatly.

"That's why you had that heavy aura around you this morning. You were conflicted about what you were doing." She said and her composure softened.

"I didn't want to hurt you and when we started, I didn't think it would go that far." His head dropped and his eyes followed. Then his face hardened. "I underestimated your strength and your will. Still, I had to push you to that point. I had to break your shields and force you to pull on him."

She shook her head at him disapprovingly. "Why didn't you just ask me?"

Now he was shaking his head at her. "No. You wouldn't have done it on your own." He said matter a factly.

"You don't know that!" She exclaimed leaning into him as she shouted.

"Yes, I do! Since the night you woke from that dream, you have spent every waking moment of every day and most nights shutting that connection off. I should know, I've done everything I could to help reinforce your internal walls. Why do you think so much of your time here has been spent training to mentally build and strengthen those walls?" He asked her rhetorically. "If something happens to me, what'll you do?" He paused as though waiting for her to answer, but she knew he wasn't done. The information soaked into her head slowly and it weighed a ton.

"If I were gone tomorrow, how long would you stand against his mental assaults? You think I would have let him use you to strike me down?" He scoffed at her. "If I needed to, I was fully prepared to intervene in your struggle, if it had come to that." He was inches from her now and she wasn't putting up any resistance to his nearness.

She blinked up at him then. What was she supposed to say? She felt foolish now. He's right. She admitted to herself.

Given a choice there was no way on Mustafar, that I would have knowingly sought out Kylo Ren. Not after all of the time and energy I put into keeping him at bay.

There were some nights that she'd just lie awake fighting to keep her sanity intact while she heard and felt him beating at her mental walls. When she couldn't take it anymore, she'd drag herself out of her hut to join Master Luke outside by the fire pit. He was always there waiting for her. She hadn't thought that he had been aware of her struggle then, but now she knew he was. Now she knew why when she joined him there, everything would go silent. He was shielding her. Reinforcing the cracks that Kylo Ren had caused in her defenses. Her eyes dropped to his feet and she felt her anger towards him slip away. Had she been open with him in the beginning, he wouldn't have had to go to such extremes to help her.

"I..." She started, but he saved her from her humiliation.

"We were both wrong." He said. He turned from her then and started back in the direction they'd
been heading before they had reconciled. At least he was hoping they had reconciled. "Come on, there's still something you have to see."

She followed closely behind him. She didn't know what else needed to be said, but she was sure when it was time, he would be there, guiding her as he always had.

The second they started forward again she felt it, that warning in her gut and that nausea in her stomach. She stopped and it immediately lessened. Luke must have sensed her discomfort because he stopped too. He looked like he was going to ask her if she were ok, then his posture straightened. He rolled his head and eyes in unison. "Oh, I'm so sorry." He waved his hand over her face and suddenly it all went away.

Again she blinked up at him in confusion. She shook her head clear of the fog that had been present only seconds ago. The world around her seemed to open up. It literally seemed to clear, like her vision had been blurry before now and she hadn't noticed it.

"Wha... what just happened?" She asked stupefied.

He grabbed her arm and steadied her. "It's ok Rey, just let it pass." He calmed her as she took in her new surroundings.

It was like her view of the world around her shifted. Like a veil had been cast over her eyes before now. She was still on the island, but now she stood in front of a part she had never seen. Maybe forty feet in front of them, there was a large wall of stone and rock. It stretched out in three directions as though it were protecting something. Jagged peeks of rough stone walls grew around an opening. She and her Master were heading right for the clearing. Her jaw dropped and she looked back to Luke Skywalker. He smiled down on her warmly.

"You see it now." He said as though he were announcing her enlightenment.

"I... I couldn't before." She confirmed.

"You're not meant to. It's a Force shield. It's meant to repulse you from the area and to interrupt your sight from viewing what's being protected here."

Rey stepped around him carefully. Her feet followed her eyes, which were now locked on a strange sight.

A long path was cut into the rocks of the mountainous hill just ahead of them. It led to the mouth of a gorge that was naturally crafted by stone. The earth here looked like it had been summoned up from the mountain itself. It reached around a large dark entity that stretched up and out of the center of the clearing. There were small patches of forest on the island and Rey had wasted no time exploring them one at a time. They were mesmerizing and she found herself playing in the woods more often then anywhere else in the island. In all of her time doing so she had never seen anything like what she saw now. Her legs took to the steps and she climbed two at a time in her eagerness to reach the flat landing at the top. When she finally got there she was lightheaded, but it had been worth it to examine the thing in front of her now.

It had been some kind of tree. She though as her mind tried to identify what her eyes were seeing.

A massive stump rose from the earth beneath it like a thick multi layered vine growing from the ground. The bark seemed almost grey in color as though it had been comprised of some kind of hardened clay or stone. It was meteor like in appearance and texture yet she knew it had been a
living entity at one point. She imagine what it may have looked like before it's bark had hardened into this shell of its former self. Judging by the size and girth of the base of the tree, she could imagine how massive it must have been while it thrived. It must have easily enveloped this half of the island. It's roots alone were huge. They spiraled up and out from the ground in such a way that it looked as though they had reached down to the ground from the sky and had dug themselves into the stony earth like reaching fingers. The trunk itself twisted up as if opposing the roots, reaching back up for the sky. It was cracked low in the colossal trunk and she wondered what could have destroyed such an indomitable looking tree. It took her several minutes to inspect the whole husk as she walked the circumference.

There was an opening hidden in the back of where the steps had led and she wanted to enter through the breach in the bark, but she thought it best to wait for her Master. Though she had to admit, she felt a pull well beyond her own curiosity. It was a very familiar feeling. She recognized it as the same feeling she had when she decided the day before, after much taunting she might add, that she needed to discover where it was that Luke Skywalker had been sneaking off to during their time apart. She didn't have to say anything to him before he motioned her to follow him. He could feel his student's excitement and curiosity towards the shadowy entrance so he wasted no time leading her there. It's what he had brought her to see after all. If he was going to train her and involve her in his plans then she needed to know why. Rey followed him with a mixture of excitement and anxiety.

"When I left after my academy was destroyed, it wasn't because I was running away, although I'd be lying if I said my new role didn't serve a double purpose, with that being one of them. I left to come here, to study and guard this place." He waved his arm around him in an arc as he spoke referencing the area around them.

"So you didn't go into exile?" She asked curiously.

He gave a sheepish smile. "Not exactly." They slide through the opening in the trunk and stood in an open chamber in the center of the tree. "I was distraught after the massacre and destruction of my temples." He began but her curiosity cut him off.

"You had more then one temple?" She asked before she could stop herself. His shoulders slumped and he leaned against a natural shelf in the trunk.

"I had several. The temple where the massacre ensued was the largest and most populated of them. The rest had been simultaneously attacked, but they had been special academies. There were few attendants and even fewer students involved, most of which had fought back or escaped."

"What happened to the survivors." She asked carefully. He shrugged.

"Most went into hiding while others tried fighting against the First Order. You can guess what happened to them." He said sullenly. Rey rested her hand on his shoulder for a brief moment. He straightened then and continued with his tale.

"Anyway, I came here because there must always be a guardian of..." He stepped to the side so his body was no longer blocking the view of where a thick beam of light pored through a small aperture to illuminate a shelf full of...

Rey didn't know what they were.

"...The Journal of Whills." He finished.

Rey stepped closer to the brightly lit shelf. Her fingers ran across the spines of the bound pages
before her. "What are they?" She asked glowing with curiosity.

"They're books. It's what we used to record information on before holo pads were the primary source of our data collection." He said, his eyes carefully studying his student as she looked upon the ancient collection of works that he had spent most of his adult life acquiring.

"Books." She repeated, mystified.

One of these books were lying open on the shelf. Colors decorated it's pages stretching from one to the other, joining together to make one larger image. She reached out to touch the pages and Luke stepped back to give her space. She hovered just over the image and her breath hitched in her throat. She couldn't help but feel small and insignificant next to the ancient text. Her eyes took in the picture first.

There were so many things going on in the image. She started with the outside first. The image was circular. Two main colors comprised the pictures. She looked at the colors separately to analyze each section not wanting to miss any hidden details of the overall image.

A thin gold line encompassed the entirety of the picture. The top of the circle was dissected by two much larger quarter moon rectangles. Below those, centered in the circumference of the gold lines, was a large gold star. The star was located closer to the bottom half of the circle and it had gold shooting from the top of it as though the star had crashed to the bottom of the circle. Below the star was a thick gold trunk like line, that dipped down and formed what looked like a pool of water that splashed out. She let her eyes focus on that image from further back and as a whole. Her eyes widened. It wasn't water that splashed out. It was the trunk of a tree and roots. And the star didn't look like a star if you viewed it separately from the top half of the image, it looked like the crown of a tree.

She thought of the tree she was standing inside of and it gave her chills. At the base of the golden roots, on either side were identical sharp, azure wings. They stretched out beyond the limitations of the thin golden lines that structured the circle of the image. Rey reached out with her hand. Her fingers just skimmed over the pages when suddenly the breath from her lungs was gone. The world around her pulled back at an alarming speed. It was like going light speed in reverse.

Her view turned into an arial perspective. Rey looked down on the planet from somewhere along the atmosphere. The world below her was no longer mostly water, but one beautiful green piece of land with tiny dots of small islands freckled around the giant face of the earth. She saw a brilliant golden light careening towards the center of the planet. It broke through the atmosphere around her and she closed her eyes expecting to feel the searing heat of it as it passed, but she didn't. She felt both a peace and a darkness of the likes of which she’d never known. It collided with the earth beneath her as it forcefully planted itself like a seed beneath the planet's crust, and the world ruptured. It split into many islands of varying shapes and sizes. It didn't break apart as though she would have expected. The crash site of the star didn't split. Instead of destroying the land at the impact, it inhabited it as the largest of all of the islands. She watched as the star grew from the crater it planted itself in. The star stretched up as though trying to pull itself from the earth. It reached as though it longed to return to the heavens from which it came. The other half held true. It dug deep into the ground. Fingers like roots, spread out and plunged into the earth like claws refusing to return home.

The two were at a stand still and from this grew the tree that she was standing in now. A beautiful blue light radiated upward from the ground and it surrounded the tree like brilliant azure wings, keeping it safe and bathing the top of it with unwavering light. The tree sprouted branches for arms and held thick foliage of many colors. Feathery white petals peeked out from golden bulbs of fruit and the crown of the tree shadowed everything beneath it in a cool yet comforting darkness. It was
breathtaking. She watched in light speed as many different races found the tree and ate from its fruit spreading what she somehow knew was the Force, through out the universe.

There was a peace for a time, but then the two halves got greedy. The light spread further from the tree and the shadows stretched well past the crown of he tree above them. They each competed for real estate until the individual halves neglected their home. Eventually the fruit died and the tree wilted. The light dimmed until it faded and the trunk became brittle and cracked. The two warred with each other until there was nothing left for either of them to nurture. The desolation that welled up in Rey's chest was so profound that she thought her heart might stop beating from the overwhelming emotion, until an unbearable sadness was all she was left with. She felt empty and hollow like she had suddenly lost the will to live. Just as she thought it may become too much for her to survive, she followed the same path the brilliant star had, and she plummeted to the earth at a blinding speed. But she didn't connected like the star did and she found herself back in her body again. Her hand rested on the pages and thick heavy tears, mercilessly slide from her eyes.

Luke reached out for her then. He pulled her into his arms and she let him. She buried her face in his chest and she wept as though she had just watched someone she loved die. She felt it like the loss of a parent, or both. It was tragic and confounding. Her Master held her there as she emptied her soul of all the sadness in the universe.

*Shwew, this one was intense to write. I was a wee bit intimidated taking it on but I really want to provide a story worthy of these characters to exist in and a plot to keep it strong. I'm still not sure where it's going (for the most part) but I'm excited to find out! Don't worry there will be more Reylo soon! As always thanks for reading, please comment and star if you liked it. I appreciate the time and the readers! *

-DarkGuardian-
Rey sat alongside her master. She was supposed to be meditating with him but she couldn’t focus. They had spent the last two or three hours between the thing she found out was a Force tree, and the enormous Jedi temple she struggled not to look at through her peeping eyes. It was what was left of the first Jedi temple and one of the last remaining. How was she not supposed to look at it. Her glance shifted to Master Luke who was having no trouble at all ignoring the town sized building. He was maybe five feet from her and so clearly focused, that the large flat rock he currently sat on, was literally levitating a good ten feet off of the ground. She had seen him levitate objects with the Force before, but never while meditating. This place was a clear focal point for the Force.

The temple was so wondrous that her attention kept being pulled back to it, even with the nearness of the "should be distracting" floating boulder to her left. She'd spent months on this Island. She'd climbed nearly every peak she could find, explored dozens caves, and still there were so many hidden throughout the natural tunnels of the island, that she'd have to dedicate at least double the time she'd already invested into exploring, just to briefly skim through the rest of them. Rey had been left so numb after the Force vision she had experienced upon touching the book and the breakdown that followed, that when Luke had shown her the temple only a short distance further up the mountain, she hadn't even been surprised. In fact she had been eerily calm. It wasn't until they had settled to start meditating that everything really started to settle into her brain.

She couldn't believe just how strong her Master truly was. The temple emitted a sort of pulse. Like a heart beat in the force. She felt it moving around her. Pumping and pushing from every direction all leading to the temple. She surmised that at one point the lines of power had probably led to the tree instead. She could almost see it moving around her now, similar to the way she had seen her Master's Force the first time she'd welcomed his help and they had linked in meditation. In all of the time she'd spent here, even the time she had flown around the island before landing, she'd never seen or felt, this place. He had the power to cloak the entire area and it left her brain hurting as it tried to wrap around that notion.

"You're very distracting." His voice came from the side of her. Her head jerked to his direction just in time for her to see the large slab of rock touching down on the ground below it. He was already standing. She had been so lost in her thoughts that she hadn't even noticed the movements which should have been startling.

"I'm very sorry Master Luke." She apologized. He bent down, his left palm flattened against the rock and vaulted over the edge, quietly landing on his feet.

"No, it's ok. It's a lot to take in." He comforted her. His face scrunched as he focused on her. "We are going to have to work on that title." He said after some thought.

Her brows pulled in confusion. "Title?" She encouraged, hoping the open question would lead him to explain his seemingly random words.

He shook his head, his eyes taking her in like he was mentally weighing her. "We both know you and I don't have that bond." He admitted flatly.

Rey's core heated. From anger, embarrassment or maybe both? She didn't know. But she knew she couldn't give up on her training that easily. Her training and his mental aid had kept her demons at bay and she wasn't about to give that power up.

"There has to be a way that we can still form that bond! You said yourself, that a Padawan could
have more than one Master training them at a time." She tried. Luke shook his head.

"There can be many instructors, but only one Master during an apprentice's formal Jedi training." He said informatively. He was very disconnected. Like he had already accepted the words that he plainly laid before her as facts carved in stone. She wasn't as easily convinced.

"There has to be a way to break the bond! Anakin Skywalker had more than one Master at a time." She pushed.

She followed his path as he strode away from her up the hillside.

"Anakin Skywalker's first Master was slain and his second was a Jedi who'd shared the same Master with the young apprentice. Because they trained under the same Master as Padawans before he was killed, the two already had a sort of bond. After the death of their shared Master, it only made sense for the Master-Apprentice bond to shift to Obi Wan and Anakin." Luke explained.

"But that wasn't Anakin's only Master at the time." Rey pointed out. Luke froze. He half turned to face the girl. Instead of saying something he just stared at her and blankly waited for her to finish.

Rey bit her bottom lip as she navigated through what must have been a sensitive topic for him. "He simultaneously had a Master on the Light and Dark side." She closed in on him and pressed the point further. "Emperor Palpatine." She finished now standing just ahead of him on the hill so she was eye level with him.

She felt slightly victorious when he didn't say anything back. Instead he finished his ascent up the hill until he disappeared into a hidden entrance along the cliff side. Rey's stomach turned as she carefully treaded up the narrowing cliff walk to the opening her Master vanished through.

He was making excuses and she had called him out on it. He'd thought to himself. There really could only be one dominant Master for an apprentice and he had tried assuming the role. As far as he could tell Rey had wanted him in that position to, but there was some strange power that held she and Ben... Kylo Ren together. Luke wondered if it had something to do with the Force-bond they shared. Luke could successfully train her but not with even a fraction of the ease with which his nephew would be able to. He hadn't lied to her about not having that bond with her, though he was still capable of instructing her. The bottom line was he needed her to want what he wanted, and he found that the best way to achieve this, was for her to come to the same conclusion that he had. And so he didn't budge in his resolve.

"Master Luke?" She called after him as she slide between the mouth of the cave. He popped out from behind a bend in the stone wall with a lit torch grasped in his mechanical hand, and she jumped. The shiny metal reflected against the orange glow of the lively flames causing tiny oblique shapes to reflect off of the dark cave walls.

Ok so maybe he didn't pop out, she supposed it was more of a casual step, but maker if she wasn't wound up tight right now! She admitted to herself.

"Anakin didn't have a Force-bond with either of his Masters." He turned back down the path and led her further in.

They stopped in an open cavern. There were shelves built into the walls and columns constructed out of stone reinforced the high ceiling. There were display stands that each had something special it was responsible for. Trinkets, glowing crystals of all colors, she assumed that these were kyber crystals like the one he wore around his neck, helmets, and lightsaber hilts of varying shapes and sizes were all on display throughout the room. There were long rows of shelves in some walls that stretched from the length of the room and were layered from top to bottom that also housed more artifacts.
Rey's eyes didn't know where to look and she had to jolt her brain back on topic before she could continue.

"So how do we break it?" She stubbornly inquired.

She couldn't see his faces but he was smiling inwardly. It wasn't a happy smile, not even close, but it was one of victory. Tread carefully. He warned himself.

"You can't just stop teaching me." She said exasperated by his silence. "I didn't ask to start this, but I certainly intend on finishing it." Her fists where balled at her sides and her chest was heaving when he turned to face her. She didn't mean to be so childish but she could feel the desperation creeping up. She couldn't explain why but she felt like the fight was getting closer to her and she was completely unprepared. Luke set the torch into the wall mount before turning back to her.

"My intensions aren't to stop training you." He moved to a shelf at the far end of the room and removed a holo pad from the structure. It seemed so foreign and out of place in the room of relics but she didn't question it when he handed it to her.

"I've been doing some research on our... problem." He said upon activating the device in her hands. "This is all of the data I've collected on the subject." He flipped through and opened up a few different applications before finding the right text. "There's more but I haven't finished deciphering it all yet."

She flipped through the subject matter until she found what she needed. Her eyes froze over the words. They looked larger and bolder then anything else on the page, but they weren't.

"A Force-bond between two, will then create one.

If the bond between them, the dominant resolves to abuse.

They may force the will of the lesser, to which ever Force-side they choose.

The dominant will control the lesser, if this is the desire they should wish.

For the dominant to hold all of the power, the lesser's will and mind may extinguish.

The lesser until freed, will remain forever lost.

If one or both wishes to break the bond, It will come at great cost.

Reversing one back to two, only death can renew!"

There were a few more lines about the subject but it hadn't been translated yet and Rey didn't know what language it was in. She was sure of one thing though, she'd read enough to be terrified. She stood there for what felt like a long time re-reading the words and blinking like an idiot. What in the Force was she going to do now?
"Only death can renew.... only death can renew.... only death can renew...." The words just kept replaying on loop in her head.

One of them would have to die for the bond to be broken. She was sure one of them would die the next time they met, but she also expected it to be her rather then him. Could she kill him? More specifically, could she kill him to free herself? Kylo Ren is a murderer, doesn't that make it justifiable? But then, it would make her a murderer to. She had killed before, it may not have been as personal as what she'd seen him do to his father, and it was always out of self preservation, but she did kill several storm troopers. Yet, for some reason the thought of killing Kylo Ren did feel personal. Maybe it was out of the hurt and need for vengeance she felt because of him. Maybe it was because of how much he secretly felt apart of her since their bond had opened up. But that was just it, the feelings were only there because of the Force-bond. So it wouldn't matter after he was gone... would it?

Luke touched her arm and she jumped. "Don't worry about it right now, let's just focus on your training. We have to at least give you a fighting chance." He said almost sounding confident but his words just falling short. As gently as he could, he pulled the holo pad from her hands which were turning white from the death hold she had on it.

"Your going to train me to be a Jedi?" She questioned suddenly hopeful.

He turned to exit the cave but stopped to promptly answer her inquiry. He shook his head. "No." He said just at the mouth of the cave. Rey rushed after him.

"How am I supposed to beat him?" She yelled. "He's going to destroy me one way or another." She admitted, tears glistening in her eyes. Suddenly she missed the simplicity of Jakku. She missed just waking up, working, salvaging, repairing, and going to sleep. At least she would have made it through the month, probably.

"I said I wouldn't train you to be a Jedi. At least not in the sense that you know of them." He had stopped walking and they had nearly collided before his voice halted her, brining her back from her wondering thoughts of a distant past that seemed light years behind her now. She hadn't noticed that they were back in the old Force tree until they were there.

"If I train you, it will be in a way I have never trained another student before. You will become one with the Force in it's entirety. Not just in the light but in the dark as well." He stared at her. His face was unmoving. His eyes never wavered. He was a statue before her, giving nothing away of his emotions. She wiped her eyes free of the beading tears that gathered at their corners. He ran his hand over the open page of the Journal of Whills.

"You will be a balance of both. You will be the first of a New Jedi Order. If you are up for the challenge?" His words were a test. A question as to wether or not she understood and accepted what he was asking of her. He had spent the afternoon in the temple with her explaining how his former teachers had been misguided as to what the Force was as opposed to what it should be. What it was meant to be, was a balance between both the light and dark. There cannot be one more pure or powerful then the other and to think other wise was blasphemy according to the true Jedi ways.

The balance was crucial to securing a Future for the Force. When all was said and done he would make sure she was all that was left. If she could remain balanced then she would survive to lead a new era of Jedi... if she didn't, well then he would deal with that after every thing else had been taken care of. He had to admit when he devised his plans originally, he hadn't expected any light side users to be involved. After all, there had been none left. It weakened his endgame resolve but for now he was happy letting this play out. If he could train her properly then he had no reason to think she couldn't keep the balance.
He didn't seek Rey out, whatever happened to her now was mostly out of his control. The force had brought her here to him and only days before he would have made his move. That had to mean something. He could have one last hope... he had fought hard enough for that right. Surely he had given enough up to be allowed this last chance. Perhaps as a best case scenario she could do what he feared he could not, she could put an end to his fallen nephew. Perhaps this time she could finish what she started. He could feel the darkness pulling at his soul then. He wanted to have hope for Ben but after everything he'd done... Luke cursed the Skywalker blood that ran through his veins. It seemed there sickness passed like a genetic disease that had no cure. Rey was the only antidote left that could help with the eradication of their bloodline. Luke knew he wouldn't be around long enough to see this threw and he wanted to believe that she could persevere in the end. Still...

Could he really let this girl carry that burden? He didn't have a choice... he'd already seen how it would end if he challenged his nephew... and if Luke fell, there would be no one left to restore the balance. Everything...all of it... would have been for nothing. He scolded himself away from the notion of guilt and pity. This is how it had to be! If he failed with her then his Force vision would come true, and he'd be out of cards to play anyway.

"Well I don't see what choice I have, not that it matters. I'm all in." Rey said through a weary yet determined smile.

"Very well then..." Luke nodded and moved to the opening of the Force tree they stood in. He traced along the mouth of the trunk with his hand and his silhouette blacked out as the light in front of him blocked out all she knew of her former Jedi Master.

"It's time for the Jedi to end!" He finally said as he walked into the blinding light, leaving her to stand alone in the darkness of the hollowed out tree. A shiver ran through Rey and she felt it shake her to her core. Something about the way he looked or sounded, or both.. made her feel suddenly ill.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it.
*

-DarkGuardian-
"I see it... I see the Island."

Kylo felt her emotional ups and downs all day and it was driving him mad! He wanted to know what was going on where ever she was and he waited patiently almost hoping that she'd feed him some kind of distress, some form of anything he could use as an excuse to invade her mind again. He'd been clenching his jaw all day and his head was starting to pound.

Several storm troopers seated directly across from him had been consistently taking turns shifting uncomfortably. The brooding form of kylo Ren sitting hunched over with his elbows on his knees just a few feet from them had been wracking at their nerves most of the afternoon and now it continued into early evening. He kept flexing and crushing his fists together. His shoulders would shift one moment... in others, one or both heels would rock up and down in an anticipatory manner. The only thing stopping his whole leg from bouncing with his eagerness was the weight of his body as he rested on his elbows.

One of the bucket heads cleared his throat and Kylo's masked face shot in his direction. Everything in the room froze and it had nothing to do with the Force. Even hidden under his helmet his stare sent a chill through the air. If Kylo's eyes alone had the power to, an icicle would have pierced clean through the trooper's heart. Kylo shot up from the bench in the hanger of his shuttle. If it hadn't been bolted down, it would have gone flying back with the sudden force behind the movement. The trooper, as well as the three closest to him, recoiled like their superior had suddenly morphed into a serpent complete with venom dropping fangs.

He smirked behind his mask. He couldn't help it, he'd been so wound up that the troopers discomfort had actually offered his wracking nerves some relief. Knowing he wasn't the only one who was suffering on the inside made him feel just a little more at ease. If his skin was crawling from nerves why shouldn't theirs be? He savored the edge of power he felt from their fear. He lined his shoulders with his hips and let his arms hang at his sides, his fists clenched in their typical fashion. He knew how formidable he looked towering over the cowering soldiers below him. It was good for them to remember how dangerous their superior was. He couldn't afford to show any weakness after the FN-2187 incident. It was unheard of that a storm trooper had not only defected, but successfully escaped and evaded the First Order. After months of thought about it, he was glad it had happened. It led Kylo to her.

Not a second after he thought it, he felt a pull from her.

Yessss! His darkness hissed at him.

He closed his eyes and focused on the strong emotion that wafted from her to him like a pungent scent on a breeze.

It was fear... finally and excuse to go to her... He thought.

It wasn't the first strong emotion he'd felt from her today. She went through a miscellany of emotions in a short span of time, starting maybe an hour after he'd left her. He had reached out to her so very slightly when he hit a wall. He knew Luke was still close but that hadn't been the block he felt. It was as though she were being protected by something even greater then Skywalker's power. He was met by a combination of confusion and curiosity, and when she suddenly opened back up. He was instantly there, lightly skimming the surface of her thoughts for anything. He had glanced on her thoughts for a mere few seconds and in that time he'd seen nothing but loss. He couldn't find what had caused such emotional turmoil to leave her in the extent of which he found her in now. He'd peeked into her mind just enough to grasp the situation. It was a loss that he himself had recognized. Perhaps Luke had discovered her lineage and she had just found out that her parents were dead. He
longed to go to her, but he wasn't so stupid as to chance that. If she were experiencing what he thought she was, he'd be the last person she'd want to see right now.

When wouldn't you be the last person she'd want to see? His inner voice asked sardonically. He shoo'd the annoyance away and continued to peek through the mental breach he'd left ajar between them.

He'd still sensed Luke the intolerable, near by and he currently had the girl wrapped in his arms. Kylo's reaction had surprised him. Instead of feeling the burning hatred that normally hinged on his possessiveness, he found he was relieved. He didn't know the first thing about offering solace. He hadn't been given that kind of attention since he was a little boy. His mother had been especially good at it, but it was something he could hardly remember now.

The Jedi may as well be useful in some way. The voice in his head sounded disdainful. He was surprised to find that there was something he and his inner demons actually agreed with, besides there synchronized need for the girl.

The bunker of storm troopers were relieved when Kylo Ren suddenly turned on his heels and marched back to his private quarters. He kept his hold on her end of their connection so delicately that he felt like he was balancing a feather on his fingertip against the resistance of a threatening wind. He was careful not to send anything from his end through to hers. He didn't want her to know he was there and this took an extraordinary amount of focus.

By the time he had reached his quarters the fear she had felt had lessened, and with it, his excuse to go to her. He ground his teeth. He'd gone months with out her and now at the slightest opening in their connection, he could barely contain himself. She'd deprived him like air to his lungs! Her ruthless ability to keep him out had been her suffocating hands around his neck, strangling him slowly, painfully and over the course of what seemed to be endless months. Now he needed her in gasps and gulps. His lungs burned for her. His mind was unfocused and his heart had slowed to a near crawl. The color from his world was fading and he was left with blacks and grays with out her.

This morning, the sudden need for him through her end, had left him bewildered. She had not only called to him through their connection but she welcomed him into her mind. She was open and waiting for him on the other side of their shimmering bond. Truth be told she'd been cowering on the other side and very unaware that she was not only calling to him for aid, but allowing him in to her mind in the process. It didn't matter, it was his story and he'd tell it how he wanted to.

The scanner had taken to long in the seconds it needed to process his hand print. The door had taken even longer to slide far enough open for his wide frame to fit through. As soon as he heard the psssstttttttttt of the hydraulics signaling the door had been sealed shut behind him, he threw his weight against it. His back leaned flat along the door for support and he quickly pulled off his helmet. He could already feel the cool air stinging his fiery lungs as he took in larger breaths then his body was used to. He wished for a breeze to help dry the sweat that started forming on his face the instant he thought he was going to see her again. He allowed himself several seconds to regain his composure before he peeked through to her end again.

She sat very high up on a large flat rock that looked out over the ocean. He didn't sense Skywalker in the immediate area but he reached out just a bit further before he would allow her to feel him there. Still nothing. He smiled darkly. He chewed at the corner of his mouth as he pondered how best to reveal himself to her. He decided to lightly linger in her mind before a full on encounter. He used the time to take in the sights and sounds of the area she was in. He took mental notes as he went? It was dark, so... It was night time where ever she was.

He heard crashing waves... he shook his head at the unhelpful information. He already new she was
somewhere by an ocean and that wasn’t enough information to help him find her.

She was very high up allowing him to see for miles before the water line appeared flat. She was watching the midnight blue water slam and drag along the cliff side. She was a queen and this was her kingdom. He thought as he enjoyed the view of her marveling over her domain on a throne of jagged rocks and peaks. An idea suddenly seared to life like the ignition of a lightsaber.

He’d seen this image before... His own words played back in his head and he felt like an idiot for not thinking about it sooner.

"I see it... I see the island." And then he saw her midnight ocean. He mentally face palmed himself.

What a kriffing sculag! He berated himself.

He had something to go on now but still, there could be millions of islands on hundreds of planets in just as many galaxies. He needed more specific details then, 'She was on an island'. He needed something unique that no other island or planet for that matter had... He smiled then, as she glanced up to the stars.

My, my, the Force works in mysterious ways! Kylo was so pleased that he almost thought it threw their connection, almost.

Before he could lose the complicated image he took a mental picture of the intricately detailed map above her. Once he was sure he had correctly memorized enough details he pulled back from her mind. He kept his eyes closed as he activated his personal holo pad. He took the navpoints down over the screen before heading to the bridge to plug it into the navigational chart on deck. He overlapped the image into the system and watched as the search for a match began. Constellations were as unique and complicated as DNA, the universe's very own finger prints. He couldn't help but smile at his own cleverness.

Rey laid back on the flat rock, her arms behind her head, she glanced up to the stars. From here they twinkled and shimmered like tiny explosions. Thousands of rippling streaks of light reflecting on the surface of a velvet sea. She took a deep breath. She’d swallowed down so much information since this mornings... eh... events.

Luke had told her he would begin training her in both the ways of the light and dark side. She wasn’t sure what that had meant for her in the end. She wouldn't be a Jedi in the typical sense. She would be something new entirely. Then she thought back to the Journal of Whills.

I guess not something entirely new... just something so old and raw that it could only be described in the present as "new". Had the Jedi council really strayed so far from the original laws and teachings that the Jedi had become something entirely different then what it was intended to be? Why would a group so dedicated to the balance, change so drastically? Did that make the light as corrupt as the dark?

No wonder Master Luke was so upset with his Maters and the ways he'd been trained. She couldn't image devoting her entire life to something that turned out to be a falsehood. It would be like restoring a ship using only every other part needed for the project. In the end, if it managed to get off of the ground, you couldn't expect it to stay in the air. You set yourself up for disaster after disaster if you were lucky enough to survive the first crash. She shook her head clear of all of her thoughts. She needed a break.
She turned her head to the side so she could gaze at the moon. She winced as her palm found the blood caked gash she still hadn't cleaned up or bandaged yet. She sat up with her eyes closed. Her fingers tested the length and severity of the cut. It wasn't too long, but it was pretty deep. No wonder Luke had bugged her about it so much this afternoon. Blood had dried and crusted over the wound. Her hair had matted to the opening and she knew it was going to hurt like hell to free it from the crusty surface. She cringed as she climbed to her feet. She gave herself a once over and decided she needed to clean up.

After walking in the dark for about an hour, she stood in the hut designated for hygiene, Rey peeled off her still damp clothes. She quickly reapplied a clean tunic before she would start the washing process, keeping herself covered at all times was something that had been hammered into her brain from an early age. She was fit, but she was aware of how small she was. She wasn't short. At five foot, seven inches, she was as tall as most men she faced off against, but she wasn't stupid enough to challenge an attacker in her under garments either. Being a loner all her life made her an easy target for an ambush should some one find the desire for something she had. Once, she had even almost been abducted and sold into slavery. She narrowly got out of that situation and before that, she even had one other female friend, that didn't end well though and she wouldn't let her thoughts go there now. She was already to emotionally spent for one day.

Rey brought a floral scented bar of soap to her nose and in hailed deeply. It was so pretty. A mixture of a light sweet scent and something she could only describe as "fresh" smelling, permeated the air just under her nose. She didn't have the luxury of scented soaps back on Jakku. A fleeting sense of panic rose up in her gut as she eyes eyed her personal basket of products. She was low on menstrual inhibitors and oral hygiene tablets. She had gone days at a time without eating more then half a ration to be able to afford those two things. Once she'd almost gone three days without a bite in her stomach just to purchase the oral tablets. She couldn't endure the feeling of a disgusting mouth. She plopped a tablet in her mouth and enjoyed the tingling bubbles as they cleaned her teeth and gums. She smiled gratefully for the little miracle in tab form.

Her stomach tingled with anticipation as she took note of how low their fresh water supply was getting. Of course they had plenty more in another hut, but she knew it would never get low enough to dip into that. She felt almost giddy knowing that Poe and Chewie would be coming to visit the island soon. They'd become quite the gossips since she'd been here. The two had kept her mostly filled in and it had been almost three months since their last visit. She was looking forward to the company and the updates on how the General and the Resistance was holding up. She found out that Finn had been up and running the second he'd been medically cleared to do so. He was helping the Resistance in any way he could, always between one system or another running tasks or assisting in missions. His knowledge on the First Order had proved immeasurable. She felt pride knowing that she had a large enough impact on him to make him stay with the Resistance when she knew just how bad he had originally wanted to run.

Somewhere between her thoughts and now she had heated a medium sized pan of water and was now dipping her soap covered hands into the warmth.

One day she would have the means for a proper bath! She thought as she stirred the liquid around with her open hands. She dipped in a wash cloth and soaked it full of water. She cleaned between her thighs and lower backside with one cloth, before saturating another in the warm water. She learned early on in life how important it was to keep separate clothes for these areas. She dried and applied clean under garments to herself. Master Luke had stayed back at the temple for the night which gave her privacy and ample time to clean but still, old habits die hard.

She began at her face and neck with the new cloth. Her hands worked their way down her shoulders and arms. She found her eyes closing as she enjoyed the feeling of being clean. It wasn't something
she had the pleasure of too often growing up. She was always filthy in some way or another. It's not like she could just take a break from the sand and grit that clung to everything on the planet.

She was lightly scrubbing at her arms when her hands started slowing. At first she hadn't noticed the delicate way they began to drag over the length of her biceps or the new strength that she found in her fingers as they squeezed the cloth while it smoothed over her skin. Tiny ripples of water ran from the cloth down her arms in response to her tightening grip. She dipped the cloth back in the water and rang out the excess. She found herself moving over her neck again. Then over her jaw and behind her ear. She leaned into the cloth as though it were a magical object that brought healing powers out as it worked it's way over her skin. She rewashed her shoulders and to her relief, she found that the pain in her right shoulder had lessened under the heat.

Then it was on to her torso. She had some bruising across her right rib as well, to be honest her right side was a mess as it took most of the beating from the spiraling roll she endured under Luke's Force wave.

He really did have to teach her that one.

The cloth stopped moving under her palm and her fingers spread open over her rib cage. She scrunched her brows together not knowing why her own actions were surprising her. Her thumb stroked the side of her ribs and the rest of her fingers pressed against the tender skin where the worst of the bruising was. She winced and pulled her hand away. She stared it for a long moment. Of course nothing happened.

What did you expect it to suddenly do a trick? She half teased herself.

Her stomach fluttered and her chest tingled. She couldn't shake the feeling that she was not alone, but the hut had been dark and the covering at the entrance had never moved to open. She knew she was alone in the space. She was being paranoid. She dipped the cloth back into the water and braced herself for the pain to come while she finished scrubbing over her ribs. Her eyes fluttered in surprise.

"What?" She asked no one out loud, because no one was there to answer her.

She bent over, grabbing at the hem of her tunic. She lifted the cloth carefully as her hip was so bruised and scratched up that just the cloth brushing over the area felt like dragging flames over her skin. She had literally limped back to camp.
She eyed the smooth bruise free skin of her rib cage in disbelief.

"That's impossible!" She told the air around her.

"Your welcome." Came his smooth as silk voice in her head.

Rey jumped in surprise. She quickly dropped the handfuls of tunic she'd gathered up and smoothed down the fabric making sure no inappropriate skin was left available to prying eyes. Her feet spread and she braced herself for a fight as she searched the room with her eyes. She'd left her lightsaber in her hut, a foolish mistake she would not repeat twice if she survived this encounter. She was scanning every inch of the hut when she realized she was indeed still alone. Her jaw flexed in anger as she came to the angry realization that he was in her head.

"Relax." He whispered. "I'm not here to catch a quick peek, little scavenger." His voice sounded deeper then normal and she shivered as it tickled against the inside of her skull.

She bit the inside of her cheek until it bled not knowing what else to do in such a vulnerable state. She squeezed her eyes shut and began pulling her mental walls up. Her technique was sloppy at best
and she could feel him laughing through her chest.

"I can only see what you see and besides, my eyes are closed on this end." He tried comforting her but it only made her panic and she stupidly glanced down at her chest to make sure nothing was showing. He didn't react.

Maybe his eyes really were closed. She thought, slightly relieved though not even partially convinced.

"I'm only here to talk." He added ignoring that she was still thinking between their line instead of to herself. If he pointed it out she'd learn how to stop it and then he'd loose his inside window to her mind. He liked not having to force his way into her thoughts. It was less invasive and easier for him to remain unnoticed.

She wrapped her arms around herself protectively. "Funny, I didn't hear much talking going on while you were running your hands over my body." She nipped at him.

He smiled as he countered her complaints. She could hear it in his voice.

"They were your hands, and I thought I'd offer a little... assistance, while the opportunity presented itself." He said calmly. "Besides, I didn't notice you complaining or objecting in anyway. In fact you seemed quite content." He added smugly.

She blushed as her insides heated. "Ooooh, you know I had no idea!" She yelled out loud.

"Exactly!" He agreed, his voice still level in tone.

She went to yell at him further but her mouth fell open with his admission. She blinked as his words sunk in.

"I'm sorry, what?" Her tone had calmed and her arms had even loosened around herself.

"Well you certainly wouldn't have allowed me to help you heal, now would you?" The way he asked her the question made her feel like a stubborn child, which she instantly resented.

"You're the enemy, your not supposed to "help" me anything." Her fingers made air quotes around the word help and then she regretfully planted her hands on her hips angrily. Her jaw locked as she pushed through the sudden pain in her right hip. She didn't want him to know that she had made the mistake in her anger.

"What if I want to help you?" His voice darkened and she felt it brushing against her mind like a whisper behind her ear. She shivered.

How was he able to do that? It infuriated her and she resented that too.

"Will you please stop that?" She asked irritated with him and his mind games.

He played dumb. Her shoulders rolled in response to his and she sighed.

"What do you want from me Kylo Ren?" She asked already exasperated with the situation.

"First let me finish healing you, then we will talk." She couldn't tell if he was asking her permission or telling her what was to come, but she didn't have time to respond when her hands moved for the hem of her tunic once more.

She panicked and attempted to pull her hands away but all her resistance did was slow the movement
of him pulling it up over her hip. She squealed when he didn't stop.

"Scavenger, relax. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not going to assault you with your own hands. As I've said before, even my eyes are closed." He soothed, trying to unravel the ball of nerves she was quickly wrapping into.

When she didn't let up he forcefully pushed his will over her. She squeezed her eyes shut in horror as she lost control of her appendages. Her hands gently rested over her upper thigh and hip. There was a growing heat where her hands rested that called to her curiosity but still she kept her eyes squeezed shut. The fully blossomed bruises began shrinking in size as she felt heat pass from her hands to her tender muscles. The sensation caused her curiosity to overwhelm her fear and embarrassment. Finally unable to quell her curiosity any longer, she peeked down over the skin in awe. The tiny scrapes were all but gone and the deep purple bruises had nearly disappeared before her eyes.

He felt the heat of his power transferring from his end into hers and being that he was currently residing in her head, he could feel how it effected her to. It seemed her Force was just as needy for his as his was for hers. Giving her that release left him in a warm glow. He felt drunk with pleasure. It was intoxicatingly tantalizing and he relished in his inebriation. He felt it to this extent only once before. The night on Starkiller when she'd called on his Force to empower her own while he foolishly marveled at her in appreciation and wonderment.

He smiled and lost in his distraction, he unthinkingly let his eyes open. His face heated as her sight made a permanent imprint on his brain. Her thick toned thigh led to a smooth strip of cream under cloth that hugged her full hip. The curve of her hip bone begged to be squeezed by his hands. Her smooth cut torso was sun kissed and had the same enticement but called to his mouth for an answer. He swallowed audibly and he knew somehow she was aware of his transgression. His hold on her released and his voice nervously croaked through her head.

"I... I'm sorry I... didn't mean to..." Kylo's eyes squeezed shut again but it was too late. The damage had been done. All he could see behind his closed eyelids was her smooth taunting skin. The tip of his tongue pushed between his suddenly dry lips so he could moisten them.

At first she didn't say anything. She was too engrossed in the feeling his power mixing with hers left in her stomach. There was a warm pool of nerves and need swirling around in the shared space. She felt breathy and her body tingled from her core out to her skin. There were pins and needles of the most exquisite kind running up and down her body. She should have been embarrassed at him catching a peek of her and she supposed to some small degree she was, but over all, she felt powerful. She hadn't done anything to fight him off and yet he'd gone fleeing from her like she'd threatened to rip the soul from his chest and all because he'd caught a small glance of her skin.

"Ren?" She asked with a shaky voice.

She held a hand to the gash in her head and waited for him to deny or oblige her. It took him several seconds to realize what she was asking of him and with out a word more said between the two, his power moved through her again. This time she focused on what he did and her own power mimicked his. She learned through his Force how to manipulate the healing properties that would undoubtedly help her in the future. As the last of the wound sealed, she swayed. He used her hand to catch the wash table, successfully restoring her balance to her.

"Easy little padawan." He instructed her. "You're still to much a novice for this technique." He was disappointed in Luke's progress or lack there of, with her.

She was embarrassed by her weakness and she knew he noticed it. That only upset her more. She didn't like facing the truth that his perception and opinion of her somehow mattered to her.
He wanted to smile and offer a counter to her discomforts but her training was to important to make light of. "What has he been teaching you in the near eight months you've been with him?" He asked sourly.

She answered before she thought of who had asked her. She was hazy from the exertion of power and she felt sort of .... drunk. "Only the most basics of basics, but we start our real training tomorrow." The sentence started of in a low tone and increased in pitch with her excitement at the end.

"He's wasting precious time." He spit out. "I could have had you sufficiently trained by now." His words held a sharp edge and it almost hurt her now sensitive head.

"It's your fault!" She accused.

"Oh?" He asked suddenly amused.

"Well yea," Her words already lost some of their enthusiasm. "If you would just leave me alone we wouldn't have had to spend the last several months strengthening my mental defenses." The further the sentence went the more steam she lost along the way.

He smiled at an opportunity to make her squirm. She had all but invited him to challenge her. He pushed further into her head pervading the area until he flooded her senses. He sent the image of himself standing just behind her. Their clothes barely brushed against each other but their bodies remained apart. He leaned into her neck, his mouth only a breath away from her ear. She jumped and he placed his gloved hands on her naked shoulders, squeezing ever so slightly. She rocked on her heels when he spoke into her ear.

"Yes, I see that your mental shields are fully operational. You're as impenetrable as the Death Star." He smiled as she leaned back against him with only the slightest pull of his hands.

She turned away from his face but she didn't pull away from him any further then that. She was exhausted and dizzy. She should have never attempted to heal herself when he was so clearly more capable of balancing the strength and power it took to do so. Her ear was free of his hot rolling breath, but now her neck was exposed. He dipped his head down to the welcoming stretch of skin and his full lips brushed against her flesh with the delicacy of a feather. She shivered against him and though it was all in their minds, he could feel the imagery effecting them both like it were real. In her drunken stupor she suddenly started to giggle.

"Or the Starkiller." She finally quipped in response to his previous jest.

A pang of hurt and regret shot through his chest. He quickly pulled away from her to keep his feelings private. He had dropped his invasion of her senses and with it the scenario he'd created in her head. Before he had fully pulled away from her, a face flashed through her mind. Han Solo gazed on his son with such compassion that it hurt to look at him. His eyes were filled with a forgiveness so pure that only their sadness could match it.

He should have kept her mouth shut. What the heck was wrong with her? She couldn't shake the feeling that she should apologize to him for brining it up.

Remorse was a sobering thing. She steered the conversation as far from the anger she was sure was approaching. She knew how he defended himself when he felt any kind of emotional discomfort. Avoiding hurt or anger was not easy to do when it involved the two of them. She asked the question that had been most prominent in her mind since yesterday morning when he'd most effectively demonstrated her abilities with his guidance while again, offering her an apprenticeship under him.
"Ren, why do you want to train me so badly?" She asked through half opened eyes. She was still using the wash table to hold herself up. He was silent for a long moment and she wondered if he was thinking on the question that deeply or if he was distracted with something else on his side of the line that connected them. She pushed out just a little with her mind. His eyes rolled in his head when he felt her at his mind's gate. He wanted so badly to let her in. He was still physically sitting in front of the navigational chart that was currently filtering through the constellations for a match to the star scape over her head. He couldn't chance her figuring out how close to finding her he was. His walls were always up but now the small space he always left open for her, should she need him, was drawing closed. It was more then an upsetting feeling. Every fiber in his body was in a murderous rage with him. She never reached for him, and snow that she was, he was shutting her off.

She hit a wall, but had no time to chastise him when his words cut her off.

"Because you are mine!" He clipped possessively, both in an attempt to draw her away from his mind and to be as honest as he could with her.

She was back in her head in a half a second. So much for keeping things peaceful. She mouthed in so low a whisper it neared silence. She found her resolve in seconds and she used it to steady her still foggy head.

"I don't belong to anyone, least of all you." She said pointedly, her words laced with the anger she felt at being put in the same category as some object that could be possessed. She had fought her whole life to make sure she could never be owned by anyone or anything and she wasn't about to bat her eyelashes and accept his claim on her, just because he had helped heal a few bumps and bruises.

And that one large cut in her head. Her inner voice added. She silenced the little pest. She owed him nothing! She thought angrily.

He didn't know what fueled him, she had every right to dispute his would be random claim to her, but her inner defiance towards him and her lack of appreciation for his assistance once again cut him somewhere deep. It seemed he was always falling harder for her then she was for him, no matter the circumstances. His lips pulled into a tight line. His arms, shoulders, and back tensed. His fists balled dangerously at his side and his nostrils flared. The tendrils were there clawing at him once again. He only had moments before everything would go red and he used them as wisely as he could. He took one deep centering breath and let it all out, asserting his possessiveness over her in one indisputable bout of what he knew to be the facts.

"You should know, no matter how hard you fight against me, I will fight harder for you! No matter how far you run from me, I will run faster and further! The harder you push me away, the harder I will pull you back! Do not think you have a choice in this matter, because you don't!" His darkness lingered around his form like a heat mirage reflecting off of an impenetrable surface and he nearly hissed by the time he was finished speaking.

She half crumpled under the weight of his mind flexing over hers. One angry tear streaked down her face and it instantly dampened his heat. Her walls were building back up and she slowly turned to ice, cooling the heat between them.

There was a beeping on his end and he ignored it at first not realizing the importance of the sound at the time. Frustrated at how quickly he ruined the moment with his weakness over his father, a phantasm who should have been buried along with what remained of his "Light" in the past, he ran a hand through his thick hair. He let out a deep sigh of frustration.
"Scavenger, as intolerable as you find me, take comfort in the fact that no matter what you have done, no matter what you have yet to do or say... I will never leave you! You will always be mine and I will always be yours! You will never be lonely again because I'm not going anywhere." His tone was soft but still heavy with anger and darkness. He managed to be gentle and forceful in a way that left her heart tearing down the middle.

Her chest was rising and falling as though she'd been physically exerted, but it was her thoughts that were weapons and they'd been intolerably sparing again. Her emotions were always the innocent bystander that got hurt in the end. She would not allow him to see how confused and hurt his words made her feel... again.

Her feet were spread and her nails dug into her palms. She breathed loudly through her mouth and she looked dangerous. It was her eyes that gave her away, luckily he couldn't see her eyes. He had mostly left her head. She could tell because of how empty she felt. In comparison to his heavy voice reverberating in her head and ears, her thoughts were so light in the now hollow feeling space he'd previously filled. She was sure if she thought anything she'd hear an echo afterwards. There was fire and rage in her eyes but the two emotions sank under a third more powerful emotion... hope!

There must be something so wrong with me to have such a ridiculous response to... what ever twisted form of devotion Kylo Ren had just professed to her. The name Kylo Ren rolling through her thoughts reminded her of who she was dealing with. She inwardly cursed herself for forgetting so often who he was.

He waited in silence for her to say anything but he was saved by another loud beep on his end. He left her alone then. He had his excuse to go and for once he was glad to take his leave. If he stayed much longer with her openly rejecting him, he'd lose his hold on his darkness and she'd really have a reason to detest him.

Like he already didn't have enough offenses tallied against him on her shit list. By now she'd probably need to start a new page. He laughed bitterly.

When his eyes opened again he was sitting across from the holo map. He'd been there long enough for him to grow weary. He'd pulled up a chair and plopped down in it wondering if he'd been to hasty when he'd pulled back from her mind, but he had to keep the night scape image fresh in his brain in order to accurately recreate the image for the navigational system to link a match. Almost an hour later he had begun driving himself crazy with doubts.

Had he copied the image down correctly? Did he find a known, recorded constellation? Should he go back to see if he could find another? This is what he eventually decided to do and that's how he'd found her in the wash hut.

Now he stared at the map in front of him, licking and rolling his lips. "Ach-To." He thought out loud.

His eyes watched the spinning planet with it's highlighted constellation glowing like a beacon signaling her location. She was there somewhere on it's surface, standing in nothing but a tunic, waiting for him to come and get her. The most wicked, deviant smile spread across his full wet lips.

*Psst, if you liked this chapter please Kudo and feel free to comment as much as you want, I love it! Thanks and enjoy.*

-DarkGuardian-
"Rey you have to get ahold of yourself!" Luke called out to his student.

Rey was supposed to be practicing sword techniques in the waist high water. Instead, she was hyperventilating.

"I... I'm... s-sor-ry." She called back to her Master through shaky breaths.

She couldn't get enough air in her lungs and when she did, she couldn't get it back out again. Her feet were as steady as they could be against the threatening undertow. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on her breathing but the darkness behind her eye lids only sharpened the image in her mind of the grasping hands at her ankles. She squeezed her lightsaber in her hands until they hurt. Her arms shook and she shivered against the cold that was slowly sucking the strength from her body. She was so lost in her fear that she hadn't noticed when Luke had joined her in the water. He'd come to collect her after witnessing her inability to do... well, anything. She was literally frozen in fear. Her only movements came from the pulling waves rocking her back and forth and her uncontrollable shivering.

Luke rested his hand on her shoulder and she spun in the water, her lightsaber slashing the air around her. He used the Force to stop the plasma mere inches from his face. Crystalline tears glistened under the sun over head as they slide down Rey's face. She wanted to apologize but her voice wouldn't work. Luke gently rested his hand on hers and disengaged her lightsaber, he wrapped his right arm around her and helped guid her sluggish body back to shore.

This was the furthest she'd made it out. He was challenging her to push herself and she was extra determined today, they'd both thought she'd be able to control her fear this time. She had gone several feet further then she normally did, it was a good start to a bad end. He was proud of her but he also couldn't deny the slight pang of disappointment he felt towards her overwhelming fear. Fear was a dangerous slop, now she was hyperventilating and lashing out in it. It was not a good sign. He left her standing on the shoreline with her arms wrapped around herself protectively. He grabbed his cloak and wrapped it around her shoulders. By the time he had built a fire on the beach she was in control of herself enough to move to it on her own.

He eyed her through the flames. The sun had been going down and the clouds over head were darkening. They couldn't stay out in the open long tonight. He could sense a change in her and so did the Force around them. She had been extra focused during her training all day. She seemed to be fighting against something in her mind. She had something to prove to herself internally and she was projecting her emotions with out realizing it. She was angry, frustrated and determined. Something had happened between now and when he'd left her the day before, he just didn't know what. Of course he wasn't blind, he noticed that all of the physical cuts, scrapes and marks had all disappeared and when he'd inquired about it she'd shut down and focus more ferociously on her lessons. Force sensitive's emotions effected the weather on the island, and hers were erratic at best.

"You need to learn to control your emotions. Especially the fear..." he started.

She bowed her head in shame. She was hard on herself and he didn't correct her.

"Fear is the..."

"Path to the dark side." Her voice fell in unison with his. "I know." She said, her eyes glancing back over her shoulders to the angry rolling waves behind her.
She used to imagine an ocean in her mind and it would calm her. She had no idea how she'd been so accurate with the image her mind's eye had created to soothe her. She'd never seen an ocean before she came here. The real thing terrified her. All of that endless darkness always seemed to be reaching out for her, threatening to swallow her up and drag her down to the bottom where she would never be free again.

"Let's go." Luke stood up, propelling himself to his feet with a new determination. She followed without questioning him. It wasn't until he stood in the licking waves that she showed any hesitation.

"Well?" He motioned to her to come to him. She reluctantly neared him stopping just ahead of him, just out of the reach of the watery tendrils. He turned and headed out into deeper water. He was at his thighs before he noticed she wasn't following him.

"Rey, you have to learn to control your fear. If you can not then we have already lost." He called out as gently as he could, his voice competing with the sound of the lapping waves which were gradually increasing in size.

Her face hardened and her fists balled at her sides. She began inching out towards him. Her eyes locked onto his and as she waded out into deeper water, she found herself reaching for him. An image flashed between them then.

She was a small girl, back on Jakku. She was pleading with him not to leave her. To her surprise he didn't reach for her in the vision and he didn't reach out for her now. She froze. Her eyes still locked with his. The waves still pulled at her but in this moment she didn't notice them. He swallowed and she swore she heard the silent motion over the waves and wind that was building up around them.

Her chest swelled and before her she could develop any conclusions about what she'd thought she'd just remembered, he reached for her and it all fell away. What ever she'd thought she'd seen had been nothing.

Of course it was just her fears planting insecurities in her head. Relief washed over her.

Luke was quick to send her reassurance through the Force, she wasn't ready to know what he knew yet. The box holding her memories was becoming more fragile daily. Sometimes by the hour, that depended on her contact with Kylo Ren through the Force bond they shared. He knew it was easy to ignore the things you didn't want to believe and so he hoped that Rey would cast aside the memory they had just shared.

She continued to move for him but as she stepped forward, he stepped back. At first she didn't notice, but as the water hugged her hips again, she felt the biting cold seeping in again. For the second time tonight her body started to betray her and her feet started to get heavy. Just as she buried her toes in the squishy sand underfoot, he Force pulled her.

Her body cut and dragged through the water until she was just in front of him. The hyperventilating started again. Water sprayed along her face and her arms desperately pulled and fought against the endless liquid body around her trying to escape its clutches. She fought against his invisible hold but Luke held her there with out remorse. She could feel the throat like organ that was the undertow trying to swallow her whole. The white tips would serve as the fangs that would devour her before she would be consumed down into the blackness.

"Let your fear go Rey!" Luke demanded. "Throw it away, you don't need it." He continued, his words stern.
But Rey couldn't see him. Mustafar, she could barely hear him. The water pulled at her with an urgency. The waves picked up and the clouds over head got darker. Luke looked overhead then back at the girl struggling in front of him. It was her instability that was causing the disruption of the weather on the island. It was after all, an island with a Force sensitive atmosphere.

Luke closed his eyes and focused on bringing harmony to the disturbance. She was so erratic that he struggled to balance the scale. He could feel her anger welling up. Her fight or flight was kicking in and she'd already tried the flight part. It hadn't worked. When he opened his eyes again she was staring at him. Her hazel eyes burned in the twilight like eerie blue specters. He lost his focus and dropped the Force pull he had on her.

The water around her began to part as though repulsed by her. Then he felt it. Her Force pushed against his. It was a slow gradual push and water around her moved away from her all the way down to her feet. She had created some kind of force shield by the likes of which he'd never seen. The basic purpose of a Force shield was to protect it's bearer from whatever they deemed a threat and right now, it was the water around her and apparently himself as well.

"Rey?" He tried.

Her eyes burned brighter and a soft glow radiated from her skin. The water around her reflected off of the faint glow. Luke eyed the shimmering shield she had created. It was astounding. He'd seen Jedi use Force fields before but it was usually a small mobile circumference just larger then the wielders hand. Then again there weren't many Force welders left after Vader.

There was a familiar signature mixed with hers and he expected it to be his nephew, but it wasn't. That's when Luke's own anger began to mingle with the already fragile atmosphere around them. It had been a long time but he remembered that signature. It was an old presence that he thought he'd buried and left with the corpses of his fallen students, apprentices, and former acolytes, a long time ago.

Rey turned from him without warning and began towards the shoreline. She had almost made it when she suddenly collapsed. He moved for her without hesitation. Using the Force to aid him, he lifted her unconscious form from the water and brought her to the temple. It wasn't a long walk but it wasn't a short one either. Lightning had already started flickering above them and although she was still unconscious, he sensed a growing darkness. His pace quickened with his pulse. He was going to do something he hadn't attempted since the fall of his nephew, he was going to get to the bottom of this.

These meddling Masters had some explaining to do. He thought as a rumble rolled through the electric clouds above them.

Voices where pulling at the blanket of Rey's unconsciousness, disrupting her dreamless sleep in a way that left her head aching. She wanted her eyes to open but they refused. Physically she was fighting to keep that blanket wrapped around her a little longer but mentally she was demanding her body respond to her commands. When she did wake, she knew she was leaning against something hard. Her body was half slouched over and she was pretty uncomfortable.

What in the Wookiee was going on? She wondered through the haziness in her brain.

"That's not what I asked, I know you were there Kenobi!" Luke accused. "Why were you there? And don't feed me your confusing riddles about the Force and destiny or whatever." He was clearly frustrated but Rey was more intrigued with whom he was talking to.

Luke had forbidden any tech on the island but she couldn't help but wonder if this was an emergency
line that he was using to contact members of the Resistance in dire situations. After some struggling her eyes finally started to flinch under their lids. She was slowly regaining her control.

"You know why I was there Luke, feigning ignorance does not suit you old friend." An older mans accented voice replied calmly.

Though soft, the voice was as clear as if they were in the same room. She wondered if their supply shipment had arrived earlier then scheduled and with it some new faces. Now Rey was extremely curious and when a third voice chimed in Rey found the strength to open her eyes. They fluttered as she listened to the strange words.

"Control your rage you must! Slipping further from the light you are, young Skywalker." The voice was almost raspy but it still managed to be clear and concise. She'd never heard some one speak the way this voice did. Their sentences were constructed so peculiarly.

Rey's vision returned slowly but she knew from her surroundings that she was somewhere just beyond the breach to a hidden cave just like the one her Master had kept all of those artifacts in. She shifted her weight against the stone wall and she almost slide down it.

"Arrived your young apprentice has, awakened has your student." The voice added another layer of confusion to the already stacked pile of questions Rey was building up in her head. Luke bent back so he could peek around the counter at his student who was indeed getting to her feet. He moved to help her but she held up a hand in protest.

"Rey," He began, but she cut him off.

"Not yet." She snipped. With one hand up to silence him and her eyes glued to the front in an attempt to avoid his clear blue gaze, she moved past him on shaky legs. She really was beginning to miss her walking staff.

"Oh. My. Force!" She turned back to Luke, her eyes shooting plasma bolts at him. "Am I dead? You let me drown?" It was supposed to be a question but it was more of an accusation.

His face scrunched in confusion but after only a moment of contemplation, he rolled his eyes.

"No, your not dead." He dismissed her line of thought as though he thought it was ridiculous.

Rey's face slacked, her shock and outrage replaced by curiosity and excitement. She blinked several times at the group of Force highlighted figures then leaned closer into Luke.

"Are they... dead? They are aren't they?" She was as disturbed as she was fascinated. She couldn't even help the smile that splayed across her lips when she realized she was looking at ghosts. Real in the... eh... plasma, ghosts!

"Yes, they are. They're Force ghosts, Jedi who united with the will of the Force upon death. They retained their individuality within the Force and so long as they can draw on a Force-sensitive such as our selves, they can remain on our plane." He explained as though it were just that simple. Luke suddenly froze and Rey quickly eyed him curiously before returning to the two Jedi from the beyond.

"What is it!" She asked softly, her eyes still locked in fascination on the ghosts.

"Probably nothing to worry over." He turned and marched out of the cave, leaving her behind and calling out to the ghosts before he hit the exit. "We're not done!" His bushy eyebrows raised and he wagged a finger at the spirits before vanishing behind the stone wall that led out of the cave.
Rey eyes widened as a third spirit suddenly appeared. In her unabashed excitement she grinned the widest toothy grin she ever had in her entire life.

"I'm so sorry," she nearly snorted as she stared at the three apparitions. "I'm being so rude!" Her declaration did nothing to dampen her excitement and she continued to gawk at them. The serious air about the room seemed to leave with Luke and now the ghosts were all smiling warmly back at her too.

The human male that Luke had been speaking with greeted her first. He held a hand out to her and she stared at it a few seconds before awkwardly extending her own hand. The ghost cupped her hand in both of his and stepped closer. Rey was astounded to feel his hands over hers. Her smile fell away replaced by a slack opened jaw.

"Obi Wan Kenobi, and it is a pleasure to finally meet you, granddaughter." His bright blue eyes beamed with joy and pride. At first Rey completely missed what he'd called her.

"D-do you mean?" She barely breathed. The shock of what she was thinking she'd heard taking the wind right out of her lungs.

The specter nodded warmly and his arms opened wide as if welcoming her closer.

Rey hesitated in her thought for only a moment before her eyes watered and she threw herself into his arms. She nearly knocked the air right out of his old lungs but she didn't let up, he was already dead after all. His arms wrapped around her and his hand cupped the back of her head lovingly.

"I'd hold you forever if I could, but I fear we have little time for that now." He pulled free from her embrace, wiped the silver tears from her cheeks and held her biceps in his hands directing her attention to his now sullen state. "I'm afraid Luke has lost his way and in his confusion he has forgotten the path of the Jedi." Her grandfather said sadly.

"I have seen the Journal of the Whills grandfather, I understand why Luke veers from the restrictions of the Jedi code and the teachings of the council that came before him." She was reluctant to speak of such things without her Master present and she really wanted to ask about her parents, about their whereabouts, history or another thing family related for that matter but Obi Wan shook his head.

"I know you have many questions child and we will have time to discuss these things but rest assured you were loved, always and forever. Your parents loved you the best they could in the circumstances they were given. Sadly they are no longer with us but I know they loved you until the end." He tried to soothe her curiosity while being fair to her emotions and the time they had left.

"Are they Force ghosts too? Can I meet them?" She asked with a hopeful light about her. Obi Wan shook his head.

"I'm sorry child but they were not Jedi." His hands moved to either side of her face. He watched her hope shatter around her and so he tried his hardest to hold her together. "I am here with you, I have always been here with you." He placed a light kiss on her fore head and she found herself wrapping her arms around him again. She had family. A powerful lineage. Heck, she was a Kenobi! She had to fight not to squeal into his chest as she held him.

The little green spirit cleared his throat. "Hurry we must, coming darkness is." The strange creature said. Rey reluctantly broke from her grandfather's hold. She turned to the two other ghosts. She eyed the little green man with big ears and little face.
"Your Yoda!" She identified him with confidence, her memory of the great Jedi masters coming back to her from no where.

"Right you are young one." He smiled warmly at her and she couldn't help but return the gesture.

"You trained Master Luke."

"Train him I did, but lost now he is." His face dropped with sadness. He clearly had a fondness for his former apprentice.

"I don't understand, I've seen The Journal of Whills with my own eyes. They speak of a balance between the light and dark. They tell of the original Jedi and how they were able to find a harmony between the two sides of the Force. How is Master Luke wrong in his beliefs if he is reflecting what the original ways were?"

"Consumed by loss and pain is our young Skywalker. Dimming your light he is." Yoda's face deepened with sorrow. His eyes softened as he searched Rey's eyes for her acknowledgment. When her eyes narrowed at him her exterior hardened.

"With all due respect, your wrong!" She said sternly. It was her grandfather who spoke up next.

"Rey my dear, I'm afraid it's true."

She whipped around to face him. Tears building in her eyes. "Your mistaken, Master Luke is teaching me to be a balance."

"Perhaps it can be done, but this is not the way." His words paralleled that of Kylo Ren's words only a day ago.

"Darkness guides his training." A third voice chimed in. Rey turned towards it but she didn't need to see who had spoken, she knew it was the third ghost. The one who had appeared after Luke had left.

He was a young man with longer wispy brown curls. His face was youthful and fresh. A thin scare ran along his right brow but that was the only harsh feature belonging to his handsome face. She had recognized Yoda after meeting Obi Wan, but she didn't know this new Jedi spirit.

He bowed his head. "Forgive me," He reached out before introducing himself, took her hand in his and lifted it to his mouth. "My name is Anakin Skywalker." Just following the announcement of his last name, he planted a gentle kiss on the top of her hand. To her credit, she was startled by the strange action for only a moment before coming to her senses.

"Your Luke's father?" She asked suddenly doe eyed. This was not what she expected Darth Vader to look like. She surprised herself when her thoughts drifted back to the first time she'd seen Kylo Ren with out his helmet on. "I guess it runs in the family." She thoughtlessly said out loud. Anakin smiled warmly at her.

"Unlike my grandson, I didn't retain my boyish charms after I donned my mask." His face suddenly shifted.

He was damaged, aged, and near decrepit. His skin was ashen gray and his hair was all gone. He had burns and scars running over the once smooth skin and his eyes had sunken deep into his skull. Some kind of breathing apparatus was attached permanently to his jaw giving him the help he needed to breath while adding a distortion to mask his once charming voice.

She wanted to pull back from him but she stood her ground even after the shock of the change had
worn off. She audibly swallowed when her eyes met with his. She knew what it was that weighed his almost grey, blue eyes down. She recognized the familiar sadness the instant she saw it. She was beginning to think this was also a trait that ran in the Skywalker family. Her hand unconsciously moved to the side of his face and her fingers gently grazed his cheek. His face changed again and she had to stifle a gasp as his form shifted under her touch. Once more he was young and vigorous. There was a stifling darkness behind his eyes but there was also just as much light. The two swirled together in a spiral of despair and hope creating a hypnotizing yin and yang of light and dark.

"I can see why my grandson is so taken with you, your light is blinding." He said with his naturally flirtatious charm.

Rey pulled her hand away but he caught it in his. His smile fell away and he suddenly looked so breakable.

"Luke has done what I never though he could, he has given up on my grandson." Anakin's voice dropped in defeat. He grieved for his grandchild as though he had already lost him.

He looked away as he admitted his son's transgression. Then just as quickly, his eyes lit up with the hope she had seen fighting against his darkness only moments ago. He squeezed her hand in his. "Luke must find his way back to the light on his own but through out your journey together I'm sure your light will influence him." He shook his head thinking about his family and the choices they make.

"It is a weakness that the Skywalker's should feel so deeply, that we should rock so often from light to dark and back again. Try as hard as we may not to be—we are inherently passionate. Our sensitivity to the Force only enhances our feelings and so we are easily led by our emotions. If learned in the ancient Jedi ways, we would be primes, but in the current state of the Jedi code, we are susceptible and weak. With little room to bend in the constraints of the Jedi ways as we know them now, we are easily manipulated and we break against the overwhelming confinements which hold us down. It is our family curse that we continue to struggle between our hearts and our minds. To end our suffering there must be a balance for us to thrive in."

"Our families have always worked together to maintain the light." Obi Wan stepped back into the conversation.

Anakin rolled his eyes. "Tell the truth old man." He said teasing his former mentor. "Your family has always babysat mine." He snickered.

Now it was Obi Wan who changed in appearance. He became youthful and confident. His hair lengthened to a sandy blond with an orange hue. His piercing blue eyes were electric against his masculine features and they still shone more brightly with mischief and wit. Even his beard thickened with his virility.

"Who are you calling an old man?" He challenged in a thick accent that sounded an awful lot like her own. He turned to his grandchild, which seemed ridiculous to think on now that he looked maybe ten years her senior. "It's true we Kenobi's have always been somewhat the guardians to the Skywalker's. It has always been in our nature to guid and befriend them, even against our better instincts." He quipped nudging Anakin mentally with his eyes. The two men laughed in reference to their pokes at one another and she could tell they were as close to brothers as any non blood relation could be. The two shared a close bond that she imagined fueled as many fights amongst each other, as it did protecting one another.

"I made the mistake of turning my back on Anakin when he needed me the most. Consumed by grief
and confusion, I lost faith in my apprentice and Luke has done the same to his nephew. When we are lost in our pain, we often hurt and even destroy those closest to us. Luke feels the Jedi council has betrayed him and he refuses to listen to us." Her grandfather looked on her with the severity of his older form and it was intimidating coming from the youthful man that stood before her now.

Anakin addressed her again. "You know who I became and I'm sure you know of the things I've done." He eyed Rey and his gaze penetrated far past her exterior, the power in his eyes was frightening and they reminded her very much of Kylo Ren. "I'm begging you not to let my grandson follow the same path I once walked." Rey opened her mouth even before she knew what she'd say. It didn't matter though since before anything came out, Anakin was silencing her. "I know you care and even though you can't understand why now, believe that in time, all will become clear to you." He added.

Her shoulders dropped in defeat and her eyes followed, finding their way to the dirt floor. "How am I supposed to help some one I can't even stand?" She asked through heated cheeks. She was embarrassed at how childish she sounded. She must have appeared so pathetic to the great Jedi around her.

With the crook of his index finger, her grandfather gently lifted her chin until their eyes met. "Because my dear girl, it is in your nature to help those who need it, to fix what has been broken." He looked at her with such pride in his eyes. She had only known him a few minutes but she had never felt more love and acceptance in her whole existence.

"Out of time we are." Yoda suddenly broke the daze she had fallen in while looking up at her grandfather.

Realizing she had little time left with him, she tried to memorize everything about him. If it meant that this moment would never end, she never wanted to close her eyes again. His smile was the most sincere she'd ever seen. She knew from that smile alone no matter what the rules dictated he do, he always made choices based off of honor and truth. He lived by his own code, armed only with his wits, integrity and a lightsaber. She was betting however, that he like Anakin, had gotten his way out of a fight or two with his charm alone.

His eyes were wise and just as warm as they were playful, coupled with the small laugh lines that hugged their corners, she imagined he must have been quite the mischief maker. Not the trouble making kind, but the kind of man who followed his heart and often found himself in tough situations because of it. She wanted to sit with him for hours and learn everything about him and their family. Her eyes sheened over with unshed tears.

I just found you and this could be the last time I ever get to see you again. She wouldn't say it out loud. Rey couldn't allow herself to appear that desperate in front of Jedi Master Obi Wan Kenobi, her grandfather, her family.

"Don't worry, this isn't the end, but the beginning." He comforted her as though he understood her turmoil.

It was Anakin who pulled her from her stare, he squeezed the hand he still held as he faded away. His final words hung in the air like mist for several seconds before joining him in the beyond, or wherever he went. "Help me Kira Kenobi, you are my only hope!" He said with a playful smile, his fading eyes flashing between she and her grandfather as he leaned into the pair of them with an exaggerated plea for help. The joke between the two men was clearly over Rey's head, but Rey didn't miss the name he'd called her before disappearing.

"Kira?" Rey questioned. "Was that my birth name?" She asked the still young form of her
grandfather. He smiled through an exhale.

"It was, but I prefer your chosen name. It suits you better, my little ray of hope." He said caressing her chin with his thumb. "You have grown into an extraordinary young woman and you will accomplish a great many things. Never lose your compassion, never lose your hope and Rey, may the Force always be with you." He said before he too faded into nothingness.

Tears fell from Rey's eyes and she no longer made an effort to hold them at bay.

"Fear you must not, see us again you will! All things the Force surrounds. Guid you it will, follow it you must!" Yoda stepped to the side revealing an opening in the wall that she hadn't noticed before. He lifted his short arm and pointed her in the direction her curiosity was already tempting her to go in. The encouragement of the Legendary Jedi Master only sealed the deal. Her eyes never left the opening as Yoda followed the others into where ever they went when they weren't in the realm of the living.

Rey's feet slowly brought her to the new room. There was a still pool of clear water a few short steps down from the floor she was on now. She couldn't see how deep it was, but it didn't stop her. She marched in sending ripples and splashing waves out from her direction until she stood in the center of the pool. It was just past her waistline and though her body was tense she didn't have the same reaction as she'd had in the ocean. Something told her to lay back in the pool and that's exactly what she decided to do. She was pleasantly surprised when she felt relaxed in the warm water. She laid her head back and closed her eyes.

That's when it began to move around her, an ink like darkness spread through the water quickly closing in on her. Just as the unease washed over her, her eyes flew open. Black, watery hands reached out across her face, submerging her head into the murky pool. She fought against them, clawing and tearing at the aqua hands that barely fought to hold her head under the water. She could see the surface of the pool above her, but the still glass above refused to break as she fought for her life beneath it. Not even a ripple disturbed the surface as she kicked and thrashed just below. She heard her name being called and her eyes flew in that direction. Luke searched what appeared to be an empty chamber for his missing student. Rey reached for him through the black water and for a moment she thought he may have seen her. Their eyes nearly met, but then he turned and continued his search else where.

She thrashed against her would be watery grave but to no avail. Her vision blurred and her conscious drifted from her. Against the wishes of her mind, her body relaxed under the overwhelming power of the liquid darkness around her. She felt at ease... so relaxed in the weightless state that she drifted in. Her eyes fluttered closed.

There was a bright light in her face. Tiny blood vessels made her vision seem red behind the protective shields of her eye lids and she covered her face with the back of her arm so she could adjust to the sudden brightness before she opened them. She winced against the unforgiving sun in her eyes. She turned her head away from the harsh rays of light. Burying her face in to the pilot's chair she sat in so she could continue to cry. She couldn't understand why they'd left her here.

Didn't they love me anymore? Would they come back? Where they afraid of me after what I'd done?

She wrapped her arms around her small frame and started rocking in the large leather chair. She'd been like this since she'd gotten here, she didn't even know where here was. She was alone, scared and starving. She wasn't really alone of course, and there were others, but they weren't her family. And they had offered her food, even tried to get her to come out of the ship, her family's ship, but she'd refused both. She'd moved only to go to the bathroom and then she was right back in the her mothers chair.
She loved when her mother allowed her sit in her lap and let her pretend to fly the LoneStar. Her father was the gunner and co-pilot and together they were unstoppable, or so she thought.

"Kira?" A soft voice interrupted the young child's thoughts.

"Go away!" She demanded through the crook of her elbow. She heard foot steps so she peeked up from the safety of her arm only to find she wasn't alone. A young boy looked across to her. He was much older then her but still young enough that she didn't feel the need to treat him as an elder. Her cheeks heated in embarrassment when she realized she'd fallen for such a childish trick. Her little hands balled into fists and she screamed at him.

"I said go away!"

But his feet didn't move. Instead he held out a jar to her. Her eyes instantly locked on the plain glass jar. There was something flickering within it. No, there were many things flickering within it. Her mouth fell open and she stared as though mesmerized. The boy took a step closer, still holding out the jar to her. She propped herself up in the chair on her toes so she was eye level with the little blinking lights. She looked past the jar to find the boy smiling.

"This is for you." He held the jar out to her at a full arms length so he wouldn't frighten her. She cautiously reached for the gift but before she took it, she froze, eying him wearily.

"What do you want for it?" She asked suspiciously. The boy tilted his head a bit thrown by the question, then;

"Hmmm," He audibly thought. "I'll tell you what, just let me talk with you for a bit and..." As though he suddenly had an idea, his big brown eyes widened mid sentence. "You have to eat something, then it's yours." He said with a satisfied grin.

She hesitated but after a moment of glancing between his beauty spot, freckled face and the glowing lights in the jar, she silently consented. She carefully took the jar in her small hands. Bringing it to her face, she eyed the little bugs inside. She smiled for the first time since her parents left and for a brief moment she forgot the boy was there at all.

He cleared his throat and she blinked at him through the clear glass.

She lowered the jar and peered over the mesh lid. "What are they?" She asked curiously. The boy's smile widened and as though her question had given him permission, he waltzed past her and flung himself into the co-pilot's seat. She angrily pushed off of her toes until she was standing up in the pilots seat.

"That's my father's chair!" She growled at him. He jumped at the unexpected ferocity.

"Oh, excuse me. I didn't know, that was so rude of me." He said. His cheeks flushed with embarrassment and he quickly hopped out of the chair.

She instantly regretted her childish outburst. Her parents would have been so disappointed at how awful she had just been to the kind boy.

"Wait, I'm sorry that was..." She lowered her head and attempted to shield her face from his as her eyes brimmed with tears.

"No, really it was my fault. I understand... I..." The boy tried apologizing again.
It made her mad that he was taking the blame for her behavior and she got even more upset when he tried to empathize with her. She was young but she was very astute for her age. After all, both of her parents were scholars and she spent every day of her life exploring and learning with the legendary relic hunters. She was raised to use her brain before her emotions and she’d just spat in the face of that philosophy after only being apart from her parents for a few days.

"Don't try to take the blame for my rude behavior and don't do that." She gestured at him. He shook his head blinking back at her in confusion.

"Don't try to relate to me. My mother says it's impolite to pretend to understand something you don't. She says it's weak to feign to know something you don't." She scolded him sounding very much like both of their mothers. He eyed her as though she had just morphed into an eight headed creature.

"Sheesh." He rubbed the back of his neck. He continued to ponder over her, still trying to figure her out.

"How old are you again?" He thought out loud.

"It's rude to ask a girl her age, I don't know why, but it is." She wagged a finger at him and lifted her chin.

His eye brows rose, then suddenly, he was laughing at her. Out loud! She huffed and she moved to ball her fists at her sides but then she realized she still had the jar in her hands. She looked down at it, then back at the boy who was whole heartedly laughing at her. She was still standing on the pilots chair and he, while flat on his feet, was almost eye level with her. She looked ridiculous and she knew it.

"I'll be four next quarter." She said suddenly smiling at him. She couldn't help it. His laugh was infectious and she was being so childish. Tears spilled from her eyes as she started to laugh with him... at herself. She hadn't realized when he had stopped laughing until he'd moved closer to her. His hands lifted to either side of her face and his thumbs wiped away her tears. She froze staring at him.

"My parents sent me here a few years ago." He said in a very low sensitive tone. "I, I did something I shouldn't have and they thought leaving me here with Master Luke would help me. They thought it was best for me but I understand that it was best for them. I know what it's like to be abandoned. I don't have a good reason to be here telling you this, honestly my uncle ordered me here to try to get you to join the others back at the temple; But you know what?" He asked suddenly very serious.

She bit her bottom lip and shook her head.

"You're not some little kid are you? You had to grow up fast to didn't you?" His brown eyes bore into the gold and green flaked eyes across from him. Large tears rolled down her cheeks and one after the other the pads of his thumbs gently wiped them away.

"They aren't coming back are they?" She asked. Now it was his turn to shake his head.

"No Kira, I don't think they are." His eyes were sad for her, she could see it.

She didn't feel like he was trying to trick her or coax her into anything like the others who had tried to convince her to leave the ship her parents had left with her. It was the only thing they had left for her. They had told Luke to inform her that this was to be hers one day. It was part of her legacy just as it had been her mothers before her. They had found something of great importance and when she had touched it, they had witnessed their only child having her first Force vision at the age of three.
Kira had blacked out and when she'd woken she found her parents arguing, something she had never seen them do before. They docked several times over the course of just as many days, her parents didn't surface long before they would take back off again, spending a few short hours here and there. Kira assumed they were collecting information on the artifact and they were being very careful of how they handled the gathering of the information on the item they'd found. Turns out they couldn't have been careful enough because word had gotten out and spread like wild fire and soon there were others looking for them for what they'd found. One such person had made it aboard their shuttle and there had been an accident... a terrible accident. Immediately after the arguing started again and she knew she had been the cause of the fight and after only a few short days later, she found herself here.

"Were your parents scared of you too?" Her young voice asked with such a weight that the words came out cracking under the strain and fresh tears spilled from her eyes.

"I won't lie to you kira, my parents knew about my Force sensitivity before I was even born. My mother is Force sensitive and she could sense the Force in me while I grew in her belly. They fear what I may become, because they fear the darkness that follows me, the darkness that pulls on my every thought and effects my every action. It is the same darkness that works every second of every day to corrupt me." He shrugged as though it were no big deal but she could see the anguish in his eyes. He wasn't very good at hiding what he really felt. She could read his eyes as easily as she could navigate a star chart.

"Sometimes the darkness succeeds." He admitted looking away from the small innocent girl.

"I don't fear you Ben." She said, not knowing how she knew his name. It was just there when she needed it, waiting on the tip of her tongue. He looked up at her then, a mixture of astonishment and wonder in his eyes.

"They are called Force flies." He said suddenly removing his hands from her damp cheeks. His hands covered hers and he raised the jar between them. "They only flicker in captivity."

He positioned himself in front of the space shuttle's windshield, protecting the jar and the small girl from the bright light of the sun with his body.

The tiny lights glowed brighter in his shadow. He moved his hand over the mesh lining that served as a lid. With out touching it, he loosened the twine that secured the mesh down. Still using the Force he peeled the arid cover away until nothing but his Force blocked the little bugs from making their escape. Bright hazel eyes searched the space between his hand and the jar expecting to find answers to some trick he was using. He smiled at her curiosity.

"But, if you let them go... " He moved his hand away from above the opening where the lid had been.

The little bugs flew to the top and as if they knew they had been liberated, their flicker grew to a solid glowing light. Her eyes widened as the luminescent bugs shone with a new intensity. They swarmed together in a little circle, bathing both of their faces with a flurry of mixing colors that left a purple glow between them. She gasped at their beauty. The swarming lights reflected in her already near green eyes and they glowed with a light of their own.

"Now you see." He said with a warm smile on his full peach lips.

He turned his open palm and the spinning swarm of dancing lights flew back into the jar. He quickly returned the mesh and twine made lid back over the top. He gently pushed the jar back in the girl's direction before stepping back. He side stepped and the light from the sun pored over her before she was ready. The little bugs clustered to the darkness her shielding hand around the jar provided for
them. The sun had been too intrusive for them and she agreed, squinting and raising her right hand over her own eyes, offering herself some reprieve from the blinding light as well.

"Sometimes, when we find something that is truly special, we have to let it go so it can thrive!" He lifted her chin with his hand and their eyes locked. "So you see little one, you were not abandoned. You were set free." His eyes were deep and warm and she felt instantly safe with him.

The moment he locked eyes with her, Kira felt like she found where she had always belonged. Her vision blurred with unshed tears that she didn't think she had enough fluid in her body left to produce. She quickly wiped them away.

"Your still sad." His voice and head lowered in defeat. His hand fell from her chin and he squeezed his fists at his sides.

She shook her head but he didn't see it. She shoved his right shoulder causing his body to sway off balance under the unexpected force. A flicker of anger flashed through him and he looked up to find her eyes brightly shining. She beamed back at him with a smile just as brilliant as the light in her eyes and his anger melted away. It was in that moment that he realized he didn't feel the weight of the darkness that usually pulled him down.

"No Ben, I'm not sad." She said and then, with an exaggerated eye roll in his direction she added; "I guess you can sit in as my co-pilot." She teased through a fake, exaggerated sigh.

He smiled again, his mood instantly lifting. "Pfff, wait until you see me fly." He laughed with a cocky air about him. She was suddenly next to him, her small hands tugging on his arm. He was worried when he looked at her trying to figure out a reason for her sudden change.

"Will you teach me how to fly?" Her big beautiful eyes begged. He shrugged as though it were no big deal.

"Sure kid, we can start tomorrow... if you join the rest of us back at the temple aaand... you have to start eating meals a minimum of three times a day, like a normal person." He bargained.

"Fine." She huffed. "But, only if I get to sit with you while I eat aaand..." She stretched the and out just as he had done. "You can't call me kid anymore." Her mouth curled with distaste when she said the word kid. He sighed as though what she was asking was a chore.

"Deal?" She asked.

"Deal ki... eh... Kira." He said with a curt nod.

She grabbed his right forearm as best as she could with her small hand and tugged it up and down. His mouth opened in question but he quickly got the gist of what she was doing. His large hand wrapped from fingertip to thumb and he gently shook her back sealing the terms of their agreement formally.

More color pulled the space around her and she moved forward in time.

Her arm was still locked in his hand, but it was in his left now. Her right arm was stretched out across his torso, palm up and fist loosely balled. She was slightly turned into him, her shoulder pressed gently into his chest and his right arm was bent possessively across her collar bone so her neck was locked within it's bend. His wrist rested gently on her left shoulder and his cross guard saber blazed over her upper back just over the nap of her neck so close she could feel it's heat licking across the left side of her face. Neither donned a helmet but both were covered from their necklines down to their feet in jet black armor. In her left hand, held as a sentry would hold a spear, was a
saber staff with the same crimson plasma as his sword shooting out from both ends.

The world around them burned and the star behind them glowed as red as their lightsabers. They stood together unafraid of the licking flames at their feet. They were untouchable, King and Queen of a New Order. If the universe around them burned red, it was because they deemed it so. His face was stern but she could feel the hesitance in his body. His grip on her dominant arm was tight but his arm around her frame was loose. He was torn but unwilling to let her go. She was strong in her stance but her head was bowed. Her right arm was pulled tight against his body and clutched in his left hand so there was no slack from shoulder to fingertips, no comfort against his steel grip. She frowned as she eyed the flames around her and the feeling was very familiar to her, as though she did it often. Nothing felt right, nothing felt like it should.

Then she remembered their Force-bond and...

"If the bond between them, the dominant resolves to abuse.

They may force the will of the lesser, to which ever Force-side they choose.

The dominant will control the lesser, if this is the desire they should wish.

For the dominant to hold all of the power, the lesser's will and mind may extinguish.

The lesser until freed, will remain forever lost.

If one or both wishes to break the bond, It will come at great cost.

Reversing one back to two, only death can renew!"

The phrase was fresh in her mind again, "Only death can renew, only death can renew, only death can renew."

You have to fight him!

You have to stop him!

Don't let him touch you! Her subconscious was in a frenzied panic.

He can't have you!

He can't take you! The voice was getting louder.

Don't let him near you!

You have to kill him! Her hands fell over her ears as if she could block the inner voice out.

Rey screamed in the aqua blackness around her. She broke the surface and gasped for air. She stumbled forward nearly falling to the stone floor under her feet. Her fingertips skimmed the rough
surface just as she caught herself from falling. She spun, her equilibrium off and her head dizzy from what she thought was a lack of air. She was drowning, fighting against a black pool of water that threatened to see her dead, but there was no water. She was dry. Every inch of her was dry. Her clothes, her hair... all of it; dry. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to remember what had happened. She remembered the black pool, she remembered... she remembered... that's all she remembered. She knew there was more... she had to remember... why couldn't she remember?

*Man I love them as kids! If you liked this chapter please Kudos and feel free to comment as much as you want, I love it! Thanks and enjoy.*

-DarkGuardian-
Rey stumbled out of the room, dragging her feet along the stone floor until she found the soft dirt of the cavernous chamber she’d started in. Her vision was blurred and she clutched at her torso as her stomach rolled. She had a serious case of vertigo and she was using the wall to inch her way out of the cave.

Something had happened here that was important, something recent. She had learned something important about herself but what? She pressed her lashes shut and pictured herself standing in this room. She heard voices talking but she couldn't understand them. Pain, hot and sharp sliced through her brain and she squeezed her head between her forearms. Her legs spread and she bent down, resting her elbows on her flexed thighs. She squatted trying to balance her shaking weight, almost collapsing when she violently shook her head. The room was thick with humidity causing every damp breath she took to get stuck in her lungs. Her eyes rolled in her head and she dropped to her knees. Her palms pressed against the earth beneath her and she rested there for a long moment.


There was an opening only a few feet from where she was panting on the floor, she could see it. A dim light called for her to follow. She ground her teeth, rotated her hands and feet until she was on her fingers and toes, and pushed off of the ground propelling herself forward with everything she had. She moved through the stuffy cavern until she reached the mouth of the cave. She had intended to stop there but her body didn't react to her sight in time and she almost went over the narrow ledge that dropped off into a steep rock lined cliff.

She panted at what seemed like the edge of the world, trying to balance on her toes so she didn't end up plummeting head first to her death. Once she was steady she dropped to the ground. Her fingers gripped the ledge and a mixture of cool sweat and humidity gelled along her skin. Rain like she had never seen before poured from the sky like buckets being dumped over head, washing away any traces of the frightful experience she'd just had at the cliff side.

Lightning flashed from cloud to cloud and reflected over the rough water ahead of her. She felt relief wash over her with every tension releasing drop. It was slowly working her senses out of the Force induced haze she was in. The second she felt confident enough to stand, she moved away from the cliff side and the cave that if not so ominous at the moment, she would have otherwise taken shelter in. As it was now, nothing could make her go back in there.

She knew she was close to the Jedi temple but she wanted nothing to do with the Force at this very moment. She was tired of being pushed and pulled in every direction. Every time she thought she was catching up, or learned something she thought was important, she was thrown back three more steps, hell, maybe miles was more accurate at this point.

No progress she made ever seemed to matter, she could never get caught up, let alone ahead.

The air around her was still dangerously thick. She was still struggling to breath as the heavy rain and wind whipped around her. She walked through the darkness for a time, she wasn't sure how long and truthfully, she didn't care. She only wanted away from that place. She knew the island only stretched for so long and she slowly made her way back to the half where she thought the huts would be.

She didn't know for sure if she was heading in the correct direction but she knew she was getting closer to where she needed to be. She could feel it. Her instincts told her feet where to go and she never argued with her instincts. She had survived this long and she had plans to survive longer. If the
formula worked, don't mess with it.

Something tugged at her chest. She felt like there was a string pulled in a tight line and it was leading her to safety. She swore if she reached out with her hands she would feel a thin twisting rope leading her home. She was so sure of its guidance that she refused to allow slack in the mental thread. The quicker she followed it the more air she was able to take in her lungs.

Her breathing calmed and her chest felt lighter as it became easier to breath. Her head had nearly stopped spinning and the nausea that she felt earlier was slowly but surely fading away like a bad memory.

Rain soaked into her clothes and hair, but she didn't care. She welcomed every blissful drop. A loud crack followed by an earth shaking rumble stopped her in her tracks. She planted her feet against the wind and froze half in terror, half in wonderment. At first she thought the island was being torn apart, but after the sound had died down she realized that it must have been the storm rampaging through the island. She'd never been in a rain storm before, but she'd heard about them and she'd lived through hundreds of sand storms. She'd prefer a rain storm over a sand storm any day.

For a brief moment her eyes closed and she let her head fell back to welcome the falling rain onto her face. Large drops splat all over her skin, bathing her cheeks in smooth rolling tears from the sky. She smiled. She was lucky if it rained three times a year back on Jakku. It rained here often and she loved every second of it. This was the wildest rain storm she'd ever had the pleasure of enjoying and she wasn't about to turn away from such a rare and powerful experience.

"Where did you go?" An angry, modulated voice cut through the hammering rain.

"I'm flattered." He growled. Rey scowled and her eyes rolled in her head.

Rey needed a break for her own sanity if for nothing else. She inhaled and exhaled deeply, bringing focus back to her mind. She pictured a messy bank of wet sand and mentally dragged a hand along until it smoothed over to a clean slate. Her mind went blank just as she had intended. She slowly breathed deeply in and out as though she had all of the time in the world. She put as much energy as she could muster into raising her mental fortitude.

At the moment, she only had enough sanity to deal with one voice in her head, and it wasn't his. When she was positive that her end of their bond was secured shut she let out a breath she'd been holding. There was a moment of silence so pure that she had almost blocked out even the raging storm around her. Then,

"Where. Did. You. Go?" The angry words repeated cutting through the rain around her.

She jumped at the unexpected sound.

That's not possible! She tensed and her eyes widened in disbelief.

Rey's brows pulled together and she spun around to face Kylo Ren. She recapped everything she could remember up until now. It was still hazy and her head hurt from the effort she put into it, but
she had bits and pieces that she was sure had happened. She'd been training with Luke when an
exhaustion unlike anything she'd ever experienced before came over her. She remembered a fire on
the beach, but she couldn't remember if it came before or after the exhaustion.

"That's right." She quietly thought out loud, to low for him to hear over the wind and rain.

She remembered huddling up under his cloak at the fire he'd made. No wonder she was so confused
and couldn't remember anything, she must have dozed off then. She realized.

She was stuck with Kylo Ren in a dreamscape until she could force herself awake, but at least now
everything made sense.

All of it was a dream... a hazy confusing dream, but a dream non the less. In her relief her head flew
back and she started cackling like a lunatic.

Kylo Ren's lightsaber blazed to life and she was frightfully reminded that he was still standing there.
Her mouth snapped shut. She could almost see the rage pulsing off of him. She felt anger and relief
and faint traces of what she could only describe as worry leaking through their bond. From this close
it was hard to tell what emotions were hers and what were his. She remembered how her fingers had
burned against the heat of a damaged droid in the last dream they'd met in. It reminded her to take
any threats very seriously.

Great, she was stuck with the devil in a mask and she'd most likely just offended him.

Much to her embarrassment, her cheeks flushed when she recalled a certain scenario further along in
that dream. When he'd kissed her... Rey was glad that it was dark and her hair was whipping around
her face in a tangly mess to cover her deepening blush. The two combined to shield her from his
unwelcomed gaze. She clenched her fists together and began chanting her "It's just a dream, wake
up!" mantra.

She'd been thinking that a lot more in these last few weeks. It's ok. She thought. The second Master
Luke see's me struggling, he'll pull me out! I just have to bide my time. She really didn't have the
energy for this right now.

Each drop of rain that landed against his plasma blade hissed and evaporated against the searing heat.
He took a large step towards her and her eyes widened. She was not about to let him come any
closer. He's already close enough, anywhere in the same Galaxy was close enough.

His grip loosened then tightened on the hilt of his plasma blade. She could almost hear him choke out a
hiss from the infernal lightsaber, but she chalked it up to more rain meeting a hideous death along the
sizzling blade.

He took another large step forward and she mimicked his movement in the opposite direction. His
legs were much longer so she nearly hopped back to make up for the difference. She was eying her
surroundings now, taking it all in, making a clear attempt to map out her escape route should she be
unable to wake herself up before he got to close.

Last time they had met on his turf but this, this was hers. She spent months exploring the island. She
knew at least this half pretty well by now. The problem was, it was so dark and the rain was so
thick that she could barely see more then a few feet in front of her at a time.

Kylo Ren watched her carefully. He studied every move she made through his mask. He wanted to
loose it, but he had to admit, it helped him against the wind and rain. He didn't rely to much on his
eyes to see her. He'd found her through the Force and that's how he'd hang onto her. He knew Luke
was around here somewhere to, he'd taken down Kylo's favorite ship, manipulating the Force to do so and increasing the ferocity of the Force-storm around them as well. It was a smart move, a Dark sider's way of thinking. He couldn't imagine his uncle manipulating the force in such a dangerous way in the past for any means especially for personal gains. He'd almost pulled Kylo's shuttle right into the side of a cliff. He'd be dead in the sea right now if it wasn't for his strength in the Force and his skills as a pilot. As it was, his shuttle was grounded and several of his troops had parishes along with it. Kylo would make him pay for that when he found him next.

Amongst other things. He thought as he eyed the girl no more then ten feet away from him. She couldn't protect Skywalker from his wrath now. His darkness smiled approvingly at his line of thinking.

He knew she was here with Skywalker and yet shortly after he'd landed she had completely disappeared. She was there and then she wasn't, he'd just... lost her. He went into a frenzy trying to hunt her down. He followed her faint signature as far as he could and then just as her trail had disappeared she was suddenly back. He saw and felt everything and nothing at once. He was struck hard and mentally dazed, like coming out of a drug induced coma only to be hit in the face by a tie fighter.

Where had she gone? What or who's power was strong enough to mask her Force signature from him? For months he'd felt his connection to her like a gentle hum in the back of his mind, then without warning it was quiet. It was the most painful silence he could ever know. He could still feel her, he knew she was alive, but she was gone and he hated it. He was desperate to find her. He had to find her, he had to see her, had to touch her. No, had was to weak of a word, he Needed!

He was suddenly sprinting as fast as he could. Her reflexes were impressive but she still wasn't accustomed to reacting against a Force attack. It was cheap, but effective. He swiped his arm across the air and aiming his fingers low, he used the Force to sweep her feet out from under her. In that moment Kylo wasn't sure if he was appreciative towards Luke for failing to properly teach this girl anything or pissed as hell for leaving her more or less helpless to attackers such as himself. His darkness leaned towards the latter.

Damn Luke for wasting her time out here. He thought angrily.

She spun onto her back and tried to inch away from him on her hands and heels but he lunged his saber into the mud above her left shoulder, pinning her between himself and his blade. She froze, unable to inch back further without severely damaging her arm is the process.

Forward would only bring her closer to him. He was hoping she'd pick forward. He smiled under his helmet, victorious and proud that he'd caught her so quickly. He needed to keep his emotions under check and that meant he had to end the cat and mouse chase that they were so found of playing.

Right now, so soon after he'd thought he lost her, every second he didn't have control of her, he lost more of his own control. He felt his hold over his emotions and more importantly over his darkness, slipping. He was coming undone, fraying at the seems. He could unravel at any moment and somehow only she could hold him together.

"You disappeared!" He stated through shaky breaths. "I couldn't feel you. Where did you go?" He asked once more this time in detail.

He was more desperate then angry. He knew she wasn't gone for long but it had felt like an eternity. Now he had caught her and he didn't have the need for his anger. He didn't want to fuel that fire. It was to easy to spread, to quick to consume and to hard to control.
She shook her head. The unstable plasma blade groaned and flared at her with a longing of its own. A hot spark spite against the direction of the wind, reaching out to touch her soft skin. She reacted to it's contact like a sharp slap to her face. It left a hot sting searing into the sensitive flesh of her cheek. She recoiled from the lascivious plasma, her hand went flying to the small burn and her eyes widening in the direction of the lustful blade. Whether it was blood that baleful thing sought, or flesh, she just wanted as far away from it as possible!

"I don't know what you mean, I didn't go anywhere." She said hastily, Her eyes never leaving the angry lightsaber that he was now sorry he'd used to trap her with. Kylo's response was quick, he retracted the blade, he hadn't meant for her to get hurt. He just wanted her to stop running, he needed her full attention when he spoke to her. He needed her to know how serious he was about her sudden disappearance.

He bent down over her, the quivering hilt of his lightsaber still in his right hand, begging to be let back out. He reached for her and she flattened her back to the muddied ground beneath her. He was hurt or offended, hell maybe both and it egged him on, brought him closer to the edge of that anger again. He grabbed her right wrist in his left hand and jerked her to her feet until she collided against his chest.

Neither of them moved as an image flashed between them. They shared the vision at the same time. He had her wrist in his left hand like he did now, but she wasn't turned in to him like she was presently. Her right side was against his front but she faced away from him in the vision. She was dressed similarly to him in his typical dark side fashion. Several ebony layers of cloth and leather armor clung to her lines and curves. They both held ignited sabers.

His arm bent around her front and his wrist rested with the hilt of his saber along her left shoulder, creating a barrier between them and the outside world.

She was within his barrier which didn't surprise him. It wasn't the first time he found himself protectively shielding her from outside sources. He also understood that holding her like this kept her close in both an intimate way and a dominant one. Even if she wanted to she couldn't escape while he secured her wrist and body in such a way.

Her crimson saber staff was ignited but it wasn't clashing with his as he instinctively assumed it would have been. Instead, she held her's out ready for a battle if it came to her but she appeared to feel unthreaded by him. She waited in a half relaxed stance, like a guard would, always on alert, always ready but by his side. Not against him. Her saber merely widened the barrier that the pair stood in, and that's what they were, a pair. They were clearly together in some way.

She reflected his will, wrapped in black and bathed in crimson. She was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen and she was clearly his. Liquid fire stirred in his veins. His body stiffened everywhere. He suddenly became very aware of her body against his. She was small but powerful and it was the sexiest damn thing in the universe.

His darkness purred to life and he squeezed her wrist tighter causing her to wince against his hold. It was the face she made that cooled him, not much but it helped. It looked similar to the expression she wore in the vision. She was unhappy and in some kind of pain that seemed to have nothing to do with anything physical. He couldn't breath underneath his helmet but he didn't dare let go of her to remove it.

He swore he could see the image they'd just shared burned into her eyes when she looked up at him. The heat of her body against his was destroying the already weak hold he had over himself. The electrical surges he felt only when he was physically near her were back and he was sure if they didn't get out of this storm soon, it was going to draw the nearby lightning right to them.
Rey was struggling to come to her senses. She knew that they'd shared the Force vision that had just flashed through her mind like the lightning that flickered all around them. It happened the second he'd grabbed her wrist and she'd though maybe the contact had triggered the lost memory.

Now she was nearly plastered to the front of him, only her left hand kept a distance between them and that was so minuscule that she could feel the heat of his body through every layer he wore. The rain was cool and soaked into both of them by now, yet it did nothing to assuage the heat radiating between them. That, and the image shared between them had left her in a daze and he seemed to be suffering the same effect.

Rey wanted to know what he was thinking and before she even realized what she was doing, she pushed out with her mind but his thoughts were completely blocked off to her. Her eyes searched his faceless mask but of course it gave nothing away of what he'd been thinking or feeling.

Kylo Ren sensed her there, at his mental walls. He wanted so badly to let her in but his mind was in turmoil right now. His thoughts would frighten her more now then anything she'd ever seen him do in the past. Probably more then anything she'd ever heard stories of him doing to, and he'd done a lot of horrible things.

His guilt and regret were always there just beneath the surface of his mind. The raw power of the all to familiar emotions normally served as fuel to his dark side, now they ate away at his anger. Even his lust took a back seat to the more prominent feelings she stirred in him.

What was he supposed to say to her right now, how could he convey how he felt about what they'd just experienced together? He didn't even know how he felt.

He would love nothing more then for her to join him. He'd already decided that for him, there was no other option. He also knew that he wanted her the way she was, correction... he needed her the way she was. He wanted her to join him willingly. He wanted her to retain her fire and spirit. She brought life and color into what ever dull world he was forced to endure at the time. What he saw in her face during the vision was the opposite of what he wanted. But if she refused him, if she denied him... he wouldn't take no for an answer in the end.

He'd always made it a point not to lie to her, would he start now? Was it worth the false comfort he could give her? No, to ease her into that belief would be doing the same thing to her as every one he'd ever trusted had done to him. He could seduce her without manipulating her, he just had to be patient and learn how along the way. He was starting to wish he hadn't avoided his Second now, maybe he could have learned something of value that could have helped him here in his current predicament.

Holy mother of the Force, he was in way over his head! Kylo Ren was not known for his patience or his ability to be gentle. This would be disastrous and yet, for her, even if the odds were completely against him, and make no mistake they were, he'd take his chances. If it meant he'd have even a small percent of her joining him willingly, then there wasn't anything he wouldn't try first.

"Pfff, never tell me the odds." He thought cockily. The second he went to speak, his false bravado fell away.

"Rey, I..." Even through the distorting modulator masking his natural voice, the two words he'd gotten out were soft, weak.

Her eyes became saucers in her head. In fact, she was sure they were bugging out of her skull. He'd used her name. It didn't matter that nothing else followed, or that it had been through the modulator of his helmet; it still poured out from the mouth behind it like they were old acquaintances playing
catch up, like they shared some kind of familiarity or comfort with one another. They weren't and they didn't!

It was just as invasive and callous as when he'd been in her head picking through her thoughts in the interrogation chamber the first time they'd met. Months of taunting her and he'd only ever called her things like girl, or scavenger. It was very impersonal and she liked it that way. Even when he was toying with her emotions, or taunting her in a more intimate way he'd never crossed that line. And there was a line!

On occasion he'd belittle her with something like little one, and once or twice she'd thought he'd called her scavenger, with a little too much fondness behind the title, but now he catches a glimpse of her subdued and at his side, obviously not by her choice, and he thought that somehow made them closer. Her friends called her by her name, the friends that he'd tormented, tortured, and murdered. Knowing it came from his mouth while they stood so close together, after seeing such a demoralizing shift in power between them, he thought it was ok for him to suddenly be so formal with her! It was a form of intimacy that enemies didn't belong sharing. She could almost approve of it, if he had said it with spite or malice, but the way he said it... there was a weakness behind it, a plea. It was too much, she couldn't deal with it.

Rey felt like she was waist high in the ocean again. She could feel that darkness pulling at her. She felt it like hands tugging her under and she couldn't breath. It was him, he was the darkness. She understood it now. It was her light fighting against the suffocating darkness that rolled off of him in waves. He didn't need her consent when he could just force her to the dark side. He'd told her before that he could take whatever he wanted and she understood now that he meant that very literally.

She imagined him smothering her light until there was nothing left and something inside of her snapped. She needed to get away from him now!

She tried to step back but he wouldn't let her. Rey pulled against his grip and her wrist twisted in an unnatural way. Her nostrils flared and her spine straightened. Rey tilted her head up at him, meeting where she assumed his gaze would be with a heat of her own. She presented herself as tall as she physically could. She even puffed her chest out in an attempt to appear at least slightly formidable.

"Let me go!" She ordered him. He stiffened, his darkness twisting inside of him in response to her lack of obedience and respect.

"Ever defiant." Both he and his Darkness spoke in unison.

Rey stared through the blackness where she thought his eyes might be hidden beneath the helmet.

"You will let me go." She demanded. He felt her words brush against his mind like a light breeze bouncing off of a mountain. Anything soft in him melted away and his darkness licked it's lips in anticipation of it's master's response.

"Did you just try to mind trick me?" He growled at her. She shrugged as though his reaction didn't unsettle her, but it did. He bent down slowly. His head lowered until his masked face was only inches from hers.

"You will never attempt that again!" His voice wrapped around her mind squeezing compliance out of her like juice from a soft fruit. Her mind went blank.

"I will never attempt that again." Her mouth moved and words she didn't think on her own came out.

The second the fog lifted from her brain and she realized what he'd just done, she shrank beneath him. Her head hurt, she could feel his power pressing into her skull and she thought at any second, it
would crack under the weight of him. Her heart beat so loud, she heard it in her ears. She was out matched when it came to his Force ability and while he was still closed off to her, she couldn't sap any of his strength to combat the power he held over her. Her heart beat so fast that she was growing light headed with each passing second.

Satisfied with her response, he loosened his grip on her now aching wrist. He was still inches from her face and while he had wanted to give her some much needed space, he found his body less inclined to oblige her with that courtesy. He watched closely as her resolve weakened and her hard stare softened into a glossy eyed plea.

"Please, just let me go." She begged quietly. To someone outside of their Force bond the plea would have been about the hold he had on her wrist, but he knew what she really meant, she wanted him to physically and mentally leave her alone and he couldn't do it. In the beginning he'd wanted to... he just... couldn't.

"I can't." He admitted weakly.

They both heard the regret in his voice and she took it as a chance to further plea with him. She misinterpreted his feelings for pity and he found her lack of awareness stifling.

"I can't be the last Force user in the entire universe, surely your master can find a better, more willing apprentice for you then me." She twisted her wrist carefully trying to free herself from his grip as she made her case.

She thought his need for her had come from his Master's will, she thought he had some kind of choice in his need for her. How was the pull from his end of the bond so much greater then hers? Didn't she want him, crave him, NEED him as much as he did her?

His eyes narrowed at her through the slit in his mask. She squirmed and tugged against him and it hurt. There was no other word to describe it. He had no reason to believe she would do anything but fight him, yet here in the moment where she wanted nothing more then to be free from him... it hurt.

"Be still." He demanded, releasing her wrist.

The second she was free from his touch her inner voice was back and screaming the same suddenly terrifying words it had said the first time she had seen the vision of him controlling her.

"Don't let him near you!
Don't let him touch you!
He can't have you! He can't take you!
Fight him! stop him! Kill him!"

How had she forgotten such an important vision?
Was this a foreshadowing of one possibility of her future or was this set in stone?

No, she was her own person. She made her own decisions and controlled her own future. This was a warning, nothing more. She would accept it as nothing else!

Kylo's Ren continued to loom over her. His large frame shielded her from the onslaught of the suddenly merciless wind and rain. She wanted to rub her sore wrist but she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of that show. She did however intend on taking at least one step back but when she tried to do just that, she found she couldn't.

That son of a nerf herder Force froze her... again!
His index finger curled and he lifted her chin to meet his masked eyes. That's when she felt it, or more accurately noticed it as she now realized she'd been feeling it since he closed in on her. There was a hum between their bodies like the first time and every instance after, that they'd physically been next to one another. There was something about the way their Force pulled at one another. Their power clearly sought the other out and there was nothing shy about the way the two forces mingled together between them.

Her chin buzzed against the contact of his gloved finger, the same as her cheek had during the interrogation when he'd caressed it. She swallowed her heart back down to her chest where it belonged. She wanted to yell and scream and much to her dismay, she wanted to cry.

She couldn't feel the crackling energy between them when she was dreaming... The sudden realization took her by surprise.

...This was real! This was actually happening. He'd found her and what's worse, he had her in his grasp, already under his control. It took a matter of minutes and she was caught. She spent her whole life escaping one threat after another; her whole life on the defense and offense when she needed to, and yet, he was able to simply walk up to her and catch her.

Well, there was some sprinting involved. A small reassuring voice in her head tried comforting her breaking resolve.

She could feel him staring into her soul and she was helpless to stop him. She couldn't use her body physically, but she still had her mind, she still had her mental voice. His hand moved to the side of her head and she knew what he was planning on doing.

"Please! Please, don't." She begged through their connection.

His walls were still up but it didn't matter, she wasn't trying to get in his head, it wasn't meant to be invasive. She only intended to communicate with him and she knew he could hear her as though she'd said it out loud. She'd intended it to be that way.

Somehow she found her hand on his right forearm. His head shot down to stare at his arm where she touched him. She wished she could see his face or hear his thoughts. She'd take anything that could give her even the slightest of hints as to what he was thinking or feeling. He was still looking down when she felt his hold on her falter. Now may be her only chance, so she took it. She closed her eyes and pushed it all away, just as Luke had taught her.

That's when Kylo felt the Force stirring around her. He felt the cool blue energy of her power seeping in through his armor. His own power reached for hers with out his consent. He clamped down on his control harnessing his power so forcefully that it physically hurt him to hold it all back. He worked to keep the two Force signatures from mingling. Preventing them from joining felt wrong. It felt... unnatural.

It made him feel nauseous. His darkness revolted and crept up to aid his power but he sealed the lid on that the instant he felt it. It was something he wouldn't have been able to do only a few short months ago. But now, he was the master of his darkness. When it thrived it was because he allowed it to be so. Still, there was a need so profound building in him that he had to take a step back from the girl.

Then, he felt that haunting slick heat traveling over his hand and arm, just as it had done the first time she had summoned her Force while he reached for her with his own back in the interrogation chamber. His hand retreated from her but in seconds, it was longing to be back. He balled his fist trying to control to many rebelling things at once. Her eyes were closed and he knew she was
"Not this time little scavenger." His left hand moved to her arm and he tried jostling her out of her focus induced trance.

She held fast in her peaceful state but her Force wavered slightly. His mouth pulled into a sideways smile. The mischievous glint in his eyes was hidden just behind the unchanging lines and planes of his black and silver lined helmet. He didn't know what had prompted it but he knew it would work when he projected images of the night before through her mind... with a few adjustments of his own. Improvements if you asked him.

He was standing behind her while she gently scrubbed herself with a wash cloth. She leaned back against him when he pulled her to him by her hips. His gloved hands trailed over her trembling body, tending to her cuts and bruises with care as he went. His fingers kneaded into her soft flesh while she rested her head back against his shoulder. The images played through her mind in a few quick flashes and when he was done, her hazel eyes were staring up into his mask in shock.

She was panting and he was proud of himself. He didn't have to be to creative when he adjusted the scene to unhinge her. He'd been suffering from those thoughts since last night and the real encounter hadn't been nearly as intimate as all of that. Could have fooled him though, the way his mind twisted the memory around to torment him with things that would never happen.

"Your disgusting." She voiced through ragged breaths.

His helmet tilted to one side and he leaned closer to her, taunting her with his nearness. "I think you're going to have to be a little more convincing then that, scavenger." He smiled through devious eyes and tugged on the right side of his bottom lip with his teeth. In this moment, he was thankful for his helmet.

She narrowed her eyes at him clearly still flustered from his mind games. Her teeth were clenched and he could hear her angry breaths over the storm around them. Her hair was plastered to her face on one side and whipped wildly out with the wind on the other. Her fists were balled and her chest was heaving. He smiled at her frustration with him. She'd crack him in the jaw if she thought she could get the hit off without breaking her hand against his helmet.

He could read her without even trying now. He wanted to taunt her more, wanted to keep working her up, just to get a rise out of her but he didn't have time for that now. He needed to collect her and go before Luke showed up.

Then, and with out warning, she kicked him hard in the shine. He was so surprised that he backed up several steps. She stepped back using the short opportunity to put some much needed distance between them. She tugged her lightsaber from her belt and swung at him. He barely dodged out of the way in time to avoid losing his left arm. She lunged for him but he was already on the offense now. She'd lost her advantage when she lost the element of surprise.

His left hand had her frozen mid swing. He stared at her through the blue glow of the plasma blade. He stepped back using the short opportunity to put some much needed distance between them. She tugged her lightsaber from her belt and swung at him. He barely dodged out of the way in time to avoid losing his left arm. She lunged for him but he was already on the offense now. She'd lost her advantage when she lost the element of surprise.

The heat between them rose when he closed the distance to her. He clipped his lightsaber to his belt and rested his hand on her still outstretched wrist. She disengaged his lightsaber with only the slightest push of a mental suggestion. He needed her to know that she only stood a chance against
him because he allowed it. He couldn't have her fighting him once he brought her before his Master. She placed the hilt of his grandfather's lightsaber gently into his left hand, her eyes wide and her mouth gaping as she watched her own actions unfold. His right hand still lightly touched her wrist and he gently closed his fingers around it. He clipped her saber into his belt next to his own before slowly raising his free hand out, palm opened, parallel with her body.

There was about three inches of space between them and yet she felt the magnet of his Force gently pulling at her as his hand moved over her body. Her stomach fluttered as his hand moved higher, causing the warm tingles of their Force to follow the same path. She was so responsive to the tingling waves between them that she had to stifle a gasp when his palm crossed over her chest. Her eyes widened with as much panic as they did rage.

Rey suddenly knew what was coming. She knew exactly what he was about to do, but for the life of her she couldn't stop it. He knew it and he was making a show of it just to prove to her that she was helpless against him. Her wrist tingled where his hand wrapped around it and her body shamelessly shared waves of Force energy with his.

She tried so hard to concentrate on anything but the power that danced between them. He was so cocky in his strength that he forgot how much of that power just mingled between them. It rested there with out any control or dominating will to command it. All she needed to do was keep him from seeing what she was thinking for another second or two.

Just as his hand was crossing over her face to send her into unconsciousness, she pulled at the Force between them. Her shields went up, no concentration needed.

The shadow of his hand crossed over her eyes and her knees buckled. She was falling forward in the direction his hand pulled her wrist in. She buckled against him and his left arm wrapped around the back of her body. He cradled her against him, careful not to hurt her while her feet gave out under her. She should have been unconscious... but she wasn't.

It had worked, not as well as she'd hoped since her body was like pliable sand in his arms, but it wasn't a total fail either. At least she still had her wits about her. He let go of her wrist and his right hand cupped the back of her head. He pressed her against his chest and held her against him. His hand still supported her head and his arm still wrapped around her back. Rey was confused. She didn't know what he was doing but it didn't slow her own actions in the slightest. She focused on the muscles in her arm until her right hand came up and flopped against his bicep like a fish.

Kylo Ren tensed. She couldn't be! He shifted his hands to her arms. She still leaned against him for support and he primarily held her up, but he could feel her swaying as though she were trying to lean on one leg or the other. His masked face stared down at her, searching her slacked countenance for any sign of consciousness. It was hard to tell through the rain washing over her face as he tilted her head up to better read her features but he was sure he saw it, her eyes fluttered behind her lashes.

She felt his chest rumble as he chuckled against her cheek. The intense but brief feeling of happiness spreading from his end of their bond made her heart dance. The more her consciousness returned to her the more of him her body and mind took in. Little things seemed so overwhelming to her, like sound of his heart under her ear, the rise and fall of his chest as he breathed, and the way his scent in her nose made her eyes roll further back in her head.

He was spiced clove and something fresh and cool that made her brain tingle. Even the feel of his clothes against her suddenly sensitive skin felt wonderful. She unconsciously buried her face into his chest and he wrapped his arms around her again. He pulled her tightly against him as though he were savoring the same things she was.
"So stubborn." The modulated words were like ice water to her mushy brain.

They brought reality crashing down around her. She was practically snuggling with Kylo kirffing, Ren! What the heck was coming over her? This is how she would lose. This is how she would fall to the Dark side. She already lacked the training she needed to stand toe to toe with him, but she was sure it was their bond that was the main cause of her confusion. She saw herself standing with him again, her wrist locked in his hand with his arm and lightsaber around her, weighing her down like chains.

Tears slide down her cheeks and when he felt her trembling against him, his mind reached for hers. She was too weak to fight him and he slipped right in. She was replaying the memory of the vision of her in at his side again and he felt how she perceived the image as she thought back on it. It was the total opposite of how it made him feel. She felt hurt, frightened, suffocated, weak, and angry. He heard the voice in her head that he admired so much, the one that fueled her to stay strong, gave her the power and determination to face all things head on. It defined so much of who she was yet now listening to it rally her against him, he wanted to crush it.

"Don't let him near you! Don't let him touch you! He can't have you! Don't let him take you! Fight him! Stop him! Kill him!" Her inner voice was so defiant.

She was terrified of him. Maybe at one point that's what he wanted, but he certainly didn't now. At first he thought he could control her the way he controlled everything else in his life. Fear and force were his greatest allies in a world run by darkness and power. He didn't get to the top of the food chain because he had a pretty red sword and a creepy mask. Even his darkness cringed at the thoughts rolling around in her head.

Would she really prefer to kill him rather then join him? Kylo didn't know how to react to this. He'd been so careful with her at every turn and yet despite his reservations to lash out at her she still wanted him dead.

Too bad! His darkness hissed. It's not up to her, she's ours! Take her, she will learn in time! It goaded him.

Had he not been so effected by her emotions he may have made a better decision then the one he was leaning towards now but as he was, with her additional thoughts and feelings clashing with his own in his head, stirring the already too crowded mixing pot of emotions that tore him between the light and the dark every second of everyday, he was was unable to think reasonably. So he went with the most prominent emotion that came to him. Anger!

"It's time to go scavenger." It bled from his voice and resonated through the distortion of the modulator.

He pulled her away from him, wrapped his hand tightly around her upper arm and tugged her along behind him as he moved. He was sure he'd be leaving bruises on her arm and he was already ashamed but he couldn't stop what was already set in motion. He couldn't control his already brimming rage enough to stop himself and it caused a domino effect. The shame made him feel regretful, the regret made him feel guilty, and the guilt made his anger hotter, sharper.

Truthfully he was more angry with himself then he was with her. He was so weak where it concerned her. It shouldn't matter how she felt about their arrangement which in her mind was worse then death. After denying his need for her and the confusion it brought, he finally admitted to himself that wanted her with him no matter what. But what she was thinking... No!

The image that they shared was an absolute last resort option for him. To an extent he liked all of her
fire and defiance. There was a boyish weakness in him that felt threatened and tried to shy away from it, tried to bully it out of her but the man in him welcomed the challenge of her. He longed for that heat and passion. He could only imagine the possibilities that would accompany such a partner... or a lover.

Hate, panic, and fear mixed together inside of her all at once to create one serious anger inducing cocktail. He was still tugging her along when a blast of her Force knocked the wind right out of him. He'd been completely lost in his thoughts and when she had slipped into self preservation mode, he didn't even see it coming. He should have known better though.

She was willing to fight him to the death before she would allow him overpower her mind and turn her into his puppet. Her thoughts, not his.

His grandfather's saber was back in her hands and she stared into his mask with the same intensity and heat that she had back on the Starkiller. He smiled, this was the woman he'd practically obsessed over since that night.

"There you are." He said with the same awe in his face as the first time he'd seen her with that saber in her hands.

*Psst, if you liked this chapter please Kudos and feel free to comment as much as you want, I love it! Thanks and enjoy.*

-DarkGuardian-
Rey twirled his grandfather's blue lightsaber around in her delicate wrists like a pro. He knew she was serious about fighting against him even though he'd already proven it would be no challenge for him to over come her. Maker, if he didn't admire her for trying. He thought amused at how spirited his little scavenger was.

"Really?" Was all Kylo Ren could think to say. The sarcasm in that one word rang through clear as a bell. Flashes of sizzling blue sparks spit through the air as she cut through the heavy rain around them. It was her silent way of telling him she was very serious about their inevitable duel.

"Well, if the lady insists, then I suppose I must oblige." He bowed low, bending at the waist as he spoke, politely taunting her with his response before he ignited his own saber of crimson fire.

She scowled, her muddled brain was quickly overthrown by a mixture of both of their emotions. Amusement was the greatest of the emotions which bled through from his end to hers but there were several others in the mix that she found undefinable. It only added to her frustration and looking at his calm posture, she was guessing her anger was currently the more prominent between herself and Ren. She'd bet a weeks worth of rations that he was more still more amused with her then anything else.

Not her though, not after the last time they'd stood on the same earth together, when he'd killed Han, thrown her into a tree and cut down Finn. Her eyes darkened with the poison of that memory. When she'd roused they'd fought and he'd trapped her at the edge of the crumbling world they fought on... With out another thought, she charged at him. Their connection only heightened her emotions, and right now she wanted to finish what they'd started months ago. She rushed him, swinging and pushing out with her Force.

Kylo side stepped, ducked, and easily dodged. His own Force shielded him from hers so effortlessly that he didn't even bother using his lightsaber, not even when she swung feverishly at him multiple times. He had physically dodged most of what she'd thrown at him only using his saber to occasionally parry her strikes. His casual stance and almost lazy movements were humiliating.

He was so smug, she just wanted to tear that tin can off of his head and beat him with it until she couldn't remember what that haunting face looked like underneath. She froze, shocked by the fresh image in her head. She had never thought something so horrible, so hateful.

He'd seen her thoughts as clear as day. He was relishing in the anger and hate that fumed off of her. It made his blood hot, watching her lash out at him with that sexy fury in her eyes. He was enjoying being the center of her thoughts until he saw her beating his head in with his own helmet. He wanted to chuckle at the fitting end she'd thought up for him. He knew he deserved it, but at the same thought made something inside of his chest tighten.

Her legs were spread in an offensive stance. She was panting in her fury just like she'd done the first time she'd tapped into his Force energy, accept this time it was all hers, well the majority of it anyway.

"Fight back!" She angrily yelled at him over the storm. He shrugged.
"I didn't come here to fight you." His shoulders were slack, his response flat and his breathing calm.

He looked so out of place in the raging storm around them. The only part on him that moved was his long cape as it snapped and whipped in the wind, favoring the left side of his body behind him. It was a new addition to his attire. He'd lost the long over robe that he'd previously worn over his armor. His new look was more practical as far as combat went, the cape offered his arms and legs less restriction and in turn he'd gained more range of movement. It also left the outline of his body more or less definable. It was harder to find his form through the thick rain and endless night that he blended with so seamlessly with, but she'd swear he'd grown in size and stature.

Of course maybe it just appeared that way now because she could see the definition in his chest and shoulders with out the cylindrical robes that previously hide the build of him so well. Her eyes trailed down the length of his relaxed arms. Everything about him seemed to have filled out and she knew physically she was out matched but she was betting she still had him for speed. He wasn't taking her serious and though it brought a red hot heat to her cheeks, she knew she could take advantage of his arrogance.

"Then what are you here for?" Her grip tightened on her lightsaber.

If he thought he was going to come here to kill Master Luke, and she was just going to let him, then she had left him more damaged from their last duel then she'd thought. Which was saying something because he'd been nearly half dead by the end. It wasn't until days later that she discovered he'd made it off of the planet before it exploded.

He smirked at her behind his mask, his eyes narrowing mischievously and because of his helmet she wasn't privy to any of it. Somehow that knowledge only added to his amusement.

"I'm here..." His hand flattened over his chest and he leaned out to her as he spoke.

She raised the lightsaber between them using it as a ward. As if the saber held between them was going to intimidate him. If she thought it would keep him from moving closer to her, she was sorely mistaken. Still bent down at the waist he took two small steps forward, one for each word that finished his sentence.

"...For you." He finished definitively.

His masked face was inches from her blazing lightsaber but he didn't seem the least bit worried. She swore she could see the blue of her plasma blade reflecting in his eyes from within the blackness of his helmet. She shivered and her hands shook as the blade suddenly became very heavy in her hands.

She ground her teeth and her saber cut through the air very close to his chest. She was charging at him before he could recover, her shoulder catching him in the ribs. His lightsaber flew from his hand and sputtered out somewhere in the mud behind her. He wrapped his arms around her back and his hands latched on to her as he fell, pulling her down with his weight, bringing her to the wrath with him. The Force of her body slamming into his had already caused her own saber to retracted and when she felt herself being dragged down in his fall her hand relinquished the weapon, opting instead to brace herself above his chest. She was to close to the ground to fire the plasma blade up again anyway and now it too was lost somewhere in the darkness around them. If Rey was going down it would be by her choice, she decided and she added more impact to their fall by digging her toes into the slick grass and mud beneath them.

That was it, the last little push that cost Kylo the rest of his balance. His foot snagged along his own cloak and his feet came out from under him completely. Now they slid down the hill together, neither of them realizing how dangerously close to the cliff’s edge they were until it was too late. Still
digging her toes into the slick mud and stuck in a half run, Rey flew over Kylo’s sliding body. For
the second time tonight Kylo was thankful for his helmet because he was still using his Force to
navigate the area around them and this was the only reason he was able to see the earth ahead of
them just before it came to an abrupt end.

He latched down on the earth and stone around him, brining himself to a skidding halt just before his
body could fly over the edge. Using the weakness of only her natural sight and still more focused on
fighting him then saving herself— Rey did not. He grabbed for her as she rolled over him. He caught
her wrist just in time, admittedly he'd been aiming for her arm, and there was an awful popping
sound as her body jerked back in his hold. The momentum swung her over the edge and her body
slammed hard into the wall of the cliffside below.

Ren clung to her as she swayed. There was a short spans of time where she didn't move,
momentarily dazed by the hard hit she’d just taken against the wall of stone. The momentum behind
the sudden stop at the end of her propulsion dragged him a few crucial inches closer to the edge,
almost sending him over with her but he held on with everything he had. At this moment he was not
a fan of his cape. It swung over him, weighing his head down under the saturated mud covered cloth
and further hindering his ability to keep both of them from plummeting over the jagged wall he clung
to.

His view of the dilemma they were in was limited to the access of his Force sight, which did not
provide enough detail for him to get a safe sense of the situation before he tried something as risky
adjusting either of their positions. It was hard enough trying to see through the visually limited slot in
his helmet before the heavy rain soaked cape flew over his head, now it was obviously impossible.
He closed his eyes and focused on unhinging the clasps that fixed his cape to his armored shoulders
until it flew free of him, bellowing past them in the wind.

Slowly but most surely Rey’s blurred vision was clearing and her senses where coming back.
Realizing her predicament she startled which quickly rose to a full panic. She made a grab for his
forearm but her fingers slipped against the slick leather folds of his arm guards. When she failed to
catch anything that would help support her weight, her dainty wrist strained painfully against his
grasp and her full weight with the addition of her frantic struggling.

"Scavenger," His voice entered her panicked mind and her head flew up to his mask.

"You're going to have to work with me." He silently told her through their connection.

She shook her head fervently. She was more then panicked now, she was border line terrified. Her
feet kicked against the jagged rocks beneath her as she desperately searched for some kind of
foothold that wasn't there.

"Listen to me. Trust me. I won't let you go." He focused on sounding as calm as he could. He sent
warm waves of comfort to her through his end. He wrapped his voice around her like a blanket and
held her tightly to him with his mind.

"Let me help you?" He asked near a whisper.

Even through the drenching rain he could see the tears pooling from her eyes to roll down her cheeks
before steadily dripping from her chin. He saw her fears like they were his own. He saw waves
crashing against the rocks with her caught in them. He felt the under toe dragging her below,
slamming her down against the sand and rocks beneath the black water that endlessly rolled as it
trapped her in a watery torment, becoming her ever abusing grave. She was terrified of drowning and
her mind was closing itself off to reason, slowly shutting down in a very real, very debilitating fear.
He needed to reach her. He mentally needed to soothe her, not just to save her life, but to provide comfort to her. It was something he couldn't understand any more then he could fight the pull to aid her. And Kylo recognized it as the same desire he'd felt in the interrogation chamber just before he'd taken off his helmet to appease her— again to comfort her.

"Rey, I won't let you go sweetheart, I promise." His voice came like a caress against her turbulent mind and she felt her eyes roll back in her head.

A slight glimpse of some sliver of a memory came back to her then. She was small and she felt like she weighed a ton as she rested on a cot in a dark room. She couldn't see where but she knew he'd put her there for safe keeping. She'd been through an exhausting ordeal and was supposed to stay there until he came back to collect her. She remembered the boy who was always with her, always looking out for her. He had hidden her somewhere she knew she didn't belong, told her to stay put, and even knowing this, she obeyed him with full confidence.

"Shh," He'd coo'd. "Stay here, I'll come back for you sweetheart, I promise." And he did, he always came back for her.

Even when the darkness surrounded him and he blocked everyone else out... he always came back for her. He never shied away from her light and she always welcomed him to bask in it. She woke that night to his still form stretched out on the floor alongside her cot.

It was his— his room, his cot. she remembered.

He had let her stay here and she had fallen asleep on it shortly after. He must have been exhausted himself but he had opted to sleep on the floor to keep her comfortable. She climbed down to the floor one small foot at a time, gently covered his sleeping form with the blanket he had provided for her after she'd fallen asleep curled up beside him, never happier or safer in her life!

"Rey?" He called out her name over the wind and rain trying to shake her jostled brain back into focus, but it wasn't familiar to her in his mechanically cloaked voice and she lost the memory. She lost who the boy was or why it had been important that she remembered.

"Come on Scavenger, come back to me." He pleaded with her when she began to physically shut down.

She was slipping and he needed her cooperation to get a better hold on her. Her eyes flew opened and she stared into his black and silver mask.

"That's right, focus on me. It's just you and me." The words hit the wrong cord and when she saw the mask of Kylo Ren staring down at her, she thought of them together; the image of her in servitude moved to the forefront of her mind.

This brought more panic. After cursing himself for being an idiot over his now obvious poor selection of words, he chose a different route. Using the very personal memories he'd stolen from her during a time when he should have been interrogating more useful and specific things from her, Kylo projected an image of a calm beach. Soft waves caressed along the shoreline of silky warm sand the perfect temperature to bury your toes into. The tranquil water lapped gently at the cliffs and rocks that surrounded the beautiful lush island. He let her feel the warm sun kissing her cheeks as she rested against a gentle breeze that carried the scents of florals and fruits in her direction.

It was more her island then this one. The images of a more serene place that she'd created from piecing together visions she'd had of this very one. He'd only seen this self concocted sanctuary in her mind once when he'd probed the secret escape from the most private of places in her mind.
months ago, but he never forgot a single detail. He held on to every flash of color and life that he'd stolen from her personal inventory like a starving artist hoarding swatches of color in a black and grey world.

It was the same island she was dangling from now in the worst Force storm he'd ever seen, but he obviously left that part out. Short lived relief flooded through him when her eyes filled with a new shining light in their irises. Her thoughts quieted and she calmed. His heart jumped into his throat as he watched her staring at him.

She was calm, she stared into the mask of Kylo Ren and yet, she was calm. He internally basked in this stunning knowledge, his own eyes beaming back at her through the dark confines of his helmet.

"Good..." He almost sounded too relieved. "...Good girl." He encouraged. "Now, I need you to work with me ok?" She didn't hesitate. She hurriedly nodded her compliance.

He tugged at her weight with the arm that had her wrist in a death grip and counted to three. On the third count he gave a heady jerk and with her teeth clenched through the pain of her tearing wrist, her free hand shot up and latched firmly onto his forearm. The recoil that followed the tug which allowed her the additional distance to latch onto him, caused him to lose some traction. While his free hand was still firmly locked onto one of the ledges teeth, he lost a few more inches of ground with his body, bringing himself nearly half over the edge.

"Ren!" She yelped, as she dangled a good sixty or so feet above the violently crashing waves below her.

It likely wasn't the height of the drop into the dangerous water below that would kill her if she fell, but the sharp jagged rocks and crushing waves that slammed into the wall of earth that her toes were still kicking against. Fear like he'd never seen before danced in her eyes and he squeezed her wrist so hard he thought he may be breaking it in his hand.

"I've got you!" He promised through gritted teeth.

Until that very moment she'd forgotten who had her, who she desperately clung to. The words flowing through the helmets vocoder distorted the meaning behind them and made her wince. Her heart hammered against her rib cage and her stomach rolled. Now there was an entirely different fear playing through her head. She could plummet to her doom and end it all by way of drowning or she could rise only to fall into the hands of an enemy who could literally bend her, or worse break, her will into submission, leaving her as nothing more then a shell for the battery that was her power to be harnessed, stored, and used whenever he wished.

"Sorry scavenger, but you'll have to take your chances with me." He replied, more to himself in response to the thoughts she'd had over the situation. "Because, I'm not letting you go!" He announced with a fresh determination and pulled with everything he had until slowly she approached the lip of the cliff side.

Her wrist was not happy about supporting her weight for so long. It was even less happy when his fingers dug deeper into the already bruised flesh and dislocated bone. Now she felt like the supporting muscles around the joint were tearing and there was nothing she could do. Even through the numb of the adrenaline rushing through her, Rey felt the burn and sear of her muscles under the abuse of her weight and his crushing grip. The more he pulled the more the waining solidity of the structure gave out. Rey had his forearm in her hand but she was sure her grip on the slick leather would be to loose to maintain for much longer. She couldn't even wrap her fingers completely around the thick muscle she was grasping at. It was the thickest place of his forearm, the space below his elbow but well above the wrist. She couldn't slid her hand low enough to lock down the hold she
had on him with out chancing the loss of her grip on him completely.

As though responding to her concerns she felt the heat of his Force essence wrapping around her wrist along where they were connected. His power heated her flesh everywhere his hand enveloped her. And now she had confirmation that he was in her thoughts. Her wrist was tingling, his energy numbing away the pain that was tearing at her muscles.

Was he trying to heal her? Was that even possible? And all while balancing himself on the edge of the cliff as he strained to pull her up to safety...

Why? She thought, not in control of her mind enough in the moment to keep the question from ringing between their bond.

Kylo didn't respond. His attention already spread to thin while he attempted to accomplish several very dangerous tasks at once, which could ultimately cost him his life should he mess up. His power traveled over Rey slowly. It soaked into her skin and she felt it moving beneath the surface. She almost felt at ease, his Force seeping into her muscles, his heat caressing the aching and damaged tissue beneath.

She felt the feathering ropes of muscles under the protective blanket of her skin pulling back together, reinforcing their elasticity and structure with the strength that he allowed her to pull from his power. She felt the abused and dislocated cartilage at the joint pulling and popping back into place. Rey quickly became unfocused, loosing herself in the feeling of his Force mingling with hers even while dangling over certain death at the hands of her worst fear.

The two Force energies had finally won out and now they were together unrestrained by either of their wielders. She felt dizzy, felt—tingly. She felt everything, everywhere!

Her wrist was warm and she could feel the crushed bones resetting and realigning to their natural places with mind numbing heat.

In her state of panic and fear, she had been easily taken over by their bond. She was intoxicated the second his Force buried itself into her skin. Now it was all over her body. She dangled below him over what would probably be a very agonizing death if she fell and all she could think of doing, was touching him. She wanted to feel his skin along hers. She couldn't imagine what it would feel like if their flesh made contact. It was as alarming as it was odd to think that about someone you were supposed to hate, someone you were clearly on opposing sides of a war with. When Kylo tensed Rey realized she must have been projecting. She didn't think his muscles could tighten up anymore then what the restraints they were already under demanded of him, but to her surprise, they did.

Maker she appreciated all the work she knew he put into keeping his body so fit. Hoth, it was saving her life! She defended her very inappropriate and poorly timed appreciation.

She understood the labor it took to stay healthy to physically survive in a world that wanted to tear you apart day to day, and for no other reason then because it could. She couldn't help but respect him for doing so without that threat as motivation.

The softest thing about Jakku and the inhabitants who traversed it, was the sand. And no matter how soft, it always managed to burn you if you stilled to long. She didn't however understand why he'd bothered to build up his endurance or to train his physique into the powerhouse that he'd clearly become. His strength in the Force alone made it so he should hardly ever have to exert himself. Especially not over everyday menial tasks and labors.

He could have taken the lazy route and not bothered with the extra physical upkeep he had clearly
put into his body. As she drowned in the current of his power she found herself very much in unabashed appreciation of every thing that he was. And all while dangling over the mouth of her worst fear, by only the grace and power of her second worst fear... this couldn't be a more confusing situation.

Still, the angry waves and jagged teeth along the cliff's base below where she dangled, was enough to make anyone appreciate the physique of an enemy who was willing to save them.

There was a crack of loud lightning near by and they both jumped, nearly loosing one another in the startle, and now Ren was half folded over the ledge. The wind crushed out of him via his weight in addition to hers as the ledge cut into his diaphragm.

"Your not going to like this," He gritted through restricted breaths and his strained hold on her. "But I need you to trust me." He groaned out loud, his tone equally as serious as his voice was strained.

She was already loosing her grip on him but he still held fast, his grip slowly re-crushing the delicate bones of her wrist as he clutched her for her dear life. And to him, for some unknown reason that he just couldn't define, it was dear.

Her heart was in her stomach and she just knew she was about to die. A shaky, "Ok." Was all she could muster in response to his words.

His helmet nodded and his hand opened, all at once releasing her from his grip. Her panicked fingers dug around his arm. She swung below him, trying to keep hold of the arm she was quickly loosing grip of. Despite the rain slicking the already saturated pleats of his armor and her strength nearly fully depleted, somehow she managed to do just that. She clawed and pulled at his extended arm, her eyes were wide in terror and her face paled into a mixture of white and green.

"Scavenger." He tried calling out to her over the storm but she couldn't hear him with all of the blood hammering through her head.

"Let go!" His voice floated through her pulsing head. "Trust me." He soothed her with another image of her island but this time it did little to calm her.

"You... you s-said you wouldn't l-let me go." She pleaded out loud, not stable enough to pass it through their connection.

He knew she didn't have to do anymore then think it at this point and he'd hear it loud and clear, but she wasn't thinking rationally so he didn't bother correcting it right now. This wasn't the best possible scenario to start teaching/lecturing her about their connection.

Priorities! He reminded the dominant part of him that wanted her as his apprentice.

"And I won't sweetheart, I promise." He soothed through her mind.

"B-b-but you did!" She clung to him, her body shaking as she started to hyperventilate.

It wouldn't be long now, even if she refused to let him go willingly, her body wasn't going to last much longer under these circumstances. Physically and mentally, the odds were against her.

"Trust me!" He reiterated the two words and projected an image of himself in her mind.

She saw him standing in front of her, his eyes were a deep brown. The color of the tree's and earth and nature she'd fallen in love with since her arrival on the island. She normally found heat and anger clashing with despair and torment in the endless recesses, now there was something cool and
welcoming. Like the damp dark dirt that laid just below the surface of the dry earth above it. The soil that was always moist and nurturing no matter how hard and dry the top layer that protected it was. It was "just" dirt here on a planet like Ach-to, but back on Jakku she'd seen men and other species loose their lives over it. On a planet where nothing but cacti and death flourished, growing soil in even a small amount was worth hundreds of rations.

Of course, Kylo Ren couldn't just have plain brown eyes. He had to have the richest brown eyes in the universe... she complained to herself.

Even dangling over the edge of the earth she wanted to roll her eyes at him. She almost laughed at the thought of someone complimenting another by saying they had dirt colored eyes, but with her particular life experiences she was naturally groomed to find the color highly valuable.

Something aside from the endless pools of power that swirled within them caught her attention. It flicker across his face in an unfamiliar expression. Rey didn't know what it was, but it made her feel connected to him in a way that she could no more deny with out damaging herself, then she could refuse to take another breath into her lungs. And then came that feeling again, that comfort that she recognized without truly being able to pin down why.

She swallowed hard. Closed her eyes, and with no further thoughts about it, Rey opened her hand, releasing herself from his arm.

For a lightsecond that seemed to last forever, she fell. She waited for an impact that never came, then she realized there was no falling sensation. She hesitantly opened her eyes for fear that she may already be dead, smashed up against the mouth of the rocks below but she wasn't. She was... floating... no, more accurately levitating... she was levitating! Slowly she rose back up the cliff side. Kylo Ren was standing on the edge with his right hand out using the Force to manipulate her body back up the stone wall.

"See, I told you I wouldn't let you go!" His deep, prideful voice nearly purred in her head and she almost moaned in response.

Instead he got a weak laugh as her heart found its way into her throat in the best way possible. She couldn't have been more appreciative towards anyone more then she was towards him right now. If he'd been anyone but who he was, she would have thrown herself at his feet and kissed his boots the second she touched solid ground. She was still to shocked, terrified and to overwhelmed to speak through her chattering teeth, but she was sure he knew how greatful she felt. She was willingly projecting through their connection.

Not that she could stop anything from flowing through her right now even if she wanted to. If their bond remained unchecked, left opened and with loose enough restrictions, both could unintentionally pass, easily feel, and even share feelings together even if they didn't want to. Their bond grew in leaps and bounds the closer they physically were to one another. She still hadn't been taught to control her feelings from projecting without being in a state of meditation. It's not like they'd even been close enough, or willing to practice with one another.

Rey's strength of control was stronger when it came to keeping someone out of her thoughts but not when it came to keeping her big mouthed thoughts quiet. She'd also just figured out that the more traumatic of an experience they both shared the more actively her power pulled for his, like the experience wound them more tightly together or maybe that was because of how desperately she'd just clung to him for her life...

Either way, now Rey felt an overwhelming need to be physically near him. The surface of her skin
was almost painfully sensitive, like that feeling you get when you're sick; when you have random body aches over the slightest of touches. Anything that makes contact with your skin leaves painful chills or feels like budding bruises on the spot. The closer she got to him the less discomfort she felt or maybe she was over thinking it, maybe it was the ledge that she was feeling drawn to. The ground above her meant there would be ground below her and that was safety after all.

As he raised her higher, Ren stepped back carefully. She was almost there... Just a little further and she could reach the ledge with her fingers... That's when a huge Force wave suddenly slammed into Ren and seconds after, Rey. It flattened Ren to the ground with such force that his helmet bounced off the stone beneath his feet, twice! He was dazed and his ears were ringing in the heavy metal confines.

What in the kriff was that? He didn't have to search for an answer, his darkness responded to the familiar threat immediately.

His vision was blurred but he was on his feet. Blackness oozed from him in thick violent waves, corrupting the sensitive force storm over the island. He turned to find Luke Skywalker serval feet away. His hand out shielding his face from the ever growing storm that their conflicting Force signatures had created upon his arrival on the island. Now the storm raged around them, transforming it's self into something of a tsunami. Their conflicting emotions and signatures fed fuel to the destructive force every second they opposed each other.

He didn't have time for this. There was something important that every cell in his body needed to focus on but he couldn't figure out what. His rage was too hot, he was sent spiraling into one of his moods. Red washed over his vision and he saw nothing but his victim through the eye slot in his helmet. Magma boiled and spit out from his orifices. He radiated darkness through venomous fumes that evaporated along his fiery skin to creep through his clothing effectively releasing the toxins of his rage into the air around him. His darkness joined in with his Force to deliver a devastating blow to his former master. Hot blue lighting shot out from one hand in unison with a Force hold from the other. Ren finished the retaliating attack with a huge Force wave of his own and Skywalker flew through the air, the countering blow unexpectedly powerful. His body convulsed under the tremendous amounts of electricity that still surged through it.

Kylo didn't wait to see anything else. He unlatched his helmet, dropped it at his feet and peeled his heavy wet tunic off. He didn't need the extra weight of the body armor that layered the rest of his clothes so he lost everything from the waist up with the exception of his arm guards, pealing those off in the rain would be an unnecessary waste of time. Without a second thought he sprinted out and leapt over the edge of the cliff. His body straightened to a line and his feet stabbed into the water first. He felt little resistance as his body cut deeply into the black ocean around him. He knew she was already beneath the waves. He could feel the crushing weight around her. He could see the blackness coming for her and he could feel her heartbeat slowing in her chest. He searched through the seemingly black water. The night offered no assistance with the stormy clouds blocking the light of the moon and stars overhead.

She was drowning and he couldn't find her. There was too much darkness around them. To know some one is so close they were literally right next to you but being unable to find them is a torture that he's never known before, and torture was something he'd gotten very familiar with. While under his Master's training; Through the hand of the cruel practice he'd been kept near his breaking point most nights. Torture was a relentlessly cruel mistress who love to play games and he had become one of her favorite toys.

Rey didn't see what happened. She was so shocked that she didn't even scream as she fell. The air was already gone from her lungs before she hit the water. The sudden impact of a powerful Force
wave slammed into her body, stealing the precious air from her lungs before sending her flying further out over the water below her. She was sure that this is what had unintentionally saved her from the rocks and waves below but there was nothing saving her from the watery hands that pulled her down now. She'd sealed her fate the second she awkwardly hit the water. The first thing she'd done was suck in a deep breath. Her mouth filled with liquid salt and her throat convulsed trying to push the ocean back up her esophagus. For a few brief moments she was able to bring herself kicking up to the surface. She coughed and choked on a deadly mixture of air and water before finally sinking into the crushing embrace around her.

For some reason she was calm. It wasn't a false feeling of safety or a mental break down. She just decided to stop fighting against something that was more powerful then herself. There was a sense of peace that came from her acceptance. She'd imagined this happening so many times since she'd been on Ach-to that now, she was almost mentally prepared for the real thing. It didn't matter if she was a Jedi, a Sith, a Queen, a Kenobi, or a lowly Scavenger. If the death wanted her, then it would have her.

A Kenobi! She remembered. I'm a Kenobi! She was overjoyed... then she wasn't.

She'd hoped after she found out that her parents had perished, that at least in death she would be reunited... But, she'd never see her grandfather again. He was beyond where ever a spirit went when it passed. She hadn't even made it to a Jedi yet, let alone learned how to preserve herself in the Force after death. She did however find one relief floating with her amongst her depressing thoughts.

At least she didn't fall to Kylo Ren's malefic lightsaber. Even as she sunk to her watery grave she shivered over the thought of that evil blade. She saw it's crimson glow reaching out like demonic hands waiting to collect her soul.

The darkness that she saw in that thing made it's owner look like a kitten in comparison.

Ren... Her thoughts suddenly reminded her that he'd been hit with the Force energy seconds before she had.

Did he end up flying over the edge too? Would he meet the same fate she was? Rey didn't know why that line of thoughts made her feel so heartbroken.

Maybe it was because if he did die, it was her fault! He'd said he didn't want to fight but she'd egged it on anyway.

He did try to abduct me. She defended herself.

Still, he was only that close to the edge because she put him there and he'd willingly stayed trying to save her life.

It didn't matter that she was trying to kill him moments before, only that it was through an act of kindness on his part towards her, that would cause his death. She saw his face one last time before her consciousness gave way to the lack of oxygen to her brain.

Kylo had sent out a pulse of his Force in search for hers. He was pushing through the dark water in her direction as fast as he could. Every time a pulse of his energy passed over hers he found more adrenaline to fuel his endurance. As her presence grew closer so did his speed and strength. His lungs were burning and by the time he reached her, she wasn't moving. Her body was peacefully sinking into the murk below. He reached for her and when his gloved hand made contact with her shoulder it was the most wonderful feeling in the universe. He clenched the thick material of her tunic in his hand and pulled his arm back with all of the strength he could muster.

He simultaneously kicked out with both of his feet putting just as much effort into the power of his
legs when he pulled her up. She propelled upward and his arms wrapped around her waist. He'd been wrong before, this was the most wonderful feeling in the universe but now wasn't the time to linger on that distraction. He kicked out and pushed up with both arms, this time he was able to get lower than her and it granted him the advantage of using his back and shoulders when he forced her much smaller frame upwards.

His lungs started contracting and he was losing large bubbles of air every time he pushed her through the water but it didn't dampen his determination in the slightest. When he could finally see the rocking waves at the surface above her, he straightened his arms and sent a Force wave out beneath him, his body propelled upwards and he caught and pulled her through the water with him. They broke the surface together and he instantly shifted her above him while he rolled onto his back. He positioned her face parallel to the ocean and tilted it slightly so she wouldn't swallow any additional water that may have splashed into her mouth as he dragged her along with him. He was kicking and pulling, his focus was so intent on keeping her alive that he didn't even notice how far they were from the shoreline. The edge of the cliff they plunged off of was tightly hugged by a medley of large and small jagged rocks that he had to swim around so they wouldn't be torn apart and smashed to pieces by the surrounding waves.

By the time he'd gotten her to the shore every muscle in his body was burning. When he could finally reach the bottom he'd swept her up into his arms and cradled her tightly to his chest protecting her from the onslaught of the crashing waves at his back. The rain had calmed to a heavy drizzle but lightning still danced across the sky all around them. He kept looking down at her still form as he waddled through the water. Some how in between now and when he'd literally fished her up from the depths of the ocean, she'd coughed up the water that had snaked its way into her lungs. Right now, while Kylo watched her take deep calm breaths in his arms, he'd never been more certain that the universe had granted him a miracle. He didn't know why and he didn't care to contemplate it. Her heart was beating in her chest. She was alive and he fully intended on keeping her that was for as long as he possibly could.

He was still looking down at her when he heard the strike of a lightsaber igniting just ahead of him. The familiar green light made the dark water around them glow eerily. Her smooth sun tanned skin changed tone under the harsh green of Luke Skywalker's light saber. Kylo widened his stance and pulled the girl up towards his right shoulder. He loosened his hold on her legs and her core dropped to hang closer to the water. He needed to be ready to let her lower half go so he'd have the freedom of at least one hand should he need to fight. The second he heard his enemies lightsaber igniting he called to his own, realizing it was still on the cliff side somewhere. He could feel it getting closer every second that passed.

"Hand her over!" His former Master said with a threat in his voice.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos you liked it.*

-DarkGuardian-
"I'll come back for you sweetheart..."

*Warning; Possible triggers ahead!*

"I'll take her from here." Luke told his nephew with a threat in his voice.

Ren scowled. "Why...? So you can finish the job?" He instinctively hugged Rey closer to himself. Her face was half pressed against his bare chest. Her soft warm breath rolled over his skin, still calm as she exhaled against him.

Luke ignored the harsh words and stepped closer to them. "I thank you for retrieving my apprentice, now hand her over and I'll let you go back to where ever it is you came from." He kept his lightsaber low at his side, but his grip was tight.

It took an enormous amount of restraint not to crush the hilt in the grip of his mechanical hand. His anger was towards himself, he'd almost unintentionally killed her... again, but he directed it instead at Kylo Ren. In truth he was really very grateful for the boy's assistance. He blinked at the ridiculous reference he'd just used to describe his nephew. He was a boy the last time he'd seen him, but now he was a man. He'd filled out, replacing his awkward lanky form with a well developed body. He had a warriors physique and his uncovered torso had several angry scars.

His face... Luke couldn't help the gasp in his thoughts.

He gulped as his eyes traced the length of the scar that his student had given him. As far as he could tell, it was the only scar his face donned but it was visibly the most dominant of all of the marks that littered his nephew's visible body. Be... Kylo Ren, didn't seem bothered by his former Master's prying eyes. In fact, his chin lifted slightly when he caught his uncle ogling the scar on his face. He seemed prideful about that one as he showed it off like a trophy.

He looked as capable and dangerous as his visions had made the dark warlord out to be. It was always so hard for him to accept this version of his Ben in his head. He found himself constantly thinking of Kylo Ren as a different person entirely. It was hard to replace the image of the barely pubescent nephew he was once so fond of with the fully grown version of the masked male that his visions had shown him as but deep down Luke knew they were one in the same. Kylo hadn't still looked like that the lanky young teen he remembered him as when he took part in the decimation of his temples but Luke had shamefully only seen him once or twice in-between his teens and early twenties when it had happened.

His young nephew had struggled with the darkness inside of him off and on for years. They had been so close for so long, that Luke had thought he knew the boy better then he did. He underestimated him in every way. More then that he underestimated the darkness that had a hold over him. Luke was so jaded by his love for Ben and he still had so much light in him, that even after everything happened, he still couldn't image his nephew being capable of such atrocities. He could however, imagine the man before him now being capable of such and more. He was so distracted by memories and thoughts that when Kylo Ren's lightsaber flew out from the darkness, Luke was not even close to quick enough to intercept it's Masters call with his own. He didn't drop the girl in his arms as Luke had expected him to. He opened his left hand and caught the saber in his grip while keeping her legs swung into the bend of his elbow. He didn't ignite the blade but he held it as though he were ready to should it be required of him.

Everything in Ren was screaming for him to attack the False Prophet of the Light, who stood before
him pretending to care about his girl. He recognized the double meaning that description implied and at this point he wouldn't fight or deny it. He couldn't, especially not while he held her pressed so protectively against his chest and he didn't want to.

She is mine! He thought decidedly and he intended to see to it in every way possible.

Luke was staring at him, eyeing him as though weighing his opponent. His gaze had lingered over the long scar across the right side of his face and Ren did nothing to deter his blatant stare. Instead he raised his head proudly. He didn't care what the hermit thought of him now anyway. Rey stirred in his arms and for a moment he almost forgot about Luke Skywalker altogether.

"ky... Ren?" She breathed out parts of his name through her dazed state and he gave her what he hoped would be a light, reassuring squeeze.

"It's alright sweetheart, I've still got you." He spoke down to her. He put a great deal of effort into keeping his tone soft and comforting even though the rest of him was in battle mode. He cradled her like glass in his arms. For a split second her eyes opened and they fell over his. A memory flashed between them and he couldn't stop the sudden release of it through their connection.

He was still at Master Luke's academy. Lana, one of the other Padawans who he'd taken under his wing while their Master, who was gone again in his several months at a time fashion, had sought out Ben for help to a very serious problem. He was a teen at the time but still the girl had felt the safest with him and so that's who she ran to now. He'd been meditating over his own issues when she had barged into his most recently assigned quarters. Their rooms were always being switched to further encourage the young students away from attachments even for things as insignificant as the rooms they took residency in or the clothes and equipment they shared. The attendants had very few personal items that were truly considered theirs.

The girl was panicked and speaking much too fast for him to understand. He sprang to his feet and took her by the arms. She broke down in hysterics and no matter how hard he tried he couldn't understand her. He pulled her against his chest and held her just like his mother used to do to him whenever something bad happened. She had her arms wrapped protectively around herself and she sobbed into his right arm. When her sharp frantic breaths eased he pulled her back and cupped her cheeks in his hands. She was only a couple of years younger than him but he towered over her as he did to most of his peers and even a couple of his instructors. Her face was puffy from crying but that's not what he noticed first. She had a fresh split across her bottom lip and there was a fresh bruise blooming across her left cheek. His sight flicked over her in search of more injuries and though he found no visible damage, he did notice that the front of her tunic was ripped just below her neckline allowing his eyes access to just a hint of cleavage. He quickly averted his gaze. He stared down at her with an intensity in his brown eyes that didn't help her already frantic breathing. His voice was dark, but calm when he finally asked her what happened. She sniffled and her breath kept hitching in her throat, making it very difficult for her to speak.

"I... I can't s-say it ou-out loud. Pl- Please, just l-look." She begged him through hitching breaths.

"Are you sure?" His brows pulled to the center of his face and he eyed her warily.

"Please!" She nearly shouted at him. Her hand grabbed at his arm and she squeezed in desperation.

He wasn't very good at what she was asking him to do. He knew it would hurt when he delved into her mind, invading her thoughts and memories as he did so. He held her firmly in place with his hands bracing her for the pain. It didn't take him long to find what she wanted him to see. He wasn't
sure if it was because she kept the memory on the surface of her mind for him to see or if it was because she was too upset to think of anything else but it was ready for his viewing the instant he peeked inside her head. She'd been meditating just like he was moments ago when one of the Jedi Masters came to check on her. She seemed instantly pained upon seeing this man. At the time he didn't think anything of the fact that it had been a male but as the memory played through, he quickly realized the significance. The Master had guided her up from the floor and he led her to the edge of the plain flat cot that she slept on. At first they spoke of things that were common between a Master and the younger Padawans. Then he started touching her. It started off with a light touch on the shoulder, then an inappropriate tug on her top. When she scooted back from him, his hand fell to her leg and he squeezed her thigh painfully. Ben was betting she'd have a bruise there. It only got worse as the memory went on. His hand moved higher and she winced. She had begun to refuse him and that’s when he'd cracked her across the mouth. She fell back and he tore at her tunic before reaching down the ripped neckline to grab a handful of her chest. She crossed her legs as he squeezed her inner thigh and he struck her again.

Kylo wanted to pull back from the vision but she held his hand against the side of her head. Tears streamed down her face and her eyes begged him not to stop. He continued to watch as the man forced her legs apart and started working at her trousers only stopping when he realized that she had finally become a woman. He had called her useless now, said she was too old for him to use. He told her she was disgusting and he threatened her repeatedly. She was told to keep her mouth shut or he'd tell Master Luke about how disgusting she was. He threatened that she'd be forced to leave the academy like the shamed whore that he'd branded her as. At first She watched him leave filled with relief. It seemed her time of being used was over. Then a sense of guilt and dread filled her to her core and she realized that he would replace her. She stumbled to the entrance of her quarters and she watched his back intently as he disappeared behind the door to the youngest of the female Padawans' quarters. She panicked, without further thought her mind went to the one male that she knew she could trust indefinitely. The one male that was sure to defend and protect Kira as he always did. Ben. He saw his name in her mind and he pulled out of the memory with such force, that it left her head reeling.

He said nothing as he left her standing in his room. He raced across the grounds to where the females quarters were and he practically kicked down the door to her room. The man was already leaning over her. Her little feet were over the edge of the cot, kicking happily as they usually did. She was so innocent and unaware of how disgusting this fiend was, this coward who would have other wise been her attacker. He pulled his hand from her small leg but not before Ben had seen it there. He sneered up at the young man who dared to barge into the young girl's room. Ben's eyes flicked between her and the unknown Jedi Master next to his friend who'd recently become his self appointed student. He couldn't really call her an apprentice since he wasn't a Master yet himself. Her beautiful hazel eyes smiled back at him and she seemed completely oblivious to the danger she was just in. A warm sparkle twinkled brightly in those innocent orbs as she smiled fondly up at him and knew he would kill this man. It was the first time he'd ever accepted his darkness. The first time he saw red!

His focus fell back to the Jedi who Ben had never given a second thought to before now. He'd come from one of Master Luke's other temples and he was something of a scholar but mostly kept to himself, or so he made it seem. His words were poison as he tried to make Ben feel guilty for entering her room so unexpectedly and so forcefully. Ben strode across the room picking up pace as he went and the man recoiled instantly sensing the threat that approached him. He used the Force to yank the man from the cot and he easily flung him across the room. His body slammed into the wall and there were several snaps and pops before it
dropped to the floor. He reached for the lightsaber in his belt but it was too late. Ben was on top of him and his fists were crashing down into the man's face repeatedly. He wasn't sure how long or how many times he struck the man but he didn't stop until her hand fell on his shoulder. By then there wasn't much left of the bloodied broken face to call a man. He was dead, there was absolutely no doubt about that.

Ben had felt it when his heart had stopped beating. It was moments after he'd crushed his eye socket under his fist and that didn't even slow his pace as he continued to bash that part of his skull in. There was a pile of mush where his left eye had previously been and he could see grey matter mixed in with the jelly of his squished oculus. Ben's own hands were bleeding from the impacts. He was pretty sure he had broken several knuckles in his right hand in the process and possibly his left middle finger to. It took him several quiet minutes to recover from what he'd just done and the little girl behind him was mature enough to give him the time he needed to regain himself. He panted over what was left of the man he'd just mutilated with his bare hands. He lifted his head and raised his hands so he could stare at the blood that dripped from his skin. It splattered across his face and soaked into his clothes.

The girl behind him unexpectedly wrapped her arms around his back. He tensed not sure how to respond. She squeezed him and as ridiculous as it was coming from a child nine years younger then himself, he felt comforted. She had a light in her that easily chased away his darkness. She had no idea why he did what he did and yet, with out judgment or fear, she gave her best attempt at holding him. She offered him comfort after witnessing something so horrendous, it would have made most grown men turn on him, flee, or at the very least, heave. His eyes teared but not from regret or guilt. He felt none of that. He'd never know such an unconditional acceptance and compassion as he found in her. There was something between them that was so unbreakable, he could only describe it as a bond and it was far from ordinary. It was greater then blood. It had something to do with his soul. Ben Skywalker-Solo knew then, that in the end, only death would ever be powerful enough to separate them. He eyed the man one last time before turning his attention to the small child that clung to him. The man that this mess had once been, had made at least one young girl his victim and he intended on making the girl behind him another. Ben had only switched the roles, he had turned the tables on him for the girls who couldn't yet do it for themselves. He kept his head low as he rose to his feet. Her small hands fell away from his back as he stood. He turned and pulled her up into his arms. He led her away from the gruesome scene he'd left behind.

Lana approached them just as he was closing the door and she froze at the sight of him covered in blood. She ran to help him, assuming that it was his, but upon closer examination she realized the only injuries he'd sustained were on his swelling hands. His face was sullen and dark. There was a new seriousness about him that had never been there before. She swore there was something she could only describe as dark moving in his eyes. She shivered, even after he broke their stare.

"Is she... ok?" She asked Ben as her attention moved to the little girl who clung to his front. She had a few tears in her eyes and her hands gripped tightly at his tunic but she otherwise seemed calm.

He nodded and he unconsciously rested the bottom half of his face against her head, returning the comfort that she was so freely giving him.

"Come on." She said motioning for him to follow her. "She can stay in my room with me."

"No!" He clipped. "She can stay in mine. She'll be safe there."

"But Ben, its forbidden."

She started.
"You think I give a damn!?! It was posed as a question but she knew he didn't expect a response. Her eyes only widened and she fidgeted with her hands in front of her. When he motioned for her to follow with a nod forward she did so with out hesitation.

"You can come to if you want... It's clearly not as safe here as we were led to believe." He said as if she wasn't already following him like a lost, frightened animal seeking shelter.

After he'd closed the door to his room, he set the little girl down carefully. He cupped her cheek with his hand and ran his thumb across her face. A deep red smeared across her skin. He pulled his hand away realizing only then that he'd left a large bloodied hand print covering the majority of the left side of her small face. He grabbed the bowl of water from the table side by his door, dumped it onto a clean under shirt and fell to his knees at her feet. He carefully worked at the print that covered her face. It took some effort to clean the easily smearing substance from her face and regretfully her cheek was a little pink from all of the scrubbing it took to remove the staining color from her skin.

"Were there any others?" His words broke the silence that had filled the room, save for the sound of cloth moving across skin. Not realizing he was taking to her, Lana didn't answer. He was focused intently on cleaning the small child's face when he froze mid swipe. He turned to her with an anger in his dark eyes that she'd never seen there before. She let free a small gasp.

"Were there any others who... who hurt you?" He repeated the question a little more specifically this time.

"Nuh-no." She finally stuttered. He nodded relieved by her answer. He turned his attention back to Kira who had sensed his weariness like it was her own. She placed her hand on the one that he'd been scrubbing her face with.

"It's ok Ben." Where the three perfect words that came out of her small mouth. He looked down at her in fascination. His hand fell to her lap with hers still over it.

"Why ever you did what you did, I know it's because you had to." Her small hands pulled his bloodied pair in hers. She turned them over to examine the damage wrinkling her small nose at the sight of his swollen, split skin. She tended to the injured appendages with both her eyes and her soft fingers. There was a visible glow under wherever she touched and he found his eyes darting back and forth between her and her hands. He felt a warmth like he'd never known wash over the bruised broken flesh. His skin absorbed the brilliant light that shined under her touch. It drank the power that she so freely offered him with out hesitation and he could feel the pain in his hands lessening. After a few short moments his hands were completely healed. She looked exhausted and he gently laid her back on his cot so she could get some rest. Ben watched as her eyes closed then fluttered open again, heavy with sleepiness.

He turned to leave her but her hand caught the tips of his fingers before he even left the bedside. "Please don't leave me?" She begged him. He smiled down on her warmly.

"I'll come back for you sweetheart, I promise." Was all he said before he placed a whisper of a soft kiss on her forehead. He turned back to Lana who was still staring at the pair of them in awe over what she'd just witnessed.

"Watch over her ok." His words were soft and protective but his face was hard again. He was a menacing force to be reckoned with and she would never look at him the same again. She blushed as he moved past her. His sharp features were highlighted by blood and his mind was somewhere else. She swore his eyes
were glowing with power and she was lost in the torrent of Force energy and darkness that lingered in his wake. He was beautiful.

"Wait, where are you going?" She asked nervously. He didn't stop, he never even flinched. He answered her void of emotion.

"I'm going to clean up my mess." He said before disappearing behind the hut door.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it.*

-DarkGuardian-
Kylo came back to his senses before Rey. It was a powerful vision between them, a very exhausting and detailed memory that would probably take her several minutes to recover from. Her eyes were closed and her face rested against his chest. She clung to him, her toned arms seemed so delicate wrapped around him. Her hands pulled at the thickness of his traps and neck as she dug her face deeper into his body. Ren felt his world slow. He felt his legs wobble as his knees shook under the weight of the way she felt clinging to him of her own accord. They had been submerged in freezing water only moments ago and yet, his temperature was rising exceedingly fast. Sweat slicked along his forehead. It clung as desperately to his arms and shoulders as she did. They were melting into each other. Everywhere their skin met, he tingled. Every particle that touched felt like lightning in controlled volumes. It hummed and buzzed across his skin in small waves.

Kylo was so completely consumed by her that he forgot about the man who stood only feet away from them. He slowly trudged through the water passing Skywalker with out even a glance in his uncle's direction and the stunned Jedi let him. Rey flinched as though she were in some kind of pain and Kylo's eyes moved over her in every direction, searching for any discomfort he may be causing her. He scanned her as best he could through the blackness of the night and storm that cloaked them like a foggy wet blanket but he saw nothing of physical concern.

Luke still had his saber ignited as he watched his nephew in awe. Something visually passed between them... all three of them thanks to how vulnerable Rey's mind was. Luke didn't know what to say, he didn't know how to respond to the awful ordeal he'd just witnessed through her eyes; their eyes if he was to be exact. There were parts of that memory that Kylo's mind had filled in for her. They shared their thought as though they were one person. He'd never seen anything like it in all of his years or through all of his studies. Their minds blended their memories into one fluid vision. He'd seen it like he was there and the memory was as remarkable as it was tragic. He'd never known about what'd happened. He'd never know of his students abuse or that Ben had stopped it. He was forced to. Luke didn't know what was worse, witnessing such a traumatic and shocking ordeal, or watching his nephew take his first accepting steps into the Dark side.

Luke couldn't blame him for what he'd done, not even the extreme reaction he'd had or the brutal action he took. If Luke had been there instead, could he really say he would have done less? Probably not. His nephew had done what he thought to be right at the time. Though his method was defiantly taken to the extreme. He was forcefully thrust into being a man in a very shocking and brutal way and he was so young.

Luke watched now as he waded past him through knee deep water. Rey clung to him as though he were her lifeline and maybe he was. Luke wondered if she realized now who Ren was. The experience they had just shared had cracked the box of memories Luke had locked away years before. It was a wonder the chains he'd placed on it hadn't already come completely undone by now. There was nothing Luke could do to reinforce the stronghold that kept her past at bay. He studied his nephews face while he walked past with the girl. He wasn't the same man who stood in front of him seconds ago.

Seconds ago he was ready to strike me down. He strained to focus on the once familiar face of his nephew as he stepped further away from the illuminating glow of his lightsaber. Kylo Ren's face had softened as he gazed down on the half conscious girl in his arms. He looked young, hopeful, alight with understanding and... something else.

Compassion... His mind filled in the blank.
Luke didn't understand at first what had changed between the two to cause the hardened war lord to stare down on her in such away. Then all at once, it clicked. His nephew had finally figured out who she was. Luke had assumed that he already knew. After the effort the young man had put into invading her mind at every turn and then here when he had risked his life for hers. He had no reason to believe Kylo Ren didn't already recognize the girl.

Luke watched as he carefully set her body down. He held her even while her weight rested on the ground. He gently propped her up against the cliff's wall. He tilted her head into her shoulder successfully shielding her face from the rain. Luke could see his internal struggle as he peeled her clinging hands away from his neck. He carefully placed them in her lap and crouched in front of her. His gloved hand caressed her cheek before he finally pulled away from her. Kylo Ren in all of his menacing form positioned his body in front of her, protectively shielding her from Luke's vision. His lightsaber was still in his hand. His bare chest was heaving and his white teeth were clenched together tightly. He angrily breathed through those teeth. His jaw flexed and his lips curled. Ren stared at Luke with death in his eyes and his lightsaber blazed to life in his left hand.

"I hunted for you for years." He declared flatly over the rain. "I searched solar system after solar system. High and low... for years!" He continued, his volume rising with each word he spoke. He took one step forward and Luke shook under the weight of Ren's anger. He was quick to steady himself but he couldn't control the fear that was quickly building up in him. This was not the way of the Jedi but Luke hadn't considered himself one of those in years. He had seen how this fight ends. He'd seen how he would end. His nephew would slay him in only a few moments from now.

"And do you know why?" He asked the older version of the uncle he remembered from so long ago. He spun the fiery red blade in his hand, cutting through the screaming air and rain around him.

Luke said nothing. There was no need. Nothing he said would help. Nothing he did would change or redirect his nephews anger now.

"Because you took her away from me." Ren's blade spit at Luke. They were still several feet away but he could feel the heat from the unkempt spark.

"I didn't hunt you for my Master.... I didn't hunt you down for revenge... I didn't even hunt you for those books I know you have hidden away in that old Force tree you think I don't know about." He declared so casually that Luke actually found himself taken back by his nephew's knowledge. "I don't care about your stupid books; I already know what you've been trying to understand for the better part of the decade that you've had them. No Skywalker, none of that means anything to me. I've thought about you everyday since you took her from me. Every day since you took Kira from me I have hated you!" He admitted taking another long step forward. "You know what recently I found odd?" He paused and his saber whined impatiently.

Again Luke said nothing in response. Kylo's head tilted to the left, closer to the burning lightsaber that sizzled against the rain in his hand.

"I thought about you everyday... until I met her." His saber rotated in his wrist and he half turned back to the shivering form of the girl they now knew as Rey.

Kylo Ren already had her tucked safely away behind him where Luke assumed he though she should have been since the day they first met.

Maybe then his nephew would still go by then name Ben. Luke's guilty conscience pointed out what he'd been struggling with for years. Ren pointed the plasma at her and though Luke knew it was physically impossible, he was positive the blade extended to reach for her.
"The only reason I ever had to find you, the only reason I ever had to subject myself to seeing your face again, the only goal that was ever on my mind; Was to draw the information on where you kept her, where you hide her away from me all those years ago, out of your lying mouth. Little did I know we would find our way back to each other on our own." He squared his shoulders against his uncles.

The fuming form of the dark warlord before him was foreboding to say the least. Luke knew it would be over quick. He knew his time would be up soon so he did the only thing he'd ever wanted to do before his nephew had disappeared to join in with his enemies. The only constant thing he had thought about the entire time he was on the island...

"I'm sorry." He called out to his once very loved nephew. He still loved the boy he knew back then but the man who stood in front of him now, he didn't know. He wondered if the boy was still in there somewhere hidden away in the back of that dark twisted mind.

Kylo Ren haunched forward as though he were punched in the gut by Luke's words. It was his anger that pushed the air from his lungs with such force that it brought him bending forward to catch his fleeing breath before it could completely escape.

"You don't get to say your sorry! Don't you dare pretend to give a Kriff about any of this!" Ren boomed over the storm that was already picking back up. "Once, I loved you more then anyone else. Almost as much as I loved her." He paused then looking over his shoulder at the slowly recovering form of the girl behind him. "I thought maybe that's why you took her. Maybe that's why you took the only person who ever loved me back enough to never try to leave me, who never abandoned me like the rest of you did. Maybe you did it because you couldn't stand me loving someone else as much as I loved you." A flash of the boy from the past flew momentarily across the hard features of Kylo Ren's face. Those lost brown pools glossed over and his lips flattened together only to trembled. He suddenly looked so much like his Ben. Luke moved to say something but Kylo was quick to cut him off.

"She saw my darkness and instead of fearing it, instead of running away or rejecting me, instead of treating me like I was broken," He stepped closer to his uncle as he spoke his pace and volume growing with each word. "She accepted me! She comforted me and you know what old man... it made my light so much stronger." He slammed his balled fist into his bare chest every time the word me left his lips as he yelled.

Ren lunged and swung high at his uncle. Luke was so dazed by the revelations and omissions from the almost unrecognizable man before him, that he almost didn't block the strike at all. He back peddled and stumbled barely cartching himself against every powerful strike that his nephew threw at him.

"No matter how hard the darkness pushed and pulled at me... no matter how hard it tugged or whispered to me... she was there. She was an impenetrable shield that encased the Light I wasn't strong enough to protect on my own. She kept the true power of the darkness at bay; and then you took her away. Just like when my mother abandoned me years before, I was delivered into the void filled mouth of darkness by the hands that were by birth and blood, supposed to protect me!" He slashed across his uncles torso and this time, frozen by hurt and shock, his uncle did nothing to stop him. The lightsaber cut through his emotionally weakened Force shield to skimmed across his body. It was a surface burn but it felt like the tongue of the devil himself licked across his skin.

"I'm sorry." He repeated again, this time through the ragged breaths of pain and guilt.

"Stop apologizing Jedi." His nephew growled at him and he swung again but this time it was Kylo who stopped the plasma from making contact against the man who didn't fight back.
The blade hissed against every drop or rain that attacked it. It was inches from Luke's face, he could feel the heat caressing his skin. The slash would have easily decapitated him. Ren's eyes were hard and angry as he yelled for Luke to fight back. His face was strong when he threatened to cut him down where he stood wether it was through one sided combat or not. Luke's blade collapsed and he tossed the saber aside. Ren twitched. His lips twisted and he stared at his uncle in disbelief. His shoulders shifted and he very slightly leaned back.

"Don't you know what I did to him?" Ren's lightsaber wavered and his mouth pursed as though he were fighting a quiver.

Ben always did wear his heart on his sleeve. Luke found himself suddenly unable to separate Kylo Ren from Ben Solo.

"Don't you know what I did... to my father?" His voice broke but still he held the plasma blade inches from the kill.

Luke lowered his face but his blue eyes never veered away from their focal point. Kylo clenched his jaw and his face hardened once more. Suddenly he pulled his arm back and the saber mewled through the air in disappointment. Kylo spun the blade re warming his stiff wrist back up. He circled his former Master with disdain in his darkening brown orbs.

"Pick up your lightsaber Prophet of the Light. Show me what your righteous fury looks like." He goaded his uncle.

He hadn't noticed when Rey regained her wits. Not this time, not while his sanity was so unstable. Once again he was on the precipice of darkness and this time he had nothing to hold himself back from the edge. His rage tugged at him, his darkness clawed at his insides and his brain wracked inside his head. He was loosing his balance again and this time if he fell, he feared there would be no more coming back.

So why didn't he strike his uncle down? His fist shook with the weight of the lightsaber in his hand. He couldn't do this again, he didn't want to do this again; But something pulled him closer to the edge.

You need this. It will free you. Something inside of him hissed. It was a voice he didn't hear often and it always had more sway over him then his own willpower had.

He could feel the slithering poison clogging the blood that ran through his veins. He felt it slowing his heart, clouding his vision, and fogging his mind.

"I know about Han." His uncle finally replied. "I knew about Han long before it happened and so did he." Luke admitted to his visibly breaking nephew.

Kylo Ren froze. His heavy booted feet dug into the rocks and clay beneath them and he leaned forward at the waist. Rain moved through his soaked hair matting it to his face and neck as he leaned in to hear his uncle's words through the storm. He didn't even blink as it ran in thin streams over his eyes.

"What did you just say?" He asked far quieter then he intended. He switched the hands that held the lightsaber from left to right. This was his power hand. This was his killing hand.

Luke didn't answer. He could already see the message passing through his former students eyes as his brain processed the damaging information.

His father had in fact known the outcome... and still he had tried. Luke had known what would
happen... and he had done nothing to change the outcome.

What could he have done? A small voice in his mind tried defending his former Master.

It doesn't matter what he could have done, he knew and he did nothing. His anger easily countered. He did nothing because he was lying! His Darkness relentlessly continued to destroy the small voice of reason that he had tucked away somewhere with his light. His uncle was a liar in the past and he is still lying now! Ren couldn't handle the direction his own thoughts went in, he was already too far gone.

"Your a liar! You lied about her and your lying again now!" He accused in his fury. His eyes grew hateful and they darkened several shades. They were quickly frosting over. Their temperature dropped the more distant his emotions became.

"Ben...?" Luke called out to his nephew.

Luke saw the blinding darkness around him. He watched it crawl over him until it engulfed him whole. The dark aura clung to him as though he was the only hand that could control it. The only force that could harness and feed it. Like some kind of animal that had previously lacked a master suitable for it's power or strong enough to bare it's weight. The most prominent problem was that it was consuming the Master that harnessed it more and more with each passing second. Perhaps that was because the Master it chose was unable to handle that power, but staring into the eyes that showed just above Kylo's, he was betting it had more to do with the fact that their Master was currently not at the controls.

Kylo blinked at that name. His eyes still locked on his uncle but he couldn't see him. He couldn't see anything.

"Don't call me that, Han Solo called me that before I killed him." He said coldly.

He twisted and swung his lightsaber with such power that it crushed the Force field Luke had once again created around himself. Kylo didn't know it was there. He was blind in his rage. He would have killed his uncle with that strike and he wouldn't have know until it was over.

It wasn't the attack that surprised Luke, he'd known that was coming. It was his nephews lost eyes that shook him to his core. They were dark now, nearly black, like onyx. His face was blank. He showed no emotion as he advanced on him. Only seconds ago he was familiar, only seconds ago his emotions were flooding through his eyes and face. And now... he was not himself at all. He hadn't been Ben for a long time but now he was not even Kylo Ren.

"Ren stop." Rey called from behind him. She was struggling to her feet. She couldn't watch him kill anymore of his family. She knew the damage it would do to him and she herself couldn't handle any more loss. Neither of them could. She would drown in both of their pain if he did this. "Please." She pleaded as she clung to the rock wall behind her.

Kylo didn't even hear her. She didn't even register in his head. He struck again but this time Luke was ready. He had called his lightsaber to him just in time to intercept the blow. The blades clashed in a flurry of sparks and Kylo pulled away already recoiling to swing again. Luke was parrying and back peddling. They were getting closer to the moment where Luke would fall. The end for him was drawing near. He was ready to die but it wouldn't be in vein. He would meet the eyes of his killer head on because they were not his nephews. The last thing he could do for his fallen apprentice was bring him back under his own control before he died.

"It's ok Ben." He said barely stopping another blow that came uncomfortably close to cleaving his
right shoulder off.

He growled back at his uncle. He attacked several more times gaining power and fury with each passing strike. Finally Kylo caught their blades together and for a fraction of a moment, his face loomed so dangerously close over the searing plasmas that one wrong move would send them pushing into the soft flesh his throat.

"I told you old man, that's not my name." He pushed off of his uncle's lightsaber and lashed out with an unforgiving bout of strikes. Luke took the powerful blows one at a time until he found an opportunity to slams his force into his attacker and his nephew took the full brunt of it. Kylo Ren jerked back but his feet stayed planted. Luke's eyes widened in surprise but it didn't deter him from his mission.

"No, your right. Ben was weak... like his father before him." Luke echoed the words Ren declared to his father moments before he killed him.

Luke had memorized that vision, it haunted him nightly. Kylo Ren gave pause then. Something stirred behind his blackened eyes. Some thing sad and regretful. Luke wasted no time in continuing to coax his nephew back from the clutches of the intruder that had him. "It wasn't your fault Ben. None of it was your fault."

His nephew's straight spine bent and he slightly leaned forward as if trying to catch his breath and Luke continued.

"I should have been there for you. I should have been there for all of you. It was my fault." Luke lowered his lightsaber and slowly approached the man he once knew as a boy.

The second the words registered in his brain Kylo's fury was back. His distant eyes shot hot daggers at the hermit in front of him.

How dare he play martyr. Months ago this may have worked but Kylo knew better now. He was in control of his own actions when he took his father's life. That was his burden to bare. He would not give Luke the satisfaction of thinking that he had that much control over his actions. He may have in the past, Kylo was not foolish enough to deny that the man only feet in front of him had his own weight to bare where kylo's initial fall was concerned but he would take no credit where the burden of his father's blood was.

"You're right old man. You should have been there in the beginning. You took us on as your responsibility and by your own selfish actions you failed us, but that's it. That's where your legacy ends Skywalker. The day I left your temple burning was the first day I was responsible for my decisions, my actions, and my life. I chose the dark because I was sick of the light failing me. I was sick of you failing me! I was tired of the disappointment!" His darkness tugged him forward and kylo's feet followed the temptation.

"All I ever learned in the light was corruption and fear. Everyone feared something, most feared me. Fear followed me like a pungent aroma that sent every one around me fleeing... even you! And we both know where fear leads us don't we Skywalker? How can your students and teachers call themselves Jedi if they are consumed by fear? How can you?" Kylo raised his blade high and twisting his wrist he sent the blade cutting X's in front of him. The blade whipped through the tears of the crying sky above them. His arm flipped behind him and he repeated the movements again.

"Now I welcome the fear. I fan it like flames and wield it like a weapon, because we both know the Jedi are a lie. They are founded by lies that were built on more lies!" He took another massive step forward, twisting his wrist with great speed that caused his lightsaber to burn brightly in a stream of
circular light at his side.

It was a familiar show of technique. A more complicated version of the technique that Luke had recently seen in blue.

"Tell me I'm wrong Skywalker. Tell me!" He ran at his uncle swinging furiously.

Their sabers connected and with amazing speed Kylo quickly rotated his wrist, locking Luke's plasma blade under his giving him the dominant position over the shorter, older man. He pushed his blade closer and closer. The searing heat and sparks reached for the Jedi's skin. Spitting and hissing in unison with his nephews blinding rage. It pressed over Luke's cheek and he knew this was it. He fought to keep himself from screaming as the plasma melted into his skin, he wouldn't die screaming and he knew the next strike would lead to his last breath. He'd seen it a thousand times before now. Luke closed his eyes readying himself for the afterlife and then...

Something light jumped on Ren's massive back clasping at his arm and shoulder, throwing him off balance and dislodging his lightsaber from the lock he previously had control of. It clung to him with all of it's weight and strength. The small form wasn't much use against Kylo's much larger size and brute strength. He flung it away as though it were no more then a small insect. It flew back, slammed into the ground and was blasted hard with a push of his Force. He felt it smoosh and flatten to the slick rocks beneath it and he smiled darkly.

"Stay out of this girl!" He heard himself call out in a voice that didn't sound like his own.

Something about the word girl cut into his mind. It scratched and raked across his brain painfully but something blocked the receptors that told him what significance the word held for him.

Why was that an important word? He thought for only an instant before he was struck from the side by a wave of Luke's Force. It slammed into him jostling his previous thoughts, bringing him rolling across the ground and mentally back into the fight.

Rey shook her head clear of the pain her body was feeling. Luke needed her and more pressing then that, her Master needed her. He was in trouble. He was not himself. She was too distracted to notice her own recognition of the title she had used for Kylo Ren.

She only knew that something was off. He'd just risked everything to save her life. He'd risked his own life to save her and now he was calling her girl as though she were something disposable. He'd heard his voice in many different ways over the past several months and never had he sounded like that. His words dripped like poison from fangs. She couldn't see his face, couldn't see his eyes but she was betting if she could they wouldn't be that deep brown she loved falling into. The realization surprised her but she didn't have time to linger on it right now. She pealed herself from the ground. She took to wobbly legs and she reached for his mind with her own just as he went rolling past her.

It was darker then she had ever seen. There was some kind of shadow present. Something that felt foreign in the once familiar space. It clung to his cerebral cortex pumping venomous hate through it's buried fingers. He was a puppet on the strings of something his own power couldn't even touch. It polluted his thoughts, poisoned his mind until he couldn't think straight. She tried blasting it with a push of her force but it rolled off of the creature just as easily as Ren had tossed her from his back only moments ago. She searched his mind for some information she could use as a weapon, something she could use to her advantage against the seemingly indomitable creature that filled him with evil. There was no other word for it. This was beyond the light and the dark. It was malevolent in it's intent and it was controlling him.

Finally she found something. Something unlikely but not unexpected; It was light. A glittering
glowing pool of warmth and... love. He kept it safely tucked away right where the flow of their connection began. Rey didn't hesitate. She mentally dove into it, bathing her mind with it's radiance until she understood the power of her own light. She used his mind to empower her own, once again learning from him on the spot. She pulled at both his light and dark and it mixed with hers. She called all of their strength forward until it mentally rested on her fingertips. She focused on everything and everyone she held dear and sent a concentrated dose of both his and her power into the invading creature that noticed her interjection a fraction to late. Pure golden waves of lightning shot out from her fingertips.

It was so blindingly bright that she had to close her eyes against the scorching light. It blasted into the creature and it's shadowy skin instantly began to evaporate.

Kylo screamed in agony as his body lurched forward. He dropped his lightsaber and his hands dug into the earth beneath him. He twisted in pain as his eyes rolled in his head. He was suffocating while something deadly clawed at his brain. He fell forward and his forehead pressed painfully into the rocks and sand beneath him. His hands pulled at the sides of his head and he squeezed his face between his forearms. His mind pushed her out in a fury. She couldn't focus on containing her connection and the assault on the creature at the same time so she flew out with out any resistance. She was panting and gasping while Ren was hunched over in excruciating pain.

Luke stared between the two of them. He almost couldn't process what he'd just witnessed. She was nearly glowing and it wasn't just light that she emitted. She had a twinge of darkness mixed in with her... golden aura?!? He'd never even seen a golden aura. He himself was the strongest living user of the light and his was a cool blue.
She was the color of solar flares and stars and Ren's darkness encased her glow with the density of space.
Luke's face shot back to his groaning nephew.

His aura had visibly changed as well. He was still enveloped by thick blanketing shadows but they seemed more under his control now. They swirled and moved around him rather then the previously consuming form they took only moments before. Luke blinked in his disbelief. It was unmistakable though. Within Kylo Ren's dark aura of swirling shadows were sparks and flakes of her golden light. Together they spiraled like a living solar system of both light and dark. It was Rey who got up first. She half dragged herself to him. Luke could only observe the pair. He wasn't sure of what had just transpired between them and he still wasn't sure of what would happen next!

She stumbled to her knees before him. He still cradled his head in his arms but his screams had died down to muffled whimpers. Her hand reached for him but she hesitated before touching him. Her fingers twitched and her breathing hitched in her throat... and then she placed her shaky hand on his trembling arm. He instantly stilled under her touch.

The surface where their skin met glowed. It wasn't darkness, it wasn't light. It was something new. Something caught in between.

In that moment it was as if lightning had struck Luke where he stood. The passage came back to him all at once;

"First comes the day
Then comes the night.
After the darkness
Shines through the light."
Luke had been such a fool. He had thought to create something impossible. He thought the grey was to be a balance within one Jedi, but now he knew better. There could not be a sustainable balance within just one. His eyes bounced from his nephew to Rey then back again. It was a balance within two; He was born to the light but consumed by the darkness, yet he maintained just enough of that light to accept hers without weakening the integrity of his darkness. She was the light but with just enough of her own darkness to understand and accept the invasion and weight of his engulfing darkness. She allowed it into her light with out fearing it's corruption. She seemed to understand it. She accepted it and seemed to have no desire to destroy it. Her light allowed it to exist within the both of them with out the need to purify. Within their mutual control, it was free to cast beneath her glow like a shadow under a life giving tree.

There Forces swirled acceptingly around one another. They mingled and multiplied under the pairs acceptance of each other. When they weren't fighting they molded together. Her light blended into his darkness and vice versa. Together they became one powerful Force. One swirling torrent of grey energy that looked like the endless Cosmos with all of its burning galaxies encased within.

To think Luke had encouraged her to fight him. To think he'd tried to encourage her to kill him because he was to weak to attack his nephew on his own, and thank the Maker for that. What a stupid fool. His inner voice labeled himself.

He thought it was the only way to save her, to keep her from becoming like him. His own fear had blinded him just as easily as it had his father before him. Ben had been correct all along, fear had always been in Luke's way. It had always been a veil that Luke couldn't see past.

After all of these years of searching, now Luke could see the maker's glorious hand in the Force. He felt as though he were witnessing creation as it was in the beginning.

...And I had almost destroyed Rey and my nephew. My nephew who I now know can be saved. My nephew who had never fully been corrupt, but was clearly not always in control either. Tears almost stung at Luke's eyes but he held them back for another time. He had been selfish long enough. This was not about him anymore.

Fire and ice and electricity ran through her hands when Rey touched him. Kylo's head quickly lifted when her fingers skimmed his cheek. Her hand fell over the same space his father's had once held. His core shook and he felt it crashing down in him all at once. He recognized her. He knew who she was. She was the girl that had been stolen away from him all those years ago. It was her all along and he couldn't imagine how he didn't see it before the illuminating vision they shared only a short time ago. He'd been so blind to everything. So lost in his grandfather's mission and his own guilt over the past that he shut every previous thought and memory of her out of his head to focus on the things that everyone else demanded from him, but she never truly left him and he knew now, that he'd never really left her either.

He searched her nervous face for anything that hinted towards the recognition that he found in her. There was none. She was scared of him. Scared of how close she was to him. Scared of how vulnerable she was around him. He moved to his knees and she flinched back. Her hands pulled...
away from the two points of skin she had previously held to comfort him and his soul fractured as she pulled away.

He felt it like a blade to his chest. She only knew him as the patricidal murderer. The villain and enemy to her friends and her cause. He was no longer capable of holding his emotions back and they came flooding to the surface. His eyes filled with the tears he’d held back since his youth. His face dropped and his shoulders slouched under the weight of the universe and every hardship he had ever placed upon his back. Kylo Ren, Master of the Knights of Ren, and apprentice to Lord Snoke, broke before the woman who was once the girl he loved.

He humbly kneeled before her. His knees sunk in the muddied earth beneath him. His arms hung weightless at his sides and his chin fell to his chest as he barely balanced on the pads of his feet. He finally had her back and still she was gone. Kylo felt the weight of the one loss that he couldn't carry. The one loss that he couldn't cope with internally or lash out against in his fury. It pressed him down with such force that it buried him alive until finally, he let go...

Finally and silently, he cried.

Rey was overwhelmed. She felt such a pain through their connection. Such an unfathomable sadness and sense of loss. She had to touch him again. She had to comfort him. She didn't care about his past any longer. His demons where his own and she couldn't judge him. Breaking before her was not the man that chased her down or hurt her friends. It was the boy from the memory of his vision. The one who went to great extremes to protect two young girls that he cared for. The one who took the weight of the situation upon himself to protect those two and probably others there after, because he would rather carry that burden on his own then subject anyone else to it. The one who had come to her aid time and time again after she had offered him nothing in return but hate and anger. She wrapped her scrapped and bloodied arms around his trembling form and she held him.

Kylo Ren rocked back on his heels to catch himself from falling when her arms suddenly wrapped around him. Her hand clasped his shoulder blades and his world stood still. He still kneeled in the puddling sand and mud but he felt as though he were soaring somewhere high out of reach from the rest of the world. His arms stayed at his side and he dared not to move for a long time, unwilling to risk her freeing him from the bounds of her arms.

Regardless of whether she knew him or not, this was still his Kira. This was still the same warm hearted little girl that he remembered. No, not the little girl. This was a grown up version. A new and improved version if there could be such a thing. She was strong and capable. She had defended herself all alone for years before he found her again. She had thrived on her own while he sat in the consuming darkness.

No she was not the same, but neither was he.

"It's ok Ren, you didn't hurt him." Her words were soft, comforting, but sorely misguided.

"Luke is all right. You didn't kill him." She added trying to lesson the loss that was drowning the both of them.

His face lifted to hers. His eyes searched the sympathizing pools of her hazel depths.

She was so innocent. So good.

And she thought he was in turmoil over his uncle because she knew deep down how regretful he felt about killing his father. But he was too selfish to break over that. He would have bore that guilt and
weight until the day he died before he would ever let something like this reaction transpire over it. Like everything he did since the day he found her, even before he knew who she was, this was about her and she was so ignorant in her innocence that she had not even an inkling about it.

Ren straightened his spine, pushing himself forward on his toes again. Frightened and unsure of his motivations, Rey pulled away. Kylo's eyes moved to his uncle who was still staring at them dumbfounded. He wondered how much his uncle if at all, had told her about who she was.

Using his knees to push himself up, he climbed to his feet. He wiped the mixture of tears and rain away on the back of his bicep then pulled his palms down his face to clear away any remaining hints of his breakdown and just like that he was the hardened warrior that every one expected him to be. His left hand reached out and within only seconds, his lightsaber flew into his palm. His fingers closed around it and Rey flew back on her heels. Her hands barely stopped herself from falling onto the slick ground beneath her. He ignored her response, unable to handle any more of his own weakness where she was concerned.

His eyes never left his uncle while he clipped the saber to his waistline. He looked as if at any moment he would change his mind and cut the man down. His left arm extended and his hand reached out again but nothing flew into it this time leaving Rey briefly eyeing him curiously.

Then he sent his right hand reaching out in a different direction. He reached down to Rey, offering her his assistance. She was reluctant at first, her eyes flying between Kylo and the focus of his heated gaze, Luke until finally she reached out and his hand closed around hers. Heat shot through her as he pulled her closer to him, lifting her easily from the ground so she could stand on her feet again. The second she was steadied Rey promptly tried to pull her hand away but he caught and kept it in his grip, holding her steadfast. Locking her in close range and increase her unease at his nearness.

"This belongs to you now." His voice sunk deep into her brain and for some unknown reason, her heart fluttered.

His large, warm hands released her. His gloved fingers dragged over her skin like the rain that cascaded down their bodies. Their leather clad tips ran down her knuckles and skimmed over her fingers as they fell away releasing her hand to the cool air around them. His brightly glowing eyes stared down at her in the dark and she swore she could see tiny flakes of gold swimming around in the endless brown pools. Her breath caught in her throat and she could do no more then stare at him. Finally she pulled the lightsaber to her body.

She acceptingly clutched it to her chest just above her heart and Ren gave her a weak half smile. That was all it took to make her knees weak and her breath explode out from behind her now parted lips. With out another word, Kylo Ren turned and walked away from the two gaping sets of eyes that followed his back into the darkness.

~ I hope it's not overbearing for me to say this as the writer.... but omg I think I am in love with this chapter! Please, please, please let me know what you think! I have big plans ahead and I really hope you guys are liking it.
*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *
Hey all, so I just wanted to apologize because I still haven’t figured out how to italicize using Ao3 on my phone...

I hope it doesn’t effect the perception of how you guys read the story to much but I know it may further down the line because I use italics to show when Ren and Rey are speaking through their bond.

If anyone knows and wouldn’t mind sharing with me how to correct this italics issue I would be very great full for the help.

Ty,
-DarkGuardian-

He's walking away...

Rey was stumped as she watched the drenched form of Kylo Ren walking away from her. His dark clad silhouette would have completely disappeared in the night around him had it not been for the paleness of his bare upper body glowing under the only sliver of light that was visibly left of the the once brightly lit moon overhead. The giant white orb peeked from just behind the thick rolling clouds like the eye of a curious onlooker who'd been enjoying the entertaining tussle that had taken place on the otherwise boring island below.

The storm around them slowed as quickly as it erupted. Everything was quieting now. Only Rey's light breaths and the drumming pitter-patter of the rain that lightly collided with her body and the ground underfoot was left. No one had said anything as he turned to leave, giving his enemies his undefended back. She stared at the rain sliding down his skin while he strode off into the night. The thin rippling cascades looked like little ribbons of silver shining down the muscled length of his body. She blinked in a state of awe and confusion.

Rey's hands were still wrapped around the hilt of his grandfather's lightsaber, Luke Skywalker's old saber. It had felt like it belonged to her since the moment she first touched it in the basement of Maz's castle but she had refused it then. It had felt forced upon her at the time. She had gone from being a no one to having a war thrust into the palm of her hands in the form of a lightsaber. She tried to run then and she left the saber behind with the false hope that she could escape the future that had already been chosen for her. The Force had already begun weaving her fate together around her like a preordained image sown into an elegant tapestry. She knew very little about the Force then and in her ignorance she ran from the guiding hands of the light.

That was the first time that she unknowingly ran right into his path... literally. At the time she had thought it was unfortunate luck, but now it seemed inevitable. He was always a few steps in front of her and her feet or her mind always led her to him. Rey had felt hunted on Takadona but now she realized that she had merely met him half way.

Kylo Ren terrified her then, he still frightened her now but it was a different kind of fear altogether.
She had feared for her life the first time they met. Now she feared for... well, she wasn't sure what exactly she feared now. There were a few different things to pick from. He was still very unpredictable and very dangerous, but she felt undeniably safe around him nonetheless.

Rey squeezed the lightsaber to her chest like it was a precious gift. She still wasn't sure what she'd accepted when he offered it to her but she was thankful to him for being the first to finally offer her some kind of choice in any of this. Up until now, everything had been thrust upon her through one event or another.

And then... her freedom was gone...

"Kylo Ren, p-put me d-down!" Rey growled through mostly clenched teeth while she shivered against the wind in her ocean and rain saturated clothes. Her feet dangled above the ground and she floated a few short feet behind the brutish form of the frustratingly temperamental man just ahead of her.

"I'm not leaving you alone with him, besides I'm only taking you back to your camp." He didn't turn to her as he spoke. He strode in long steps up the cliff’s path that would guide him to the camp where this stone inlaid trail would undoubtedly lead.

"I t-think I'm c-capable of getting myself to c-camp." She hissed through her chattering teeth. She was cold right down to the bone while he strode shirtless into the night ahead of her with not a chill on his lips... how infuriating.

His eyebrows rose at her words and her thoughts. "If your sense of direction is anything like your judge of character, you'll die of thirst and starvation before you even get close to the site." He shrugged then, over exaggerating the motion to be sure she'd catch it. "Or you'll freeze to death first." He smiled when she huffed at his back.

He could feel the heat of her eyes firing at the back of his head like little blasters. Her temper amused him just as much as the little faces of frustration he was betting she was making behind him. He wanted to turn to see them but he also knew Skywalker was following close behind her and he didn't want to see him right now. There were other things that needed to be taken care of first, like the freezing girl at his back. He didn't wait this long to find her, only to watch her freeze to death, Luke would have to wait.

Rey didn't seem to notice that she was shivering. That was already a bad sign. Kylo could feel her frustration but for the time being there was very little fear in her and when he was around, there was always fear in her. She was drenched and her body was becoming hypothermic. He'd seen it in her face when she knelt before him only moments ago. Her sun kissed cheeks had paled and her lips had changed from their normally rose petal pink to a pale shade of blue tinged, white. She'd been in the water to long and while he'd been physically exerting himself to find her, creating his own heat and staying mostly warm, she'd been unconsciously loosing heat, drowning and limp by the time he'd found her. Her body had spent years conditioning itself to the heat of the desert planet that she lived on but she didn't have much endurance for the continuous freeze of the ocean she'd nearly drowned in tonight.

"I'm at l-least capable of w-walking." She shivered and her hands rubbed along her arms in an failing attempt to warm herself.

"We both know if I let you down you'll just run back to him." Kylo's thumb pointed over his shoulder at the silent Jedi who now strode alongside Rey's floating form.

"And why aren't y-you h-helping me?" Her face angrily turned to Luke but he still stared at his
nephews back as though he were waiting to see what would happen next. Rey rolled her eyes.

"He should be heading ahead of us to the camp to start a fire, don't you think?" Kylo suggested to his much older uncle as though he were an irresponsible child. Luke momentarily froze as though considering his nephew's words before catching back up to his suspended student.

Before Rey realized what Kylo was doing he was standing, in her opinion, uncomfortably close to the edge of the cliff and she recoiled at the memory of rolling over it into the icy water below. He peered over the edge and extended his arm as though waiting for something.

Kylo didn't need his cloak but looking back at her violently shivering form, she could definitely benefit from having it now, especially since the camp was higher up the cliff side and through the neck of a valley that he was sure would be blustery.

"P-please, d-don't do th-at?" She begged through increasingly painful shivers. She pictured him slipping and tumbling over the edge and it only increased the intensity with which she shivered. Her eye lids were getting heavy and her brain struggled to keep up with everything that was going on around her.

Something thick and black flew into Ren's hand and he turned from what seemed like the edge of the world back to the shivering girl behind him. He twisted and squeezed at the long black cape in his hands.

It had flown into the cliff earlier when he released it from his shoulders and kylo was surprised when a pulse of his force had found it at all, let alone so near. It was fortunate for them that it had gotten stuck along the mouth of the cliff. If it had gone out to sea, he'd never of found it. It was still damp from the rain but it was weather proofed enough to offer her shelter from the wind, for now. He strode back over to her and her eyes were already fluttering, threatening to close from the exhausting cold that was sapping up her energy so quickly.

He wrapped it around the left half her freezing body and released her to her feet. Her trembling legs buckled and he bent down to catch her in his arms before she could hit the ground. He scooped her up using her weight to fold her against him. She shivered against the heat of his warm chest and he used the Force to drape the rest of the cloak over her. The bottom of the long cloak wrapped around his back and over his right shoulder to pool in her lap. It kept the heavy blanket like material from sagging and falling off of her while not interfering with the exchange of his body heat to her freezing core.

He should be removing as much wet clothing from her as he could. Trying to heat her through the material was a waste of time and heat. The best way to increase her temperature was direct skin to skin contact but he was already pushing his control and her comfort level to the max. If he started pulling her clothes off now, he may not stop at the minimums. He imagined pinning her to the ground underneath of him and he cringed at both how repulsed and excited the idea made him. He eyed his uncle almost thankful for the third presence that helped remind Kylo to keep said control, but he had to put serious effort into forgetting who the man was so he wasn't tempted to tear him to pieces either... for now.

"It may not mean much to your kind Jedi, but I give you my word that tonight, I'm not taking her anywhere but your camp." His brown eyes held the attention of the bright blue irises in front of him as he spoke. If his uncle didn't comply of his own free will kylo would attempt to mind trick him. He didn't know if it would work on such a powerful Force user but they didn't have time to see who would win in an arm wrestling match of Force abilities either so Kylo opted to reason with him first. He also made sure to put emphasis on the word tonight so Luke didn't get the wrong idea about the situation they were currently stalemated in.
"I can take her." The Jedi said in a very quiet voice. Rey nodded in agreement with Luke.

She was already warming against his skin but she would really rather not be carried like a child anymore tonight especially by Kylo Ren. He was still the enemy after all and she was getting far to comfortable in this position. Her left hand was grasping at his right forearm and her face was already plastered to his left pectoral. She was aware of how she clung to him and she did nothing to change it or deter him from carrying her. She hoped it was because of how bad she needed his heat and not his touch but just openly wondering that, led her to believe the later.

"...So you can throw me off the cliff and make a break for the shuttle you probably have hidden away somewhere around here? I don't think so Prophet of Deception." Kylo pulled her in closer to his body and continued further up the cliff's path, already ahead of Luke.

"H-he doesn't h-have one." Rey shivered into Ren's chest.

He enjoyed her skin against his and a chill snuck up his spine in response to the rolling warmth of her breath. Her shivering had already gotten better and he could feel her warming in his arms. Even if he thought Skywalker didn't have a ship, he wouldn't let her go but she didn't need to know that.

"You think someone dropped him off and he just what... lived off of the land before you came along? No one in the entire galaxy knew where he was, but somehow he found his way here... on what... a magic carpet? Trust me scavenger, he's got a ship hidden away here somewhere." He blatantly criticized her judgment of Luke through his ridiculous rhetorical questions and sarcastic tone.

In silent response Rey lifted her head to glare up at him. He peered down at her through his long thick lashes and she swore she caught a glimpse of a smile when he saw her glowering up at him. Her traitorous stomach fluttered at those lips tugging into a smile no matter how fleeting or slight the action may have been. It was a very quick expression but she was certain she'd seen it and those beautiful lashes made the earthy brown of his humor filled eyes pop even in the dark.

Luke's eyes trailed over the ground as he walked past them and Rey was very aware that he stayed silent about the ship. She had hoped that he would defend himself and her belief in him but then again, she'd never directly asked him about a hidden away shuttle or how he'd gotten here so she couldn't really be to upset with him if he did have one.

A cool breeze swept through the air and a tremor ran through her body from her freezing toes all the way up to the top of her drenched scalp. Ren crouched down and pulled her in to a swaddle. He protectively encased her body between his and the cloak until the wind around them died down. He leaned over her even as he spoke to his uncle. "I really think you should run ahead to start that fire now, old man." He urged.

Finally, Luke nodded. He took one last apologetic look in Rey's direction and went on ahead. He didn't leave them to far a way from the camp so if he needed to, he could be back before his nephew could go anywhere unauthorized with her.

"W-will you stop calling him t-that, it's r-rude!" She scolded him through less chattering teeth.

She felt every one of his upper muscles flexing against her as he shrugged her words away. Being this close to him was driving her crazy. She was painfully aware of every inch of her body that was pressed against his. Ren's warmth completely cocooned her and she couldn't inhale with out tasting his scent on her tongue. He filled her lungs with every breath she took and it frightened her how much she was enjoying his strong heavy arms locking her against him. While he carried her like this Rey was stuck looking at his jaw and neck or his chest and right shoulder, not to mention the collar.
bone that was currently at her eye level while he squeezed her against him. She loved the line of his jaw and her eyes lingered on the underside of it just before it began to slope into his neck. Her mouth watered when she pictured planting her lips against that spot.

She blushed and squeezed her eyes closed tightly just so she could avert them without accidentally getting distracted by another line, curve, or plane of his tantalizing skin in her face. She turned her nose into his chest and ignored the urge to reopen them again. Why couldn't he have been the hideous creature she'd previously thought he'd be under that helmet?

Kylo confidently smiled knowing she couldn't see him with her face buried in his chest. Even if she suddenly turned to look at him his almost black-brown hair blocked her from viewing his mouth. Listening in on her very loud thoughts made him suddenly very proud of his face and physique. It hadn't been something he'd ever cared about before, but he was thankful for her appreciation of his aesthetics now.

As if they weren't already close enough, Kylo pretended another gust had come and he tightened around her giving her a little food for thought while also satisfying an urge to bring her closer to his body. She'd stopped shivering several minutes ago but he refused to acknowledge that right now. If she didn't notice, then neither did he. After a short while he felt her relaxing in his arms and her breath became heavy and steady as it fanned over him in deeper gusts. He knew she was falling asleep and had she still been shivering he'd have worried about it, but that had long since stopped so he rose to his feet and continued to carefully navigate the slick grass and rocks underfoot until he found the camp.

He knew it's location already. He'd flown over it before his shuttle came down and it wasn't hard to follow his uncle's Force signature now that they inhabited the same small island. It wasn't really all that small but compared to the galaxies he was previously searching for both Rey and Luke in, it was the tip of a needle on the tip of another needle.

Kylo ignored Luke as he filled a hand made wooden chair by the fire with his weight, pulling her down over his lap as he sat. He kept Rey wrapped up in his arms while Luke replaced the damp cloak with a couple of dry blankets. "I think she'll be ok on her bed now." The Jedi had politely suggested while holding his arms out as if to take her.

"She's fine where she is." He warned.

Kylo was surprised when instead of arguing, Luke pulled up a chair across from them and flopped down in it. He shrugged a blanket over his own shoulders and stared for several moments, pondering at the warlord who cradled his student before finally deciding to close his eyes. Kylo stared at the man across from him even after his breathing deepened. He didn't trust him but that wasn't a shocking revelation. Eventually his body won out and his eyes heavy with exhaustion, began to close as sleep tugged at their lids. He huffed with discontent as his body's need for rest out weighed his mistrust for the sleeping Jedi across from him. Hugging Rey closer, he gently rested his chin on the top her head and he closed his eyes.

Early the next morning, Rey woke against Kylo Ren's sleeping form. Her cheek was stuck to the left side of his chest and her mouth hung open in the most ungraceful manner. She was seconds away from drooling on him when she woke. She peeled her face from his skin and wiped her mouth before she could embarrass herself further. Luke was sleeping across from them. He was half wrapped up in a blanket and she smiled at the sight of him. For the most part, she'd grown fond of his companionship over her time here and she suddenly felt like that venture was quickly coming to an end.

Kylo's arms were still wrapped around her. His fingers were locked together to keep her from rolling
off of him in their sleep. She shrugged herself free of the blankets that she'd been covered with and
dared to look up at his unconscious face. He looked so relaxed in his dreams. His countenance with
all of its long relaxed features looked soft in his peaceful slumber. She remembered describing him as
beautifully masculine and while sleeping peacefully he still very much was, but while awake, his
once very telling face would somehow harden to better hide his emotions. It was as though in only
the several months they'd been apart, he'd learned how to conceal his feelings through the dark
threatening mask of hard lines and brooding shadows.

His cheeks and jawline had better definition; Probably from clenching his teeth and locking his jaw
in anger so often, and his brow always seemed pulled into a scowl, casting shadows over his intense
stares and flared nostrils. Everything about him seemed fuller and sharper as though he'd finally
finished filling out while he grew more into himself. But while he slept with his brooding mask gone
and his dark eyes hidden, his high cheek bones, large straight nose and wide full lips stood out
against the length of his pale complexion. His nose would almost be distracting if it wasn't perfectly
positioned between his intense eyes and enticingly full lips. As it was, it served as the perfect devider
between the otherwise two distracting points of interest.

This was her first clear view of his face since she'd given him that scar and she gulped as her eyes
took it in. She thought it would disfigure or at least lesson his attractiveness but somehow, at least for
her, it did the exact opposite. It added a roughness to his dramatic features. Now even while he slept
he looked dangerous. Her eyes trailed down the length of the mark and she smiled at the little beauty
marks that contrasted against the ferocity of it. They playfully gathered more around this half of his
face. The scar definitely took the lead in gathering her attention but the little freckles were also
distractingly charming in their own subtle way. She followed the length of the raised tissue down to
his jaw. Her lips parted as she traced the long line of it's smooth expanse with her eyes.

His head was tilted back to rest along the chair and his neck was left exposed. He swallowed in his
sleep and his adam's apple bobbed in his throat, giving her eyes a new point of interest to focus on.
There was something very sexy about the way it looked dominating the slope of his strong yet
vulnerable neck. He shifted and her eyes flew to his face again. His lashes fluttered but his eyes
remained closed. His arms adjusted around her, leaving one hand resting on her left knee and the
other on the same side's hip. She felt her stomach flutter and a blush crept up all the way to the tips of
her ears.

His hands were impossibly large on her small form. She was athletic and she'd never really
considered herself dainty or petite before but she felt that way now. Her legs were draped over his
thick, muscled thighs and he was slouched down in the chair to accommodate her length across his
lap. She was as curled up in his arms as was humanly possible and she imagined herself like a cat in
it's master's lap. If it was physically possible her cheeks heated further. The whole time she'd been
awake and staring at him she hadn't noticed her right arm was tucked around his neck. Her bicep and
forearm rested along the length of his left shoulder and trapezoid and his head rested along the bend
at her elbow. Her hand was open and her fingers had his hair completely curled around her index.

Startled by her own actions, Rey unconsciously moved to pull her hand away from the very intimate
position she'd gotten herself into. The motion pulled at the thick strand that she still had encircling her
finger and she bit her bottom lip as his head tugged back roughly. Her eyes darted back to his face
and there staring back at her were his deep brown orbs. His heavy lids opened and closed several
times before they focused in on her. His pupils dilated and retracted while adjusting to the light
around him; This mixed with his thick chocolate irises made him appear drunk and when she
watched his full lips part with so little room between them, she began to feel how he looked.

"Scavenger..." He breathed. "...See something you like?" His sleep filled voice was unbelievably
deep and gravelly.
His words dragged out of those deadly lips at an impossibly slow pace and she nearly jumped when his hand lazily trailed from her hip to her thigh. Her chest tightened and her buds peeked behind the strenuous pull of the suddenly rough feeling fabric that held her together. She was fully clothed but she felt naked in his arms. Their Force pulled them closer together like their bodies where each one side of a very powerful magnet. Nearly everywhere their skin could innocently touch, it was. She panicked and tugged at her hand again. His eyes widened as she pulled his hair and with it... his head.

"Sorry, I..." She shifted and he groaned. "Uh, let me just..." She tried to reach her free hand up to her tangled finger but with her hips facing out from him, it was too awkward of an angle.

Kylo's teeth clamped together in response to her wiggling around on his lap and his hands raised above her thighs while she awkwardly repositioned herself onto her knees. She straddled his waist while she reached up to untangle the mess that with her frantic tugging, she was unintentionally making worse. Her thighs tightened and she lifted herself from his lap to work at freeing her finger. Now her chest was nearly leveled with his eyes and his breath fanned over her cleavage through surprised parted lips. When he caught himself looking over the swells of flesh that rose and fell with her short, frantic breaths he turned his head to the side. Not knowing what else to do with them, Kylo's hands stayed in the air above her thighs until she awkwardly repositioned herself onto her knees. She straddled his waist while she reached up to untangle the mess that with her frantic tugging, she was unintentionally making worse. Her thighs tightened and she lifted herself from his lap to work at freeing her finger. Now her chest was nearly leveled with his eyes and his breath fanned over her cleavage through surprised parted lips. When he caught himself looking over the swells of flesh that rose and fell with her short, frantic breaths he turned his head to the side. Not knowing what else to do with them, Kylo's hands stayed in the air above her thighs until she lifted higher up, nearly shoving her breasts into his cheek. Suddenly in his own panic, his palms fell over her hips to catch her before she smothered him to death in a far more pleasant way then he deserved.

"H-hold still!" She fumed over his head in frustration. She visibly shrunk when she looked down at him. His face was turned to the right in an attempt to avoid her chest from plastering against the front of it. His hands were firmly gripping her hips and he was... blushing. Kriff, now she realized she was also blushing!

The second she stopped tugging her hand came free and he let go of her hips. Her first thought was to remove her breasts from his face and she dropped her weight back down on him. Her thighs instinctively tightened around his wide hips and his hands were back on them, squeezing and lifting to pull her back up. She'd just landed over the hard length of him and he was baring his teeth at her in some kind of pain or discomfort.

"Kriffing, Force woman, what are you doing?!?" He growled through his locked jaw.

She froze above him, a look of worry and confusion on her face. She'd felt his erection and she was embarrassed beyond the grave, but she was more worried that she'd hurt him. She'd attacked men there to stop them from hurting her before so she knew how sensitive that area was but he'd done nothing to assault her; He'd only just been sleeping and now she'd unintentionally crushed his manhood under her full weight.

"I'm so sorry... I, did I hurt you?" She asked trying to shift her wait so he didn't have to hold her up on his own. He let out a guttural moan when her warmth skimmed across him again. His fingers dug into her hips and his face reddened when her wide almost green eyes locked onto his. She stared down on his red face in a blush of her own. His earthy brown eyes had significantly darkened and now they looked heavy, like they were drugged with something far more dangerous then the anger she was use to seeing in them.

"Just... stop moving!" He commanded through tight breaths, his hands still supporting her weight.

For several seconds he closed his eyes and he sat perfectly still, leaving her positioned above him with her thighs still straddling either side of his hips while he struggled to keep control of himself. His waist was much wider then the length of her thighs and her hips locked in the uncomfortable position. She planted her palms on his chest to take some of her weight off of his arms and she
gasped at the way his tightened muscles felt under her hands. Her heart hammered in her ears and heat stirred low in her abdomen. Her breasts swelled and her thighs tightened for a different reason. The air between them hummed with their mingling Force energy which already left her skin tingling but now she was tingly in other, more sensitive areas to. She needed to get off of him now!

"I'm just gonna..." She started trying to escape the intimate position they'd found themselves in before someone actually got hurt or worse... She tried to shimmy loose from over his lap and free of his gripping hands. He was trying to keep her above him and she was trying to climb down, the movements didn't mix and she caught him in his groin with her knee.

He buckled and his hands released her hips. Her bottom landed on his right knee and when he buckled it popped her back up and she slide down his right leg. Kylo moaned as her hands dragged down his bare chest and torso before raking across his lap. She wrapped herself around his leg to catch her weight just as she landed on her bottom. Now he was staring at her as her body and arms clung to the length his leg like some kind of concubine worshiping her Master.

"I'm so sorry, are... are you ok." She asked looking up at him through those large, innocent hazel eyes.

His hands fell protectively over his crotch as he tried to hide his bodies response to her wiggling around on his lap and her eyes lit up with embarrassment. Maker, he'd woken up to her tugging on his hair while wiggling against him, and then she straddled him and shoved her chest in his face! How the kriff did she expect him to react?

"You fight dirty woman. Were you trying to kill me in my sleep?" He asked through short painful breaths only half joking while still covering his bulge from her frantic eyes.

Clearly taking him serious, she pulled herself up by his leg as though she were offended or hurt. Did she think he was scolding her? Suddenly the Master-concubine image was all he could focus on. Great how he'd have that fantasy burned into his head until the day the maker decided to put him out of his misery. He thought as she straightened herself in front of him.

"I'm, I didn't mean to... sorry." She finally spit out in a mess of broken incomplete sentences. His eye brows rose to follow her form and he sat unable to do more then stare at her as she took off into one of the huts.

"Smooth Kylo, real smooth." He mocked himself out loud.

As if it couldn't get any worse his uncle was staring at him from across the fire pit. He'd been awake just long enough to see her knee and fall off of his nephew's lap. And of course the awkward exchange that followed there after.

"Wow..." Was the only thing out of the legendary Jedi's mouth.

Kylo suddenly felt like he'd been caught doing something wrong, which was not at all what had happened. At least he was pretty sure that wasn't what'd happened. He thought about her reaction to him waking underneath of her wiggling bottom with her arm tucked behind his neck while she pulled his hair. Yes, he was positive it was some kind of misunderstanding!

"I, uh, she... " He started to explain but he didn't really know how it started or how much his uncle had seen so he stopped there.

"...Just wow." His uncle repeated with a smirk on his bearded face. "Guess I don't have to worry about you taking advantage of her." He said, teasing the young man who sat across from him with a
face as red as a Tatooine sunset.

He looked like the teenager Luke'd last seen him as. His eyes were wide with alarm and guilt, like he was waiting to be scolded by Luke as he did in the old days when Ben had been caught skipping lessons or playing in one of the ships with Kira, er, Rey, when they were still his students. His face grew very serious when he remembered that this was not that boy anymore. Luke Skywalker rose to his feet and looked down on his former student with cold steel blue eyes.

"Ben, or Kylo, or whatever you want to call yourself these days... If you hurt her, I promise..." Luke's eyes darkened and his Force swelled around him like a shining blue vortex of sparkling power. "I'll kill you! Do you understand Dark Lord," He mocked. "Or do you need me to repeat myself?" Luke very seriously threatened.

Multiple somethings stirred behind Kylo Ren's eyes but nothing more surprising then the recognizable respect that shone through his impressed orbs.

"It seems you and I have one thing in common old... "Kylo paused remembering what Rey had in her own way asked of him last night and how his uncle had just impressed him with his protectiveness over her earning Luke a little of the respect back that he'd lost years ago. "I understand, Skywalker." He responded in as respectful of a way as he was currently capable of. "But don't miss understand the situation; When I get off of this rock... I'm taking her with me!" He warned as his brown eyes swirled with their own incredible power.

Luke stood his ground but he knew who was supposed to win if and when they fought again. He should have already been dead but somehow Rey had changed the outcome of his vision. Somehow she had disrupted and altered the future that the Force had predicted with such certainty, that it had shown the outcome to him through one of it's visions. It didn't mean that he was safe from that fate forever though. Perhaps it had just changed the when and how of his death. It didn't mean that Luke was forever safe from the renowned wrath of the Jedi Killer that sat across from him with only a fire pit between them.

"When the time comes, if that's what she decides, then I will not stand in your way. If that's what she decides." He repeats in a very level tone.

The structure of his words brought Kylo back several months in time. His own Masters similar words played in his mind, "If, only if, I believe her worthy, may you have her."

How similar the two sides of the same coin were. Both powerful Force users, both held the title of Master over him at some point, and both thought they had sway over wether or not Kylo would have this girl. Kylo Ren bowed his head at the older man who genuinely seemed to want to protect Rey. It was hard for him to hate Luke as much knowing that he cared enough to put his life on the line for her. In turn Kylo was also confused as to why his uncle would put Rey in danger so much if that's how he truly felt about her. Then again, sentiment never halted him from putting young Ben Solo in harms way either. Probably some stupid Jedi test. He surmised privately.

"It seems we both grasp the concept of where the other stands Jedi." Ren kicked his heavy booted feet up onto the stone edge of the fire pit and casually crossed his right ankle over his left before laying his head back in the chair to soak up the heat of the sun. He laced his fingers behind his head to rest his crown in his clasped hands before he closed his eyes. He didn't need to see Luke nodding at him, he felt it just as he feels the weight of his heavy stare over his resting form now.

After a few more seconds of tension between the two men, his uncle left to disappear into one of the other huts. There were several in the area. Kylo had already done a quick mapping of the layout in his head just in case he needed to know it later. Eventually he'd have to make the short trip to the
wreckage of his shuttle. He'd change there and check on his troopers before he came back to collect her and search for Luke's ship... He was positive his uncle had one hidden here somewhere.

He couldn't believe how blue and clear the sky was above head. The night before the island had been flooding with rain and swelling waves. It helped that Luke's encampment was located at the top. Kylo was sure the lower sections of the island would be absolutely uninhabitable but up here, it was a different world completely. Up here it was like the storm had never happened. Even the grass around them was quickly drying.

Kylo decided he'd better get some clothes on before he burned his light complexion to a crisp and it would be better to do it now while he knew Luke wouldn't be able to coax Rey into going with him. He was pretty confident that after last night, she wouldn't just leave him with out at least some hesitation but he was also pretty aware of her will to be free and of her overwhelming drive for survival. He was technically still her enemy. Kylo was hoping she'd at least stick around for an explanation but he wasn't willing to take the bet that could cost him loosing her again either.

He stood and his boots squished under foot causing him to cringe. Too bad he'd had to go swimming. He eyed the entrance to her hut before finally turning away in the direction of the wreckage that was once his favorite shuttle.

*Ok, Ok. So I know I said I love the last chapter but... I really love this one too! Lol kudos and comment if you'd like, I really enjoy the feedback!*  
-DarkGuardian-
Lessons of the past... in the present

Less then an hour later Kylo Ren returned to an empty camp; He knew she wasn't there but he also knew the she wasn't far. He could still feel her close by and he followed the pull of his Force until he found her. Further along the trail of her Force signature was an open pass between two of the high peaks that surrounded it and there she was; practicing her strikes and foot work with the sapphire lightsaber that had once belonged to his grandfather.

He'd spent years hunting that saber down and it had never technically made it into his possession before he'd already given it away. It fit her though, it had both a light and a dark past and he knew if anyone could handle the legacy that came with such a powerful weapon it was Rey. Besides, it felt like the correct thing to do and he had given it to her as silent offering of both peace and an apprenticeship. She had hesitated at first but finally she accepted, just as he knew she eventually would.

Watching her now he could feel himself growing frustrated and not in the interesting way that she'd left him only this morning. He thought she'd be further along in her training then this. It didn't take long to see that she was heavy handed with her strikes and her posture was way off. Her elbows were to low and her feet were too far apart amongst other things. The worst of which was how uncomfortable she looked with her lightsaber.

His lips pursed and he strode up the hill to the flat plane of grass where she was practicing. Her back was to him while she practiced but he'd genuinely thought she knew he was there. He could feel her from miles away so there was no reason why she shouldn't have been prepared to find him so near when he called out to her now, but she wasn't.

"It's not a staff, you don't have to swing it so far in front of you and your feet are too..." He was cut off when she spun around with the blade and almost cut him in half. He jumped back just in time to save his torso from being separated from his hips. The plasma seared through both of the two layers of armor that he wore and he pulled at the material that was singed and now burning against his stomach in a long line. There was a long open cut in the smoking armor and he cocked his head at the girl who stared back at him in surprise and fear. She opened her mouth to speak but the sound of his crackling lightsaber hissing to life overpowered her words.

He spun the crimson lightsaber in his wrist and waited. Eying him fearfully, Rey stepped back and he could feel her growing trepidation. He nudged his head at her, silently urging her to follow suit. Keeping his hand purposely low at his side so as not to appear threatening, Kylo started with a simple twirled of his wrist and she hesitantly mimicked the movement before he moved on. He could see the uncertainty in her fearful face, the reservation in her tense shoulders and tightly controlled breaths but he offered her another nudge with his head and a light playful smile that he hoped would ease her along.

Rey was still uncertain, her teeth pulling now at the bottom of her lip in contemplation, but her fear dampened when she accepted his slightly challenging smile with one of her own.

He slowly side stepped and when she didn't copy he rotated his wrist and slashed the air behind his right leg, drawing her attention to his steps and causing her to jump at the unexpected sound of the humming lightsaber moving at such a great speed before coming to a sudden halt. With a new focus Rey followed the pattern of his feet with her own until the bottom of their soles touched the earth at the same time. When he turned his ankle or pivoted she did the same, and when his knees or waist bent, she followed suit copying his form meticulously.
They repeated the steps again in the opposite direction and she mirrored his movements with a magnet repulsion effect, countering his direction so they orbited around one another like the sun and moon refusing to meet in the middle. When she moved like his reflection he added saber techniques to the routine and through their bond he felt the rush of her excitement.

He swung his lightsaber diagonally in front of himself and when she copied he repeated the motion behind him and swung the blade over his head, bringing it full circle and back across his front again. Astonishingly enough she copied him perfectly, leaving him both surprised and impressed. Kylo nodded his approval and she returned the silent gesture before he slashed the air across him again this time slowly bringing the blade down over hers.

They tested the weight of their weapons against one another with several warm up strikes but Rey soon gave into her excited anticipation and impatiently struck at him. Kylo easily parried and her grip on the hilt of her lightsaber tightened, ready for him to retaliate the blow. Refusing to accept her petulant impatience, Ren teasingly tsk'd at her and fell back into his previous movements. Rey rolled her eyes and sighed in frustration.

He repeated the same strike over and over adding another move on it's back for every successful strike she blocked or returned. He continued the same pattern and every time she completed it with out falter, he would add a new move at the end of the cycle and start back from the beginning again. Eventually they moved as though they had been training like this for weeks, maybe even months. The years he'd spent training slowly sunk into her brain through their unique bond, etching into the fibers of her muscles as though it had been her own physical form that had put in the time and energy to the studies. Their bodies paralleled each others movements and their strikes and blocks ebbed and flowed seamlessly.

At first Rey was completely focused on the routine; She was taking in his form with her eyes, watching the rotation of his feet and hips, the bends of his wrists and elbows, the leaning and turning of his shoulders and torso. She studied it all at once and very diligently. Her own Force seeped our around her, blending with his in the dance they partnered in as they trained. It took real effort for her to copy the stagnant presence of his Force with her own but she somehow managed, allowing her own essence to drift out and linger around her like his own did for him. It was wild, having the power drifting through the air around her, ready for when she needed it but dormant while she didn't. It was also tiring since it seemed the energy wasn't to prone to just existing.

Finally when she felt confident in her own posture she looked up to follow the direction of his eyes. He looked so relaxed yet so focused. There was a seriousness to his face as he instructed her but there was also a glint in his eyes. He was enjoying himself just as much as she was and their exchange felt so natural that she found herself unexpectedly smiling.

During their practice Rey felt a rush of adrenaline and it mixed with a growing desire for many things; She craved knowledge, challenge, power, but non of those things startled her as much as the realization that she craved him. She couldn't help it. In his own right Kylo Ren was power and strength and he was graciously allowing her to take him all in one controlled part at a time.

Rey blinked dumbfounded by her suddenly blank mind and she became lost in her observation of him.

His movements were mesmerizing, calculated and precise. His face soft and eyes accepting as silently he taught her with only the movements and guiding form of his own body. And their conjoined Force, It mingled playfully around them as their sabers clashed and the circled each other. Rey was taken aback by the feeling of his power surging, even while stationary, through the air. There was a thick pressure around her and though she swore she could feel it like a weight pressing
gently against her skin she found she had no trouble moving or breathing. In fact Rey found his
darkness frightfully appealing, her own light reaching with longing towards his essence.

Fresh surges of addictive adrenaline rushed through her veins as their bodies picked up pace.
Eventually they left the comfort of their routine and the strikes became impromptu and her
excitement grew with their spontaneity.

The sparring was completely real and very dangerous but she felt completely safe and fully
confident. Rey couldn't believe the speed and precision with which she was using the lightsaber. It
was exhilarating! It felt like a dance and despite her partners height and build, Kylo Ren was the
most graceful duelist she'd ever seen. Not that she'd seen many, but she had watched Luke practice
over weeks worth of hours and he was amazing but Ren had a passion for it. He enjoyed the risk and
reward of the dancing plasma blades around him and Rey was finding the same pleasure in it as he
was.

She was lost in the feel of their movements when suddenly his plasma blade clashed over hers,
catching her off guard and breaking through her thoughts with a hard crack and a long continuous
hum. He twisted his wrist and dragged his lightsaber down, sliding along the length of her plasma
blade on a flashing trail of crimson and sapphire sparks. Startled and unprepared for his suddenly
advance Rey froze when Kylo pulled her into his inner circle and locked her in place. He grabbed
her weapon hand with his left and he leaned into her personal space, his mouth moved extremely
close to the shell of her ear and his breath fanned over her skin, teasing the sensitive hollow with the
sound of each hot breath.

Rey shivered against the unexpected heat and rolled her neck against the tickling sensation left
behind. Appreciative of the sudden vulnerability she reacted with, he smiled and teasingly blew hot
air down her neck. She attempted to tug away from him and he let loose a playful chuckle from deep
within his chest as he easily tugged her back into place. His hand locked down over hers and he
squeezed until he forced her grip on the hilt of her saber to loosen. For a short moment that he
wished could extend into eternity, Kylo savoringly held her tight in his grip, their lightsabers still
crossed together at the level of her chest. With the strength of his upper body alone and even while
his arms were extended so his own form was safely positioned to the left of the humming plasma
blades he kept the control of the two humming lightsabers from wavering.

Together they glowed with an amethyst hue and in the little time she had to take him in, Rey couldn't
help but notice how ethereal he looked under the luminescence of their sabers casting over the right
half of his body, the beautiful colors bathing the light complexion of his face in rippling shades of
purple. His fully black clad armor and near jet black hair under the flickering colors of plasmic light
made him look like a powerful god. She could easily see this man ruling over the universe while all
of the worlds within worshipped at his black clad feet.

Lost in her thoughts and still out maneuvered Rey couldn't fight him when he forced her thumb over
the igniter on her saber. A small adjustment and a little pressure of the digit and the blade returned to
its Kyber crystal with a kchsshhhhew. The sound was even more startling the his initial advance but
it was his lightsaber, still blazing and humming loudly in his grip that caused Rey to shrink under his
height.

"Stop!" He warned, his leather clad hand lightly squeezing over hers until she froze. "Trust me." He
said on a low whisper.

The much larger knight still spoke into her ear and with out seeing the direction of her eyes he knew
where she was looking. Her gaze was locked on the most accurate visual representation of himself;
His lightsaber. It crackled and hummed with the same longing and desire as its creator. It flickered with rage and fumed with unstable power and ever wavering control. It needed continuous release and vented any additional heat to maintain its self control with out combusting. Just like the man who created and wielded it.

"Scavenger..." His eyes searched the side of her face as he spoke over her skin and he put effort into avoiding her wide eyes so as not to fall victim to her hazel gaze. He didn't want to see the fear he knew he would find there. He wanted to erase any traces of it. He needed to eradicate anything that had been planted in her mind that could corrupt the bond that he was trying to re-establish with her. He would rebuild what he'd had with her when they were children and he would become her Master rightfully this time, but first he needed her trust.

"...You are the Resistance and I am the First Order. You are the Light and I am the Dark. What are we?" He quietly asked, his eyes settling on the curve of her neck just above her collar bone.

He was gently scanning the thoughts that his words brought to the surface of her mind while he spoke. He watched her memories in the form flashing images. They were fighting, their lightsabers clashed and sparked against one another in a flurry of red and blue streaks. Then there were quieter more personal images. She was in restraints while he loomed over her, similarly to the way he did now but she was presently much more comfortable with his nearness. He took that as a sign of accomplishment.

She didn't hesitate with her answer, it came out of her mouth as easily as breathing. "Enemies." She said with absolute certainty. These were her initial surface responses, the images and feelings she thought she was supposed to harbor and so her mouth gave him an auto pilot answer, but in the safety of the deeper more private recesses of her mind, Rey felt differently. His grip on her hand loosened and he leaned in until his lips almost brushed against her skin. They could both feel the tingle of their Force mingling between them and his forehead unconsciously pressed into her hair.

"Take away what you've been told to think. Take away what everyone else wants you to believe." He watched as she pictured footsteps along the cliff side. She'd been tracing them in her mind. They were her guide, her map to where she should be stepping, the path she was supposed to be following. Then the soft hands of a wave came and dragged their imprint away and the sand was left bare. His heart lightened with how easily she did this for him. She was so open and warm, so pure and forgiving. If he hadn't seen the anger and fire in her first hand, he would never believe she was capable of wielding such things.

"Have I ever truly hurt you? Have I ever really attacked you?" He heard the strength in his voice faltering. He heard his own desperation through his breaking tone. He couldn't believe how much he needed her acceptance. He wouldn't dare ask for her forgiveness, he knew he didn't deserve it. So he'd work for the next best thing, acceptance would be as close to forgiveness as he could ever hope to get.

Every time she looked at him with fear in her eyes her past words played in his head again and deep down it made him sick. He remembered standing ahead of her and the traitor, his already fractured heart aching in his chest. Her light was across from him in the distance and everything in his soul reached for it. Even his darkness bowed to her light and he knew she felt him calling to her. He knew she felt him pulling her into his rage.

Clean white snow fell down around them and he stained that purity with the dark blood that leaked from his side. Her light beamed ahead of him and his darkness bled into her one hateful drop at a time. He stared at her with longing and awe and Rey stared back at him trembling with anger and disgust. When she felt his Force pulling for hers, she'd responded with the purest of her emotions,
calling him out for what he was; "You're a monster!" She'd nailed the description of what he'd become with that one simple word and after what he'd just done to his father... what was left of his heart had shattered in his chest.

He was as desperate for her then as he is for her now and that longing was only getting worse. He wanted so badly to replace that word in her mind. He gently pressed further into her thoughts as he spoke and he saw himself in her mind.

The first time they'd crossed paths she had drawn her blaster and fired at him first...

To protect herself— His mind privately thought.

He'd ignited his weapon only to defend himself...

—As he stalked her through the forest. Again his mind countered her forgiving excuses.

...And when he caught her, he subdued her and rendered her unconscious but physically, he hadn't harmed her.

He could have taken the information he sought from her then, on the spot, with no resistance, but the second he saw her ahead of him, through the isle-like trees and rocks that led to her, he decided he wanted her. His mind bluntly administered painful doses of truth after every one of her excusing scenarios.

On the Starkiller she had again, drawn her weapon to fire at him and he'd been forced to defend himself...

—He had come seeking her out, the ex-storm trooper was a bonus. He remembered darkly.

He removed her from his path before he fought Finn who to Ren, was a traitor to his Order. After she recovered, she ignited her lightsaber first and while he stood there unmoving... She charged at him, ultimately striking first.

—He had cut down her "friend" and left him to die. He defended her anger towards him.

Each time he'd managed to pin her down, he never struck her, he never hurt her, he'd never even raised his voice unless he was speaking over something.

He had no thoughts to counter this... it wasn't something he entirely understood himself. Even knowing who she is now doesn't explain why he never harmed her then.

And then she conjured up images from the previous evening... Her thoughts continued to play memories in his favor and he couldn't fathom up a good excuse for why. Kylo stiffened at the thought of last night but he didn't interrupt her memories as they ran through her mind like flickering photos across a holo screen.

He'd told her he didn't come to fight her and she hadn't listened. That had almost cost them both of their lives.

—He had aggressively pursued her and when she'd ran from his angry crimson lit form he'd again stalked her again and used the force to trap her between him and his plasma blade. He shouldn't have done that... He thought back on how terrified she'd been when she'd realized that he was really here and for her non the less.

Her chin lowered and his hand was quick to catch it. His head drew back and he lifted her face so
their eyes met.

"I've never wanted to hurt you, I still don't." Still gazing through her mind, he saw how she secretly felt when he looked at her and how she internally fluttered when she caught him smiling at her. It was the same way she felt now, while he stared at her with his gloved hand still touching her chin.

He turned his head and his hair tickled against her cheek. His eyelashes fluttered delicately over her temple and new images flashed through her mind. He cradled her against him protectively as carried her away from the clutches of the ocean she so feared would drag her under. Then was holding her against his body, sharing his warmth with her while she faded into sleep in his arms. She woke an embarrassed mess in his lap, her fingers curled and tangled into his hair and he smiled at the revelation of what had happened only hours ago, finally realizing why he'd woken to find her pulling his head back.

A tiny part of him was disappointed, but he'd already known it was no more than a misunderstanding in the first place, so he shoo'd it away. His eyes warmed and a half smile pulled at the corner of his mouth.

"Now close your eyes." He said softly.

She didn't think this time, she listened to his words and immediately acted. She trustingly closed her eyes. Her body trembled lightly against the heat of his lightsaber. He noticed and slowly moved the length of it away from her before retracting the blade back into its core. She let out an unconscious sigh of relief and her body swayed until it pressed into the side of his. She used his height to stabilize her blind form while the wind around them pushed against her.

"Picture everything around you. Picture the Island and the waves. Picture the ocean and the breeze that floats on the surface of its endless blue miles." He gave her a moment to paint the world around her with her mind. "Now, feel the Force as it moves around you. See its glow as it tugs on the waves, moves through the ocean and rolls in the breeze. Feel it holding you up by the earth under your feet."

He paused again to give her time to apply his words to her mental reality. She smiled as another strong wind pushed against her. This time she rolled on her toes and let the breeze sway her. He stepped back and she balanced herself on the pads of her feet with both arms out.

It was strange hearing Kylo Ren speak this way, he sounded like a Light sider. He sounded like Luke. She thought to herself.

"The Force is the gravity that pulls you down and it's the mass that all of the space in the universe is comprised of." He paused but she didn't notice. She was too wrapped up in her own mind.

"Open your eyes." He said gently and he watched her face light up in awe as she took in the new world around her for the first time.

Rey saw everything around her glowing. Anything that moved or lived, the Force surrounded or moved with. There were so many different colors, hots and colds. It didn't matter what it was, if it was living or creating energy, the Force worked through it, joining it in its life. Her eyes widened at the great magnitude of it around Kylo Ren. The power that floated around him was massive and it just lingered with no current purpose as if waiting to be called upon. The longer she looked the more she saw gathering around him. It orbited him as though he were the sun of its solar system and it moved through him in thick near amethyst waves of what she could only describe as a nighttime sky.
Ren crouched down to picked up a rock. Rey assumed he was going to have her move it with the force like Luke had before so she found one of her own and proudly used the Force to bring it to her. He swatted it away with an invisible hand and her attention snapped back to his face.

"That's not what we're doing. This is bigger then a little manipulation. A child can manipulate the Force with proper instruction." He was calm when he spoke but she still felt an embarrassing blush creep over her cheeks. She wouldn't have ever reacted like this to one of Luke's lessons.

Kylo noticed her flush and had to stop him self from smiling at her very feminine response. It wasn't very like her and he enjoyed being able to bring that out of her usually hardened exterior. Especially when it was unintentional.

"Hold out your hand." His words were gentle and she complied with only the slightest bit of hesitance. He turned her palm up and placed the stone on its surface. "You feel the weight?"

She nodded. "It's not much, but its there." She found her eyes traveling to his mouth while he spoke and she quickly averted them to his cheek which only brought her to the sight of his scar. Again she had to avert her eyes. She looked down and tried to lock them onto the rock in her hand.

"And do you see the Force in it?" His hand was still resting under her knuckles and she was finding it difficult to focus on the medium sized rock that didn't seem to be doing anything special. In her distraction she misunderstood his question and nodded.

"No, there is no Force in it, there is only Force around it." He corrected.

She shrugged in embarrassment trying to pass off her blunder as though it were no big deal but his shoulders tightened and his posture straightened.

"Concentrate, this is important." He scolded. She scowled up at him.

She didn't ask him to interfere with her training or schedule some silly lesson on the Force with him. She has a teacher and Ren is not Luke. She tried defending herself. She knew she shouldn't allow this lesson to continue. She wasn't even sure how she'd gotten herself into this moment where he filled the position of her actual teacher who was once again, nowhere to be found.

"Scavenger," His eyes, with his tone darkened in warning. He pressed on even with her narrowed eyes glaring back at him.

"The force moves around inanimate objects, not through it. It moves around this rock because it has no energy of its own. When you lifted the other rock to you moments ago, you manipulated the Force around it, which is good... but there is a better way." He finished with a slight smile on his lips.

Her agitation fell away to pride when he acknowledged her small achievement. She didn't want to compare the two since as she pointed out earlier, Ren was not her teacher, but it was nice to receive that little bit of acknowledgement where Luke would not so freely give it... or at all. Her pride fell behind her curiosity when her mind finally caught up to his last sentence.

"As I said, the Force moves around the rock because it has no energy of its own. Even when you throw the rock, it's in motion, but the rock it still just a rock. It's the molecules around the rock that move under it's motion that the Force attaches itself to, so when you focused on moving the rock and not the Force around it, you struggled. Your fighting against the nature of the Force rather then synchronizing with it to accomplish the same goal. Remember how you saw everything around you moving moments ago?" He asked, his eyes intently searching hers. Rey nodded.

"Imagine pulling that energy to you. Let it encase you. Breath it in. Feel it moving over your skin.
Let it run through your veins and pump through your heart.” His Form appeared to grow in size and stature as he spoke. He inhaled deeply and the aura around him multiplied. Rey's jaw dropped as she watched the Force around him grow then disappear into his skin. It sunk right in and became a part of him. She could see it moving behind his eyes as they glowed with the newly added power. He took the rock from her hand and turned his palm over to hold it the same way she'd previously done. It began to glow in his palm. It levitated and spun above his hand with a life of its own like a planet in orbit. Rey's eyes were alight with wonderment.

"How did you do that?" She questioned like a curious child witnessing a magic trick for the first time.

He shrugged as though it were simple. "I transferred my energy into the rock, allowing it to became one with the Force. More specifically with my Force, which essentially makes it a part of me so long as I feed it my power. It becomes an extension of myself. Ultimately it must accept me as it's master as it's my power that drives it, my power that gives it life. We each gain something in the exchange." Rey's eyes lit up with fascination and he continued. He lifted up the hilt of his lightsaber and when she took a half step back he redirected the motion to fasten it to his belt.

"May I?" He asked with his right hand held out for her lightsaber. She smiled, slightly impressed by his politeness towards her and he forgot what he was doing for a few seconds. He just stood staring at her upturned mouth until she set the lightsaber in his open hand. He slightly shook his head as though coming out of a daze, causing his black locks to lightly curl around his pale face. He held the un-ignited hilt in his second upturned hand, paralleling the first that still had the floating rock above it, before continuing.

"Because we ourselves are comprised of energy, the Force constantly moves through us. Those of us who are Force sensitive can transfer our Force energy into the world around us just as the Force does on its own. Though there are some who are not sensitive enough to harness or interact with the Force, there are also those of us like ourselves, who have the potential to be only as limited as our understanding and discipline within the Force. As you saw before the Force is always searching for a more powerful host to exchange its energy with. So like the Force in it's natural state, with enough focus and power we as Force users can transfer our energy into practically anything. Of course it's easier to accomplish with inanimate objects because there is no resistance. Take our lightsabers for example; It's comprised of simple parts that we craft together, all of which are inanimate except for the Kyber crystal at the center. The Kyber crystal is like the blood of the Force in it's original, most pure form. Like..." He thought about how to describe it for a moment, choosing his words carefully so she would easily understand his comparison.

"How sap hardens into amber..." he says with excitement.

His eyes lit up as he explained the way he saw and used the Force around him. He'd only ever shared his unique outlook on the Force with her before and they had been kids at the time, he couldn't have done a very good job explaining it so long ago, he was only just figuring it all out himself back then but he'd make sure he did well now. Not even his Knights new of how he viewed the Force but they were not all Force sensitives either. They had their own unique abilities, most of which had nothing to do with the Force.

"It starts off in one form then over years, in the case of the Force to Kyber crystals were talking thousands, it becomes a solid form of the pure entity. We can become one with that power. With training and practice we can dominate the Force in its purest form, bending it to our will and nature. Like the rock I showed you moments before, our Kyber crystals can become an extension of our selves thus making our lightsabers a part of us." He finishes proudly.
Rey was excited and overwhelmed as she stared down at her lightsaber and wondered at the possibilities of wielding it like he did his. No wonder the blade seemed to have a will and life of its own, it truly was an extension of its master.

...And then her excitement was quickly consumed by worry and fear. She stepped away from his towering form. She hadn't even noticed when they'd moved so close that their feet nearly touched and she stood under the shade of his body while his back shielded her from the warm light of the sun.

* Oh my gosh readers, it's going to get so crazy and hopefully fun from here! I hope your as excited and ready as I am! Shwew ... here we go ... *

~Please kudos and let me know what you think if you're enjoying anything specifically, I'd love to hear from you!~
- DarkGuardian-
Ren instantly picked up on the change in her demeanor. He regretted leaving her mind after she'd relaxed into him earlier, now he wanted to see what had suddenly caused the anxiety she was sending in waves through her end of their bond, but he could feel how closed off she'd already become. If he delved now, it would feel like an intrusion... a painful one.

"What is it?" He asked calmly. He took a half step next to her and she shook her head, taking two more steps back.

"It's nothing. I... why are you telling me this?" She asked angrily refusing to look him while she spoke.

He closed the space between them in one long step and grabbed her arm with his free hand leaving the rock to orbit on its own so he could stop her from back peddling any further.

"You're a terrible liar and the action doesn't suit you." He snapped. "Now what's wrong?" It was a question leaning on a demand and though Rey wanted to step up to the challenge she decided to answer him because she really wanted to know what he'd say in response.

"Your teaching me to manipulate the Force like a Dark sider." She announced matter a factly. His head pulled back slightly and felt like she'd struck him. He was sharing something very personal with her and she was throwing it back in his face like he was doing something wrong.

"I'm not teaching you to manipulate it like anything. I'm just explaining the way I personally view and interact with the Force around me." He didn't mean to sound so offended, it's not like he was ashamed of aligning himself with the Dark side.

"Yes and your a Dark sider, you abuse the Force." She stated pointedly.

Again he recoiled. She seemed so certain of her accusations and it was offensive and very much starting to piss him off.

"So when your Master teaches you to manipulate the Force and shows you how to use the energy towards your current goal in a way that causes you to battle with the natural flow of the Force, that's ok? ...Because... he's a "Light side" user." Ren added air quotes around the words Light side and over exaggerated the word master so it came out more like a slander then a proper title.

"But when my way is different it's evil because I'm a "Dark side" user, even though my methods are based off of the natural flow and cycle of the Force." He repeats his air quotes and reiterates the situation in a way that makes Rey feel childish and she instantly gets defensive.

"Luke is not my Master, and he would have taught me the way you explained it if that was the correct way." She snaps defensively. He caught her verbal admittance of the dismissal of Luke as her master and as much as he wanted to focus on that, he pushed it aside for now.

"So it's not correct because... I'm a Dark sider? You realize I spent my whole life training to be a Jedi before I joined team Sith right?" His eyes narrowed in challenge and he stepped forward. Rey took a cautious step back, keeping the distance between them where it belonged.

"I thought you weren't a Sith?" She questioned antagonistically.

"I'm not, but I never said I wasn't..." His eyes closed and he shook his head trying to keep his
thoughts on topic. "...And that's not the point!" He retorted frustrated by how childish she was being.

"Oh...?" She poked, but he could see the relief on her face with his admittance. For some reason she cared whether or not he was that far into the Dark Side, like it changed anything. He was still a Dark Master, his training was still completed. He could become a Sith if he chose to but that was not his goal. It was to simple minded and primitive to ever be a goal of his. He wanted what was beyond that.

"There is no Light side or Dark side when it comes to manipulating the Force, Scavenger. There are only the differences in the techniques we use. Manipulation is manipulation. You don't get to choose which is right or wrong simply by declaring one side as pure and the other as corrupt. When you accepted his teachings on manipulating the Force as the correct way just because it's from him as a Light sider, you're splitting hairs and being hypocritical." He declared.

"But you consume its power into yourself before you manipulate it. Then you bend it to your will. That's an abuse of power! That's what makes it wrong!" She shoved at his chest and her grabbed her wrist.

"Your wrong, I said we can bend an object to our will, I didn't say I would. My Kyber crystal is a unique situation. When I sought one out to create my lightsaber we found each other, but make no mistake; The proper crystal will choose it's master first. It chose me long before I even noticed it. When you build your own lightsaber and you seek out your own crystal you too will feel the pull when the right match is made. Your Kyber crystal will call to you and it will challenge your power. It will test your worthiness and it will be your responsibility to overcome and subdue it's will with your own. It was my place and right to dominate it to my will so the power of the ancient crystal doesn't control me. There are very ancient objects in our history that have such great power that just owning them can effect our will right down to our very core. When I consume the Force into my power I'm feeding it. That's why it obeys me. Look around you; The Force moves within things that have an energy of their own and it avoids what sits stationary. It wants to mingle and belong. It wants to become something more then itself and it searches, always looking for a place and purpose. I accept it's belonging into me as another being of the Force and it accepts me because it's within its nature to exchange energy. It wants to coexist with something that will use it. It wants to thrive in something that will not just contain it, but help it grow." He lifted her arm higher when she tried to pull away.

"I allow myself to become one with the Force just as it allows me to accept it. It's a mutual exchange. The more powerful of the two will dominate the other because that's what the Force does. This is why our emotions effect our power so much, because emotions fuel the human spirit and ultimately that's what drives us. That is why your Jedi will die out! They're so short sighted and scared of what the Force really is. They will never be able to accept a balance. You and Luke think I'm this powerful because I'm evil, just like his council thought about my grandfather before me." He began getting upset the more personal the topic became to him and Rey could see his brown eyes growing dark.

"They saw a boy who had emotions and attachments and they thought him corrupt because Maker forbid you be allowed to feel something other then peace which to the Jedi may as well be the equivalent to nothing!" Now he was near yelling and Rey could feel his temper boiling over. She could feel his offense spilling into her already heated emotions. She was the one who had the right to be angry here. She was the one in danger of becoming a puppet on the others strings. His mouth opened to continue but she cut him off.

"And look how he turned out. He was mass genocidal. He destroyed planets and killed defenseless men, woman, and children, just like you!" She stepped into him until her toes touched. His jaw
locked. His fist clenched over the hilt of her lightsaber and his darkness crept up. It took everything in him right now not to physically lash out at her. It was normally his first response, this was the most communicative he'd been in years and all she did in response was attack him for his thoughts. If she were anyone else he'd be seeing red by now. He'd have lost his temper completely as she'd be a corpse. As it was he was getting close to that edge.

"Your right! In the end my grandfather fell because he couldn't control the darkness that ate at him but that darkness wasn't entirely his fault. That doubt and hate was forged over years of manipulation and rejection. He was manipulated into thinking his urges to feel and to love were corrupt. The Light side broke him under the weight of their endless rules and guilt long before he submitted to the dark. It corrupted even the compassion he'd had for my grandmother. Palpatine saw his masters reject him and he played Anakin against his own kind and they were so blinded by their foolish rules that they practically handed him over to the darkness. They tricked him and manipulated him until he felt isolated. Until he felt all he had left was the darkness. They let him suffer and fall alone until he lost himself completely. And when Padme died, when the last tie to his light died... so did his compassion. The loss of his humanity after that was only a matter of time. They rejected and feared him, leaving him alone for the darkness to feed on him when he needed them the most and when he lost her... a Dark sider who was just as manipulative as the Light side had been saw an opportunity to seize his mind. He prayed on him in the guise of the very council that tore him apart. His strength in the Light was destroyed before a mind greater in the Force then himself found him and consumed him like the inanimate object he'd became. The Light was just as responsible as the Dark for creating Darth Vader."

She almost couldn't picture the Anakin Skywalker she'd met as a force ghost as Darth Vader but she knew the two were one in the same. She'd only met him once, but she'd felt the love and light in him so easily. It had flowed in warm waves from his aura. She couldn't imagine how pure it must have been when he was a child, or how great a loss it must have been as it was slowly snuffed out of him by those he'd loved and admired. Rey's eyes dropped to the ground at the terrible comparison she'd made between him and his grandfather... because it was so accurate. But she also wondered if Kylo Ren was so far gone that he believed he truly had no light left in him, no humanity... She knew he had that light hidden away and she wondered with his astuteness to his grandfather's history; Why would he hide that light away? Why would he fight it when he should be clinging to it? Why knowing the outcome and how his grandfather changed sides in the end, would Kylo Ren acceptingly traverse the same Dark path?

It took several moments for Ren to collect himself before he could continue. He was on a slippery slope with how he handled her now. He was headed in the opposite direction from where he wanted this conversation to go. He was doing so well before and now he was screwing it all up. Now he was telling her things he'd never said out loud and hoping she didn't see in through him. He took a deep steadying breath and quietly continued.

"In the end he failed to surpass both sides. He couldn't learn how to coexist as one with the Force. Only our actions determine wether we are good or evil. And yes, both my grandfather and I have made some... regrettable decisions, but I will not follow where he did and I will not fail. I will not give into my darkness, I will own it! I will grow in the Force and I will not forget that my power is a
means to an end. I am only as powerful as the Force around me allows, because I am one with it. I
dominate it so it will not dominate me because that is the only way to keep your power in check.
That is why I am not a Sith! You must feed the Force to maintain it or it will consume you and leave
you as dead inside as that rock. As dead inside and as easily controllable as a Sith. I am on one side
of the Force over the other only as a means to an end and only because groups like your Jedi deem
there to be titles for how we Force sensitives interact with the energy that already wants to be apart of
everything around it. It begs to be dominated and I do not fear the challenge, I comply with an eager
willingness." He finishes mostly in a calm tone though the subject is still clearly a sore one.

Her head shot up to his and her eyes locked onto his pupils as though she could look through them
to the center of his soul while he answered. "Is that what you're going to do to me?" She asked coldly.
He blinked at her in utter confusion.

"What are you taking about?" He asked honestly having no idea what she was referring to.

She snatched the still glowing stone up from between them and the heat from the rock slithered into
her skin. Her Force sucked up his like a sponge but she didn't notice what he did. She only noticed
the stone cooling in her hand. She assumed it had lost its energy when it left its "Masters control", as
he so delicately put it.

"Are you going to use our Force bond to consume my power and bend me to your will?" She blurted
out flatly.

"What? Where would you get a notion like that?" He asked ignoring the image that his darkness had
thrust to the front of his brain like a pep squad banner at a Resistance Rally. He saw her under his
control, her wrist locked in his hand with her dark armor and crimson saberstaff matching his attire.
He hadn't forgotten the image he knew she was probably picturing in her head as well. Maker, he'd
never forget that image. There was after all, something dangerously appealing about it.

"Will you or will you not, force me under your will like you did this rock?" She asked bluntly finally
getting to what was really bothering her. He watched while her eyes glossed over, filling with tears
and fear.

"Scavenger, it's a rock." He said as though she were being ridiculous but the truth was, it was a very
possible scenario.

He knew his Master would expect him to take control of her if she refused to join them. He also
knew how their interactions in the less then twenty-four hours that he'd been here with her had gone,
and based solely off of that, there was no way he could see it coming to him dominating her will.
Besides, he wouldn't do that to her anyway... would he?

"Don't do that!" She fumed snatching her lightsaber back from his hand. "Don't treat me like I'm
overthinking your lesson Master." She mocked. "Don't act like I'm being overdramatic where my
future is concerned!" She stepped back and her anger ignited the azure lightsaber in her hands. She
held it low at her side and twirled it with her wrist daring him to lie or to take her less serious then he
should.

How, in the entire time that she had been here with Luke, had he not been able to teach this girl
anything other then the basics. She was clearly an excellent student. She could have been a kriffing
Jedi Master by now, under the correct instructor.

Kylo took notice on how her emotions were already synchronizing with the lightsaber. Already her
relationship with the weapon had improved. Instead of verbally responding to her, he too pulled out
his lightsaber.
Let's see how much she'd been paying attention. He thought as he ignited his blade.

She jumped back, surprised by how close she still was when his lightsaber blazed to life. She stared at him in her fury and though there was no smile on his face, she took note of how his eyes looked down on her with amusement. She could see the reflection of her lightsaber shining in his dark orbs and she knew that he was itching for a fight. She stepped into a lunge and he jumped back with surprise on his face. He used his lightsaber to push hers to the left rendering her strike wide and the tip met with air instead of his side. Her brows pulled in anger as he smiled at her. She twirled her hand and cut at the air high above his head. He ducked out of the way and his saber met hers in a clash.

It was his turn now. He struck hard and fast at the air over her head purposefully aiming to far to the left and she parried much better then he thought she would. The saber seemed to fit better in her hands now. She gripped it solidly but didn't strangle the hilt as she had done earlier. Her movements had smoothed and she watched his form, using his body language to respond as he struck or parried. He was enjoying their sword play much more now. It felt less like they were novices playing with sticks. He felt her reaching in his head to pick through his knowledge and he let her have a little of this and a little of that but when she became greedy, he fed her other images. Memories from earlier this morning when she'd been wiggling in his lap and then how she'd clung to his leg like his own little pet. She flushed and started swinging angrily at him.

Once she'd gotten over her embracement, she'd started really trying to apply the techniques he'd offered up to her with out her knowing he willingly did so. She may not consider him her Master out loud but mentally she knew better and he would treat her as such while they sparred now. She needed to learn how to defend herself wether it was against Ren or someone else. She was apart of his world now regardless of if she accepted that or not and as such, she became a target. Someone would eventually come after her and the longer it took her to accept his claim on her as his apprentice, which he'd give her little choice over anyway, the greater risk of being attacked or worse, claimed by someone else, she'd face. He'd take every opportunity to train her from here on out just in case she did manage to eventually kill him. He'd decided he would make sure she was capable of protecting herself no matter who the foe was that dared to face her. It was his responsibility as her Master.

"Don't think about it so much." He Corrected when she focused more on his next strike then how to protect herself from the immediate. "Stop trying to guess where I'll strike next or you'll be to slow to respond if I throw a surprise strike at you." He warned. "If you're too busy trying to predict my movements you won't be able to track other threats around you. It's not usually a fair fight scavenger." He advised. His breathing was steady and level while she was angrily breathing through her teeth and he hadn't even added any Force strikes or defensives yet.

"Your not..." She swung low at his legs and he jumped. "...My Master!" She finished through strikes and heavy breaths. She still wasn't listening, she was too focused on her opponents movements. Had it been a single target fight with now Force abilities she'd be spot on but fighting against such weak opponents would be far and few in between for her now. He let his lightsaber go and he stepped back. Her eyes widened as the blade moved on its own. It lunged and she barley dodged her invisible opponent.

"Now you don't have my movements to tell you where I'm going to strike." He announced ignoring her previous denial. "What are you going to do? How will you defend yourself when you don't have my form to guid you?" His asked flatly, still using the moment as an opportunity to instruct her.

Her eyes darted between Ren and the floating lightsaber and when he did no more then breath, she decided it was safe to focus on the blade. She thought about the lesson he'd been teaching her earlier
and she stepped into combat with the plasma blade with a new set of eyes. She could see his force within the sabers hilt. It was dark and smoky like swirling shadows. There was almost an attractive hue of purple to it. She met his Force with her own and the two energies mingled. She accepted a little of his energy into herself every time their blades made contact and eventually her movements became fluid, like she'd always practiced this way. She heard his minds commands through their bond the same as his lightsaber did. It was easy to counter once she knew the actions the blade would take before it took them.

Ren smiled as she applied the lesson he'd taught her before their heated debate begain. It wasn't the solution that he wanted her to use but it certainly made him proud to know that not only had she been paying attention but she was adept enough to apply such a technical skill into her fighting style with no additional instruction or training. It was as impressive as Mustafar was hot. Of course it was technically cheating... but who was he to judge.

She was slowly consuming his Force energy into hers and it felt amazing. She was like a succubus to his Force. She was consuming a little bit at a time, fueling her own energy as she drained his. It was a very good thing he had the understanding of the Force that he did. He could continue to feed her with as much Force as she could take as long as he could keep up with her. She never ceased to amaze him. And maker, it felt wonderful to feel his Force within her. It was like the first time they'd fought, back on Starkiller. He could see himself in her eyes as he fueled her power. He could feel the euphoria that it gave her too. She nearly glowed from the mixture of his Force within hers.

After a while she was smiling and she hadn't even noticed it as she burnt through her anger with his lightsaber against hers. It was like having her own personal teacher to learn from and she'd been waiting months for an experience like this. There were no expected emotions or feelings involved. There was no one but herself to be competitive with. She'd already learned a lot of footwork through a combination of both Luke and Ren and now she could focus on the saber strikes and movements that had previously been lacking in her routine. Then there was the heat and fire she felt growing inside of her as she accepted his Force with hers. She could feel him like the energy he'd described earlier. His power was coursing through her veins in dangerous amounts. She was almost dizzy from their Forces mixing. He was an addictive drug that she could happily take every day until she died and she'd do so craving more.

That's when she remembered who was still controlling the lightsaber and how dangerous allowing his Force into hers was. She remembered how he could overthrow her with enough of his power running through her and it scared her white in the face. She locked his lightsaber against her own just as Ren had done to her twice before in the past and she eyed him. He was smiling at her. It was not the victorious spider's caught the fly in the web smile that she'd expected as she felt she'd fallen into his trap by willingly absorbing his Force into hers. It was not even a sarcastic taunting smile, or a half playful sexually laced smile that made her toes tingle just as quickly as it made her want to smack it clean off of his face. He was... proud. He beamed at her, a proud Master over his student and she loved it. She wanted to beam back but then she realized how much had changed in her world since he'd landed, or crashed here as it were, on the island.

Since he'd met up with her here he'd done nothing but instruct her and damn him if she hadn't improved by leaps and bounds. In one lesson he'd completely changed her view of how the Force worked and how she could exchange her energy with it rather then trying to fight against it, which admittedly now, seemed silly in comparison. Why fight with a substance that craved to be used. She admitted to herself. She knew he hadn't made that up because she could see it in the world around her.

And then there was the foot work she'd picked up, and that was nothing in comparison with how her lightsaber felt in her hands now. This was a whole new level of becoming one with your weapon.
She could literally feel the blade respond to her thoughts and feelings. Not just from dark emotions like the anger that she'd expected Ren to focus her on in comparison to the peace Luke had her synchronizing with. No, now her Kyber crystal responded to everything she felt. When she was ecstatic after figuring out how to connect with Ren's Force as it resided within his lightsaber, she'd been overjoyed and her plasma blade had responded to her emotions like an actual extension of herself. It felt incredible. It even effected the power with which she could strike and block with the weapon. He taught her about the Force as a whole and in such a simple and understandable way that it made everything else she'd previously been taught seem minuscule and ridiculous!

It helped that they could exchange information through their multiple links. Already having the Force bond they shared gave them a significant advantage as a pair, adding the Master-apprentice bond to that already very strong connection, toppled any other connection she could have possibly had with Luke. There were moments when they were sparring where Rey already felt like they were extensions of each other. There was no denying the complexity of their situation. They were stuck with one another for good. She couldn't imagine being apart from him now that their signatures had accepted one another so completely... and now thanks to his spontaneous training session, she'd never be able to go back to training with Luke. The very idea of it crippled her to her core.

Suddenly she was angrily charging at Ren. He did no more then lift his right palm in her direction and before they collided, her lightsaber was disengaged and gone from her hand. She tackled him to the ground and he landed on his back with a low grunt. Her much smaller form loomed high over his head while she balanced herself on her left knee and right toes. She grabbed and pinned his wrists with her upper body weight. When she settled over him he pulled his right knee up bending it slightly to lay flat on his back as though only casually resting in the grass while she fumed over him. Rey couldn't get her hand wrapped around the thickness of his wrists and his fingers just curled as though his arms weren't supporting the entirety of her upper body weight. He looked completely relaxed below her and she looked like she would angrily break if he did anymore then that.

"How is he supposed to teach me now?" Her soft voice was laced with more desperation then anger. "How am I supposed to learn from him as easily as I do you?" The more she spoke the harder it became to hold back the tears she could feel creeping up behind her eyes. "I can't now." Her breaking heart admitted. "You've ruined it. You've taken that possibility away from me just like you took him from me." She angrily grieved as though she'd permanently lost her now former teacher.

A tear escaped at the corner of one brilliantly hazel eye and it pooled on the peek of her cheek as she hung over him. She felt the loss of Luke as a teacher just as she suffered the loss of Han as a father figure. Another tear pooled at her duct and ran over the bridge of her nose to drip from the tip onto his skin. He watched the crystalline drop of her liquid pain fall in slow motion like rain from the sky. It collided with his skin as loud as an explosion and it stung somewhere deep upon its shattering impact. He never wanted to hurt her, but this wasn't something he alone caused. He couldn't take full responsibility for something that happened between them in the past. Especially since it had been mutual then.

She sat up embarrassed and still very angry. He stayed on his back absolutely motionless and just as silent with her tear still plastered across his face. Her weight rested across his thighs far enough back where neither were in any immediate danger of repeating the mishap that ensued earlier this morning. She refused to look at him. She refused to acknowledge his existence even while she sat across his legs. She wiped away her tears on the back of her hand and moved to climb off of him. He grabbed her hand before she even saw him move. His gloved thumb caressed the streak of her tears, removing them from her skin with one long swipe. Her eyes grew wide and she locked onto his brown pools. They were so large and warm... and they were filled with sadness and pain. Regardless
of what her mind thought, her heart ached for that pain and she hated herself for putting even a little of it there.

"I want to comfort you..." He openly admitted. "...But I'm not sorry!" She attempted to snatch her hand away from his grip but he held it there, careful not to hurt her and he quickly finished his line of thought before she got the wrong idea.

"I'll never apologize for having the bonds that I have with you. I'll never apologize for being a part of you and I'll never want for anything less, then for you to acceptingly be apart of me... because you are." His voice wrapped around her and she almost sank into him but his words only confirmed the belonging that they had to each other and she was bitter about having no choice in that matter.

"But why?" She asked emotionally exasperated. She couldn't understand...

She was unable to fathom why he'd care about some silly girl. Some insignificant scavenger from a junkyard, rat hole of a planet. Surely he could find some one more appealing to play with if he just wanted a woman to take his pleasure with. If he wanted revenge for the past, there were a million ways he could have taken that by now... so what did he want?

His eyes were wide with knowing but he said nothing to answer her. She tried to push into his mind but she found him completely closed off to her probing no matter how hard she gritted her teeth and fought. He just stared back at her saying nothing as she inflicted pain upon herself in an attempt to mentally break down the gates of his mind just as he'd done repeatedly since the first time she'd cut him off from her mind months ago. It pained him to watch her harm herself in such a way but he couldn't let her in right now. Not while he was so mentally unstable, so fragile himself. He couldn't allow her the knowledge of what she was to him. He couldn't give her that kind of power over himself.

Rey was heaving and mentally exhausted by the time she gave up on infiltrating his mind. She was hurt in ways she couldn't understand and all he had done was accept her. She had never belonged before and she didn't know how to exist in that realm. She had always searched and hoped for belonging. Always waited for the family she'd lost only to find out that they'd never come back and now she was so consumed by the man underneath her, that she couldn't remember how to exist on her own. It terrified her and she felt like it was his fault. She had no choice in her bonds and that's exactly what they felt like now, heavy chains that weighed her down, binding her unwilling to her new master. She tugged her hand away from his and climbed to her feet. She fumed as she gave him her back and needing space to herself, she walked away.

~Comment and kudos so I know that you're with me on this ship cuz it's go'n down! ( and I don't mean sinking)~
-DarkGuardian-
Shots fired!

Kylo snatched up her forgotten lightsaber and was on his feet in an instant. He clipped it to his belt next to his own and stormed after her.

"Scavenger," He called, when she started to run. "Really?" He hissed to himself. He began to run after her just as she started to sprint. "Must you always be so difficult?" He called to her fleeing form.

She was so fast. Her nimble legs were quickly putting distance between them. He knew she had no where to go but he still didn't want to let her out of his sight. He could catch up with her at camp but that wasn't the point at all. Although there was this slight nagging sensation that warned him to give her space. Maybe it would help him in the end?

Heh, please. It was classified as nagging for a reason. Her current want to be alone wasn't at the top of his things to care about while on the island. He's Kylo kriffing Ren not her BFF, She'd get over it! He stubbornly scolded himself away from the emotional weaknesses he was displaying on her behalf. She'd been alone her whole life, she's had plenty of time to self reflect. Her childish display of a tantrum didn't fit into his current agenda. He didn't have time to coddled her... still, she was already so far ahead, perhaps a little space wouldn't hurt...

Weakling... His darkness hissed. Your making excuses because you can't catch her! It taunted.

He couldn't help it; His legs found extra speed and suddenly, against his better judgment as was usually the case, he was sprinting after her. In his tunnel vision he was to distracted to catch the second silhouette that appeared from just beyond her suddenly stopped body. Now completely focused on identifying the male that only stood a few feet away from his Scavenger, Kylo didn't react to the laser that was heading right at him in time to stop it. The shot of a blaster caught him right in the stomach and upon impact he flew into a hard roll. He propelled forward using the momentum from his sprint to recover. He'd lost their lightsabers during the tumble but he was already calling for his now. In one final roll forward he slid on his feet and his free hand planted into the earth helping to bring him to a stop. His lightsaber ignited at his side and he crouched low weighing the threat ahead of him, ready for a fight.

Rey's face changed from excitement at seeing her friend, to fear as she realized what had just happened. "Poe wait!" Rey shouted but the man heard nothing as he fired the blaster again.

Kylo Ren breathed furiously through his opened mouth. His shoulders heaved from the deep ragged breaths that filled his lungs and caused more pain to shoot through his diaphragm. The familiar man in the distance took a step forward and fired his weapon three more times. Ren caught the first two with his lightsaber and flung the third back at him. The best pilot in the Resistance, barely made it out of the way.

"Poe, stop! Ren no!" Rey didn't know who to yell at as the two men exchanged looks of discontempt for one another.

Poe was picking himself up from the ground, already aiming the blaster back at Ren when suddenly he was rolling back again. Rey turned to see Ren's left arm swipe through the air, tossing Poe back like a rag doll. As she looked at Ren, Poe fired again and Rey was back to looking in his direction. Ren froze or deflected the blasts and stalked forward gaining ground on the pilot as he gathered himself. He walked past several frozen blaster rounds before they shot through the air at a target who had already left them behind. Ren lifted the man from the ground and Poe lifted the blaster to Ren's head, aiming for his unmasked face.
Rey stepped between them then. She threw both of her arms up in either direction and screamed her fury at being ignored while watching two people she’d decidedly cared about, try to kill one another. "Enough!" She demanded and they both froze.

Literally. Rey Force locked both men at the exact time in what ever position they were moving in before she controlled them. Poe suddenly fell to the ground, landing awkwardly since the use of his muscles were still being blocked by Rey. Her face shot to Ren who was smirking at the hurt pilot.

"Oops." He said sardonically, grinning with wicked amusement from the corner of his mouth.

"Play nice!" She scolded. Rey released them both though Ren was already mostly free of her hold, and she went to help Poe first. He clutched and tested his wrist before deciding he hadn't sustained a serious injury and Rey turned to Ren with a look of disapproval clear on her face.

"What?" He shrugged as though bored. "...He shot first." He said innocently, though his eyes still burned in the direct of her friend. Rey huffed and was preparing to ream him a new one when she noticed the smoldering hole in his stomach. With out hesitation, she ran to him.

Ren had completely forgotten it was there. He was to busy eyeing the pilot. His alpha was already measuring the threat the man posed to him. He didn't care that Luke had been alone with Rey on the island the entire time, he trusted the old man to keep his hands to himself. But the roguish flyboy across from him was a whole other story all together. He had a sense of confidence and charm that Ren himself knew he lacked. He'd spent very little time in his presence while he held the "would be best pilot", prisoner on the Starkiller but he immediately recognized him as a kindred spirit to his father. They had that swag about them. That cocky air that woman seemed to melt around. Ren didn't like him... Not. At. All!

Rey's hands were suddenly on his body and he lost track of his thoughts. His face slacked and he looked down at her as surprised as the pilot she'd left behind to tend to him. Ren swelled with pride when he realized what she was doing. She was analyzing his injury... trying to take care of him. He couldn't help but shoot the pilot a smug look. A sly smile that never touched his lips, twinkled behind the heat in his eyes as Rey scooted to his side. She took his hand and pulled his arm around her shoulder. Normally and especially with the other male watching, he'd have shoo'd her away. He didn't need the assistance anyway. He'd taken much more substantial injuries in the past and walked it off. One of his best abilities within the Force had been to soak damage like a tank. He was built like a fortress where his unique Force abilities were concerned.

Instead of pushing her away like the big bad he was, he leaned on her. He let her help him and he feigned his discomfort as they trekked along. He peeked back while the pilot stared at them, his open jaw hung in the air like a bug trap and Ren silently snickered at the pleasing sight of his discontent. Just a slight grin tugged at his lips and the pilot ran after them bouncing into Ren's arm as he passed. An exaggerated oomph escaped Ren's gut and Rey shot Poe a scolding glance. He turned to her stopping just ahead of their path.

Poe planted his feet apart in front of him, blocking the path of the girl he'd been dying to see for months. He'd been so excited to catch up with her again. He was hoping he'd finally be able to take her back to the fight where she belonged. The two had hit it off almost immediately through these little supply excursions that he ran every few months. It wasn't anything romantic, she was a bit young for his taste; All though he had to admit that she had grown into quiet the young woman since she'd been on Ach-To and every once in a while the thought crossed his mind but he'd always dismissed the idea. They were far more compatible in other ways. They were both fighters. They longed for the action and the thrill of the victory that ensued. She was competitive, hot tempered and Maker could she fly! He wanted to treat her more like a sister and usually he did, but there was no
denying how appealing he knew she was becoming as she grew more comfortable in her own skin. She was so light hearted and charming. She was smart in a geeky kind of way that he found more adorable then sexy and that helped remind him that she was worth more to him then a one night stand which is usually what he preferred. He wasn't the settle down with kinda guy. He'd be damned if he'd let the Jedi Killer next to her destroy that bubbly persona that she infectiously shared with everyone around her. He didn't know what was going on or what Kylo Ren, Commander of the First Order, was doing here... and with his arm draped around her small frame like a demon waiting to pull her down to the underworld but he fully intended to put a stop to it.

"What in the Force is going on around here?" He asked as livid as he was confused.

Rey wasn't really sure how to answer that so she didn't. She ignored his worried face and avoided his hard brown eyes as he frowned at her. She brushed past him with a simple explanation that would have to suffice for now.

"It's... Complicated." She huffed in her own confusion towards that very question.

Poe blinked at the two as they again passed by his shocked form. "You know he tortured me right?" He asked the girl that he knew was so blinded by her own humanity that she was now helping the man who'd left him with a migraine that lasted for three days and four nights. Then there were the nightmares and uncontrollable vomiting and Poe was no stranger to war but what Kylo Ren of the First Order had issued the night he had been captured, was a massacre. He was a cold blooded killer. He gave the order to slay an entire unarmed, innocent village and Poe would make sure Rey knew that before this was over.

"Poe, I've been interrogated by him before... it's really not that bad." She teased trying to lightening the tension between them.

Ren scoffed at her playful nature with the man. He didn't want them to feel comfortable with each other. He didn't want her talking to him at all. "Actually, he was tortured. Though to my discredit, technically not by me. Not physically anyway." His head tilted back so he could call out to the Resistance freedom fighter over his shoulder. "How's your head Pilot?" He asked coldly, taunting the fraying man at his back.

Rey's pace slowed at his words. She elbowed him hard in the side and he grunted, shooting her a hard look of his own. Poe had stopped walking again and Rey's heart ached when she noticed. Her feet dragged with the weight of her guilt.

"Poe... he saved my life." She admitted weakly. Her friend eyed the man she helped along and for a brief moment his face lightened in understanding. He sighed and continued to follow behind them.

They were nearly at camp when four white armored storm troopers came double time marching up the hill, blasters out and ready. Upon seeing what looked like their captured, injured leader being led into the enemies camp, the four fired on the group. They were facing away from the soldiers before the shots were fired and Ren turned just in time to stop a blast mid air seconds before it would have added a new hole to the pilot's head.

You should have let it hit. His darkness whined but Kylo ignored the thought.

Poe froze with the laser inches from his face. He side stepped and stared at the crackling time frozen beam humming in mid air as he walked out of its line of fire.

"Of all time's for them to have accurate aim..." Kylo mumbled as he shoved Rey beneath his arm, forcing her behind him and shielding her from several more shots that fired closer to their position.
His hand washed the blasts away and they changed directions to shoot off somewhere into the distance to the far left. He opened his arms and slammed his hands together. The four men pulled together like they had been roped and corralled. They slammed into each other with loud crushing and popping sounds as their gear collided together. They fell in a pile and Ren simultaneously pulled their blasters and a Z6 Riot Control Baton out of their loose grips. Kylo strode over to them ordering them to stand down. The confused men followed their Commanders orders and one held out Ren's his helmet.

"Sir, there was a ship, we think it was the Millennium Falcon... " The one offering him his helmet reported. "We found this abandoned along the cliff side, we thought..." Ren lifted the man from the ground by his neck with no more then an open hand.

"You could have killed her... " He snarled before Rey ran up from behind him.

"Ren, stop." She tried but he didn't acknowledge her.

"How dare you, I told you no harm was to come to her!" He fumed and he began to crush the mans windpipe.

Rey's saving hand landed on his arm and his face shot in her direction. He was positively seething with darkness. It moved within his eyes and it radiated over his tense shoulders. "I'm ok." She silently said between their connection. His eyes refocused and his shoulders relaxed as though he'd been released from something the others couldn't see, but she knew what it was. It was the darkness that was leaving his eyes. He saw red and she cooled him down with only her touch. His weight shifted but his eyes never left hers. She looked down to see why his left arm had come up to his side and his weigh moved to his right leg. He had a second hole to match the first only this one was located further to his side and closer to his hip.

"Kriffing Mustafar Ren, your gonna die!" She announced with as much alarm as she did worry.

His brows pulled in confusion and he followed her eyes down to his torso. There was a second hole just beneath the first but it wasn't as deep. His armor had caught most of the troopers shot. She was being dramatic. His eyes locked back onto the storm troopers helmet and though he wanted to kill the man, he reluctantly released him to his feet, which he stood on for only about half a second before he dropped to his knees clutching his throat.

"I'm fine." He complained as she took him under her arm again. He tried to brush her off this time but the stubborn girl had won out in the end.. just as she usually did. A few moments later four confused, unarmed storm troopers and a still disheartened Poe, followed close behind Rey and Kylo Ren. Rey peeked back to see Poe's arms loosely crossed with his right hand still clutching his blaster, the barrel still trained on Ren's back.

"Poe..." She looked sideways at him hoping he'd get the hint and lower his blaster.

His crossed arms loosened but he kept the barrel aimed at the much larger warlord's massive back, right over where his heart should be, if he had one. "...Still don't trust him." Was all he mouthed in response.

Back at camp Luke was still missing and though she had an idea of where he was, she wondered why he wouldn't be here with the threat of Ren on the island. What else could be more important than keeping an eye on the Commander of the First Order?
The troopers were all seated across from Poe at the fire pit. He still had his blaster out and he was shooting the stoppers full of holes... with his eyes. After some heavy debating and some stubborn coaxing, Rey had gotten Poe to leave her in the washing hut with Ren who complained the whole time she argued with her friend. Now she was shooting her own blaster beams at him while she heated a bowl of fresh water and prepared bandages to wrap around his wounds after she finished cleaning them. If he'd just cooperate this would go smoothly and they could be back outside before Poe's trigger finger got itchy. She thought already slightly agitated by the whole situation. She should be happy Poe was here. She waited months for the outside connection to arrive and make her feel normal again. He had all of the dirt and details on everything that was happening around the bases and the war around them and she was dying to know about it all. Instead she was playing nanny to a temperamental Dark Lord.

"Will you stop being a baby and just take off your shirt. It will only hurt a little bit and if it gets infected your going to have a lot more to cry about!" She scolded with the same womanly disposition that his mother used to use.

"I'm not crying, your the one making a big deal about nothing." He defended himself as he started to pull up his armor.

"Two blaster shots is not nothing Ren." She retorted.

"Trust me, I've had worse." He mumbled thinking back to the night she'd kicked his teeth in. He suddenly remembered how she'd looked pacing back and forth over his fallen body with high doses of his darkness coursing through her. She may be a beautiful creature of the Light, but kriff she was sexy as hell with his darkness swirling in her eyes.

His arms stopped with his thick padded undershirt pulled up to his shoulders just under his neck. He bent down at the waist until their faces were leveled. His brown eyes caught her enormous hazel orbs and she froze. His irises darted all over her face and her breath caught in her throat. His dark hair feathered around the lines of his jaw and cheeks making the paleness of his complexion shine like the moon highlighted over dark ripples on a midnight ocean. He was so close his nose almost touched hers. Her pulse hammered in her ears like her heart hammered behind her ribs and she almost didn't hear his low words when he spoke to her.

"You know scavenger, if you wanted to see me with my shirt off again... " His mouth paused in a devilish grin and her breath fell silent. Her body waited for his words to continue before it remembered to breath again. "You could have just asked." His husky voice teased her through purposefully seductive lips. His brown eyes darkened and his diabolical intentions shone on the surface of the deep pools that she was near to falling into.

Rey blinked several times while her brain caught up with the rest of her senses. She took note of how he leaned back standing at his cocky, overbearing, gorgeous, full height to watch through triumphant eyes as he effected her.

Kylo took in everything from her shifting posture to the deepening flush that traveled from the top of her heaving chest up through her pulsing jugular to finally rest in the cheeks of her perfect face. He was very pleased with her reaction and he was smiling smugly when she suddenly surprised him.

She stepped into his space and her eyes slowly dragged up his body like a tongue enjoying a very tall piece of candy. Her head tilted to one side and her lips pulled into a sultry smile just as her eyes found his. Mystified he swallowed hard and eyed her curiously. His fists scrunched up the material of his armor and he squeezed as he watched her intently.

She tugged one corner of the bottom of her delicate pink lip into her mouth and his eyes locked onto the small movement causing them to instantly widen. He swayed looking down at her and when she
slowly peered up at him through her thick lashes and took one last half step to close the remaining distance between them so her perfectly shaped breasts lightly skimmed over his armor locked forearms, he almost fell over. His mouth snapped shut and he fiddled with the suddenly very heavy cloth of his armor which still secured his arms across his chest.

"Take. Of. Your. Shirt." She slowly demanded while dragging the lids of her eyes opened and closed over the increasingly green looking irises that flirted back at him from within. When he did no more then stare back at her in shock she jostled him out of his stunned daze with a light push to his elbows. It forced him back a few inches giving her the space she needed to examine him and him the space to rustle free of his armor.

It still took him a moment to process what she'd said and by the time he did, he'd gotten his elbows tangled up in his own shirt. It took him several seconds to finally and very un-gracefully tug what remained of his armor over his now disheveled head. He shook his hair from his face and stood towering over her with his bare chest inches from her and his confidence was suddenly coming back. Then she sighed and her fingers ran over his torso where her plasma blade had seared through his armor just after he'd startled her during her training routine. He clenched his jaw as their Force trailed in a tingling line behind her soft fingers. She flattened her palm over his stomach just below his rib cage and heat rose in his stomach under where she touched. His breathing deepened but he couldn't seem to get enough air in his lungs. His mouth and lips quickly dried as his temperature suddenly rose. He swallowed again trying to dampen his tongue enough to wet his lips but still there wasn't enough moisture. She looked down at his stomach and when her hand fell from the surface he stepped closer to her. His body already longed for the energy of the Force they'd been sharing to return and his skin was dying to reclaim her touch. His eyes stayed on the top of her head and somehow though physically impossible, his heart hammered where her hand had been. Then she open fist swatted at his abdomen and he slightly buckled as the shock of the sudden pain in his torso returned causing him to grunt on an exhale he wasn't ready for.

"How do you like it?" She asked with a wickedly triumphant smile on her gorgeous plump lips.

He should have been furious with her for toying with him like that but maker, it was the sexiest damn thing he'd ever seen. Force, he was hard and all she'd done was put her hand on his stomach. He couldn't breath and it had nothing to do with the two burning holes in his torso. He smiled at her, his amusement shinning in his dark eyes. She was in fact his equal in every way. He'd played with fire again and he'd got burned again. Maker, he wanted her licking and searing up his skin until he was completely consumed by her. He wanted to burn until he was ash in her hands.

Rey quickly turned, pretending to search for something. He'd accidentally thought between their bond. He'd been so distracted that he'd dropped his defenses and she'd heard everything... and there after, when she watched his face remain calm, she knew he didn't realize it. She stepped away from him as smoothly as her legs would allow. She was looking down and clearing her throat. Her feet shuffled as she moved for the cloth half resting in the warm clean water she was supposed to use to clean the blaster shots with. Her hands shook and she almost knocked the bowl over when she reached for it. He was still too lost in his own thoughts to notice her clumsiness and she could hear and see everything.

Like how right now, his eyes were trailing over the curves of her backside and hips. She knew because he was imagining his hands following the same path as those eyes. She gripped the cloth in her hands and the water ran down her forearms. He imagined running his left hand flat up her spine all the way to the nape of her neck. He saw himself pulling her buns loose so her long chestnut hair hung down over her toned shoulders to teas the swells of her full breasts while the waves fell further down the length of her back just between her shoulder blades. He buried his gloved fingers under her hair while he pulled at the soft skin of the back of her neck with his long leather clad fingers and
though it was only his mental image, Rey physically shivered as a tingle ran down her spine. Her hair smoothed over his armor pleated arm to tickle against his chest as he stepped into the curve of her arched back.

She swallowed hard and her hands dipped back into the water to re-saturate the cloth that she'd rung nearly dry. He filled his hand with her hair at the back of her skull and he gently tugged her head back, exposing her neck and cleavage to his unabashed eyes as he loomed over her trembling body. He looked down on her, taking in the softness of her face and the heat in her darkening eyes as her endorphins secreted lust like a drug through her fogging brain. His face lowered to hers. Rey was ready to turn around with the cloth and bandages but she refused to break his thoughts just yet, needing for herself to see where his vivid fantasy would go.

In his mind her eyes closed just as his full lips pressed gently over her forehead right above her left brow. Her knees were weak and she felt dizzy with longing but she was filled with something even more amazing then that as he imagined pulling her against him so he could hold her while his lips still lingered on her forehead.

Kylo Ren could have imagined doing anything with her in the small space of this dark hut. He'd teased her and she'd led him on but still he chose to be gentle with her even in his mind. He didn't ravish her or misuse her even in the safety and privacy of his thoughts. A place she would have no right judging him. Instead he tenderly displayed affection towards her. A tear slid down her cheek. She wiped it away with the top of her shoulder before he could notice and she turned, disrupting his private thoughts so forcefully, that it left his mind blank.

When she turned she found herself faced with his chest. He had unconsciously stepped closer to her and she hadn't noticed it while she eavesdropped on his thoughts. He cleared his aching throat and stepped back. She ignored the silence between them and carefully dabbed at his wounds.

"I'm sorry I hit you." She admitted softly.

He shook his head and she didn't notice the heat rising in his cheeks as she worked at his stomach with the cloth. Thankfully, in the darkness of the room she didn't notice it rising elsewhere either.

"It's ok, trust me... I deserved it." He admitted, privately referencing what he'd just been thinking, unaware that she was privy to his gentle self scolding. His voice was slightly shaky and he shifted his weight when she looked back up at him. Her eyes searched his for something he wasn't sure of.

There was something so familiar in those brown eyes... she just couldn't remember what it was and the more she tried, the more it made her head hurt. She thought of him suddenly as that boy who had protected those two girls. There was something that weighed heavily on her when she thought back on the memory he'd accidentally shared with her. Why had he even thought of that? What had brought that forward and why did she see things before, that he couldn't have possibly known about? Things that somehow fit seamlessly with that memory?

She thought of the connection he'd had with that little girl and how safe she felt with him, how she reciprocated the care for him as he did for her. She didn't notice when she placed her hands flat over his wounds. She wondered what their relationship was... Were they siblings or just close pupils? Perhaps they were close friends. Whatever the case, they were indeed clearly very close and very much in tune with one another. She wanted to ask him what had happened to the girl but she thought that was too invasive. It was bad enough she'd allowed herself to linger while he'd had what was clearly meant to be very private thoughts about her moments ago and she couldn't get upset with him for going there, she had teased him.
His lips twitched and his jaw clenched but he said nothing while she touched him. She could rip out
his heart with her bare hands and he'd let her with a euphoric smile on his adoring face, so long as
she kept touching him. They felt their Force pulling them together and their sensitive skin met with
tingling jolts of heat and burning ice where they touched. They were numbing the discomfort of his
pain together and she was staring up at him lost in her thoughts when his mouth fell open and his
eyes widened at the sight of his stomach suddenly glowing under her touch. She followed his
alarmed eyes down and yanked her hands away from his now wound free skin. She stared at her
palms in wonderment for several seconds. Then she suddenly frowned up at him.

"Why didn't you do that in the first place?" She swatted his shoulder and his brows raised in question
and amusement.

He shrugged casually. "It wasn't me, It's not one of my abilities." He said matter of factly as though
she should have known. "If I could just heal whenever I got hurt, do you think I'd have all of these?"
He motioned over the entirety of his scar riddled body.

It was her turn to shrug casually. "Maybe you like scars." She teased, smiling faintly as her eyes
roamed over his freshly healed skin.

His finger hooked under her chin and he brought her face up to his. "Well, there is one particular scar
that I'm quite fond of." She thought he was teasing her again, but he was very serious.

Her eyes rolled playfully but her mind was already moving forward in her line of thinking even
while she blinked blankly up at him, already trapped by his intense eyes.

"So... I did this?" She questioned.

He nodded in response. "You did." He answered proudly.

"How come I'm not exhausted? Last time I tried to help heal myself I was exhausted." She
remembered.

"Your stronger now." It was a very simple answer that didn't make sense.

"Ren, that was only two nights ago..." She reminded him as though he were full of Wookiee dung.

"True, but you did absorb a good amount of my Force energy only about an hour ago. I told you that
energy lingers. As long as you use it you'll be able to retain more and more of it. It's like physically
or mentally working out. The more you work your muscles the more they can handle and the
stronger you'll become. Now that you have a better understanding of the Force, your powers are only
limited to your mental endurance." He explained always throwing in a lesson when he could.

"Is that how you were able to heal me when you were in my mind, through our connection but using
your Force energy?" She asked curiously.

He smiled at how clever she was. "It is. When I had control of your body I was able to manipulate
your Force with my own until I had the power through you to heal." He was almost nervous at how
close this conversation was heading to the question he'd barely made it out of earlier in the day.
Luckily in this instance she was too distracted and her mind was moving to fast to catch up with her
good sense. She was almost too eager to learn.

"Is it just a Lightside ability?" She continued to question, always seeking knowledge. Her eyes
turned left to began peeking over the scar he'd teased her about only moments ago. His arm guards
covered the length that ran over his bicep and most of his shoulder but she could see it peeking out
from under the protection of the armor just around his trapezoid, so she started there. Maker he had
unbelievably thick shoulders!

He loved that she questioned everything. He loved a smart woman who wasn't afraid to question things that interested her, or at least he did now. His eyes followed hers as she gave his most prized scar her full attention. Liquid fire rose in his stomach as she leaned into him to bring her face closer to his collar bone even while his hand still loosely rested on the underside of her chin. He wouldn't let her get cold feet if she tried to pull back this time.

"There you go again, trying to separate the Force into factions just like the rest of them..." He spoke quietly, still focused on those curious hazel eyes.

Inwardly he was a little frustrated with how influenced she'd already become by the rules and regulations that had morphed the Force into something almost unrecognizable from its original form but he wouldn't let it ruin the moment he found himself in now. "No, it's not just a Lightside trick, it's just not one of mine." He finally answered unconsciously lowering his head closer to her curious face.

"If it's not one of your abilities, then how'd you know it was one of mine?" She was on her toes in an attempt to inspect higher up the length that ran up his neck to meet his jawline and she didn't even notice, until her question gave him sudden pause and she saw him tense under her eyes. Maybe she'd been to curious, maybe she'd made him uncomfortable with her blatant staring... Her face turned to his and they were merely inches apart.

Something changed in his eyes. Moments ago they were lit with a burning fire that she at this moment fully understood, but then they changed, suddenly seeming distant. They still burned, but for something else entirely. Had she done something wrong? She wondered as she watched the wheels in his head turning. She tried to peek in, but much to her dismay, she found her access was denied.

This is it, this is my chance to tell her! This is my chance to burn Luke on the pyre that he built himself. Kylo practically held the torch he over the wood. All he needed to do was open up his fingers and let go. He'd watch it all go up in flames and he'd stand back and enjoy the heat. He only needed to open up his mouth and tell her the truth of her past... he wanted to anyways. Now she had asked and all he needed to do was comply. He opened up his mouth and spoke in a soft careful tone. His hand left her jaw to move to a loose strand of hair that he suddenly found himself eyeing. He took it between his index finger and thumb and rolled it between them before gently pulling it into a curl. He watching it spring up and down along the side of her soft golden cheek.

"That... " He started off on a deep full breath, ready to spill it all in an instant. "...Is something you need to ask your Master about." He said on the back of one long exhale, still staring at the loose strand while it rested along her face.

Kriff, of all the times to be weak... He thought disappointed with himself. He surprised himself with his answer but not nearly as much as her response shocked him.

"I thought I was." She nervously stated as she softly leaned her cheek against his fingers which were now opening so she could rest the side of her face against his palm. She couldn't help it, his Force was sending the most wonderful feeling through the soft touch of his hand to the side of her face and all she wanted to do was lean into it. She was melting into his touch as the little ripples of their energy mingled together under his fingertips.

Kylo's chest was rising and falling in deep breaths as he watched her press her face into his palm. He cupped her delicately and his hand took up most of her face. He turned his palm and his thumb
caressed her cheek in one long swipe. Her eyes were closed and he could literally see their Force mingling under his hand. It followed the path his thumb took as he trailed it along her soft skin.

Was she toying with him again or was she really accepting him for what he hoped she was? Did she just admit that he was her Master? Did she just accept to be his Apprentice...? If he told her now how would she react? Would this effect the progress he'd just made with her? Would telling her even be worth hurting her as he knew it ultimately would. He didn't want her to know him as Ben if she didn't need to. He had so little time to ponder whether he wanted her to know their past at all. He only just found out who she was himself. He was going to use their past to secure his place as her Master if he needed to but now that wasn't a necessity. She was already accepting Kylo Ren. No... no she doesn't need to know him as the boy he'd once been. He was weak then.

Her eyes opened when she felt the mixed emotions coming from his end of their bond. His eyes had changed and she saw the weight that was usually in them return. Concern and unease darkened his features and she felt her chest tighten with a growing worry of her own. His mouth opened and then closed immediately after and she knew something was wrong.

"Well don't get shy on me now big guy... " She chided hoping to lighten the mood again.

His hand pulled away from her face and she dropped back down to the flats of her feet. Now she was really worried. He never missed a chance to retort with something snippy. Now he stood in front of her looking like he was ready to bolt and he seemed to shrink back into the shadows around him.

"Ren, what is it? What's wrong?" Rey stepped forward and suddenly... he lunged at her!

-DarkGuardian-
Frenamies

Kylo Ren didn't have time to think, in one fluid motion he grabbed Rey, spun her around and forced her down beneath his weight. They crashed to the floor just as the stone hut around them blew apart from behind him. He shielded her body under his as the earthy debris fell over him. She was frantic under his weight but he held her there until the dust subsided and the chunks of stone stopped hailing down on his back.

Rey's wide eyes scanned the open air around them through the narrow space between Ren's forearms. At fist she thought he was attacking her. It was all very sudden; They stood in silence at a crucial moment in a conversation that probably would have been very enlightening for her if they hadn't been interrupted, then out of the blue, he lunged at her.

At least that part made sense as she now realized he was keeping her safe under his upper body, leaving his own to be rained over by the broken and shattered stones that once made up the wash hut that they stood in. She wasn't sure if she was more shocked when his normally superior and cocky attitude had unexpectedly changed sending him uncharacteristically retreating from her like night from the day or the sudden explosion that followed only seconds after.

The last time Rey saw kylo Ren filled with such consternation had been just after he'd attempted to pull information from her mind during an interrogation. In her struggle to keep him out of her mind she'd somehow found her way into his. She quickly searched the turbulent space for anything to use against him. That's how she'd found and used his greatest fear against him. The one thing that terrified him the most... "You'll never be as strong as Darth Vader!" Her words hit their mark and she twisted them like a dagger in his chest while she stared him down. In truth she'd added the part about Vader because through his mind she could see how he admired and idolized his grandfather to the point of obsession.

His real fear... was weakness. In every sense of the word. It terrified him more then anything else and he'd looked at her with the same insecurities haunting his wide brown orbs then, as he did only moments ago when she'd tried to press him forward in their discussion. She saw the discomfort and the indecision. She took notice of the slight tremble on his otherwise stern lips when she'd questioned his response to her prodding. Of course as soon as he realized he'd shown his thoughts through his face, the telling change in his features hardened again.

When she tried recapping what they had been talking about to discover what she'd missed to cause such a reaction from him the world around them blew to pieces... literally. Now everything was to chaotic and she couldn't focus on anything that'd happened before. The walls around her were flying through the air in particles that now crashed back down to the world below, berating her human shield with bruises and cuts and she was dying to know why.

Kylo growled out in anger. His ears where ringing and he couldn't hear the others around him as he clamored to his shell shocked feet. He helped Rey up and was quickly inspecting her for any damage when a rough hand jerked at his arm. Unfortunately for his instigator, he was already a tense locked down mass of rage. An immovable force that reacted violently to the disturbance at his arm. Instead of being pulled away from Rey, his elbow flew back to meet his assailants face. It was a direct shot to Poe's nose and it landed with a crack.

Impressively, Poe remained on his feet. His head flew back and his right hand came up to cup his face while his feet regrouped to keep his balance. He shook his head and spoke past the towering form of Kylo Ren through an already trickling stream of blood. "
"Rey...?" Poe's voice was strong, determined and to Kylo Ren, infuriating.

Her name on his lips sent an eruption of fire through Kylo's already heated core. What is it that this guy wasn't getting, Rey chose to stay with him! Rey wanted him! Rey was his! He turned to stare down the pilot who had obviously not gotten the message the first time.

Poe stepped back when he saw the blackness in Kylo Ren's eyes. Ren stared down at the much shorter man in disbelief. The pilot had the audacity to hold a hand out for Rey to take, literally reaching around his body for his girl all while staring up at him as though he were the threat here. When she didn't move the pilot called out to her again.

"Rey?" His fingers gestured her forward while his arm remained outstretched. Ren stepped in front of her, blocking Poe's view of the much smaller girl. Poe's bloody hand fell to his blaster and he leaned on his right leg as though showing he was ready to draw the weapon at any moment. Ren smirked, daring the flyboy to make a move. Poe's eyes narrowed in response and it took every fiber of his being not to see who was faster because he was pretty sure he was faster. Unfortunately, the second the thought crossed his mind there was an intense pressure in his head.

"Go on then... lets see who's faster." Ren challenged as he pushed against Poe's mind with his own.

Poe's eyes widened in remembrance. He felt the slices of pain dragging through his skull like a hot knife as the mental fingernails of the man in front of him racked over his brain for information. His teeth clamped together and he shook the memory free. Ren hadn't hurt him this time, not yet anyway. He was just threatening him. Flexing his power or him to get him to back down.

"Your real tough with those fancy mind tricks aren't you pretty boy?" Poe's chin tilted up as he taunted him and he used his eyes to referenced the long scar that dragged across the full length of the right half of Ren's face.

Kylo leaned closer, a menacing look on his hard lined face. A slow smile spread across his lips and he closed his eyes suddenly flaunting himself, shaking the length of his shoulder length locks around his face which at first left Poe in a very confused state. What the hell...

"Trust me, the lady's already staked her claim." Kylo knew what he was doing. He knew the layout of his taunt led Poe to believe there was more between himself and Rey then there was, not for the lack of wanting on his part, and he hoped the taunt was enough to make the pilot strike out against him so he could bust him in the face again with out incurring the wrath of the woman behind him. He was trying to stay on her good side but as the day dragged on it was becoming more difficult.

...And it had started off so promising too... His internal voice whined.

Poe sneered at the idea of Rey finding Ren anything but repulsive. He puffed and shoved his chest against Ren's initiating a primal challenge. His testosterone was flaring through him in protective surges over her. "In your dreams Sith!" He shouted as much into his face as his height would allow.

The shouting dragged Rey's brain back to their current situation and she blinked trying to gain her bearings in the blinding sunshine of her new surroundings. She knew where she was but her brain lagged while trying to catch up.

Kylo goaded Poe on in such a low whisper that it took him a second of concentration to process what Ren was saying. "Every night since I've met her." He smirked darkly leading the pilot further into the trap. Of course in reality this was a fact. His Force, his alpha, his darkness, even the light that he'd hidden away; They all craved the same thing and she was standing inches behind his back.
Poe's right fist abandoned his blaster and landed in Ren's gut.

Mission accomplished. Kylo thought as he leaned into the hit. He was already expecting physical retaliation, that was after all his goal in the first place. Although he was hoping the man would shoot him again so he could break his neck and claim self defense; but Poe had disappointed and partially surprised him by going for the more manly approach. Admittedly he respected the reaction, he didn't like it because he knew he had no grounds to kill the man, but he'd take what he could get. He was raising his own fist when Rey interjected through his brain.

"Ren please...Please don't..." Her soft voice nearly begged him.

Kylo squeezed his fist until the leather of his glove groaned in it's grip. Poe's hand was already back on his blaster but he found enjoyment just watching as Rey tugged Ren's invisible leash. Some how Kylo had the feeling that Poe knew exactly what or more precisely who, had stopped him and that pissed him off but it also made him smile into the man's overbearing face. His unique bond with the Rey was just another something that Kylo had over Poe and the look of uncertainty that shone through the pilot's eyes was all the victory Kylo needed... for now. Ren dropped his fist and though still very ready to draw blood, he suppressed his anger for the moment.

Poe's eyes were already darting between the warlord and Rey again. "Rey consider your debt to him repaid, because you just saved his life." Seeking better access to Rey, Poe stepped to the side of Ren as he spoke to her. Kylo saw the dismissal for what it was and he quickly let the pilot know he was not going to be brushed aside so easily. He followed his movement and again placed himself between them.

"I think she wants to stay where she's is." Kylo warned through clenched teeth.

Rey didn't know what to do, she wanted to go to Poe... but she also wanted to stay with Ren.

Standing in the open light around them, under the warm sun overhead, she felt suddenly very confused. It was so easy to get lost in the darkness with him. She squinted as her eyes fought to adjust to the painful light from the same sun that warmed her. It was too bright and she wondered how closely the situation paralleled the Force around her. Could there ever truly be a functioning balance between the Light and the Dark.

"Rey? Are you alright?" Luke's calming voice suddenly broke her mixed thoughts. She nodded but she couldn't make out his face through the harsh rays that seemed currently to be directed at her eyes.

Ren's form readjusted to protect her from what she realized he took to be a greater threat then the pilot who was pushing his luck by remaining so close to him. When Ren shifted he also unconsciously shielded her from the painful light that was otherwise rendering her sightless. She instantly felt the tension peak in him. The feed she was getting through their bond was causing her nausea. The instant that Luke entered the fray the dynamic of the situation changed. The squabbling before hand had been testosterone fueled men taking turns beating on their chests. Now the threat was real and Ren responded as such.

He stiffened. His insides twisted and his instincts went primal. He truly felt threatened and it changed the intensity of the situation. He hadn't been so bothered by just Poe but now that Luke was involved Rey could feel him viewing Poe as just as much a threat as Luke. Her friend was in a risky position and Rey couldn't imagine him not realizing how dangerous Ren could be when he felt threatened.

Though she could, she didn't have to rely on their bond to see how threatened he currently felt. The second Luke spoke Ren's physique grew. His spine straightened and his high increased. His shoulders tightened and his chest puffed. When he'd stepped in front of Rey his legs stayed apart and his hips lined between the two threats that he watched simultaneously as though waiting for one or
the other to make a move.

It took Rey mere seconds to analyze the situation and promptly respond with accordance. In an attempt to reinforce his comfort and offer him some semblance of peace in an otherwise threatening situation Rey stepped to the side of Ren hoping he would understand that he wasn't in any danger here.

"These are my friends... they trust me and now I'm trusting you!" She pulled at his mind for his attention. "They won't hurt you so long as you don't hurt them." She tried reassuring him through their bond while carefully warning him against attacking them with out challenging his pride or masculinity or what ever it was that made men want to punch each other over silly things. She really hoped that this didn't turn into a fight.

"Scavenger..." He began out loud but she instantly cut him off, not wanting this to back track the progress they made throughout the day, which had shocked her as much as it did him.

"My name is Rey, you should use it sometime." She sarcastically corrected him aloud.

His head snapped in her direction. To the others it would sound like no more then her venting frustration at the would be slight which he'd been using with an obvious hint of fondness lately, but through their connection Kylo could feel the stirring of her nerves as she tried to mask the gift she'd just given him with a protective shield of sarcasm. It gave him an insight he would have other wise lacked. Now he knew how important the simple title was to her. It also explained a little of why she reacted like an angry child last night when he'd used her name when he first approached her.

Woman were so difficult. He surmised realizing that of all of the things he'd ever had to Master in his thirty years of life, she was going to be the most difficult. Still, somehow he'd made so much progress between her reaction to him using her name last night and now, which completely astounded him.

He eyed her wearily. Their relationship was so fragile... frenemies in every sense of the word. He only ever seemed to make progress with her while they stood on ice over fire. If this situation turned out badly he could lose her completely. He'd only just gained her acceptance as his apprentice and that was shaky at best. It was fueled by her eagerness to learn and could easily be renounced at this stage. He needed to solidify that title to be sure it would hold. He'd never lose the Master-Apprentice bond, that had been made years before now but her acceptance of it was another thing altogether. The development was so fresh it felt fragile at best. Now he could feel how nervous she was about allowing him the use of her name. To her is was a special thing and he had to take care of when and how he used it.

Rey could feel those around her watching with burning focus as her allies observed her standing by Ren's side with her eyes locked onto his as though they were exchanging unspoken words. They weren't, it was simply an intense moment in an already intense situation. The way he called her scavenger had changed significantly from the first few times he'd done it. It became something of an endearing title he used for her and she knew it, but for some reason it wasn't enough now. If he was going to hold the title of Master over her head then she didn't want to be a simple scavenger anymore.

It was too much... The Master and the Scavenger, it was too contrasting. No one deserved to have that kind of power over her, titles be damned! She was worth more then that to herself and she wanted to be worth more then that to him.

Why shouldn't she desire to be more to those around her? Why shouldn't she want to be more to him? What if he remembered that she was only that... only a scavenger, a desert rat and a no body. He wouldn't want her anymore. He'd search for a better student to take as his apprentice, maybe even
to take as other things. Why did that thought bother her so much? It shouldn't, she didn't really care what he thought about her... These thoughts were jumbled and came all at once, but Rey was very careful to keep them private.

When she realized how long they'd been staring at each other, she assumed by his mental silence that he too must have been lost in his own thoughts, she couldn't help but feel judged by the eyes around her. If her friends could question her and judge her so quickly how long until Ren would do the same? How long until he would judge her and find her unworthy. With Luke barely able to teach her and Ren no longer wanting her as an apprentice she'd be forced to go back to being a simple Scavenger. She'd have no belonging. This morning she'd had too much and now she feared she'd end up with none. Everything was confusing and left her filled with doubt. Her allies gazes weighed heavily on her pressing her further info that spiraling vortex that left her standing alone in the center of the destructive thoughts. She could understand at least Poe's confusion and hesitance towards Rey's desire to see Ren as a possible ally, but Luke shouldn't be so brazen considering she'd be dead right now if not for the man at her side.

After a long moment of silence between the two, Ren responded to Rey's unwavering defense over her friend and their supposed trust in her, particularly Luke's. No matter what he did to her or how he treated her she always seemed so loyal to her abuser and that's how Ren saw him now. No matter how unintentional Luke's damage was, it was always the aftermath of his interactions with his tests and challenges where Rey was concerned. He was slowly chipping away at something Ren himself admired and valued above all else, loyalty. Not to mention how quickly Skywalker was managing to destroy her already shaky trust in others. She offers him her trust because she believes in what he stands for, or what she thinks he stands for. It was the same for Ben Solo. How similar they were, how easily the two we're blinded by the light.

"Rey, who do you think blew up that hut?" Ren tried to be delicate with the question but his darkness was rising and he knew his face was as hard as his cold heart felt right now. He was furious below the surface and only the progress he'd made with her today held him back from slaughtering Luke and the overbearing pilot who stood to close to him right now. Ren thought he and Luke had an understanding this morning, at least where her safety was concerned. Now he was blowing things up around her...

For a moment Rey looked broken. She'd felt the sudden surge of power before the hut had exploded and it had felt like a pulse from the light but she didn't have time to consider what that meant until he just pointed it out. In her already shaky mental state all she could do was stare into Ren's eyes. She felt if she just kept her focus on those unexplainably familiar shades of dark browns, maybe she wouldn't feel the anger or hurt from being threatened by Luke again. She was beginning to feel like he was just as unstable as his nephew but at least Ren's burst of anger seemed to be in her corner.

Maybe the unstable lashing out of emotions was a family thing? She wondered as she found the similarities uncanny.

And then Luke spoke up... "Actually, that wasn't me." He said calmly, very aware that Ren had insinuated that it was and now Rey was clearly avoiding his attention.

All heads snapped to Luke at once. He side stepped and there on the ground behind him was the unconscious form of Finn. Rey instinctively stepped towards him but Ren's hand shot up and locked painfully around her arm. Her body jerked back as she halted to the biting points of his fingers restricting around her muscles. Poe stepped forward to interject. Ren's eyes were still locked on FN-2187 but he sent Poe flying back with a sizable Force push. Rey was stunned. She was instantly upset that Ren was man handling her but she was more furious at his treatment of Poe who essentially was just trying to assist her with the brut that he was suddenly acting like. Kylo ignored
the anger that he could feel radiating off of Her. His attention remained fully on the Force sensitive traitor at his uncle's feet.

That boy made it to Luke... His darkness seethed.

This was more then a problem... this was a huge problem... His masters past words rang in his ears now. "If Skywalker returns, the New Jedi will rise!" Ren had assumed Rey would be his biggest Force related problem. He was feeling less threatened by the future his uncle could infect with his false teachings the closer he pulled Rey to him. If Rey became his Luke would remain a useless hermit until the day he died. But now there was another possibility, now he had a new problem. Kylo Ren could do no more then stare at the unconscious form of the boy he thought he'd killed back on the Starkiller. He'd heard the boy survived but he never thought he'd find Luke. His chest heaved.

His darkness clung to him. His mind was fading into red.

He couldn't let him live. He couldn't let him live! At some point during his mental mantra his lightsaber had made it into his hand. It was ignited and now he felt one boot lifting from the earth beneath him as he began to unconsciously move forward. Something was tugging against his right arm. Something in his hand struggled against his grip. There was a voice. It was calling to him, but it was so far away. Then it wasn't. Her voice came through their bond. It spoke into his head loud and clear. She doused the flames in his mind just before he could be completely consumed.

"Ren... Ren... please stop..." She pleaded up at him aloud at first but he was too far gone. His face was slack and there was nothing behind his eyes but blank determination. "...Kylo..." She finally yelled through their bond.

His name... his first name through her mouth. Kylo waited for her to finish it with his last. He waited to hear his full name with as much discontent as she always said it, but it never came. Only his first name. He understood suddenly why she was so reluctant to hear hers from his mouth. It was like the world lit on fire around him. There was something personal about it. Maybe it was because he was only ever called Kylo Ren or Ren or some other very formal title that he'd earned himself through out the years and those titles were said with hate or disgust and always laced with fear by the voices brave enough to use them.

That was ok. That was what he strived for. No connections. Nothing to lose and nothing to care for. Being hated made his decisions and actions easier. But not from her. He wanted no fear and no hate from her lips. Not for him. Suddenly he forgot about the boy. He heard nothing else around him.

He didn't hear his former Jedi Master's lightsaber igniting in his hand or Poe shuffling to his feet while his mouth secreted threats as Rey tried desperately to discourage her friend from a fight he couldn't win. Kylo even ignored the blaster in the pilot's hand, deciding in this moment that it was not as threatening as he was to himself. He could feel the ice they stood on melting under his hot headed feet as his inner fire burned to destroy the multiplying threats around him.

The tendrils wrapped around his mind. His darkness hissed and clawed at his insides. His hand squeezed his lightsaber as the blade begged for action, but the small amount of reason in his head tried desperately to bring him under grips with the reality that would be his results if he did what he wanted to do, what he was bred and trained to do. If he killed the boy, if he destroyed all traces of the threats around him which he would have to do to kill the boy, he would undoubtedly lose her. She would fight him always and hate him forever. Somehow she was slowly moving past what he did to Han Solo but she had only known him a very short time. She admired him in that time and from the view of those around her that had loved him but this boy, this traitor who she called Finn... she cared for him. He could feel it through their bond. It made him sick. It made him want to remove
his head so he could tear his spine from his body. It didn't feel romantic, but Ren was positive that one side did.

Maybe if he destroyed them one at a time... behind her back... cross them off like to do's on a list, maybe he could keep her on his side. But if he did this now... in front of her, there would be no recovering. If he couldn't regain control of himself now he was going to destroy everything. He was going to ruin it all like he did years ago at the academy. He had nothing to lose then. She was already gone by that time but now he had her back and though he held her firmly in his grip, his real hold on her was weak.

He'd made the headway he had because of their bond and her compassion. Her light left her vulnerable and his uncle's dishonesty helped his conviction. It made Rey vulnerable to the weapon of truth and Ren was glad that he chose that path from the beginning. If he killed them in front of her, it would destroy any humanity she thought she found in him and she'd close herself off to his corruption. She'd never look at him the same... he'd always be the monster and where he had a slight chance to hide that image of himself by other layers now, if he lost her because of this, he'd never get her back. She'd slip right through his hands and he'd be left with nothing again.

The thought of losing her again weighed him down. He couldn't breath. He was losing himself and he couldn't find his way back. It triggered a memory that he thought he'd left behind with the boy he used to be. It took him by surprise and it pulled him deeper into his subconscious.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it.*

-DarkGuardian-
The thought of losing her again weighed Kylo down. He couldn't breath. He was losing himself and he couldn't find his way back. It triggered a memory that he thought he'd left behind with the boy he use to be. It took him by surprise and it pulled him deeper into his subconscious...

He saw himself running from room to room but she was no where to be found. He'd searched shuttle after shuttle, temple after temple, all of their special places and anywhere else he could think to look. Even Lana hadn't seen her and since he'd taken them both in, the two we're inseparable when he wasn't around. She couldn't just disappear... she couldn't just vanish... and then he heard his uncle. Of course! His hope nearly burst from his chest at the sound of his uncle's voice. Of course she'd be with him!

He ran to his uncle happier to see him then he had been in years. His feet stopped ahead of the Master Jedi before him and scanned the area around him with frantic eyes. When he didn't see her tugging at his robes or following at his feet with wonder in her big hazel eyes, his rushed breathing quieted and his pulse died down in his ears. Confusion filled the place where his hope had been. Nausea turned his stomach as his panic churned like heavy waves. His uncle froze just in front of him.

"What is it Ben?" He calmly asked the young man.

The young version of himself slowly moved forward. He passed his uncle's heavily robed form to peek behind him, thinking maybe she was playfully hiding from him, but she wasn't there either. He gently squeezed the little stuffed Wookiee that his father had given him as a small boy. He'd come back from being gone for several months and the plush version of his uncle Chewie had been a consolation prize of yet again, another missed birthday. He wanted to hate his father but the combination of the doll and the miniature version of the Millennium Falcon that he had presented him with showed more thought then he'd received from his father in what felt like years. They'd spend hours playing with the silly toys, narrowly escaping one threat after another, conquering good over evil one harrowing space mission at a time and all in the comfort of the safety of their imagination.

The only other time he'd ever held his father's attention that long was while he taught him to pilot the ship he loved more then his family.

Ben had given that doll, the most valuable possession he owned, to Kira shortly after they met. He'd found her curled up and laying on the floor of the cockpit of her parents shuttle. She was clutching the pilots char and crying into the bends of her arms. They hadn't even known each other long and yet he felt more hurt through her heartache then he'd ever felt over his own abandonment.

She missed her family and he'd completely found himself in her pain. He could understand her feelings of abandonment and the lack of belonging that cane with it. He'd given her the only thing he'd secretly taken with him to the academy, the only thing that ever brought him comfort, until she came along.

She said nothing as she accepted it and she didn't need to. Her small hands wrapped around his neck and she clung to him, crying out all of her pain in his arms. It was the second of the only two times he'd ever caught her crying and she'd fallen asleep like that, wrapped up in his long awkward arms while curled up in a broken little ball. There after, she'd woken up with a new light in her eyes. He
became her belonging and his gift was her most valued treasure. She took it everywhere with her, always hiding it in her robes. She would never leave without it, so she had to be here somewhere.

"Where is she?" He'd suddenly yelled at his uncle.

The Jedi shoo'd away those who'd gathered around him to welcome him back.

"Where is who?" He calmly asked his nephew after the onlookers had finally all cleared the area.

"You know who! Where's Kira?" He could feel a bile rising in his throat.

He knew his Master was feigning ignorance but why? Why would he do that? Suddenly the words his grandfather had warned him about came rushing forward. He'd been told of Luke's jealousy towards his nephew's relationship with the girl. He was warned that this would happen. He was warned that he couldn't trust his uncle.

The older man straightened himself and spoke as though he'd rehearsed his lines a thousand times. "Oh... she'll be at one of the other temples for a few months. She's been progressing so nicely that I thought it was time to push her studies forward. I'm sure she'll be back before you know it." He said warmly, lying through his teeth.

He leaned closer to his nephew and placed his hand on his head. He ruffled his hair with a gesture that would have been more fitting if he were a much younger boy but his uncle wouldn't notice the difference since he was never here to notice anything of consequence around his temples. The teen balled his fists at his sides and he angrily glared into his face as they were nearly already the same height.

"Your a liar." He yelled. He could feel his chest swelling with hate just as his eyes pricked with tears. "A liar and a thief!" He exclaimed, broadening his chest with a newly bared animosity.

His uncle recoiled unable to process what he was seeing, unable to grasp the hurt and rage coming from his young nephew, his best and strongest student. He knew the boy would be upset but this reaction was beyond anything he could have imagined. Everything about his stance and demeanor had changed and he swore he could see darkness swirling in his young eyes.

"You took her from me." He raged as large heavy tears rolled down his cheeks. "She wouldn't leave me!" He pictured his mother letting his hand go as his father led him to the Millennium Falcon for the last time. "She wouldn't abandon me like every one else!" Then the young man remembered when he'd first come here, the first time he'd felt as isolated as he did now and Ren fell further back in time.

He was curled up alone in his new room at the temple. It was dark, there was no real bed, he didn't recognize anyone and his uncle barely payed attention to him. He'd told him everyone here would be treated equally and they could have no personal items. He hugged the little Wookiee to his chest, thankful that his uncle hadn't yet found it. Attachments of any kind were forbidden but Ben was seven and he'd lost everything he'd ever know on the hope of becoming a Jedi.

He was excited at first. He was coming to a place where there would be others like him. There was no longer a reason to feel different, no longer a reason to be treated like a monster that the other kids wouldn't play with, but when he got here everything got worse. The second the other kids found out who he was, they avoided him like the plague. There were whispers around him but Luke had forbidden them to speak of his lineage so the small boy never knew of what the others spoke of behind his back.

His famed uncle had told Ben it was because he was his nephew and he didn't want them to think he
could be treated with favoritism but in reality they were as terrified as his parents were of him. They’d learned of who his grandfather was and because of this and the power he already had at such a young age he was exiled from his peers. He was left to himself most of the time and when he did find some acceptance those students were transferred to other temples. Luke never allowed his students to get close enough to Ben for fear that he would find out what he wanted kept secret. Those around him had known more about his lineage then Ben did himself... because he was lied to.

Now Ben squeezed the stuffed toy in his much larger hands, knowing she would have never left it behind. Luke had taken her without even telling her she wasn't coming back. He realized as he stared up at his Great Jedi, uncle.

Luke was lying to his nephew again, like he was still that blind little boy who'd first come to his temple. From the beginning Ben struggled and worked hard everyday to impress him. He rose above all of the other students and even some of the masters and he did it in a very short time. Eventually only his uncle had the knowledge and power great enough to further Ben's studies and he wore his uncle down until they were near inseparable. They did everything together and he admired him near a worship. He thought the Jedi could do no wrong and he aspired to be like him in every way.

Now as a young man he saw through his uncle's clever deceptions. He stood almost staring down at the Jedi he once loved. The Jedi who led him around blindly by that love. As a boy he turned a cheek to everything that didn't sit right about his teachings. They hunted relics together as well as the Dark siders they came across. A new order was rising around them and they vainly ignored it, thinking it beneath their pursuit of knowledge.

As the boy got older he saw through the glowing cracks around him. He began to realize the way of the Jedi was inferior to the way the Force could and should be interacted with and he'd learned this in his isolation through his own curiosity. He started questioning things as was inevitable with maturity and he started to enjoy the hunt with a new passion. He was just as much a relic hunter as his uncle, always seeking knowledge of the old ways, but Ben began seeking it for other reasons. And when he hunted Dark siders, he hunted with a fury for vengeance, blaming them for his wavering light as though they had any control over the darkness that always nipped at his heals like a starving Rancor. As he'd gotten older he realized that he'd only been killing them with the hopes that he could eradicate the darkness in himself. Now staring into his thieving uncle's clear blue eyes, Ben swore to kill two Jedi for every one Dark user he'd slain.

Ben remembered how lost he'd been before Kira had come along. The questions and darkness that pulled at his mind never stopped. And then she was here and she brought with her the most incredible Light in the Force he'd ever seen. She'd brought a quiet, calming peace to the dark thoughts and impulses that always struggled to escape his control. She had slowly been restoring his faith in the Light and now Luke had taken her away.

Why? Didn't he want Ben to stay in the Light? Wouldn't he encourage her influence on him? He was already mostly left to self training. Luke was abandoning him just like his parents had and until now he'd been ok because he had Kira.

The last trip Luke had taken him on had been months ago. They had gone to Mustafar which he'd had to beg his uncle to allow him to join him on, and while his uncle was hunting for Dark siders and their rumored artifacts he'd run into the Acolytes from the Beyond. It was his first response to eradicate them just as his uncle had taught him, but the strange cult had recognized him immediately and they had presented him with the most important history lesson he would ever learn; who his grandfather really was.

Ben had always fought and struggled with the dark and it had all made sense as to why that was
occurring after he learned the truth, but still he guarded himself against the dark, taking matters into his own young hands. He began researching his own history. Not trusting another with his mind so easily ever again.

Was taking Kira his punishment for not killing them? Did Uncle Luke somehow find out? Was he upset that Ben had finally discovered out the truth of who his grandfather really was? It should be me who's upset! It should be my right to punish Uncle Luke for lying to me and not telling me the truth of who I am, of not telling me of the legacy that I was left to follow because he was to weak to do so himself! The young man fumed internally.

Rey was tugging and pulling at Ren's arm and it was this jerking motion that tore him free from the overwhelming memory he'd thought he'd left behind when he became Kylo Ren. It had been all too easy for Luke to take that small girl from him then, he was so distracted and to young to do anything about it.

He wouldn't give her up now. He wouldn't lose her again, not to Luke and not to himself! He wouldn't be left with nothing! His darkness filled him to his core and he took another step forward but her frantic tugging brought him hesitance.

If he acted and he killed everyone here— She'd choose to leave him herself. She'd run and he'd chase her to the ends of the universe cutting down anything in between them and even if he caught her... he'd never really get her back. Nothing... he'd have nothing. What was his grandfather's legacy if he couldn't have his own? Kylo and this girl were bond together by things bigger then themselves. She was meant to be apart of his legacy and it changed everything for him if he could have her there with him in the end. No, he couldn't be left with nothing ever again!

Not nothing, you could force her. His darkness urged him forward. The image of her at his side in black gear with her crimson saberstaff illuminating her form was so tantalizing.

Rey could feel something happening. She couldn't get into his head but she could feel so many things pushing through their bond all at once and she was getting dizzy. Her head hurt and she felt suddenly nauseous. She tugged against his painful grip. She had Force froze Poe for his own and the man at her side's safety. Ren seemed to have vacated his mind to go somewhere else. Though it was quick and she could already sense him slightly coming back, his mind was locked up so tight that she couldn't even glimpse at what he was thinking. She didn't know what to do she couldn't even speak through their bond now. He'd never closed her voice out of his head before. Luke stood three feet from them with his lightsaber ignited and he was saying something to Ren but she couldn't make it out with the chaos coming through their bond to wrack at her brain.

Rey was desperate to help him. Her bond absolutely demanded that she keep him safe while he was vulnerable. She'd never felt a stronger urge in her entire life and she owed him that too. She stepped in front of the At-At of a man who could crush her under his boot with one wrong move and reached for his face with her free hand. Her palm rested on his cheek while her fingers pulled his focus onto her and when he saw her, his bruising grip on her arm released. His eyes were so dark that she shivered under their unearthly stare but she didn't look away.

"Ben... ?" Luke called out to the lost man who suddenly looked like the young nephew he'd lost so long ago. He could see his eyes flickering from the present to the past and back again. Luke knew that look, he'd seen it many times before in his young nephews face and now he was seeing it in him as a man. Was Ben really somewhere in there?

The name coming from Luke's mouth to his very confused nephew was a foolish mistake and it put Rey in a very dangerous position. "That's not my name!" His disoriented voice growled.
Kylo's eyes darkened until Rey couldn't find where his pupil ended and his irises began and sensing the immediate danger in how distant they'd become, Rey attempted to stepped back but he caught her with his mind. "You will not leave me!" He commanded.

"I will not leave you." She went blank under his Jedi mind trick. She stood next to him unable to flee from his delirious wrath. In his mind she was secure now. She couldn't run even if she wanted to.

He couldn't see her anymore, he only saw his uncle and the threat he posed in taking the girl he was now unconsciously shackling to him with his power.

Poe came free of Rey's Force hold the second she lost her will to Ren's Force. He lifted his blaster towards Ren only to be met with the hand of his Force around his throat. He lifted Poe until his feet dangled above the ground. Luke stepped up to them with an urgency but Rey's right hand shot up to halt him. Rey had no desire to run from him but she certainly had the desire to protect herself and her friends. She placed her left hand on his outstretched arm. She pictured the world around her just as he'd taught her and she easily found him in the Force. She took his Force into herself until she owned it and Poe fell to his feet with Ren's sudden release.

Kylo Ren's heat and rage coursed through Rey and she shook under the intensity of it. Her adrenaline raced and she felt unbelievably powerful, but she wouldn't let it consume her. She wouldn't let it control her like it nearly did on the Starkiller, she was more aware now, through his lesson she had an understanding of it now. She still clutched his arm under her hand and she stood tall against Kylo Ren as he turned his attention back to her. He didn't move to attack her as she expected he might. Instead he stared into her eyes as she absorbed what was his into herself.

Kylo's breathing deepened and his eyelids felt heavy. He was hot every where, especially where she touched his arm. He was overwhelmed by the feeling of her Force accepting his. He stood motionless in front of her in a state of blind euphoria while his Force poured into her. Rey's knees became weak under the weight of his darkness. Her head dizzied and she swayed. When her hand fell away from his arm he stepped into her. He grabbed her and steadied her as her eyes rolled in her head.

It seemed Rey was just as effected by his power as he was hers. She gathered herself as he steadied her and she placed her hand on his bare chest. Her light glowed over his heart and she pushed the energy she'd taken from him back into his chest in the form of her Force. She had no idea if it would work but it seemed logical... It was an even exchanged and according to him, that was what the Force wanted. He groaned as she filled him with her light. Her power seeped into and flowed over his skin in the form of pure heat.

Kylo Ren sucked in a sharp painful breath. He gasped liked he'd been drowning and this was his first bout of air since he'd reached the surface. His eyes locked onto Rey and he collapsed to his knees before her. His lightsaber sputtered out in his hand and he released it to the ground. His eyes lightened to an almost golden brown and his head fell into her hands. No one around them moved. For the second time in less the a full day's cycle Luke stared in wonderment at the pair in front of him and he had no idea what had just transpired.

Ren's face lifted to meet her searching eyes and she cupped his cheeks in her hands.

"...Don't leave me! I can't lose you again!" He begged through quivering lips and his mind shifted in and out of his memories, leaving his haunting words to fill the silence around them.

Luke's right foot slightly shifted and with his mind still stuck in the past, Ren's eyes darkened a shade in response. His gaze fell to the Jedi behind her and she quickly stepped in front of his line of sight.
She crouched down in front of him and she forced his face in front of hers. She knew he was lost somewhere in his head. She didn't know who he thought she was but she knew while she had his attention she had a chance to bring him back. She didn't know if it would work but she had felt how he reacted when his uncle had called him Ben so she tried something different. Something that she hoped would bring his control back to his current self.

"Kylo... look at me!" She softly urged.

When his first name passed through her lips it brought him back to the present. His head cleared until only she was left. He stared at her and she could see the Light and Dark shifting behind his eyes. He looked so lost. He was frightened in his own mind and something pulled at him... some kind of weight. She could feel him fighting with something internally. She'd seen his face like this before on the Starkiller. It was just before he killed his father and then last night when he was faced with Luke for the first time in years. Good or Evil, Right or Wrong, the Light or the Dark... whatever you wanted to call it, he was at odds with himself over it now. He was at war in his own head and as she watched his eyes darkening again she knew it was the Light that was losing.

"Rey you need to get away from him, he's too far gone." Luke's nervous voice called out to her. He put effort into remaining calm so as not to further set off the unstable warlord in front of her. When she didn't respond he tried to comfort the anxiety he could feel coming from her Force signature. She was tinged with his darkness and he could see it staining her light with fear and doubt. "Rey, I won't hurt him. Please, just come to me." He asked as he watched his nephew's dark aura growing around them. He'd wanted to handle the delicate situation with more finesse but Luke was unable to hide his worry any longer.

Kylo's right leg lifted and he pulled his foot up until his boot rested flatly against the ground. His left hand opened and the hilt of his lightsaber flew into it. He gripped the hilt and his eyes never left her saucer-like orbs. She was terrified, and she was at a loss for what to do.

"It's ok Kira, I won't let him take you again!" He began to pull himself up and she did nothing to stop him.

She stayed kneeling before him. She was stunned. She had no words... no thoughts... nothing. Kylo Ren called her by the name Obi Wan Kenobi had used. Suddenly her brain was in overdrive. How did he know that name? Who did he think would take her—Again? He'd used that word twice in reference her...

Luke braced himself for a fight. He needed to get Rey away from Ren now! His darkness was enveloping them both. He saw it like a Force field of shining black and purple mist. The glow of Rey's golden aura and the streaks and glittering flakes within the prism of their power surged around her shooting through his darkness like stars in a clear midnight sky but that sky still surrounded her. He was as ready for his nephew's attack as he'd ever be. His blue eyes hummed with energy and sizzled with the Force around him. This time he would fight back!

Rey reached up. Her fingers caught the tips of his just as he'd been walking past her, the same as she did as the frightened child she'd seen herself as twice before. The chains in her mind snapped as her fingers touched his and her memories fell in unison with her present. Suddenly she saw him as she knew him before. She looked up at him and she saw the blood stained boy who had protected her in the past.

"Please don't leave me?" She unconsciously echoed the words of the past and it was Rey's voice with Kira's words that brought Kylo back to the present and from the edge of reason.

Luke stared down at the girl who was still kneeling on the ground at the side of the black clad form
of Kylo Ren. She looked so small and lost at the feet of the six foot three male. He'd watched as Ren's fingers twitch at the contact of hers brushing gently against his. Ren froze at her words and he did the last thing Luke had thought he would do in that moment. He turned to her and he took her hand in his. He bent down before her, his lightsaber disengaged in his hand and he set it down at her side. His big arms wrapped around her and his face fell into the slope of her neck.

"I'll always come back for you, sweetheart." Kylo Ren's words were strong, confident and very much filled with awareness. He was back to his senses and he couldn't believe how deeply he'd fallen only seconds ago. He had to be more in control in the future. Somehow he had to cleverly deal with the threats before him but not now. Not with her so close and not while her mind was so fragile.

Perhaps this would bring her closer to him. Perhaps it would be the push she needed away from the liars, murderers and thieves that she surrounded herself so trustingly with in the past. This would push her deeper into my circle. Her weakness for Ben will be her weakness for Kylo. He decided, feeling the need to justify the softness which he showed her now.

Where they touched Klyo felt the most exquisite burn of fire and ice against his skin. The darkness from him purred in Rey's body and her core heated and tingled where it congregated and she admittedly wanted more. Her light filled Kylo with a need of his own. He wanted to exchange energy with her again. They where both exhausted and revitalized at the same time. While his mind was stable for once since as long as he could remember, her's was going through mental strain as the realization of who she was slowly came back to her. He wanted her, all of her, but for now, while she was in a turmoil that he knew all to well, he could be satisfied with her just consciously clinging to him... for now.

His darkness encased her light protectively. It cloaked them both while her light moved through it, reinforcing the shield he created with his own power. His darkness freely mingled with her light like a beast in heat and her light consumed the power his darkness eagerly fed it. When she exchanged their energy she'd filled Kylo with more light then he'd had since he was a child and in turn she had accepted a great amount of his darkness into herself. They were one unit in this moment, they fully completed each other. Her light flooded through him and he felt no torment. His darkness flowed through her and she put up no resistance so it's normally destructive nature remained at peace.

He could feel the Light pulling at him and yet he felt no discomfort from the onslaught. He could feel her light behind his darkness but he didn't feel the pain that normally followed. His darkness offered her light no challenge and neither did her light to his darkness. Somehow during the process of the Force exchange she'd done something to him. Something he couldn't be sure of yet. It was an unfamiliar and strange feeling but as of right now, the two halves inside of him didn't war with one another. Right now they coexisted.

*I have to admit... I wrote this and set it aside for a couple of days before reading it again to make sure I liked it and it made sense. As I was reading it for the first time as a full piece from the last chapter to the end of this one... I teared up... lol I'm so squishy! Anyway I really hope you enjoyed this because I'm still stunned at the emotion exchange between these strong characters. Let's see what happens next...*

~kudos and please comment it you like it or have any questions!~

-DarkGuardian-
Who we’ve Become

The second his arms fell around Rey, Kylo Ren's aura completely changed. The dark mass of shadows that normally clung to him sparkled and glowed as her light moved through it. His own light shined in the swirling mass as well. It was a twilight glow against her sunshine but it was a light non the less and it left Luke bewildered. Their signatures danced and swirled around one another in a frenzy of power. The universe he'd found in them the night before was back and more brilliant then the first time he’d seen it. His darkness mingled acceptingly with her light and in turn she glowed within his arms. Rey had taken a significant amount of his darkness into herself and he could see it within her now but it didn't dampen her light. In fact she was more bright and alive with his Force moving through her then he'd ever seen her. Rey's light flooded through his encasing darkness.

Luke disengaged his lightsaber and he gaped at the two. He'd spent the better part of the day researching in an attempt to figure out what he'd witnessed last night, but ultimately he'd found nothing. The only thing that came close at all were the passages about balance. Could it really be so simple that the balance was as literal as one from the dark and one from the light? Could their joining really be the balance the Force so longed to achieve? If this was the case then why would the Light and the Dark split down the middle. Why the wars and the extremes between the two sides and their teachings? These were questions Luke was still seeking answers to.

Poe couldn't see what Luke did and when the Jedi did nothing to stop the unstable Dark sider from wrapping his dangerous arms around Rey, he looked at the Jedi like he'd lost his mind. He clutched his aching throat as he stepped closer to the pair.

"I don't know what's going on but that's Kylo Ren." He pointed with the barrel of his blaster to the warlord who just tried to kill him and who would be attacking Luke right now if Rey hadn't of... interjected... or whatever she did. He watched as Rey started shaking in her enemies arms. Her eyes were squeezed shut tightly and her face was scrunched in what looked like pain. Ren pulled her closer and Poe visually lost her behind the wall of his body.

"Kylo Ren, Leader of the first bloody Order has his Dark side arms wrapped around our Light side girl." He continued in Luke's direction. The Jedi stared at the two like he was watching a harmless little Ewok pawing innocently at Rey as it clung to her like a cuddly pet. Why was Luke not doing anything? Didn't he see the same thing that Poe did? That psycho was going to kill them seconds ago... Poe raised his blaster at Ren as he watched his friend recoil from a pain he couldn't see. "What are you doing to her?" He shouted at Ren's back. Ren ignored him and focused on steadying Rey as she was hit with flash after disorienting flash of broken memories one after the other.

"Hey Dark One, how about you put your hands up and step away from her slowly!" He brazenly threatened as his need to protect the young woman from the killer that currently had her in his embrace peaked.

She was shaking like a leaf in his arms and Poe knew the man was doing something to cause it. His eyes flicked between Ren and Luke as though he were deciding something. He'd already mind forced her to stay by his side, when is Luke going to do something. Poe squeezed the grip of his blaster. Sweat sheened along his forehead and started to bead at his temples. The man only a few feet in front of him had tortured him and now he feared that Rey was suffering the same fate.

"I assure you, I won't let any harm come to Rey." Luke finally interjected when he saw Poe start to tremble under the weight of his blaster. He shook with the intensity of his fear for the girl. There was a line of perspiration along his forehead and his finger was toying with the trigger of his blaster.
"He shouldn't be touching her... he shouldn't be anywhere near her." Poe's thoughts drifted back to when the man in front of him drilled through his brain for the information to this very island, he didn't have it then but it didn't stop the Leader of the First Order from taking a mass of other valuable information from his brain either.

"He's not hurting her." Luke responded calmly, his eyes never leaving the pair.

"I don't give a kriff! He shouldn't be near her." Poe doubted what Luke was saying but even if it were true, it didn't change anything, that man was a murderer and a Dark sider, he had no place by her side.

Kylo ignored the taunts at his back, he'd already placed a Force field around them. There was nothing the pilot could do to harm him. Rey pulled herself into a tight ball in his arms. She was squeezing her head between her forearms and it brought him back to the time he found her suffering on the floor of the refresher months ago. She was fully clothed and soaking in a hot shower while she convulsed. Somehow he'd found himself with her there and he wasted no time before he'd wrapped his arms around her, offering her comfort in the only way he knew how. He hadn't thought about it then and he'd barely even known her at the time. He just acted on instinct. He still didn't need to think about it now. Her comfort needed no thoughts, no decisions, just action. She flinched in his arms and he tightened them around her.

She winced as memory after memory flooded her mind in messy flashes of images and voices. She shook when it intensified. He couldn't imagine what she was seeing or going through, he'd never had years of his life stripped away, hidden, and revealed all at once. He understood the tole that a Force vision could have on one mentally and he was sure this was going to be much worse.

Kylo reached out to her with his mind. As he feared it was a frantic mess and she sat in the center of it all, rocking with her arms wrapped around herself. It didn't even register that he was here with her. The boy she once knew flashed through her mind at the forefront of the images she was suffering through. She hide her face in her knees when she noticed Ren and she recoiled at his presence when he moved closer to her. He found himself looking over his appearance. Rey viewed him as Kylo Ren, fully masked in all of his terrifying glory. It was the exact opposite of how he wanted her to envision him right now. Even in her mind his mask came free with the hissing sound of a snake. He dropped the heavy metal dome at his side and it clanked across the glass surface of her mind. He carefully moved behind her. Her head lifted to keep him in sight. Her eyes were wide while she watched him move behind her. She was like a frightened animal who wasn't sure if he was a friend or a foe. He cautiously crouched down behind her. She pulled her legs in closer to herself protectively. He waited a few seconds before shifting to a seated position. When she did no more then breath he stretched his legs out on either side of her frame. She stiffened but she didn't retreat.

He took a deep breath and pulled his knees up on either side of her. She shivered again and when she ran her hands over her arms to encourage the warmth back into her limbs, he grabbed her. He pulled her against his chest and for a moment he thought she'd bolt. Her hands froze over her arms and he quickly covered the space of her biceps with his large hands. His face searched hers while he slowly ran his hands over the length of her arms. She shivered again but for a different reason all together. Her shoulders dropped, loosening the tension she was carrying in them. Her spine straightened and her palms flattened to the ground. She pushed up and tucked her legs half under her bottom so she could sit up higher against him. He let his hands drop at his side while she adjusted. He didn't want to frighten her. She turned slightly settling herself so her back was between his chest and his right thigh. Her eyes fell to his left hand and first he thought she was nervous, like she expected him to hurt her. He moved to reposition his hand so she didn't have to look at it but she snatched it between hers before he could pull it away. She nearly dove forward to grab it, stopping its retreat before it even left the ground. Kylo froze. He shouldn't have moved. Was she going to run
now? Was she going to close him out of her mind?

Rey brought his hand across the front of her body like some kind of a safety belt and he pondered over the action as though he were perplexed. She rested her chin over his arm as she hugged it between her collar bone and neck. Both of her hands wrapped around his forearm and he just stared with his heart stuck somewhere in his throat. He tensed while he watched her tuck herself into him like a warm bed. She covered herself like a blanket with his left arm. When she was settled and her eyes closed, his chest warmed. He let out a painful breath he'd been holding and his cautious face slackened. He relaxed as she snuggled against him.

He leaned over her, resting his chest against her back. He encased her with his body like a warm shield. She never looked at him, not even once, but she didn't fight him either. He rested his heavy hand over her right shoulder silently complying with her need to be secured down by him. The weight of his arm locked her back against the comfort of his chest and her eyes closed in response to the security he provided her. He gently rested his face alongside hers and he to closed his eyes. He savored her warmth just as he cherished her companionship. Her face pulled back slightly and only for a second.

"It was you..." Her voice trembled when she spoke and he waited for her to elaborate but she didn't.

His eyes opened to stare at her while he searched her face from his position along her shoulder. He wasn't sure of what to say but he got the feeling she wasn't expecting him to respond so he didn't. He assumed that it was about him being the boy she had known as Ben. Rey said nothing more, instead she turned her face into his forearm and let her head drop forward until her mouth rested against the ropes of his muscles. The vulnerable and intimate way she was holding him right now was something he never expected from her. Maybe it wasn't such a bad thing for her to know him as Ben...

Rey silently clung to him while her memories repeatedly slammed into her like small unstable Force visions. Her eyes closed against the flashing lights that all at once, invaded her mind. Kylo nestled his face along her temple. He was careful to allow her some space while he kept her close. When her trembling slowed her eyes closed and shortly after, he followed suit. He cherished the way she clung to him. He felt whole knowing she fit perfectly within the fortress that was his body.

He wanted to hold her like this outside of her mind and the realization brought him back to his senses. This wasn't real. He wanted to stay with her in her mind but he had to keep her safe on the outside to. They were vulnerable like this and he needed to protect her from the threats around her. No sooner had the thought crossed his mind, then a loud blast of some sort jerked him from her safe haven.

Poe had raised his blaster and fired at the ground next to his feet. Kylo was still physically crouched down with Rey in his arms but it was not even close to as personal or satisfying as the position he'd been in within her mind. His head turned to see the smoking scorch mark in the earth so close to his right leg that he felt the heat as it seared past.

"I said get away from her!" Poe commanded on a low unstable growl.

Kylo blinked several times as his mind rediscovered where he was. The sun was painfully bright. It dipped low in the sky as it inched towards the horizon. It was nearly eye level and it was a lot to take in after being in the cool safety of her dimly lit mind. Kylo focused in on Poe before his eyes even adjusted to the pink and orange glow that blurred his vision. He wanted to squish the pilot like the pest he was becoming but he knew Rey couldn't handle that right now so for her sake he opted to
teach him a lesson on manners instead. His fist squeezed and Poe hollered at the unexpected pain in his hand as it was crushed against the grip of his blaster. The pilot dropped his weapon and shook his aching hand out at his side. His mouth opened to say something but Ren turned and swiped his hand across the air in front of Poe before he even uttered a word. He didn't need the gesture to render the man unconscious, not after being so deep in his mind once before and not after how strong his abilities had become since he'd finished his training but the movement accompanied the Force push that brought the man into unconsciousness anyway. Old habits die hard, or so they say.

Poe's body would have hit the ground hard but Luke used his own Force to gently lower him instead. Kylo's eye shot back in the direction of the Jedi who already had his hands raised before him in surrender.

"I only want to help." He gestured towards Rey with his chin.

"Why are her memories all coming back at once? It wasn't like this for me when I remembered who she was." Kylo's voice was filled with just as much anger as it was concern.

He stared at Rey in confusion and then... he didn't. His head tilted up in the direction of his uncle and when he found his strained blue eyes guiltily looking back at him, it was like the answer slapped him in the face. Kylo remembered how he'd stolen that pig's memories of Rey a few months back and his attention shifted back to her. Kylo's eyes narrowed as they flicked back to Luke. Magma flowed like a Mustafarian river through his chest. He wouldn't have... He couldn't have done that to Kira... He stared into the light blue eyes of his uncle. He watched intently as the older man dug his fingers into his greying beard. He would know if Luke lied to him and his anger was almost hoping he would do so now.

Luke was about to respond to Ren when Rey suddenly stood. She pushed through Ren's arms to stand on her shaky feet and her left hand fell onto his right shoulder for support. He stayed crouched below her as she balanced against him. He stared up at her in surprise. He shouldn't be shocked that she was on her feet while her head was exploding behind her eyes, she was his warrior and she always left him lost for words with her strength and determination. She rocked against him and her fingers and palm rolled over his muscles to help her maintaining her balance through the disorienting flashes that kept playing behind her eyes.

"He... he wouldn't have done what?" She asked with one hand pressed to her forehead. Her eyes were still closed and her brows scrunched in pain under her fingers.

Kylo sighed deeply. He'd thought through their line like an idiot. He wondered what else he'd let slip through their connection while he moved in and out of his thoughts. He'd have to be more careful in the future. Rey turned to face Luke. She had intended to confront him but as she opened her mouth to speak, her emotion filled heart constricted in her chest and she found herself swallowing against the aching pain the organ was causing her. Rey swayed as another flash of blurring colors formed mashed up images behind her eyes. Kylo felt her hand tremble as her fingers gripped him for support. He pushed himself up from his crouch until his spine was straight and he towered over her. Her fingers lost their hold on his shoulder as he rose and they slid down the front of his chest until he caught her hand in his.

How am I supposed to handle this? Her thoughts were unintentionally loud enough for both Luke and Ren to hear.

Kylo gently squeezed her hand. He was prepared to take her away from here where she'd never have to see his uncle again. He'd start over with her, keep her safe at his side as he'd done in the past. His lips pulled apart to speak but Luke beat him to it.
"I guess you and I have some very important things to discuss." He said guiltily. He stepped forward and held his hand out to her. As though she sensed Luke's silent movement, Rey turned her head to face him. On the release of a deep breath her eyes opened and she stared at the hand he offered. Her anger blazed to life as she suddenly remembered when he'd taken her.

She was so small that everything around her looked huge. She was in a dimly lit room that she recognized. She saw the world around her through the slit of half opened eyes. She was so tired. It was very dark when he scooped her up and carried her outside. At first she thought it was Ben but when she looked up to greet him she was met with cloudy blue eyes. She blinked to clear her vision. Her little hands rubbed at her eyes and she yawned sleepily before she looked back up again. Her heart warmed when she realized it was Master Luke. Her little hands wrapped around his neck and she smiled warmly up at him.

"Shhh, it's ok Kira. Go back to sleep." He coo'd.

She snuggled her face into his robes and her mind became foggy again. Then she remembered his eyes. They were normally a very clear bright blue. Now they looked tired and stressed with the weight of something heavy. She recognized that look in Ben more often then not lately and she wondered if something was wrong. Her face scrunched and she looked up again just in time to see them crossing the threshold of a ship. She instantly recognized the shuttle. It was hers and had been her parents before her.

"Master?" She questioned. Her hazel eyes stared up at him while he answered her.

"We're just going on a little trip. Would you like that?" He asked her softly. A wide smile spread across her small face and she nodded.

"Is Ben coming?" She questioned excitedly.

Luke set her down on her feet and she ran down the length of the ship to hop into the copilot's seat. Luke moved up behind her to sit in the pilot's chair while she buckled herself in. After all the time she and Ben spent in here she could have flown herself if she were tall enough to reach all of the controls she needed to operate the shuttle, but she wasn't just yet. She looked back over at Luke who was flipping the switch to seal the door behind them. He saw her staring and he gave her a weak smile.

The hydraulics hissed as the door pressed closed behind them. "What about Ben?" She asked again, her excitement slowly died down with the silencing of the hissing sound behind her.

"I'm afraid it's just us this time, but don't worry. We won't be gone long." He assured her calmly.

Kira slouched down in her chair. Something about him didn't feel right. Something felt off but she couldn't understand what. If it had been anyone but Master Luke she would have seen the red flags. She would have made a scene and called out for Ben. She didn't know how, but every time she needed him he would always come. On multiple occasions she had sensed him when he needed her to. It didn't matter what she was doing; She could be eating lunch or even sleeping and she knew if something was wrong. She could feel him like she could feel her own emotions. Once or twice she'd even thought she heard him as though he were in the same room with her. Of course she'd search for him and find herself alone. She wouldn't call for him now though, she was with Master Luke and she only ever felt safer with Ben.

Eventually she fell asleep and she wasn't sure how long she'd been out but when she opened her eyes again, the brightest sun she'd ever seen shone back at her. She shielded her face from the painful beams that burned at her retinas. Luke came to collect her moments after and she followed him
blindly out of the shuttle, never doubting him enough to ask the questions she had out loud. Her little feet dug into the pliable sand that she sunk into under every step. There was a strange blob fish type of humanoid waiting for them a few feet off of the ramp. Luke held her hand as they approached what Kira assumed was a him. She nervously shot glances between the man and Master Luke. He wasn't looking at her. He hadn't said two words to her since she woke. Kira had a very bad feeling twisting around in her gut.

Finally, about three feet from the large blob man, Luke stopped and crouched down to her. She glanced between his blue eyes and the deep set dark, sharklike orbs of the stranger who stared down at her. His large thick hands had as much skin folding over every joint and bend as the rest of his blubbery body and they were clasping his over armor at his chest. His thumbs tucked behind the dingy plating of his leather apron style armor. Kira was sure she could craft him something better but she wasn't about to tell him that. He stared down at her as if patiently waiting for something but she could feel the hidden eagerness behind those dark eyes. It made her very uneasy.

"Kira?" Luke's soothing voice brought her full attention back to his blue eyes. There was something definitely wrong with him. His blue skys looked like a storm was rolling through them. She shifted uncomfortably and anxiously waited to hear what her Master had to say. He took a deep breath through his nose as he perched on the pads of his feet to balance at her eye level. Her unsuspecting eyes searched his face for a clue as to what was going on. She knew something was wrong but she didn't understand how thick the situation she was in, really was.

"You never came to my academy. You never learned of the Force or the Jedi." His words sank deeper then commands. They meant more then what he was telling her. They left her feeling confused and hurt but not for long. She quickly forgot why she was confused. She forgot where they had come from. Fear ran across her face and her lost hazel eyes glossed over with uncertainty and pain.

"Master?" She breathed through restricted lungs. Luke shook his head in denial. He placed his hands on either side of her temples and continued to speak to her through his power.

"You will not remember me..." His voice broke and he had to pause to swallow for a moment before he could continue.
"...You will not remember Ben." Her eyes widened and she screamed as a pain like nothing she'd ever experienced slashed through her mind. Her heart pounded in her small body and she could hear her pulse slamming between her ears.

"No!" She tried shaking her head free of his hands but he held her between them with ease. Tears welled in her eyes and she squeezed them shut trying to avoid his azure gaze. Large salty pools dropped from the creases of her hazel orbs to splat on her cheeks and she pulled at his arms with her little hands.

Luke had to steady himself to continue. His own eyes were brimming with tears as his own heart ached for the young girl who he unintentionally loved like a daughter. He swallowed and kept his resolve strong. He was protecting her. This was for her, not for him. He found her mind fighting his words. She clung to the images of Ben. His name played through her head over and over in an attempt to keep him in her mind. Luke knew then that he would have to secure him away with something stronger then his mind trick. He carefully gathered her memories within his mental hands and he thought about pulling them from her mind but as he stared at her blank face and her pain filled eyes... he couldn't do it. Instead he created a strong Force shield within her mind. He placed the precious memories within the cage like box and sealed it off tight. He added extra chain like Force links to secure the prison that housed what may be her most important treasures and then he hid it away deep within the folds of her mind. By the time he was done she was calm in his hands.
Her eyes searched his for something familiar. She didn't know him but she didn't feel threatened by him either. Her head tilted to the side as though she were waiting for something. He pulled her into his arms and held her for a moment. She didn't respond. There was something about the man holding her that made her feel safe so she didn't try to free herself from his embrace but she didn't hug him back either. He pulled back from her and steadied her in front of him again.

"You have always been here. You are waiting for your parents to come back and get you. They will be back, all you have to do is wait. This man will take care of you until they return." He stood up from her then.

His hands released her and she blinked as though coming out of a trans. Her face scrunched as he turned to walk away. She had the strangest urge to follow him but another hand caught her arm. She looked back at the man her parents left her with. He didn't feel as safe as the man walking away from her did. She tugged in an attempt to free her arm from him. He didn't let her go so she tugged again. Her head flew back in the direction of the other man. He had disappeared into her families shuttle. She pulled harder at her arm. Were they leaving her? Why weren't they taking her with them?

"Wait..." She said on a quiet breath. She jerked harder at the hand who held her back. The cylinders of her parents ship fired up. The blue thrusters ignited and she felt the heat from the engines as it rose from the ground. Tears welled in her eyes. She dug her toes into the slick sand beneath her feet and fought against the hand holding her back.

"Wait... come back..." she screamed as loud as her little lungs were capable of.

"Quiet girl." Came the gruff voice of the blob man from behind her.

He jerked her arm back as the ship took off. Her body froze under the weight of her abandonment. "Please..." She quietly begged.

Her heart was gone... her soul hurt... something more powerful then anything she had ever known weighed on her. This was an unnatural loss. She felt an unknown pull from somewhere but she couldn't grasp it. She couldn't hold onto it long enough to tug back. It always slipped through her hands and when it became to much to bare, she found she had little to no control to stop it from painfully tugging on her.

Flashes of night after night with that tugging haunted her. She cried every day and every night until she had nothing left to cry. Everyday blended in with the next and she found herself loosing track of time. She slept very little until she was free of the man named Unkar Plutt. He had never hurt her, though he was never kind to her either. When she ran away he'd sent man after man after her but somehow, she was always strong enough to defeat them. Eventually they came to an arrangement. She still worked for him but for half of what the value for the goods she salvaged for him were worth and he left her alone. She made just enough rations to survive off of... usually. She hardened and she adapted and somehow she always found the extra strength to survive when she needed it.

Sometimes when she closed her eyes she found unexpected pain and longing. Sometimes she found anger and hate. Other times she found peace and hope but no matter what, she always found doubt and loss. In her dreams she saw the endless darkness of space with all of its twinkling stars and planets and she saw the restless waves of the pulling ocean. She couldn't explain these things, she just knew what they were. Sometimes she saw a maze of glinting metal and blinking lights and sometimes she saw rolling green hills and sharp jagged cliffs that peaked high in the sky. She loved the island and she clung to the images of the ocean that surrounded it. The waves were serene and mesmerizing. When she dreamed of the dark twisting metal halls flashing under harsh blinking red and white lights or Space, with its beautiful flickering and streaking stars but its overwhelming darkness, she discovered those images always proceeded pain and hate and she found them leaving
her feeling cold and lost.

Rey understood why now. The ocean... it was here... this was the island from her dreams and it was through Luke's power suppressing her memories that she was able to connect with him visually. And the dark of space... and the hurt and rage that followed it... that was Ben. No matter how tightly Luke had sealed off her memories their Force bond still let things bleed through. Her Ben was suffering through whatever turmoil he had to go through in the life he ended up in and she got little glimpses here and there like random feelings and an occasional flash of an image through a dream or a nightmare.

Rey came back from her thoughts to silence. Her eyes opened to Luke's still reaching hand. She must not have been in her thoughts as long as it seemed. She turned away from him and her eyes fell to the ground leaving her to stare at his boots. Rey followed them up from the ground, lifting her head with her eyes only hesitating when they fell over his scared torso and tears welled in their depths knowing that he must have gone through so much pain. She bit them back and her teeth clamped down on her cheek to chase away her emotional pain with the exchange of physical pain. As her gaze trailed over his right shoulder, her eyes caught the long jagged tissue of the scare she'd left across his upper right half. It ran across his neck and she almost choked on the sobs she was trying to hold back.

I almost killed him. I almost killed the most important person in my life.

She followed the scar up to his face. It was so much different then she remembered but it was so much the same too. Her eyes found his and she almost lost her control. The brown eyes of the man she knew as a boy stared down at her. They were heavy and light at the same time. Deep and dark with light gold flakes swimming through their irises. He looked down on her with worry and concern in his beautiful face. She hadn't even thought before she placed her hand on his cheek and at her touch, his eyes visibly lightened in color. He was always so terrible at hiding his emotions from her and it seemed he brought that trait with him from his youth.

"Ben... ?!?!" It was a quiet word, a question and a statement.

His hands cupped either side of her face and his chest swelled as though he were trying to contain himself. She could feel the pain and relief he endured through their connection. She was feeling the same emotions. It hurt to see him after so long. She could feel the hesitance that accompanied his relief. He was happy that she remembered him but he was also concerned by it.

She wanted to know why. She understood why he didn't tell her the first time they met, she wouldn't have believed him. But why after yesterday... and he'd had multiple chances today... she'd nearly unintentionally asked him about it twice already.

"Kira." The word on his mouth made her shake from her core out. It was familiar and foreign. It didn't feel the same as when he called her by her chosen name. He said it with warmth but it felt distant to her. She shook her head and his hands loosened on her face. As if it were her own, she felt a sharp pain pierce through her heart but she knew the pain came from him.

"I mean yes, but... no." She salvaged the familiarity they were both holding onto for dear life. "Her memories are mine but, I'm not her anymore." She tried explaining.

Kylo understood that better then she knew. He nodded and his hands feathered over her face. He was debating whether or not he should pull them away. As if she knew, her hands fell over his cheeks to secure them in place. They were so large and almost familiar. Her brows knit together and she pulled his hands away from her face to inspect them. His head tilted and he leaned over her frame as he studied her movements. His hair curtained his pale face and he slightly sucked his bottom lip into his mouth as she took one hand at a time in her smaller, delicate
hands. She carefully peeled his gloves off one after the other while he stared at her in wonderment. He was nerves and panic and he didn't know what to do other then let her work to free his hands. He'd wanted to touch her with out his gloves on since the moment he laid eyes on her on Takadona, but he'd never imagined it would be of her choosing.

He tingled where her fingers met his skin and soon she had his hands completely freed from their protective casings. His hands were sensitive to her touch. Their Force visibly traced like static lightning between where their skin made contact. His chest rose and fell in heavy silent breaths. She stared at his large, combat hardened hands for a few moments and he did nothing to deter her. She remembered when they had been covered in blood... to protect her. She remembered how he placed his hand on her cheek then, and she did so now. She took both of his hands and placed them back over her cheeks. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling of Ben's hands on either side of her face. This was familiar. This was home.

She stared up at him with shining tears in her eyes and he stared back down at her with the same look on his face now as he did that night. His eyes shimmered with his own pooling tears but he didn't let them fall. Not like she did. She let everything out between them and he took the weight of her emotions on and held them back with his own.

"Why didn't you tell me?" She asked on another soft sob. His fingers spread along her face and she tilted into his touch, her eyes practically rolling in her head in response to the contact.

"You know why... " His voice was overly deep and hoarse, and his words came out quiet. He sounded weak. He hated sounding weak in front of her.

She took a half step back and his hands almost fell away from her face but he held them there by his finger tips. She searched his countenance for something he was unsure of. Last night he wanted nothing more then for her to remember him. He wanted her to look at him with the same recognition he had in his eyes. Now he felt vulnerable. He was finally whole which meant that he could be broken again.

She stared at him as if she were trying to figuring out who he was, shaking her head as her heart hammeredd in her chest. She fell into the past as a memory took her back. Because her mind was so open she brought him with her as the visual played in her mind.

She was balancing on a fallen tree. She had a long stick in her hand and tied to the end of it was a shimmering blue ribbon. She lunged and another stick caught hers in a parry. There was a deep red ribbon tied to the end and he smiled as he spun her stick with his.

"Come, join the Dark side little Padawan." He beckoned her in an exaggerated villainous voice.

"Never!" She answered, ever the proud heroin.

Ben bent low to reach for her. Kira swatted at his arm with her stick and he grabbed it and howled as though he were in pain. He was still bent over pretending to cradle his arm and she stepped on his back as she leapt over him. She propelled off of him and rolled across the ground before getting back to her feet. When she turned he was leaning against the face of the log. She ran to him, thinking she'd actually hurt him and he smiled as he spun her stick with his.

"Ha ha ha! I've got you now!" He yelled victoriously.

Her eyes narrowed and she plunged the stick between his underarm and side.

"I think not Dark sider!" She proudly exclaimed.
His head fell back and he clutched the end of her stick as though he'd been driven through. She smiled at how dramatic he was when he fell on his bottom with a loud groan.

"The Light will always prevail over the Dark... you picked the wrong side!" She basked over his fallen body. One eye opened and his mouth pulled into a half smile as he lifted his head up to eye her.

"Now look who's being cocky?" He teased, laughing at her superiority.

She shrugged before she flopped down in the grass beside him. He handed her back her stick and laid his hand across his chest. She inched closer, scooting until their elbows touched. They stared up through the trees at the blue sky over head as fluffy white clouds rolled past them.

"I think I should be the bad guy next time." She said, suddenly disturbing the silence between them.

He arched a brow at her and his head dropped to the left so he could eye her.

"Oh, why do you say that?" He questioned curiously.

She shrugged and her head turned to meet his face. "I'm a better actor then you." She stated simply.

She flashed a bright smile in his direction and he scowled. He sat up and his shoulders tensed. He turned his back to her and pulled a leg up to rest his arm over it as he leaned forward. She pulled herself up, suddenly worried by his posture.

"Ben?" She questioned with honest concern. He turned away from her as she climbed to her feet. Her hand fell over his shoulder and he shrugged it away. "Ben I'm sorry, I was only teasing." She apologized feeling as though she'd hurt his feelings.

He spun around and angrily bared his teeth at her. She stepped back as he climbed to his feet to loom over her.

"Come... " He said in a suddenly menacing voice. "Join the Dark side little Padawan!" He growled rotating his wrist so the twig spun and the crimson ribbon danced through the air.

Her brows momentarily scrunched in a mixture of fear and confusion and he laughed at her.

"That's not funny!" She scolded, her gullible heart racing in her chest.

"How's my acting now?" He taunted playfully. She swung her stick angrily at him sending the shining material of the sapphire ribbon trailing behind the movement of the stick. Ben quickly parried and for a moment their ribbons tangled together. He pulled back and jumped outside of her striking range.

"You'll have to do better then that Jedi." Still playing the villain he rotated his wrist again and he circled around her.

He took a large step forward and swung the stick from high over his head, bringing it down on hers dramatically and it snapped over hers. He held the broken twig up between them and they both watched as one half dangled from the other by the skin of its bark.

"My lightsaber..." He childishly whined. The little red ribbon nearly touched the ground and Kira proudly put her hands on her hips.

She gave an overbearing shrug. "...The Light..." She said cockily, as though that was all there was to
His eyes playfully narrowed on her. She stuck her tongue out in response and he lunged at her as she took off in a sprint. Her slight form quickly pulled way ahead of him and that's when Kylo and Rey came back to the present. They were staring at each other, neither knowing what to say between the two. His fingertips were still on her face and when he went to pull them away from her, she made a grab for his wrists.

"Don't..." She pleaded.

His eyes searched hers and he didn't know what to do. He didn't know what to say. She hesitantly released his hands and he slowly pulled them away. Her heart ached in her chest and he could feel the pain he caused her.

"Come back to me Ben." It didn't sound like a question, it wasn't meant to be. It was a demand in the form of a plea but it was not a question. She didn't want to give him the choice. She knew how torn he was and now she knew why Kylo Ren always felt like two different people. He shook his head. He was silent and she watched his lower lip quiver.

"You know I can't." His voice was broken. He was broken. She could see it in his face. She could feel it through their bond. He wasn't ready yet, but she was too stubborn to let him go.

"You said you'd always come back for me." Her eyes were filled with fluid again. It betrayed her. It gave her vulnerabilities away and he was always her greatest weakness.

"It's too late for that now... I can't go back. I can't ever go back." His eyes closed and he sullenly shook his head.

"You said you'd always come back for me Ben!" She repeated in anger, desperately trying to hold onto him.

Suddenly his hands were on her face again and he pulled her forward. Her feet stopped so close to his that she could feel the heat from his body. It wasn't just the mingling of their greedy Force signatures entwining perversely between them. It was simply his heat mixing with hers.

"I'll always comeback for you... but not as that boy... not as Ben. He's gone!" Kylo Ren said very seriously.

More treacherous tears fell from her eyes but she didn't look away. She wasn't Kira anymore so how could she expect him to be Ben. Her hands opened between them and after only a few short seconds his helmet landed gently between her palms. He moved to look down but her left hand halted his face. His eyes shot back to hers and before he could speak she lifted up on her toes. Her left hand guided his face down to meet hers and their lips met as soft as a fleeting whisper through space. He held absolutely still while their breath rolled off of one another. His brain hadn't yet registered what she was doing. Her lips dragged lightly over his and he allowed her to test them against her own. They were soft, warm and when they pressed against his he knew the memory of this feeling would forever be imprinted into his soul. A thousand lips could meet his after this and he would still know which were hers. She released a deep breath over his mouth and his senses went into overload. His body tightened and his muscles ached under his skin. It was all he could do not to pull her into him. Her Light seeped in through his fingertips and he could feel her moving in his veins. He could hear the rush of her coursing through him.

As if she couldn't surprise him more, her fingers unexpectedly pulled at his face and she collided with him taking his mouth by force with her own. Everything clicked at once and his mouth began to
move over hers. Their Force burned between them and their lips buzzed as they connected with one another. His mouth guided hers to slightly open against his before he led them closed again. Her tears spilled over his knuckles as they ran down her cheeks. Her hand slid into his hair and he moaned into her mouth. Her fingertips pulled desperately at the sensitive plane of scalp just behind his ear and his mouth suddenly pressed down hard on hers. Rey lost any breath she had left in her lungs and she didn't care, somehow she knew she could survive purely off of the air between their lips.

There was a wild need behind his movements. His mouth pulled against hers like he were starving and she was the only nourishment that could sate his hunger. For a moment she lost herself completely under his control. His palms shifted to cup her face and he cradled it between his hands like she was the most delicate thing he'd ever had possession of. The softness of his touch and the contrasting roughness of his mouth sent shivers running from his hands down to her toes. She discovered herself under his touch and she found a confidence in herself that she didn't know she possessed. She returned his eagerness and their kiss deepened as they equally moved passionately against one another.

Their power swelled and crackled between them. Their bodies hummed with their mixing Force energy and every unclaimed Force charged molecule around them. His Darkness purred to life and it forced itself through his hands until it seeped into her skin. His Force fervidly traveled out to burry itself into her through any point of contact that it could find. His palms lifted and his fingers dug into her cheeks as he forcefully kept control of her mouth. He suddenly dominated their intimacy and her eyes rolled in her head under the possessiveness of his mouth over hers. It was as though she were kissing someone completely different, yet the same. She whimpered against the pull of his lips and he groaned as though her response gave him satisfaction or pleasure. He fought to gain his own control before he caved to his darkness and tried to bed her where they stood. He pulled back until their mouths skimmed over one another.

When she came back to her senses her eyes were blurred with fresh tears. The most blissful moment in her life had to end and she felt her heart shatter in her chest. Her fingers slid back to his face and she pulled away. His mouth chased hers until their lips lightly touched again and he stole one more fleeting press against the luscious lips that he'd left swollen. When their mouths finally separated their foreheads pressed together. They balanced against each other while they fed their starving lungs the air their mouths had previously denied them. He rolled his bottom lip into his mouth, sucking it until his teeth captured it between them. His tongue ran over the length before he released it again. He savored the taste of her sweetness in his mouth. She tasted like everything the sun promised, honey and fruit and nectar, laughter and hope and love. He licked and suckled at his lips until she was all he could taste and he longed to take her mouth with his again but he knew it was over.

Kylo tensed as she pulled her Force back from his. She contained her power within her, halting the mingling that had been taking place while they explored each others personal space. He could feel her emotionally shutting down. Her right foot slid back and she pulled away from him. His hands never left her face. He couldn't bare to let her go. Her hand slid down his cheek. Her fingers traced his scar before they fell away at his jawline. His head followed the trailing tips until they left his skin. His Force begged him to drop to his knees to follow that hand. His Darkness growled in his chest, demanding he pull her into him and never let her go. His alpha recognized it's other half and it begged him to pull them together and make them whole. It wanted to unit them carnally, it wanted to claim her and mark her as his. It was the most primal urge that he'd ever experienced and it followed behind only one other desire, the need to protect her.

His eyes fell to her hands. She clasped his helmet on either side and his eyes traveled back up to hers in confusion. Rey met his heavy gaze. She raised his armor over his head. They stared at each other
as she lowered his guise down in place. Her tears never stopped as she watched Ben disappear behind the mask of Kylo Ren. His own tears fell as he watched her disappear from his vision behind the wall of the mask that hide the man he'd become. When he saw her again it was through the dark slit in his helmet and he understood that she was saying goodbye to the boy she knew as Ben. She was accepting his choice like no one had before her. She was accepting him as Kylo Ren and he was suddenly terrified by what that could mean.

~This was by far my most challenging chapter... it took me several attempts and I'm glad it did. I had three other versions of this written and they just didn't feel like genuine responses for the characters. Finally this came out and I have to say.. I'm a little stunned and overwhelmed. I really hope you guys enjoy it as much as I do. This was truly heart breaking to write and I can only hope that it come across as natural and fitting for these two. I can't wait to see where all this is going!~

*Please kudos and comment as you go, I love hearing from you guys!*
-DarkGuardian-
Dazed and Confused

Kylo Ren's helmet locked into place with a few clicks of the hydroelectrics positioned on either side of Rey's hands. Rey kept her trembling fingers on the cold metal for only a few heart beats before she forced herself to pull them away. She couldn't see his eyes anymore, Ben was gone. She could only see the darkness of his mask and the shining of the long steel lines that ran across it. The metal already gleamed with malice under the reddening sun set around them. His hands were still latched onto her face when she let hers drop to her sides. Now they loosely hung there with a weight she had never known they had before. When her eyes closed his grip on her cheeks tightened. The hum under his touch was maddening. It became all that she could hear, all that she could feel. She longed to take a step back from the hands that she secretly hoped would never let her go but she found that she couldn't.

The sound of a throat clearing just behind her made her head snap to the right. Ren must have been startled as well because he literally pulled her to him by her cheeks. Rey's eyes flew open to the sight of his chest only inches from her face. She hadn't felt when his hands lifted from her face but now a heavy arm wrapped around her back to lock her in place and his right hand moved to grip her shoulder a little too tightly. His chest rose and fell with deep breaths that were quickly becoming shallow. The change in his body language was not a good one. Rey was tired and emotionally drained. She didn't want to fight with him right now but she also didn't have the will power to remain so close to him while her heart still ached for the things that could have been. She opened her mouth to weakly protest against the proximity with which he was keeping her but it quickly snapped closed when she rocked foreword from a sudden dizzy spell. She placed her hands flat against his chest to steady herself and to keep from planting her face there.

Another flash hit her and she ground her teeth at the intrusive memory. He was young, still tall but lanky and lean. He had the biggest smile plastered across his goofy face while he taught her of how he perceived the Force around him. It was very similar to how he explained it to her this morning but with far less tact and understanding. It comforted her to know that he hadn't been lying about him teaching her how he personally learned to interact with the Force and not some Dark Lord techniques that he was trying to corrupt her with. He was showing her how to absorb the Force around her and she beamed up at him while he proudly looked down on her. Several similar memories moved through her head like a kaleidoscope of shifting colors and images. Ren's Force moving around her seemed to affect the rate at which her memories pushed through her causing an avalanche of memories to engulf her at once.

Ben and Kira were so close. Nearly every memory he was in they were smiling, learning, playing or simply looking out for one another. It surprised her to know how adorable he was with her. Always careful of her feelings even when his were hurt from something going on around them that she was too young to understand yet. He was always mindful of the space he gave her even though she shadowed him like a lost little porg. Her big green and gold eyes were always on him and while he shied away from everyone else and drew barriers around himself, he always let her in. On occasion she had to work a barrier or two down but no matter what he was going through, he dropped everything if she needed him.

When she wasn't with him he was carefully watching her, always making sure she was never treated as the others treated him. Once or twice she'd been bullied just for her association with him and she'd given them a mouthful as though she were his size. They'd quickly put her in her place reminding Kira of her vulnerable size but Ben would always rally to her side and he'd eventually started teaching her how to fight. They practiced with their Force together in secret and she'd learned how to protect herself with it. She even used it offensively a time or two but she'd learned not to let him...
catch her. He had once and he about lost it on her, scolding her and yelling like she'd put her self in more danger then the group of bullies surrounding her had. She learned to hide it when she got angry, he would become disappointed with her over that to. He always encouraged her Light, scolding her when she pushed her power to far or abused the privileges that came with having her abilities.

She shook her head free of the intrusive images. Rey couldn't get enough air in her lungs so close to Ren. In an attempt to put some much needed space between them she pushed off of his chest with her palms only to be denied by his hands. She looked up to challenge him but she was instantly distracted by her point of view. Without the armor that normally ran up to the under side of his chin she could see how exposed and vulnerable his neck was under the helmet. She swallowed at the long slop of mouthwatering skin and the bobbing adam's apple that rested at the center. The kiss she'd so foolishly initiated left the taste of him in her mouth and now it seemed to be all she could think about every time her eyes found his skin. She longed to commit his flavor to every single taste bud she possessed. Her eyes traced the defined lines of his jaw and the soft of the underside of his throat but their greed didn't stop there... She let her eyes travel until she could see his dark hair peeking out of the back and sides of the helmet and she remembered when her fingers had gotten tangled up in it only this morning.

Her cheeks and neck heated and she knew she was blushing from the memory but she didn't feel embarrassed. It was just natural blood flow, she decided as the tips of her ears heated and her chest rose to fall with a new weight that she couldn't help but take note of. Further up hidden within the shadows she could almost see the out line of his lips, particularly his bottom, she worked hard to ignore any thoughts about that, the rest faded into the darkness that encased his face.

Standing below the line of his helmet his profile looked an awful lot like Ben's. Her brain fuzzed and she lost the present in the past. She had to shake her head to tell the two apart and when Rey caught herself unintentionally staring at his mouth she let out a deep breath through her nose. If she had remembered being separated from him years ago it would have been easier to see him as Kylo Ren but standing here beneath the silhouette of the face that just came back to her, Rey found she already had more memories of that boy then she did the man she was currently gaping at. It felt very unfair. She'd gotten him back and lost him again in a span of minutes.

"I'm not going to hurt her." Came the careful words of a familiar voice from behind her.

As badly as Rey needed to pull away from the man locking her in place, she couldn't help but cringe above the space of his chest when she recognized Luke’s voice. She just wanted to bolt from the whole damn situation. She didn't want to face either of them right now, in fact, she suddenly longed for the cool dark housing of her At-At back on Jakku. Ren's grip on her shoulder tightened in response to her thoughts and agitation started to well in Rey's chest. Just because they had a moment doesn't mean he gets to control me! He doesn't own me! Her self preservation was fighting for her independence and she could feel her adrenaline starting to pump into her brain.

Ren could hear her thoughts louder then he could Luke's voice and while he was dying to take her somewhere private to let her explore her curiosity over every inch of him, right now he was really trying to stay focused on the Jedi who was starting a habit of picking the worst times to make his presence known. Not that it mattered, he knew she would deny her want for him just as openly as she denied his claim over her.

She is ours! We will posses her and she will accept us! His darkness poked it's head in to reassure his longing that it wasn't misplaced.

She will accept me in time, even if it kills me in the process. Ren reassured himself before he thought
to much on it and became a threat to himself. Of course if she kept thinking the way she had been moments ago and didn't allow either of them to act on it, he was positive he would meet his end sooner rather then later. He was already aching for her. Force, he'd been sore since this morning. Her thoughts already initiated his torturous execution and from here it looked like it would be a slow, agonizing death but he would deal with Rey's self denial at a later time. He tried to understand that she was going through some pretty heavy issues at the moment but he was slowly growing angry over her stubbornness when it came to how much she belonged to him.

She'd kissed him for maker's sake! Now she was practically tasting him with her eyes... What did she expect him to do, walk away whistling like nothing had happened between them? If she wanted Ben then she wanted Kylo Ren it was as simple as that and her thoughts were loud and clear about what she wanted from Ben! He knew she didn't feel that way about him as a boy, she was to young. Force, in a way he supposed he should be thanking Luke for separating them so early on. Neither of them would have thought about the other the way they were feeling now if they had stayed together. They would have grown up like brother and sister. She would have found someone else along the way and he'd have been left on his own while she started a family. He cringed at the idea of anyone touching her the way he wanted to. That scenario was completely unacceptable!

Luke took a careful step forward and it brought Ren back to his current predicament. Rey was completely vulnerable in her current state, she kept rocking against him under the vertigo the memories were leaving her with... not to mention she was undeniably confused as her thoughts on him were undisputed proof of that! She wasn't sure if she wanted to fight him or kiss him again... welcome to my life little Scavenger... He thought sardonically.

Now she was recoiling at the sound of Skywalker's voice which could only mean she knows who took her. He couldn't help but pity her over that realization. He was all to familiar with how quickly the "good intentions of the Light" could screw things up and the permanent ramifications of the decisions that Luke Skywalker made were commonly catastrophic for Ben. Of course he'd done the same to Kira, leaving Rey to pick up the pieces just like Kylo had to. ...And the Master of the century award goes to...

"I can help steady her mind." Luke's words sent Rey further into Ren's chest and Ren into protective overdrive.

Ren let the weight of his left arm rest across the lower half of Rey's back and a warm shiver ran up her spine. "I think you've done enough to her mind Skywalker."

"Don't get self righteous on us Ben, you've been attacking her mind for months." It was a deliberate poke and Ren didn't miss that so when he took the bait, he did so carefully.

"Well... someone wanted to play hide and seek." His eyes narrowed at the Jedi as he masked the anger in his voice with sarcasm, he was good at that. If Luke wanted to pick a fight he'd have to do better.

"She wouldn't have to hide if you didn't bring the whole First Order down on her." Luke pushed.

"I wouldn't even be with the First Order if some one wouldn't have taken the only thing keeping me aligned with the Light... out of her bed... in the middle of the night... like a coward and a thief." Ren's chest heaved with his growing anger and he felt it, but he wouldn't back down.

"You were already slipping Ben... Kira couldn't have saved you from yourself." Luke's words sounded tired. He sounded defeated by the past.

"If you would have done your job and taken care of those you swore to guide and protect, perhaps I
wouldn't have relied so heavily on the Light of a five year old for the strength you should have been providing." He could feel Rey's discomfort but he knew it wasn't from the conversation going on over her head, she wasn't privy to most of what was going on around her. Her senses were being overloaded by the memories flowing through them.

"You made a rash decision without thinking the consequences through and it cost you everything. You may hate me but it's not because of the sins I'm guilty of... it's because I'm a reminder of how bad you screwed up uncle. Of all of the things you've accomplished in your life time, I'm liable to be the one the universe remembers you by. I'm your legacy and you hate that! I can feel the darkness in you. I can feel your anger and your guilt Jedi!" Kylo's tone remained low but the passion with which he spoke lingered on every word.

Luke said nothing for a long time. He watched as his nephew's hand rhythmically swiped up and down the length of Rey's back. It was a slow repetitive process. Once maybe every twenty or so seconds his hand would rub up and down to comfort her. Kylo Ren was right about Luke. He was good at picking apart his uncle but he was terrible when it came to himself. Luke had expected him to explode when he'd accidentally taken the conversation to a personal level; Instead Ben stayed focused on comforting Rey while she shook. It didn't go over Luke's head that his nephew slash Kylo Ren seemed to put the girl before himself. Luke had expected him to explode when he'd accidentally taken the conversation to a personal level; Instead Ben stayed focused on comforting Rey while she shook. It didn't go over Luke's head that his nephew slash Kylo Ren seemed to put the girl before himself. Luke was not wrong in taking her away when he did. Because of it, she may be the only one able to bring Ben back. He was coddling his own destruction in the comfort of his arms and he wasn't even aware of it. She shook between his arms and Luke's heart squeezed in his chest.

"Enough of this... let me help her." Luke stepped forward still lost in his thoughts. For a moment he forgot who he was trying to take her from and Kylo stiffened.

Kylo was aware of it when Rey came back from her latest bout of memories. She was now conscious of those around her again and he knew he had to be careful with what came out of his mouth when he responded to Luke, which would be difficult while he goaded him on, brazenly attempting to collect the girl who was suffering because of him.

"Are you going to help like the time you sent her to another of your academies to further her training Master?" The last word came out of Kylo's mouth like he was spitting venom and maybe he had, Rey was pretty sure she herd Luke's foot shuffle back a step.

"Ben, I did what I had to do to protect her." Luke was putting effort into keeping his words monotone but Rey could hear the strain in his voice. She was surprised when Ren didn't take the time to correct the name Luke had used.

"Yeah, cause that worked out so well for her." He snapped.

What the Kriff was that supposed to mean... I turned out just fine! At least I'm not a mass murderer. She thought, defensively countering his statement.

Rens helmet shot down in her direction and she felt a sharp wave of hurt pierce through their line. She winced but it only lasted a second before it was replaced by his anger.

Great, I wonder how long he's been in my head? She thought. Her exasperation for the situation was already back and she shifted her weight from foot to foot trying to restore the blood flow from her locked knees before she made herself pass out in his arms... again!

"Long enough." Kylo clipped through their Force link. He didn't look at her when he responded but
while she was unprepared for the invasion of his thoughts through her crowded mind, he sounded extremely loud and the realization that he may have heard her other thoughts brought a heat to her cheeks that she instantly resented.

"She survived and she's stronger for it; More importantly she's not like you." Luke responded with an urgency that left Rey surprised. She got the feeling that she hadn't caught the beginning of the spat.

When he muscles tensed at Luke's words, Kylo's arm tightened around Rey and he shook his head. "You should have stayed with us!" Ren accused over Rey's head. "And when you decided not to, you should have left well enough alone." Ren's words were sharp and Rey was betting that his eyes were dangerous right now.

Heat flowed between where they touched and thick waves of anger rolled through his end to drown her under their weight. Her brain was fogging and his nearness was not helping. She was already far to close to him. She was slowly taking the scent of his skin in through her mouth and nose. His musk pervaded her brain and to her discredit she momentarily forgot what was going on around her. She had to close her eyes for a moment just to regain her wits. Standing so close to him was not good for her reasoning. It confused her present with her memories and his voice didn't help. He spoke with Ben's mannerisms and while standing so close to the underside of his helmet his voice still sounded like Ben Solo. From here the only reminder that he was Kylo Ren was the modulation of his mask like an echo only a pera-second behind the words that she heard coming from within the helmet above her. It was Ben's voice, Ben's hands and Ben's face, but the thick black straps which ran across his upper chest to hold up the even thicker arm guards she found herself constantly peeking at assured that her movements were being restricted by Kylo Ren which was a very bad, very confusing thing.

"Your right, I should have stayed, but if you think I should have left her at the temple... where you could groom her to be a Dark sider like you, then you don't care for her like you think you do." It was an accusatory statement, one Rey was sure was not going to be taken lightly.

Somehow Luke kept his tone casual, like he was chatting about the weather while the warlord whose hands prevented her escape slowly clamped down on her tighter and tighter. From here she couldn't tell if Luke was trying to pick a fight or defending his past decisions but it didn't leave her in a safe spot between the two power house Force users she was currently stuck in the middle of. She unconsciously squeezed her eyes shut against the throbbing pain in her head.

Ren stiffened and his body began kicking off some serious heat. Rey took a slight step back but his arm pressed her body closer to him again. It was a silent tug o' war over space or freedom, she wasn't sure which yet. She could feel his muscles tense around her. An occasional flinch or tremor ran through his arm or his shoulder and probably through other places as well but she was limited to the parts that were halting her escape or visible to her line of sight. From her stand point this situation was escalating very quickly.

"I never encouraged her away from the Light. Never! We're not all as selfish as you old man!" His fingers dug into her shoulder as he spoke. Rey winced against the strength of his hand squeezing down on her muscles.

She couldn't help but feel like Luke was trying to get her killed again. Her agitation was peaking and she could feel it transitioning into anger. She was already putting to much energy into closing off their Force bond while simultaneously enduring the random memories that took their sweet time coming back to her. To add to her discomfort Ren's anger was creeping through their bond to pit in her stomach and she was becoming nauseous from fighting against it. Luke and Ren spoke between
each other as if she wasn't the topic they were arguing about. It's like they forgot she was here, like she didn't exist out side of their little squabble and that was feeding her own anger.

"Oh, well that's even better... " Luke's words were cold and she could tell he was pausing because he was preparing to drop something harsh between them. Ren's muscles were bound dangerously tight waiting for his uncle to finish his sentence and Rey was stuck between an arm that covered most of her back and the solid wall of his chest at her front.

"So I guess she should've been there when you and your Dark Master destroyed the temple and massacred anyone who resided there." Luke finally drove an unexpected hit home and Ren snapped.

"You know nothing of what happened that night! Or any night for that matter because you were never there!" His Force exploded from his chest.

Rey expected to be thrown back from the burst of power but the wave radiated around her as though she were a physical extension of himself. She lowered her head as the heat of his anger rolled around her. She couldn't block him out now. His rage was poring into her through their bond and between Ren manhandling her and Luke bloody Skywalker goading him on, she was already struggling to hold her own growing anger back. She sucked in a painful breath as a long flash of a memory played behind her no closed eyes.

She and Ben were playing in her family's shuttle. He'd been teaching her how to fly for months and he'd let her operate everything she could reach, only interjecting when she needed quick assistance. It wasn't the first time she'd taken it off the ground in the pilot's seat but it always felt just as magical. They had never left Yavin four's atmosphere before and now he was allowing her to take it beyond the invisible shell that housed the moon below them. Her young eyes watched as the green planet faded below the murky outer layer of the cloudy atmosphere they burst through only seconds ago. Ben stared at her while she gaped in amazement through the large window in front of her.

They left the sky behind them when they flew through the nearly invisible layer and from there the blue around them quickly darkened into an endless velvet night. They shot into a space that went on as far the eye could see. The blackness around her felt so familiar. It remained her of when she still lived with her parents. They were always in space. They never called one planet home over another because they never stayed still long enough to use anything but the small shuttle as their residency.

Kira sat on the edge of her chair swinging her feet rhythmically while gazing out into the mesmerizing spans. She imagined it as cool black sheets with little holes cut here and there to allow the heat and light of the little twinkling stars a place to shine through.

"Who thinks like that at five?" Her amazed copilot asked.

Kira pulled out of her trance and turned to face the voice that broke her through her imagination. Her little smile widened when she saw the face of the boy who taught her to shoot for the stars... literally. She shrugged at his curious expression. He was clearly debating the answer that would come out of her mouth.

"I'm almost six Ben." She huffed at him as though he should know better. He shook his head at her annoyed expression and she smiled again. "I'm the only five year old I've ever known." She admitted.

Something about that made him suddenly sad but it was also very enlightening. He leaned back in his seat and stared out at the stars. "Try not to grow up to fast ok." He didn't look over when she turned back in his direction. "It's not all it's cracked up to be." He omitted rather drably.
She stared at him for a time and when he gave her no response she mimicked him, turning back to stare out into the endless darkness they gently floated through. She pulled her legs up and wrapped her arms around them, locking them in place with her laced fingers. She tucked herself in with her chin on her knees. Every once in a while Ben would glance over in her direction but she ignored his quick peeks. He would tell her what was bothering him when he was ready, he always did. She was surprised when he spoke up, it took less time for him to come out with what he was thinking then usual. She fought a smug smile. It was a small victory for her.

"Kira?" He asked with a high degree of uncertainty.

"Hmm?" She kept her eyes forward not taking the risk of him closing himself off again.

He'd been far to quiet this past month and she'd had to work especially hard to crack him back open. She heard him shift as though he were uncomfortable and it spiked the worry she was already trying really hard to shut out of her mind. Somehow he could always tell when something bothered her. Especially when it conceded himself. He shifted again in his chair and she couldn't help but turn her chin to half face his direction.

"If I were to leave the Jedi Temple..." He paused to analyze the face that she was keeping very blank. She arced a brow to let him know he had her attention. "...Would you consider coming with me?" He croaked out.

Her head lifted from her knees and her forehead scrunched. She eyed him far to carefully for such a young child. "Ben, we're in space... how much further do you want to go?" She questioned knowing that wasn't what he was asking.

He ran a hand through his hair and let out a sharp breath. She knew what he meant, he knew she did. She wanted him to elaborate, wanted him to spell it out for her so there was no misunderstanding about what he was asking. She was such a girl. "If I left for good would you come with me?" He asked quickly, his eyes looking everywhere but her direction.

She let her legs free from their hold and she turned so she was completely facing him. She moved to her knees and her hands gripped the arm of the chair so she was level to his height. She hadn't even opened her mouth when he started rambling in quick sentences.

"I'll take care of you. You know I can keep you safe and we can travel everywhere together, just the two of us. Imagine all of the worlds we could see. We can explore them all if you want, I know you love discovering new things..."

"Ben..." The single word stopped him in his verbal tracks. "You know I'll follow you anywhere. You don't even have to ask." There was a certainty to her tone that left him with no further questions about her loyalty and how positive she was about what she was saying. She was letting him know she was committed to staying with him and there was no miscommunication between them.

His face lightened and he let out another breath he'd been unconsciously holding. He was staring at her now. His big brown orbs bore right into her serious hazel eyes. He knew she wasn't done. He could tell by the stern face she made. He hated when she made that face over something he'd done or said. He's was almost nine years her senior and she had faces that made him feel like their ages were reversed.

"But why Ben?" She asked flatly.

Being thrown by her directness, he blinked several times. Her fingers gripped into the arm rest until her knuckles ran white and her eyes focused in on his as though she would be analyzing his answer
through more than just his words. He opened his mouth to speak but she stopped him.

"You know I don't mean why are you asking me to come along... so don't even try it." She corrected him quickly nailing the situation on the head before he could even try to misdirect the path their conversation took. He sighed.

"You know your really intense for a kid right?" He flashed her a Ben Solo smile as she liked to call it, knowing she hated when he called her a kid but she didn't let up. Her face told him she wasn't buying into the Solo family charm.

"What's wrong? Why do you want to leave?" She pushed her line of questioning. "What are you running from that we can't face at the academy with our Master and the others?"

"You mean the Master whose never around." He grumbled.

His eyes darkened and his face pulled into a scowl. The little lights on the control panels cast an eerie glow over his usually warm features and Kira had to squint to find the boy she knew as Ben behind the red and yellow that distorted his usually soft face. His jaw tensed and he suddenly looked much older. Something alarming moved behind his eyes and she could feel him shutting down.

Her voice rang through the thick silence like a singing bell. "It doesn't matter." She decided out loud. "No matter what it is, I'm with you. Always and forever. Whatever it is, we will face it together ok?" She said with a false bravado that she cleverly hid behind an overly chipper tone.

Kira knew he'd be scrutinizing her answer but she didn't care, she meant every word of what she said. She gave him a full white toothed smile in conjunction with that answer because she knew nothing would make her happier then staying by his side. She noticed he closed himself off quicker when he felt like she was catching onto something so she shielded her worry behind her innocent face. It was easier for her to stay closer to him when she acted her age. He'd warmed up quicker when she did that. For some reason he felt safer when she wasn't prying like one of the adults that were always poking at him.

He chewed his bottom lip as he carefully studied her. She was far to insightful for her age and it scared him but if he could leave it all behind then she'd never have to know what he was up against. She'd never have to know about the Darkness that was slowly catching up to him, slowly cornering him. She'd never have to know about his lineage... After a few moments of careful contemplation he finally turned back out towards the window. She followed suit with an over exaggerated huff.

"Like you even had to ask." She laughed as though only just realizing that he had been acting ridiculous. "Hey Ben?"

"Hmm?"

"Do you think that space just keeps going and going?" She inquired trying to lesson the tension through her honest curiosity.

"Well, maybe together..." He smiled chancing a slight glance back in her direction. "...We'll find the edge one day." He added. She rewarded him with a beaming smile as she stared out into the black expanse.

"I can't wait!" She exclaimed before they both fell back into silence.

The memory felt long but she knew it flashed by in seconds. It was definitely one of the more detailed and it left her chest aching. She expected to cry again but she found she emotionally had nothing left to give to the pain of the heartbreak that welled inside of her empty chest cavity. Her
eyes were sore and dry. Her cheeks were still damp from her previous tears and now they were puffy too. She felt ridiculous. She felt childish. She felt weak! Growing up alone she could never afford the time to give to worry. Rey had to be strong and independent to survive. Now she was suddenly terrified that she'd fall short of something that she couldn't place. She was afraid she'd be too weak to do something she felt she needed to do, but she had no idea what it was or why she needed to do it. All she knew for sure was that she was terrified of this sudden weakness.

Rey shifted under Ren's hold. As her thoughts settled she realized she could feel him in her mind. Her eyes opened and her head tilted up under the weight of his stare. With how connected they currently were, she knew he'd seen what she did. She couldn't tell how he felt about such memories coming to light, that mask left her in the dark and there was no way she was chancing a glance into his mind while she had no control over her own.

"I... I'm sorry, I can't control them." She admitted through their personal line. Even there she sounded pathetic and her head still reeled from the blinding colors that blurred her vision.

His head tilted up for a brief moment and she watched his jaw tick under the line of his helmet as he cautiously eyed Luke before his head dropped back down to her again. The sun was dipping behind the horizon and she could see it setting in his mask. A deep red reflected off of the silver lines as he looked down at her through the infernal blankness that hide the boy Ben or the man Kylo behind it, right now only he knew the true identity of the man behind the mask and the possibilities killed her.

~Hey my lovelies, so I know this chapter took a little while to come out but it was a very long arduous process full of lots of intense scenes. As you can probably imagine there is a lot emotionally going on with our main characters right now and I didn't want to rush their emotions or interactions here. I hope you guys enjoyed it and no worries as the next two chapters are already written and just need editing. I apologize if there are edits here that I missed as I've got a ton of new material to go over so I'll be positing this now for your enjoyment but I'll also be editing a bit here and there. Not to worry though it will not be story changing, just a few minor corrections here and there I'm sure.~

*Please kudos, comment, tell your friends and tell their friends... lol or not. Do what you want, just so long as you have fun in the process.
The war inside

Kylo Ren's head tilted up for a brief moment and Rey watched his jaw tick under the line of his helmet as he cautiously eyed Luke before his head dropped back down to her. The sun was dipping behind the horizon and she could see it setting in his mask. A deep red reflected off of the silver lines as he looked down at her through the infernal blankness that hide the boy Ben or the man Kylo behind it. Right now only he knew the true identity of the man behind the mask and the possibilities killed her

A combination of their anger and something she wasn't expecting, something that was equally as potent mixed through their bond. His grip on her shoulder released and now he was massaging the sore muscle between his fingers and the heel of his palm. She clenched her jaw to keep her eyes from rolling in her head. She felt something powerful moving inside of her. It took her a moment of concentration to realize what it was. It was his Force. She recognized it from when she'd taken some of it to temper his rage earlier. The heat between them was back and her lips started buzzing from the memory of their kiss. Liquid arousal stirred low in her stomach and she blushed under the expressionless stare of his mask.

She shivered when a breeze blew through the heatwave that was coming off of him and she still hated the mask that was currently looking back at her but it didn't deter her mind from lingering on the feeling of his hand kneading her tense shoulder or his heavy arm draped around her back. A gasp left her mouth when that arm tightened around her. A groan left his mouth and the noise from behind the helmet's modulator distorted the sound further causing Rey to shiver through his heat. His mask tilted and she though she heard Luke say something behind her but she couldn't make out if it had been actual words or not. Kylo's arm shot up in the direction of the man and something metallic clanked behind her. Silence followed after that. She knew Luke wasn't hurt, she could feel him behind her. He was conscious and aware but strangely silent.

Her right hand pulled from Ren's chest as she sipped around in an attempt to see what happened but Ren grabbed it in his and tugged hard bringing her attention back to him. Her breath hitched when his hand touched hers. She felt his Force wrap around her in the form of crackling static. It drew her in and her anger began to melt away. His sizzling heat danced across her skin and traveled up her arm. He was breathing deeply again and Rey had no idea how things had gone from the blame game between Luke and Ben, to Kylo Ren looming over her with a heat that burned clear through where his eyes hid behind the shield of his mask. He'd released her torso from the prison of his arm when he'd grabbed her hand but he still managed to lock her down with his grip on her shoulder and her cupped hand in his. She couldn't help but focus on the places where he so forcefully held her. She wanted to be angry with his domineering treatment of her but she found it only left her body warming in sensitive places. He was still massaging her muscles and she tried to block out the vibrations of their Force mingling between their touch but it was becoming increasingly difficult to ignore. She strengthened her resolve while she stared into that mask.

"Let me go Ren." She spoke through their Force bond not willing to risk her voice sounding as needy as she felt.

His grip on her tightened and the hand on her shoulder pulled her closer. "Ren..." She tried but he just shook his head. His breath became audible and his voice was breathy and filled with lust even as he responded to her with his mind.

"Your hand..." Was all he mustered out through his struggling voice. She shivered as the two words brushed along the underside of her skull. Heat rose in her chest as her breasts tightened and she felt
an intense need welling between their bond.

His mask tilted down past her face and it took her a moment to process what the two words he'd spoken to her were. Her eyes followed the invisible line that he drew with the direction of the slit in his mask until they found the hand that he had cupped in his. It was slightly glowing an off gold that swirled with far too much of his Darkness mixed with her Light but she knew that wasn't what he was referring to. She could see the cause of his words just past the hand he held. There was a much brighter far more alarming glow under her left hand in the background. She instantly knew why she felt overwhelmed by his essence. How long had she been siphoning his Force essence into herself? She wondered.

"Since you began to panic over... " He paused as he thought about how to describe the fear of weakness that was really coming from his end. "...Strengths and weaknesses." He left it more open ended, less specifics kept his own faults hidden under his words without lying to her.

His deep strained voice groaned through her head. It reverberated through the space sending shivers through her body from her head down to her toes. She should have been reacting to the fact that she'd been stealing his power through her touch, instead she couldn't get the image of them kissing out of her head. It had obnoxiously pushed itself to the forefront of her thoughts the second she had his energy moving through her. Her inner thighs were buzzing and her knees were threatening to collapse under her weight. He purred in response to her thoughts and goosebumps raised along her skin.

She shouldn't have thought about their recent... interaction. What is wrong with her? She shouldn't have done that at all... what was she thinking? What must he be thinking? She tried grabbing the reigns to redirect herself back to a more stable reality.

"Don't do that!" He growled out loud. "Don't you dare regret that! Don't take that away from me!" His words were aggressive and boldly underlined with a seriousness that told her he was not looking to argue about it. He was gripping her shoulder again and his other hand squeezed over hers. He was not playing around with this topic.

That mask and the loss of Ben's voice through the modulator destroyed the image of their kiss with an Ion Cannon. Her attraction to him fell back to her fear and she shrank underneath of him but he forcefully jerked her back up. Her eyes narrowed at him in silent warning. With this much of his Force freely flowing through her she was denied the privacy of her own thoughts no matter how hard she fought to keep them to herself. There was no space left in her mind that didn't also belong to him.

"...Don't take it away from yourself either." Ben's smooth baritone flowed through their connection. He must have realized how harsh he had come off because she could hear the effort he put into constraining his anger when he spoke down to her now.

Her heart swelled and her head hurt. It had been hurting since the memories began their assault but now the pain was deafening. The past, the present, Ben's voice, Kylo Ren's voice... she couldn't keep track. She finally pulled her hand from his chest and her Force nearly brought it right back over his heart. At the release of her contact his fingers dug into her shoulder but not to cause pain, he used her to steady himself when he lurched forward as though he were being freed by something.

Rey let out a pained gasp as his fingers bit into her flesh. "Your hurting me." She said out loud, hoping that the conviction in her voice would ring true.

His helmet twisted from one side to the other as he cracked his neck to bring his emotions under control. He leaned over her until his mask was nearly touching her face.
"That makes two of us." His words were unexpected and their deliverance shocked her.

Rey found herself stupified and she was left blinking like at his mask like he'd spoken an unfamiliar language. His voice was deep and even through the mechanical masking over the words she could hear how raw his emotions were, how honest they were. He pulled away from her stretching to his full height before he roughly released her from his hands.

Her freedom was unexpected and she nearly stumbled at his feet. She scowled back up at him. Her embarrassment and her anger helped her make a quick recovery. Her first instinct was to step away from him but again she found herself unable to take more than a couple of steps from his inner circle.

She felt herself being pulled back to him like a magnet and it wasn't just the longing of her Force for his. There was something else behind it. Some kind of weight that kept her from lifting her feet from the ground. She turned with the intent to march away from him but froze at the sight of her former master being held in a Force lock. Impossible, there's no way he could be that powerful... Her mind reeled and she suddenly felt very unsafe standing this close to him. Just the same her eyes widened and her anger peaked as she watched the Jedi struggling under Ren's power in front of her.

"Release him now!" Her voice was low and it almost startled her to hear how threatening she sounded through the influence of his overwhelming Darkness.

He bent over her until his mask was aligned with her face. "Mmm, I sound good in you." He purred. He took a silent step towards her. He shouldn't have been so forward with her but kriff his Force felt good running through her veins.

The words mixed with the modulator made her skin crawl. She gasped at how sexual the selection of his words were and she swore she could feel him smiling behind her. There was something about the way he was interacting with her now that felt so perverse compared to the way he normally teased her. Her initial reaction would have been to shy away from him but the anger that was igniting in her took over her senses and she opted to react to it instead.

"Let. Him. Go!" She demanded unintentionally sending a slight pulse of her Force out around her as she spoke.

Before his alpha kicked in, Ren basked in the feel of her heat washing over him then his eyes narrowed at the back of her head. She gets a glimpse of my past and has the audacity to think she can command me into anything! His over charged senses left his reason way behind the other urges in his head. His hands fell over her shoulders and she jumped under the contact. He drew her power to him in thick gulps and he fed on her Force energy just as she'd done to him moments ago.

She'd taken a lot of his Darkness in with her Light and it left him confident that he could take enough of her power to leave her vulnerable to him without hurting her. He could already feel her swaying in his hands. He looked past her shoulder as she visibly slacked. Her body grew heavy and he pulled her against his chest as his uncle watched. He could see the horror in his blue eyes as Kylo Ren took control of his student former or otherwise, through her power.

He wouldn't dominate her, not here and not at all if he could help it but he needed to teach her to never forget who he was or what he was capable of. Her over confidence in thinking she had any control of him now that she knew their past, needed to be crushed. This was the reaction he was worried about and it's one of the things that kept him from informing her of what he'd discovered only last night in the first place. She thought he was weak now and he had to show her that he wasn't. He had to remind her of who he was but he had to do it with enough finesse that he didn't destroy everything that had happened between them in the last twenty four hours.
Rey could feel the heat in her body draining but she hadn't the slightest idea about why. Her eyes felt heavy and her thoughts made no sense. There was panic and fury and images she didn't understand. Her memories still crashed against her brain like waves. She was getting tired but she was so was angry. She was dizzy and when she felt hands pulling her back against a hard surface she didn't fight them. She welcomed the assistance in keeping herself on her feet. Her legs nearly buckled when her head rested against the wall behind her. She could see Luke in front of her and she felt afraid for him but she didn't know why. She remembered that she was angry with him... very angry with him. There was a Darkness in her that stirred her thoughts and her emotions.

Her good sense was drifting with the warmth the hands on her shoulders greedily pulled out of her and she was left with to much of that boiling anger to focus properly. She stared at Luke with her warmth evaded her. She remembered starving, melting under a hot sun and working her hands to the bone. She remembered a home before that and the loss of a boy she once loved. She mourned for a family she only had for a short time and that boy was the central part of that family. She wasn't allowed to grieve the first time she lost Ben, that release had been stolen away from her. That's when she realized that Luke was the center of her anger.

Luke was still silently watching her and Rey noticed the heat in his eyes. He was probably already plotting his next move as it always seemed like he was trying to hurt her.

Rage replaced the anger that she'd been flooded with and Ren's head tilted in curiosity behind her. Rey suddenly pulled away from her Master's hold. Kylo's response to the loss of her from under his hands was instant but he was to curious by her thought process to stop her when she pulled away.

He'd been drawing a mixture of her Light and his Dark back out of her and he'd taken a good deal back before she'd broken free of his hold but he had the capacity to hold far more Force energy at once then she did and he'd unintentionally taken a little too much of her Light in the process. He squeezed his fists shut tightly, the response had nothing to do with anger. To his amazement it was his Force that caused the reflexive movements. It pulled his hands closed as it absorbed what was remaining of her Force energy along his palms. He felt like if he just opened them, he would shoot lightning from his hands. It was startling and for a moment he just stared between her and his fists.

He was still lost in the feeling of her energy running up his arms when he noticed something all to familiar building up in his chest. He felt the slow stirring of anger through their bond. His body was still buzzing from their Force exchange, he hadn't meant to be so rough with her moments ago but he had little to no experience with the effects of what their exchange would actually have on them. He was intoxicated by his Force moving through her and now her Light was breathing through him, alive  and actively moving through his Darkness. He felt so powerful with their signatures mixed.

Now she was running through him and he was literally drunk from her power mixing with his. He was lightheaded and seeing doubles. His muscles felt loose and he felt indestructible. He'd only ever been drunk once a long time ago and he hated the feeling of his control being so... well, out of his control. He was used to his emotions being every where. He was used to the conflict that was constant in his head but this...

He squeezed his hands open and closed and felt how weak the ropes of his muscles were. This was the exact opposite of control. He was hot and cold, careful and reckless, harmless and dangerous, and weak and strong all at the same time. He needed to look no further for proof that he was indeed intoxicated by her then when his arousal spiked just from his eyes wandering over her. He was normally so careful with how he reacted around her. Now he looked at her, really looked at her. His heavy eyes traced her up and down from head to toe and they lingered over every curve and slop of her womanly form.
She was staring at Luke. Her aura had darkened and her body was tense from her feet all the way up to her neck. It was her anger that was filling his chest right now and that heat was sliding over his skin like a slick lover between sheets. His eyes closed and he relished in her warmth. Usually she was cooling him off. Usually she was like ice melting in his hands, tempering his hot headed anger with her cool level headed discipline. Now she was fire. She practically smoldered in front of him.

His darkness purred at the sight of her. His insides turned to liquid as he watched her light up the world around him with her darkening aura. She was still primarily Light but his shadows of whispy blacks and purples moved through her causing her to shimmer like dusk under an early moon. He could see that she had more of his Force energy swirling through her then she could control, Luke had just been the thing to set her off. Kylo had shown her how to pull the Force into her and how to release it into an object but not how to stabilize it or control it so it didn't control her.

Kylo had only intended to control her to prove a point but now while he was inebriated with her power and enjoying the feeling of being so thoroughly connected with her, he couldn't even control himself. He'd warned her that the Force was always looking for a dominant. He'd warned her what would happen if she consumed something more powerful then herself. He should have taken the time to teach her how to find her limit but he didn't think she'd be applying this lesson so soon. He doubted it would matter in this situation though, he was betting she had no idea that she'd been siphoning his Force earlier. If she wasn't careful Ren would be controlling her through his power with out him even lifting a finger to do so. Until she became stronger and more aware they were going to have to discover her limit together.

This exchange of power between them needed to remain in his control from here out. He was the stronger of the two so it was his responsibility to keep the balance or at least to keep the scales mostly even. She wasn't his ally yet and he couldn't trust her with as much power as he had or with everything he knew, until she was.

There was a reason there had to be a Master and an apprentice in the bond between a true teacher and student. When their Forces were unstable it could drastically change one, the other or both in that bond. There were new rules that had yet to be discovered between two who shared a Master-apprentice bond and a Force bond. They would have to learn along the way. They were clearly both suffering through different effects from their power exchange. He was flowing with her light but it wasn't near enough to control him but Rey... she was loosing herself to the power of his Darkness. For once that darkness was so satisfied that it wasn't even hissing in his head and that was probably a bad thing.

Rey was clearly of the Light, but she had her own anger issues to work through and his uncle had just dropped years worth of lost memories into her lap while she was already confused and vulnerable. Kylo instantly recognized her as a serious threat with his power manifesting in her. She was smart, strong and unstable. That was a very dangerous combination in her hands. That's how he'd ended up on his back the first time they'd fought. He really wanted to let her go take out her anger on Skywalker. He'd relish in the sight of her treating him as a training beam. Maker knows the Jedi deserves it.

Kylo's head tilted and his lips curled as he watched her intently. His hands flexed open and closed and his mouth suddenly watered while he looked at her. He watched her eyes burn in the direction of his uncle. He watched as the man took a step back in careful contemplation and that's when it also clicked that he'd lost his focus between now and when he'd been ogling Rey. Always with this girl! He silently chided.

Luke was now free of his hold, not that it mattered; The Jedi wouldn't go anywhere with out his former apprentice and right now he was uncertain of the girl in front of him. Kylo smiled behind his
mask. It was devilish and twisted, crafted with a combination of hate and lust and one hundred percent influenced by his Darkness. Her anger through their bond pleased his Darkness beyond words. Her mental power flexed and bowed as her temper rose in response to Luke Skywalker's very presence.

An anger so hot it physically hurt Rey to harbor burned in her chest. The lean muscles in her arms flexed under the profound squeezing of her fists and her shoulders tightened from the rage she was suddenly trying to control. Her jaw locked and her eyes glared in the direction of Luke Skywalker. Eight months... eight months he had to tell her who she was. She mentally seethed. Kylo could hear her thoughts and judging by his uncle's suddenly paling face, he knew he could hear them too.

Kylo stepped from behind her so he could see her face. A slick sheen of sweat glistened along her arms and face. It reminded him of when he'd pressed her to the edge of the word and held her there. She was fierce then and she was fierce now. He reveled in the heat that radiated off of her toned frame. Her chest was heaving and her jaw was clenched. He found her eyes and his stomach tightened. Her normally warm hazel eyes were hard and had significantly darkened. He could see the anger in them, but he also saw the hurt. That was what set her off to begin with. She was angry with Luke. She was angry with Kylo Ren or Ben, or both, and she was probably angry with herself because somehow she always found away to put some weight on her own shoulders.

Kylo's jaw locked. He reached out to her mind with his and she was so far gone that she didn't even notice he was there. She harbored so much pain that Kylo nearly fled from the space. She was hurt over losing Ben. She was turning that hurt into anger and she directed it at Luke because she blamed him for the loss. She was angry that he lied to her and after he'd taken her away and left her on that rat hole of a planet she didn't must trust him, but above all else, she was scared. Deep down she loved Luke and she wanted him back in her life that way she knew him in the past but she didn't trust him enough in the moment not to break her while she was so fragile. Kylo completely understood this fear. She also wanted Ben back and she already resented Kylo Ren for stealing away from her what she just recovered but being that she felt like a different person herself and not at all like the little girl she had once been, she'd never let him know how she felt on the surface.

He was her enemy and she still suffered her own pain to protect him from his. She was a complete anomaly... Kylo didn't understand how she survived in the world with a heart that she was willing to skewer to protect even her worst enemies. He knew in that moment that she was going to get him killed, he'd die protecting her from herself or defending that pesky Light that undoubtedly clouded her better judgment. Kriff...

It also dawned on him that this revelation meant that she already had a new reason to hate him and that hurt him down to his core but he figured at least she understood that Ben was gone. She'd get over him in time and eventually she'd only see me. Eventually she'd only want me. I'll take the time to make sure of that... wether she likes it or not. Kylo reassured himself.

His hate for Skywalker urged him to fuel her thoughts. His Darkness wanted him to encourage her's to rally with his so together they could burn Luke at the stake that he crafted with his own hands but this would solve one problem only to create another. As pleasing as her rage felt poring through their line, and it was pleasing, he knew the girl struggling in front of him better then she knew herself. No matter how drunk Kylo felt, no matter how deserving Luke was of her wrath, if Kylo encouraged her to harm Luke or worse, she'd never forgive herself or him.

His alpha wanted to destroy the man that constantly threatened her. It wanted to punish the man that hurt her in a more scarring way then anything Luke could have physically done to her and maker knows that he'd almost killed her at least twice that Kylo knew of. His Darkness rallied behind his alpha further encouraging him to guide Rey down that Dark path. To Kylo's surprise at the moment,
he found his Light just as loud as his Darkness. It wanted to see her safe but it wanted to protect her through peace. His Light, or rather the combination of theirs together as he knew that the majority of the Light currently in him was from when he'd siphoned a great deal of her Light with the power he'd taken back moments ago, wanted to see her find reconciliation with the Jedi he knew she once loved like he did while he was Ben.

When Kylo lost that love for his uncle it left him angry and bitter and as much as he enjoyed when Rey was angry he couldn't imagine her left with the bitterness that would follow. Then there was the guilt that never went away. His father's face flashed through his mind for a quick moment and it was very sobering. He couldn't let Rey feel like he felt about what he'd done to his father.

When it came to encouraging Rey one way or the other, Ren was hesitant to say the least. His instincts told him to isolate her until she had only him to lean on. They told him to make himself the only thing in her world.

This is what he should be doing. He thought. He should be carefully filling her with hate through their bond. This is what his training was telling him to do. These were his Dark instincts and to him, they weren't wrong but it wasn't the only suggestion rolling around the suddenly crowded space of his mind.

He looked down at her pained face while his own head spun. His bond with her made it hard for him to ignore that pain. I should be encouraging her to strike him down. I should make her leave with me right now! I should encourage her to move forward with her hate and never look back just as my Master did to me. I should... His heart felt heavy in his chest as he watched her suffer with her own internal struggles at his side. His darkness plagued his thoughts while the grace of her Light tormented his soul.

Damn the light they shared for toying with his head. Damn his weakness for this girl. Did his position on the Dark side mean so little to him? Did his training teach him nothing? His Master may be using him for power but that didn't make Kylo any less loyal to him. Until kylo was strong enough to challenge him he would remain his subject, that was his way and he wouldn't destroy his own values to comfort her. This was his resolve and it was strong against the weakness of his Light but...

After the death of his father he'd been left with nothing but pain, guilt, and confusion. If he let her harm Luke, what would she be left with? How deep would that scar her? He closed his eyes and honed in on the emotions her rage was masking beneath their dominance.

There was sadness, confusion, uncertainty, loss, and pain... so much pain. She was recycling her emotions the same way Kylo did. She was hardening herself as she steeled her weaker emotions into the same sharp hate that he used as a weapon. She wasn't in control of herself because she was to confused between all of the new memories that were still coming back to her and that was Luke's fault but her real anger stemmed from Kylo's Darkness and it's defending his spiked with a little of her own hidden Darkness.

He eyed Luke, weighing the outcome of both paths in his mind. She had always chosen Ben over the Jedi in the past and he hoped with every fiber of his being that she would again in the present. He decided with their bond and her new found knowledge of their past, that Luke wasn't a threat anymore. Besides Kylo was still taking her away with him no matter the out come anyway, so he supposed he could encourage a peace between the two... for the moment. It would only benefit him when Rey looked back on it later. It would help remind her that he was with her when she needed him. He stood at her side in what ever she chose. Always and forever... His Light whispered into his Darkness and to Kylo's surprise, there was no urge to snuff that voice out. The Ben that she
remembered safeguarding her in the past could do the same as Kylo Ren... if she still accepted him. He would use this old connection to reinforce her position by his side and guarantee that she would want to be there of her own volition. This is the excuse that he gave to his Dark instincts...

*As always, please Kudos, Comment and Enjoy!*  
-DarkGuardian-
Kylo's hand moved to the small of Rey's back and he carefully began to siphon her power again but he was more cautious this time around, he wouldn't pull on her light, only his Darkness. Rey ignored the light pressure of his hand on her body. She didn't feel he was a threat on the contrary; He was apart of her, he moved throughout her, he encouraged her. She chose to focus on her former teacher. She wouldn't ever call him her Master again. One of the first memories to come back to her had been training with a young Ben Solo. Now she understood why Luke was unable to connect with her. He never stood a chance. Ben and Kira had been training together from a very early age and had bonded almost immediately as Master and Apprentice.

She blinked, suddenly realizing that she remembered those lessons, at least parts of them. It explained so much of the abilities she'd used after only peeking at them through Kylo mind. They were now fresh in her head because they were new to the memory banks of her mind. Her thoughts darkened clouding what was left of her once peaceful resolve. She couldn't believe that he'd stolen her in the middle of the night. He had misled her innocent mind into thinking she was safe with him... he'd brought her to Unkar Plutt... and left her there. Every though struck a chord, a pain filled, personal chord.

"Why?" Her hurt filled voice broke as she choked out that one simple word in his direction.

As her anger continued to grow, Rey's aura continued to darken. Kylo was mesmerized. His energy hummed around her but she had her own Darkness in the mix too. He was taken back momentarily. It surprised him because she was still so pure but it shouldn't have after all, he had his own light hidden away to. Why shouldn't she have a little night in her day? Still, her Darkness mixing with his left chills up his spine. His body shivered as the sweat that had formed from their heated exchange cooled and gelled along his shoulder blades. His skin tightened and his muscles tensed as her anger pushed in through their connection.

While he reluctantly pulled his Darkness from her, her Force energy danced like lighting in hot waves across his flesh. It was seduction in a way he'd never known. His eyes closed and his mouth hung open. It seemed the only time he appreciated his helmet anymore was for the opportunity to hide his reactions to her behind it's mask. Force she was powerful. The temptation was nearly too much while her Force ran down his tense body. Her Darkness, as little as it was, was so appealing. He wanted to encourage her rage until it ignited into hate. He wanted to push the power she was emitting just to see where it led them. His chest heaved with the excitement that was building through out his body. His fists tightened as he suddenly imagined her writhing underneath of him while they rode the wave of their mixed power as he fueled her Darkness with his. His arousal and Darkness bled through their connection slowly at first but as his desire grew it began pumping through to her end in thick pulses and he could hardly bring it back fast enough to keep himself from polluting her beautiful Light.

Her hand reached out and her lightsaber was there before any of them knew what was happening. The blue plasma ignited upon contact and Rey took an unconscious step towards the Jedi who gave her away to be worked as a slave until the day she escaped or the day she died. That didn't even hurt her as much as the realization that Luke put the notion in her head that her family was coming back for her. A family she didn't have....

"You... you let me believe... " Her breathy words paused and her left foot dragged forward across the dirt beneath her feet.

Her fist gripped the hilt of her blazing lightsaber and her emotions fed the blade until the Kyber
crystal heated at the hilt's core. It was familiar with this hate, it had survived it before in the hands of Anakin Skywalker.

"You said they would come back for me... you lied to me... you left me..." She twirled the lightsaber in her hand and Luke did no more than stare wide eyed, his ability to react was locked down by his disbelief as he watched her aura change into something he'd feared for almost fifteen years.

Maybe Ben wasn't in their after all, if he was he wouldn't be allowing this... Maybe all that was left was the damaged warlord at her side... Luke took notice of Kylo Ren's hand behind her. Was he changing her? Was he controlling her? Could his nephew have that power? From what Luke could tell his Ren's hand was somewhere low on her back. Was that how he did it? He had to get Ren away from Rey before it was too late! Luke contemplated his options as he watched the pair closely. Her Force was shifting, both of their signatures were. Light, Dark... Dark, Light... He couldn't tell what was going on.

Kylo had been lost in the feel of their Force burning and shifting in between them when the sudden humming of her lightsaber at her side brought him back to his senses. He was intoxicated by her rage. It was clouding his better judgment. He was filled with too much want. To much need for the things she was sending him through their connection. It was similar to the first time she'd taken too much of his power into herself during their fight on the Starkiller. He was betting if he could see her eyes now, he'd find himself in them.

If she attacked Skywalker it would be his fault. He could bring her to the Dark side right now... after she killed Luke she'd never go back to the Light... He could take her right here right now and she wouldn't fight him, he could feel how powerful she felt, how good she felt. He was mostly ok with that. He decided as his full lips stretched across his face.

Fuel her, encourage her, join her! His darkness encouraged him. Imagine bringing her before the Supreme Leader after she slays the last and most powerful of the Jedi... he could not deny you... she could be yours! His hand pulled from her back as he lost the will to dampen her rage. The tendrils of his darkness squeezed and he responded loyally to his Dark side urges.

The loss of his hand on the small of her back pulled what comfort she was getting from him away with it. She was suffocating without that contact. Was he leaving me now? Abandoning me like Luke did? Darkness filled her mind with doubt. Her pain bled through their bond but it didn't need to for him to see her struggle. Her body was strained with it. The side profile he could read said strength and anger but he knew inside just past her overwhelmed emotions she was being crushed by the hurt she felt.

Stop, control yourself. You're her Master... protect her! This is another way to lose her. You know how she'll feel afterwards. Determined to come to her aid in her time of need, the Light she'd left in him led the cavalry that was his conscience and just like that, his internal struggle was back as his Darkness and his Light warred within the battle field of his mind.

His hand was suddenly reaching for hers and to his surprise she didn't deny him when he took it. The contact with her skin was intense. Her head flew to his mask and when she didn't recoil he forgot he was wearing it. His eyes burned for her and it was fortunate for Luke that she couldn't see it because his heat would have pushed her to far. He squeezed her hand as her hazel eyes darkened. Those beautiful bright hazel eyes that he could lose himself in... those wild precious orbs that he loved so much held dark shadows and darker intent beneath their lethal surface.

Kylo was right... This wasn't her... this was him. His darkness was the dominant Force behind her eyes. His fist crushed painfully at the air at his side as he realized he couldn't allow this. He couldn't be the force that destroyed her.
When he did no more then stare at her through his blank mask she lost interest and her attention moved back to the man who left her alone on a junk yard planet for fourteen years.

"You didn't just take me... you stole him... Ben will never come back... he's gone... " She stepped forward but she didn't get far. Her mind was still under the control of Kylo Ren she just didn't remember the words that held her in place. He felt her Force pull back as though blocked by an invisible wall ahead of her and he knew why instantly. He was a master at the mind trick. He excelled at this technique from a very early age. He felt her frustration and her confusion while she tried to step away from him. He watched her struggle to take another step towards Luke and his words echoed through his mind. "You will not leave me!" He'd commanded and now, she couldn't.

Ren stepped to the side of her and his left arm crossed over her front half. His right hand still held her left in a soft grip. He was being extremely careful with her and it would have surprised Rey before, but now she understood. Her mind still recognized him as Ben Solo even though she knew better and right now it didn't matter, she needed his comfort more then she needed air in her lungs. She was standing at the precipice of something she didn't understand the weight of. She couldn't think clear enough through the fiery ocean that bather her insides. She was so torn, forward would satisfy her but she knew that would be short lived and back... back was an unknown. Back was Ben or Kylo... Light or Dark... there was no way of knowing.

She unconsciously rested her left hand on the forearm he crossed over her body. She found herself slowly cooling in his arms. She still faced Luke while Ben stood next to her but she scrutinized every inch of the Jedi's face through questioning eyes. Her grip slightly loosened on her lightsaber but her intentions didn't change. Her anger still fueled her. Her darkness wanted to hurt him like he'd hurt her.

Kylo knew that her own anger was heat of the moment and that it was his heat that kept her smoldering. He sighed and rolled his eye in disgust with himself for his next actions. Still holding her left hand in his right, he reached lower with his left. He overlapped her weapon hand with his and her face shot back to his just as he stepped between her and the Jedi he now safeguarded behind his back.

In that moment Kylo knew... somehow he just knew that; Somewhere in a galaxy far far away... Mustafar was freezing over and Hoth was on fire as the Apprentice to Supreme Leader Snoke, Commander of the First Order, Master of the Knights of Ren, and Dark Master known as Kylo Ren, protected Luke Kriffing Skywalker from his Light side apprentice whom he could have turned Dark within seconds of unleashing her on the last bloody Jedi behind him.

Kylo ignored the squeezing tendrils, he ignored his dark urges and all of his years of brutal training, he ignored the voice of his hissing Darkness and all of it's horrendous screeching and he drew on the darkness that consumed her.

A look of question flashed through Rey's anger fueled eyes. He squeezed her weapon hand in a silent warning and she tensed in response. His stubborn Darkness swirled in her eyes and he knew this wasn't going to go well. As though she caught the meaning behind his warning her anger turned on him.

"You have no right!" She exclaimed through clenched teeth. Her words stoked his inner fire and he had to take a deep breath to maintain the fraying control that he had over his emotions before his intentions went sideways.

Let go. Don't fight your nature. His darkness coo'd. He ignored the gripping tendrils that wrapped around his reason. He ignored the impulse to see her darkness thrive while he snuffed it out. She is my nature... He told himself while staring into her hurt, Dark filled eyes to strengthen his resolve.
"I have every right." His modulator distorted his once smooth voice and that's when he remembered he still had his helmet on.

He huffed through the mask and the sound registered as something animalistic. His shoulders readjusted as he tried to relieve some of the tension the war in his head was causing. When she glared at him he flexed his mind over hers. She slightly recoiled as he demonstrated who the Master in this bond was. He couldn't have her fighting him while his own head already took her side. When she recovered she angrily slammed into his mind with her own raging Force and it was unexpected. He was taken back by the sheer force of her power. At first he was surprised and then he was delighted. He smiled behind his mask and his chest heaved as he laughed at her. Months ago that would have knocked him on his ass, lucky for him, this was not months ago.

Rey scowled back at him while he laughed at her. Her heat rose but it wasn't the same as when she was focused on Luke. Something in her stomach fluttered as she watched his massive chest rise and fall while his hands restrained her movements. She traced his leather clad shoulders and biceps with her hungry eyes as the Force of his laughter flexed the muscles restrained within their black casings. She could feel her mind growing hazy. She was having trouble focusing on anything but him. Her light struggled behind her darkness but she was slowly loosing the strength that the overpowering anger gave her. Her chest felt heavy and her breathing felt faint. Her lightsaber disengaged in her hand and when she moved to reignite it he tsk'd in her mind. The sound reverberated through her skull and her attention fell back to his masked face. She'd give anything to see the dark pools of his eyes right now.

Kylo could feel her anger giving way to her attraction for him and he knew it was based on her Force moving within him. It seemed she suffered the same way he did when they pulled on each others power. Her eyes lightened but their colors grew thick and lustful. He could see those honey and green orbs glossing over with want. She'd feel as intoxicated as he had moments ago if he kept it up.

Rey took a shaky step forward. She gave into the pull her signature had to his. She felt his crackling static moving over her arms and neck. Her Force suddenly struggled for his. His power was draining from her and her needy Force was tricking her brain into feeling as if she was drowning and he were the air she needed to take into her lungs. Her starving Force wanted his back. She let out a throaty moan when she noticed the licks of heat along the back of her right hand. The unfamiliar sound escaping her lips brought her attention to that feeling and her eyes shot down to her hand. Upon discovering what he was doing, Rey frowned. Kylo gently stroked the back of her weapon hand with his thumb. He was absorbing her Force into himself. He was draining her strength one soft brush of his thumb at a time. The feeling was maddening for the both of them.

His skin on hers while her Force moved through him was heating Rey's insides in a more dangerous way then when she was angry. The Darkness inside of her urged her competitive dominant nature to challenge him and she decided to fight fire with Fire. She pulled on all of the focus she had left and began siphoning his Force into herself just as he was doing to her. The front of his mask lowered to her face and he sucked in an audible breath. The air released from his lungs on a visible quiver that ran through the full build of his body and her knees weakened.

"As much as I'd love to fuel the power your burning through right now... " He leaned closer so he could whisper even though he passed the next part through their bond. "As badly as I want to fill you with what you crave, with what I to crave..." He teased blatantly choosing his words to misrepresent the need her Force was demanding for his and vice versa. No matter how she interpreted the words, they weren't a lie... but he was really hoping she'd take them the way he wanted her to. He really wanted to see the heat rise in those eyes, he loved when they stared back at him with that wildness that she normally tamed so well. He paused and shook his head as though clearing it from something.
"That's really not a good idea in our present company little Scavenger." He admitted out loud, still teasing her with his husky, strained voice.

She dizzily turned into his body. Her Force drew her into him like a wave returning to the ocean. She was inches from him again and this time it was her choice. Kylo spoke again before the situation got to the point where he didn't care who was watching. He knew this wasn't Rey... this desire for blood and vengeance was a Dark filled way for her to ease her anger which was only there to mask her pain and the other desire he could feel between them, at least on her part was probably also due to his Darkness overwhelming her, his need to have her undoubtedly bled through their bond. He hated to admit that but he wasn't naive enough to count that very strong possibility out either.

"This isn't you, it's me." The determination in Ren's voice stirred some semblance of recognition for the Jedi behind him and it bothered him as much as it salved his worry for the danger Rey's Light was in. Kylo didn't want her forgiving Luke so easily but that was more her way, her nature, and that's what he was working to get back.

Kylo locked his jaw and his nostrils flared as he reluctantly sent warmer memories of his uncle through their Force bond. Memories of him worrying over when she'd first come to the temple, Kira had secluded herself away on her parents shuttle refusing to eat or speak to any one for days. Luke had sent Ben to her in hopes that he'd be able to coax her out and he'd been right in doing so. Kylo sent her images of when she'd gotten sick and Luke had personally watched over her until she recovered, he left out the part here Ben too had stayed by her side even against his uncle's wishes. He'd even sent flashes of how happy she'd been when Luke returned from his month long disappearing acts.

Rey couldn't help the anger she felt towards the Jedi but she also remembered him through the new information that was flickering through her head. He may as well have been her family and after missing him for so long, she wanted to run into his arms just as she'd done every time he returned from one of his trips. The anger she felt was heat of the moment and already cooling. Her eyes glossed over as her memory painted a new picture of Luke. She held tight to Ben not wanting for a second to be free of the comfort of his arms but she longed to move to Luke as well.

As if sensing her indecision Luke stepped forward, he could see the Light shifting through the weight of the darkness. She was loosing that Darkness and it wasn't unknown to Luke that Ren's was gathering around him again. Kylo reluctantly stepped to the side and she stared at the lost father figure she once had while fresh tears slipped down her face. She wanted to move to Luke, she wanted to work everything out. She needed to fix the past to move on to her future but she felt the strongest urge to stay with Kylo Ren, not just Ben as her mind currently still registered him as, but Kylo Ren specifically. Even at his side by her own free will she shivered knowing they were still the same person.

Kylo sighed, he felt the pull of her will behind his and those words knelt into his kind again. "You will not leave me!" He was almost embarrassed he'd held by his side against her will this long, but he'd chalk that reaction up to the large amount of her Light that snuck in with his Darkness as he'd reclaimed it. Now it was happily mingling with the little Light he had left from when he'd been Ben.

He released her mind from his hold before she realized what he'd unconsciously done earlier and consciously held onto since. He had to admit even though he wanted to accept the guilt her Light was trying to make him feel, even though he really did want to feel bad for mind tricking her from leaving him... he would have rather preferred to keep that power over her but if she ever realized it she'd kill him.

The second my eyes gave way to sleep she'd probably gut me with my own lightsaber... Nah, she
hates that thing, it was more likely that she'd rip my heart out with her bare hands... And he'd let her
do it to, he decided. He'd smile while she pulled the still beating organ from his chest just so long as
she didn't stop touching him. Maker knew he deserved it for what he almost just allowed to happen
to her. He stared at her while she nervously looked over at Luke. He pushed past the guilt he felt
over almost letting his Darkness snuff out the beautiful Light in her eyes. Maybe if I'm lucky, she'll
try suffocating me again. He thought remembering the position he'd found himself in only this
morning with her panicking fingers tangled in his hair. It was a failed attempt to comfort himself
through humor but he gave it a shot at least. Kylo wasn't any good at letting go and right now he
definitely felt like he was letting go of something that was meant to be his.

He painfully smiled down at her through the cumbersome helmet. The thing wore him down further
and he felt the urge to rip it from his head. He couldn't breath through the suffocating Darkness that
was raging inside of him right now. The tendrils squeezed and strangled his insides. He didn't even
want to acknowledge the things his Darkness was poisoning his head with right now.

Rey's eyes closed on the sight of Luke Skywalker's pained weary eyes. She felt an unknown weight
lifting from her and a foot shifted forward on a muscle twitch that lingered from how hard she'd been
trying to move to him moments ago. Her better sense was calming her. Her head was clearing but
now a self loathing she'd never known before was creeping up. She felt so guilty... so embarrassed.
She squeezed the lids of her eyes tighter. She couldn't look at Luke, she couldn't face him. I can't do
this... I... I wanted to kill him seconds ago.... what's wrong with me... ? Rey's thoughts pulled Kylo
from his poor attempts at self comfort.

Attempts he didn't deserve to taking. He thought guiltily.

Kylo moved one hand to cup the right side of Rey's face. His thumb caressed along the top of her
cheek and he tilted her head up to his. Her eyes remained closed and for a long moment, he didn't
think she was going to look at him but then her damp lashes lifted and her almost emerald gems
stared into his mask through the growing pools of shining tears.

"We will handle it together. You are my apprentice and I will take care of you now, just like I did
then." He spoke referring to the past that he'd tried so hard to forget about which thanks to their
Force bond, was now vivid and fresh in his mind. He let his words out through the mask he wore,
she would run now or she wouldn't... he really hoped she wouldn't but he'd understand if she did.

His words were meant to comfort her and to an extent they did, but they also frightened Rey. She
inhaled deeply. "I don't know why you stopped me, but... thank you!" She slipped her quiet voice
through their bond.

He stood with out moving a muscle for a few long seconds but his brain was startled. When was the
last time some one thanked him for anything? When was the last time he did something some one felt
thankful over... ahh Phasma.. sparing Hux. He wasn't sure that counted. Who would ever really be
thankful over keeping Hux alive. His brain went into over drive as he desperately tried to side step
the well of emotions that she was filling his chest with right now. At one point Rey wasn't even sure
if he was breathing but then, he nodded. His mask shifted to his uncle for a brief moment then back
to her.

"I'll be close." The volume of his voice picked up so the Jedi behind her could clearly hear him. It
was meant to be assuring for her and a warning to him. Kylo stepped a few feet away from her
before Luke spoke up.

"Thank y.." His uncle started but Kylo snapped at him.

"I didn't do it for you Skywalker!" He fumed with such power radiating off of him, that it made the
man take a large step back.

He moved more focused now then ever on distracting himself. He started lifting away the ruble from the remains of the stone wash hut he and Rey had been standing in before Luke's newest renegade student blew the place apart. He didn't bother using the Force to do the dirty work, he needed to blow of some steam anyways. For a time he could feel their eyes on his back but he ignored them in his quest to find his earth covered gear. It didn't take long to find the pile of black cloth through the grey and brown ruble and being that it was cloth, nothing had been damaged worse then when he'd been shot, twice, luckily it was just covered with a thin grey powder from what was left of the stones.

Kylo eyed the unconscious form of FN-2187 for a moment then he forced his attention back to cleaning off his tunic. He didn't have the mental energy to think about the boy just yet. He grabbed the material in his fists and shook and snapped the length of it out to clear the dust and pebbles it had collected in the aftermath of the explosion. He repeated the process with his over armor before he removed his helmet to pulled the layers of gear over his head. He carefully smoothed it over and tucked his helmet under his arm. When he turned back to Rey and Luke, kylo noticed they were practically in the same place he'd left them in. He sighed and nearly slammed his helmet back over his head. They were silently staring at each other and Kylo raised a curious albeit frustrated brow at the pair.

Why was the Dark sider the only grown up here? He strode back over to Rey. His pace quickly slowed when her head fearfully snapped back in his direction. After everything she'd just been through, Kylo didn't hold her reaction against her. Instead his eyes shifted between her and the Jedi who looked lost. He was surprised when Luke didn't try to talk his way out of the tension between the two of them.

"Rey...?" Ren cautiously pulled between their Force bond. Her brows pulled as she eyed him in his full Kylo Ren attire. She acted like he'd just poof'd and appeared out of thin air. Like he hadn't just spent the last several minutes collecting and carefully cleaning his armor off before donning it. He sighed internally, wishing all of the strain from caring about others emotions would just disappear. It had been a long time since he'd been allowed to give a Kriff about someone other then himself and he didn't do it often. Doing so always got someone killed. Always! His Master was very strict on this point. Kylo had his few secrets but Rey wasn't one of them. She was his apprentice now, he was allowed and expected to take care of her now.

As he moved closer to Rey she not so tactfully suppressed the urge to step back from him. "You know I'm not going to hurt you." He carefully said through their connection, sending waves of comfort through their bond. Rey's eyes traveled around him to flick over his uncle before they shot back to her. "I won't let him hurt you either." He straightened his posture and aligned his broad shoulders to hers, creating the mental image of a sturdy shield in her mind in conjunction with the position of his body. He mentally reassured the feeling of safety that he'd been working hard to creat in her mind for months and she was slowly starting to associate this feeling with him as Kylo Ren. She hadn't known him as Ben when he'd first had the desire to keep her safe... which admittedly was pretty immediate for him, and that benefited him as Kylo now.

She shifted as though uncomfortable but she didn't retreat from Ren or look back at Luke again. Instead Rey stared at the black and silver mask wishing to see the eyes that hide beneath the facade he wore like armor for his emotions. She knew he was in there damn it. If he was all Kylo Ren he wouldn't be concerned with how she felt about Luke. He would have let her kill him and he would have holo recorded it while she did it. She blinked up at that mask remembering the day she first saw it staring back at her.
It was several months ago but the memory played through her head as clear as the day it happened. She was in the underbelly of Maz's castle. The Force sensitive little creature had found her just after her first Force vision. As far as first experiences go, it was a terrifying first step onto the new path she trekked down now. The vision was broken and erratic. It came in flashes from both past and future. Rey still had yet to figure out which some of those parts were from. She'd heard voices and the world around her shifted. All she could do was move through the images like a frightened child through a bustling street, bumping and bouncing off of strange characters in search for something or someone familiar. Every part was frightening but nothing compared to the words that Maz had so softly spoken to her only moments after the life changing ordeal.

Rey knelt before the short rust and sunset skinned woman. Her small eyes sat perfectly centered in the wide wrinkly saucers on her time aged face. She was warm and genuine. A very quiet spoken woman who said nothing that was not of value. Every word she had spoke to Rey then, had so far been proven true. She had warned Rey about the loss of her parents in a subtle way. "Whom ever you're waiting for back on Jakku, they're never coming back..." She clasped Rey's hand as a parent would their child. Her soft touch comforting her as she continued to delicately break her heart with words she already knew deep down to be true. At first, while the memory played through her head Rey wondered why she had been waiting for her parents and not Luke and Ben but then she remembered the recent and enlightening visions she'd just endured. It would take some sorting out and retraining of her mind to keep everything straight now that nothing she'd remembered to be true was. She swallowed and let the memory take lead of her thoughts as it moved through her brain.

Maz's thumb skimmed along the surface of Rey's back hand as she broke upon hearing the words she refused to ever admit to herself out loud. "...But, there is someone who still could." Rey's eyes lightened with the hope that presented itself in the form of a foreshadowing from the mouth of the wise Force sensitive being before her. "Luke." Rey had assumed.

The woman neither directly confirmed nor denied her assumption so Rey thought it had confirmed her guess to be true as Luke was the Jedi she was already unknowingly on course to meet at the time. But now, with her knew knowledge to help decipher the once cryptic message, her understanding changed when she heard Maz's words in her ears. They shone on her with a new illuminating meaning.

Maz smiled warmly at Rey while she undoubtedly foretold her of a future Rey could not understand even in her current situation after her most recent revelations. "The longing you seek is not behind you... it is ahead!" Rey hadn't understood the significance of those words then, but Maz, with her warm and already knowing smile had seen very clearly what Rey was only glimpsing at now. And of course after their discussion the next path she would cross would be his.

"Oh, it gets worse then that scavenger... the next set of arms..." Kylo's words interjected between her memory and his and he continued the memory for her to see through his own point of view. At first his words were confusing, but she didn't fight the images he allowed her to view. Kylo's mind picked up where Rey's left off. He filled in the rest of the memory for her from the first time he glimpsed her slight form darting through the rocks and trees ahead of him. Her blaster was already out and firing as he moved to catch up to her.

She saw herself through his eyes and it was startling to say the least. At first she saw herself as a threat, an unknown equation to add into the war going on around them. Her strength was an anomaly and her determination was an annoyance that he couldn't afford to underestimate. Then he'd caught
her. He eyed her curiously behind his mask. He weighed her strength and the level of threat he thought she posed. He was surprised to discover that she had seen the map he'd been searching for over the course of several months and then he found himself eying her over a different curiosity.

He took the time to take her features in, walking around her frozen form as he traced the shape of her through keen eyes. He took note of the definition in her arms and legs and the sun kissed skin that glistened with fresh perspiration. She feared him and it pleased his Darkness. When he brandished his lightsaber uncomfortably close to her skin, he felt the rush of her fear and adrenaline; it spiked a sudden arousal in his core. It was a feeling he wasn't use to and it almost made him uncomfortable but he wouldn't let her see that.

He calmly pulled his plasma blade away from her skin, he suddenly didn't like it so close, even in his own hands. He continued to eye her as she struggled. She quivered as she fought against his Force hold and he picture her in his bed. He moved closer to her then. He closed the distance between the front of her small frame with the massively contrasting size of his and he leaned into the left side of her face. His hand rose as his eyes scanned over her skin. His Force felt the strength in her small body and his dark eyes found heat behind the fear in her bright eyes.

Drawn like a moth to a flame he moved closer to her, preparing to search her mind for other things that had nothing to do with his mission but he was interrupted by a two of his battalion. He pulled away from her as though he'd been caught doing something inappropriate. His chest heaved as he stepped around her to face the troopers who were speaking to him. He barely heard what they said. He'd decided then that he wanted her. He didn't know what for or why, but he did.

The admission of this desire so early on left Rey a lightheaded mess

Kylo moved behind her as words of retreat rolled out of his mouth. He sensed his father near by and he didn't need to chance the encounter when he had the piece of the map he needed so nicely gift wrapped, just waiting for him in her pretty little head. He'd caught a glimpse of it in her mind and he saw a way to have everything he wanted if he took her with him.

He told himself it was primarily for the information her brain housed but he knew better. Deep down he was already aware of the longing he felt for her. He subdued her mind with out a further thought and he brought her into unconsciousness. When she fell he swept her up into the safety of his arms and when others tried take the honor of her weight from him, he'd dismissed the idea immediately and he carried her to his shuttle himself.

He'd taken her to his personal quarters and watched over her while she safely rested under the power of his mind. He wouldn't dare go near her like this. His Darkness was loud in his head and his alph could almost smell the scent of her skin from where he leaned against the wall nearly ten feet away. When they got to the Starkiller it annoyed him as much as it pained him to let another set of hands take her to the interrogation chamber even though it was the trusted hands of one of his knights. Kylo knew how it would be perceived if he brought her himself. Still he kept her in his sight while she was brought in and he stood guard while she was aligned and strapped down on the interrogation table.

Xan had gotten one hand fastened down before Kylo shoo'd him away so he could take over. He didn't like even his knight touching her, especially while she was so vulnerable. From there he crouched down before her, built up his resolve and woke her from unconsciousness. That was as far as he let her see. The rest of the memory and his thoughts about it, he kept to himself. He slowly closed his mind off and she drifted out peacefully. Her eyes were closed while she carefully reflected on the memory and the private peek into his mind that he'd shared with her.

Kylo found his nerves in a bundled mess. He didn't know what possessed him to show her all of that,
let alone the thoughts that had accompanied it. Her eyes were closed and he really wanted to see what laid beneath their surface right now. He couldn't breath behind the heavy helmet that encased his face and before he could stop his hands, he found himself releasing the locks that held it in place. He pulled himself free of the dark confines of the shell he usually kept himself hidden behind.

He sucked a cool breath of air into his suffocating lungs. The sweet freshness of the island breeze burned as he swallowed it down but it felt better in comparison to the stuffy warmth he'd grown used to breathing before crash landing on the Light side haven that he was currently stranded on. This place was poisoning him one peaceful breath at a time. Everything about the Light side looked better. There were false shutters over the untrained eyes of onlookers. He'd learned the hard way to see past the pretty picture on the outside. The only thing the Light had left to tempt him with was the girl two feet in front of him...

And kriff, was she his greatest test yet...

Rey could feel the tension in her chest lifting with the releasing sound of the hydraulics on either side of his helmet. Her eyes opened to see why he'd taken it off but she found nothing out of place. The two unconscious men on her side of the war were still sprawled out one the ground where they'd fallen. His stormtroopers where still tied up in one of the huts, she'd discover there location when she'd accidentally released a pulse of her Force earlier. It was a handy trick that she'd be sure to make use of in the future. It seemed to be some kind of echo capability, like sonar but with Force waves instead of sound. She'd ask Ren about that at another time. Meanwhile, Luke was still standing right where she'd left him.

So why was Kylo Ren half buckled over and struggling for oxygen?

As if he heard her thoughts, and knowing him he probably did, he chose that moment to look up at her. His wide brown eyes were large circles, so deep and dark they clashed against the alabaster of his pale, beauty marked skin. Those dark orbs swirled with so many things and she stared right into them while he memorized the sight of her. They were the familiar brown they'd always been but they had far more gold flaked through out then she remembered seeing before. They reminded her more of Ben then Kylo but she wouldn't tell him that and either way it didn't matter.

All Rey had to do was look into those eyes and she knew he was her belonging. He was Ben Solo; her Ben. She admired him, felt safe with him, leaned on him when everyone else abandoned her, she learned from him and she... she loved him. She loved him from the first time she saw him. That sulking brood he wore on his face like a trade mark only masked the warmest smile she'd ever seen.

Kylo's dark sad eyes were the same as Ben's. Both were burdened with the sorrow of abandonment and loneliness. Both held the weight of the world in their depths and both would deny it all the way to the grave. They were hard and stoic, always ignoring the pain they felt to shoulder the hurt for those around them, again they'd both deny it until the day they met their maker. Both felt, and longed, and loved, because they were the same man. He'd just grown up and taken a new name. The same as Kira when she unknowingly became Rey. No wonder their signatures sought one another out so fervently, Rey and Kylo were so similar it was terrifying. She knew she would have to tread her path carefully or she'd end up on the same side as him.

From the first day Ben involved himself with her he took care of her, comforted her, protected her... he killed for her. While that last act wouldn't be as meaningful coming from Kylo, who was already practiced in the art of destruction and murder, she knew he'd cared for her in his own way. He'd comforted her twice that she knew of. And when he'd comforted her tonight in her mind, she'd known it was him three days after the Starkiller fight when she'd unintentionally joined her mind with his while his Master tortured him. She'd been mentally destroyed from it and even though he
was the one who physically withstood the pain and mental havoc... he'd come to her and he'd held her while she shook just like he did today while her memories crashed against her like angry waves. He'd demonstrated his ability to protect her time and time again, even from herself.

Her heart broke the second she realized what he sacrificed for her at such a young age. She knew... at five years old she knew how Ben fought with the darkness inside and she had been the reason that darkness had finally erupted free from his struggling hold. He'd killed for me... I helped change him into Kylo Ren...

Suddenly Rey dove into him. She pushed into his chest, her arms tucking under his while she buried her face into his shoulder. Rey pushed against his body as though she were trying fuse herself to him. At the same time she pulled at him, clutching his shoulders blades with her digging fingers. She was on her toes and her hands pulled at him until she had the hight to burry her face in the space between his left shoulder and his collar bone.

Kylo had no idea what just happened. His arms flew out to his sides and his helmet crashed to the dirt and stone beneath their feet. He leaned back to support her weight as she flattened herself against him. He felt like he should be embarrassed that he was instantly responding to her form pressed so tightly against his. Kylo's body was instantly reacting to the feel of hers even though he could clearly tell she didn't mean for this to be sexual, but he wasn't embarrassed. He couldn't get past his confusion long enough to be embarrassed. He just kept his hands held out awkwardly above his sides, unsure of how to respond to the intense clutching and the weight of her body pulling against his.

He even stared over at Luke as though the Jedi would fill him in as to what'd just happened but he looked as perplexed as Ren felt. He didn't really know how to handle this. The kiss was easy, his instincts had taken over and his body had responded accordingly, but this... Ren was not good with... this... with hugs.

When she relaxed the intensity of her pull against him, Ren shifted his weight from foot to foot. He was unsure of what to do with himself. He kept his lost hands held out in the open space around them and Luke began blatantly laughing at the sight, literally snorting when Rey snuggled into his nephews chest like he were a kriffing pillow. In turn Kylo blushed. Rey rested her head along the plain of his stiff chest and uncertain of how else to handle the situation, he flattened his right hand and awkwardly patted her back.

Some Dark Master he was turning out to be...

~So my darlings... this is the end of a three part conjunction. I know it's a bit long but I didn't have the heart to split it again. The last three parts are literally one long scene and shwew... this took me a week to get out. I hope it's not too rough as there is obviously a lot of material to edit through between these three posts and I'm sure I've missed some things. Anyway I really hope you enjoyed it. Poor Kylo... his life is so confusing...~

*Please kudo, comment and vote. Love ya babes!*  
-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren was patting Rey... like a pet... awkwardly. She slightly froze. Heat rushed her cheeks as she realized what she'd just done. She wasn't just hugging Ren, she was clinging to him like she was back on Jakku and he was the last drop of water to exist on the whole desolate planet. She carefully pulled back from his chest and opened her mouth to apologize but upon catching the discomfort on his face, she paused.

Her eyes took him in one part at a time. Her unannounced hug left him leaning back while she awkwardly pawed at him. He must have thought she'd lost her mind and maybe she had, but truthfully, looking at him now in all of his awkward glory, she regretted nothing. Maybe hugs and warm feelings was all the Lord of Mood swings needed to break him down.

He was staring at her with wide curious eyes. His hands were at his sides with his arms held slightly away from his body. She could see the tension he carried in them but he refrained from balling his fists. She could tell he wanted to. His eyes searched her astounded face some what suspiciously. Rey expected him to dive into her mind to find out what had possessed her to take such a strange action towards him but to her surprise, he didn't.

Shifting his feet, he pulled at his armor. He flattened the pleats along his arms, which were already tidy. He smoothed over his outer tunic which was already laying nearly wrinkle free against his body and his fingers nervously worked at straightening his belt over the long saber burn across his torso and the two singed blaster marks beneath that. Considering everything that poor armor had been through today, he was rather well put together. By the time she got the full picture of the frazzled male, she was glowing with amusement at the normally brooding Dark Sider.

His nerves amused her and she found herself recalling the first time he'd reacted like this; He'd caught a glimpse at her thigh a couple of nights ago and he practically fell out of her head. The sight left him very on edge but in a nervous way, an insecure way. Like a school boy who had little knowledge about how to handle the subject matter before him. She didn't notice the open mouthed smile creeping over her face until he cleared his throat. Her eyes shot back up to his and he looked menacing. She snorted. Her hand fell over her mouth while she laughed at him. His brows pulled in confusion and his shoulders pulled back while he examined her.

"I'm sorry... I.." She giggled like a child.

His head nodded up and down but there was no amusement in his face. "Yes, I can see how distraught you are by your blatant display of amusement over something I'm clearly missing." He grumbled like an old man.

She bent at the waist, her laughter becoming painful to contain as she watched him. He scowled down at her now, still missing what she found humorous. His eyes were narrowed on her. He watched every tug of her mouth and the dimples that accompanied them. He watched her eyes glow with the light of that humor and every time a snort escaped her throat he felt his annoyance at her outburst lesson. His hand ran through his dark hair and his mouth relaxed.

His hand lifting to his head gave her pause. At first she wasn't sure what he was doing then she was mesmerized. She watched his long fingers run through his thick head of hair and she straightened herself like he'd thrown water on her. She fought a chuckle back as her lungs flexed and retracted to recover from the strenuous bout of laughter that had come over her. His lips pursed while she stared at him. Her lips twitched from random muscle spasms caused by the overwhelming laughter she was now fighting.
"Are you quite done?" He huffed.

She let out another unintentional snort and her hand flew over her mouth. Her eyes were leaking at the corners and she had to suck in a sharp breath to calm the spasms rippling through her diaphragm. Her head slightly tilted and her eyes locked onto his lips. For a brief second she thought just for a moment, that she saw the corner of his mouth curve. Her eyes flickered up to his and sure enough, there was just a hint of amusement in his curious brown orbs.

"Care to share what you found so amusing scavenger?" She jumped and her face blanked when he suddenly spoke through their bond.

She swallowed as his voice reverberated through her mind. This was the clearest moment she'd mentally had since the memories started barreling through her head. His voice dominated the space. It was deep and smooth and it gave her chills. She shook her head still watching the hand that had roamed through his hair as it fell to his side. His head tilted while he watched her. His eyes followed hers and he stood in bewilderment with his brows furrowed. There was something strange going through her head but he couldn't for the life of him fathom what it was. He could peek but that may ruin the moment and it would certainly take all of the fun out of it. He knew one thing though. He enjoyed the sight of her smile and that shocked him as much as it worried him.

If the traitor she had so annoyingly pet named Finn was here, Ren's knights wouldn't be far behind and that meant he wouldn't be stuck here to much longer. He had to clear his head of these thoughts before he saw his Master next. The Supreme Leader couldn't outright read his thoughts but he could glance into his mind. If his Master were able to recover the events of this past day... no... Kylo had to shut the sound of her laughter out of his mind. He had to shut out what'd happened when he was forced to decide between her and his Darkness. He couldn't have these things running freely through his mind or there would be literal hell to pay.

Rey watched as his features began to darken. His face shifted with his eyes. He put some kind of mental mask on, some kind of shield for some reason that she didn't want to inquire about while Luke watched. She wasn't use to having to deal with many people back on Jakku, but something was telling her not to inquire about the sudden change in him with their current company which in turn brought her back to the Jedi she still needed to face.

She glanced over at Luke. He looked weary. His normally blue eyes were dull and the white around the iris was red with strain or lack of sleep, maybe both. His aura was weak which surprised Rey with all of the power that was just floating around the area a short while ago. He looked like he hadn't taken care of his hair in a few days and his beard was getting scraggly. Rey sighed.

Kylo watched the stubborn girl inches away from him. She was aware of the uncertainty in Luke's scared, tired eyes. She wanted to fix him as badly as she wanted to fix everything that crossed her path in need of repair. For some reason, even as she struggled with her own emotional pain and insecurities, she was always so concerned about those around her and this situation was no different. This woman never ceased to amaze him. She's a bad influence. A danger to my Darkness. He thought. He could feel her light pulling him into it's endless vortex and as of right now... he did nothing to stop it. The next time he saw him, his Master was going to fry him if he caught even an inkling of his weakness for this girl.

Ren took a quiet step in her direction. He was careful to keep himself out of her line of sight, he didn't want her getting the wrong idea about this situation and if she saw his face now, she undoubtedly would. His chin tilted slightly and his hand rose until it was inches from her back. Her eyes fluttered when his Force crept closer to her but the humming didn't take her away from the
moment she was in while she stared at her former teacher with a hopeful longing. Ren rolled his eyes and gave her a gentle push forward before she got cold feet and tried to hide behind him, which now that he was thinking about it, didn't sound so bad.

"Well... go to him!" He said impatiently as though he were agitated with her rather then being encouraging or supportive. When she hesitated Ren gave her a light shove in Skywalker's direction and her feet didn't stop once they lifted to steady herself. She stepped into his welcoming arms and he held her in his embrace until his eyes closed.

"I'm so sorry..." He started.

She shook her head at the old fool. "You did what you thought was best." She squeezed him and he remembered the way her little arms use to feel around him. "You did what any good parent would do for their child... you gave me the best chance you could." Her words broke him down and cracked him open until he was raw.

Tears welled in his eye and despite all of his power, he couldn't hold a single one back. Heavy rolling tears streamed down his face. Guilt and anger and remorse fell from his eyes. His chest heaved while he struggled to breath in her arms. He remembered the last time he cried. It was the day he his nephew killed his best friend the time before that, was when he walked away from Kira.

Kylo could feel how happy it made her when Luke's arms wrapped around her. Hell, she practically glowed. His heart sank. He swallowed a very painful lump in his throat and he shifted uncomfortably. The second she was out of his reach his doubt crept in and his darkness started polluting the light that she'd left in him.

What if your bond isn't strong enough? She will leave you. She will never choose a Monster! He was loosing himself one evil thought at a time.

Something powerful pulled at Rey's insides. She felt it like a weight dragging her down. Rey broke free of Luke's arms and turned to Ren. She knew something wasn't right and she knew it was coming from him. She felt an intense pain constricting around her heart like thorns. She felt waves of nausea rising in her stomach and she winced at the mixture of emotions coming through his end of their bond.

Luke was recovering behind her while she turned her concern towards his nephew. He could feel a powerful shift in the Force around them and it was obvious that it came from Ren. Luke's heart ached for his lost nephew. He was so damaged. The Darkness was buried so deep in him that when Luke viewed him through the Force he could see it running through his veins. It was gathering in his chest, constricting his heart, poisoning his very core and permeating throughout. It secreted from his skin to waft in the air around him as though it were a harmless feather floating gently around his form but it was a toxin and it would effect all life around it if he couldn't control it.

Luke couldn't help but worry about wether Rey would be able to resist the infection that was Kylo Ren's Darkness but he wouldn't intervene from here out either. He may be harmful but her light was just as potent to him. She was slowly changing him and he didn't seem to realize it yet and if he did, he didn't seem to care.

"Ren? What is it? What's wrong?" Rey's brows pulled with worry for him.

She wiped her damp eyes with the back of her hand before she took a step towards him. She could feel the sudden weight of his pain through their bond but she didn't need to. Her eyes met with his and there was so much hurt and torment in them that she had to fight the urge look away. His face was sullen and his mouth pulled together tightly in a hard line. Anger darkened his beautiful features
and the depth of his brood caused his forehead and brows to shadow over his already deep brown eyes. She didn't know what she missed but he definitely wasn't going to answer her in front of Luke.

"Ren?" She tried through their bond.

His response was instant and unexpected. He suddenly shut down, causing her to mentally recoil as he closed everything off. Rey couldn't barely feel him anymore. Their Force bond had been open with very little restrictions since she was hanging from the cliff by his wrist and now it was sealed off tight. This must be how he felt after he discovered their connection and she shut him out. She couldn't imagine how he survived for all of that time. To have this loss... this emptiness after being so whole... for all those months. She may as well have tortured him.

Her chest hurt and she felt like she couldn't breath. She felt like half of her was missing. She ached from the loss of him. She knew he was there somewhere, she could feel him like a soft hum in the back of her mind but that was it. There were no snide remarks, no floating thoughts between them and other then his body language she had no way of telling what he was feeling. His emotions were gone. It was just her, alone in a place that now felt to massive for just herself.

Rey watched Ren's jaw lock. His nostrils flared and his eyes burned between her and his uncle. She didn't understand, he was the one who pushed her to him... now he was what, angry with them?

Kylo couldn't feel her joy through his line anymore. He'd rather cut himself off completely then feel how much she loved his uncle. It only validated the whispering doubt in his head. He told himself that his insecurities were only from the Darkness that fueled them. He only had the ideas in his head because that darkness was there and it was pissed that she wasn't with him right now.

Only with you, she's your apprentice now, she's your bond mate, she doesn't need to be with anyone else. Why does she need his approval, his affection or acceptance? His thoughts seethed with jealousy and he could feel it poisoning the way he saw Skywalker, not that he saw him as anything other then a pathetic hermit anyway.

What reason could Rey possibly have to want his acceptance? He betrayed her, abandoned her, constantly lied to her. His head swam with disbelief. She'd happily gushed in his arms like he was deserving of her affection. He wasn't good enough to breath the same air as her, yet her light glowed exuberantly for him. It made Ren feel sick.

She should only glow for us! His dark fueled thoughts taunted him. His agitation grew and his over bearing alpha didn't help, it demanded he take action and it left Ren squeezing his fists at his sides to keep control over himself. It's just Luke, it's not like it's that traitor or the pilot. He really didn't like the pilot. The leather of his gloves groaned while he squeezed his anger out in his palms.

Ren had watched her aura grow in the arms of the Jedi that took her from him once already and he wondered if the thief would try to take her again. He couldn't help but doubt that she would choose to stay by his side. He had nothing to offer her but darkness and Kylo was team dark all the way, at least until he had what he needed from it, but he was still far off from that goal.

He had many reasons for staying on the Darkside but he couldn't find one reason that she would ever choose to join, let alone stay. The little of the Light left inside of him made his stomach churn at the idea of promoting the torment that he found himself living with daily but his Darkness could give a damn less. It wanted her no matter what. It wanted her power, her mind, her will, hell even her body... especially her body. He found that his lust was becoming just as powerful of a motivator as anger and he obviously preferred it more. She fueled his passion and that was a very good thing for a Dark sider. He also recently discovered that he is definitely the jealous type, possibly even a little possessive and right now, even though it was just Luke... he was feeling pretty kriffing jealous.
He needed some space before he made a stupid decision and started tearing the place up. He started
down the path that led to the wreckage of his shuttle. It wasn't a far hike but it was enough space to
get away from the shit storm that would other wise take place if he stayed and watched her jubilance
pouring off of her in waves as she reunited with the man who stole her life from her in the first place.
Maker, he hadn't anticipated her reaction to go to this degree. He hadn't expected her to warm to him
so quickly. He should have known, she was so pure, so forgiving... too forgiving!

Rey started after him when Luke lightly grabbed her arm. "Maybe it would be best to give him some
space." He politely suggested.

Rey turned back to Luke and pulled her arm from his loose grip. "I think almost fifteen years worth
of space is plenty... don't you?" She asked him with an accusatory tone.

Luke's eyes softened. They were heavy with the weight of his sins and she didn't mean to be so
callous but no matter how happy she was to see him again, she was still very upset with him.
"Kira..." He started but she quickly cut him off.

"That's not my name... maybe a long time ago but I'm not that girl anymore." She found herself very
protective of her current identity. She wouldn't be lost to the past, not again. She swore to never live
in the past from this day forward.

"No, of course not but Rey, he... he is dangerous." Luke tried his best not to treat her like the child
he'd been protecting in the wrong way all of her life but it was a tough habit to break.

She shook her head and answered him with an unshakable certainly in her voice. "Not to me he
isn't." She turned from him again but he called out to her just as quickly as she'd answered him.

"Rey, he's not that boy anymore!" He reminded her only trying to keep her safe. She turned and
stormed back over to him. "But we can..."

"And who's fault is that?" Her words were cold when they left her mouth but they were the truth and
she wouldn't lie to him to protect him from what he'd done to himself along time ago. She marched
back up to him and she straightened but he didn't recoil or back peddle as he looked like he might.
"You had nearly eight months to tell me the truth... you could have told me everything and we could
have been ready for him now! ...But you didn't... why?" The air left her lungs when she realized
how much she loved this man, this lost Jedi whom she'd only just gotten back.

She knew her old Master was in there somewhere behind the coward he'd become. He was so
terrified that he was going to cause more damage to those around him that he made lol of the wrong
decisions. He was just as confused and misplaced as Ben, but both were in there, somewhere, hidden
under the surface. His betrayal hurt more knowing how much she still loved him. It also hurt that she
didn't know him anymore but that was his fault. Rey was inches from his face and her anger radiated
off of her skin as she realized the magnitude of his past choices and what they'd cost her and Ben in
the aftermath. Rey had already decided to forgive him over his past mistakes, she understood what
he'd been trying to do, mostly, but his decisions now... he had to face those and he'd lied to her from
the moment she stepped foot on this Island.

Luke's gaze lowered to the ground while he spoke. "Many reasons... I'll spare you the most obvious
because I think now you know I will always do what I think is best to protect you. I guess the truth is...I am as weak and scared now as I was then." He admitted through heated cheeks. "I thought... I
thought it would be you or him. I made my choice but before I could train you to..." He choked on
his next words.

Her eyes narrowed. It was like the curtain that she'd kept over her eyes pulled open. "To what?" She
furiously asked but she knew. She suddenly knew what he was looking for with all of his tests. How could I have been so blind, so trusting? She was disgusted with herself. She shook her head as he continued.

"Rey I thought it would come down to only one of you surviving, I needed to make sure you wouldn't turn Dark and then I needed to make sure you would be the one to survive." He pleaded with her. He reached out to her and she jumped back.

"You weren't going to teach me to survive. You were going to teach me to kill him. You were going to train me kill your nephew..."

She was seething with outrage and hurt. She did what came natural to her. She shut down, locked herself up tight and turned to anger. It was her mental survival on the line and she wouldn't break, not after all those years alone protecting herself. She was supposed to be safe here, with Luke but she clearly wasn't. Maybe she belonged alone, she was better off. It was safer that way.

... But Ben.... A voice in her head reminded her. He's not Ben, he's Kylo Ren. She retorted against her own thoughts. Ren was just someone else who would use her! Some one who would hurt her.

Luke was going to use her. He was going to train her to kill his own blood... it didn't matter how much she hated or didn't hate Ren, Luke Skywalker was going to make her believe she had no choice but to kill him and then he was going to sit back and let her do it. He was going to forge her into a weapon to kill her bond mate with. She paused in her thoughts, momentarily stunned by that term. It was an unfamiliar and new way to describe what they had, but it felt accurate. Maybe it had been something Ren had said before. She thought, dismissing the direction her mind wandered in. As long as one of them were alive, Kylo Ren was her other half and Luke was trying to destroy that. That recognition suddenly made her feel protective of him. She ignored the concern she had for herself and she focused on him. Her bond demanded that she protect him. It was as urgent as her need to breath. She felt him there, in the back of her mind. That soft hum was somehow comforting her but that's all she had. As far as she knew, he was still gone. His end was quiet.

If this is what it felt like to be shut off from him... she couldn't imagine what it would feel like to have him severed through death. Could she mentally survive that? With so little known about this type of bond... could she physically? She realized then that his death wasn't an option. They had to find another way to break the bond, there had to be some other way or they had to bring Ben back. There were no other options. She couldn't live tied to Kylo Ren and she couldn't live without him while they were still connected.

"Rey?" Luke tried.

She was unresponsive. Her feet were planted to the ground and she was blank. Her face slacked and her eyes looked off somewhere into the distance. He stepped closer to her, shielding himself with his Force as he neared the heat that was surrounding her. She was radiating like a super nova. Her power encased her protectively as he neared and he decided it best to keep some space between them. Luke stepped back from the licking flames that were all but reaching out for him. There was a twinge of Darkness in her but she was mostly Light side power. What ever she was going through it wasn't caused by Darkness. Luke could swear that this was Dark side anger but her light blazing round her was clear evidence that it wasn't. He was beginning to think he knew nothing about the Force at all.

"Rey, please... " He reached for her with his voice and she physically pulled away as though she just came back from somewhere far away and the sound of his voice hurt her ears.

"I can't let you hurt him!" Her voice boomed through the space around them and he thought he felt
the ground shaking under foot. She shook her head disapprovingly. Her eyes came back into focus and they narrowed on Luke Skywalker. "What happened to you Jedi?" She began moving forward as she spoke. "How can you see the light in Darth Vader, but not your own nephew?" Her face scrunched with disgust for him. How could he even call himself a Jedi? Rey had waited her whole life for a family and Luke Skywalker was training young gullible, Force sensitives to finish off his bloodline.

Luke stepped forward but he felt something pushing him back. His feet slid against the earth underfoot and he leaned forward to keep his balance. His arms shielded his eyes from the brightness of her luminous Light. As she continued to approach him, something beyond her Light moved in the background. It was dark and it was coming right for her. Wisping shadows gathered in a thick smoky mass of purple and gold just out of reach of her. Luke fought against her Force in an attempt to reach her before it did but he couldn't sink his feet into the ground enough to gain traction while her Force repelled him. The dark mass was larger then her and somehow it withstood her light. It pushed through the burning glow without falter.

His eyes widened with worry for her. "Rey!" He was desperately trying to warn her but she responded defensively to him. She didn't even seem to notice the danger at her back. A Force pulse emitted from her and Luke tumbled back to his bottom. He sat on his backside with his palms pressing in the dirt to hold himself from rolling backwards from the wave of repulsion coming off of her. He almost couldn't see what was happening because she was so bright. She turned when she felt the Darkness at her back, just as it's shadow cast over her. It stepped into her and it swallowed her up. She was a bright orb in the dark mass and the two collided. Something inside of the Darkness reached for her with a long arm and she did nothing to stop it. The shadowy fingers lingered over her face and her head tilted back as if to greet them, then on a blinding eruption that left her surrounded by the Darkness, she collapsed.

Luke had to shut his eyes against the burn of the two Forces meeting in the middle. It was an explosion of Light and Dark and they emitted an almost white, no grey light that seared his eyes. They were like staring into an eclipsing sun just before it died. He saw bright red behind his closed lids and there were random white and black spots popping up against the color that was burned into his retinas. He blinked and squinted as his eyes adjusted to the world around him. When his vision cleared he couldn't believe his eyes. Kylo Ren was on his knees and Rey was buckled forward against him. Her head hung over his shoulder and her chest pressed to his. His arms were around her and he was struggling to breathe.

Luke had no words, but Ren did. He lifted her over his shoulder and climbed to his feet through strained breaths. His white teeth were locked together and his lips were curled back in a snarl. He stared furiously at his uncle.

"Five minutes... I'm gone... for five minutes." His chest heaved forward while he choked on air that seemed to be suffocating him.

He almost lost his balance, nearly falling forward. He took a couple of steps in the direction he was stumbling towards to catch himself. He shook his head leveling himself before he looked back over at his uncle. He opened his mouth to speak but he found himself coughing on the very air he was trying to suck in. He was gurgling through his breathing. Finally with the help of a violent heave of air from his lungs, he spit up a dark liquid. There was a metallic taste in his mouth that he was all too familiar with. His eyes opened and closed against the dizziness in his head. He was stumbling forward when Luke rushed to his side. He looked up at the Jedi with a foggy anger in his glossy eyes. Even while he swayed his hand lifted from the back of her thigh to shoo his uncle away.

"You can't... play nice... for..." He was huffing. His lungs were constricting. His heart hurt from
pumping so furiously. He could hear it in his ears but not much else. He heaved Rey up higher over
his shoulder. "Five... minuets." He finished through strangled breaths before falling to his knees.

He shook his head again. Despite his resolve his eyes blacked over and he fell backwards under her
weight. Luke rushed for her head, catching it as they went down. He guided her upper half to the
ground. She was splayed across Ren and they both seemed to be unconscious. Luke reached out for
Rey's mind first. He was relieved to find her unharmed. Her mind was locked down under Ren's and
he wasn't currently home to bring her back. He would have assumed she would wake once Ren
himself was unconscious but this didn't seem to be the case. Perhaps she was exhausted.

His eyes flicked over to his nephew and Luke found himself suddenly panicking. There was a dark
red rope of thick fluid along Ren's lower jaw. Blood...

*Hey my freaky darlings, I hope you're enjoying the read! Please Kudos if you are and comment,
comment, comment! I love it
Luke kneeled over his nephew. His heart raced in his chest and his breath hitched in his throat. He couldn't lose him. He'd already lost everything else. He couldn't lose Ben too! He didn't hesitate, he placed his hand over his nephews head. It was cool and clammy with streaks of sweat over his brow but that wasn't what Luke noticed. He yanked his hand back before the suffocating Darkness that Ren some how managed to keep control over, most of the time, reached for the Jedi's skin. He recoiled like he'd been burned from the contact.

There was no way that Luke was getting into that mind. It was locked down with a level of skill that he himself hadn't yet reached. He was just as terrified of his nephew as he was proud. Luke didn't know how to feel about the Darkness his nephew chose to harbor but he knew one thing, so far, at least while he was here and while it concerned the girl plastered on top of him, he walked the path of the Light. He made decisions that were best for her and that was not the path of the Dark side.

He rocked back on his heels. He was careful to keep his distance from Kylo Ren when he reached out with his Force to check for the young man's pulse. He released an audible breath of relief when he found the rhythmic beats that confirmed he was indeed alive and then he shut down his power. His nephew's Force was sucking up his. He stepped back. All he could do was blink at his unconscious form. How was it possible that he was able to siphon his energy with out even being aware of it. It dawned on him then, that Rey was still laying on top of him. Was Ren taking Rey's Force energy now? He was already moving for her when a voice cut through the silence around him.

"What the bloody, Maker?"

Luke turned to find the boy named Finn, sitting up with a hand on his head. He was already taking in the scene around him. He kept shaking his head to clear whatever fog was causing the confusion in his brain.

"No time, just help me get her off of him." Luke called over his shoulder to the young man recovering behind him.

Finns training kicked in and he was on his feet in a second. He dizzily stepped to the side of Luke but it didn’t slow him down. As a First Order storm trooper, he'd been trained until reaction was second nature to him. His blurry eyes barely made out what he was seeing while he helped the Jedi pull an unconscious female off of an unconscious male. It didn't take him but seconds to realize who the she was. It was Rey, his Rey. He rolled her over and propped her head up in his lap just as he'd done back on the Starkiller. That was the last time he'd seen her but even through his haziness he had no doubt of who she was.

"What happened?" He asked, his eyes flicking back to the dark clad male he'd pulled Rey off of. "Who...?" Through his blurred vision and the angle of his turned head Finn didn't recognize what he could see of the face of the much larger male. He was turned away and his hair covered most of what he could see. Finn's eyes narrowed at the armor though. It looked uncomfortably familiar. There were slight differences that was somewhat throwing his ability to place who it belonged to or why it made his lungs constrict in his chest. It left a very bad feeling in his stomach and suddenly his mind filled in the blanks. The pieces all came together when her realized what was missing from the ensemble.
Finn rocked back on his heels, still clutching Rey by her arms. He pulled her up higher in his lap. He was shaking his head in disbelief. Add a mask and a robed tunic and Finn undoubtedly knew who this was. The monster's face was turned away from his but he still knew, under the shield of that dark hair was the face of Kylo Ren.

He instinctively reached for a blaster that wasn't there. He patted his waist line for the missing weapon before remembering he'd left it on the Falcon. He had no reason to believe anything threatening waited for him on the Island where the most powerful Force user he knew of was currently residing. He held out his open palm to the Jedi behind him.

"I need your lightsaber." He said in a very panicked, very serious voice.

Luke's brows pulled in confusion for only a second before he realized what the young man was asking for.

"We're not going to kill him." He informed the boy.

Finn spun to face him. "Do you know who that is, because I do... trust me when I say we do not want him waking up!" Finn bent his fingers silently urging the Jedi to comply with his request. "Dude, seriously... I'm not playing, you don't even know what this guy's done... what he's capable of..." His awords started loud and stern but as he continued they sounded distant, like he was drifting through his thoughts.

A memory perhaps? Luke thought as he watched the boy start to sweat.

"I'm not going to let him hurt her again. I'm not going to let him hurt anyone again!" He gritted his teeth and eyed Rey's belt for her lightsaber but that to was missing.

Kylo groaned and his lashes fluttered. Finn nearly shot back but with Rey still in his lap, he didn't get far.

"He's not going to hurt her." Luke started but Finn frantically disagreed.

"That's Kylo Ren, Leader of the First bloody Order and my former Commander... trust me when I say I know him better then you." He pulled at Rey's shoulders, dragging himself to his feet with her still in his arms. He'd carry her away from here, drag her to safety if he had to. He'd do whatever it took to keep her away from him.

Luke was quiet when he answered the boy through a sad low breath. "He's my nephew." He admitted.

That made Finn freeze. "I'm sorry... what, cause it sounded like you just said Kylo Ren's your nephew..."

Luke sighed. "He was... " Luke shook his head. "He may still be... I mean he is. He is my nephew!" He decide after replaying Rey's last words in his head. Luke knew he couldn't give up on his nephew. If Darth Vader could be redeemed so could Kylo Ren. He believed that more now then he was ever able to in the past. He had to believe because if he didn't, then there was nothing left for him in the Force.

"Uncle, you didn't kill me." A deep, groggy voice groaned, halting the dispute in it's tracks. Ren lifted a hand to his temple, pressing his fingers into the sharp pain that was firing on all cylinders behind the soft flesh. He pulled his already shut lids together tightly. Pain pulsed behind his eyes but he chose to ignore it, settling instead on just focusing on the noises around him while he massaged his pounding temple.
"It seems not, but the night's still early." Luke answered, fighting a slight smile at his nephew's surprised words, Luke was relieved he was ok. Ben really was in there, he just knew it.

"Fair enough." Ren casually answered.

Either he didn't care that his enemies surrounded him or he didn't feel threatened. Perhaps he's dazed? Luke couldn't help but analyze everything Ren did now. He would watch him more carefully for signs of Ben.

Sensing his uncle's heavy gaze Kylo's eyebrows rose. "You know, you probably should have." He informed the Jedi. His words were matter of fact, like he wasn't talking about his life or didn't care if he was.

Luke couldn't help but wonder if he valued it so little or if it was a sign that he was feeling guilty. Perhaps he secretly wanted it to end, longed for the punishment he thought he deserved. No not likely, but then, he seemed so pained last night. "Don't you know what I did to him? Don't you know what I did... to my father?" Luke couldn't help but flinch at that memory. The pain in his eyes, in his voice, everything. It was clearly evident that Ren felt the loss of Han. He'd even called him his father. Perhaps he was longing for penance after all.

Finn sat absolutely still. The first and last time he'd heard the voice of Kylo Ren without a decoder masking it was that night on the Starkiller. He still remembered it like it was minutes ago; Ren's eyes bore into his own while he pinned him to a tree. Finn could still see the crimson crossguard lightsaber as it melted into his shoulder. That plasma blade seared through his armor branding his flesh while Ren's hate and rage burned through his eyes to scar his very soul. He could still feel the blade as it dragged like fire up his spine. Finn smelt like rotten, burned meat for weeks.

Kylo cringed. "The traitor must be awake, I can smell his fear." Kylo lifted slightly, readjusting his spine to better accommodate his own weight. He must not have been out long. He was clearly in the same spot he'd fallen in. His face scrunched. He ran the back of his hand across his mouth and chin, wiping up the fluid that was pulling at his skin while he spoke. He lifted his hand over his face, eyeing the blood he remembered choking on before he collapsed. That was not a good sign.

When Ren's weight shifted Finn nearly stumbled back. Any motion from the male no matter how slight, put him on edge.

"Relax traitor, if I wanted you dead you wouldn't have woken from your little feinting spell." His head turned then, still laying on his back, his eyes focused in and he looked over the boy with a quizzical look on his face. "...You're not wearing a corset under that shirt are you?" He quipped, always ready to take a mocking shot at his enemies.

Finn glared at the murderer in front of him. He thought this was a joke. "Seriously, give me your lightsaber!" He demanded to Luke over his shoulder.

Ren's eyes closed and he casually leveled his face to the sky as though peacefully resting. "Whenever you're ready 2187... whenever you're ready." He taunted languidly.

An alarming realization flashed through Kylo's mind. His jaw locked in instant disapproval. The traitor had something of his... in his hands... again! It strangled all of the humor in him with the speed and fluidity of a quick blade dragging across the soft flesh a throat.

That son of a nerf herder had Rey in his arms again! Kylo grunted, suddenly rolling onto his stomach. His hands flattened to the ground and he pushed himself up, nearly losing his balance when the world shifted beneath his rushed movements. He was dizzy but he could cope. He could handle
the vertigo and the new weight his body seemed to have, but he couldn't function knowing he was coddling Rey... again! Touching her, again!

Mine! His alpha raged. His Darkness was hissing in his ears too. Kylo mentally shoo'd his inner demons away. He didn't need them making this worse then it needed to be.

"Give her to me!" He growled, still attempting to steady himself. He was swaying, he could feel it but he didn't care. It wouldn't deter him. His vision was slipping for a different reason, he could see the red coming and he had to lock it down. He had to control it or he was going to lose it, but honestly, this was twice this boy had his girl in his arms.

Finn instinctively stepped back but his grip on Rey only tightened. "Kriff no!" He spit, his face hardening.

Kylo Ren swayed in front of him, his legs spread wide apart to help keep his balance. He was slightly bent forward but he still had the hight to tower over him. He looked massive and even if he didn't, Finn's fear made his Commander... former Commander, Finn reminded himself, look larger then life. He bared his teeth at Finn's defiance. His hair curtained around his face and he rocked trying to keep his balance. Whatever Kylo Ren was fighting against physically, only added to his unhinged appearance. He looked like a wild animal who'd been caught and caged but some one left the door open. His fists opened and closed at his sides. His chest heaved, sweat was already forming along his forehead and blood was smeared down his chin. Finn swallowed hard remembering the last time he'd been this close to the man. Ren was an angry, emotional mess then yet somehow, he looked even more formidable now. He was feral, unstable but still held together better then that night.

Finn himself had been through a shit storm since his last encounter with Kylo Ren. He was stronger now, tougher. The problem was he'd been fighting a war, mostly from the comfort of a cockpit. Ren was a different kind of warrior then he was used to fighting. He had powers. He was formidable even with out the addition of the Force, which Finn himself had only recently figured out he had too. He would lose this fight, especially since he had the feeling Ren wouldn't play with his food before killing it this time.

It doesn't matter, there was no way Luke wouldn't step in if he had to. Leia told him they had been together training for months, Rey was his apprentice, he wouldn't let Kylo Ren have her no matter the blood between them. Finn reassured himself.

"I said give her to me!" Ren bellowed, ignoring the boy's loudly projected thoughts under his rising anger.

Something shot passed Finn, so close he felt the rush of Ren's Force behind it. His heart beat furiously in his chest. His blood pumped so quickly through his veins that he was beginning to feel lightheaded. His brain struggled to keep up with the situation. The glint of metal in Kylo Ren's black clad hand was all Finn needed to process what had flown past him. Ren's lightsaber was in his hand and Finn didn't know why he was hesitating, why he hadn't ignited it yet, but he wasn't complaining either. The muscles in his shoulder and back ached with the memory of that plasma blade searing into his flesh but he kept his resolve. He silently shook his head. Finn had no weapon and no hope of winning this fight unless Luke did something soon. Either way he wouldn't just hand her over. He wouldn't, not to him.

"I'll take her." Luke finally interjected. Finn nearly choked on a breath of air he'd been holding. The whole situation had gone down in seconds that seemed to stretch on forever.

"There is no need to fight over who gets to hold her. She's not a trophy boys." Luke scolded them.
Kylo's darkening eyes flicked over to him. His nostrils flared as he sucked in a deep breath through his nose.

Luke leveled his hands in the air it was meant to lesson the tension between them. "Stay calm Ren, we want the same thing. We have an understanding still... don't we?" His blue eyes were soft, he was so careful. He kept his tone level and soothing but not patronizing. There was a reminder and a plea tucked gently into those words. Luke always had a silver tongue. "You know what it would do to her if you..." Luke's eyes traveled over to Finn then back to his unstable nephew. "...But you don't have to..." Luke reminded him.

Ren shifted. His chin tilted and Luke knew his nephew was considering his words. "If she chooses." He repeated the words he'd spoken to him only this morning. He was giving Ren an opportunity to win with out destroying any ground he'd gained with Rey so far. They both knew it. If Ren killed anyone here there was no way Rey would leave with him willingly. It was a very slim chance that she would chose to anyway, but at least if he didn't kill her friends he had a chance. It would be hard enough if he did have to take her but if it was after he slaughtered her friends, well... yeah, hate would be an understatement.

Finn's foot shifted towards the Jedi but his eyes remained glued to Ren whose posture remained threatening. "Think of Rey, both of you!" Luke directed the comment more to Ren but he stepped between both of them. He held out his arms and Finn carefully handed her over. His eyes never left Kylo Ren. He stared at him with a hate that burned uniquely for his former Commander. Before Luke turned to settle Rey into a hut, he warned the boy who stared at his nephew with a hate that he was sure was not misplaced, but was just as dangerous to his future as it was to his current well being.

"Careful of your emotions or the face you see now... will mirror your own. It's through our enemies eyes that we see ourselves best." He told his future apprentice. He knew he would train this boy. Where it felt wrong with Rey, it felt right with him. They would be Master and apprentice before the morning came. He heard the Force whispering in his ears. He had the urge to instruct, to teach and to lead. He hadn't felt that pull in a very long time.

Ren smirked. He was careful when he pushed a probing hand into Finn's mind. He would teach 2187 to deny him, he didn't need to hurt the boy to terrify him. "He likes the way his anger makes him feel. He likes having a name to hate... a face to blame. He doubts himself... especially now. Especially with her so close..." Ren taunted the former trooper whose eyes were widening to saucers with honest recognition.

He knew the second Kylo Ren was in his head. He felt a heavy pressure pushing against his skull. It didn't hurt, not like he knew it could but it was suffocating. Something pushed into his thoughts, it ruffled through the surface of his fears. It was humiliating and horrifying to hear them through the mouth of his enemy. None of it was a lie and that hurt more then anything physical Ren could have done to him, but the Dark sider knew that. That was clearly his intention. Finn's complexion reddened. Screw him!

Luke turned to Ren with a simple observation from the view of one Master to another. "As I said... a mirror... and sometimes... even more clearly then that." He was very sullen and serious when he spoke. It wasn't meant to be a poke or to anger his nephew, it was simply the truth of the matter since that was the game he wanted to play.

Finn's brows rose and he fought the urge to smirk. He wasn't stupid enough to trigger Ren's wrath or his attention now that it wasn't on him. He cautiously followed after Luke Skywalker. There was something about the Jedi that made him feel more then safe, he felt... studious around the man. He
knew he could learn from him. Maybe he could teach him to be a Jedi like he was with Rey? Maybe they could train together?

Kylo's head turned to his uncle. He swallowed hard. His eyes were intense but not angry. Luke was right and there was no point in denying anything. He wasn't a child, he was a man and a man had to be capable of handling the truth even if he didn't like it. "At least I own it." He mused.

Luke raised a brow remembering that there was one other issue that needed to be resolved. He turned to his soon to be apprentice, "Can I trust you to look after Poe?" Finn's resolve strengthened and his features pulled at the brow accompanying a solid nod that let Luke know he was in good hands. Feeling confident in the boy's abilities he looked beyond him to the already antsy form of his nephew. He clearly needed something to do. "Perhaps you could give him a hand?"

Kylo all but laughed. "Are you serious?" He rolled his brown and gold eyes at his uncle's audacity. "You get him! I'm not his caretaker." Ren snipped. He was not carrying and tucking a grown ass man into bed, especially when that man was the Resistance's best fighter pilot. "If I get him up, it's not going to be with a gentle nudge. Besides..." An awful grin spread across his mouth, wickedly contorting his already haunting features. "I don't think he'd appreciate me in his head anymore then I've already been." He said maliciously, not really giving a damn either way.

He moved closer to his stationary uncle, waiting for him to proceed with Rey to her dwellings. He wouldn't call that little hut his uncle was keeping her in a room and the flat mat on the ground inside certainly wasn't going under the same category as a bed either. "Actually, on second thought, I'll do it." He smiled at tormenting the pilot without Rey's disapproving looks. If she were conscious she would have been firing honing missiles of warning and redirection, popping all of his dubious dreams of fun while he imagined all of the things he could slip into the pilot's head to replace the secrets he would steal while he was in there.

Why would Ren need to be in his head? Finn's eyes narrowed on Ren while he pondered the question. That nerve burner did that thing... that knock out mind trick thing! "What the hell man... what'd you do to Poe?"

When Kylo responded with a silent who gives a shit shrug, Finn's attention shot back to Luke.

"What did he do to him?"


Finn regained his composure under the blank eyes that stared back at him. He squatted by his friends
side, shaking his head, worry and pity weighed heavy in his body language. "Poor guy's gonna have some serious mental issues with all of the mind trauma he's endured since he met you..." He reached down and covered Poe's forehead with his hand. He was clammy but overall he appeared to just be sleeping.

Kylo Ren watched the boy carefully. He was trained to kill with out hesitation. He was trained to follow orders and to comply no matter the command. Ren watched the boy who defected from the world that had brain washed and beaten into him it's ways until he was molded to fit a specific model. The storm trooper program was meant to strip you of your feelings of caring and compassion. It was meant to bleach the color from their world and to bland the taste of freedom to the point where the trooper craves nothing but what the First Order gives them. They sustain themselves on only what their superiors see fit and yet this one, this code, this single number on a roster of thousands... stood apart from the rest.

Ren would have been impressed, he would have been in awe or wonder at such a uniqueness. He would have been humbled even... if he were normal, but Kylo Ren was not normal. He too went through his own form of deconstruction and rebuilding. He was shattered and ground down past the dust of his bones to be remolded into something that was supposed to be greater then what he once was. Instead of seeing the positive in the boys unique case, a case that had never happened since the start of the program, especially since the birthing clones were introduced, instead of seeing any of that, Kylo Ren saw a defect. Nothing more and nothing less. He wanted to dive into his head and find out what had set off the glitch that broke him.

What had implanted the virus that had short circuited the space between the commands he was given to respond to and the waves in between that sent him into action? His motherboard had been overridden by something greater then the training program and brainwashing the First Order provided and Ren wanted to tear him apart and piece him back together until he fit back into that mold.

How was it that this number was able to easily separate himself from everything he'd come to believe was normal? Something made to seem infallible and all powerful that he was left with no reason to question it. How was it that afterwards he was able to seamlessly blend into the people around him like he'd always belonged? Did he sleep as soundlessly as he ebbed and flowed with everything else? He'd waded through the blood of the innocent just as Ren had. He'd had it coating his hands more literally then Ren had. Ren was sure to have shed more in the big picture though. It was his orders the boy had to follow after all. Still, 2187 looked like he'd always been here, like he'd always been one of them.

Kylo felt an emotion he'd only felt once before since he was a child and it was brought on by this boy twice. Ren had felt it the first time he'd seen the traitor grab Rey's hand. The two were running from him in the woods on the Starkiller before they fought. Ren had pushed against her with his Force and this boy had been there to steady her. His scavenger was strong and independent, she'd only let him grab her hand for the short moment because she needed the help steadying herself but there it was. Envy.

Now, Kylo Ren was envious because FN-2187 had the luxury of being anonymous. He wasn't the poster boy for the Dark side. He got to commit the crime and then play the victim. Kylo Ren would never have the luck of that hand. He'd been chosen and groomed from birth. He got the lead in the play with out even trying out for the part. His name and face, so to speak, were on the playbill, posters, and adds. Hell every time he ignited his blade he may as well have been signing signatures.

2187 had the luxury of following orders with out the burden of having to give them. He had nothing more to prove then to carry those orders out and in war, both sides had those soldiers. They weren’t
held accountable. It was the leaders who would lose their heads in the end; and he had another advantage. Kylo turned to the dark entrance of the hut Rey was being settled into. ...She'd never seen him kill.

Ren clenched his jaw tightly. His already pounding head would have groaned in protest if it had another mouth to complain with but not a sound would escape the lips he had control of. Not over something as inconsequential as pain. Pain was fleeting, it was nothing to him.

"I'm sorry, would you like some alone time with your flyboy?" Ren said, finally breaking the awkward tender moment the trooper was inwardly having over the status of his ally.

Finn nearly jumped, almost forgetting the Dark clad warlord was there. He was so silent, it was unnerving. Sometimes he wondered if with all of that Dark power he'd sold his soul for, Ren even had the need to breathe anymore.

"Well excuse me for worrying about someone other then myself." He retorted. This dudes always so snarky! He thought at least as loud as if he'd spoken it aloud.

Ren couldn't help but chuckle at the boy and his brazen thoughts. "He'll be fine." He rolled his eyes at the traitor that he still envied, but at least he was away from Rey now. He surprised himself when he responded at all, it was absolutely unnecessary. It wasn't to comfort the boy, but he supposed he did feel a twinge of guilt. Probably all of the Light that Rey had left in him. He needed to meditate until he was right in the head again. He needed to tuck that Light back away where it belonged, where it could do less harm. He watched Finn's curious face turn in his direction. He was clearly wondering why Ren had responded to him too. Kylo rolled his eyes disdainfully. "Don't overthink it traitor." He spit the title out just to let the boy know where they still stood.

Ren demanded Poe's consciousness and He woke with a sharp breath that sounded painful. Kylo smiled, satisfied with the reaction. He could have been more careful, like he had been with Rey in the interrogation room but he preferred to jar him awake, he really didn't like this pilot. Poe jumped up, remembering that someone needed him... Rey, she was in trouble. He reacted for his blaster but it wasn't there. Then he remembered he'd lost it before when Ren had... His eyes narrowed on the Dark sider casually standing a few feet away from him.

"Where is she?" He almost mumbled. His voice sounded much stronger in his head.

"Your mother? Probably in the brothel she birthed you in." He knew he shouldn't have taken the shot, but he was annoyed at how much restraint he'd already had to maintain for these enemies of the First Order. Resistance scum! They wanted to pollute Rey with their idealistic and ineffective ways and hell if they weren't succeeding. If they had their way she'd been flying against him right now, probably in the Falcon just to pour salt in that wound. Not that he cared about the Falcon, he didn't...

"Where's Rey?" Poe was to out of it to catch the snide remark that Ren had thrown at him. He was still frantic about finding Rey. That annoyed Kylo. Poe tried to stand but gravity was to much for his weak limbs and he barely pulled himself free from the ksuction of his weight to the ground before he sealed the two again. Finn's hands fell over his shoulders, planting him further to the ground.

"Hey, hey... chill out man. It's me, Finn. Remember, best buddy, fellow freedom fighter, Resistance... any of this ringing a bell?" Finn tried to clear his friend's foggy brain. He tried to steady his worried mind like everything was ok, like everything was normal and he had nothing to worry over.

Poe remembered though. He remembered Rey in pain and Kylo Ren looming over her, hurting her. "Where is she?" He found Ren's eyes with his own. "What did you do to her?" He demanded with
much more volume to his voice this time.

"She's fine, she's with Luke. She's just resting..." I think. Finn scrunched his face realizing he wasn't exactly sure what was wrong with her. When Luke hadn't been overly concerned his own worry had melted away. It was a very strange realization. For some reason he felt like Luke's response to the situation was all he needed to know it was ok. Even now with a man who tried to kill him a few feet away, he wasn't worried. He was still nervous and he'd be stupid not to be frightened of the Commander, he was renowned for his off the handle mood swings followed by bouts of rage and destruction, but he felt like he didn't need to worry unless Luke did.

Ren held out his hand and his mask filled his palm before FN-2187's thoughts concluded. "Careful boy, That's the kind of thinking that got me into this position." He held up his mask while he spoke.

Ren's flat voice cut through Finn's thoughts. It unnerved him to know that Ren could hear what he was thinking. It seemed the more he accepted that he had the Force in him, the more dangerous his mind became to himself.

"I can't hear your thoughts in the way you think I can. Your projecting them out, quite obnoxiously actually." Ren's free hand found it's way back to his temple and he started massaging it all over again. Ren had to stop himself from conversing, somehow everything he said seemed to come off as reassuring and weak. He was way to much Rey right now and not enough Kylo Ren.

"Or..." He added a little malicious intent to spice up the soul food he'd apparently been serving the traitor he was for some reason, unintentionally comforting. "...I'm picking through your head again." Ren lied through a smirk. The boy's horrified expression satisfied his urge to feel more comfortable in his own skin. If he couldn't kill them yet, then he may as well have some fun with them. They expected him to be the bad guy anyway, why not enjoy the role he'd been given.

He didn't like having feelings that were anything less then revulsion for the boy or the Pilot but hell if he didn't appreciate how concerned they were for Rey. It was good that she had so many people looking out for her even if all she needed was Ren. He didn't know how his Master would react to her yet and that bothered him deep down. He knew Snoke would appreciate her power but the Light she harbored would sit like lemons mixed with pickle juice in his Masters mouth. He would see it as the poison it was. Rey may need more then just himself in her corner if his Master thought to harm her. They may be pathetic but at least Ren knew that their loyalties were unconditionally to her.

The more time he spent with Rey, the more he understood why people fell over themselves to try to protect her. She was special, unique. She gave everything and asked for nothing in return. She was born to lead. His alpha recognized the pride that filled him with, and his chest swelled over it. Rey could have entire galaxies swooning over her, eating out of the palm of her pretty little hands and he could give her that. He could make that a reality for her if she'd only let him. She deserved nothing less.

"That nosey mind reading thing you do, did you learn that from Luke?" 2187's voice disturbed the perfect fantasy that Kylo's imagination was beginning to build around him. "Do you think he'll teach me how to do that... or the hand thing?" Finn suddenly blurted out, again forgetting who he was casually asking.

Kylo figured 2187 must have been mulling those questions over in his head for some time now, considering who he was willing to ask for the answers. He would be easily intrigued by the Dark side, Kylo could tell. His curiosity was dangerous when he was overwhelmed and right now he was obviously overwhelmed. He could read anxiety and fear all over the boys posture and face. The only thing more prominent was that neon curiosity.
"No and no." Kylo clipped. The questions the boy was curious about pulled at Ren's Darkness. A half smile tugged at his lips. He leaned forward and eyed the young man with a confidence that made Finn cautiously recoil. "But I can..." He hinted darkly.

There was a knowing in his eyes that peeked Finn's curiosity but then he remembered who was tempting him. He swallowed down his eagerness to learn just in time for Luke Skywalker to emerge from the darkness of the hut. Having the Light sider present cut the tension that was suddenly pulling the oxygen from Finn's lungs.

"That's enough!" Luke shot Ren a hard glare. "You can stay here one more night. Rey will likely have an answer for you in the morning. Until then, no fighting. Consider this a brief truce, all of you!" Luke's tone suddenly brought Ren back to his childhood.

There had been an incident between himself and another boy that resulted in a fight. The other boy had started it and Ben had sorely lost. He wasn't a fighter then, he had the anger but not the rage and even if he did, he lacked all of the control he would have needed to wield it. Ren would have fought through the bruised ribs and dislocated jaw but not Ben, he was weak. Luke had chewed him out just for participating. The simple act of defending himself and his family had been against his training. Luke had asked him what he had prompted the tussle and Ben had told him what the other boy had said regarding his mother and the Hutt's who had briefly had her in their possession before he was born. Luke's face blanked as Ben told him in the exact words what the other boy had unabashedly hinted at happening between the Jabba and his mother, Luke's own sister. It was the other boy's attempt at defiling his mother's reputation and explaining Ben's origins.

Instead of Luke expressing any offense he handed out his scolding and preached about how anger and retaliation was not the Jedi way. Somehow because Luke admittedly expected more from his nephew, he saw it fair to place a harsher punishment on him then the miscreant who started the fight in the first place. How was the young male supposed to ignore the slander against his mother or the insinuation of why his father had left them in the aftermath? More importantly, how could his uncle, her brother, allow that slander against her honor to go undefended? It was the first time Ben decided that the Jedi and their ways were fallible but it wouldn't be until much later in time that he'd learn just how imperfect they really were.

Poe was finally standing, he must have gotten up while Ren was reminiscing of a past better off forgotten. "What do you mean one more night?" The pilot asked.

Oh did the Darkness poke it's head out for this one. The flyboy literally just fell in a steamy pile of Bantha dung and Kylo couldn't wait to shove his face in it! He didn't even need words to egg him on now. He turned and marched towards Rey's hut.

"Where in the Force do you think you're going?" Poe called after him.

Kylo froze, giving his back to the man to ponder over for a brief moment that probably dragged out much longer for him. A sly grin stretched from ear to ear, enjoying the feeling of his impending victory for only a couple of heart beats before he set his face in stone again. He opened his mouth to say something but Luke cut him off with the same tone he'd used moments before, like he were some unruly teenager who needed a guiding chaperone to ensure he played fair. Pfff the Dark side doesn't play fair...

"Ren..." Luke stretched out the title that became Kylo's last name. It was a warning he hoped his nephew would take because he knew he recognized it for what it was.

Kylo Ren turned with a response already in his head and it moved smoothly to his tongue. It rolled off of the organ with as much fluid grace as water cascading down the rain shield of a cockpit. He
eyed Luke, purposefully ignoring the pilot to add to the effect he knew he was going to elicit from this innocent, not so innocent little play on words.

"You didn't have a problem with us sleeping together last night." He shrugged like it was as simple as that. "Is it because you have an audience now? Do the rules change when you have someone to look good in front of Jedi?" He scrutinized his uncle but only for show and he knew Luke picked up on it instantly.

FN-2187's jaw dropped. He just stared at the entrance to Rey's hut. Maker only knows what he was thinking. Poe's anger however, took immediate effect. The seeds had rooted before they even hit the soil and his outrage was in full bloom. His eyes flickered from Ren to Luke then back again.

"I'm gonna kriffing kill him!" He lunged forward but to Ren's surprise Finn had jumped between them. He held his friend back for fear of... Ren dipped into his mind for a quick peak, his life, good. The trooper had good survival instincts. He was smart enough to see that Luke's presence only had so much sway on the outcome of a battle between the three of them.

"Poe calm down, he's twisting the situation." Luke started. Poe slowed his struggle just enough to hear the Jedi's words but he didn't let up in his attempt to push past 2187.

"Oh? So I'm twisting the fact that she spent all night in my arms, plastered against my bare chest... She didn't wake up with her fingers tangled in my hair and her bottom in my lap, wriggling against..."

"What the Force! Get the hell out of my way Finn!" Poe was turning his anger on his friend and it was unbelievably satisfying. Ren hadn't planned on taking his taunt this far, but the reaction was just to enjoyable.

"He pulled her from the ocean... she'd nearly drowned. She was hyperventilating. It was... " Luke tried to explain but no one was listening.

Poe broke free of Finn's hold and charged Ren. He ran straight into a Force wall and Ren threw his head back in laughter as the man stumbled back. He'd stunned himself against the impact. He was shaking his head and pulling himself back up when Ren felt the heat of her hand through his armor. He'd been to caught up in his childish games to notice that she'd woken or that she was standing behind him now. He could feel the hum of their Force where she touched his back. It guided him to her, demanded that he turn to face the pull of her Force with the surrender of his own. He spun to face her and he instantly regretted it.

Her wild hazel eyes were narrowed in disgust. She looked exhausted but that's not what held his attention. Her face was a mixture of emotions that told him she'd heard his "innocent" taunt. She was angry which he could deal with but she was also hurt and he felt like an ass. A stupid nerf herding ass!

He opened his mouth to say something, he didn't know what yet and he didn't get time to figure it out before her open palm crashed against the side of his face. His head didn't turn. He took the hit with blazing eyes that met the smolder of her own. His mouth closed and he just stood there. If she'd been anyone else... but she wasn't. And maker he was still an idiot. Her nostrils flared as she stared at him then her eyes looked around at the men beyond him, traveling from one to the next as though taking them all in and weighing them in her mind. She addressed them all with one word that couldn't have been more spot on.

"Children!" She exclaimed before she turned on her heels, leaving them all to themselves. Kylo blinked as he watched her slight, yet somehow frightfully powerful stature disappear into the
darkness of the hut once more.

He completely deserved that. How dare he insinuate something she would never allow to happen. He was being petty and immature. He wanted to blame the pilot. His very existence challenged Ren on a very primal level but he knew better then to try to lie to himself. What good would that do? He'd gotten caught in a grossly exaggerated insinuation by the one person he didn't want finding out about it. His hand was in the proverbial cookie jar and she'd smashed the lid down before he could steal even one little morsel. The strike across his face wouldn't leave more then a red print for a short while, it would probably be gone in minutes but the look on her face... damn.

Such a kriffing nerf herder! He internally scolded himself.

"Well, I'm thinking it might be time for dinner now."

Kylo heard Luke's voice somewhere in the background of his thoughts but right now he didn't care to focus on it enough to translate the sounds he made into actual words. He turned still ignoring everything else around him. He moved to the chair that faced the entrance of her hut. It was across from the fire place, it just so happened to be the same chair he'd held her in last night. The vast differences between last night and tonight were extreme to say the least. He sighed and flopped down, causing the rest off the air to exit his mouth in a deep huff. He hated knowing exactly what this looked like, but it didn't change exactly what it was; His tail was between his legs and rightfully so. He was in the dog house. He'd slipped on the same shit that he'd mentally laid out to smear Poe's face into and Kylo Ren had undoubtedly just landed in it. Kriff

~Hey guys, this was a fun yet tough chapter, another one that took sometime to get out because I wanted this to be real between the characters. I had a much more amusing verbal exchange between the guys but it felt to Light and uncharacteristic of these characters this early on. Considering what they've all been through I felt like the light teasing I had laid out wasn't how they would really react after you know, being tortured (poor Poe) or nearly handicapped/killed (poor Finn) etc, etc, etc. So I opted for this instead and it kind of just clicked! It felt natural. Anyway I really hope you like it. As for me... on to the next chapter!~

*As always, please comment and kudos! Thank you my freaky darlings!*
-DarkGuardian-
It had been hours since Rey woke to the darkness of her hut. It didn't seem out of the ordinary at the time so she didn't bother wondering how she'd gotten there. What was odd, were the familiar voices that were shouting about something outside. It took her a few more moments to remember why there were other voices at all. For months at a time it was just her and Luke. Now the usually quiet island was alive and active at least in comparison to how quiet and peaceful it had previously been. She swung her feet over the low wooden frame of the flat bed and fought the urge to lie back down. The muffled voices blurred together in her aching head and she couldn't tell who was saying what outside but she knew it would be best if she dragged herself out there. She was hoping everyone was still alive. It would be really nice if they were also all in one piece but she wasn't holding her breath for that one.

Rey's sluggish brain was slowly catching up to her current situation. She remembered Poe had shown up a few days earlier then his normally scheduled supply run and then she remembered seeing Finn here to. He'd been passed out but he was here and she was happily surprised by that. Her eyes widened when she remembered that he was like her...a Force sensitive. Her head spun at the news. She wanted to speak with him about it. She was ecstatic to have some one around that was a novice like her. Someone who understood what she was going through, who remembered that she wasn't raised around the Force could be good for her.

She was beginning to feel rather burned out. Having some one to discuss the Force with who wasn't trying to instruct her would be refreshing. Luke always seemed so disappointed with her and Ren... now she remembered that Kylo Ren was here, she let out a very deep huff. He'd been here a day and a night and her whole world had changed between then and now.

He'd openly admitted that he'd come here to abduct her and he almost succeeded but on a twist, he'd ended up saving her life instead. Then he'd caught her practicing, mostly to let out a little steam over the confusion of the night before, and some how he maneuvered himself into training her and it felt so natural. His instruction was as fluid as a conversation of interest. She'd conceded to him then, she just hadn't realized it yet. How couldn't she want him to teach her after that. Maker it made her angry that he was so proficient of an instructor.

Her hand flew to her sweat cooled forehead. She closed her eyes and rested her face against her palm. She'd practically called him her Master...what was she thinking? He was her enemy...He is my enemy! She corrected herself. But Maker, he didn't feel like one. She was so confused. Once her memories returned so much fell into place. Rey understood where their bonds had come from and how they had formed.

What felt like a lifetime ago they'd been pupils under the same Master. They'd become fast friends despite their age difference and after Master Luke had all but disappeared from his own temple, the boy he was then, had begun tutoring her. They were both deeply rooted in each other's past.

Rey sighed. Where did that leave her now? The path she'd been on before Ren had gotten here was a long painful road but she surmised that was partly due to the lies and guilt Luke had gotten himself stuck under. She wondered if her lessons would go better now that Luke had nothing left to hide from her, probably...

Bygones could be bygones, let the past stay where it belongs. She had to focus on her future. She had to figure out what she wanted and how she was going to obtain that goal. On one hand she desperately wanted to continue her training to become a Master Force user, Jedi or otherwise. She had no doubt about that now.
She pulled her hand from her face, coupled it with the other palm out in front of her and searched her palms through the darkness of the hut. She could feel the Force moving through every single fiber of her being. It flowed as freely as the air around her. It moved with the endless pull of the ocean and it warmed her with the heat of a sun that would never set.

She felt what it wanted and she had the strong desire to comply. It craved to be used. It wanted her to interact with it but most of all, it longed for the exchanges of power she'd been making with a certain Dark Master...

Her Force craved to mingle with his. It begged her to find him, take his signature in and in turn it demanded that she flood him with her own power. She couldn't deny even for a second that she didn't enjoy the way her energy felt coursing through him. Her Light was so bright and hot that it craved the comfort of the cool shadows of his Darkness. Their Force signatures by nature, should repel each other, instead they craved contact and exchange.

Almost as much as she craved him... Maker's creation, had she really just thought like that about Kylo Ren?

They shared one intimate moment together and she was practically curling her toes thinking back on it. It was just one kiss and it wasn't about Ren, it was about Ben.

Really though? Kira had never thought of Ben like that before so could it really have been just about Ben?

Of course it was. She reasoned against her own mind. She loved Ben.

Like you love Finn... would you kiss Finn like that?

Rey couldn't help it, she cringed. She truly loved Finn but it was purely analytical. It made sense to love him. He was attractive, charming and sweet and wholesome. He was her best friend and her brother by honor and arms.

Nope, she wouldn't kiss him like that. She admitted. But it was ok, he wouldn't want her to kiss him anyway. They had a mutual understanding in their friendship. That's all they were, friends.

Kylo though... he was a confusing unpredictable mess and she'd had so many warm memories of who he once was come back to her within a short matter of moments. She was overwhelmed by her past and her present. She was overloaded with emotions that she hadn't felt since she'd last been with Ben. It was more then the belonging she'd been patiently waiting for her whole life, it was more then the love she'd felt for her lost family. It was an explosion of warmth and trust and hope and... companionship. She felt whole standing next to him. Complete.

She finally recognized why she'd been continuously searching his eyes for something recognizable, something that she couldn't explain before but she knew was there.

That had been driving her mad. She'd thought it was him messing with her head but when she looked into those deep brown eyes, the eyes that held the entirety of the universe in their dark depths... she only saw Ben.

Ben had saved her from a test that Luke took too far. Ben had healed her of her injuries and Ben had risked his life to save her from drowning. Looking up in those eyes she did the only thing her instincts told her to do. Something she'd been longing to do since the first time she saw his face, more specifically the pain and sadness weighing down his soul through the gateways of his eyes.

She needed to show him, needed to comfort him; and the truth was... she needed it for herself as
well. It had to be greater than words. He needed to feel her understanding and compassion. She pressed her lips against his like a salve to his wounds. It was not meant to be sexual and she hadn't expected him to respond like he did. She hadn't even known that she could feel the way he made her feel. As far as intimacy, Rey never experienced more than his mental teases. Until he responded to her lips against his...

Rey could feel her temperature rising. Just thinking back on their intimate interaction left her blood warming in her veins. The memory of his lips against hers caused the life source to flow through her body like rivers of magma. Her core heated like a dormant volcano waiting for the earth to shake it into rousing. Thinking about him stirred something that was best left sleeping. She could feel the pressure building, threatening to erupt at the slightest touch of his hands.

There wasn't anything about Kylo that wasn't dangerous. His mind called to hers, his power called to hers, his passion and his intelligence. There were so many things he could teach her and after feeling his mouth against hers Rey was certain she wasn't ignorant enough to believe she didn't want to learn more from him then what he'd offered to teach her about the Force. Not after that kiss. Had he pushed her away she'd never have thought about it twice, well, with the exception of the scolding she'd have given herself over it later.

Instead he pulled her in. He accepted her curiosity and he took it further. He was soft and passionate then wild and hungry. His mouth turned feral over hers. Rey bite her bottom lip as she recapped every detail she could remember. Some of it was hazy thanks to her brain nearly shutting down.

Her tongue smoothed over her lips. She could still taste him on their surface. He was sweet yet delightfully bitter like the rare Sandsnap fruit found back on Jakku. And how fitting of a representation for him. Of course Kylo Ren would taste like a fruit that only bloomed at night. She would hunt for hours over the course of weeks and sometimes months for the nearly extinct cacti. When she found one she'd camp out for weeks waiting for the small window of seven or eight hours where it would bloom.

It was a thorny plant that had long unwelcoming sprigs that shot out protecting the bulb that would later become the delicate white of the petals. The long pearl white wisps of petals caged the heart of the cacti like protective ribs. When it bloomed they spread open to reveal the heart of the plant. The fruit that could only be found for several short hours in the dead silence on the coldest, darkest dessert nights.

On Jakku every part of that flower was of the highest value. If you were lucky enough to find one and caught it in bloom you could eat for months off of the trade in. Rey had only ever traded it once. It was the first time she'd found one, before she knew the pleasure and rarity of what she'd found. The second time she'd come across one she'd tried it for herself and she'd never been able to give a single one up since. The temptation of having the delicacy for herself was to great.

Her mouth watered at the thought of it's sweetness running down her throat. She could nearly feel the cool juice bursting into her mouth as she sucked at the protective layer around the fruit, savoring each sweet drop as she devoured it. The flower was completely edible, right down to the pure white petals. They were known as Sarlacc teeth at the market. They had a much longer shelf life then the petals of other flowers, not that Rey would know, she'd never seen other flowers on the rain starved planet. Those petals were surprisingly resilient considering they were as soft as silk yet as smooth as velvet on your tongue. Maybe it was because she found the plant so rarely or so long in between each other, but she swore each time it tasted differently on her tongue.

Kylo shared so many of those properties. He was rugged and prickly but on rare occasions he opened up and his light bloomed out from him like the moonlight shining through the thick darkness
of the night. He could be sweet and bitter and intoxicating. He was alluring and dangerous. He could harm you if you weren't careful but there was great reward to that risk. She'd found that in the comfort of his touch.

He'd reciprocated her invasion of space so cautiously at first, then he'd joined in her exploration. He was delicate and careful. She had been barely pulling and pressing with her lips until he suddenly took the lead, moving her mouth with his, showing her a more passionate way to move with his mouth. When she didn't break free from his movements he gradually changed his pace. He moved with a new intensity. He went from testing to exploring. He was eager to traverse the unknown territory they were traveling through.

He took the lead with a dominance that she found stole the air from her lungs. Rey had always expected control in all things but in that moment, she'd never felt more free then under his guiding lips. The pull of his fingers along her face made fire run up her spine. When she returned his passion he upped the ante. The gentleness fell away and he staked claim over her mouth. He felt like a whole different person. Even his taste had changed. That sweetness faded into something hot and decadent. She felt a craving for him now, the same as she did after the first time she'd licked the last of the dragon fruit off of her fingertips.

...And the warmth between their bodies... growing up on Jakku she thought she knew what heat was, she had no idea until she was exposed to the rising temperature of the space between them, felt the movements of his mouth pressed against hers, over hers, into hers. He was igniting her with every movement, slight or great.

Rey suddenly felt silly comparing him to a fruit, but she'd never shared an experience like that before and it was all she had to compare it to. She'd only ever had one other kiss and that was in a dream, their dream. He'd put the idea of their mouths pressing together in her head shortly before he arrived and it was all she could do to ignore the whispering ideas her curiosity had about the proposal.

In their dream he'd initiated the interaction and it was breathtaking but it wasn't even a fraction of the pleasure brought on by the real thing. Flesh pressed against flesh was completely new to her and it was as intimidating as it was intriguing.

He'd been teasing her mentally for months and when she found her chance to explore the feel of him, with the comfort of knowing that she lead the charge, she took it. The kiss didn't start that way by intention but she didn't stop her body from following the need it had to explore the previously mentioned temptation either.

It wasn't meant to end like that, it was meant to be a goodbye. A special goodbye for the boy she'd never see again. Now she realized how foolish that idea was. He'd seemed so genuine when his lips searched hers like she'd held the answers to the meaning of life. He'd been uncertain and careful at first, then needy, dominant, and lustful. She thought he really wanted her.

He'd panted over her mouth with just as much desire as she had for him, if not more. She'd felt precious and whole. She thought he valued her, respected her... she'd seen him as Ben. A grown up version of her other half, a lost version but one in the same regardless. She was wrong and she had to let go. She had to move on. So she gave him what he asked for, the recognition as Kylo Ren and while she still thought Ben was in there somewhere, she knew he would never be the dominant of the two sides who fought in his head. She had no doubt about that.

She followed the angry voices outside of her hut to find him speaking about her like she was some tramp who'd thrown herself at him. She'd caught him saying something about her hands in his hair while she wriggled in his lap and he was going further before he'd realized she'd caught him. She'd reached out to touch him. She didn't know why she thought she was dreaming. She couldn't fathom
why she thought for a second that Kylo Ren wouldn't talk about her or their interactions, even though that situation was taken completely out of context and she had no control over it at the time, in a way that made her feel cheap and dirty, like some canteen whore making her nightly rounds.

How could she be so stupid? What the Kriff was she thinking? Did she really allow herself to trust him? She must have to feel so betrayed afterwards. Idiot!

To make matters worse she'd remembered what'd happened before she'd woken. She'd nearly blacked out in her rage over Luke Skywalker and his renegade plans to use her to kill Ben. She'd reacted so protectively. She remembered her power swelling around her like a desert storm when she realized he intended to train her to kill his nephew, the said jackass of her previous thoughts.

Rey had felt his Darkness swarming around her, encasing her and controlling her. Instead of fighting it, she welcomed it. She welcomed him. He reached for her and she knew he was going to mentally subdue her. She let him, for her own good she let him. She trusted him not to hurt her or to betray her and he didn't... not to her face.

A painful tear stung her dry eyes. She'd been refusing to blink while she pondered the information and experiences she'd gained in the last twenty four hours. Maker there was so much. She could feel the liquid pooling along her lower lids and she refused to blink the salty swells away. She didn't want to cry anymore. She was done feeling so weak.

That was his plan all along. She decided. No matter the reasons she beat him all those months ago she'd done it and she'd scarred him in the process. She must have hurt his pride, wounded his solar system sized ego and embarrassed him because he was clearly taking his time and putting a great deal of effort into breaking her down. He was working his way into her small circle of trust so he could weaken her from within before he destroyed her. He was going to scar her in more effective ways then she did to him. He was going to make sure she couldn't hide or ignore the damage he was planning on causing. He was positioning himself around those she cared about so he had an audience to witness it when he embarrassed her like she'd done to him. Maker knows what else he told Poe and Finn.

She threw herself at me like the dessert trash she is! Rey's inner voice imagined his deep baritone belting out falsities to her only friends.

Her stomach twisted and she had the feeling like something was strangling her insides. Something dug into her gut and squeezed until she cradled herself. These thoughts were so unlike her. Her bitterness and hurt spread out from her chest in lethal doses of poison. There was a stirring of something she was unfamiliar with. It was similar to when she'd had too much of Ren's Darkness in her and she had to fight for control, except this Darkness... it didn't feel foreign. This seemed to come from within somewhere deep inside of her. It belonged to her because it was always there.

Rey desperately wanted to add this as a tally against him but she knew he had nothing to do with this. This poison was her own brand and it had been there long before Kylo Ren had started messing with her mind. She had to face it from time to time, the last of which had been the night he'd severed a man in half.

As though he gave a kriff about what happened to her while she was on Jakku.

Even Ben was probably glad to be rid of her, he'd been stuck looking out for her so long he probably celebrated when he was finally free of her. Rey shook her head again trying to get back on track with out adding higher doses to the venom in her veins. When she'd watched that man die, she'd been horrified... but she'd also been elated. She wanted to take his life.
Rey had made one friend once on Jakku and after her she'd never tried to make another. She was like her, another female, abandoned much like herself. Her name was Tasia and that man had taken a liking to her as well, only she hadn't been as fortunate as Rey. She was kinder, softer around the edges. It was a miracle she survived as long as she did before they found each other. She was the best part of Jakku for Rey. That was until she impatiently headed off to town to trade some of their finds in for rations before Rey had come back with the rest of their score.

They had been scrounging lately and they really needed the supplies but the two had a system of doing things that generally kept them both safe. This time Rey had still been out, it had been a very weak haul for them and the pay off wouldn't have been enough to get them even a meal a day for the week so Rey wanted to gather more before they headed in to town. The market was dangerous for two armed and capable girls, let alone one. Then there were the slave traders in between, they were always on the hunt for fresh meat to sell to the highest bidders.

When Rey got back she found Tasia in bed. She was three shades paler then her normal shade of chocolate colored skin. Her jaw was a deep purple and green. Her eyes were strained and glossy from all the tears she'd been crying. That man had caught her and some how she'd made it back alive but barely and she wasn't the same. She was damaged in more ways then what he'd done to her mentally.

She'd cracked her skull when she'd tried to fight him. She had several bruised and possibly fractured ribs. Her face had been pummeled probably because she fought him back. Her knuckles were swollen and she had at least one dislocated finger. Rey had to cut a good portion of her long dark hair just so she could clean and treat the festering wound in her head. She'd already lost too much blood and she'd quickly developed a fever she couldn't fight off. She lasted four days. Rey had only been back for two and a half of the four, leaving her friend to suffer alone with out her care for all of that time in between. That was the last person she let in, she told herself she'd never do that again.

Rey's hands crushed into tightly balled fists. How different things could have been if she'd only known what she was capable of then. Yes, Rey wanted that man dead. Kylo Ren had only gotten to him first because he had the balls to do what she was to weak to. Rey palmed her face. She hadn't felt so much emotional pain since the night she watch him drive his lightsaber through his father's chest.

How could he? Didn't he realize what he had? He had a family that wanted him. They would give up everything to bring him home and he responded to their love with violence. She'd kissed him... how damaged could she be to kiss Kylo Ren. She didn't understand him, how could she? She'd give up her life to have what he denied.

She had enough of the thoughts that were running through her head. Every one she let past tried to snuff out the Light inside of her like it were as easy as suffocating the flame of a candle. She refused to be overwhelmed by something as weak as her Darkness. She'd survived worse then the spurn of a slight heartache. She focused on her breathing to clear her head of the stifling darkness her thoughts were bringing on. This wasn't like her, she was normally so in control of herself. She'd gained way to much power since he'd taught her how to pull the Force into herself and having him so close didn't help. Not while their Force sought one another out so profusely.

Rey didn't know how to control it yet and having all of these new memories and strong emotions were already overwhelming. Adding this extra power to contend with messed with her mind. It made her reach too far ahead and it made her regret to much behind her. She suddenly felt like she could have changed things of her past if she'd just had the power to do so. It made her want more power so she could better control the what was ahead of her, inevitability giving her the strength to avoid having to relive the pain of the past in her future. That was a dangerous way to think. Master Luke
had told her thoughts and feelings like these led to the Dark side. Rey wondered if it wasn't Ren's intention to hurt her through humiliation, but instead was to manipulate her internal thoughts down that path.

She laid back down across her bed and wrapped her arms around herself protectively. Her eyes closed and she unconsciously rubbed her hands up and down the length of her biceps to comfort herself just like he'd done to her twice before. If he was playing games with her head he sure was doing an expert job at it.

Mustafar, of course he was, he was a trained Master of the Dark side...

Ok Rey, enough. She prompted herself.

She concentrated on the feel of her hands dragging along her arms and the sound of her breathing until she finally drifted off to sleep.

Kylo Ren shifted uncomfortably in his seat for the hundredth time since he'd started meditating. More accurately, made an attempt at meditating. Luke was in his hut, Finn was diagonal to his chair some how sleeping like a baby, and Poe was just across from him, literally by the entrance to her hut, purposefully positioning himself between he and Rey.

Like he could stop me if I wanted to get to her. He silently scoffed.

Kylo didn't even attempt to sleep. He didn't want to and he wouldn't try even though he sorely needed it. He didn't trust the people around him and he definitely didn't like how close the pilot was to the entrance of her hut but he couldn't force himself to leave this chair. He imagined holding her in his lap again. Imagined resting his head over hers while inhaling the soft scent of sunshine and honeysuckles from her damp soft hair. He could feel the warmth of her body against his and he remembered the soft hum of their Force settling together as peacefully as she slept in his arms. Her weight was like a comforting blanket that made him feel safe. He felt like he could pull the covers over his head and block out all of the evil in the universe. Even sleeping she kept his demons at bay.

Now he was cold and alone. It was a feeling he was used to and it usually made him feel powerful because he hated it and hate was strength. Secretly it also kept others around him safe. He couldn't get to close, couldn't have attachments that could make him weak or be used as pawns against him. He found solace in his Darkness, he couldn't damage it or lose it. It couldn't hurt him more then he could hurt himself and it would never leave him. His existence was one accustomed to the cold companionship of Darkness.

Kylo's eyes wondered around the area as he fervently scanned the external darkness around him. He'd been half bare last night and even before she was in his arms he felt warmer then he did now. Kylo Ren knew there were things out there that were darker then anything he internally possessed. He wore his Darkness like trusty armor but he knew it was not yet hardened enough. There were still creatures with jaws strong enough to crush it. There were weapons sharp enough to pierce through it. He shifted in the chair he'd felt safe in only a night ago.

He knew his Master was such a creature. His power was honed and refined. Snoke wore his Darkness like a thick armor to protect his weak hide. The weapon that was his mind was far more superior to the fractured one that Ren wielded. Ren knew that there were things far worse then himself to fear lurking in the dark. Even here, on this Force shield of an island, this safe haven that erased his existence from other Force sensitives while he remained under the shell of it's atmosphere... he could feel his Master calling to him. He couldn't directly contact him, he didn't think
he couldn't directly control him, but Kylo could feel his eagerness to do so. He could feel his pull.

Rey feared the ocean because it was something she hadn't yet learned how to deal with. Until she learned to swim it wasn't something she'd ever be strong enough to combat. She was right to fear it's power. She was smart to recognize her mortality. She knew it could drown her in it's limitless depths. She felt how powerful it was before she even considered the possibility of drowning. She knew it could crush her with it's overwhelming mass. Kylo felt the same about the Dark. Even as a Master, he was smart enough to fear the dark, and he did.

This was the longest he'd been away from her side since he landed here. Her Light had some how granted him freedom from his Masters leash. Now he felt the weight of that collar fitting snugly back in place. His Master pulled at him. He was angry that he'd disappeared and he felt Kylo had been ignoring him. Kylo let out a shaky breath.

Poe's eyes fluttered opened and closed as he fought to keep watch over Ren. He admired his determination but he frowned at the pilot's ignorance. He had no idea what fear was. He thought Kylo Ren was his worst fear... he'd never met his Master. Kylo's eyes locked onto the sleep hazed orbs across from him.

"Sleep." He commanded on a whisper. Poe's eyes shut and they wouldn't open again until his body felt sated. He couldn't take another paranoid glance in his direction.

On a frustrated sigh, Kylo tried shutting his own eyes again. He thought of how easily he relaxed with her pressed against him. Though he fought against it, her rhythmic breathing against his chest had eventually lulled him into a peaceful sleep. He slept more soundly with her in his arms then he had as a boy still living with his mother.

He longed to open up their connection but he was getting all sorts of mixed emotions through the minuscule crack that he'd left slightly ajar, just in case she needed him. Unfortunately the signals he was getting from her told him what she needed was for him to back off right now and truth be told, he had no idea what to say to fix what he'd screwed up anyway. Maybe it wasn't even all that bad and he just needed to let it blow over. Either way he'd find out in the morning. Right now he just wanted to meditate. He just wanted to clear his mind of all thoughts. He just wanted her... wait no. He wanted to meditate. He reminded himself.

He'd made it this long without needing her and he didn't need her now. His eyes peeked open in the direction of the huts entrance. How could she be so close but feel so far? He huffed in frustration.

Control your head idiot! He snapped at his thoughts. Get a grip. He scolded.

The image of her wrist in his hand not while she was in need of his help, but while they stood interlocked with one another, crimson lightsabers blazing around them as they guarded one another stung the back of his eyes. Her body in that black armor. He knew how to imagine the heat between them now and he added the feeling to that image. His arm locked her body within his inner circle of personal space and he relished in her nearness.

Where she belongs... His Darkness coo'd in tune with the image. His jaw shifted and he clicked his tongue in the back of his throat. His mind was so overwhelming with the loss of her Light. He knew her essence had mostly faded from him now. He could feel his mind seething with the boredom of his Darkness again. What should feel normal to him now felt cumbersome.

He sank with the weight of his Dark urges. His eyes bore into the darkness of her hut. He couldn't see past the material that covered the entrance but he could still see her outline with his mind. His Force sought her out wether he controlled it or not and he didn't stop it because he didn't want to.
Why should you? She's yours.

She is mine. He agreed with the thoughts in his head.

She had let him have her for a very short moment. When she'd kissed him, he still couldn't believe she'd done that, she had allowed him to take the reins for a brief moment in time. He didn't waste a second of it. He dominated her mouth with as much control as he could muster. He didn't chance frightening her away but he didn't go easy either. There was only so much need and desire that he could repress when they touched. He wanted to rip the fabric of time open so he could steal more. He needed that moment to last as far as he could stretch it, as thin as he could pull it.

He wanted to delve into her mouth with his tongue. He wanted to taste her insides, he was betting her purity was sweeter then even the delectable lips she allowed him to sample. His hands had longed to move from her face down the curves of her body. His Darkness rushed through her and he envied it. He wanted to move inside of her as freely as she allowed his essence. He wanted to fill her to her core. He knew in that moment under the weight of her new memories and the confusion of her past and present she would undoubtedly have not only welcomed him, but reciprocated his longing.

She has too much passion to waste as a Jedi... Luke will restrict that passion. He bitterly thought.

He was supposed to be clearing his head... supposed to be meditating. His mind was so off track, but it wasn't wrong.

He lingered on the memory of her lips pulling against his. Luke would never allow her to become a Jedi with such passion and desire boiling in her. He'd hollow her out first, bleed away the fire from her veins with all of his grueling peace and false understanding of what the balance in the Force was. Rey had insinuated that he was now her Master though, and if Kylo was sure of one thing, it was that he would encourage that fire. He'd fan it until it consumed everything in it's wake.

He swallowed painfully hard. He had the urge to pull her against him. His Force begged to be released into the air around her. He longed to bury his Darkness into her until it sunk into the marrow of her bones. He wanted to etch the feel of himself into the memory of the receptors on every tiny molecule of her skin. He wanted her to feel him like he wanted to feel her. He wanted her to long for him with the same intensity that egged his lust filled thoughts on. He wanted to sink into her until he became the strength that reinforced the fibers of her muscles.

He didn't want her wild olive eyes to be tamed by the Jedi hiding in the hut to his right. He wanted her wild and pleading for him like he begged for her. Desire stirred in his lower stomach and he shifted in the chair. His hands gripped the wooden armrests until the leather of his gloves groaned.

He took a deep breath through his nose, holding it for a long moment before releasing it out again. He could see the shifting silhouette of her Force on the hard surface of her makeshift bed. He wondered what she was dreaming of and he knew if he wanted to he could peak but it may wake her. He couldn't chance that, not tonight. Not after he stuck his foot in his mouth. He watched the outline of her Force until his eyes became heavy. Even when he shut them the shape of her form was there, taunting his minds eye until finally he drifted off to sleep.

*This is why people in pain shouldn't be left alone to the mercy (or lack there of) of their thoughts. This is just a little insight as to where our two main characters are mentally at right now. I hope I didn't stretch this out to long, it wasn't meant to be this long. I didn't even get to the part I was working to get to so I'll do that in the next chapter lol. I just had to show the parallels in these two souls... and oh boy... *sighs over the heartache they must be feeling. Damn Kylo... you and your big beautiful mouth... always gotta say something don't you...
"Rey... Rey, wake up!" A voice... familiar... warm... important. "Rey... he needs you... WAKE UP!"

Rey jumped up from her bed, flying forward, lifting herself to her palms. Panting, already sweating from her panic. Her head hurt, she got up too fast. She barred her teeth and shook the blur from her eyes. She heard it... A voice she knew through the Force. She closed her eyes and concentrated before she called out to him.

"Grandfather... where are you?"

She waited for a response... silence. She moved with a purpose. She lifted herself from the thin mattress and yanked her lightsaber from the side of her pillow. She collected her walking staff on the way out the door and pushed past the cloth that kept the morning light from disturbing her sleep. There were three sleeping faces around the fire pit. Poe; peaceful. Finn; peaceful. Kylo; sweating, cringing, jaw locked, clenched fists...

What was happening in his head? Rey took a solitary step towards the sleeping mountain. His helmet was at his feet. She slide it aside with her foot, she hated that thing. Her eyes fell over his pulled features. His mouth was moving as though he were silently conversing with someone she couldn't see. She waved her hand in front of his face but got no response so she moved to tug on his shoulder. It was an attempt to wake him from whatever was haunting him but the voice was back.

"No Rey, that will not help him."

Rey's head cocked to the side. She closed her eyes and pushed out to him with her mind. There was a blackness around him, no, in him. It formed a barrier between his mind and hers much like Luke had done for her in the past. She recognized it from the first night he came here. It was that thing, that dark creature that had latched onto him once before. She strengthened her resolve and dove into the barrier over and over but nothing broke, nothing gave way. Instead she felt it's tendrils grabbing for her mind. Her eyes flew open and she felt hands around her throat. They dragged her forward, pulled her over him. She released her staff to catch herself before she collapsed on him. Her palms flattened against his chest and his eyes flew open. She was held up by the gripping hands around her throat only inches from his face while her hands stayed glued to his chest, pulled tightly to him by the power of his Force.

Rey stared into his eyes in horror. Black vortexes of swirling power sucked her gaze deeper into his commanding orbs. They weren't familiar, they were cold, distant, dark beyond space. They were the complete absence of light, only dark... not even Kylo Ren was this dark. She couldn't break away from that gaze. She could only watch as it captured her beneath it's pull. Her breath fled from her terrified lungs. The tendrils held her in place but they didn't need to, not with the hands still around her neck, still squeezing.

"Ren... R..en..."She croaked.

His face softened, his head slowly leaned forward. Their noses almost touched as he lifted up to meet her gaze with the icy blackness of his own. "Shhh..." His mouth pressed to her swelling oxygen starved lips and her eyes widened further then she thought humanly possible. His mouth released hers as though he were shocked, leaving his lips hovering around the space of hers. She almost managed to scream but it came out a strangled gurgle instead.
He his head pulled back, tilting to a sharp angle and he blinked as though confused. It broke the hold he'd been under, finally releasing her from the swirling orbs that masked over where his brown irises should have been. Her dying eyes fell from his gaze and that's when she noticed his black clad arms on either side of her. She pushed with her palms, desperately trying to put space between them, desperately trying to free herself from the constraints of his Force but he kept her locked in place. Her eyes traveled the length of his arms, further down to his wrists... his hands... they were... around her neck. He was the Darkness choking the life out of her. Her eyes bugged out. Her voice caught in her throat. She couldn't call to him again and she couldn't get into his head to stop this assault. She closed her eyes, reaching desperately for her Force, but the tendrils, they shot into her. Invisible reaching fingers dove into her chest cavity, digging in through her skin to push through the protective shell of her ribs. She felt the tendrils sucking like pumps hell bent on completely siphoning her power. They were draining her Force essence dry. His hands strangled while his black eyes bore into her wide circular orbs. Her hands finally grabbed at his wrists. She squeezed and pulled and clawed. Her knees were already buckling. Her heart was already slowing.

Grandfather... She called to him, a silent mental plea for help... for understanding... for anything. Her vision was darkening. Her world was fading fast. Her body was growing limp in his strangling grip. Her eyes were rolling and her hands were loosening from around his wrists. Her grip was slipping, she was slipping, everything was slipping! His black eyes just stared at her. Watching as he cut off the air supply to her lungs. When her lashes fluttered open and closed his hands finally released her. She fell forward, collapsing over him. He quickly stood, lifting to his feet with a frightening speed and she flew back, stumbling from the sheer force of him standing. She landed on her back, skittered away from him with all of the strengths she could muster. Her body protectively pulled itself closed, leaving her a terrified, crumpled heap while she coughed and wheezed. Her weak hands gripped her strangled throat. His lightsaber ignited above her and her eyes shot to his. His arm pulled back, ready to strike... it came down and... Rey flew up in her bed. She was drenched in sweat. It slicked over her skin from forehead to the back of her hands. Her tunic was damp with it. She gasped, swallowing painful bouts of air. She choked on the emptiness of the matter around her. Tears had slid from the creases of her eyes while she slept and now her cheeks and neckline were soggy with them. She panted in the darkness of her familiar surroundings.

"Rey... Rey..."

No... ! Rey covered her ears with her cupped hands but the voice didn't dampen.

"Rey... He needs you!"

Rey's heart stopped beating in her chest. Her hands shook. Her mind raced but there was no sense to the mess of fears and developing phobias that were being forged into her prime.

"Rey..."

"Stop.” She tried to yell at the invisible whisper, but the word came out barely a comprehensible sound escaping her dry throat.

Her legs flew over the side of the bed. She grabbed her lightsaber and clipped it to her belt before her feet found their way to the door and she snatched up her walking staff. She took a deep breath and dipped under the cloth that blocked the sunshine from disturbing her sleep. But it wasn't morning yet. There was no sunshine to wake her. The darkness was still clinging to the island as though it could out last the morning light but it would inevitably be chased away no matter how deep it dug it's
shadowy digits into the earth. The sun would always rise and the shadows would be left fleeing once more.

There were three faces around the fire pit but only one mattered. His face was pulled in pain. Sweat already streaked and beaded across his pale continence. His arms were crossed over his helmet which sat snugly in his lap. His dark hair glistened with traces of sweat, damp locks clung to his cheeks like dark hands cradling his face

There were slight differences this time... why? Was this real or was she still dreaming?

She took note of his slouched frame, his lowered jaw was nearly resting against his chest, still clenched and his feet were spread wide apart. Except for the inadvertent twitches that were shooting through his body he was absolutely still. She took a careful step forward. She expected his mouth to move in silent speech just as it had done in her dream but it didn't. She took the end of her staff and pushed at his foot until he shifted, she jumped back waiting for him to strike like a coiled snake. His face pulled tight, his features creased with a deeper discomfort then before. His hands squeezed at his helmet, his fingers pulled along the metal.

"Rey..." That voice again.

"Grandfather...?" She whispered so low the word almost drifted away on a breeze.

"It's too late... get away from him..."

Rey's brows pulled in confusion. "You said he needs me."

Ren shifted again. His helmet came free from his hands. She didn't dare look away as it rolled from his fingers down his leg to fall at his feet. The metal clanked against the stone but no one around them moved, no one but Ren. His head tilted back and his lips... they began to move like they had before. He was talking to someone but there was still no sound.

"Get away from him child... " The voice was more urgent and she wanted to comply...

...But Rey couldn't move. She was stunned, mentally terrified into physical submission. He was positioned how she found him the first time. The sun was already starting to chase the fleeing shadows. She had the urge to run, but she had a greater urge to wake him, like in her dream. There was a Force that she didn't recognize, it called to her. It whispered behind her ear. Her foot shifted, dragging across the stone beneath her feet against her will.

Her fingers gripped her staff until they ached. Her left foot followed the shuffle of her right. Kylo's closed eyes creased into a tighter pull. He was struggling in his head and Rey felt the pull of their bond. She wanted to help him. She felt the urge to reach for him with her mind but she already knew what she would find there. She couldn't help him if he strangled her to death. No, not death. The killing blow would come from his lightsaber. She didn't think, her Force called for his lightsaber and it careened into her shaking hand. It was so heavy and large in her sweating palm. She wrapped her fingers around it. She had the strangest urge to throw it away or hold it to her chest. Rey wanted to get rid of it to protect herself but she also felt like she had to protect it, that made no sense but then she recalled how he'd told her that he'd dominated the power within it's Kyber crystal with his Force. It was a literal extension of himself. It was his Force that she was drawn to protect not the eerie plasma housed within the skeleton of the crystal. She latched it to her hip. It wouldn't come any closer to her then that. She still hated the thing, more now then ever. His weapon was laced with his Darkness and without him in control of it she knew it could wreak havoc upon her Light. It didn't matter where she put it though, as long as it was on her person, it was dangerous. At least it's not in his hands. She comforted herself.
"Scavenger..."

Her eyes flew back to his face. He was motionless, still asleep, but she knew she heard him. She leaned in, turning her head slightly as though trying to hear for something she was unsure was even there. Nothing but silence, not even a breath. Her face turned back to his. She felt the pull, she felt her feet shifting forward again. His eyes opened revealing what she feared she would see if they did. Black orbs stared at her.

"Run!" There was no mistaking his voice in her head. It was strained but it was there. She followed the command the same as the first time she'd heard him say it back on the Starkiller. She knew she heard him then and now she had her confirmation. Her feet picked up and she obeyed just as she had then. She ran just as she had then.

"Rey, you know where to go." Her grandfather's voice filled her mind and she did know where to go. She remembered when he'd first found her here. He had asked her where she went. He'd lost her through their connection. She'd been in the temple, in the side room she'd found beyond the hidden chamber she'd woken in.

Kylo Ren was stuck on a loop. Over and over his dreams haunted him. Tormented him.

She hated him, she spit at him, she was leaving with him! Rey was leaving with Luke Skywalker. She refused him, spurned him, left him. He'd reach for her but then she was gone and he'd find his father inches from his face. They held his lightsaber together in their hands. His father's warm features begged for his son's surrender. Ren felt the pull to the Light. He longed to bath in the warmth again. He longed to be free from the tormenting Darkness that held him down in it's icy embrace. Tendrils gnawed at his flesh and organs. They drank from his blood and siphoned his power until he was a dehydrated pile of bones but they never let him die. They never let him find peace.

His father promised him life, freedom and acceptance while a greater Darkness then himself promised him power beyond the limits of the flesh and blood that held him back. Ren wanted to join Ben, he wanted to leave the coldness of that Dark behind him, but the Darkness was already ahead. It was behind his father. It reached for them both, it reached for Ben's mind. It caught Ben and Kylo under it's cloaking shadow and after, crimson bathed between them and their maker, their father. Han Solo... he... he fell. He spiraled further and further from Ben's reach. And the boy did reach. Kylo's lightsaber fell from his hands and he reached with Ben over the bridge for his father's fleeting form. They reached together, it was the only time they worked together... no. Not the only time... they worked together for her, to keep her safe.

Ben knew this had already happened but he couldn't stop from trying to pull his father back up with the power he didn't have enough of. Not in this dream. He was never strong enough to save anyone in his dreams. Not the girl he lost as a young boy, not the other students at the temple, and not his father. Ben stared into the abyss below until he saw nothing but the empty steam of the chambers heated coils rolling like a sea of fog and mist. It swallowed up his father and Ben dared to dive after him but the hands on his shoulders held him back. Darth Vader's masked face stood above his own. He held the boy in place. He kept him grounded.

"It's too late." He said through the heavy modulation of his shining black mask. He took a moment to breathe through the built in life support and the sound sent tremors vibrating under the layers of Ben's skin. "You can never go back now." He informed the broken boy.

Ben shook his head furiously. His hands clasped over his face and he clawed at the surface with his nails. He would never look at himself, not ever again. He couldn't stand himself. He hated himself, he hated Ben. What had he done. He'd killed them all... and now his father. His own father. The
dream shifted again.

"Your a monster!" Her words, they rang clear as a bell in his head.

More disgust, more disdain, more self loathing. He ripped and tore at his flesh. Crimson bled in ribbons as he shredded his pale skin. The masked man above him removed his helmet revealing his own scarred and burnt face. It was distorted beyond recognition. He was a shell of the man he'd once been but his power swirled around him with even greater potency then the weapon the boy was standing on. He made the Starkiller look like a child's toy. He handed his grandson his mask and it changed upon entering his hands. Ben blinked through the blood that was dripping down his skin, flowing over his eyes, changing the colors he saw the world through into a single shade of red.

He held the mask that would hide his shame. It would cover the sins that he'd carved into his face with his own hands. The sins that would play through the clarity of his eyes if they ever met another living soul again. He would never forget but he could pretend, he could hide. He would bury Ben. Kylo Ren was born and baptized in blood. Kylo Ren would become the power to end all of his weakness and Ben needed no other sustenance to survive. He lowered the helmet over his head and it clicked into place with a satisfying hiss. Blood streaked down the length of his neck. It coated his hands but he had a solution for those problems to. A long collar of raven pleated cloth would hide the blood that ran down his throat, black armor would cover the length of the rest of his painted body and thick black gloves would hide the stains on his hands. He disappeared beneath his armor. He hide his sins from the view of others. He masked himself with a new face, a metal face that would never show the weakness that hid beneath. No eyes would ever fall in him again.

Then he found her and his armor split and cracked. It fell apart with his resolve the second he saw the Light in her eyes. He ached to feel the warmth of her simmering Light over his body. His face most of all craved the touch of her healing heat. His soul weeped for her acceptance. He would show himself to her because he needed for someone else to acknowledge his existence. He was alive in here, buried under layer after layer of armor that he wore like bandages over his wounds. He peeled and pulled but they never came off, he was trapped under the weight of his armored Darkness. He lost himself behind the face of his Helmet. Kylo Ren was the strongest lie Ben had ever told himself and he'd become greater then Ben could handle. He took over.

After he'd revealed himself there was a short time when she looked at him like he was human... almost normal. There was fear but she saw him like no one else ever had. She saw Ben she just didn't know it. Then he faced his father... then he killed his father and she saw it. The fear grew and the disgust came back ten fold, he was inhuman again... a monster again. It didn't matter if he wore the mask in front of her or not now. She would always see him as a monster. He'd done that, he'd painted himself red with his own father's blood.

It all ran full circle and the dream started again.

She was with him... Rey was with Luke Skywalker. He was taking her from him... she hated him... she spit at him... she was leaving him... leaving with Skywalker. She found solace behind him. She hide behind his robes just as she'd done before he took her as a child. She left him groveling at her feet, begging her to stay. Kylo Ren didn't beg, Ben begged. Kylo Ren took. Kylo Ren saw what he wanted and it was leaving, trailing behind the long bellowing robes of the man who stole from him, abandoned him like the rest of them.

"Enough!" Ren grabbed at his hair with his hands. He held his head between his forearms and squeezed trying to silence the voices that accompanied the images he saw. He knew they weren't real. The order of the events was all wrong and he'd followed his grandfather's guidance, but he hadn't seen him on that bridge that night, he'd never been there. And he'd already become Kylo Ren
by that time. Ben was already lost beneath the man in the mask.

This isn't real. It's a dream... only a dream.... He still couldn't stop himself from calling after her though. He knew it wasn't real but he still needed to stop her form leaving him.

"Please... Rey please don't go..." He pleaded with her. He reached for her but she stepped back from him.. Her face twisted with seething hate. It radiated from her, floated over her shoulders like a heat wave comprised of toxins that he knew the formula to. He helped inject the serum that ran through her veins. Luke stepped forward just as he'd done the first three times he watched this on repeat.

"She's made her choice." The Jedi informed his nephew.

Ren's eyes narrowed. Luke's hand was around her wrist and she was tugging against him. Why was she tugging? This wasn't like the other times, something was different.

"Ren please, please don't let him take me again. He lied to me, he tricked me..." Kylo blinked at her words.

She wanted to be with him. His uncle had lied to her... lied to him... again, he was stealing her again! He saw Rey's face. He held her cheeks gently in his hands until his uncle ripped her away. He threw her to the ground behind him.

Kylo'd had enough. He stepped forward, his hands reaching out. His uncle didn't know who he was now. Here in this dream scape, Luke didn't know what was in his nephew's nature. Luke wasn't careful enough here. He only saw the desperate face of his nephew. He ignored the danger he was in until it was to late. When he stepped into reach Ren's hands wrapped around his throat and he squeezed.

"You'll never take her again old man!"

Ren took no chances, the second he felt the Force swell around him he plunged his Darkness deep into his uncle's body. He siphoned him with a pull he'd never known he was in possession of. He felt his heart slowing. He felt his Force depleting. Then he heard her voice... his hands almost released at the sound of her words.

"Ren... R...en..." She pleaded through a strangled voice.

He flashed back to her again. His hands held her face in his again. She was above him... why was she above him...

"Shhh." He soothed his thumbs caressing the soft lines of her cheek bones. His mouth pressed over hers for a brief moment but she didn't return his affection, not like she did the first time... not at all. He pulled back and there was fear in her wide hazel eyes.

"Don't let him take me again." Her face faded with her words and she was behind Skywalker again, huddled against the ground.

Ren's hands were still around Luke's neck. Kylo released him and he fell to the ground at his nephews feet. Ren glanced over to Rey's cowering form and his lightsaber found its way into his hand. He ignited it over his uncle's crumpled body. He pulled back... and struck.

Ren's eyes flew open and he struggled to breath. That dream was so intense... so real. His eyes searched the area around him. The pilot and the boy were still sleeping. The sun was moving over the land around him. He winced from habit but it wasn't yet bright enough to hurt his dilated pupils. There was panic in his chest. He felt fear churning in his stomach. He pulled himself to his feet. He
dove forward nearly landing on his face as he moved for her hut. He grabbed the cloth she used to keep her space private. It pulled free from the stones she'd tucked it to, nearly ripping in his hand as his weight took it down with him. He barely caught himself with his fingers. Breath rolled from his mouth, fanning heavily over the stones beneath his chin. His eyes were on her empty bed. He was pushing himself up again. His vision blurred in and out.

"Rey... where are you?" His voice bounced off of her mental walls.

No... she shut him out. Why? Was she still mad at him?

"Rey..." He didn't know why he tried again, he couldn't reach her with his mind with out forcing his way in or he'd hurt her and he didn't want to hurt her, but it didn't deter him from reaching for her anyway. His feet followed her trail as his Force led him to her. "Rey come back!"

His Force reached for her and it didn't take long before he felt his signature slam into her. She was still close... He saw her stumbling forward but she caught herself with her staff. He felt her fear, he felt her looking back, she knew he was coming and now she was sprinting away from him. Kriff! He hadn't meant to put so much power behind the pulse. His fists tightened at his side. Why is she running?

"Rey... don't run from me... " His voice was soft, pleading but it didn't matter, she didn't slow.

"Rey!" He yelled ahead of him, his voice booming through the peaceful island, echoing off of the stone around them. He still couldn't see but his pace picked up just the same. He could feel and it was all he needed to follow her, his Force would do the rest, just as it had that first night.

He was full of anger and Darkness that he didn't understand. He was hurt that she would run from him, a little angry that she wouldn't slow, that she wouldn't respond to him, but nowhere near the level he felt clawing up inside of him. She was close enough still to hear him yell because her sprint turned into a full run. Fury shot through his veins at her defiance.

"I said don't run!" His voice assaulted her mind. He felt her mentally recoiling. He felt the pain he caused in her head. It streaked across her brain like racking claws. He wanted to help her, his hand reached for her. His Force pulsed out from him and she crumbled underneath of it's weight.

No! Why was he hurting her, he didn't mean to... he didn't want to.

He tried to plant his feet, he needed the time to regain control of himself but they wouldn't listen to his mind's commands. His body wasn't responding to him. It wasn't his to control. His feet picked up pace even while he fought against his own muscles. His mind's eye watched her climb to her feet. She kept glancing behind her and he wished he could see her face but his Force didn't allow him that much clarity. His feet stepped over something that he recognized instantly as his lightsaber. What was it doing here? He pulled it into his hand, a hand that wasn't his to control, he didn't want it in his hand right now. He could feel her lingering energy on it. His hand warmed where her Force met his. She'd had his lightsaber... why?

"Rey... please stop... " His voice was soft when he called to her but it wasn't what he wanted... he wanted her to run. He needed her to keep running, she needed to stay away from him.

Every second that passed her fear grew. He could feel her anxiety beading on her forehead, cooling her heated temples and neck. Her breaths were short, controlled even in her panic. She knew where she was going and he followed with out hesitation. His Force was all around her now, he was
catching up. His power was thick and heavy in the air, purposely making the oxygen around her
difficult to breath. She was slowing.

"No, no, no! You need to run Rey, run! Keep going!" He desperately tried to communicate with
her but he hit the wall. He doubted she could hear his words.

Suddenly she was gone. Nearly, almost completely gone. Her emotions disappeared from his chest.
His Force, the Force that had surrounded her only a second ago lost hers. She disappeared from
existence just like the night he'd first landed here. All that was left was the faint hum in his head.
Anger and frustration boiled over. Fire ran across every inch of his skin. Force lightning literally shot
from his hands burning the ground at his feet. The blackness that prevented his vision from working
filled the now free space of his mind and Ren fell to the floor hard. He had no way of stopping the
impact, his body was still not his own. His lids shut over his aching eyes and he gave way to the
blackness in his head.

His mind jerked awake. His pounding head felt as though it had been split open at the base of his
skull. He was dreaming... he had to have been dreaming... his eyes opened. He wasn't in the chair
across from her hut. He was alone, laying flat against a stone floor. His eyes fluttered, there wasn't
much color on the empty space to take in, but he was happy for the grays and browns that he could
see.

He was in a room but how did he get here? Where was he? Had Skywalker done something or had
he changed his dream by changing the cycle the loop was stuck on? His thoughts swarmed him,
pestering his pained mind with one question after another until something shuffled behind him.
Ren's head turned just in time to see her shadowed form darting away from him. He reached for her
but he didn't want to fall for whatever torture this new dream phase had in store for him. His hand
lowered to the ground beside his head. His chest heaved over a deep sigh, causing his breath to kick
up the light blanket of dust and dirt that over time had settled in a thin layer on the stone beneath his
face. His body shook while he climbed to his unsteady feet. He moved each of his limbs testing the
commands his mind sent to them. He seemed to be in control again. He spun around the empty room
with his arms out and his hands opened. He waited for the next part of this nightmare to ensue. This
is why he chose not to sleep. These were the things he dreamed of... he should have just meditated...

"Well, what now?" He taunted the open space around him.

A deep sigh echoed through the empty room and he pivoted to face the form it came from. Kylo
froze. Everything froze. His blood froze in his veins. His lungs froze in place and the air trapped
between them and his esophagus lingered within the non functioning organs. Even his heart froze in
his chest and he couldn't restart the muscle no matter how hard he willed it. Instead it tightened until
not a single beat pumped the blood he needed to make out what his brain was seeing. His father
stood no more then three feet away from him. He'd think he was back on repeat if the scenery and
pose they'd been in hadn't changed.

"Hey kid." His father's deep voice echoed through the room reverberating off of the bare stone walls.
The patented Han Solo half smile tugged at the corner of his father's mouth and all Kylo could do
was stare in between his disbelieving blinks. This didn't feel like a dream. This didn't feel like his
head playing games with him but he knew it had to be.

"I guess..." His father's hand rubbed at the back of his neck as he spoke. "I guess your biggest fear
isn't that you'll never be as strong as Vader anymore huh?" Ren stared into his father's eyes while the
man spoke. They where soft with the care he was conveying into his words.
His dreams never got those eyes right. There were so many colors in his dad's eyes that his subconscious never really captured them with fair justice. Ren's mouth opened then immediately closed. The choked sound of swallowed air was the only thing that came out of his mouth. His eyes were already glossing over. His hands were loose at his side.

"Yeah eh, it's ok kid." Hans shoulders shrugged the same way his son had seen him do thousands of times before. He suddenly remembered sitting on those shoulders. They seemed so massive back then. They seemed so strong.

"No need to get all emotional on me." His father's hand fell back to his side. Ren watched as he balled the same hand that had been rubbing and pulling at the back of his neck a second ago. Han noticed his son's eyes trained on his tightly balled fist and he released it. He shifted as though uncomfortable in his skin, as though he were fighting the urge to do something. Ren still stood frozen, not a muscle moved, his own hands which he normally kept balled, were uncharacteristically opened to hang loosely by his sides.

"I..." Was the only thing Ren could muster.

Han's lips pursed. He gave in, caving to an urge he'd always had that always made him so uncomfortable, he never followed through. His head shook from left to right and he took large, certain steps towards his son. Ren flinched but his feet were too heavy to move. Han's arms lifted. Ren decided he would accept what ever the man did to him, he deserved it. His brows pulled and his mouth gaped open when his father's arms fell over his shoulders. Ren tensed as though he'd been slapped. He stood stiff against his father's embrace. It felt so real, so genuine. It wasn't overly soft. It was masculine and stern but accepting and warm. Han patted his son on the back. His father sucked back a sniffle and held himself together like only he could. He pulled back from his son who never moved a muscle against him while his heavy arms rested along his shoulder blades in a firm hug.

"I should have done that..." Han took another stepped back and his face was strained with emotion which surprised Ren, but there was also a familiar hardness that he was more used to seeing. His father was looking down, running the back of his hand across his face and clearing his throat.

"...More often... or at all I guess." He cleared his throat again. "I wasn't around for you and your mom." His nostrils flared with a familiarity that almost made Ren miss him, but he still knew this wasn't real, this couldn't be real.

"I was a coward." He looked up at his son with a sharpness to his eyes that Ren understood. It was the pain of his regret and it stabbed down deep.

Ren stared into his father's soul baring eyes. His face was hard but those eyes told him everything he needed to know. They conveyed everything Han Solo had wanted to say to his son but never did. Some how this really was his father. Some how Ren felt was here, talking to his son.

"Truth is kid, your mom was always too much for me. Too good. Too strong. And then you came along..." His eyes fell to the floor again. He clearly chewed on the inside of his cheek. His jaw shifted uncomfortably and he pulled at his face with his fingers, wiping his mouth between his thumb and index finger to free his cheek from his clenching teeth.

"I was intimidated by you. The both of you." He looked back up at his son. "I wasn't meant to take home the father of the year award, hell I wasn't even a good husband most of the time." His hand found the back of his neck again and he rubbed until his skin turned red.

"Ah jeez kid, I wasn't ready for two Force sensitives in my life. Your mom she... she wanted me to help you through it but. " He lifted his hand and referenced his son's form. "Look, it's not like you came with a manual or anything."
He cleared his throat again, "You were the best thing to ever happen to me but when I realized you were like the rest of them... you know... with the Force... I just... I thought I wasn't good enough for you. I couldn't help you like you needed me to so I made myself scarce." His father's strong voice broke and he swallowed back a sob. He sucked in a deep breath through his nose and straightened his shoulders holding the weight of his emotions back like he normally did.

"You... your gonna be ok kid." His eyes glossed over and all Ren could do was stare.

This was the most emotion his father had ever shown him. Han could yell, finagle, and finesse his way out of nearly any situation. He learned to fight his emotions with his wit and his cocky charm. He'd taught Ben to do the same thing but he wasn't half as charming as his father. Han built a good defense by keeping a better offense on hand and when something came up that he couldn't charm his way out of, he moved on, he ran back to the Falcon until everything blew over.

He stepped closer to his speechless son. He understood his silence, Ben thought none of this was real. Pride swelled in his chest. Of all of the people in Ben's life, of all of the hero's and legacies he could follow... Han's wonder showed in his eyes while he looked on his son. It had been Han Solo's greatest fear that he would never live up to his son's expectations. Now standing in a Jedi temple in a chamber meant to pit the young Jedi trainees against their greatest fears... his son... his Ben, feared he would never live up to his father's strength. He stared into his child's deep brown eyes and he noticed something he'd never seen before; Shining gold flakes streaked through the brown, there was even a thin ring of an orange so clear and pure, it was almost honey along the outside of the dark pools. Han smiled inwardly, he knew who was responsible for that change. His hand dropped onto his son's massive shoulder. He'd grown into such a man. He didn't have time to really look over him the last time they met and the time before that he was still just a boy. He squeezed and patted at his son while he spoke.

"You're already so much stronger then me Ben. You'll see it, when your ready you'll see it."

Han could feel his son's eyes searching his face. His mouth pulled into a sad smile that he had to constantly work at to keep it from falling to a frown. The weight was from his own failures, not his son's. He tried so hard to keep the weakness from his voice but he hoped for his son's forgiveness more then he deserved to. He looked back up at Ben. It didn't matter what he called himself, he would always be Ben.

"You're gonna be ok." He repeated.

Ben's lips parted. Han could tell that wanted to say something. He was so much like his old man. So proud and too hard to say what he needed to. His eyes brimmed with tears and he didn't care to stop them now. He'd damaged his son by keeping these emotions to himself all his life. It couldn't have been easy for him growing up with a father who wasn't around and when he was he kept himself bottled up, tightly sealed off from the two most important people in his life. He must have always felt like he just existed for the sake of his mother, like he never really mattered to his father but he was so wrong.

"I... I love you kid." He told his son for the first time since he was a toddler. There was no sarcasm to it, no humor, just pure, honest compassion.

Ben's eyes lightened. His heart constricted in his chest and his lungs dried up from leaving his mouth gaping open for so long. His eyes twinkled at the man across from him.

"I know." He finally mustered the two most important words he would ever say to his father because his father knew what those words translated into. Hell, his dad wrote and patented the meaning between those two words.
A genuine half smile pulled at his father's lips and Ben Solo mirrored the look like a taller, darker framed image. Then his father started fading as his face grew very sullen. His mouth quivered, his chin dimpled from the frown that tugged at his sorrow filled face.

"Hey kid, do me a favor would ya?" Han's chin lifted while spoke. He broke the tension with a casual tone and it nearly cracked Ren in two. "Take care of that girl. She's special." Han wagged a finger at his son and he couldn't help but picture a tool in his hand, he couldn't help but see him wagging a wrench while muttering about something that had to do with the Falcon. His father conveying concern for his son's interest in the girl lightened the heartache between them. Unless it had to do with flying, his dad never took interest in anything Ben did.

Han almost laughed at the redness that crept into his grown son's face. He should have known Ben would fall for the girl his father had quickly taken to. Han had been a tough man to get along with but she kept him in check while feistily holding her own against his grumpy exterior. He admired the girl for that. It wasn't every day that some one impressed Han Solo and she most definitely had. If any one could handle Ben, it was definitely that girl!

Kylo nodded. He didn't know what else to say or do. His father was misting into oblivion in front of his eyes and He felt the sudden need to call out to him not as Kylo but as Ben.

"Dad... dad wait..." He begged the thinning image of the man that couldn't be here because he'd killed him. This wasn't real and Ben knew it, Kylo knew it, they both knew it.

"Please... I just..." He reached for the space his father had been standing in. "I'm sorry..." His words trailed off into the silence of the room.

"I know." He heard his father's voice in his ears but the man was already gone. His chest caved in and tears fell freely from his eyes. He didn't care now. No one was here to witness his weakness anyway. None of that was possible. Ren admitted to himself. After a few moments of falling tears and broken sobs there was silence. Kylo Ren had collected himself. He was use to the nightmares but this... this was different. He was lost in how raw he felt, how emotional he was. He never allowed himself to feel these emotions. They were for weaker minds... but somehow, in the aftermath, he didn't feel so weak.

"If you'd stayed and completed your Jedi training you'd have learned about the trial of fear, or was that your trial of forgiveness... guess we'll find out as time goes on." A new voice echoed through the open space.

Kylo's eyes narrowed at the sudden strength he felt in the room. There was an unfamiliar power around him. It was stifling. He peeked over his shoulder. His head tilted at the sight he found. His feet turned in the direction of the Force ghost just beyond his shoulder.

"Well, you certainly made a mess of things haven't you... grandson."

*Oh my Force! You guys... This chapter am I right...? ... So much going on.... so much to talk about.... eeek. How will this play out for our confused antihero...will he be able to overcome what lays ahead... is he strong enough to defeat the demons of his past... stay tuned to find out.... Teehee! *

~Please comment! Kudos! Follow! Like, love, hate, just let me know how you feel lol. ~
-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren turned to face the ghost behind him. His eyes narrow as he looks the unfamiliar form up and down. He doesn't look very intimidating but Ren can feel the great power of his Force swelling around him. His instincts kick in and he begins pacing back and forth, a fear tactic that bolsters his own confidence while lessening his enemies.

The young man is a threat, it's as clear as his strength in the Force.

This is like no dream Ren's had before. His eyes never leave his supposed grandfather’s face yet he measures him from head to toe. He's dressed like a Jedi, not a master Jedi or a Knight, but a padawan. He wears long brown robes over a white tunic and brown under shirt complete with the plain brown trousers. His hair is short and light in comparison to Ren's and he has a single long braid running past his right shoulder. The young man claiming to be his grandfather is no more then maybe seventeen and a padawan of many years, judging by the length of his braid.

"A bit young to claim such a title aren't you?" Kylo Ren's voice comes out viperous, he can't help but feel slightly intimidated by the boy Jedi who houses the strength of a Master. His eyes picked up on the slight smile that pulls at the young man's mouth and Ren begins to circle the humor filled specter like prey.

"Well, you certainly have the whole Dark side act down don't you?" Grey eyes shine with amusement as Ren patrols around him.

"Act?" Ren arced a brow in the direction of the spirit. His head cocks and his hand opens as he debates wether or not to call his lightsaber to it.

His supposed grandfather chuckles and he turns to face his grandson. "You can't kill a ghost Ben, the past is the past, the memories will always linger and so will I." He says casually through a charming smile on the same lips that smirked at him only moments ago.

"My name is Kylo Ren." He informs the grinning ghost.

"Ahh yes, the infamous Master of the Knights of Ren. You've taken quite a shine to that title haven't you?" The Jedi's smile fades and his eyes grow sharp with an intensity that shouldn't belong to one so young.

Ren's feet stop in their tracks. His head tilts deeper to the left as his eyes still carefully inspect the features of the deceased stranger. There was something about him... something so familiar yet unrecognizable in his eyes.

"I see you've put my Acolytes to a better use then I... but then; I was never really the warrior type. You have a nack for it thought don't you? You like the brute force that goes into the hand to hand combat. I was more of a dictator myself, a leader by Force if you will." The young ghost stares at his grandson with a prideful bewildered look in his eyes as he reminisces over a time long since passed.

Ren almost wished he was his grandfather, he'd give most anything to see Lord Vader look on him with such unabashed pride but this could not be him. Why of all times would he choose to come to Ren now?

"Watching my wife's belly grow... I hoped for a son. When I found out she'd survived long enough to birth me one and he survived; I'd rather imagined he'd be like you..." His words trailed of and his eyes looked momentarily distant. Ren's thumb ran over the engager of his lightsaber as though
debating or maybe just itching. The Force ghost gave him an approving smirk that twisted his innocent looking features into something frightening, even for his young age.

"Yes, if Luke had been like you... well, you'd have grown up in a much different universe then the one you currently occupy." His hands clasped together, his fingers intertwining all except his thumbs, he left their pads pressed together, his brown robes nearly covering his hands down to his knuckles. The stance was something he'd picked up from his old Master, Obi Wan. Bright grey eyes blinked at his speechless grandchild.

"Turns out that was probably for the best. I made too many mistakes in my time..." His grey eyes gleamed with something Ren hadn't seen in a long time.

The hope in them melted the hard metal irises into quicksilver and that look was shining in Kylo's direction placing an unknown weight on his shoulders. It was strange, he already felt like he had the responsibility of his grandfather's legacy on his back, why then did this feel like a different burden?

Anakin's head tilted to match the angle of his predecessor. "I didn't imagine you as the quiet type... or maybe you're just a little slow. I suppose the combination of brooding around, slashing things up and your unstable temperament must make it hard to make friends hmm?" He teased his grandson into a response, goading him out of silence.

"What do you want spirit?" Ren spit the last word from his mouth as though it tasted poorly on his tongue.

"Of all the times I've had to listen to your prattle... you're misguided, skewed pleas... how many times have you bowed before my mask and asked for my guidance? How often have you come crying to me to show you the power that is already yours to take?" His haunting silver eyes ignited with power. They bore into Kylo Ren and he felt the heavy pressure of their weight bearing down on him.

"You... you can't be..." Kylo's breathy words barely reached the ears of the specter.

"Ahh, so there is a bit of intellect behind all of that power. I thought there might be, I was certainly hoping you weren't daft." The taunting ghost chided, his grandfather speaking a language Ren understood, using sarcasm and taunts to pull speech from him like a weapon.

Kylo Ren's lightsaber ignited in his hand, bathing the walls and floor around them with an eerie red illumination.

"Ah yes... the anger." The ghost sucked in a breath of air as though enjoying the taste of it. "Potent... bitter... strong... yet lacking... always lacking."

Ren's nostrils flared. How dare this imposter mock him! He gritted his teeth and his jaw flexed. "I can't help but wonder, was it that charming mouth of yours that led to your early demise or your inability to see a threat before them?" Ren fired back, his annoyance replacing his outward curiosity with his normal armor of cocky arrogance. His anger made him more comfortable, giving him his tongue back.

The air around him hummed with the response of the ghost's power. Kylo clenched his jaw tighter. He wouldn't show the effect he was feeling under the apparition's strength but he did feel it. His skin prickled from head to toe. His shoulders and chest felt heavy under the pressure around him. The fine hair on the back of his neck stood on end.

"Tell me Ben... that pull to the Light that you keep ignoring... where do you think it's been coming
from?" The ghosts eyes hardened and he grew very sullen and very serious.

Something shot through Kylo's chest... his mind raced. It couldn't be... No, my grandfather wants me on this path, he's guiding me, leading me. He helped set me on this path... I will not doubt you grandfather.

He's a liar, an imposter! His Darkness warned him but Kylo still had to ask...

"Why not show yourself sooner then?" He tried to keep the level of his voice but he could hear the genuine longing in his words.

"Your Master is powerful, he keeps you in your own mind, locked down by your fears and doubts. He plagues you. I am shamed to admit that his hold on you runs deeper then my own. He's been with you a long, long time Ben. You know he has roots in your mind... you can feel them there, I know you can."

Vader sent you to him... this imposter lies! His Darkness fell into unison with his memories.

"I told you, my name is not... " His hissing tongue halted in his seething mouth as a rush of intense power blazed through the room. Suddenly the boy began to age before his eyes.

His hair grew into long, sandy blond waves, much like kylo's but his own was longer and darker. A long thin scar ran across his right brow and Kylo almost found himself reaching for his own mark. The Force ghost's attire changed with his age. Now he donned a rich dark brown tunic but the rest of his gear was black, still in the form of Jedi's training garb but the colors were nothing like he'd ever seen back at the temple Luke had trained him at.

"I am your blood. I am your DNA. I will call you what I see fit and while you are in my presence you will not disrespect my daughter with any other title then the one she chose for you when she gave you life!" The ghost of Anakin Skywalker spoke with authority and the power in the room thickened further still.

Ren was finding it difficult to breath but he did not let up. The ghost was challenging him. Real or imagined... he could not let that go unspoken for.

"I am Kylo Ren, Master of the Kni..."

"You are Ben Solo Skywalker! Son of Han Solo and Leia Organa Skywalker! You are MY grandson! You need no other titles or ranks to speak for your person or for the power that you wield; do not think to hide behind them now!"

"If you are who you say you are then your opposition is hypocritical at best... Lord Vader." His grandson retorted in a mocking tone.

Ren clearly still didn't believe that the ghost before him was his grandfather and why should he? He'd been seeking his guidance since he was a boy and he'd never appeared before now. Kylo had experienced whispers, dreams and on rare occasions sometimes even visions, but as far as he knew, the Force ghost had never reached out to him.

The ghost's countenance softened. For the briefest of moments he almost looked embarrassed when Ren had addressed him as Vader, but then his face hardened. His eyes seared with the heat of his power and he smiled at the last remaining hope for his bloodline. He raised his arms in front of him, lifted his head and straightened his spine.

Dark heavy liquid seeped out from his skin like thick oozing tar. It clung to his form. It ran down his
legs in thick ropes of black fluid until it coated his entire body. The gooping substance spread from his chest to climbed up his neck then down his shoulders and back.

Ren's mouth dried as he watched the spectacle before him. Every breath he tried to swallow down burned with the heat of the ghosts growing Force essence. The young man aged, his face wilted and scarred before Ren's eyes. His skin paled to a sickly grey and his hair singed until it completely disappeared, leaving behind thick burned skin. Finally the black liquid climbed over the new face of the clearly tortured man, consuming the bright power filled eyes that gazed knowingly into Ren's own dark stare. The substance hardened and the ghosts breathing slowed into a deep unnatural rhythm that kept it's timed tempo with the guidance of the computer that was programmed to control all of the Dark Sith's major organs.

Darth Vader's unmoving mask stared blankly in the direction of his grandchild. For a long moment the only sound between them was that of the robotic breaths coming from within the faceless mask. There were buttons along the Dark Lord's chest that Kylo could only imagine were for the purpose of setting the simplest of his bodily functions, such as the obvious breathing apparatus he had installed within the mask of his helmet. Kylo he was surprised at how clunky all of his gear was. He could see why the boy had admitted to being more of a dictator then a fighter. His armor was impractical for hand to hand combat, but then, if this really is Darth Vader... what use for hand to hand would there be?

"Is this what you were hoping to see when we met?" The ghost's voice had deepened significantly.

His speech had slowed, he had no choice there. The controlled timing of his breathing forced him to take pauses in between his sentences to accommodate his need to breathe. The Dark figure raised his arms out to his sides becoming his grandson to inspect him. He made no other movements as he waited for the young man to comply.

Kylo took the motion for what he assumed it was. He was daring enough to circle the Sith before him. He inspected him form head to toe again. His build had changed and Kylo knew why. He could see where the armor had thickened to accommodate having mechanical parts from his technological era. Both legs had been replaced by the parts, at least one hand, maybe both and he was betting that most of the controls on his chest were for his internals.

"You've seen better days." There was a slight smile on Ren's face but it was not from humor. Nothing close to that. He wore the facade to hide his discomfort... his fear. The ghost's current form made the muscles beneath his skin itch.

"You have no idea... but I'm going to show you... you're going to witness my rise and fall first hand."

Kylo's face twisted in a flashed of confusion and fear. He didn't know why the ghost's words cracked across his spine like a whip across his back but he felt it just the same. He tensed against the invading power of Anakin Skywalker as the ghost forced his way into his mind. Kylo mentally raised his walls but he was too late. The probing hand of Darth Vader dug into him. He was not able to extract from Ren's mind but he could share his past through Force visions and he did so brutally.

His body jerked from the sudden assault that over took his mind. Quick flashes of the life of the ghost before him implanted in his brain. Kylo saw in detail everything his grandfather had gone through from his youth to his adolescence. The history burned into his cortex in a quick searing strike of lightning. The images slowed into drawn out scenes as the boy became a man. He witnessed everything first hand. Jedi mission flashed through his mind as he witnessed bonds being formed with his fellow Jedi Masters and peers... then there was Padmé.
Ren witnessed the restraints placed around their relationship. He felt the familiar tearing of a heart caught between the loyalty for the brothers he found within the Jedi and his first and only love. He felt his loyalties swaying from the Jedi who would keep her from him and from the lathes and codes he believed in. He felt the accepting pull to the Dark. He witnessed the deception at the hands of both the Dark and Light side as each pushed and pulled Anakin in a different direction.

Anakin struggled inwardly and outwardly over the relationship that he would inevitably pursue in secret. Things only worsened for the young man from there. The two sides tugged at him, they split him apart until he lost himself. Eventually the manipulation from the Dark side and the thoughts placed within his ancestor's head became to much and fearing the worst for his family, the young Jedi snapped.

Oceans of blood flowed under his grandfather's fall and Kylo felt his stomach twist with disgust, discontempt, and fear not over his grandfather, but what his own future might look down should he stay on the path he was on now. Anakin had killed without thought and there was very little remorse in the young man. Some how he was able to shut it all off, tune it all out. Kylo couldn't help but wonder how he did that.

How did one keep their demons from gnawing at their soul? What made him immune to that suffering but not Kylo? Perhaps that truly was the power that came from becoming a Sith, but it wasn't Kylo's intention to give up his ability to feel emotion and to complete what he set out to do, he needed to become a master of both the Dark and the Light. He doubted there could be peace after becoming a Sith.

The memories continued to burrow painfully. They drilled into Ren's aching brain until his eyes reared from the ache. Kylo could not believe when he saw the devotion and compassion Kylo had just witnessed for Padmé crumble under his blind rage. He stood only feet away from her, her belly large with his bairn, his arm was outstretched and his Force coursed through his hand as he used it to choke the life out of her.

Kylo couldn't help but recoil at the memory. His heart contracted. There was something about this scene that felt to close to home. He feared the embers that shot through his mind would catch hold and ignite the path of his future. He watched his young grandmother drop to the ground, nearly dead at her husbands feet, her twins unknown to them at the time, were clinging to life within her womb.

He had no time to recover from the burning in his chest before he witnessed the battle between his grandfather and a young Obi Wan Kenobi, the same Ben he'd been named after. This was not the battle that had been taught to him at the temple he grew up in. He had been told that the two masters fighting had been Anakin and Darth Vader and that Vader had won in the end but it didn't matter, he'd learned this version years later through the records of the Acolytes.

The actual battle was glorious, sabers danced and clashed as the two Jedi's took to opposing paths. They moved with a grace and awareness that Kylo longed to experience. He dreamed of having such a battle, the closest he'd gotten was between Rey and himself in their blazing hate fueled passion.

The extent of the damage done to Anakin's body was nearly impossible to recover from, but he did. It had been painful to witness though. He watched his grandfather pull and drag at the ashen ground beneath him, his limbs severed by a man he loved like a brother. He expected the Jedi to help him, he expected some kind of effort to aid him, maybe an attempt to save him from his broken mind over time while the fallen Jedi healed from the physical wounds he'd sustained, but instead he witnessed his Light side Master abandoning him.

Obi Wan Kenobi watched his friend and Apprentice struggle against his defeated body as it ignite from the searing heat of the flowing lava inches from his severed legs. His body burned and melted
before the Jedi's feet and Kenobi just walked away, leaving him to his excruciating demise. He would have slowly burned alive had it not been for his Dark Master.

This was a turning point for Anakin Skywalker. He'd already chosen the Dark path, he'd proven it when he slaughtered the countless younglings at the very Jedi temple he studied in, nearly taken his wife's life, though he was told she hand survived their encounter, and when he fought his Jedi Master, openly declaring him an enemy as his former brother in arms left him to die.

"I hate you!" Anakin's words burned into Kylo Ren's head with the searing intensity of the lava around his blistering body. Kylo nearly buckled from the pain in his head. His hands cupped either temple and he squeezed in an attempt to offer his skull any kind of comfort he could but it was no help and the memories continued.

Anakin's torment didn't end there. His body was reconstructed but his mind was left fractured. He was told that he'd killed his wife along with his unborn child and Anakin had no reason to believe otherwise as his former brothers had done nothing to dis assuage the false information that was fed to him by Palpatine. In fact their attempt at protecting his wife and children had led to Padmé's death and their separation. Perhaps if Vader had know the truth, he would have returned to the Light, if for nothing else then his family sake.

The children that were separated from birth and hidden away from the newly risen Sith didn't know of their siblings existence or their heritage until they were young adults and his wife, kylo's grandmother, had died shortly after their birth from an actual broken heart shortly after she was told that Anakin hadn't survived the encounter with Obi Wan.

Kylo couldn't imagine how such a strong woman could give up so easily, but then, for some unknown reason he pictured Rey turning completely against him. Abandoning him, leaving no doubt in his mind that she cared nothing for him or his existence. Kylo could almost survive on the hate and pain that would leave him with but then he pictured her lifeless and he wondered if he could survive that?

It was a foolish and weak thought. A misplaced thought, as though Rey would ever reciprocate his feelings for her back, let alone long enough for them to have a family... Maybe it was his bloodline that made him care so deeply where she seemed to be so much less affected by their bond then himself. Perhaps he was more like his grandmother then anyone else, passionate to a fault.

The pain through out Anakin's life continued to crack and sear through Kylo. His vision blurred with the blinding images that would now forever linger in his mind as though they were his lessons to been learned. Kylo felt a sharp hate for the Light side, but to his surprise, he felt just as much for the Dark. Anakin was promised so much that was never given. In fact he'd suffered worse at the hands of his Master then that of the Light side. Both men understood why his family was hidden away from him. In his current state of mind he would have raised his children in the Dark. Maybe if Padmé had survived he could have been brought back, but after her death, there was nothing left of Anakin to be salvaged.

He became a slave to his Master's will, he followed his orders like an obedient pup. Always promised a life that was never granted to him; always blamed for his misery until that pain became the chains that held him down. The chains of guilt that kept him locked to his Master's side. And then there was the discovery of his children; it was the first moment that true doubt crept in. The first moment he weighed his past and found himself wanting for things long lost and better off forgotten. He fought the Light that nipped at his heels, He convinced himself that he was undeserving of their forgiveness and he was probably right, but Luke had proven him wrong in the end. He had stood in the shadow of his father's sins and Darkness and he beamed with hope for his father's return.
The final scene that his grandfather had shared with him was one of betrayal and compassion. He'd finally turned his back on his abuser, and that was what his Master was, he used him for his strength, for his Power. Han Solo's final words echoed through his head once again, this time while Kylo witnessed his grandfather saving Luke from his Master's wrath.

"Snoke is only using you for your power..."

In the end Darth Vader had chosen his blood over his Master, over the Dark side. Kylo was stunned and crushed. He saw his father's fleeting form spiraling beneath him, falling further into the abyss below. Kylo had gone further then even Darth Vader had. He should have felt prideful but instead he felt the distinct tug of defeat. He felt like he failed at some test he wasn't sure he'd been taking. A test he'd blindly thought he passed. What a fool.

"So now you see..." His grandfather's form had changed again, this time to the man he'd been when he'd been a husband and soon to be father.

Kylo was lost in his own mind. What could he do with this information. He'd known most of it, but the grimy details made so much difference. He got the feeling that he was the only mind that Anakin had shared his life with. He knew this was his grandfather. There was no doubt about that now. The life he'd witnessed was too dark to have come from Luke's influence and it was too Light to be his own Master's doing, he'd never risk his Apprentice knowing so much about how used his grandfather had been. He was so powerful yet he'd remained a pawn his whole life. It changed so much about how he saw the ghost of the man before him.

The ghost looked back at him with turmoil in his stormy grey eyes. He looked pained. His eyes were strained from the memories that he'd just relived for the sake of his grandchild. "To that creature, you are a pawn Ben."

The ghost's words struck a cord somewhere deep. He couldn't help but feel the stab like a molten blade through his heart. Kylo was aware that Snoke had failed him in the past, he even knew that he couldn't be fully trusted in the future... he wasn't an idiot, not completely anyway, but he was still his Master and Kylo was loyal, that was his way. His Master had been the only one that hadn't yet abandoned him, he felt he owed him the same respect, at least until he became more powerful. Kylo would overthrow him one day. He would break his mental chains and take his freedom, he would earn his place on the thrown that his Master currently occupied.

Kylo raised his chin, stubborn as ever. He didn't fall this deep into the Dark side or cause the pain he knew he caused so that he could run back to the Light at the first sign of his doubt being proven correctly placed. The Light had still made more mistakes then the Dark, at least where Kylo was concerned, besides he still had work to do here first, he still had to much to accomplish and he needed the resources here to do that. He needed the power that came with his position to make a real difference.

"I'm not asking you to forsake the Dark Ben, but you can not deny the Light that burns in you either." His grandfather continued as though he could hear his inner thoughts and for a moment Kylo wondered if he could, but he doubted it, this gift was a rare one in the Force and Kylo had done enough research to know it was not one one his grandsons's abilities. His words though, they brought forward a more recent memory...

"The First Order rose from the Dark side, you did not..." The words of Lor San Tekka.

"I'll show you the Dark side..." The response of Kylo Ren.

"You may try, but you can not deny the truth that is you're family!" The final words of Lor San
Tekka... an old family friend... before I killed him.

"You're so right..." Kylo's words had never been so right...

You are Kylo Ren. This ghost is toying with your head. You are Ben no more. Ben is gone! Ben was weak! You are strong! His Darkness reassured him.

"I'm Kylo Ren, Master of Ren, Apprentice to The Supreme Leader and Master of the Dark side, there is no Light left in me!" It was only a half lie, but it was still a lie and both he and his grandfather knew it.

"You would dare lie to me!?!!" His grandfather's eyes blazed with dark power.

How was it that a Jedi spirit was able to have that amount of Darkness in him?

"Very well then Dark one, show me your commitment. You think killing your father has proven anything other then you have daddy issues?" The ghost taunted him.

Kylo opened his mouth to let out the fire that blazed within him but it all went away when a small girl suddenly appeared before him. His alarmed brown orbs flickered from the familiar frightened child to his grandfather then back again.

"Well, come now Kylo Ren, prove your the Dark sider you claim to be. Prove you're like me..." His grandfather said causally. His shifting eyes took in the shock and self doubt on his grandson's suddenly worried face. "Kylo... it's just a youngling, there are many more out there, they plague the worlds like locusts." He shrugged bowing closer to the small child.

An image of a young Anakin slaughtering innocent younglings flashed through his mind again, and Kylo suddenly felt sick. He looked back over the young girl who looked smaller then he remembered but perhaps that was because the last time he'd stood before her at this age, he'd been but a boy himself. Her bright hazel eyes rimmed with tears. She was terrified of him, she didn't recognize him and why should she, he looked as he did now, not as that young boy she knew and trusted then.

"Ben... Ben...?" She cried, squeezing her eyes shut tightly as though the simple action would make the bad man go away, as though if she couldn't see him, he wouldn't be real.

Suddenly Kylo remembered this scene. He'd still been Ben, the boy she called to, and he'd found her curled up on the floor where he'd left her meditating in the temple. She was terrified of something he couldn't see. She was trembling, gazing up at someone invisible to Ben. He'd pulled her to him, cradling her, comforting her against whatever unseen force was tormenting her... it had been a vision of his future self.

While Ren was distracted by the memory of the past, his lightsaber suddenly ignited in his hand, only... he hadn't done it. His wide eyes flew back to his grandfather. The Sith's hand was open and he'd used the Force to ignite his lightsaber with little to no effort and in Kylo's distraction, nearly no resistance. The small girl fell back in her fear. He remembered Ben covering her with his body, his eyes searching the space behind him for whatever was terrifying his friend but he saw nothing. Kylo's eyes narrowed with unrestrained fury.

"Stop." He meant to sound stern but his voice cracked. His hand shook and his strength wavered. After everything his grandfather just showed him, what was the point of this?

"What's holding you back Ben? End her. Prove yourself... why drag this out?" The ghost asked raising Kylo's arm for him by the power of his Force through his Lightsaber. The girl squealed under
the crimson light of his blade. Kylo gritted his teeth, he fought his grandfather's mind for the control of his lightsaber but he was so strong and the Kyber crystal within it's core responded to him as though it had no other Master, of course Kylo knew why... The crystal was in fact what remained of Lord Vader's destroyed lightsaber. It had since chosen Ben, but it recognized it's first Master as it's true Master before it did Kylo Ren.

"I have already proven myself to my Master, I have nothing to prove to you!" He fought against the power of the ghost to the right of him but his eyes never left the girl's frightened face. Sweat glistened along his neck and temples. He knew the girl could see herself in the reflection of his eyes, he could see it in hers.

"You can't be so naive, I won't let you be so stubborn, so blind...You will not fail where I did!" His grandfather's dissatisfied voice scolded and Ren knew then, what he was intending to do.

Kylo felt the Force around his plasma blade tugging down and Ren countered the pull with his own. The girl screamed and cried. Somehow even though this couldn't be real, he knew she felt the heat of his lightsaber above her tiny frame. He felt his Force wavering. His growing fear did nothing to help his power and his anger only improved his strength so much, but his compassion... his compassion for her empowered him. He locked the saber above her and before his grandfather made a counter play his most basic instincts kicked in. Kylo Ren didn't even have to think about his next actions because he already accepted that she was his to protect, even now, in whatever messed up dreamscape they were in, he knew he had to keep her safe. His Force began to draw his grandfather's into him. It was a power unlike anything he'd ever felt. He expected it to be more dark then Light, but he was sorely mistaken. There was so much Light in him. How was there so much Light in Darth Vader...? Had he silently suffered torn between the two dueling sides of the Force the same as Ren had all of his life?

The ghost cocked his head to the side and his eyes narrowed curiously. His grandson had tricks he'd never even knew existed in the Force. Anakin could feel his Force being consumed, being dominated and claimed within his grandson. He had an understanding of the Force that would have changed so much for Anakin Skywalker. His power was so impressive. If only he wasn't too afraid and too angry to use all of it. He was capable of so much more. If only he realized what Anakin was certain of, Ben already knew deep down that the Light that he hid away was just as empowering as the Dark. He sensed his hold on his grandson's Kyber crystal weakening as it recognized the power of it's current master but he wasn't ready to end this lesson. It hadn't sunken into his stubborn grandchild's head yet. Why were all of the Skywalker's so stubborn, even Leia had that trait. The ghost ripped the lightsaber from his grandson's hand. It flew into his corporeal palm, yet somehow it landed with the sound of a smack.

"You can hide behind the name your Master gave you... you can mask yourself under that helmet in hopes to hide your origins from those around even from yourself all you want, but underneath... you're still Benjamin Solo Skywalker. Your my grandson, my blood, not his! He may be in your mind, but I'm in your veins and the Force is strong in our veins... and yours like no other before you, not even me. Your Master doesn't know how to control the power in you but he will find a way, if you don't control yourself first he'll leash you to him and you'll never be free! You can't deny the other half of your power anymore then you can deny her!" His grandfather held the plasma blade out, pointing it at the child. He twisted the plasma in her directions as he spoke and Kira shook at the sight of the terrifying blade. She didn't seem to acknowledge the man holding it, just glowing red plasma threatening her life, perhaps she couldn't see him.

"You claim to hate the Light but you refuse to snuff it out instead you protect it. You help it grow..."

"No! You're lying! I wouldn't..." Kylo defended himself, now his grandfather sounded like Snoke,
accusing him of compassion... that was obviously proving to be true... was this ghost correct as well?

"You help it thrive within her..." He nodded to the girl before his grandson's menacing form. "...And she encourages the Light within you, it confuses you but you don't stop it. You're drawn to her like a moth to a flame. You've always been drawn to her, even before you bonded with her. Both of your Force signatures call to one another... You both have the same potential for the Darkness as you do the Light and you bleed into each other. Should you not wish to destroy that which destroys the Darkness you hold onto so tightly? I wonder... what do you say to that Kylo Ren... what would your Master say to that?"

Kylo said nothing, he just stared down at the small girl at his feet.

"We both know who you are Ben Solo. Now it's time to face your demons... If you want to surpass where I failed... bare your sins, carry your guilt, own your heritage and grow up, if you cannot then move forward, let nothing hold you back! Surpass where I failed, rise above your Master!" He raised the plasma blade over the silently quivering child.

Kylo shook his head trying to block the ghost's words from his mind. He refused to acknowledge the truth in the words he spoke. He'd given so much up already... he couldn't go back to being Ben, he'd killed his father, destroyed his uncle's legacy, broken his mother's heart, turned her into a widow...

"No, I'm Kylo Ren..." He had more to say but nothing else followed.

"Your a coward!" His grandfather scoffed. "Just like I was. There is power in admitting your weakness a power you lack. There is strength in owning your mistakes, a strength you don't yet have. I guess you got what you wanted after all, you're following my footsteps exactly as I took them. You're going to watch your family burn because you're to weak to stop it."

"They aren't my family anymore." Kylo kept his stubborn resolve but his voice shook from the strain of his lies and the pain in his chest.

Anakin sneered at his grandchild, he could see the Light in the boy, he could feel it. Ben, like himself was so determined to keep the path he chose that he would tear himself apart until his last breath, the same as Vader, but Anakin had an insight to help the boy, an insight that Obi Wan Kenobi didn't. He watched the torment in Ben's eyes as he looked down at the figment of the girl.

Kylo Ren remembered when this had happened, Kira shoved Ben away and now he understood why. She tried to save him. She thought she was going to die and she wouldn't take Ben with her. The boy version of himself tried to hold her again but she flailed against him, pushing him out of the way as the blade raised over her head. Her face hardened and she screamed at the boy to leave her alone. She pushed him away, told him to go...she didn't want to see him. He remembered it all. How had he ever forgotten. She looked up at the crossguard lightsaber ready to die. She'd done her job by protecting him. She was ready to meet the maker. The ghost twirled the blade in his hand and the girl sucked in what she thought would be her last breath but no other sound came out of her trembling mouth. She knew Ben was nearby and she wouldn't risk him getting hurt for her, not for her.

"What do you think you're real test will be Kylo Ren? What will it take for your Master to really share his power with you? You think your father's death proved more to him then his power over you or his control over your mind. It won't mean more then the guilt he's trapped you under. Eventually he will want the one thing you're not willing to give up and if you don't he will use that thing against you. He will hold it over your head to keep you under his power." Kylo's eyes widened with recognition. He had recently felt the same worry in his head and now it was being spoken allowed, possibly by his actual grandfather.
"He will demand more sacrifice from you until it comes down to you and that one thing, in your case... that one person. You know I'm right! She will be your final test just as Padmé was mine. I'm not asking you to leave the Dark Ben, I always felt more comfortable there myself, but cut the strings... stop being a puppet or find a Master that will better serve you! Do not let our legacy remain as I have left it, Luke is lost it at least he is free. I had no will left of my own, o desire to break the cycle of Master and Slave... will you be like us? Will you live in our shadow? Are you satisfied leaning half in the Dark? Or will you find and carve your own path like a man? I'm not encouraging you to become a Sith, do not misunderstand me. The Sith are as weak as the Jedi and just as misguided. I'm telling you to own your power! Become something greater. If you continue to refuse the Light in you, you will fall to the shadows around you." His grandfather's words were cold and level. The sincerity in his voice was unmistakable and it haunted Kylo Ren's already doubt plagued mind.

Anakin waited for his grandson to acknowledge what he already knew deep down. He waited for him to submit to the Light that fought to break free from the Darkness within him, but the boy only tightened his hold on the small pool within him. He truly was a Skywalker. His grandfather couldn't let go of the Dark and his Uncle couldn't let go of the Light. Ben Solo was stuck in the middle but owned neither one enough to truly control it. He wouldn't fully commit to the Dark not without being broken first and he denied the Light because his adolescent rebellion wrought with much guilt in the aftermath, it was to great for Ben to see past and his Master's hold was to strong for him to find release with out a fight. Now he was caught in the sticky web of his sins and his Master's any lies. This Master of Ben's had taken such time carefully destroying and manipulating Ben's mind until the poor boy was fractured nearly beyond repair. He was more skilled at this then even Palpatine had been, and that Freind had been blessed with the devils tongue. It was time to push the boy into a reaction he couldn't hide from, one he couldn't deny after.

"Very well, allow me a gift to you then grandson... allow me the burden of carrying what would break you. I'll take the weight of what lies ahead so you can move forward without the risk of the weapon our Master would otherwise use against you. If I don't do this and you stay under Snoke's rule, he will ask this of you and no matter what you choose, you won't survive. Either way he will destroy you physically or mentally he will break you the same as my Master did to me." Anakin's irises rimmed with Red and yellow rings. His Sith was showing through his Jedi's aura. It polluted the air around them, Kylo could feel the Darkness growing and it felt very similar to his own but there was something more potent in it. He knew his grandfather was so much deeper in the Darkness then he currently was because Ren was able to control his Darkness, his grandfather... not so much.

Kylo's eyes widened with unrestrained fear as Anakin Skywalker brought his arm down and with it... his own crimson lightsaber. Ren dove forward with out thought of consequence or fear for himself. He wrapped his large arms around the girl, using his body as a shield for her to hide beneath. He waited for the blow. He waited for the burn of the hissing blade but it never came. It crackled inches from his back but Kylo held onto her, his hand cradled the back of her head as he loomed over her protectively. His other arm encircled her small body, encasing her form while a Force shield wrapped around them both, but it was not his. In his blind panic he hadn't thought that far ahead. He felt stupid for not thinking of that first but he had no time to think, only to react. His brain blanked and he just jumped in front of her, proving once again how foolish he was where this girl was concerned, even when she was just a child and probably not real. Kylo didn't even notice when the sound of the crackling blade disappeared. He just held her waiting for it all to end. After a moment of nothing but silence, he pulled away from the small child in his arms. Somehow he knew it was over, somehow he knew the threat to her had passed. His large hands gripped her small biceps and he stared into her wide hazel eyes.

"It's alright sweetheart. It's over now." He couldn't help the worry in his voice or the endearing term that he'd once again borrowed from his father. This girl brought out the purest version of himself, he
could never hide from her not even in this place of tormenting visions and arrogant Force ghosts.

She stared into his brown eyes without fear. She dropped the shimmering shield around them and her young, Force exhausted body, collapsed in his hands. He scooped her up and laid her down gently along a mat she set out to meditate on before he showed up. She was so tiny, so helpless, how could any one want to hurt her? He was rising, ready to flee from the weakening feelings this memory was giving him when her small hand lifted up to the scarred half of his face. He froze, his head turning back to face her, he hadn't expected the motion and he didn't know what else to do.

"Ben...?" She asked, her eyes locking once again with his as they searched him for something she thought she found familiar.

"Wha... what?" Kylo barely mustered the one word. He suddenly remembered that he as Ben, had come back to check on her after only a few short minutes of pacing outside, he'd been to worried about her sudden outburst to leave her alone for long. He remembered leaning over her and checking her forehead with his hand, he'd been worried she was sick with a fever, explaining what he thought were hallucinations. Kylo thought that was who she was calling to now but then...

"You look... different." Her shocking words rang in his ears like it was the first time she'd said them but he remembered her hand resting on his young face just as she touched him now. Her small fingers traced from above his brow down the length of his cheek. The tips pressed over his skin as though analyzing something, memorizing the feel of something. Her fingers continued down, they smoothed over where the raised tissue along his jaw would have been and then she cupped what she could of his neck with her palm. Unbelievably, her small hand pressed over the protective layer of his black armor right where his grandfather's lightsaber would drag across his skin years later... a lightsaber controlled by her hands. He saw the scene he was living playing out again, only now he understood what she was doing. Her fingers traced the long scar that her future self would carve into his face. Her hand rested over the damaged tissue that ran down the length of his throat, like she knew even through the gear covering it, what laid beneath. She saw him then, as he is now and she recognized him... she knew him... how?

"Get some rest." He followed his past selfs words mimicking them in unison with the memory of himself as Ben. She faded from the room as though released from the horrendous vision she'd just endured. Her suffering was his fault yet again...

Kylo whipped around angrily. He wanted to confront his grandfather for using her to teach him a lesson but the room was empty. Anakin Skywalker was gone. "Coward!" Kylo yelled, blinking back tears he wouldn't dare shed. His voice echoing off of the walls hurting his own ears with the volume of his fury and the haunting word that accused him of the same fate with every echoing bounce.

He still spun around looking for the Force ghost but there was no trace of him. Not even a single lingering presence of his power remained. Ren's hand fell to his belt and clipped into place as though it had never been removed was his crossguard lightsaber. He blinked, his heart racing in his chest. What was happening to his mind?

*Hey every one, I hope this was as satisfying for you guys as it was for me. Again I really wanted some witty banter between these characters but I felt like this was definitely not the time so I gave them some sass cuz let's be real, how can Anikan and Ben not have some sass in their dialogue. At the same time I wanted this to be a serious lesson from the person kylo looks up to most, demonstrating to him who he really is and what will happen if he can't accept his sins and stand up to the Master who would otherwise control him. I really hope that this did the characters justice while conveying these things honestly and clearly. If not well at least we have this summary for what I was shooting for.*
~Please Kudos! And comment! I love your comments so much, they are hella fun and keep me motivated to update as quickly as I can, providing I feel like the work I've produced is worthy of posting! Thanks for your support guys, your all amazing, every kydos and every comment counts! First timers are just as appreciated as the amazing commenters and Voters that always show me love and support so don't be shy! ~

-DarkGuarduan-
Hide and seek

Kylo Ren shuffled out of the cave with a hand on his head. He was dizzy and disoriented. What in Mustafar just happened. First he saw his father; which was impossible, then his supposed grandfather; which was highly unlikely, And why would his grandfather show him the visions he had?

Kylo already knew most of the history yet Darth Vader had appeared to him as his weaker half... Anakin Skywalker... his downfall. Vader was the most acclaimed Dark sider in Sith history. He had one moment of weakness and that moment led to the collapse of the entire Republic. A foolish sentiment sent the whole thing down around he and his Master, neither would survive the wreckage. Ren had worked to hard cultivating his place in the First Order to turn back here. He didn't destroy all he had so he could abandon everything now. He was so close to attaining the position he needed to rebuild everything from the ruins that had been left it in the wake of the Skywalkers.

What was the point of showing him what he did anyway? Why talk to him about the Light he hides away after shunning such things his whole life? Nothing was making sense. Everything since he'd gotten to this damned island has been a confusing mess. It's all been trying to tug him off of his path. Kylo clenched his teeth and gripped the hilt of his lightsaber in his right fist.

Enough of the Light side games. It's time to collect the girl and go. This place and these people are poison!

He could feel Rey again. Faintly but he could. Her signature was torturous right now. It was so weak. She was hiding somewhere where the Force was overwhelmingly strong. He knew now that was why he'd lost her the first night he'd landed here. Her signature didn't disappear, it got lost under something much, much stronger then herself. That's probably why she didn't feel him approaching her their first encounter either.

He knew of two places on the island that had the strength to do that; the temple he was currently wandering through, the one that his uncle had somehow previously kept hidden from him under some kind of Force cloak, and the Force tree... That has to be where she's hiding.

Her signature was close, he could feel it. She left a painful ache in his chest, a deep hum that reverberated throughout his body. She was a burn that ran through his veins and an ice that encased the marrow of his bones. It was excruciating to have so little of her essence coursing through him. He felt like some kind of junky coming off of a high, he was past the point of wanting her, he needed to feel her, to see her, to hear her, to touch her.

He needed everything but would take anything he could get. He was having painful withdrawals. His Force was leading him to her, pulling him by the thick of his skin. He could feel it like the magnet their signatures constantly were to each other. He let it guide him but it wasn't fast enough. Following her signature like this was like breathing through a straw while swimming; the more he exerted himself the harder it was to breath and that left him slowly suffocating.

She was engulfed by an ocean of Force so much stronger then herself and it wasn't one signature in specific. It didn't seem to belong to any one person or thing and it was difficult to navigate through to find her but through sheer determination he'd done it. He knew he was almost on top of her. With every step he took towards her the air around him became thinner, easier to breath and now he was swallowing mouthfuls.

He hadn't noticed the massive husk of what was once the largest Force tree the universe had ever
birthed. Not even when he ducked under the crack in it's hollow body to find her. She clearly wasn't expecting him to locate her. He could tell by her reaction to him. The second he'd entered the cave like hollow she stood in she'd tensed. His body blocked the light of the rising sun behind him as he filled the entrance with his form. She nearly jumped out of her skin when his shadow cast over her.

The fact that he'd surprised her led him to believe that she may not have been able to feel him very well either. If she had, she'd have sensed him getting closer. She tried to hide her surprise but she failed miserably at it. Rey hadn't turned to face him yet but he could see that she didn't need to. She knew who stood at her back and the slight tremble that ran through her body gave her fear and surprise away like a neon holo sign.

He exhaled deeply at the sight of her shadowed beneath his Darkness. His throat was dry and coarse as though he'd been swallowing mouthfuls of sand. He thought about using there Force bond to communicate but only for a moment. He knew she'd still have it closed off to him. She was getting stronger by the day. He could force himself into her mind, assert his power... but really.... was it necessary at this point?

His eyes traced down her her arms. He could see the tension in them. The bits of flesh her garb left exposed shimmered as a thin layer of perspiration formed along her tanned skin. He wanted to run the pads of his gloves down the slick length of her. The memory of her running a washcloth over her arms a few nights ago ran through his head. He remembered hovering over those hands while they traveled over her hip and torso. He'd been inside of her head and it had been satisfying at the time but now the memory left him wanting.

He blinked at the sheen of sweat and the tension that bound her up tight. She was breathing unsteadily, as though trying to control the flow of air she was taking in but failing at the task. She was clearly frightened of him. A dark twisted part of him was satisfied with that. He was still angry that she'd run from him.

When she'd lost herself to her power earlier this evening she'd trusted him with her mind and he hadn't failed her. He could have done all kinds of things with her so open to him, he could have manipulated her thoughts in ways she'd have never figured out but he hadn't. He'd managed to send her into the most gentle sleep he'd ever accomplished. There should be some degree of fear between them though, his Master would expect no less from him but it shouldn't be to this extreme. He'd prefer her respect opposed to her fear.

"Why...?" His voice was deeper then he intended it to be but he didn't have the energy to correct it at this point.

Her breathing became audible. Her shoulders lifted as though she were realizing he could in fact see her. She looked like the ignorant girl she'd been the first time he'd found her in the woods on Takadona but she wasn't fooling him. She was dangerous and he had the scars to prove it.

"...Why did you run from me?" He asked, his voice harsh, his tone coming from the anger he was harboring.

She shifted. Her right foot pivoted out, widening her stance. Her hands strangled the staff she was holding. His head shook in silent warning. It didn't matter that she couldn't see him, he was used to expressing his will through a mask, the action accompanied his words wether she was privy to them or not.

"Don't do it Rey." He warned. Her head cocked to the side at his words.

"Don't call me that." She said dryly. His eyes narrowed at the back of her head.
"My name is Rey, you should use it sometime... those were your words. Your exact words... the words you used to grant me permission to use that title, not that I needed it in the first place." He added bitterly.

She turned to face him, her staff out to keep distance between them. She imagined him standing over her with that cursed plasma blade. Her eyes flickered down to his hands. One was crushed into a ball and she couldn't help the slight panic the memory of it around her throat, the other was gripping the hilt of the lightsaber she saw him drive into her chest. She slightly recoiled.

"Rey... " It was his turn to narrow his eyes at her. "...What the kriff is wrong with you?" He asked with a scolding tone.

She flashed her teeth at him like a rabid animal. "I said don't call me that!" She nearly growled.

"Fine!" He ran the previously balled fist through his hair in his frustration. He took a slow deep breath trying to contain the anger that was building up in him. "What the kriff is wrong with you... scavenger?" He asked through mostly clenched teeth in as restrained a tone as he could muster. He rolled his palm at her when he called her scavenger, like it was a formality he had to use his manners with. The words your highness came to mind.

Her eyes followed the hand that ran through his hair. She didn't understand how such a simple action could be so distracting. A few small strands fell across his forehead from when he had leaned forward to mock her as he called her scavenger. He half bowed before her and more black locks fell just over his right brow. Her mouth parted slightly. It didn't matter what he called her anymore, it all sounded to personal now.

What the maker was wrong with her. He was going to kill her or enslave her and if she couldn't get her head on straight, she was going to fall at her knees before his feet and let him do it. He was destroying her from the inside out.

"Don't call me that either..." She accidentally thought out loud, her voice weak and breathy.

"Graughh" He yelled, venting his boiling over frustration. "Your driving me mad woman, you're hot, your cold... call me this, call me that, don't call me anything... make up my mind apprentice!" He was palming the air in front of him from left to right, one open, the other still holding his lightsaber. Her eyes followed the movements carefully.

The deep brown of his disappointed pools fell over her unsteady hazel orbs. She looked like she would bolt the second she had a chance but that wasn't what was cutting through him. He could see the denial in her eyes, the painful uncertainty of what she was thinking was clear in those telling irises.

"No." His head shook slightly at first. His brows pulled and his jaw tightened. Her ambivalent eyes broke away from his and his fear were confirmed. She was renouncing his claim as her Master, denying the bond that she'd accepted only the night before. "You're not taking that away from me. You are My Apprentice." He clipped with an authority that slid over her painfully.

Like ice slugging across sunburned skin his words left freezing abrasions in their wake. She swallowed nervously and her eyes fell to the ground.

"Rey... you can't deny this. The bond is already there. You said so yourself, you can't go back to Luke." He tried to be calm but he could hear the cracking of his voice like the teeth he imagined crumbling in his head from the pressure he was putting on them while he once again clenched them in anger.
"I... I don't intend to..." She finally mustered.

He found no comfort in those words. He knew what she was thinking, he could tell she'd left that sentence open ended on purpose. She wasn't intending to train with either of them.

"You can't really think..." He shook his head in disbelief... or maybe astonishment. "You think you can walk away...?" His voice pitched and he heard how unstable he was starting to sound. "You think any of us just get to walk away?" He couldn't help when he almost laughed in her face, it was cruel and he knew it but maker help her if she really thought that was an option.

Her face hardened and she debated smashing the end of her staff into his gut. "Luke did. This is my life! It's my choice!" She blurted defensively.

"Luke is a broken coward! And you..." He'd stopped to take a deep breath, he wanted to control his temper but she brought the fire out of him.

Now he was boiling over, ready to erupt at the slightest of tremors and she had just shook him like an earth quake. She just shifted the plates he was already unstably trying to balance on and now his core was ready to explode. His hand reached for her and she swatted at him with her staff. His arm changed directions and he caught it under his bicep. He pinned it to his ribs and yanked it back, pulling her closer to him while she clung tightly to the other end. He released the stick and gripped her arm as he'd originally intended.

"You have less choice then the rest of us sweetheart." His eyes swarmed with something dark. His Force hummed around him.

"Let me go Ren!" She demanded, spitting his name out at the end.

Her eyes slitted angrily. He barely shook his head. She tugged at her arm but he only increased the grip he held it with. She gritted her teeth at him and his grip unconsciously tightened around his lightsaber. She noticed every movement he made including that one and she fearfully attempted to step back from him. He mentally kicked himself for acting like such a brute but Mustafar if she wasn't purposely pushing him closer to the edge. She released her staff to her left hand and her right replaced the comfort of it's weight with the shaft of her lightsaber. She was getting quick at calling it to her and he would have been impressed if he wasn't already consumed by the heat that grew between them.

She looked up at him with the hard wild eyes of a warrior. She was going to challenge him for her freedom. He could see it in the brilliance of those defiant hazel orbs. They swirled with a power that called to him. She looked like she did when they were locked together on the Starkiller. Wild eyes, sweat glistening along her hairline, fury in her stance and fierceness in her face. To worsen the already fraying hold he had over his currently weak self control; their Force essence mingled between them shamelessly. He could feel the heat of her Light crawling up his form, licking and tingling across the sensitive skin of his face.

With out further thought he did what he now knew he wanted to do that night; he pulled her into him and brought his mouth down over hers. She tensed against him. He could feel the shock of his actions running through her body like lightning. The hand that gripped her lightsaber fell to her side, hanging loosely and without purpose but still clutching the disengaged hilt like a safety net. He was relieved when she didn't skewer him with it, especially since he'd just given her the perfect chance. Apparently it was a risk that he was willing to take.

His grip softened the second their mouths connected, if she wanted she could have pulled free of
him, ignited her plasma and drove it home but she didn't. In fact the grip on her lightsaber had loosed so he let her arm go. There was no need to hold her there if she was willing to stay of her own choosing.

He wrapped his right arm behind her neck pulling her closer to him. Her feet shuffled forward as he led her movements. She dropped her staff and pressed her hand into his abdomen halting herself from smashing against his chest. She still grazed lightly against him but with her hand stabilizing her she had some control over just how far he pushed or pulled her into him. He rested his left arm across the top of the opening of the trunk they stood in, bracing himself as he leaned over her. He didn't need the support yet, but he was hoping he would.

Their Force burned under her hand and their lips hummed with their mixing signatures. His mouth led hers open and she didn't fight it. His tongue dipped between her lips and she moaned into his mouth sending tiny vibrations through the probing organ. Arousal shot through kylo's already pent up body and Rey felt the surge through their bond.

He stiffened trying desperately not to scare her into backing away from his advances but against his own resolve his body reacted. He grew uncomfortably hard in a matter of moments, pressing against her stomach even with the little space she attempted to keep between them at the flat of her palm. Rey felt the additional heat of him before she realized what was pressed low against the flat plane of her tummy. The startling yet somehow flattering realization brought a moan up from the back of her throat and Kylo was more then happy to swallow the little sound down for her. His boot shifted until he had the angle to press his length further into her.

Rey's eyes widened in surprise but not alarm and the knowledge of his excitement ignited her own sending liquid fire flowing through her veins until her core heated in a way she'd never known. The warmth spread through her, sinking to lower, more private places. She felt her heart racing. Every pump pushed more heat through her veins and it all seemed to rush in one direction; South.

His head tilted and his lips pulled at the side of her mouth. Her head dropped back as the arm around her neck dragged down her shoulders then slide further down her back until he found the curve between her spine and hips. His lips brushed across her cheek before shifting his focus back to her mouth. The arm around her back tugged her closer and a weak breath escaped her open mouth as they lightly collided off of one another.

He took the slight sound as approval and he clutched her tightly to him, pressing her firmly against his body. He was a solid wall of strength and power. A force that could physically crush her with out any help from the other power he wielded. The realization should have made her flee, instead she found herself leaning into the feel of him. She loved the firmness of his body against hers and in turn she did nothing to discourage his advances. Her eyes rolled in her head as his power slide over her. Her Light bathed in his Darkness. She drank in the Force he offered her like a strong alcohol that left her throat burning and her head dizzy. She felt drunk in his arms but not sated, far from sated.

Her Force ran over his body like greedy hands and she was envious of the energy that was more brazen then she. Heat grew between her thighs as his mouth possessively claimed hers and his Force moved through her in a way that made her feel complete. She basked in the power that he overwhelmed her with. His mouth lingered over hers so gently it hurt. He slowly teased her, testing and tasting. She should stop this... end it... pull away from him... but she didn't.

As though reading her thoughts, which she didn't think he was, he lifted his mouth from hers and for a second she thought it was over. She was as relieved as she was disgruntled but then the arm at her back curled and lifted, slightly pulling her feet from the ground. She panicked and dropped her chin to see what was happening but when his mouth fell over the sensitive skin just under her right ear she
melted into him, halting any previous thoughts. All she could do was react to the sensation of his generous mouth over her neck. The motion tickled and she felt her shoulders pulling up unintentionally scrunching her face and shoulders closer to his mouth. She wasn't prepared when his face moved to the slope between her shoulder and neck. His lips pressed over the smooth skin and she jumped in his grasp when his teeth gently nipped at the delicate muscles beneath the sensitive flesh. She pulled her hand from his abdomen and latched onto the back of his tunic. She gripped his armor trying to steady herself against him while she squirmed under his hot breath.

She felt his lips along her skin pull into a satisfied smile. Her foot shuffled as though she were intending to pull away from him but his mouth was relentless in it's pursuit of her. He didn't need to use their bond to feel her nerves bunching up in her, he was pushing this to far for her comfort and he knew it but Maker it felt so right. Holding her felt so right, touching her felt so right. He raised his head veering back towards territory he thought she may be more comfortable with him exploring. He traveled along the path of her jawline, his mouth pulling at the soft taut skin as though savoring the flavor of her. His bottom lip continuously planted under her chin while he moved across the length of her neckline. He moved as though he were trying to devour her one soft taste at a time. His teeth nipped at the slope of her neck and she gasped at the different sensation but this time she didn't back peddle. When he finally stopped for air he left his head bowed over her leaving his hot breath to fan along her throat and collarbone. She gasped at the shivers it sent coursing through her already tingling body.

He groaned as he tasted her. He was on fire for her and she was reciprocating and responding beautifully to every move he made. Everything in him pushed him to take her to the floor. She was leaning into him, gasping in his arms, melting against him, gripping his armor while his mouth claimed inch after inch of her divinity. He traveled down her neck in a blazing trail of kisses, licks and nips. She swallowed hard when his mouth floated over the dip of her throat. His lips pressed a firm kiss in the hallow of her neck. Accept for her left hand tugging on his armor she was nearly limp against him, completely relying on him for support. He couldn't believe how she was reacting to him. To him! Not Ben. To Kylo Ren!

He had the sudden desire to look into her eyes. He was hoping she'd appear as drugged as he felt. He straightened himself above her. His arm set her back down on her feet before sliding up her back, purposely dragging over every inch of her spine on the way up. She shivered under the semi rough motion. Her skin prickled with goosebumps and her chest swelled. He peered down his nose until his eyes fell over the perfect mounds that she kept bound up protectively. He had to admit he appreciated this tunic more then the last, from his point of view if he was careful, he could steal a better peek at the cleavage buried under the thick layers she hide herself in. His eyes traveled between the length of her mouth and her cleavage. If her mouth tasted this delicious and her neck was as sweet and satisfying as it was to his pallet, it was a plane of smooth, creamy skin with the sweetest vibrating rewards escaping the hollow of her throat announcing her satisfaction with every correct note he hit, he could only imagine how incredible the bud of her breast would taste on his tongue. He was dying to hear the sound she'd make as he sucked the sensitive peak into his mouth.

He knew his eyes darkened with his thoughts, he could tell by the throaty gasp she released when their eyes honed in on each other. Her body lowering back to her feet brought her sliding slightly down his front and they both tensed. A guttural noise escaped his full mouth as his hard length responded to her heat dragging against him. Her mouth opened in surprise. His eyes fell to the task of searching her face for the little spasms and expressions she was making while she smoothed down the length of him. She was crimson with embarrassment but he could tell it was more then that. She wasn't just embarrassed that she'd gotten a good feel of what she did to him. She was embarrassed because she liked it. She enjoyed the feel of him pressed against her as she slide down him. He was betting that she was just as effected by him as he clearly was by her. He aggressively pressed his arousal over her lower stomach and he felt himself pulse against her.
Her eyes widened with a mixture of panic, alarm, curiosity and to his surprise and enjoyment; he also found something close to lust in their depths as well. He dared to lock his own eyes with hers and he swore they could reach each other's souls from how deep they were gazing between one another. Her eyes had significantly lightened yet darkened at the same time. It was mesmerizing. A light shone through the green that encircled the gold in her irises. They looked like giant emeralds and the gold that they encased had darkened leaving them looking like a deep rich amber. His Force stirred behind the heat in her liquid eyes and he all but purred. Her irises swirled like a thick brandy he wanted to drown in.

"We've already been over this scavenger." He managed to say through ragged breaths, his eyes never leaving hers.

She swallowed and her pink tongue smoothed across her drying swollen lips, tempting him to taste her mouth with his again but her incredibly distracting eyes kept his attention... for the moment. He cleared his throat but it was no use, his voice was laced with thick drawling lust and spiked with the drunken buzz of their combined power. His erection pulsed against her again and she pulled at the inside of her bottom lip with her teeth in an attempt to contain another throaty reaction. Her breathing hitched and she decided this was far enough. Whatever was happening between them had to stop. She needed to regain her wits and control over herself before she lost it all right here in this sacred tree.

She attempted to back step but the arm across her shoulder blades halted her movements and she stilled under the intensity of his darkening stare. His face told her he was aware of her sudden hesitance and he was not overly pleased by the inevitable response to their definitely forbidden interaction. He wasn't happy she'd come to her senses and she wasn't happy that he had the nerve to think he had any say in wether or not she could remove herself from his arms when she decided as supposed to when he "allowed" it. The very idea of him thinking he could control her in any way made her insides cool with defiance. She iced over, instantly hardening her resolve against him. She shouldn't be doing this with him.

This is her Enemy. She reminded herself.

Why she'd let him get this close in the first place was beyond her level of thinking right now. Her sexual inexperience led to just as much curiosity as it did insecurity and fear. Now her fear was growing with her building desire... for her enemy. The emotion morphed into anger the second he stopped her from putting space between them. When he denied her escape he challenged her right to freedom and she was comfortable with that, it felt like something more suitable coming from Ren. She could work with that.

Her eyes blazed up at him. She was going to fight him now, he could see her resolve growing with the anger in her eyes. He didn't want this to end, he didn't want her to fight him. He wanted to drink her up, consume her whole until his alpha and his Darkness were satisfied. She was this wild untamable creature that he wanted a crack at subjugating. Not for her permanent servitude, just for their enjoyment. He knew deep down she'd love it just as much as he did. His Darkness and alpha took over where his brain should have and he had no sense in his mind to stop it. It was simply the wrong moment for her to test him, to fight his dominance over her was an unspoken challenge that he wasn't prepared to step down from.

"You are mine!" The Darkness crept from his voice. It seeped into her skin and he felt it pressing over her mind. Had he just done what it felt like he did?

Rey shrank back. Her mouth opened to say something in response to his domineering attitude but what she expected to come out didn't. Instead, "I... I am yours." Escaped her mouth. Panic, hurt,
anger, rage, nothing...

The clear honey and green eyes that burned up at him with a growing anger only a second ago, clouded over. She blinked at him as though lost and a heavy guilt like he’d never known sunk deep in his chest.

"Ren...?" Her voice pleaded with him but she'd already forgotten why she went through the medley of emotions she had. She recoiled in his arms. Her left hand released it's grip on his armor and she stepped back from him.

"Rey, I... I didn't mean to... " His arm released her and he stepped forward as she stepped back.

She shook her head but she wasn't sure why. No, no, no, no, no! Replayed over and over in her hazy mind yet she did no more then take a few steps back.

He was mortified at what he'd just unintentionally done. This was the second time he'd mind tricked her with out realizing what he was doing. This had never happened before and now he'd done it twice within the span of a day's cycle.

She blinked a few times. Her head tilted as though thinking about something complex. She stared at her empty left hand for a moment then bent down and recovered her staff before looking back up at him as thought just noticing him standing there. The blank look on her face changed into a concerned pull of her brows. She clipped her lightsaber to her belt and when she moved to reach for his pained face he pulled back as if her touch would burn him.

"Master... what's wrong?" She questioned with honest concern in her adorably thick accent.

His face hardened when he realized she'd already forgotten what he'd done. He grabbed her arm again but not to hurt her or control her. He grabbed her arm to grab her attention, to stop her from touching him and to curb his need to touch her in ways he was definitely going to abstain from while she wasn't in control of her mind. It would be like drugging her before sleeping with her, absolutely not acceptable. Ren was a lot of horrible things but he had honor and he didn't need to take advantage of her. After what she'd just let him do, he was certain with enough time he wouldn't need to force her into anything. She claimed to let go of Ben but he knew that somewhere deep down she still thought of him that way, he didn't have to like it but he had been right; it made her weaker against him. It made her susceptible to trusting him. He was at least certain she felt the same carnal pull to him as he did to her. That realization struck him like a fallen destroyer to the face... she wanted him.... really wanted him.

He had to back track his thoughts to stay focused on the fact that she wasn't currently in her right mind, especially while she looked up at him like that; with innocent concern on her soft features. He wasn't use to that. She was always beautiful and feminine to him but while she looked at him like this... she looked vulnerable and dangerously innocent. She was a forbidden temptation that he needed to steer clear of right now. He was use to his warrior, his fierce goddess who put him on his ass when he crossed the line. The one that would sooner tear his head off to put him in his place then put up with his crap. He needed that woman, this version of her... she was controllable. He was not capable of handling that kind of power right now. Not while his Darkness and alpha where demanding he claim her, put an end to her denial of him once and for all. His mouth opened, halting his darkening thoughts in their tracks.

"Don't call me that!" He demanded. He couldn't handle the sound of that title coming from those sweet lips in that unsuspecting tone.

"Master?" She questioned with uncertainty. The word again... out of her suddenly credulous mouth,
sent ripples through his already boiling veins.

Her head tilted and she blinked up at him wide-eyed in her innocence. She had no idea what he'd done and now she was forced into a false sense of trust for him. Her eyes traveled the length of him, searching, studying as though trying to analyze what was wrong with him. He was tense, his body was stiff in an awkward, uncomfortable way. He looked away from her when her eyes took notice of his painfully erect manhood trapped under the restraints of his pants. Her fingers pressed against her swollen mouth as though suddenly understanding why she felt the way she did and why he appeared as frustrated as she did. She stared at his mouth and her lips buzzed from the contact she realized they'd made with his. She could feel him coursing through her body. Her eyes closed and she focused on her own Force. She could feel it in him and she reveled in the way her Force moved through the endless length of his six foot three mass. She swallowed while he just stared at her.

He'd clipped his lightsaber to his belt. He didn't need that now, she couldn't fight him if she wanted to but now his fists were both free to crush the air within his palms. He could tell she was working out what had happened in her head. When her eyes opened again she looked up at him in bewilderment then enlightenment. Her hand moved to her tunic and she began raising it over her head. It almost took him too long to realize what she was doing.

She must have thought they were going to... Force! To his embarrassment she'd gotten up to her ribs before he stopped her. His hand fell over hers and he tugged the material back down. His face was red from anger and embarrassment. She was perplexed. She lifted up on her tippy toes cocked her head to the side and pressed her mouth to his before his brain caught up with her intentions. Kriff, she was going to kill him, he'd self combust in his effort to control himself while she threw herself at him or after she realized what he'd done... in a very violent, very painful way. Frustrated and torn against his want and his reason he groaned against her mouth. His hands squeezed over top of hers and she pulled up on the material again.

Force give me strength... He warred with his physical urges against the better half of his mind.

The command makes no difference... she was already yours to begin with... she wasn't fighting you seconds ago... His Darkness whispered.

But she was starting to... He countered his tempting Darkness. This is Rey, his scavenger... his apprentice... His eyes rolled in contempt for his weakness. He was the Master. He needed to act like it... maker she felt amazing moving against him... Kriff! Coming out of his own thoughts he did notice one encouraging thing... her mouth against his... it felt different. There was less of something there but he couldn't quite tell what.

His hands tightened on hers and he brought them back down again. He pulled back from her mouth. He was thankful that she felt different moving over his lips now. He knew this was the work of his command. It wasn't her. She was doing this because she thought it's what he wanted, not because she wanted to. The moment they shared had passed and now she was touching him because she felt mentally obligated to. She looked crushed when he forced her away from him. She blinked up at him lost in confusion.

"Master? Am I not pleasing you?" She genuinely asked.

His mouth fell open. That question out of her mouth... maker his blood was racing in his veins. "Yes." He quickly answered. She reached for his face and his eyes widened again. He couldn't allow her to touch him again. He couldn't handle it. His hands grabbed for hers before she could reach him.

"I mean no!" He quickly corrected himself.
She froze. Again she looked at him in blind confusion and hurt, like she'd just witnessed him kicking a baby Porgie. Her big eyes searched his for something she could understand. He was confusing her. He was confusing himself.

"Look just... no hands... and no... no touching!" He corrected, processing what rules he needed to establish in his head before he could pass any words through his mouth without further screwing up the mess he'd already made. He was thinking about how to release her from the mind trick he'd pressed over her will without discouraging or further damaging the belonging they already shared between their bonds when he suddenly had an idea.

"The ship that brought the pilot and the traitor... do you know where it is?" He calmly asked not wanting to get his hopes up. She nodded. He smiled and her concern suddenly faded. Her eyes lightened and they almost looked normal but he knew better. He could still see the haze in them. Truthfully, he already missed the fire in them.

"Take me to it... it's time we get off of this island." He stepped out of her way and she carefully pushed passed him putting extra effort into avoiding brushing up against him. He had told her no touching and she wouldn't disobey him... because she couldn't.

*Wowza... just wowza... thoughts, opinions, I'm listening.*

~Please kudos and comment if you'd like!~
-DarkGuardian-
I apologize for having no chapter here... something happened and I lost this entire chapter. I been unable to recover it and I will eventually be attempting to rewrite it. I am extremely sorry for the inconvenience and though I intend on revising this I am currently focusing on the progression of the story.

The gist of this chapter is how Rey comes out of the mind trick fairly quickly as her power tends to counter kylo's. She leads him to the cliffs edge and down a path towards a hidden grotto where Kylo assumes the Falcon is being kept however, he begins to realize there is something else going on, especially when he begins to pick up on the fact that Rey's mind is no longer being influenced by his mind trick.

A Force storm is already simmering around them, causing the narrow path of steep rock carved steps to slicken and in Rey's haste to get Kylo down the path she slips, Kylo catches her and pushes her against the wall, protectively pinning her between himself and the ledge. Kylo and Rey have an intimate, however confusing moment where there is a slight power struggle and in kylo's anger over discovering Rey is indeed leading him into a trap (she calls out to Luke for help, ultimately revealing to Kylo that he'd been played but since he has no knowledge of how Rey was attached to his violent dream the night before, he doesn't understand her betrayal) he regretfully threatens her in a manner that suggests he would take her against the wall he had her currently pressed against. (it's an insinuation and sounds way worse paraphrased then it actually is) essentially he presses himself against her back side suggestively. She spitefully says, "you wouldn't dare."

He returns her anger with, "Do you really presume to know me so well?" Or something very close to those lines.

This very Effectively scares the wits out of her and Kylo angrily pushes away from her, already angry and regretful of what he'd said out of spite and hurt. Then Rey puts space between them and calls for Luke which only enrages Kylo further, especially when she refers to him as her Master and not Kylo.

Further down the cliffside, Luke steps out of the grotto behind Rey. Kylo moves closer to Rey who in turn backs away from him. And then we are pretty much at the next chapter.

I'm not going to sugar coat it guys... I'm really down about this. I mean really really upset, but I guess I'll just have to rewrite it. I had a really good break down over this. I've spent over a year developing and writing this story and to loose a piece of it has been a really heartbreaking and eventually numbing experience. Now I know that sounds ridiculous but it just has been.

I really hope my readers understand why I'm not rushing to fill this chapter in even though it only just
happened. Please be able to look past this bump and give the rest of the story a try, I really don't think you will be disappointed.

Thank you for your time and patience and as always happy reading.

-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren took a large step towards the confused girl in front of him. He slowly raised his left hand in her direction and when she recoiled at his offering he went rigid. His head tilted and his eyes narrowed but he kept his composure. He straightened himself and took a moment to level his voice before he spoke again. He ignored the Jedi at her back and that took a good amount of his control away and Maker, he needed every drop of control he had right now.

He was pissed; pissed that she denied the urges she felt for him, where he gave in she fought back, holding back the passion he'd been taught to flame and cutting off the desire that edged the cliff of her bodies most primal and natural urges. He dove off that cliff head first and he wanted her to join him. He wanted her head swimming in the pleasure he knew he could give her.

Instead she stood fast, held to the earth of reason like a tree deeply rooted in her resolve and astounding, all be it frustrating, control. He almost envied her over that control. He was pissed that her eyes wouldn't meet his; He wanted her to surrender to the need and desire he knew were swirling in their expressive depths, he was pissed that she'd shut him off from their connection... again; but shadowing over everything else, he was pissed that she'd let Luke back in her head to reinforce the walls she put up to keep him out!

He should be the only one allowed in her head, no one else... no one! Luke least of all deserved to be there.

"Rey, talk to me." He calmly implored, pulling on the drying river of patience for more of the fleeing resource that seemed to slip through his hands with every grip and tug. She had oceans of patience and it wouldn't surprise him if his own was channeling into the mouth of that bay.

Why wouldn't she use that part of him to reinforce herself, she was able to pull from everything else in his possession. If only he could craft a damn to contain what was left of himself before she completely consumed everything that he was comprised of.

It wouldn't be such a bad way to go though. He thought imagining her drinking him up until every last drop of his existence was within her. She'd lick her lips to collect any lingering remanence of him, taking the last of his being into her mouth to devour him completely.

Her eyes hit the ground and Ren forced himself to take another settling breath. He worked very hard to level his emotions before he spoke again.

Force, if she'd only just look at him. "Just... just listen then. Listen and decide for yourself." His volume neared a whisper and it brought her waning attention back to him. Her eyes traveled further up and he could see them lingering on his left hand. It took every last bit of control not to reach out further for her. His fingers twitched. He was so close to having something of his own... so close to having her back...

"Imagine what you could learn... what I could teach you... there's so much you don't know... so much I could show you." Her eyes widened at his alluring hand. "It's not just about power Rey, it's about the understanding and application of it. Nor is it about the Light or the Dark, for me it never was. You know that Rey... the Force is so much broader then that, so much more infinite. Even Luke can't deny my words."

Rey peeked back to the referenced Jedi. When remained silent her eyes traveled the earth between he and Ren until they stopped back at his black boots. His voice was that of a siren, beckoning her soul
to his. If she just stepped forward... just one step... she could let it all go, take the plunge into the endless abyss of his dark clad arms. She could plummet into the belonging she'd always dreamed of finding and he'd be there to catch her. His large safe hand promised her he'd never let her go... just a step... just a step and she'd have Ben back...

Kylo couldn't stand that she wouldn't look at him. Was she scared that something in her eyes would betray her? He hoped so.

His hand tilted towards her indecisive form. Slowly, cautiously he extended to his full reach. His palm was still upturned patiently waiting for her response. "Come with me... Let me teach you... Let me show you the ways of the Force like you've never known it before."

There was a slight pulse between their connection, a tiny ripple through their line, like the flutter of a delicate wing or a ripple in a turbulent pool. A feeling so palpable that had it not been accompanied by an almost equally imperceptible tilt of her head and a twitch of her fingers, he would have overlooked the little feeling completely, perceiving it as something felt only on his end, possibly stemming from his own blossoming hope. But he had felt it and her leaning body told him it was in fact from her end. She was reaching for him even if she didn't want to. It was almost more obvious when she was incoherent of the fact that her natural inclination was was always pulling in his direction. Like a flower to the sun or the pulling tide under the moon.

His voice was so warm, so embracing. It wrapped around Rey with the comforting heat of the sunshine after a long cold winter. It was an ability that no Dark sider should have; especially not this one. It lulled her, dulled her better senses until she felt insecure in the strength of her own will. Under his pulling song she felt weak. Her legs shook and her knees wobbled to the point where she found it difficult to stand on her own, even while half perched against the stone wall at her back and that was part of the problem; Head to toe he was temptation in carnate.

The Light never needed to tempt her. She was there of her own accord. There before it was ever even a choice between sides. It felt natural to her. She shouldn't have to be tempted to a side for her to accept it. But Kylo Ren was not the Light. He needed to tempt her because she didn't belong in the Dark and despite the honey dripping from his voice, she knew the things he promised her would always lead her to the Dark because that's where he dwelled.

Rey was fully aware that she could never join him with out taking up residency in the very center of his soul. Her bond and her heart demanded at least that and she knew his soul comfortably thrived in the dark. She may be just a scavenger playing dress up as a Jedi apprentice, but she knew where her other half was concerned, she deserved their all. Every fiber of their being would be hers and vice versa. She deserved no less. If she accepted Kylo Ren as that half, she knew he would become her home and a creature of the light could only suffer in the dark.

Her eyes braved a long stare at his promising hand before they fell to the ground again. She heard him swallow hard. His foot shuffled forward and she skittered back a few feet before his words halted her mid step.

"Don't test me, Rey..." He warned, his control already unraveling. She wasn't thinking properly and her eyes flew to his. She wished she hadn't looked up at all. She was expecting to find anger or annoyance, maybe even disdain and or scorn. Instead she found hurt, longing and desperation swelling in his faltering eyes.

"I'm sorry... I... this is where I belong." She meant to sound confident but her words were shakey at best. She sounded weak and uncertain. She cleared her throat and reinforced her argument locking
her eyes with his before she spoke again. "I belong to the Light." She announced confident in her standing. She wouldn't leave any cracks in her armor. There could be no weaknesses showing or he wouldn't stop. He'd search until he found that weak link. The one that would bring everything down around her and she couldn't let that happen. She left no room for him to wiggle through. She couldn't allow him a single reason to doubt her words.

At first he just exchanged her stare with his own. She watched as the patience in his eyes ran out, draining all the warmth he'd previously shown along with it. His deep brown and gold irises visibly iced over. It was literally chilling to witness him fix an invisible mask over his face. She shivered as she watched the emotion behind his eyes black out behind his anger.

His face smoothed over hiding any telling twitches, tugs or pulls that she would have otherwise used to read him. Everything she recognized as Ben melted away like ice trapped between the dessert sand and the merciless scorch of the midday Jakku sun. Kylo Ren's posture straightened and his hand balled up into a tight fist before dropping to his side. He brought his crossguard saber forward, no longer worried whether it put her on edge or not. She sucked in a sharp breath and her body flattened against the wall behind her, unconsciously making herself a smaller target.

"You disappoint me, Scavenger."

She wanted to retort with something tactful and brazen. She wanted to stand her ground with what strength and dignity she had left but the change in him left her stunned. He changed faster then the weather on this island and that was saying something.

He warned her, he warned her he'd take her with him no matter what she chose. Right from the start he warned her. He had no intentions to negate on that warning now. He took a single step towards her and before she could retreat his Force was around her, locking her in place where she stood. Instant panic had compromised her defenses. She was her own worst enemy, even more so then the imposing man who stalked towards her. She was usually so calm in bad situations, she grew frustrated knowing this man always took that sense away from her. She felt so vulnerable whenever he was near.

Then the green flash of a lightsaber slashed through the air in front of her giving Ren pause. Before he was so rudely reminded of his pestering presence, he'd forgotten the Jedi was even there. Now he halted where he was and Rey watched with unbridled fear as his face enflamed with the red of his rage. She closed her eyes and that one motion took all of the focus she was able to muster. She mentally worked at the Force that he used to restrict her. She began pulling and peeling at the numerous knots he'd tied around her like thick ropes made of dark energy. She couldn't be his victim, she wouldn't be. Rey of Jakku was no ones victim!

"Get out of my way Jedi." Kylo Ren bit through his anger.

"You know I can't do that." Luke's voice was calm, soothing, reasonable.

A beacon in the smothering darkness around Rey and she focused on that Light. She allowed the Force swelling around him to guide her and she used it to fuel her own. She could feel it building inside of her and she adapted it to fight against the Darkness holding her down. She could feel her enemies strength over her weakening. Every tug and pull of the dark ropes around her earned her a little more freedom. Then the sound of clashing sabers temporarily broke her focus. Her eyes flew open just as the opposing blades met again. Sparks fused in the air around the two blazing sabers as uncle and nephew raised arms against one another.

Luke had made his way to the front of her, advancing his way up to Ren who in turn was already working his way down the path, closing the distance between them with large certain steps. The two
men pushed off of one another and the blades spun around them in a dangerous battle between the Light and the Dark.

A few more tugs and her arms were free. She kept working at the invisible restraints around her body using the Force to guide her foggy mind. She needed to move quicker, Luke was being pressed back by the sheer strength of Ren's formidable body. He used his weight to push the Light user back under every hit with every strike that passed over Luke's emerald blade. Luke's only reprieve was when he ducked or dodged under, around or passed his nephew's furious strikes.

Rey knew how that felt, he'd used the same technique to lead her retreating back during their fight on the Starkiller. She'd later come to find out that supposedly he never wanted to hurt her then and he'd still been very formidable. Ren at the time a least hadn't wanted to kill her. She wasn't confident enough to say the same now as he angrily battled against his former Master.

Luke countered his nephew's brute strength with his Force ability, shielding and deflecting with a different kind of power at his generous disposal. He landed shot after shot of Force pushes against his nephew, driving him back a step or two each time. The two tugged and warred back and forth within the short distance kept between Rey and Ren's slowly advancing form promptly pinning Luke in the middle.

Almost free, almost free. She thought hurrying herself along as she worked at the restraints of his Force loose with every passing second.

Suddenly there was a back in her face, nearly pressed against her. The dirt colored robes of Luke Skywalker smothered her space. Ren had forced him back with a blast of his own Force tuned with the swipe of a heavy down stroke over Luke's head. The Jedi Master had caught the blade inches over his shoulder. Rey peeked around his struggling arm.

Fury painted Kylo Ren's face with heavy brush strokes of deep red. His lightsaber illuminated his sharp sweat glistened features, casting a devilish hue over the angry Dark sider. He bared his teeth over the Jedi below him. Rey could see the determination blazing in his eyes. He wasn't going to let up... he was going to kill Luke if given the chance.

Finally Rey's efforts paid off. She was free just in time for Luke to yell for her retreat. She shook her head silently. As though he'd momentarily forgotten about her, Ren's head lifted in her direction. His eyes enflamed and she swore she could feel their heat grazing over her flushed face.

"That's right, run little scavenger. Run while you still can." He grunted and pushed against his uncle, his blade sliding further down the green plasma that held his malicious weapon back from the ensuing kill.

Kylo Ren was so focused, so furious. Sweat mixed with light drops of rain to cling to his damp hair. Loose messy strands of the dark waves fell forward, swaying along the sides of his face as he ground his weight down over his uncle. His black brows pulled in anger leaving a sharp, deep crease that ran down his prominent forehead to the long stretch of his large strong nose. Beading rain and perspiration rested over and along his wide full lips until the little drops grew large enough to roll further down. They pooled at the dark shadowing of his maintenance neglected jaw and chin. She hadn't noticed the masculine shadow that was appearing along the curve of his chin or above his upper lip until now.

Her breath caught somewhere between her chest and the release of her open mouth. Her eyes traveled back up until she stared at his primal eyes. They were so dark. Shining onyx stared back at her sending chills running up and down her spine. The reflection of the green and red crossed sabers bounced off of his black orbs to mirror in her own. She would have been stupid not to be terrified but
she refused to let that stop her from taking action against him.

He was mad with rage. If Rey ran now he'd hunt her, never stopping until he caught her. She'd pushed him to far. Refused his offer one to many times and she'd destroyed whatever was left of his control. He was unhinged and wild; a killer instinct set free from it's cage had been let loose to devour anything in it's path leaving a bloody mess of carnage and fire in the wake of it's chaos.

Her hand ghosted over her waistline in search for her lightsaber. She'd forget that it layed on the stone a few steps behind Ren's imposing form. The Dark Master bent over his Light counter point, pressing his saber down further still but his eyes shifted as he watched her. His teeth pulled apart to leaving his mouth gaping at her.

A sudden crack split through the emotionless mask he wore over his face. He somehow looked... hurt? Yes, that was definitely it. The sharp anger in his eyes slightly dulled with the hurt her actions somehow caused him. Her own eyes softened in honest confusion. The puncturing sting of betrayal shot through the connection that she thought was closed off. She would have spent more focus on securing that line but she was so caught of guard by his feelings. What gave him the right to feel betrayed?

He noticed, oh Maker he noticed what she was looking for. She realized while peering beyond him, her eyes landing on the hilt of her lightsaber.

Luke arched his back, holding his nephew's weight up for as long as he could. His arms were trembling under the straining weight placed upon them for so long. His muscles threatened to cave at any moment. Rey didn't have time to retrieve the fallen lightsaber. She couldn't call it to her before Ren would break through the weakening Jedi's resistance so she opened her palms. There was no time left to focus, she just released an aching energy. An energy he had left built up in her since he'd landed on the island. The Force blasted from her palms in the form of an almost white golden ball and it blasted Ren straight in the chest. He flew back several feet, his body slammed into the stairs.

It was rare to see the Force if you weren't looking for it. There were few techniques that allowed even none Force users to see the power. Force lightning and healing were such techniques but what Rey had just done were neither of those things. At least Luke didn't think so.

Luke was already straightening himself. His eyes moving between the dark clad male splayed across several steps in front of him and the creature of unbelievable Light at his back. "Thank you." He panted through tight breaths.

"Uh-huh." She huffed through her own strained breaths. She was so bloody tired.

Soft waves of ebon hair shook around Kylo Ren's face as he worked through the pulsing Light she just flooded him with. His body had instantly absorbed the hit and now he was on fire, burning with her filling heat like he'd just swallowed up a star. He was melting from the inside out but it wasn't painful. There was an interesting reaction taking place inside of him right now. It was like her Force fed his own. He was already climbing to his feet and somehow he felt more vigorous then ever. He felt complete and a sense of renewal washed over him.

I have time now, I could pull it to me now. She realized. Her hand opened and she called the lightsaber to her but with a speed she hadn't known he possessed, Kylo Ren countered the pull. The saber drifted between the two of them for a only a moment before Ren pulled it to him with a demeaning smile on his devilishly full lips.

"Not this time little scavenger." Those same lips provided a demoralizing boast over his power, like she needed that pointed out any further. His dark eyes shone more brightly then ever. He blatantly
stared back at her with more then a glint of superiority in those black orbs and she felt an angry stir churning in her stomach. She hated when he looked down on her.

"Perhaps if you had a better teacher..." He coaxed with a taunt intended to bait her back to him.

She bit her inner cheek in an attempt to hold her tongue back from engaging in a different kind of battle with him.

"What no snappy retort? Now I'm really disappointed... and bored." His thumb clicked the engager on the legacy lightsaber he was now in possession of.

"Perhaps I should keep it this time?" He truthfully considered. "It's clear you aren't strong enough to posses such a significant heirloom... not yet anyway." He chided already confident he'd won something she wasn't sure of.

How disappointing. His Darkness hissed.

He was almost surprised to hear the annoying little voice in his head again. He was getting use to the quiet. He'd been hearing it less and less as the time passed him on this island especially while he was near her. She quelled something that raged within him whenever she wasn't around. It already infuriated him to hear the voice again and that was unsettling. He hadn't disliked the constant presence of the voice since he was a teen.

Rey took a step back as the sapphire plasma struck free from it's housing to join the crimson light of Ren's own crossguard lightsaber.

She cursed her failure before she said. "I'm sorry Master Luke," With a quickly deflating confidence.

"Go." The Jedi warned, his voice stern in its deliverance. "Nothing that takes place here is your fault Rey. Never forget that. Nothing!" He said as though trying to free her from an impending guilt while apologizing for something in advance.

"Yes, please... make this more interesting for me..." Ren almost whined.

Rey's uncertain eyes moved from one Master to the other only stopping because she found a familiar darkness shining back at her through Ren's mocking orbs. It was the same Darkness she'd seen glimmering in his eyes the night he'd severed a man in half.

"Run little Rey of Light! Run before the night comes to snuff out the last fleeting gleam of the sinking sun from your world. Run so I can catch you, because I will catch you; and when I do it will be so much worse for you then if you just come with me now." His deep voice filled the open space around her like they'd been closed off, surrounded by thick walls for his baritone to collide against and bounce off of score repeatedly assaulting her ears.

His ominous threat sunk into the hallow canals of her head, ran through the channels of her brain, pulsed through her overworked veins and buried into the marrow of her bones before processing through her overwhelmed cortex. She forced the ball building in her throat back down with a painfully thick swallow.

Kylo smiled at her fear and it was dark and alive with malice. The stretch of his lips pulled into something so wicked she didn't know it was possible for a human to make such a demonic face. The threatening beams of plasma he twirled at his sides illuminated the planes and creases of his face with each humming pass by. The swords luminescence lit and defined the curves of that wicked smile
along with the already sharply haunting features that made up his beautifully masculine continence all while bringing attention to the threatening glare shining in her direction from deep within the pools of his power charged eyes. He held the depths and vastness of space in those onyx vortexes and he threatened to suck her into his gaze with the same destructive force that all of the planets, suns, stars and moons floated in. Rey had to take a step back to break his hold over her.

"I.. I can't just abandon you Master Luke?" Her soft words drifted out from her mouth on a desperate sob that she didn't know was working its way up from her chest. This was not how this was supposed to go. It wasn't what they'd discussed. Luke had found her while fleeing from the temple she'd left Ren passed out in and together they'd devised a plan to keep them all safe while they figured out what to do with the swaying Dark sider. She was overwhelmed when she'd discovered that Luke himself had seen the Light intricately working within the man he'd once thought was completely lost to him.

"Call him Master again!" Kylo Ren challenged on the back of a warning.

His angry words cut through the air to strike in her ears like a heavy hammer over heated iron. His anger reverberated through her leaving her trembling under his wracking power. Her shaking hands found their way up to her temples. She pressed over the soft spaces as though she could steady her mind from quaking beneath her fingers

"Rey, you must go." Luke reassured his former student, encouraging her to flee while she had the opportunity.

His nephew was becoming a turbulent mess before his eyes. The sky over head was darkening under the influence of his unstable emotion fueled Force and the situation they found themselves in, along with the changing weather, was becoming bleaker by the second.

"I... I can't." Her hand dropped from her temples.

There was a heavy guilt sinking down in her chest, dragging her heart down with the heaviness of the constraining mass. The burden was an encumbrance she kept denying herself. Something she didn't want to admit even in the dark quiet places of her mind let alone to the Jedi standing between her and the cause of her guilt.

She was terrified for both of them. She couldn't let Luke fall... especially not to Ren... if there was a chance of Ben coming back it would be lost if Ren were allowed to go through with this. And she couldn't lose the Jedi, but that was just a branch on the growing tree of her guilt.

She couldn't lose the boy she knew was still trapped in the mans body. The boy she could feel fighting against the suffocating restraints of the man's twisted mind; the one that held most of the control; the one who looked back at her now with a flash of bewilderment in his stern eyes as though somehow he'd squeezed himself between the cracks of her metal walls to eavesdrop where he didn't belong.

She still had hope for that boy which admittedly confirmed that she still had hope for the man who housed his broken mind and she couldn't lose either of them. Ben was as much in that head as Kylo Ren was. She could see him every time Ren let his guard down. Every time he softened.

Ren scoffed in her direction but no words followed and no denials were made on behalf of her thoughts. Maybe he wasn't in her head after all.

"Rey, please. Go now!" Luke extended his blade out across his body ready for the battle to continue.
Kylo Ren smirked. It was dark and foreboding. He welcomed the challenge with a twirl of the duel blades he was currently in possession of. The fighting began quicker then Rey could process. Sparks flew through the air as the two Force giants collided like twilight in the sky during that blinding flash when the dark of night meets the light of day. Luke moved faster then Rey thought possible. For a man who'd been isolated on an island for several years he was as fluid as his nephew and she almost couldn't tear her eyes from the ensuing battle, mesmerized by the dangerous dancing blades of three.

"Rey." Luke yelled over the clashing blades. He side stepped dodging the sapphire blade only to be chased further back by the crimson of the other.

She was being an idiot, she was distracting him, she needed to go now to give him the focus he needed. She jolted back to her senses and began down the steps surprising her self when she ignored the fear of the swells below to carelessly skip over every other step she rushed down, taking two slicked steps at a time.

"Don't ... go far... little scavenger. This won't... take... long." Ren gritted out between strikes and she couldn't help but glance back.

The speed with which his strikes moved blended the two contrasting blades together until their colors bled into brown streaks of light, cutting through the air around her mentor. To her bewildered surprise Luke countered or dodged them all.

But of course he did, he's Luke Kriffing Skywalker. Her brain reminded her.

Just a few more steps. She was almost at the entrance. The words rolled through her mind like soft waves until his voice crashed against the shoreline of her walls.

"Your admiration is misplaced..." His words whispered through the crevices of her mind confirming that he had broken through her defenses.

Kriff you Kylo Ren! She mentally hissed.

His deep voice emanated through her mind in an animalistic sound that could only be described as a growl and she nearly slide down the last three steps. Her eyes widened as they found the threshold that her safety could be found behind. Almost at the mouth of the cave... shelter from the storm... safety from his rage...

"No where will ever be safe enough to keep me from you, scavenger." He threatened.

She turned back just in time to watch Ren's crimson blade cut through Luke Skywalker's forearm. Rey shrieked and Ren's eyes fixed on hers as his uncle flattened to the wall beside him, pinned under his nephew's weight. The green plasma blade, still clutched in Luke's robotic hand, disengaged as it fell to the stone at their feet. It clinked and rolled as the twitching digits sputtered out from the disconnection of it's fritzing wires.

"Rey...!" Rey's name through Kylo Ren's mouth boomed through the air like an announcing cry of victory and a growling roll of thunder followed as though on que.

He didn't need to call to her, she felt the shift of power between Luke and Ren before his voice filled her ears and she was already on her way back up the path to assist Luke, nearly running to defend her mentor and the closest thing she had to a father.

Luke pushed against his nephew unsuccessfully trying to free his left arm from beneath Ren's right. The blue glow of his first lightsaber seared uncomfortably close to the surface of his face but he didn't cry out for himself. His only concern was for the disobedient young woman making her way
back into the fray.

Rey didn't need to think to know what had to be done. Her right hand was open and Luke's detached appendage was flying towards her. Even if Ren wanted to challenge her pull on the blade he couldn't, his hands were already full and both were needed to lock down the powerful Jedi beneath him. Luke's severed mechanical limb was in her hand and before Ren could process what she'd done she was already peeling the lightsaber free from it's shining digits.

"Unless you're planning on giving me a well deserved high five, I suggest you put that thing down." Ren's over bearing voice carried to her on a strong bellow of the growing wind around them.

Heavy drops of rain splattered the stone under foot. The wind was wailing along the cliff side and thunder shook the earth under their feet.

Why was the world around them always visibly involved while they fought. Rey growled internally, already frustrated at the steadily rising level of danger she was running back into.

Because it's unnatural for us to fight, little scavenger. His voice filtered through the static of emotions in her mind.

Nothing in all of existence could be more natural, Dark one. Her own mental voice retorted adding a distasteful tone to the new title she'd just spit at him.

Mmm, Dark one... I like that... not as much as I'm going to enjoy the word Master parting those sweet lips but I have to admit, it's got it's own charm.

Rey's face dropped into a twisting scowl. She strode forward, her sudden anger lighting a fire in her with each step she closed between them. The emerald blade shot to life along her side but she hadn't even warmed the plasma up in her hand before the cries of her mentor filled the air.

The Force swelling around them was so thick it nearly muffled the sound of his wailing. Taking in the sight before her, Rey lowered the blade before she ever got to use it.

Kylo Ren pressed the length of the sapphire plasma against Luke's cheek. The resilient man bit down on his lips for as long as he could, drawing plenty of blood from the soft flesh before his cries broke the seal between his teeth and the swollen length of his damaged mouth.

Terror gripped the young woman who halted so fast her body swayed to regain it's balance. "Ren please..." She cried out in a high panicked pitch.

Fear struck to life in her like a match. Her strength faltered with the growing flame that was quickly consuming her. Tears welled up in her eyes before she even felt her heart constricting. She wasn't supposed to appear breakable before him. She wasn't supposed to show fear or weakness. He was an extortionist and he'd use every drop of emotion she showed against her.

The line between his pulled brows deepened and he pressed further into his uncle's cheek testing Rey's resolve. Burning flesh wafted in the air and while Rey's nose visibly wrinkled against the smell Ren didn't even flinch. He was more accustomed to that smell, personal experience and all.

"Please..." She unintentionally squealed raising her free hand up towards him, beckoning him to stop.

Luke's emerald plasma blade collapsed in her hand and she dropped it at her feet without even being asked. She'd recognized the challenging look in his eyes. She'd seen it all her life. It was the same look Unkar Plutt had given her before he took something away from her. The look of a dominant
tightening the straps on their wavering property.

Ren lifted the plasma blade from the Jedi's bubbling flesh. He'd done some pretty extensive damage to his uncle's face but it wasn't deep. Not yet. Rey's mouth opened and she breathed heavily through the orifice. Her hot breath puffed out from her panting chest and she choked on her own sobs as she gathered all of her will power to stifle the cries she knew would be escaping her mouth soon.

"Please what?" Ren beckoned the words he wanted to hear from her mouth under the threat of more harm to the moaning Jedi he was purposefully crushing between his body and the wall of stone Luke now clung to for support.

"R..ey... d..don'...t." Luke worked the sounds out from his damaged mouth hoping they were coherent enough to stop her from doing anything more foolish then she already was.

Ren pressed the blade back against the Jedi's face, melting through the outer layer of his cheek, branding into the ropes of his muscles with his own legacy saber.

"Grraaahhh." Luke couldn't help the pained cry that gurgled up from his throat to rip free from his abused mouth.

She couldn't think, she couldn't think, she couldn't think... what did he want from her...? What had his last words been...? What was implied...?

Rey launched herself forward, collapsing at Kylo Ren's feet. She was hyperventilating... her panic mixing uncontrollably with her fear and worry over Luke.

"P...please... Master... I... please stop!" She shook beneath his line of sight. Trembling under her overwhelming emotions. If she ever had any one left in the world to call family, Luke was it. He was all she had left.

Ren dislodged the saber from his mewling uncle's melting flesh and the blade pulled another layer of skin and muscle from his cheek. The tissue burned along the plasma blade for only an instant before it was lost to the disintegrating heat of the plasma.

"Let him live... I... please I'll... c-come with you... just...l-let him live." She begged between sobs. There was no room for her pride here. No place for it. She'd seen how desperate his eyes had become, how dark. To challenge him now would mean to bring more darkness forward, more pain and punishment. She'd had rations used against her, clothes, food, medicine... but never a person. It was sickeningly demoralizing how quickly he broke her.

She was curled up at his feet. A ball of broken nerves and fear. He pitied her but he needed to do this. If she wouldn't join him willingly then he needed to instill the fear of repercussions in her stubborn head. It was expected of him. His own Master would see to it if he didn't and in the long run, Ren was going far easier on her then his Master ever would have while teaching her the same lesson.

Luke's cries had muffled. He'd nearly passed out from the pain inflicted against him. Ren's eyes glanced over his uncle's face for only the flash of a second before looking back down at her crumpled form. He disengaged the sapphire saber and clipped it to his belt. When the sound of the blade retracting filled her ears Rey begrudgingly peered up. She was watching the viscous man she'd let kiss her through half lidded eyes. Rey's thick lashes matted together in wet clumps displaying unneeded evidence of her running tears. The dark wisps highlighted her blood shot eyes while she watched him like a hawk.
Every move he made was being heavily scrutinized and Kylo knew it. She was searching him for any signs of weakness. Seeing her crumpled up at his feet almost made him forget about the harsh world she'd grown up in. There was no doubt in his mind that she'd seen more of this kind of cruelty used in her lifetime then even he had and he'd seen his fair share. The understanding he found in her frantic hazel orbs didn't make his next action any easier but he would show no weakness.

Kylo Ren's left hand grabbed the fading Jedi by the neckline and supported his faltering legs with the physical strength of that one arm alone. Rey may have been impressed if she wasn't already shocked and terrified beyond her wits end.

"You will not run from me nor will you ever call another Master again. I and I alone am your only Master." His anger filled words were stern and quiet, nearly level with control. "Do I make myself clear?" He asked holding the Jedi out from his body with one hand while the other still latched onto his crimson blade, posed to skewer the limp man in his grasp.

Her hands clawed at his leg and he had to admit, there was a sick part of him that enjoyed her groveling at his feet. The Darkness was in full bloom in his chest now, it's venom spreading out further with each thump of his infected heart. He could feel it creeping through him, strengthening his resolve, coaxing him forward with his actions.

You have to do this... this needs to be done... It pressed him on. Encouraged him further then he wanted to go. But still it wasn't far enough. He knew it wasn't.

Ren was tempted to press the end of his blade into an organ that he knew wouldn't kill the Jedi just to drive the point literally, home, but somehow he refrained. There wasn't a need to be that cruel and this was after all, his uncle. The man had bounced him lovingly on his knee at one point and they had been much closer then he and his estranged father ever were.

"Yes, Master, yes. Please... Ren, please don't..." She pulled up his leg on wobbly knees. Her head rested along his left thigh and she clung to him desperately.

He stiffened. His whole body went rigid under her pleasing and grasping pulls. Only one thing ruined this moment. The guilt was already setting in but he shoved it away with the mostly unconscious body of his uncle. The man crumpled a foot or so away from the girl at his feet and she didn't dare look at him, she didn't dare risk it. Instead she kept her eyes on Kylo Ren.

Rey's eyes shined over his mercy. His gloved hand reached down and cupped her chine. His thumb ran across her bottom lip and she opened her mouth as the leather pulled at the swollen surface. His own mouth opened and his knees bent as he lowered himself to squat in front of her. Their eyes leveled. He stared into her hazel orbs as though searching her soul for everything she had hidden within.

Don't look away, don't look away, don't look away. She repeated this mantra in her head as privately as she was currently capable and to her own relief it didn't seem like he noticed.

Kylo wanted so desperately to take her mouth with his. To taste her, to replace the bitter flavor of the bile that had built up in his throat from his vile actions with her sweet lips but he refrained himself. If she was truly to be his, he wouldn't need to take anything from her that she wasn't willing to freely give him and right now every thing those pleading eyes would surrender to was there under duress, not for herself, she'd never surrender for her own safety. She couldn't be bought that way and it was one of the many things he admired about her.

He pulled at her bottom lip lightly and he rocked forward when she slightly rocked back to avoid his nearness. His body shuddered when her lips instinctively closed around the tip of his thumb. He was
sure she hadn't meant more then to retreat from him but it didn't deter his mind from taking the action other places. How shamefully he coveted her.

His eyes shifted as though in deep thought and he swallowed thickly, feeling his own Adam's apple travel the full length of his throat before resettling while his eyes memorized the image of his digit innocently trapped between her lips. She made no sounds against him when he pushed his thumb further, gently scraping the front of her teeth with his gloved nail. He cleared his throat and rose back to his feet, his thumb still slightly lingering between those soft lips.

Rain streamed down her crimson cheeks and he watched as droplets collided with her collar bone to roll down her flush chest. He stepped back from her then, pulling his digit from her mouth completely. Her lips had dried around his glove causing them to stick to the leather as he pulled away. The surfaces had peeled apart like a passionate kiss shared between lovers and he imagined pulling on her lower lip with his teeth before consuming her mouth with his. His jaw locked and he caught a small sound before it could escape his throat. He swallowed that back down with the desire that was stoking the embers of his lust back to a slow burn. His uncle groaned a few feet away an Ren was suddenly thankful to have his presence again.

Kylo had no intention of killing his uncle but Rey didn't need to know that. "If you're strong enough, you may offer him aid." He offered her this comfort if only to show her he was not as much of a monster as she was sure she saw him as now. The Jedi wouldn't die from his wounds either way. This reach of kindness was solely for her benefit. Their standing would grow if he could balance his control with a gentle hand. If she saw him as merciful and generous at least where she was concerned, she may warm up to a future with him easier and he was her future.

"Th..thank you Master." She pulled at his leg again. Burying her face along his knee as though she were an animal showing appreciation for the scraps he offered her.

She was a scavenger and a slave all her life, she knew how to fill the role easily enough yet it bothered him to see her this way. His only comfort was knowing her obedience, her gratitude, was for him and him alone. There was something darkly satisfying about that.

"Do not completely heal him or I'll mark him again!" He warned, his eyes dark with promise.

He couldn't appear over, merciful to her or this situation would repeat itself in the future, she'd become to brave and she'd defy him and it would cost them both more next time. He was sure of it.

Her head fervently nodded in understanding and she waited as though he were going to join her in this task. He knew how draining this technique was and she was already so exhausted. She couldn't even remember the last time she ate anything.

"I will not offer you assistance." He added. Her eyes flicked up to his, wide with panic and her mouth opened as if she would plea with him.

"Do it on your own or not at all!" He snapped before she had the chance to speak. After the cruelty he'd just shown her he couldn't dare hear her pleas anymore. After the pain he'd just caused her, he'd likely pluck the sun from the sky with his bare hands before he could say no to anything she asked.

Luke made some kind of incoherent sound and Rey's face shot back down to him. She wanted to dart in his direction but she wasn't sure of how the unstable man before her would take that action so she looked back up at him instead. She let her eyes ask for the permission she felt like she needed before she could leave his side.

He stared at her for a long moment, testing her restraint before he nodded his approval. Indeed his
Master had taught him a great deal in playing this game and he hated him for it. Kylo Ren was bitter over his own actions, let the self loathing begin. He thought.

Rey was careful of how quickly she moved to Luke's side. She gently tilted his head so she could inspect him. The right side of his face was a mess. She could see the ropes of his pink and singed cheek muscles through the hole Ren had left in his face. What was left of his fleshy cheek was raw and angry, red and black from his burns.

Even with the instant cauterizing under the plasma's heat there was plenty of blood from the bursting of veins and cheek cells. Some of the skin was left black and rubbery now amount of salve could restore the life back to those muscles, he'd never have use of this side of his cheek again, not without the help of her power. On it's own his cheek would never seal the hole Ren had left in it and it would never rise with his smile or hide his tongue and teeth again.

Heavy tears stained her cheeks for only a few brief moments before the larger raindrops pouring from the sky washed them away. Luke's eyes were rolling in his head. He must have been in so much pain. His blue irises were faint, almost dulled into the same white that surrounded them. She placed her palm over his seared flesh and he cried out from the contact. His eyes fluttered before rolling further back in his head. She focused over him, Light slowly seeped from her palm into the destroyed flesh below her hand. Her own eyes felt heavy as she watched the caved and missing flesh slowly begin to heal.

New wet, pink tissue stretched out under her palm sealing the hole in his cheek, repairing the muscles where more skin could grow over. That was as far as she got before her own head fell back to roll along her shoulders. Her body threatened to collapse and she found Rens strong arms at her back, keeping her from falling to the ground behind her. Mentally she wanted to push him away. She wanted to keep going, to keep repairing, it was the least she could do. But physically she couldn't and she was so close to the edge of the cliff that she couldn't try to maneuver away from him even if she wanted to.

"That's enough, let's go..." He implored. She groaned with dissatisfaction as she raised her hand to his cheek again.

Ren was almost tempted to let her try again, if only to see if she could muster the strength to continue but then he decided now wasn't the time to experiment.

"He'll scar, but he'll live. Now let's go." He repeated more sternly.

He bent down with the intent on scooping her up in his arms when a sudden blast fired from behind him. His Force rose up around him like a wave before crashing to the stones beneath his boots. He'd analyzed the situation and responded with out further thought.

Maker the power she'd given him felt wonderful flowing through his own. He froze a blaster bolt inches before it would have hit home without even trying.

He growled out in frustration and turned to face this new threat. His mouth pulled into a half smile and a chuckle rose from deep within his large chest.

"Now you... I have no qualms killing." He called up to the traitor known as Finn.

*Well guys it took us a long time to get here and I have to say I'm glad we finally are. At the beginning of this story I warned that is was darker and had adult themes and adult scenarios. It's here in the story that it gets a little rough. Expect turbulence and lots of none fluffy happy scenes. To the faint of heart I say turn back now. Please comment, let me know what you think, I'd love to hear
from you. Thoughts feelings opinions. I don't expect you to agree or diss agree with everything I write and I know most of you are like why Ren, why? Lol I am too. But some of these scenes are my favorite and yes the title here is reminiscent of the Phantom of the Opera, that was my first dark fantasy and I see so many wonderful resemblances between the two lead males and at times even between Rey and Christine though in my opinion Rey is much much stronger and I love her for it.* Thanks for being patient over this update, this was like my third draft of it and it's completely different then I had planned but I re wrote and re wrote until this came out and I love the way it turned out.*

~Thanks for reading. Please kydos, comment and hey why not follow if you'd like.~

-DarkGuardian-
They were nearly here. Kylo could feel them getting closer. He could feel their presence in his head. It wasn't the same as he felt Rey, not even close, but they were there. His six. Each one with a unique tone, a unique key. Like that of an old world organ. The large brass kind that would reverberate through rooms to sink deep into bones, rattling them beneath the skin that housed them, leaving their vibrations quaking within the structure of his skeleton. His warriors presence increasingly hummed like that, between his bones; and they were nearly here. His Knights.

He knew the First Order wouldn't be far behind. His ship had gone down two days ago. It had disappeared from their radar the second his shuttle splattered against the rocks. He knew the moment the mainframe fuzzed into white noise; his communications and tracking beacon would be disabled. He could imagine the panic that ensued there after; the peon in charge of the tracking screens at that very moment probably shit a brick. Kylo Ren's personal shuttle would be there one moment, then without warning poof... The First Order Commander would have vanished. It was only a matter of time before his last known location would be tracked to this place and if his Knights were coming to the island with out kylo's explicit permission, The First Order was undoubtedly already on their way. There was no other reason for his Knights to interfere with out first checking in with their Master.

"Get away from her!" Came the thought interrupting command of FN-2187, the defected storm trooper turned annoyance, those around him called Finn.

Kylo chuckled at him. He didn't care for the boy. He cared even less when he saw how he and Rey got along. He knew there was nothing romantic between them but for the life of him he couldn't look past this boy and his budding companionship with her. She trusted him, protected him and valued his friendship.

FN-2187 and Ren were cut from a similar cloth. The boy was from his Order. He was a killer, a "bad guy" as those in the Resistance would call them, and an enemy to the very people he now fought along side. Yet Rey and the others didn't see him that way. How quickly they welcomed him into their circle of trust.

The Dark sider didn't understand that. Hadn't he proven his intentions to Rey over and over since he'd been here? He stood by her side, kept her safe from her own growing Darkness multiple times and even saved her life... more then once from Luke himself. Where was his acceptance? Didn't that earn him any Leigh way?

No.

Instead she'd run from him, refused his offer to teach her again, even though he knew she wanted to accept and she'd spurned his physical advances and he had no doubts that though she was more hesitant to accept him in that way, she definitely felt the same pull as he did. What more could he have done to secure her trust? She'd scorned him again, attacked him with harmful intent again, and led him into some kind of trap... which admittedly he was curious about, but why? Why had she flipped on him so quickly? Yesterday she was defending him... all but accepted him as her Master, even kissed him.

Today he'd been forced into dominating her into submission. His uncle had been an unwilling pawn and Kylo already felt the burden of his own guilt crushing him down. Really he just wanted to take the girl and go. Now this foolish boy wants to challenge him too? Mercy this place was going to pull him apart piece by bloody piece.
His timing is as bad as Skywalker's. Kylo thought.

He could feel his guilt shifting. The chains constricting his conscience were loosening under the breaking force of his anger. Perhaps he could reason with him before this got out of hand...

"What chance do you think you stand against me boy?" Kylo hissed hoping to scare the boy off track. He twirled his lightsaber in his wrist while eying the defected storm trooper, fully taking in his appearance before weighing the threat level he posed. He seemed to be armed with only the blaster. Idiot.

Finn cocked his head to one side and took a few steps closer to the man cloaked like the night.

"I say no matter how this ends... I win." Finn smirked proudly as though he had it all figured out and Kylo had yet to catch up. "See the way I gather, either I get lucky and dish out some well deserved pay back, my odds there are pretty crappy I'll admit, or you kill me... which would really suck..." He paused and gave his former Commander a cheeky grin before continuing. "But then Rey never talks to you again; unless it's to scream profanities, never looks at you again; unless it's to kill you, and never thinks about you again; unless it's to hate you." He started down the rocky steps confidently.

"Honestly..." He held out the blaster and his lips spread wider purposefully granting Kylo Ren a white toothed smile. A triumphant smile, a smile that tempted Kylo to wipe it clean off of his face. "...I like my odds." Finn finished beaming in his former Commander's direction.

"How very noble of you. Self sacrifice in the name of love and friendship." Kylo flashed his own pearly whites as a fake smile stretched across his clearly annoyed face.

The traitor was right. In the little time Rey and he had known each other, they had bonded. The admittance really heated the muscles beneath kylo's tightening skin. His form swelled with anger and frustration and if he were being honest with himself even jealousy. His body's natural reaction was to destroy something but as he looked at the former trooper with his stupid, arrogant smile he couldn't deny just how right he was.

"Well then..." Kylo started with a grim smirk on his lips. "Maybe I'll just maim you a little bit..." The frustration in his eyes disappeared behind his newly flashing amusement. His eyes darkened mischievously. "After all, you have the Force in you now boy. You're one of us. I suppose you could be useful." It was a statement that sounded to much like a threat and Finn couldn't help but twitch at the underlined truth in that sentence. The reaction in the boy's hesitant eyes was extremely satisfying for Kylo. He loved a good baiting taunt.

Rey was fading in and out. Her exhaustion was dragging her down. Her body seemed so heavy and her muscles strained to hold up the little weight she had on her bones leaving her slight form kneeling at her enemies feet.

His feet. She thought. How could she allow herself to fall at his feet?

Hurt swelled in her chest. She could feel it bubbling just under her fear and anger. She understood that the fear made her weak and that her mind was unpredictable while she suffered from it's paralyzing effects but she wasn't use to being afraid and her reactions weren't in her control while she was under it's influence. She'd grown so independent surviving alone her whole life and she didn't survive because she feared things. She survived because she didn't. She just reacted accordingly. She didn't have time for such a weak emotion and this wasn't the first man to threaten her but he was certainly the most terrifying.

It's because he can get in my head. She realized. It's also because he knows more about me then I do
myself. She admitted. She hated that realization. How had he bullied me? Why am I groveling...? As if to answer her minds hazy questions Luke Skywalker groaned. She hadn't actually forgotten about him of course but her spine was already stiffening now that Ren's attention was off of Luke. She felt he had less power over her now.

Rey's eyes flickered open and closed. She could see him suffering in pain inches from her. He was already coming back to his senses and that made Rey feel even worse. At least if he had passed out he could sleep through the pain he must be enduring. Rey could hear voices above her but she couldn't clear her head well enough to make out what they were saying or who they belonged to. She knew one was his.

Kylo Ren and... She listened intently. Finn. Her eyes widened. He was going to hurt him again or worse, he'd kill him. Ren would kill Finn!

Rey raised her shaking hand to his leg. She touched him gently, almost barely. Her hand ghosted across the surface of his shin but it was enough. He tensed. He felt her there and something between them flared to life. It was then that she'd realized that her walls were down. Their connection was open and flowing freely between them. She could feel the presence of his attention when he glance back down at her. It didn't last long before Finn challenged him by firing another blaster bolt in his direction.

Is he trying to get himself killed? They both thought in unison.

Rey was confused. Why would Kylo Ren care if Finn was trying to get himself killed or not. Why would any kind of though for Finn's safety pass through his head? She focused on his mind, listened in on his thoughts. The same as she'd done when she pushed into his head during the interrogation. He was open to her and that alone surprised her. She could hear thoughts rushing through his mind like the storm that was brewing around them. It was loud and frantic and the volume of his mind while she eavesdropped physically hurt her already throbbing head.

He was in conflict with his own actions and she found herself even more confused as to why. He seemed so certain in those actions moments ago but now his emotions bled through their line. He felt lost, uncertain, confused and... guilty. He was angry but it wasn't because of Finn, he just directed his fury at him. Although she did hear a few things she was sure Ren would have never admitted to out loud.

He was... envious of Finn, of their friendship and of how well he'd assimilated to the people around him. He constantly called him a traitor because Ren saw himself as a traitor. Rey couldn't believe the insight she found hidden in his mind. Ren was most angry at Finn because he'd been a traitor for the right reasons and he wanted what Finn had. Kylo Ren wanted to be a traitor for the same reasons Finn had been, deep down he wanted out of the hands that controlled him. He wanted to be cleansed of the blood that constantly bathed his hands.

As though Ren understood what she was doing and possibly what Rey was finding in his head, he glanced down at her. His eyes were dark but already they were less angry then before. He seemed to be searching her for something...

She reinforced the light hold she had on him. It was almost her silent response and if he wasn't tense before her grip tightened, he was now. His body went rigid as he presented her with his obvious
reluctance. He didn't want this path but he felt it necessary. Images of him suffering under his Masters conforming discipline left her mind reeling. He'd been tortured, mentally and physically. He'd been beaten and abused, broken and rebuilt, over and over again. Since he was...

He was a boy. She realized.

The first time he'd been cornered by the darkness that always loomed over him, he was younger then when she'd first met him at Luke's Jedi academy. No wonder he was already so burdened by the time she as Kira, had met the boy Ben. Her heart broke for him and his eyes hardened in response.

He didn't want that from her. Her pity was absolutely unacceptable, he'd only allowed her this deep in his head for her understanding and nothing more. He was walling her out of his mind again and she suddenly squeezed his leg in her hand. Her eyes hardened and he responded accordingly. He respected her strength and she respected his past.

She visibly forced the pity from her eyes. She felt it for the tortured boy but wouldn't pity the man named Kylo Ren. He'd been a victim in the past but since then he'd made sure every one around him took on that role under his hand.

They silently understood each other. They stared at one another through seconds that felt like hours. It wasn't until another shot from Finns blaster painfully pulled Ren's attention back to him that their eyes finally separated. The bolt skimmed across Ren's left thigh. He bared his teeth but he gave the boy no further reaction. They were already bantering between each other again, leaving Ren distracted, caught in a verbal battle with Finn.

Rey had an idea that could be dangerous but after listening in on his mind and staring into his regret filled eyes, she decided it was a risk she'd take. She was going to fight him in the best way she knew how. Slowly, carefully she siphoned his Force. It was more difficult to control the amount she took then she had initially anticipated. It seemed no matter how emotionally torn they were, or how at odds they were their Force still fought disturbingly hard to make an exchange or at minimum, to mingle together.

As he exchanged glib retorts with her friend she took note of his softening voice even before he noticed it. She could feel his body relaxing under her touch and he seemed not to notice that either. Their contact and the presence of his power finally flowing within her was already calming him. She was like a remedy for his anger. The most addictive treatment for what ailed him most. Her free hand reached out slowly. She was careful to make no sudden movement, no jerking motions that would draw his attention back to her before she was done.

Finn must have seen the effect that the exchange made on Ren, though Rey doubted he knew enough about the Force to know exactly what was happening to cause Ren to weaken, because he was brave or stupid enough depending on who's mind you were in, to move within striking range of Ren's lightsaber. Rey hadn't even noticed Finn was that close until she felt Ren's mind constrict in anger. She almost stopped what she was doing to intervene between the two but the Dark Master didn't strike or lash out at him.

His aggression felt different then she was accustomed to. It was unlike the normal rage that wafted from him with a searing heat. This was that of a wild dog snapping it's jaws in warning. It was protective and aggressively threatening but in a controlled careful way. Like a coiled snake waiting to strike but only if it's prey challenged it's strength or dominance. Normally Ren unleashed his emotions full force in whatever direction he was facing at the time. Now he was flaring his chest as though warning Finn to back off. Kylo Ren was defending what he perceived to be his territory.

"Finn..." Rey warned.
He hesitated, his eyes shooting a confused glance in her direction for only a moment before Kylo Ren positioned himself defensively in front of her, cutting off his visual access to her.

"Really mate? Between the two of us you're acting like I'm the unstable war lord here?" Finn's voice sounded more then a little astounded and somewhat offended.

Kylo's shoulders were slumped, his body slugged forward with one heavy step and he flicked the hilt of his still ignited lightsaber in his palm, rolling it in his hand with out setting it loose in the air. He almost shook his clouding head but he fought the urge. Ren pulled his bottom lip into his mouth and sucked it between his teeth. He was fully lost to the feel of her Force pulling on his.

Kylo Ren's eyes remained locked on Finn but his mind was reeling with the feeling of his energy flowing freely into the girl at his feet. Finally what she was doing dawned on him. He knew she'd been pulling his strength from him, he could feel his Force moving through her and he'd allowed it, welcomed it. He knew how it would effect him and he welcomed the euphoric feeling with arms wide open.

To be honest after the stunt he just pulled with Luke, he didn't think she'd ever touch him again. Now he was happily overwhelmed, overjoyed even and nearing drunk with pleasure, but now he knew why she was doing it. He peered down at her through half lided eyes and that's when he confirmed his suspicions. She was touching him for Luke's benefit. She wasn't pulling on his Force essence for herself, of course not, never for herself.

Her hands were bridged between Kylo Ren and Luke Skywalker. His face was seconds from being completely healed and his eyes were already shining up at his nephew, filling with a combination of his and her power. Ren couldn't help but smile down at the resilient and resourceful girl. It was a drunken mess of a smile, the same way he felt and he didn't care to hide it from her.

"Clever little scavenger." He mused, shaking his head to allow his hair to fall in front of his pain filled eyes.

Of course she'd used him. It was his fault, he'd said he wouldn't help her after all. What did he expect her to do? Let the last father figure she had left suffer? Really Kylo, you're a moof milker. He borated himself.

Her hazel orbs frantically searched through his raven locks for even a peek at the eyes hidden beneath. She felt so many things through their bond and those feelings only left her more confused. She needed to see his eyes, they gave him away and she needed to know his next move. She realized he now knew she was in his head. From here out she'd only know what he wanted her to know and that terrified her. She didn't know how he'd react, but that was part of why this was a risk.

His head stayed bowed, his hair remained a curtain between her eyes and his own. "What did I say would happen if you completely healed him?" He asked weakly. The tone in his voice led her to believe he was almost regretful in his words but that couldn't be right...

His voice was so strained that it took Rey several seconds to process what he'd even asked her but Finn had responded immediately. His finger squeezed but not in time. Ren had anticipated the reaction. His left hand was already up and the storm trooper was already Force frozen in place.

"Rey," He repeated and suddenly Finn was struggling to breath. She flinched at her name through his mouth but she still didn't look away. She continued to searched through his dripping locks for the eyes that evaded her own. "What did I say?" His voice cracked and her fingers flexed around his leg. "Don't." He said before she pulled her hand away from him.
Was he asking her not to let him go?

"I..." She barely had time to think before her mouth was trying to answer him, panic setting in again. There were so many possible outcomes here. He could hurt Finn... hurt Luke... she had to stop him before this got worse.

Suddenly she was on her feet, her hand forcibly pulled away from Luke, severing the connection between the three power house Force users as the conductor that she'd become was Force lifted away. Luke let out a sharp breath when her hand was ripped away from his face and his body slumped back. Her power had been like a magnet to him and when she was jerked up, his body had nearly followed hers.

Rey's feet were pulled from the ground until she was inches from Kylo Ren's dark locks. He still didn't look at her and for a moment only the sound of the rain around them and the heavy pants between them could be heard. His face remained tipped down as he held her in front of him with his Force. She wasn't constricted like Finn but she wasn't going anywhere either.

He had an unbelievable amount of control over that part of himself. His power was astounding. If his emotions were as under control as his power he would truly be unstoppable. But as he was... he was so fractured... so damaged... She couldn't help but wonder at him even in the dangerous situation she was in, he fascinated her. She supposed that was the scavenger in her.

"Is that really what you think? You think I'm broken..." His voice swam through her head. It was startling but soft and lulling. Completely opposite from how his physical form appeared. His shoulders had straightened and his body had tensed. If his head wasn't lowered he'd appear threatening.

She saw him as an alpha in every way, yet he kept his head bowed before her. Rey didn't respond, not verbally and not mentally. She didn't know how to do so without causing the wild thing in front of her to rip her throat out.

"Maybe... maybe I am... broken." His head lowered further when she kept silent.

He hadn't seen her moving, perhaps he'd been so lost in that moment that he didn't even feel it, but when she lifted her left hand to his face to brush aside his heavy rain drenched hair his head snapped up as though she'd surprised him. She didn't know what she was thinking. It was pure instincts that caused her to respond to his aggression gently.

"Even the most broken things can be fixed Kylo Ren." She gently said between their Force Bond.

His lashes fluttered over his dark eyes and he unexpectedly tilted his head into her palm. Her eyes closed for a long drawn out blink, she wasn't foolish enough to leave them shut for too long; and her fingers traced along his hair line.

How could she be drawn to such a dark soul? Why did she already want to put everything between them to rest? How could she want to comfort him after what he'd just done? She internally struggled with herself.

His eyes warmed and she knew she'd forgotten that he was in her head. She blushed and the embarrassment had thankfully snapped her spine straight with such speed she was surprised she didn't have whiplash. She allowed her Light to seep through her fingers and she watched his eyes roll in his head.

"Enough." Her thumb ran over his cheek, leaving behind the soft glow of her Light in it's wake.
"There's no need to drag this out further. Release Finn and put me down." She demanded softly.

His lips slightly parted and she saw his pupils sharpen. He was such a primal male. She wondered if this was a bad idea or if it was exactly what he needed to stop this nonsense. She wouldn't take chances, not where her friends were concerned. Her right hand was on the saber at his belt before he even knew what she intended to do. His head ticked when she jammed the lightsaber into his stomach.

"I'm sorry, but I too protect what's mine." She privately answered his bewildered look.

"Release him now!" She demanded twisting the housing of the saber with a silent threat to ignite it if he refused to comply with her demands.

He smirked and something like pride momentarily filled his dark eyes. The reaction caught her off guard and she had to center herself again. She pushed the lightsaber further into his solid form reminding both of them of just how serious she was.

"You wouldn't..." His silky voice challenged her and he narrowed his brown eyes with far more mischief then fear.

Her own eyes darkened to match his challenge and she mimicked his words as she retorted with a familiar threat.

"Do you know me well enough to take the chance Kylo Ren?" She taunted him and his eyes lit up in response, confirming that it was undoubtedly pride that shone back at her from those endless depths.

There was a slight twitch at the corner of his mouth, almost unnoticeable but Rey was certain she'd seen it. Ren released Finn's throat and her friend dropped to his knees sputtering and choking on mouthfuls of air. He was mostly still frozen in place but that undoubtedly prevented him from doing anything stupid which ultimately kept him safe, a realization that Ren undoubtedly recognized. Rey couldn't help but feel like he was trying to be a good guy, even if it was in his own messed up way. He was trying to give her and her friends an out that still allowed him to save face. Rey's head tilted to match Ren's angle.

"Now, put me down." She clipped. Her words were monotone and her face stayed calm. She wasn't trying to over challenge him, but she was asserting herself as she thought she had to.

His lips flattened and something strange flashed across his face. The unfamiliar expression ended at his eyes and like everything else that got too close, the swirling vortexes sucked the look right from his face. Then unexpectedly, Kylo Ren lowered Rey gently to her feet. It was all she could do not to show her surprise. Instead she bit and chewed her bottom lip, a nervous habit that she was unaware of; that is, until his eyes lowered to her mouth. Rey found her heart racing in her chest, pounding in her ears and she swallowed so hard the sensitive drums popped on the sound of it's frantic thumping.

On a chance she removed the lightsaber from his gut and though she kept it in her hand she held it pointed down as if to convey she meant no further threat to him... so long as he played nice.

She cleared her throat before she spoke again. "Disengage your weapon, you don't need it anymore." And to further her surprise, he did. He even tucked it into his belt before she had to ask. "Now release Finn, he's not a threat to you." She continued to push him, testing her limits but she did so flatly and with a firm but not overbearing hand.

She didn't want to challenge the thing that she saw clawing at him from the depths of those eyes.
There was something that lived in him that was just as strong as the Darkness that he housed. There was a primal thing that always kept him on edge and ready to snap over the slightest of things. Somehow she felt like she understood him a little better. Something told her that this was the way. He didn't like to be challenged by the others, especially other males, but her... he seemed to respond to her. Maybe even respect her.

"Rey..." He warned, primally growling through clenched teeth as though putting great effort into controlling himself.

"Ren, no one is going to hurt you." She wondered if that simple statement would be to much. If that sentence would send him tipping over the edge as though allowing it to stand without a violent reaction would come across as an admittance or display of weakness.

"They don't have the power to hurt me." He said gruffly.

Of course not. She thought most likely loud enough to be heard through their connection.

"Only you..." His strained voice admitted through their private line as if to confirm her thoughts and then his face nudged further into her palm.

In that moment she must have looked like she'd just seen the sun come up for the first time. Her face lightened and her eyes and mouth opened into wide circles of shock and awe.

What exactly was he admitting to? That she could hurt him? That she had some kind of power over him? Both?

Her eyes skimmed over his uncle then across to Finn and suddenly she understood. He'd already asserted his dominance over both of them. He'd physically marked them as lesser males. So much about him made sense now. That Darkness that lived so deeply inside of him, some how it must connect him more to his primal instincts. He could have killed them both at any given time and yet he'd chosen to humiliate them, damage them as though displaying his dominance over them. This satisfied his darker urges while appealing to his sense of reason and humanity. It was how he protected himself from going too far. Whether it was for their benefit or his, it's how he was able to keep from killing them.

His loyalty to the Dark side and his Master made so much sense now. The violence and his unstable emotions... he was as much animal as he was human and she tried as hard as she could not to imagine what tortures he'd been through to end up so deep in the darkness, not just the Dark side but really, truly in tune with the Darkness that fueled his power, his urges and instincts. He clung to his humanity because he was left in the dark so long he'd grown more accustomed to that then to the feelings that would otherwise make him feel human.

He was wild and passionate because that part hadn't been broken or stripped from him. He was lost and torn because his first instincts weren't for compassion or mercy but brutality. The part of his humanity that was left fought a losing battle for dominance over his Darkness and the beast that had been bred and raised to allow Kylo Ren to survive in the world he was born into, had long ago since taken over it's master.

There was an old human tale; a fairy tail of sorts that Rey had heard a time or two around the canteen... something about a wolf eating a little girl whole and a bounty hunter chopping the creature in half to free the still living child from within. Nothing could possibly fit the way she saw Kylo Ren now more then that horrifying tale. He'd become his own beast, one that had ultimately consumed Ben up whole, but that boy still lived in their somewhere and Rey knew both halves of him recognized her in some way or another.
She stroked his face, running the tips of her fingers over the raised tissue of the scar she'd given him the first night they'd met. Her eyes locked onto his and she watched as they'd softened under her touch. He was always trying to dominate her but in his mind he already thought of her as something more. Her fingers gently smoothed along the length of the more jagged part of the scar and she realized he saw this mark as hers. Maybe he thought of her as his dominant or, and this thought made her bones freeze beneath her flesh, his equal... for some reason, it was almost more alarming if he thought of her as that.

He bent over her allowing her fingers better access to his face as she traced the lines that bound him to her. He could see the understanding in her eyes now. Something had given him away. Something had finally cracked the ice he stood on whenever she was around and he'd suddenly fallen through. He was bare to her now. His armor peeled away, his hardened resolve deteriorating before her eyes. She saw him, really saw him.

If she ever wanted to hurt him now would be the perfect time to do it. She could crush him with a bat of her eyes and he'd crumble at her feet. His eyes searched hers and for the life of him, he couldn't understand why she looked back at him with such softness. There was warmth in her hazel pools and he felt like he'd been frozen his whole life waiting for even the slightest touch of her radiance to grace his crystalline form.

"Kylo, release Finn." She repeated with more confidence then before. His name from her lips commanded no less then his obedience and he responded with out hesitation.

Finn dropped to the ground barely catching himself with his palms before his face hit the stone beneath it. His muscles ached from being restrained so thoroughly and he worked at loosening his jaw, flexing it opened and closed a few times to test the response and elasticity of it's muscles. Luke was also gathering himself, clumsily pulling himself to his feet and both Rey and Kylo Ren noticed but neither responded. For right now, right in this moment it was just the two of them and Rey needed to keep it that way as long as possible or risk losing what ever hold on him she currently had.

"Thank you." She eased his building anxiety with those two simple words.

He had heard those words more since she had re entered his life then the whole time between when he'd first lost her as Kira and when he'd found her as Rey. It tugged at his humanity. Pulled on the moral side of his mind and yanked painfully at the little puddle of Light he kept tucked away.

This woman was going to destroy him one sweet look, one gentle touch, one soft word at a time and at her perfect hands he'd beg for his destruction.

She pulled away from him and turned to the path that she'd come from. His right hand reached out and tugged gently at her arm. She didn't need to catch his eyes with hers to feel the panic that was rushing through their connection but for his reassurance she did. He felt like she was leaving him and he felt like she was doing so while he was surrounded by his enemies. Abandonment slammed hard into her diaphragm and she almost lost all of the breath from her lungs. She knew this torturous feeling all to well... it had been the only constant in her life for as far back as she could remember.

"It's ok, just follow me." She reassured him, urged him forward with the softness in her voice and his feet began moving even before his mind called out to hers.

"Whatever's meant for me down there, you'd still lead me to it?" He asked weakly, sadly. He felt defeated yet with out hesitance, he still followed her. She hadn't even realized how much power she truly held over him until this moment.

"Shhh, I'll come with you, it's nothing meant to hurt you." She assured him and she took his hand
from her arm and clasped it within hers as she gently led him forward; illuminating like a light in the dark, his own bright beacon to safely guide his lost soul home.

At first he wasn't sure how to react; not to her leading him where he knew a trap was undoubtedly waiting for him, but to her hand in his. His fingers stayed open for the first few seconds while his eyes scanned her back. They swept over the curves of her shoulders then down her thin yet toned arm until they fell over her hand. Her lightly sun tanned fingers curled over his much larger black, leather bound hand and something in his heart snapped. He swallowed thickly as he watched his own digits wrap one at a time over her hand in his. She could lead him to the pits of Mustafar and he'd follow with a stupid smile on his bewildered face.

"Oh sure, the nice guy tries to take your hand and you nearly bite his head off, but the Dark Lord looks at you with porg eyes and it's "lets go skipping off into the sunset together"." Finn complained sardonically.

"It's nearly mid morning," Luke Skywalker cut through Finn's whining. His voice was surprisingly strong and clear. He felt more powerful then he had in years, even while he cautiously moved out of Rey and Kylo Ren's path. "Besides, attachments are forbidden, Padawan." Came Luke's chirpy response to his new apprentice.

Finn raised a hand, pointing at the black cloaked back of Kylo Ren, ready to point out the clear attachment that the brooding warrior had made in regards to Luke's other apprentice.

"Are you going to remind him of that?" He started moving to follow behind the pair when Luke's handless arm raised to halt the young man.

Finn eyed the Jedi nervously and Luke's brows furrowed. Finn's mouth opened in protest but then, like the flash of a light, his countenance changed.

"Wait, padawan... you'll train me?" He asked with a fan boy expression illuminating his face. Luke nodded once and Finn wrapped his large arms around the Jedi before grabbing his hand and jerkily shaking it. "I won't let you down... this is gonna be great!" He fawned jubilantly.

After a moment of nearly tugging the Jedi's one good arm off he released him apologetically. "But wait, isn't there some kind of rule against having more then one student?" He asked thoughtfully.

"Once, along time ago there was... but when I became the last Jedi Master, that rule kind of flew out the window at light speed." He admitted reminiscently.

Finn's attention was already back on the larger male who followed Rey like an obedient puppy. "Did she... I mean... is she... mind tricking him?" He finally asked.

Luke shook his head. "I don't think so." He answered honestly. His eyes held the same interest and nervous curiosity as the boy by his side and that made Finn even more uncomfortable with the whole situation.

"Don't you think we should maybe intervene? That guy's more likely to snap then remain... what ever he is right now." Finn inquired worriedly.

"Didn't seem to do us a lot of good last time did it?" Luke lifted his right arm up with a deep sigh and black fluid inked from the severed coils of his stub. The flammable liquid and sparking wires made for a bad combination. He supposed he was lucky nothing had caught on fire yet. He also supposed he had the rain that was finally calming around them to thank for that. He reached out with his left hand and called his lightsaber to him. It ignited and the boy jumped but the other two still seemed
wrapped up in whatever they were internally dealing with to notice or perhaps even with his back turned, Ren thought so little of his abilities now that he truly felt he was of no threat. Finn cringed as Luke carefully singed closed what was left of the sparking wires, essentially cauterizing the remnants of his mechanical appendage.

"What a mess." He sighed. "Still... better then being dead I guess." He admitted with a shrug.

As though the universe sensed a moment of peace between the unsteady inhabitants of Ach'To, the loud sound of a shuttle roared unexpectedly close to the side of the cliff they all stood on. Ren and Luke knew that sound by heart. They knew the familiar hum of the engine that lowered towards the cliff side. Rey and Finn ducked down under the heavy gusts of wind and heat that kicked off of the idling engines of the Millennium Falcon. The ramp was already extended and Poe was on the lowered platform with a fully charged blaster in hand.

"We've got company kids." He yelled over the igniters of the ship. "It's time to go!"

Chewie was left at the helm and he expertly reversed the ship until it was almost perfectly lined up with the cliff's edge.

"Let's go, let's go." Poe waved his group forward just as three black shuttles sped by over head. Loose shots fired at the rocks nearby, breaking pieces off around them.

Kylo Ren squeezed Rey's hand tightly, drawing her attention back to his lost eyes.

"Come with us?" She asked squeezing his hand back. "You have a place here... with Luke... with your mother... with..." She tried to assure him but the most important of her words were lost under the sounds of more shuttles passing by over head.

Multiple Tie fighters flew by firing in streams at the weakening shields of the Millennium Falcon. The ship wouldn't last long under this kind fire power.

What the Kriff were they doing? They shouldn't be firing on him or his potential prisoners and yet they were. As though on que his Knights appeared and returned fire. They sensed their Master and they responded accordingly.

"What the Forc is going on?" Poe yelled as more ships fired on their own First Order Tie fighters.

"Are they firing on their own ships?" Luke shouted over the muffling sounds around them.

"Not exactly." Finn answered, his eyes falling on Ren. "It looks like his knights don't appreciate the First Order's trigger fingers, not with their master in the line of fire..." He filled in the blanks for the confused faces around him.

"Gotta respect loyalty." The surprising words of Luke Skywalker added. Everyone took a second to gawk at him including the Master of the knights himself. It was a second they didn't have but it was one they all shared nonetheless.

"Well..." Luke shrugged off the attention as Poe helped pull the one armed Jedi across the threshold.

A high pitched whine sounded from within the Falcon and Ren knew it was the Wookiee who'd shot him several months ago. Chewie was urging the others forward. Finn and Luke were yelling at Rey who was still focused on Kylo Ren and he was standing there, gaping at her lost in his own thoughts.

What the Kriff was he going to do? Could he really go with her? Take his Knights and turn on the First Order? He'd worked so hard, lost so much and sacrificed too much. Could he really give it all
He really considered his options until a First Order Tie fighter careened towards the cliff side just above where they were standing, dislodging the Falcon from it's position along the cliff's edge and Ren from his thoughts.

Kylo dove over top of Rey, pushing her to the side before the wreckage came tumbling over the mouth of the cavern they stood in front of. The Tie fighter smashed into the rocks above and half of the cavern came down with what was left of the exploding aircraft. He hit the ground and the world around him went black as the opening of the cave was sealed off by what remained of the craft and a wall of rocks that had once made up the opening arch of the ceiling overhead. His ears rang and his vision blurred but he was on his feet in an instant, ripping at the rock and metal wall with a combination of his hands and the Force.

He was separated from her. He needed to get to her, needed to see that she was safe.

"Rey...?" He called through their connection. "Rey, com'on sweetheart answer me..." He tried over and over, but there was nothing. No answer, no emotions, he could hardly even hear the hum that they shared.

She was just gone...

"Rey..." He screamed, still pulling and tearing piece by piece of the avalanched wall away.

There was another explosion above the cavern and suddenly the wall was shifting again, rumbling and sliding further down, collapsing over his head. He was to frantic, to distracted to react in time and he didn't even see the stone that collided with his head before unconsciousness took him by force.

*What a twist... Ok peeps, I'm very curious about what you all think about this chapter. It was difficult to write and I really hope that you guys enjoyed it, a lot of work and effort when into this one. I'm excited about what's coming soon and I hope you guys are to because things are about to change a lot for these characters.*

~ As usual I really hope that you all enjoyed this chapter, if you did please Kudos and comment, I love the feed back so much! See you soon my freaky darlings.~

-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren felt the tug of the world around him. He had informed his Knights not to disturb him and yet here was his third... calling for her Master like a disobedient child. He gritted his teeth. Mentally he held his composure because mentally he was still with Rey and she was waiting half a step from his projected form... waiting for him to respond to something he wasn't sure of how to explain. He hoped given time; he could show her... but how to explain it... what they should be, how they should be... together.

"Master..." His third beckoned him for the second time within a matter of short moments, something must be urgent for her to risk this interruption.

"What is it?" He growled out in his frustration.

She all but cowered, lowering her head in blind submission to the man before her. "Please forgive the intrusion... I know you said not to disturb you but..." Her head lowered further when he took one menacing step forward.

"I'm not going to hurt you." He impatiently informed her shaking form. It was unlike his Knights to show such fear, even in respect to him. She nodded and continued when he waived his hand gesturing for her to do so.

"We have what you asked for."

His head lifted, his eyes widening. "The Falcon... you've found it already?" He asked almost bewildered. Even for it's age it was a fast ship, when piloted properly it had a knack for evading and disappearing for long periods of time.

"Yes Master but..."

He pushed past her then not meaning to brush her aside as he did but it happened anyway. The shuttle was already loaded on the landing deck. Why had they waited so long to tell him they had it in their possession? He could be having the currently paused conversation with Rey in his private quarters right now.

Sensing her Masters desires his third called out from behind him again.

"That's just it..."

Ren paused, instantly halting in his tracks. He half turned and the heavy mass of his cap swooshed behind him, wrapping around his torso before fanning back out again. His third watched as though mesmerized. He snapped his gloved fingers bringing her attention back to the present, encouraging the information he needed from her lips.

"Out with it then..." He urged.

"The girl..." His third swallowed, why was she always the one to deliver the bad news?

Kylo Ren had enough. He pulled her to him with the invisible hand of his Force, something he hardly ever did with his Knights.

"...She's not on board!" His second squeaked. His hand opened and she dropped to her feet.
"What do you mean.... She's. Not. On. Board!" He paused between each word, adding extra punctuation behind every one. "She's not on the Island and she didn't just grow wings and..." He stopped just then, realizing what he'd already known all along.

He growled out through his clenched teeth, his arms flexed and his back strained through the display of animalistic frustration. He took a few deep breaths through his now opened mouth and the sound was chilling through the voice modulator of his mask. His head tilted and he took a deep repressed breath through his nose and out through his mouth. He turned back to the shuttle that was presently being cleared out.

He reached out with his mind hoping to find her signature somewhere hidden in the ship but his Knights were right, she wasn't there. Of course they were right, he hadn't trained them to be incompetent. He had the urge to run his hand through his hair but the mask would allow no such comfort so he allowed his anger to radiate through his forearms down into his clenched fists instead.

He took another deep breath, this time working to settle the anger building a fire in his chest. Skywalker was also not aboard the shuttle. Kylo was correct the whole time... he did have a kriffing shuttle hidden somewhere on that bloody island. Still, someone had to pilot the Falcon...

He closed his eyes reaching for Rey's mind with his own. She was still standing there, gazing up at him with those deep hazel orbs that literally drove him crazy. She looked worried, probably because his demeanor had changed so quickly. He wanted to reach out, to take her face in his hand, just to feel her for a moment longer but he wanted her... not an imagining of such.

He was glad she had no idea what was going on because he couldn't be upset with her for this. It was at least a small reprieve from the boiling anger that was scolding him from the inside out. He felt like steam would pour from between his lips when he spoke, that's how heated he was. He couldn't feel his uncle nearby but he figured he must have been with Rey, he wouldn't leave her alone and she couldn't pilot a shuttle in the state she'd been in. Mustafar, she wasn't even conscious when he first reached out to her. Bloody Skywalker...

"Tell Skywalker if he wants them back, he can meet me where it all started." He stated coldly. He forced himself to step back from her then.

"Ren... Wait..." She called to him, her hand already raising to touch him. He retreated further into the background off her mind. He eased her free of his control as he retreated from her. Force, he could be looking at the real thing right now if she'd just been on that kriffing shuttle.

"And Rey, tell him if he doesn't bring me what I want..." He paused, staring into her eyes one last time before completely releasing the reins of her mind back under her full control.

No matter what, Skywalker could only hide her for so long now... he could track her now... she'd lost the protective shield of the island's cloaking ability and even Luke couldn't completely keep him from locating her mind with his through their bond now, they'd grown to close. Not that he needed to hunt her anymore, he had leverage and this girl was too good for her own survival... she'd walk into fire to save her friends and he was expecting her to do just that.

"...I'll send them back in pieces!" There was no anger in his words now. There was no need; the seeds were sewn and he was, as she knew, a man of his word. It was a threat he would deliver on if needed but he knew it wouldn't come to that.

When she realized what he had she would come to him whether Skywalker wanted it or not. His uncle had no control of her now. Ren had all the cards...
Now, which cards was he betting with? He wondered as he left her alone in her mind again.

He approached the lowered ramp of the shuttle and the moment he heard the Wookiee's battle cry he for sure recognized at least one of his captives. He wasn't surprised to find Chewy at the helm of the ship, in fact he'd assumed he'd be a definite. The Wookiee fired his bolt caster on his Knights. Ren's open palm lifted slightly and the three bolts froze simultaneously. His right hand swiped at the air and the blaster bolts flew to an adjacent wall. Luckily the interior of his landing deck was armored. He'd been through too many space battles and taken too many prisoners not to be prepared for this kind of situation.

In war mishaps were to be expected; unlike his predecessors however, Kylo didn't intend on leaving tunnels that led straight to a single point that could destroy his walls from within. He didn't intend on making his defeat that easy. The creation of the Starkiller base was as simple minded as the DeathStar... both bases had pretty much invited their enemies in, pointing the way to their destruction with neon signs... shoot here for self destruction... may as well have been lite up by a light track along the way, guiding all pilots to the bases weak spots. Kylo was not the past, he and his Knights were the future and they were here to stay.

"Well... it's good to see you to." He lightly teased the Wookiee but the painful truth was, it wasn't good to see him. He wanted no reminders of his past and Chewie was a gosh darn big reminder.

Chewie growled a few profanities before firing the bowcaster in his direction. Ren repeated the same process as before, catching and tossing the blasts aside. The Wookiee stepped forward and his Knights moved in, ready to interject on their Masters behalf.

"No!" The single word demanded that his Knights stand down and they did so without hesitation.

Chewie growled out and stomped towards Ren, angrily. He was swearing and yelling and fuming over Han, berating the younger version of his former best friend as he moved closer to him.

Ren had a million insults, a million taunts and quips ready to lunge at the fur ball he'd once loved like family but he held his sharp tongue. One didn't need Force abilities to see how hurt the Wookiee was. He had no one to impress here, there was no need for further acts of cruelty.

The Wookiee threw the bolt caster to the side and raised his massive hands in the air, waiving them around furiously. He was a monstrous mess stomping towards the man he still saw as the boy who use to ride on his tall shoulders. Kylo Ren's Knights circled the pair as the Wookiee closed in on their Master but still Ren didn't move, nor did he offer any sign of go ahead for his Knights to move in. Finally the Wookiee stopped inches from him. His growls became wines and his head lowered in a mixture of angry pleas of wonderment and pain.

"Why? How could you?" He keened. "Your father, Ben Solo... your father..." The pain filled mews dug into Ren's chest and he let them. He let the large creature's words burrow into his already festering wounds before he finally waved a hand in front of his face, dropping his large body into an unconscious state. With one nod of his helmeted head his Knights moved to collect his fury uncle's body.

"Careful!" Ren snapped, his concern seeming slightly out of character to some of his Knights but not all of them. Some of them knew more about the boy that was Ben then the others. He kept them the closest, they were his strongest allies and could potentially be a great weakness to him in multiple ways.

Kylo looked beyond the scene of his Knights gathering their newest asset, he wasn't worried for the Wookiee, no one here would harm him not with out risking serious threat to themselves. He looked
past the shoulders of his Knights as they carried the sleeping giant away. His eyes found the opened ramp of his father's most prized possession. His heart constricted in his chest and his chin tilted up.

He stared... waiting... as if any moment... He shook his head free from his daydream. His father was dead. He wouldn't be gracing anyone with his presence today or any day after, not ever again. Still... if he looked hard enough he could see the charismatic swagger of his father as he made his way down the short ramp. He could hear his booming voice in his young ears, his laughter powerful and rumbling as he arrogantly announced his return home. He waited for his wife, Ben's mother to run to him, arms out and opened to welcome home her scoundrel, then he'd take a knee and little Ben would rush past his mother, nearly nosing her aside as he collided against his father's solid body. His big arms would wrap around his already lanky son's awkward body and he'd swing him around before charming him into forgetting how long he'd been away with more of his wild tales and with trinkets from his travels.

Ren pursed his lips behind his mask. The bloody fool never understood the importance or value of what he had waiting for him at home. He angrily eyed the vessel as if it were to blame. I should tear this thing apart piece by piece, melt it down, use it to make new waste cans and toilet seats around the base... He thought maliciously, suddenly donning his already ignited lightsaber in his hand. He squeezed the hilt painfully, his knuckles running white from the force of his grip. He stepped closer to the lowered ramp and his heart froze in his chest.

He pictured his father, clear as day standing on the long bridge back at the Starkiller. The crimson of his plasma blade shot free from it's crystal and pushed through his father's sternum upon ignition. His throat dried and his tongue felt like sand paper against the roof of his mouth while he tried to swallow. He disengaged the blade, nearly dropping it from his suddenly trembling hand. He couldn't breath... his lungs had stopped working and he couldn't breath...

"Ren... what is it... are you ok?" Her soft voice filled his head. Her light cut through the raging storm that was churning in his mind.

His eyes widened in surprise. He'd closed off their connection; why was she in his head, why was she asking how he was?

"Ren, I know you can hear me.... I can... I can feel it. I can feel you... there's so much pain... what's happening?" Rey pushed him for answers but her voice was so delicate, so soft in the swirling vortex of anger and pain that wreaked havoc in his mind.

His legs felt suddenly weak. He had the urge to let go, to fall to his knees before her. He would beg her for what ever scraps of comfort she would grace him with, though he knew as the image of his father's spiraling body vanished from the sigh of his mind, he deserved no comfort. He cleared his throat, latched his suddenly heavy lightsaber to his belt and straightened his spine, rotating his shoulders to regain his composure.

"You have your own problems to solve scavenger." In his head, his voice sounded strong. At this moment he was thankful she wasn't here. She couldn't see him like this.

"Please...please don't push me away. You comfort me... allow me to-"

He'd heard enough then, he cut her off. "You don't know what you're talking about! I'm not the one who needs comforting girl." He defensively snapped.

He mentally felt her recoil and he groaned internally. He marched up the ramp, cautiously eyeing the space around him, expecting not to be alone; The Falcon required at least two pilots and so far only one was in his custody. He was secretly thankful to have her in his head, she was a good distraction.
He ignored the binding nerves and the churning nausea running rampant in his stomach as he moved through the once familiar space of the craft.

"Has your Jedi told you yet?" He broke the silence between them.

There was a long pause from her end before she answered. "Told me what?" She finally asked.

He was even more greatful for her voice as he approached the pilot's chair. His boots froze just behind the aged and ruined material that clothed the seat. He stared out the window and random memories of his father sitting parallel to him came crashing against the resolve of his mind. Father and son each filling a seat; one of them much better then the other, happily sitting along side one another while time and time again his father taught him to pilot his most prized possession. Ren lost the breath from his lungs. He leaned forward, his massive body lurched across the pilot's seat while his right arm helped balance his weight against the back of the copilot's seat. His eyes squeezed shut and his hand gripped the material aggressively.

There was a flash between he and his bond mate then.

He saw his father in the chair he currently leaned over. His hair whiter in color then in his previous memories. It was the Han he had been before his son had struck him down. The Han that Kylo didn't know, but Rey had. His head veered right and in the copilot's chair was the girl in his head. She suddenly stood, looking in his father's direction. There was a loud beeping, a sensor was flashing a red warning light and the two were frantically moving about the cockpit trying to solve the problem. Rey jumped up, pulled open a panel and began working with some wires while his father worked over the console. Suddenly there was a ripping sound and the alarm stopped. Both Ren and Han looked back at the girl who had a cheeky grin on her excited face.

"What'd ya do?" Han asked just as stunned as Ren felt.

Her mouth opened in a full toothed smile, showing she too had been just as surprised as the men who looked upon her, though she could obviously only see the one. She held out a piece of a connection cable with a chip panel attached, a panel that had been attached to the compressor, the same compressor that was responsible for setting the now silent alarm off.

"I bypassed the compressor." She said through a white toothed grin as though it were the simplest and most obvious solution.

Such a scavenger... Ren proudly thought to himself.

"...Huh..." Han lightly shrugged as though mulling over the idea of such a simple solution in his head but his stunned and clearly impressed face already gave him away.

That was the moment between them, Ren noticed. The one that formed the respect and bond between the girl and his father.

Ren's eyes opened and he shook the Force vision away as though it never happened but it was no use, he'd seen what he'd seen and damn it all, she'd been a part of it. She was in his head when the vision happened and she witnessed every minute detail the same as he did.

There was a constricting through his chest and for the life of him... he couldn't tell if it was his pain or hers.

"You're on the Falcon..." She observed accidentally answering the question he'd placed between them before they shared his Force vision.
Her voice, if at all possible was softer then before and he knew... damn it all, he knew he'd hurt her again. By dragging her along in his Force vision he'd reminded her of what she'd lost and she'd lost it because of him. He should have booted her from his head the second he found her there but he'd been selfish again, used her as a distraction to keep himself and his emotions in check. He'd used her to keep his ghosts at bay and taken her with him on a personal trip down memory lane that left her in pain.

He redirected his thoughts, needing to keep control of the present and focus on what he'd come into this bloody ship for.

"You can come out pilot." Ren said cooly. "There's no where on this ship you can hide that I can't find you anyway." He added a bored tone behind his distorted voice. He could feel a thick fear hanging in the air. He'd swept the ship before entering it, there were no Force signatures present and he already had Chewie which left one other person that could have helped fly the ship off the island. Poe, the Resistance's "best" pilot... caught by the First Orders flag ship. Kylo Ren's ship, well his most recent ship; he had a better ship already waiting for him back on the Mega StarDestroyer but that was a personal Tie Fighter, this was a transport ship with fire power and it did the trick nicely for accommodating and housing the much smaller ship he stood in now.

There was a shuffling sound behind him and after a few short moments non other then Poe Dameron appeared from beneath a grate in the floor. Kylo turned, straightening his shoulders to mimic the much shorter man's stance.

"I've used that spot several times myself in the past, of course I was a child. That being said, that's not really a very clever location to hide in is it?" He poked.

"Who are you..." Rey noticed the break in their communication and he was sure by her chosen words that she could feel his attention else where. Naturally, she was concerned.

"Just a moment." He interjected between her thought.

Poe cocked his head and shrugged unaware of the silent communication between his friend and the Dark sider. "The other Tin cans didn't find me." He jabbed back referring of course to his masked Knights.

"They were only seeking threats, as there were non left aboard they moved on; and the Wookiee... you'll be happy to know, is safely being tucked in as we speak." Ren was smiling behind his mask and he knew the pilot caught it through the pitch of his tone.

He was glad it was Poe. Having FN-2187 in his custody would be too risky. If Snoke found out that he was a Force sensitive... well there was only one outcome there; the boy wasn't strong enough for Snoke to consider an asset and he'd already betrayed the Order once, he wouldn't be left alive to do so twice.

Poe lifted his blaster out to Kylo Ren with a cocky sneer on his handsome face. Ren chuckled and the pilot shrugged throwing the useless weapon aside.

Though Poe couldn't see it, Kylo's eyes widened in over exaggerated surprise. He sucked in dramatic and obviously unnecessary loud breath, "He is capable of learning..." He announced as though he'd made a great discovery. "And here I stand, just beginning to think you'd reached your evolutionary peak, when you go and surpass your own bar... how unexpected." Ren quipped sardonically.

Poe smirked then tossed something small and metallic up and down in his palm. Ren recognized the devise immediately. He'd been on the front lines of war since he was a teenager, he knew a Detonite...
charge when he saw one. The grey disc was already flashing red in his foes hand. The Resistance fighter intended to end it all here, with himself included.

Ren's mask tilted slightly. "Is this Skywalker's fool proof plan to finally eradicate me? Self sacrifice in the name of the Light... well, at least, at the sacrifice of others." Ren scoffed. The sound came out strange through the distortion of his mask. "...And he thinks I'm the Dark side." He chided seemingly unconcerned by the ticking bomb the pilot was toying with.

"Skywalker... !?!” Poe exclaimed as though surprised that Ren had mentioned him. "...No, no, he's much to dull for an idea like this,"

"You mean... a stupid one...?" Ren mocked raising his brows as he spoke. Poe continued to toss the rapidly blinking explosive disc in his hand a little higher each time, Ren noticed.

"Eh, opinions may very..." The pilot chided. "I know it won't shut the First Order down, or hurt your Master... but I'm betting losing the First Orders poster boy sets them back quite a bit. Maybe with out their Dark side task force causing chaos and spreading fear through out the galaxies like the plague, the Resistance will pick up few more recruits out of the deal." The pilot closed his empty hand expecting to feel the comforting weight of the disc in it where the device should have landed from the last toss. His brows pulled in sudden confusion when he found his hand empty.

Ren lifted his own hand, his mask slanting again as his head turned in amusement. His own eyes narrowed behind the slit in his mask. He opened his palm, exposing the already disarmed explosive.

"Next time... more boom, less chat.” He advised, shooting the pilot a dose of his own arrogance through the tone of his encoded voice.

Poe's face hardened and he launched himself at the Dark Master. He propelled forward only to fall on the metallic deck in a painful bellyflop. He gritted his teeth at the man who Force froze him in place.

"Well Scavenger, if your Jedi doesn't come through, it looks like we have a volunteer for our first body part... I'm thinking the tongue.” Ren announced aloud while simultaneously through their Force bond. He let loose a deep reverberating chuckle.

Poe's wide eyed face damp with perspiration and bared teeth as he growled up at Kylo Ren in contempt, flashed between their connected minds. Ren could feel the instant panic in Rey, though she kept her mental composure when she spoke to him, he could feel the tension between them now. Her concern for himself was gone, instantly replaced by her fear for the pilot's safety. There was something about that that really heated his coils.

"Ren, there's no need for you to hurt him... just tell me what you want and how I can get it to you." She insisted calmly.

Now Poe understood why Ren kept pausing during their conversation moments ago. He was mentally communicating with Rey. Even apart from her he couldn't leave her alone. He loathed.

"Get out of her head freak!" He growled at his enemy.

Kylo Ren's fists clenched. "A freak am I?" His jaw flexed behind his mask.

Poe swallowed hard but he didn't look away, not that he really could even if he wanted to. Kylo lifted his arm and the man rose from the floor. He levitated only a few feet from Ren's massive form. Kylo opened his mind to her then, knowing full well that somehow the pilot would offer a show. He was too prideful and alpha not to challenge his captor in some way or another.
"Your real tough with those powers but I'll bet your no more then Bantha dung without them." Poe challenged, knowing that at this point, baiting the Dark sider into a fight with out his Force was the only real chance he had to over throw him.

"Alright pilot..." He said releasing the man to his feet. Poe gave him a puzzled look, he didn't actually think Kylo Ren would let him free. "This is your only chance, no powers, man to man. Don't waste it." He warned and he steadied himself waiting for the pilot to react.

"Poe don't!" Rey warned through Kylo's head but it's not like her friend could hear him.

The flyboy had probably been in more then a few drunken brawls but Kylo was betting he didn't have much more experience then that and the training the Resistance provided. Kylo on the other hand trained almost daily. His Master was adamant that he learn to defend himself before the use of his powers and Kylo agreed. He knew that relying on the use of the Force only, would make him weaker. To stay sharp he had to be as physically prepared as he was mentally. Kylo Ren was groomed to be a weapon, the Force was just another tool in his arsenal. He almost felt bad for goading the pilots ego into a fight at every chance but really, he suspected he wasn't overly responsible for the man's reaction. He could feel his affections for Rey shifting. In the short time Ren had been near her on that damned island poe's protective ness had shifted from friend zone to possessive. He'd seen another male interested in what he'd never had to compete for and his affections had gone from friend zone to romantic interest. Obviously that didn't sit well with Kylo at all.

There was a fluid string of movements before the brief fight was over. A burst of fist combinations, jab, jab, hook. Countered by deflect, dodge, forearm grab, spin, lock. Done! Ren had poe's right arm pinned behind his back tightly. He pressed his free hand in between the his shoulder blades which pushed his chest forward and pulled Poe's arm back further. All the male could do was freeze up to avoid severally damaging his arm. Ren snickered behind the man's head. He kicked at the back of the his leg just at the bend and Poe buckled, landing hard on that knee. Ren let his arm go, avoiding the dislocation of the joint, he'd already made his point after all.

Poe staggered forward catching himself on his palms. He was quick to pull himself up onto his feet though it took some effort with his already swelling knee.

"Skywalker knows where to meet me and you both know what I want." Again Kylo's words echoed his thoughts while he spoke out loud. He watched in satisfaction as the pilot cringed.

"You can't have her!" Poe steadied himself, leaning a little more on his right leg to offer better support under the slight damage to the left.

Kylo tilted his head again. He leaned into the pilot and smirked behind his mask but his tone was completely serious when he spoke. "I think I can..." He said darkly. This time he made sure not to project his thoughts in sync with his words. This was between he and Poe only, male to male because they both vied for the same female. "And I know I will." He added in all seriousness.

Poe spit up at his masked face and in blind response, Kylo smashed the man fore head to fore head. The pilot dropped back, landing hard on his ass, his legs bent and his eyes instantly rolled in his head. He was clearly concussed; his head visibly spinning while he fought to remain conscious.

"He has two days scavenger. One for each prisoner." Ren informed her just after he cut off her visible link to him.

"I... where do I meet you?" Rey quickly asked.

"Stop trying my patience... Skywalker knows where." He barked, his agitation getting the better of
him as he wiped the saliva from his helmet with the back of his arm.

"Well he's not here right now so I need to know where!" She informed him. There was a heightened unease in her voice that was even more erratic then before and he wondered why?

"Where is he?" Kylo questioned, already becoming angry at the idea of her being left alone so soon after the exhausting recovery she'd just endured. She had literally almost lost her leg, the limb was so severely crushed it was nearly severed clean from her thigh and he was already leaving her alone... Maker knows how much blood she'd lost, the makeshift tourniquet they'd made for her was bare minimum at best. She needed to be monitored.

"I... I don't know right now. I only just woke up... remember?" She had a point and he knew she wasn't lying since neither of them could successfully do that through their bond.

"Make sure he's with you when you come Rey, I mean it, I need you both there." He warned her.

"Why?" She asked stubbornly and without thinking.

"It doesn't matter, I just do!" He clipped.

She scoffed between them, if she could glare at him right now... She thought angrily, unintentionally clenching her fists instead.

"Careful little scavenger, that temper of yours pulls you closer to the Dark side everyday." He was only partially joking and she knew it.

"If I physically have to be there, I think it definitely matters." She grumbled back, ignoring his last statement.

"The temple, where we met." He redirected the conversation.

"When we were kids... Yavin 4..." Rey suddenly remembered.

"Whether he is with you or not... be there, two days." He ordered weakly. "Rey... if he doesn't come... there will be hell to pay and there will be nothing I can do to stop it." It was his way of warning her that this was not all in his control and she took that very seriously.

"Ok..." She quietly voiced.

His eyes closed and he savored the lingering sound of her voice. He would try to keep her out for the next two days. It was for the best for both of them. She needed down time and he needed to plan. He couldn't chance her peeking in on his thoughts between now and their next encounter.

Kylo eyed the pilot. He was still dazed and a large egg was already swelling over his forehead. He sighed, jerked the pilot to his feet and led him out of the ship by his arm like a child before tossing him to one of his Knights.

"Take him to the infirmary." He ordered already growing impatient with his offer. He'd told Rey she had two days and as bad as he wanted to dismember this man one piece at a time... he would keep his word, especially to her.

*Rolling along nicely, we are getting to some very good, very interesting stuff and I'm very happy about it!* I'm hoping I have the time to keep this coming this smoothly, I know the last update took longer then normal... anyways, what did you guys think about this chapter? How about the interaction between the two men, I love writing these scenes they are so much fun and sometimes it's
refreshing to get all macho for a little bit, especially after having some of the inner struggle scenes
and the intensity surrounding moments like these.*

~Please kudos, comment if you'd like, I really look forward to those, and follow if you want but
over all, enjoy!~

-DarkGuardian-
Rey was overly confused. She woke up alone in a very musty, very confined cockpit. She recognized the model... it was an older X-Wing, the same kind she would salvage parts from back on Jakku; the kind used in the Rebellion. Her heart suddenly sped up in excitement... oh my Maker... was this Luke Skywalker's X-Wing? The one used to blow up the freaking DeathStar...?

There was a moment of giddiness followed by immediate panic. There was a loud squawk over head and something large cast a shadow over the area as it flew by. That's when Rey noticed she didn't recognize where she was. She wasn't on the island anymore that was for sure.

Of course I'm not, he wouldn't be threatening my friends if Luke and I were where anywhere he could reach us.

She looked around taking in her surroundings from the inside of the compromised shuttle. The front shield of the X-Wing was missing. It appeared to have been released for an emergency evacuation. Of course... she was still in the seat so that had obviously not gone off well.

She peeled herself up from the chair using the frame of the shuttle but instantly fell back in. Her legs were like jelly. Her muscles burned when she put weight on them. She couldn't help the rising sense of panic when her head snapped down. Her eyes widened in alarm. Blood, there was blood everywhere. Most of the right half of her lower body was stained with it and it was still damp. Her pants were saturated with it and sticking to her legs.

She sucked in a deep breath trying frantically to collect her nerves so she could bottle them back up. She was ok, there was no pain and so far everything worked. She was just exhausted, she'd obviously lost a lot of blood. She closed her eyes, trying to push the color red out of her mind and focus on anything but.

I'm fine, I'm safe. Everything's fine! She worked to convince herself.

She began trying to picture things that made her feel safe. Surprising herself with flashes of memories where his arms were around her. Even more surprising where the memories she had of them as kids. Memories of softer moments where one or the other were comforted just by the company of the other.

Rey opened her eyes and attempted to pull herself up from the pilot's chair again. This time she got herself high enough to fold her body over the open cockpit and using her weight as a driving force she leaned over the edge. Unfortunately she leaned to far and her weight took over. She fell head first, her legs whipping over her head just in time to catch herself in a half roll on the wing of the ship. She continued to tumble, dropping several feet to the ground below. She groaned palming the warm earth under her hands. After several seconds of just existing she rolled onto her back. The sun peeked through the rustling leaves over head. She was mesmerized by the dancing light that almost seemed to twinkle between the lightly swaying foliage above her. Her eyes were heavy and she stared until they finally closed.

Listening to the breeze as it danced through the forest she began to form a scene in her head. Long stemmed wheat stalks blew sideways in the wind. Her breath eased from her lungs as she watched the field roll with the same pattern as the ocean that she used to imagine to comfort herself. The sun was high above her head and warm on her face. There was a light breeze that carried scents she didn't recognize across the thin clearing she stood in. They were sweet and familiar but nothing she
could really identify. Her hands ran across the stems of the thick stalks as she strolled along the outside of the wheat field. She wasn't tall enough to reach the tops yet and the field was too thick for her to walk through so she stayed along the length of it traversing the outside just along the edge of a dense forest.

There were cooling tears in her eyes and she didn't know why. Her bones were practically shaking in her skin even as the feel of her fingers running across the stalks one by one worked to soothe her. She reminded herself that she was still ok. She wasn't hurt anymore because he had helped her. She was going to be fine because Ren had helped her, again.

A voice startled her from thoughts that seemed to be lost between the past and the present. She knew she was laying under the X-Wing yet she swore she was walking along the wheat field.

"Kira... Kira come back..." A high, but deep voice called out to her with worry. It was his voice, yet different then she knew it now. It was younger.

She had the urge to run. She didn't know why, but it was there. The version of her that heard the voice took comfort in it but she couldn't face him. Not right now, she couldn't couldn't face Ben. What if she hurt him like she hurt the man in black...? She hadn't heard the other voice since she'd been here with Ben, not unless she was dreaming. But she wasn't dreaming now... she was awake... and now she could hear it again.

Rey's face pulled in confusion.

Wait why did I just think that? What am I talking about? I'm alone. There is no field. I'm not there. There is no one else! She reminded herself but she didn't open her eyes, she stayed in the vision or memory or what ever it was that her mind took her through.

...It wasn't her fault. A very scared, very young version of herself thought. She didn't want it in her head... it wasn't like when Ben was in her head, he was gentle and kind. He gave her space, he never tried to control her or use her... but the other one... it whispered in her ears at night... it reminded her of her past... told her how to think... how to feel...

The voice started when she touched the object her parents had found, after the thing they called a Force vision happened.

She shuddered. She tried so hard not to think about that voice. The more she acknowledged it the more she'd find it in her head; but when she slept... it was always there when she slept. It was always whispering... always reminding her of what she'd done. She was so little, it was years ago... it wasn't her fault.

"Kiraaaaa!" Ben's voice was yelling for her... frantically trying to find his friend. There was so much worry in his voice.

"Kiraaaa..." The other voice... the one she only ever heard in the dark, the one that fueled her anger and hate... the one that wanted to use her... it called to her now as well. It called on a whisper only she could hear.

Her arms covered her head and she dropped to the ground shaking. Her small body trembled in the passing breeze. The warmth in the air slid over her sweat covered arms and tickled around the beads that had formed on her face and neck. She'd been running so long, how had Ben kept up with her?

"They thought to hide you from me... you thought you could get away from me, but I can always find you child. The Darkness will always find you. We have a home in you." The voice hummed in
her head and her arms clasped tighter over her ears.

"Please... please just leave me alone. I don't want to hurt anyone else..."

Rey was puzzled... her voice, it was so different... so young. Of course it was, she was remembering this as Kira, this must be from when she was just a youngling. She surmised.

"Of course you do my dear girl... it's in your nature. Since you awoke in the Force... don't you remember? Perhaps you were too young... perhaps you have forgotten since then..." The whisper deepened, filling the tight space in her head with the lowest hum she'd ever heard. "Have you? Have you forgotten what you did to him already?"

The little girl that she was sniffled. Heavy tears were already running down her cheeks. She remembered; she'd never forget. How could she? She killed him but she didn't mean to... it was an accident! He found out; somehow he learned about what her parents had found and he tracked them until he could make his move.

Rey suddenly remembered a hooded man who wore all dark clothes. The hood covered his head but not much else. She remembered his dark eyes and his tanned skin. He was at least her parents age but taller then both. He'd come for the thing they'd found, the weapon she'd later learn was called a lightsaber. Her parents had just been right out side, leaving her on board while they argued with a billing droid over a miscalculation that had something to do with the bulk shipment of supplies that they needed to restock their ship with and that's when he boarded their family shuttle.

He snuck through the loading dock of the medium sized vessel in search for the artifact. Of course he didn't know that she was on the ship he was ransacking and when she popped out with the very item in her hand that he'd been looking for, she'd surprised him. She remembered gripping the hilt tightly in both hands. She didn't know for sure that it had been what he was looking for, yet somehow she was positive it was.

Feeling no threat he approached the scared three year old version of herself. She was so small, merely a toddler. He stepped forward, his large hand reaching for her, his strange voice in a low whisper, was obviously surprised by her presence on the shuttle.

"Well, you're not supposed to be here..." The man announced quietly, as though thinking aloud. His large, brown leather boots took a cautious step forward and her little feet took three in the opposite direction, backpedaling away. "I'm not gonna hurt you kid, but I'm gonna need that... trinket." He eased forward while speaking quietly, trying to avoid alarming her or any others that could overhear them with the shuttle so exposed. She knew he didn't want her to call for her parents because she knew he didn't belong here.

He's going to hurt you...

Kira ignored the voice that had been plaguing her since her parents had found the thing in her hand.

"You're the one who's not supposed to be here!" She declared, pointing out the fact that she was aware he was trespassing.

His brows pulled and his head snapped back as though she'd made a swing at his face with her words. His hands raised to drop the hood back away from his face. He had short dark hair, a larger forehead that made his brow look long and his eyes seem small especially sitting above a much larger nose. His facial structure was all around large with rounded cheek bones that sat wide apart and his mouth was full but not as long as his cheeks. His chine was also large and cleft... it was really just his eyes that seemed disproportionate to the rest of the expanse of his face. He was younger then she first
thought but not by much. He blinked repeatedly at her, his surprise eminent on his contemplating face.

"How old are you?" He bluntly questioned, his head cocking to one side. She just stared up at him, her eyes hard and her jaw set in determination. She knew he was after something specific and she was not going to just hand the thing over to him.

He's weighing you... he's going to hurt you the second he realizes your weak; but I can make you strong. The voice stirred the already swirling fear in her small body.

"Leave or I'll scream." She said stiffly, raising her chin and narrowing her eyes into glaring slits of defiance.

"Kriff kid, I'm just doing my job. Damn..." He pulled out a half smoked cigar and a small igniter. There was a quiet clicking sound and a small coil heated to a red point almost instantly. The end of the stogie singed until it burned red as he puffed, sending wispy trails of smoke into the clean air of the shuttle.

"That's extremely unhealthy..." She paused eyeing the ships fire sensors above their heads. "...Also you're going to set off the oxygen suppression system." She warned just as the lights in the shuttle flashed from a soft white to a warning shade of orange.

One of her hands fell to her little hips and she smirked at him with more attitude then a child of her age should've been capable of. She'd obviously anticipated the shuttles warning system going off and it irked him to no avail to think he could be bested by a toddler who probably just left diapers. The flash of the warning lights around him brought him into action and he momentarily panicked, dropping the cigar on the deck before stomping the end out with his heavy booted foot.

"Son of a... kriffing...mother of..." He trailed off at the sound of her throat clearing. She looked annoyed and... offended by his foul language? His head snapped up to her scowling face. "Holy shit kid, what are you... three going on fifty-eight, Kriff!"

"I'm almost four... and you're a thief..." She declared. "...And you're not welcomed here so consider yourself fired." She huffed, crossing her arms over her chest with the lightsaber still in her right hand.

"What? Who the... listen kid I'm not going anywhere with out that." He pointed to the cylindrical weapon in her hand. "So why don't you be a good girl and just hand it over..."

You can stop him before he hurts you... The voice quietly prompted.

She glared at the intruder, her little mouth suddenly quivering with the visible anger moving through his larger body and the words planted in her head by the voice. Her fists crushed together in an attempt to control her fear. "I mean it.. I'll scream."

"Look how about I give you..." He patted himself down searching for something to offer the youngling in trade. He had a knife, a flash grenade, his com-link, his blaster and one last cigar. Then he remembered his igniter. It was shiny. He thought as he palmed the small igniter in his hand before holding it out to her. "A trade." He offered opening his palm, revealing the match box sized igniter. It was silver with gold inlay worked into two letters "D. J."

Obviously someone's initials... but were they his or had he stole the igniter from some other poor shlug.

"Are you serious...?" She shot him a very cautious yet clearly disappointed look.
"You're a precocious little thing aren't you?" He suddenly asked, arching a brow in her direction.

"Trying to use a big word isn't going to earn you credits with me Mr. Theif." She snidely remarked.

"Kid, are you insinuating I'm stupid?" He asked more astounded then offended.

Or you could bait him into killing you faster...

The voice was distracting her... she knew what she was doing... her parents were coming she just needed to distract the intruder, keep him busy until they came back.

"It's just that your rudimentary use of ... colorful vocabulary has been so impressive this far... why ruin the vibe you've got going? I mean..." She softened her face, looking much more unaware and innocent then before. "...Jeez Mr. that's such a pretty fire starter... It's sooo shiny..." She mocked, showing her obvious offense that he'd try to buy her off with something so simple.

"Look you little brat, just give me the damn thing and I'll be on my way then no one has to get hurt." He snapped.

"No!" She stepped back again, her face hardening in clear defiance but her voice trembled the same as her hands now.

"Well why the hell not, I think I'm being a pretty nice bad guy right now... c'mon kid... are you really gonna make me take it from you?" He narrowed his eyes at her, sighed then rolled them in annoyance.

But she'd done it... she'd kept him distracted and her parents were coming back now.

"You'd better get out now... my parents are already on their way back." She pointed past him to the two people, her parents, who were indeed walking towards the loading ramp.

"Shit kid! Shit!" He looked back and forth, suddenly frantic.

Now look what you've done Kira... now you've placed them in just as much danger as yourself...

The voice made her panic. It was right, now her parents would have to deal with the stranger but they were tough, no one scared her parents. Especially not her mom, she was once a Mandalorian fighter pilot. No one crossed her mom and got away with it.

He flicked his hood back up over his head and stepped to the side of the loading ramp, using the wall to shield himself from their view. He squeezed a small device over his mouth and spoke into it in a language she didn't recognize and not two seconds later some one was rushing to the end of the ramp, yelling for her parents attention. Something about papers and loading regulations. She heard the familiar sound of her mother scoffing, she was the hot headed one between the two, and then her father sighed.

Kira's eyes narrowed angrily at the man in the long, dark leather coat. "You..." She pointed to the droid that her parents had been arguing with for the past several minutes. "...That was your fault... the whole setback." She grew angry putting two and two together. Suddenly her fear was replaced by a hot rage, something she was far too young to understand or even posses.

That's a good girl, let me fuel you... I can guide you... The voice in her head chuckled with amusement and she cringed.

Kira had no idea what was going on with her since this stupid artifact came into their possession but
she knew if her reaction was making the malicious voice in her head happy she needed to do the opposite.

She eyed the man deciding then what she needed to do. She opened her mouth to belt out a scream and he suddenly lunged at her.

She flew back trying to evade him but with little success. He was already over her when the lightsaber ignited in her hands. His body fell over top of her small frame, crushing her with his weight. She screamed and he groaned. The plasma blade had shot through his stomach and she was trapped underneath of him. His hands were on either side of her head as he tried to pull himself up to his knees. A few short moments later there were hands on his shoulders, lifting him away from her. It was her father who removed her would be attacker from over her. Her small hands shook and the hilt released from her grip when the body was pulled away. The lightsaber went with the man in black, still ignited and burning in his stomach as he screamed.

Kira closed her eyes, wanting nothing more then for the blue glow piercing the man's gut to go out... and then it did. Her parents froze when the lightsaber, untouched, disengaged. The metallic hilt having nothing there to keep it in place any longer, cling'd against the metal floor before rolling to a stop against the bottom of her small feet. Her parents exchanged a quick look that said a million things and then her mother was over her. She covered her trembling daughter with her body. Kira kicked the lightsaber away from her.

"It's ok baby, it's ok. It's over... you're safe... it's ok." She scooped the three year old up and pulled her into her arms.

She climbed to her feet and rushed from the room where the man laid against the wall. There was blood spurting from his mouth as he coughed and she knew he was dying and she knew that his blood was on her hands. She had killed him, not yet but any second now.

"Mommy, daddy... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to. It was an accident." She sobbed as she clung to her mother.

"Shhh, of course it was. It's not your fault baby. It's not your fault." Her mother comforted her in the same tone she used since Kira started having the nightmares. There was concern and warmth for her daughter, the same as she always had whenever Kira needed her mother's comfort but since her first encounter with the lightsaber her tone had changed, adding a hint of knowing and worry to her soft voice. She could feel an uncertainty in her parents. Every time they looked at her now there were questions in their eyes and... and fear. Especially from her mother, the woman who'd grown up and fought in a long war, no matter how hard she fought it, her eyes shone with fear whenever she looked at her toddler.

Over her mother's shoulder Kira watched her father pull the man in black to his side, aligning his damaged body over the top of the loading dock, he then placed his booted foot on the man's shoulder and he pushed him back until his body rolled down the ramp. Her eyes squeezed shut and she ducked into her mother's arms when she heard his body thud to a stop at the bottom.

"Kira... there you are!" A breathy voice huffed out above her head.

The little girl shook her head between her forearms.
"Hey, hey what's wrong?" Ben crouched down in front of her. He placed his large hands over her small arms and gently pulled them from her head.

She looked up at him with red eyes, her face swollen from crying, the remnants of fat tears still pooling under her chin as unneeded proof of her recent loss of emotional control but she was already composing herself. If there was anything she was good at, it was hiding her tears from him. Whatever she was suffering through she was already pulling herself away from. She didn't allow herself to cry in front of anyone. Only her parents had seen her cry as much as Ben had since she'd been sent here.

I see... so it was you who has been interfering with my apprentice... how... interesting. The voice said, fading from her mind then.

"Kira... what is it?" Ben asked with worry on his concerned face.

"I..." Her voice croaked and she shook for an uncontrollable moment before she re-composed herself. "It was just a bad dream..." She lied.

His eyes narrowed on her. Those deep brown orbs pulled her mossy hazel eyes into his. She knew he knew she was lying and he recognized that she grasped the situation fully, but he didn't press her.

"You were crying..." He stated the obvious and his hand swept away what had collected under her cheeks and chin.

"I'm barely six, I'm allowed to cry aren't I?" She asked innocently.

He half smiled but there was nothing genuine about fake display of humor. "Kira you haven't been six since you were what... probably three?" He scoffed playfully trying to lighten the unusual tension between them.

The specific age he'd chosen to reference turned her stomach and she wondered if somehow he knew about what she'd just been reminded of.

Why had the voice said something about his apprentice the moment Ben had shown up and why was that voice in her head now, after three years? Why now? Something must have changed... something must have prompted it. He'd claimed she'd been hidden? Is that what had really happened? Did her parents hide her or had it just worked out that way? She carefully thought to herself.

"Kira... I... I couldn't feel you for a few minutes... it was like... like something cancelled you out... what happened?" Ben asked with more concern then he was trying to show.

His face said everything to her. The young teen had changed so much in the three years they had been together and lately it had been for the worst. He'd separated himself from his teachers and the other students, not that he'd ever spent much time with them anyway, not since Luke had started leaving him behind when he went on his relic hunts and especially not since...

Ben's eyes darkened. His face lowered and strands of his hair fell forward into his shadowed face. She watched his knuckles turn white as his fists squeezed shut. His full lips pulled into a straight hard line and his breathing deepened.

"So that's what you were dreaming about..." His brows pulled as his face set into an angry scowl.

Sometimes it was like he could peek in her head... it was so frustrating. Her small mouth pulled into a frown and she swatted at his arm. How could he think she was scared of him? What he did... it wasn't to hurt her and it wasn't just to be cruel. She didn't understand what happened with that man
to cause Ben to react violently but she knew that why ever he did it... what ever prompted him to kill the Jedi scholar in her room, it had been to protect her. If anything it was her fault, not his!

"Kira... don't think like that... you didn't invite him in... you didn't ask him to ... to touch you." His voice softened with worry and her eyes shot up to his. They were so dark, still angry over the recent past but his features were smooth again; the wrinkles from his frown all gone. His brows pulled in concern instead of anger.

"How do you do that?" She asked quietly.

He shrugged. "I don't know. I... sometimes I just hear you... in my head." He admitted. It was something they both did on occasion but neither had ever discussed it or even admitted it until now. "Kira... what really happened out here?" His eyes searched hers and she knew she couldn't lie to him. To herself maybe but not to Ben Solo.

She placed her right hand in the palm of her left and toyed with her knuckles, her eyes following her hands so she didn't have to look into his.

"I guess... I guess some ghosts from the past just came to visit. You know...?" She looked up at him then, her eyes heavy with the memories she'd thought she'd forgotten when the voice had stopped whispering in her head. "...Bad memories." She finished.

He nodded in perfect understanding of that statement and the feelings she was giving off over how bad she didn't want to talk about this anymore.

"Ok... another time perhaps, but you know... you can tell me anything." He smiled, warmly rubbing his big hand over her head, purposely disheveling her hair in the process. She swatted his hand away and pulled her now messy head away form him before pushing at his chest and causing him to fall back on his bottom.

They laughed for a short moment before the weight of everything going on around them came back to perch on their shoulders again. They sighed almost in unison, the two sitting with their backs to the wheat field. Both looking into the deep browns and lush greens of the forest that hid the Academy they barely attended anymore.

"You know... if you're going to be my apprentice one day, you'll have to learn that..." He paused giving her a slight once over making sure he had her full attention before continuing. Her nearly green and gold eyes burned into his light brown orbs and he locked onto her gaze as he spoke. "Everything you are is mine... the good and the bad... the light and the dark, all of it! I'm going to take care of you Kira. I'll always keep you safe and I'll always be there, working my hardest to keep the ghosts at bay, Maker knows we all have those." He admitted and she knew if any one could ever understand her it was Ben. She wanted to tell him right then and there, but she'd made a promise to her father and it had been the last promise she'd ever got to make to him. She would keep it until her last breath.

She looked up at him then. Her face just as serious as the words he'd just said in the promise of a vow he silently made to himself. The tension between them was so thick it effected the world around them. The sun suddenly felt sticky hot and the light breeze that had previously whistled through the field had died down completely. Even the forest ahead of them seemed eerily silent. Ben's hand flopped down over her head again and he mashed up the already messy hair he'd disheveled moments before.

Kira clenched her teeth and growled at him in frustration.
"Grrr, why are you such a child?" She howled angrily.

He open mouth laughed at her outrage. "Well someone has to show you how to act your age." He teased.

Kira climbed to her feet, brushing his hand away from her hair and spinning around angrily. Ready to face off against Ben and his immaturity but when she turned he was gone. Everything had changed. She was still on the edge of the forest but the field had long since died. It was overgrown, taken back by nature when the caretakers abandoned their duties and she wasn't Kira anymore, she was Rey again.

How the Kriff had I gotten out here... where was here? It looked the same, mostly. Did that mean I was already on Yavin four? But then how did I get here and where was Luke?

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" Kylo Ren's voice startled her and she nearly jumped out of her skin. She couldn't keep her head on straight and his voice constantly popping in and out of it wasn't helping the situation.

*Hey guys n' gals, I know there was a lot going on in this chapter and I hope you caught on to everything hinted at and unveiled here. I'm excited to get into it if you have comments and questions, but let me know if it was too much or if you were confused about anything as you go along because I really dropped a lot of new plot into this chapter. Some was already hinted at but it was a few chapters back now. If you're wondering what chapter connects to this one it's called Drowning in darkness and the references to this one are made during the flash back between the first time Kira and Ben meet. It's just past the half way point after the fun Force ghost conversations. I really hope you are enjoying the story thus far and the ride along the way.*

~Comment, Kudos, Discuss, let me know what you think!~

-DarkGuardian-
How the Kriff had I gotten out here... where was here? It looked the same, mostly. Did that mean I was already on Yavin four? But then how did I get here and where was Luke?

"Why didn't you ever tell me?" Kylo Ren's voice startled Rey from her thoughts and she nearly jumped out of her skin. She couldn't keep her head on straight and his voice constantly popping in and out of it wasn't helping the situation.

"What...?" She blurted unable to process what he could possibly be talking about.

"About the man in black... why didn't you ever tell me?" He repeated more specifically.

"You know it's rude hanging around in some one's head all the time." She snapped.

He didn't say anything to that, what could he say really?

"...I told Ben that my parents were scared of me, I didn't go into further detail because I made a promise that I wouldn't, and I keep my word." She finally said.

"I...I'm sorry." He said sincerely.

"Why?" She asked puzzled by his reaction. Her eyes were still scanning the area around her. She kept her feet planted for fear that if she tried to move she'd fall over but the truth was, she felt much better then before. She felt stronger.

"Because you shouldn't have ever had to-" His voice softened and it made her a little angry. She could feel the waves of pity flowing off of him through their bond.

"It was the first time I had to defend myself but it's not my first memory of it so it's no big deal. Maybe it was at one point but I'm not her anymore so it doesn't really matter and besides, I'm not your responsibility and neither was Kira." Her words were monotone but he knew that she was at least a little disturbed at the fact that she'd been responsible for that man's death. He also made a conscious decision not to respond to what she thought he was or was not responsible for.

"They're just memories Ren... sometimes... sometimes they don't even feel like they're mine." She truthfully admitted and he understood that. More often then not he felt like the boy Ben had existed an entire lifetime ago. He closed his eyes and focused on her mind.

"The storm troopers... in the forest... just before we met." He pulled the memory from her mind as easily as he'd slipped into it and she felt the air rush from her lungs when he went diving in deeper for whatever he was looking for.

Why he felt the need to point out what she thought felt like the first time she killed someone, was beyond her. What did the when and who have to do with anything? All that mattered to her is that she had blood on her hands and now she had to add the weight of the unknown man's death on her shoulders to.

Her dizzy head swayed and her eyes rolled. The hands of his Force were gently rummaging around in her head and she could feel every movement through her mind as he did so.

"You don't think of that as the first time we met..." He changed directions and she could hear the surprise in his voice as he announced this new discovery. The next time he spoke she knew he was
smiling. "The interrogation...? I was under the impression that was a bad memory for you?" He mused, still rather confused by the new information.

She blushed, remembering how closely he'd leaned into her. How near his face was to hers and how warm the air was between where they were the closest. Her skin had tingled where his gloved finger caressed her cheek and she shivered under the feel of his breath over the bend of her neck while he'd spoken to her about the things she kept private. He was pulling things from her mind then just as he is now only they were in the same room and she was strapped down. Her heart suddenly raced in her chest.

"I don't understand you, Rey..." He admitted, his voice sounding much softer then before.

Makes two of us. She thought not bothering to hide the instant response.

"You weren't a person to me until then. You were a representation of what I was supposed to stand against." She admitted trying to explain the feelings that were supposed to need no explanation because they were hers and she hadn't invited him to go snooping around in the first place, yet she felt the need to justify how she felt. The truth was, she was just as confused by her thoughts and feelings and she was sure she was doing a terrible job explaining anything.

She sighed closing her eyes and allowing herself a deep calming breath. Closing her eyes had been a bad idea. Now that she couldn't see the world around her she was left with what her mind determined was real and she swore he was here with her, she swore his presence was close.

"And what am I now?"

His question was a loaded one and she refused to even try to answer that. Especially while he felt so near, even though she knew he couldn't really be. If the hum of their Force in the air was present to confirm what her mind was telling her to perceive, she'd believe it, but it wasn't, because he wasn't here. She only felt him because he was playing with her head.

"Stop..." She barely breathed the thought out loud.

He slowed in her mind, his movements becoming more cautious but he never completely stopped.

"I can feel your fear... you know you don't have to be alone..." His voice swept across her warm skin like the cool breeze around her.

Her eyes blinked several times and he took in the views of the world around her. If they hadn't just shared the memory she just been through he wouldn't have remembered the location she was at, but as chance would have it... on account of her distressed emotions moments before, he'd been snooping just to make sure she was ok and he had in fact recognized where she was, where she is now.

"Yavin four." He said it as though announcing a simple observation.

Great now he knows I'm already here, there goes any element of surprise I may have had...

"I can be there in an hour..." His words were certain and confident, as though he were making her a promise that he thought she'd take comfort in.

Now he sounded as though he were standing just behind her. Rey's head turned but she kept her eyes closed, he wasn't really there after all... still... she shivered as though he was. The saliva in her mouth thickened and she found it difficult to swallow. She hated when he picked through her thoughts but he was right. She really didn't want to be alone. Especially not here; there was
something about this place, it made her uneasy.

"Luke's not here yet." She tried to discourage the both of them from allowing that idea to take root.

"I don't care." He clipped as though it were as simple as that.

"But you said-"

"I know what I said, the Jedi still has his two days but we both know who I'm coming for." His voice was so close now... she could almost feel the puffs of his breath in her hair.

She could feel the air move around her, disturbed and displaced by the mass of his large body but deep down she knew that couldn't be right. Still, the skin of her back tingled with the anticipation of the feel of him pressed against it.

"If that's the truth then why do you need Luke to be here?" She fought to keep her thoughts on track. Maker her voice sounded so weak, so mousy and shaky. She was annoyed with her own reaction to something that wasn't even real but there was no way to hide it from someone who was in your head.

"You know it's true... and your self sacrifice is commendable..." Ren spoke into the back of her head. "but I still need Skywalker to be there." He playfully mocked her lack of fear when it came to protecting her friends. He knew she'd do anything for them.

"Why?" Rey barely breathed now. She fought against her own body. It wanted to lean back but she knew there was nothing there to catch her from falling if she did.

His hands ghosted over hers and he slowly, carefully brought them behind her back. His right hand took both gently in it's grasp and before she realized what he was up to he locked them together. Rey swore she felt the strength in his fingers as they easily wrapped around both of her wrists. He gently pulled her arms straight, slightly locking the joints of her elbows in place. Then his chest settled against her upper back and she could feel him like a sturdy wall, something she could undoubtedly lean on with out falter, but this wall had her arms under his control and damn it all if she hadn't completely let him.

"Ren..." She said shakily, her voice filled with uncertainty and just a slight hint of fear.

His head moved above hers, his mouth now positioned high along her cheek as he looked down on her.

"Kylo." He spoke so close his breath glided over her skin and she could almost feel the vibrations of his voice rolling over the surface of her face.

"Nnh..." She whimpered when his left arm crossed over hers so that his gloved hand could capture the full expanse of her neck in his palm. "Kylo..." She swallowed his name on a shivering breath and he groaned from behind her, sending a deep rumble from his chest into her back.

Her skin prickled and she shifted against him. Her heart raced and his was no better. It beat loudly in his chest and she swore she could feel the frantic thumps strumming alone her spine. His thumb came up to caress the smooth plane of her cheek. The gliding movement slowed at her mouth and it's pad brushed across her sealed lips. Her jaw trembled when the leather of his gloved thumb pulled against her bottom lip forcing her mouth to slightly open under his lead. His chin lowered so that his mouth was lined with hers and her breath hitched in her throat.

"Rey... tell me to come get you!" He tugged on her wrists, gently forcing her shoulder blades closer
together which spread her shoulders further apart, forcing her back to arch up for him.

His head tilted towards the spreading fabric of the v in her tunic. She still had an under shirt protecting her modesty but the way he held her... the way he subtly moved her body, exposing her to him further while only using such slight movements and with so little force... he made her feel vulnerable, as though he could see every part of her with his mind alone. She worried that if she couldn't control the rate at which her beating heart strummed in her partly exposed chest, she might pass out in his arms.

Arms which wouldn't really be there to catch her. She reminded herself.

He tilted his head so that his cheek was pressed against her jaw and his hand tightened ever so slightly around her neck. He blew out between his lips and his hot breath slowly saturated the thin cloth of her undershirt with its damp heat. The mixture of the change in temperature and the new pressure of his hand slightly gripping her throat caused her skin to tighten. Her breasts swelled behind the material and her nipples pebbled under the heat of his breath as it sank into the fabric.

How was it possible that he could do this with his mind alone?

"Rey... just say the word." He beckoned, enjoying the response of both her body and mind.

Her wrists twisted in his hand and he tightened his grip. She knew he wasn't there but her arms were definitely constricted. She tested the mobility of her head, but that to was not moving unless he granted her the permission to do so.

"How...?" She whispered.

He nuzzled her face, smiling into her cheek and his hair fell forward to tickle along her skin.

"I assure you, little scavenger, it's going to take a lot more then your curiosity to throw me off topic right now." His lips moved against her jaw while he spoke and her knees threatened to buckle.

"You're mine in two days anyway..." His voice was smooth, confident to an almost cocky level but somehow he stayed just under that bar. "Why keep putting time between us... hmm?" His left hand tilted her chin up, stretching her neck further and his mouth planted itself along the surface of her skin just above her clavicle.

A moan escaped her throat and he felt it vibrating under his hand. This time he shivered against her, pulling her by her clasped hands until her shoulder blades flattened against his chest. His lips moved over her neck parting slightly as they found a sweet spot. His tongue darted out to press into the hard working pulse of her carotid artery causing her mouth to open on a sigh. There was a sudden lack of air getting to her lungs and she swayed unsure of whether it was his mind keeping her on her feet or the strength of her unbelievable continence. His lips tugged at her skin, lightly sucking along the tender surface of the side of her neck before he pulled away to realign his face with hers.

"One word Rey... Kriff, any one will do." He purred against her cheek, his hair still tickling along the already sensitive skin of her ear and shoulder as he leaned over her. The thumb of his right hand stroked the back of hers and she felt like letting it all go.

Her mouth opened, her tongue moved and a vibration that was sure to become a sound that would eventually form a word she still wasn't sure of, was about to come out, when a hand that wasn't his suddenly fell on her shoulder. It grabbed her roughly and spun her around.

"What are you doing up? How did you even get all the way out here?" Finn's dark brown eyes yanked her hazy brain back into reality and the image of Kylo Ren fell away from her like a building
being brought down around her.

Her mind literally hurt from the force with which he'd been ripped away from her. There was something inside of her that was extremely unhappy about that. There was a bitterness in her chest that she'd never felt before and it was directed at her friend. She already felt guilty over the subtle animosity she felt as she looked back into his eyes.

Well that feeling escalated out of no where. She thought regarding Finn but the constant interruptions between she and Kylo left her frustrated beyond words... She blushed then, realizing she'd just called him by his first name. Her blush deepened when she recalled that she'd used his first name while literally enthralled by him.

What was going on with her... and why was she so angry towards Finn? She asked in frightful confusion.

"Sorry." His voice, still slightly lustful, feathered through her head.

"What?" She asked in further confusion, still uncertain of anything going on around her.

"Come on Scavenger, you don't think all of those emotions are coming from your end now do you? At least not the "angry at the traitor" emotions... I mean those are clearly mine." He practically laughed through her head and she had to admit, the genuine sound was charming. She wanted to see him laugh like that in person, she couldn't imagine he did it often.

"If ever..." He finished the thought for her.

"Rey? Seriously, what are you doing out here?" Then his eyes narrowed disapprovingly. "What where you two talking about?" Finn asked in an accusatory tone, his hand still tightly clutching her shoulder. His eyes were piercing and she couldn't understand what was causing him such alarm.

She looked around as though she were missing something.

"Rey, I know he's in your head. I can feel him." Finn admitted as though he were uncomfortable in doing so.

"How is that possible?" She asked astounded by his admission.

"...It's like... there's a weight in the air around you when he's there... and when he's not, it's gone. When he's not there your Force is as light as a feather, as warm as the sun..." His face relaxed as he explained the part about her Force to her.

"Two days." She said suddenly feeling very uncomfortable with how he was looking at her while Ren was in her head. The words flew out of her mouth just as she realized them. She'd been standing here fraternizing with the enemy while her friends where probably being tortured on one of his ships.

"What?" She threw Finn of track.

"Where's Luke?" She asked him, redirecting her own thoughts again.

Finn's face hardened again and his mouth sealed shut.

"Finn, where's Luke... I need him..." She tried not to show her frustration and anger but she knew she was failing miserably.

"If you're going to be invading my space could you at least control how you're feeling about my
friends for five minutes?" She asked, directing her frustration back at the man who was putting it there.

"Hey, I didn't say it was all mine sweetheart." He said smoothly.

"Will you cut the sweetheart crap, gosh you're so infuriating..."

"Ditto."

She jumped when she felt his leather clad hand drag down her left arm, leaving goosebumps behind.

Was he doing this because Finn was around? Was that the whole reason...?

"When I touch you, it's because I want to touch you!" He sounded disappointed, almost angry at her insinuation.

Finn must have known Ren was back to messing with her because his attitude only got worse.

"What does he want?" He asked, already calculating the situation in his head.

"His exact words were..." Tell Luke to bring what I want to where it all began." Rey mocked Ren with a horrible impression of his voice and a really terrible bad guy tone. Kylo still in her head, snickered.

"If you're trying to get a rise out of me... there are much better ways to do it." He hinted darkly.

Rey swallowed at the obvious duel meaning in his words.

"Much better ways..." His voice tickled through her head and she felt him mentally tugging at her wrist again.

"Stop it!" She mentally whispered, jerking her arm away from what appeared to be nothing and Finn shifted uncomfortably.

He was looking around the area as though expecting to be ambushed at any moment. Her friend rested his hand on his belted lightsaber, her lightsaber. She eyed the hilt and when he caught her he unlatched it and made an apology over still possessing it.

"Sorry I... I almost forgot. I held onto this for you." He moved to hand it back to her and she hesitated, the face of the man in black flashed through her head again. She couldn't believe that this was the same lightsaber but it undoubtedly was. This thing had started it all... caused her so much trouble... it's like the Skywalker curse was rubbing off on her. Kriff!

"You know what? Why don't you just hold on to that for now... just until I'm feeling a little better. It's not like I could use it right now anyway and I'm not actually Luke Skywalker's Apprentice anymore either so..." She pulled at her palms, rubbing them together as she watched him refasten the lightsaber to his belt.

"The temple Rey..." Kylo Ren suddenly snapped. "I want him to bring you to the temple." His voice darkened, the playfulness and the... other things... had dissipated and all she heard now was an uncomfortable sense of desperation and anger.

"You said for Luke to bring what you want to the place it all began... that's what I'm telling Finn and that's all I'm telling him." She snapped, feeling like he'd changed some of his demands on her.

"We're saying the same thing scavenger, tell the boy to convey it to his Master." His voice had a hint
of amusement but he kept a serious composure as he spoke candidly to her.

She swallowed hard suddenly holding her left wrist with her right hand. Her thumb traced circles around the underside of the sensitive flesh just above the bend.

"What do you mean he can convey it to his Master?" She asked careful not to project any of her thoughts beyond the personal line she shared with Ren. She didn't know what Finn was or wasn't capable of yet.

"He and Luke have formed a Master-Apprentice bond... if the boy wants to, he can speak with his Master. I want him to use that link to inform Luke of the situation he's gotten everyone into."

Rey blinked not sure how to process everything that was happening today. "Wait, how is this Luke's fault?" She asked defensively.

"He should have left you with me... instead he snuck you off the island, you could have died because of it might I add, and so far he's abandoned you, you've been alone at least since I helped you heal and it looks like he's left you with the least competent care taker of all." Ren practically complained getting angrier the further the list went on.

"Ok I get it... you don't like Luke and you can't stand Finn but there is no one... and I mean no one in my circle that would have left me with you..." She heatedly pointed out in defense of her friends.

"Just... tell him." He pressed on a sigh and she felt a pressure from his fingers squeezing her wrist. She dropped her wrist form her hand only then realizing what he'd been doing.

It had been him massaging her skin... but how? How was he still touching her if he wasn't as present in her mind as before? How had she not noticed him using her hand like it was his own? She wondered, deciding then that she still didn't know squat about the limitations or lack there of, between them and their bonds.

Finn cleared his throat, aware that there was a conversation going on that he wasn't privy to. Rey didn't mean to roll her eyes but there was so much going in her head that every thing on the outside seemed like another distraction she didn't need.

"He says for you tell Luke to take me to the temple..." She quickly said, unaware of why she was suddenly following Kylo Ren's instructions so obediently.

"Because you want to..." He insisted in a near whisper, triumph singing through his deep baritone. "And because we are more connected now then you realize. The more time we spend like this... together, the deeper our connection grows. And I just helped reconstruct your leg Rey, there's a lot of my energy in you right now." He added when she shifted uncomfortably.

The two of them grew silent, Rey had no idea how to respond to that. She wanted to doubt what he said and had it been from his mouth, she would have... but through their bond... he couldn't lie.

"No." Finn suddenly broke the silent tension between the three of them.

"No?"

"No?"

They both questioned in unison, neither believing their ears.

"No." Finn repeated and Rey's jaw dropped.
*Oh boy, I really needed this moment to happen... ok ok back to writing now
"What the Kriff does he mean, no?" Ren fumed with way more volume then Rey could currently handle at the moment.

Rey cringed at the sound of his anger booming through her skull. "Shhh!" She shook her head in an attempt to quiet his presence in her mind. She couldn't focus and Finn was already walking away.

"You realize he has our friends right?" She asked rather angrily herself. She moved to follow him, slightly staggering along. Her body was sluggish. Her limbs felt extremely heavy and she was still light headed.

"I can't talk about this right now." Finn informed her as though this was a casual conversation between two people who weren't negotiating over other people's lives.

"He has Poe and Chewie!" She yelled at his back.

This gave Finn pause and Rey still looking down so she didn't trip while moving over some large roots, almost collided into his chest.

"You think I don't know that? They're my friends to!" He barked as though mad at her.

She recoiled. Her face falling slack to the shock of his reaction. Did he think this was her fault?

"You think I don't know what's at stake if this all goes sideways? I was awake for the planning Rey. I was putting pressure on your leg while you were bleeding out." He said sternly, almost as if he were scolding her.

It wasn't until that moment that she noticed the blood hidden beneath his jacket, blood that covered half of his torso. Her initial reaction was to check him over but he was already aware of her concern and he dismissed it just as quickly.

"None of its mine." He said quietly.

She glanced down at herself. She was a mess. The blood that had still been wet when she had first dragged herself out of the X-Wing she woke up in was drying and her clothes were matting together, some still sticking to her thigh.

"Finn... I'm... sorry to put you through that..." She said fiddling with her fingers.

"You're such a martyr Rey..." He said coldly. Now he was angrily pacing back and forth.

Her eyes traveled up from her hands to his face. His words were level with a severity she never heard from him before but his face was soft. His eyes glued to hers as his body stomped from left to right.

"It's him! It's that thing in your head." He flung a hand out towards her head. "Every time he's around some one dies or nearly does. Han... me... you... Poe... Luke... me... you... all of us... Poe... Chewie..." He went through the order that he remembered since the StarKiller fight.

"Finn..." She started quietly.

"No! You have some kind of mind connection with him that's messing with your perception of him... I get it... I don't get it... but I get it... but... he's dangerous Rey." His voice softened the further along
he got in the run of mixed thoughts that became one sentence.

Rey looked down at her feet. What he was saying did make sense... somewhat.

"The first time I've seen you since the Starkiller do you know how I found you...?" He asked like a parent explaining to their child something they were involved in but couldn't see.

Like a drug problem. She thought.

"...You were passed out over top of him, Luke was frantically trying to separate the two of you. The next morning we found you running like it was for your life and it was from him. Then there was the cliff side... Luke half passed out at his feet and you on your knees begging him not to kill your Master. The next thing I know your on his side... guiding him like he's some abused puppy that you needed to protect, working frantically at a rock wall to free him from inside the cave we were trying to trap him in the first place!"

She went to intervene then, she felt like she had to explain because there was so much in between that he was missing. So much he didn't understand. Her mouth opened, her hand raised but he stopped her, cutting her off in anger.

"You almost died Rey... helping him... You. Almost. Died. Best case scenario you would have lost your leg but an inch closer to the rock slide that I pulled you from and you wouldn't be here. All for what? For him? How much are you willing to give up to protect him? To protect everyone but yourself?" He spit, his anger growing with every word.

Tears were welling in her eyes. Was he right? Was she destined to get everyone around her killed or was she just self destructive?

His tongue clicked behind his teeth and he grunted in frustration. "You should have just left Maz's Castle with me when you had the chance..." He thought out loud. "He'd never have to even know you existed then." He surmised externally.

She blinked and heavy tears rolled down her cheeks. She didn't know what she was thinking or feeling but it wasn't good.

"Rey..." Kylo's soft voice was strained even through her head. She could feel him holding it all in... not anger... rage. He was ready to burst at the seems but he was holding it in for her benefit.

"Don't. He's not entirely wrong." Rey admitted.

"...He's-"

"I know he's not entirely right either, but the things he is right about... those are very serious things Ren." She cut in before he could manipulate how she was feeling with his excuses and soft words.

"Rey... we can still do that..." Finn held out his hand to her and she eyed it as though she couldn't decide where this were real or not.

She felt a wave of hot rage through their bond. It almost felt like heartburn coming through their line and it took every thing she had to ignore it.

"You can take my hand and we can get the hell out of here, never look back, start over and probably live long happy lives... maybe even have..."

"I'm gonna stop you there." Rey stepped forward shaking her head. "You know you and I..we're
only ever going to be friends."

His hand dropped and his eye brows rose. "Well I was going to say families of our own but it's good to know that I'll never equate to more... you know in case we find our selves alone on an island together or something... I'll know never to try anything so you don't have to worry." There was hurt in his voice, almost anger.

"Finn I thought that's how you've always felt... that we were just friends." She said carefully.

"Well hell Rey, not at first, but I got the hint quick. I'm not trying to marry you or anything... I mean I guess I thought maybe one day after everything was over... maybe you may wanna try to be a little more then friends but I knew that was a slim shot and a long way off so it's not like I'm holding out or anything." There was a slight blush on his cheeks now.
"I don't care about you any less.. not one way or the other. I was just saying we could get out of this crap, it's all I've ever wanted; to be free... to be out from under the First Order's thumb and I want that for you to; because you're my friend." He finished.

"And what about Poe and Chewie?" She asked still not sure if he was suggesting they leave them behind.

"While you were nearly dying on us we all decided that there were two people who needed to get out of this indefinitely."

Rey didn't like the way that sounded.

"You and Luke. The two that the First Order absolutely couldn't get their hands on."

"You mean the three of us?" She asked, already understanding their use of the Force was why they were the most dangerous in the hands of the First Order.

"I was with the Order for a long time, if they got me back, Force sensitive or not... it would just mean an execution. No harm no foul as far as the Resistance is concerned. They'd have a ceremony for me, but that would be the end of it." Finn turned and started heading back in what Rey assumed was the direction of their shuttle.

"Finn!" Rey's tone scolded him for being so callous in regards to the value of his own life.

"It's true and if you don't believe me go on and ask the voice in your head." He advised coolly.

Ren was still there, still listening to the conversation but he was quiet and she didn't know if she were grateful or annoyed. She could feel him coming down from his rage but there was still a simmering anger flowing from his end. There was also a lot of worry and self doubt... She tried to peek in his head for clarity but he was walled up tight as usual.

"That's not very fair you know..." She complained about the limited access to his end of their bond while he was free to move about her mind.

"We've had this conversation before... life's not fair, remember? Also if you were training under me as my apprentice you'd have better access to those abilities and eventually to my mind." His voice was void of emotions. Another bad sign.

She turned her attention back to Finn. "So what... you all sent Luke and I packing in an attempt to get us away from the First Oder." She questions sarcastically.

"And me... don't forget how bad they want to keep you from me." Kylo's voice interjected through
"I think you've been included under the stamp of the First Order, Commander." She snapped back. "Stop taking everything they do so personally!" She scolded him like he were a whiny child.

"They took away what's mine, excuse me if I take that personally Scavenger." He growled and it sounded extremely feral.

She bit her tongue fighting the urge to correct what he deemed to be his. She didn't have time to argue over his primal beliefs right now because there was no doubt that he though what he said was true or it would have never passed through their bond.

"That was my plan but Luke decided it would be better if you and I stayed together so he hid us in some creepy cave while Poe and Chewie took off with the Falcon in the opposite direction. The idea was they would get as far from the island as they could, giving us a chance to put some distance between us and our would be captors. They'd risk getting caught so we could get away but we decided fleeing in one of the fastest known ships in these parts of space was a good shot and one worth taking. it made the Kessel run in something like fourteen parsecs you know, that's fast." He explained.

"Less then twelve." Rey corrected as though thinking out loud. "Less then twelve." In unison with her own voice, Kylo Ren's voice in Rey's head agreed with her correction.

Finn shrugged and continued. "Luke had a shuttle to send us off in once the Order was distracted enough not to notice. Electronic equipment doesn't work very well under the static field of the island remember. That left them mostly blind and with little to no radar to track us, the departure was easy enough."

All in all it was as solid of a plan as they could have come up with in an already high risk situation. Still, she wished they could have all gotten away.

"So they were decoys!" She scowled, realizing then what her friends had risked.

"Hey don't look at me... Poe's idea... but honestly it was the best one we had and it's not like we had long to debate about it." He countered her accusatory glare with common sense that left her more frustrated because it actually made sense.

They had little options and they had chosen to put her before themselves. She was thankful they got Finn out but why her... she was just a damn Scavenger. Sure she was a Force sensitive but you could take that with a grain of salt. She had spent months with Luke Skywalker and she'd barely leaned how to use a Force shield properly. If anything she should have stayed to help fight, that's what she was good at... grunt work.

"Scavenger..." Kylo Ren growled, his mind leaving ripples of heat and shades of red behind as it rushed through on a wave of anger. How dare she belittle her own value... He bitterly thought to himself.

"My point exactly!" She responded to the title he used.

"The guilt you feel over the decision your friends made is fogging your head. Their plan was well prioritized. Nearly perfect with the exception that they didn't account for the damage the Falcon had taken before they took off. I'm guessing we caught them sooner then they expected." He sounded like a Commander to her then, speaking monotonous, as though he were already going over what
there options could have been at the time and strategizing as though he were in their situation.

"Well of course you would agree with those priorities... you have ulterior motives where I'm concerned." She said disdainfully.

"So where did this plan leave Luke?" She asked Finn already disgruntled.

Finn half turned back to her, his hand in the air as though to pause the conversation. "That's something I can't talk about with you right now... maybe not at all."

"What?" She stopped in her tracks, a line forming between her brows as they pulled in confusion. There was a sudden constricting in her chest and her eyes betrayed the hurt she was currently becoming overwhelmed with. They glossed over with the pain of her fiercely beating heart. "You... you don't trust me?" She sounded as equally deflated as she felt.

She looked down at the ground then, her foot kicking at a twig that had long since snapped free from a fallen branch that laid partially crushed a few feet away. Kriff, she was so emotional lately. Having other people around her was exhausting and caring about them and what they thought or how they felt about her, was even worse. She didn't even have a word for what she was feeling right now.

"Not with all that..." His hand waved around her head. "Going on in your head. Come on Rey, don't act so surprised..." He moved closer to her, stopping inches from her face. "It's not you." he said, his compassion for her filling his face. "It's him. You obviously can't keep him out and who knows what he can access while he's in there." Finn gave her a pitting look.

Everything... She answered silently. She understood... maybe it was best if she didn't know where Luke was. She supposed she was comprised now anyway.

"Bantha shit!" Ren swore across their line candidly, almost causing Rey to physically jump.

"It's not... it's true." Rey mentally sighed. "I can't keep you out now, I'm not strong enough."

"Of course you can't, if I left you right now you'd fall on your face. I could pretend I'm not here right now, quiet myself to the point where I'm nearly invisible to you but I think you'd appreciate that less then knowing I'm here. You don't realize how much blood you actually lost, how weak you really are right now... but that's not typical for you... Look at your lower half..." She felt her head fall, her gaze shifting to her hips and just below. "...And look at his shirt. Your functioning off of my strength. I can do that for you because you're my Apprentice whether you agree to the title or not and even if you weren't you are my Bond Mate! He's acting like you chose this... you can't be held responsible for who your bound to." His words were strong, certain and she wouldn't deny that they did make her feel a little better but the fact was, he was their enemy, even if he didn't want to outright hurt her, that didn't help her friends or the Resistance much.

"But I can and should be held responsible because you're an enemy to the Resistance and the people I call my friends. That's more then enough to make you my enemy..." She trailed off there, not wanting to go any further in the conversation but when he picked up where she left off she had little choice in the matter.

"You don't see me as your enemy." He pulled the thought from the tip of her tongue, the volume of his voice quieting to a soothing low. It was almost a question.

Her clenched fists squeezed and her nails dug into her crushed palms. Her eyes followed suit, squeezing shut. "If I wasn't Force sensitive you'd have killed me months ago with out even batting an eye." She stated matter of factly.
Ren could understand why she felt the way she did where her faction and friends were concerned but the last part... he wasn't so sure about that. When he saw her in the woods for the first time, before he realized she was Force sensitive... he was already intrigued. If anything, if she wasn't Force sensitive things may have already been different between them... they could already be lovers. There would be no involvement between her and Luke, he would need no approval from Snoke... he'll he wouldn't have to answer to anyone where she was concerned. He swallowed hard, deep in his thoughts.

Ren took his silence as something completely different and she felt herself closing off. Her heart encased itself protectively in ice. She pushed it all down and moved on, just as she'd learned to do all her life.

"You're right." She agreed with Finn. "Honestly it would probably be better if we went our separate ways now. Two days isn't a long time for you to get far." Her voice was cold enough to change the temperature in the air.

"What about you?" Her friend asked in genuine concern.

Rey shrugged. "I'm staying, I've got to try to get Poe and Chewie back." Then she tapped her forehead with her index finger. "Besides where can I run?" She turned away from Finn and he grabbed her arm hard, jerking her back into place.

"There are places, not many, but a few of them... Luke knows where they are..." He started.

"What are you talking about?" Rey questioned ignorantly.

The boy's outburst had caught Ren's complete attention and he was back in spectator mode. Rey was so physically weak with out him that she couldn't even tell the difference either way.

"Places like the island... not many, but he knows of a few." Finn whispered like it would make a difference.

Once the information was in her head it didn't matter what volume she'd received it in, it was like a holo pad on display for him to read through, he just had to know where to look. Only as deep inside of her head as he was now, he didn't even have to do that. He could hear everything the boy said like he was speaking to him directly.

There was a stillness between their connection and Rey wondered if Ren was even there anymore but she didn't want to chance it after all he had said he could fade back quietly or something along those lines.

"When he gets here we can-"

"Stop!" Rey cut him off. "Don't say anything else." She brought her hand up to her head and her fingers rested lightly over the soft place in her skull, her temple. It was a quiet reminder that they weren't alone.

"Right." He said, shaking his head at how stupid he'd almost just been.

"Really Rey? You think you can hide anything from me?" He asked almost humorously. Then his voice darkened and it was like a storm filled her head. It was as though he were realizing the possibilities of what she and the traitor had been discussing. "You think I'm going to let you go again? I'm just going to let Luke come and whisk you off to another damn place where he can cut us off again... for months at a time... again?!" The volume of Ren's voice was increasing with his anger and she swore she could see flashed of red lightning behind the lids of her eyes every time she
"I never said I would go anywhere." She interjected defensively, disrupting his tangent before he started rampaging.

"But you're thinking about it." He belted.

"Of course the thought's going to cross my mind... I'm not brain dead... you think I don't wonder what it would be like to be free of the First Order and their hounds... to be free of..." She paused aware of the fact that it was too late for her to correct what she'd possibly just done.

"We'll go on... say it! Say to be free of me...!" He finished for her.

She was quiet for a long moment. What did she say to that. It was what she was thinking but at the same time after everything she'd been through in the last several months she couldn't go back to the mundane existence she'd lived before all of this. She also couldn't imagine living like she did on the island for the rest of her days. She loved exploring but she hated everything else. Being a Jedi or a Resistance fighter could give her purpose. It would fill that void she had in her below average life. It would give her somewhere to belong. The island was somewhere she could go if she wanted to live out her days doing nothing and that wasn't her at all; Rey couldn't just sit and wait to die. Especially while there was a conflict going on around her. The boredom would kill her faster then staying in the fight would.

"Ren..." She started, her voice through their connection was strong and steady.

His heart was constricting. He felt like she was rejecting him all over again and he honestly didn't know how much more of it he could take before he snapped.

"The only way I would ever go back to another place like that is if I was left with no other choice... and even then, the chances are slim. I can't just crawl in a hole and wait to die." She admitted. "More then likely you and I will kill each other first, I mean it's kind of our thing. " She tried lightening the weight between them.

"It's your thing... I'm not interested in hurting you. But Rey, just in case the thought of running does temp you... just remember I have two something's that I know you care about in my possession..." He knew it was petty to threaten her but he didn't really seem to care in the moment.

"I haven't forgotten Dark One and believe it or not I don't want you dead either... but you have this fantasy that I'll just drop my friends and allegiances to join you on the Dark side..." She said hardly amused. "...And that's never going to happen, which means unless you flip sides, we'll always be enemies... we'll die enemies and it will probably be in a fight between us, because Maker help the poor nerf herder that kills me before you get to!"

"I mean they don't call it a fantasy for nothing sweetheart, and I'd just like to point out that Luke has come the closest to killing you out of all of us including myself, and he's nearly been successfully a few times so how about cutting the so called Dark side some slack huh?" He exchanged her serious banter with some of his own, tuning up with her need to lighten the tension between them but he still internally worried that she'd somehow be taken away from him again.

She smiled. The situation really wasn't funny but she couldn't help it and she hadn't meant to, yet she did. The truth of his words were ironic at the least and of course it took him to point that out. She was in far more danger with the leader of the Light side then the executioner of the Dark. "Your the most complicated man I've ever known... but you're not wrong Dark sider... you're not wrong."
She decided then and there that she'd miss all of this if it were gone. She'd miss the missions and her lightsaber. She'd miss discovering new worlds and learning about the Force, she'd even miss him. She'd miss Kylo Ren. The bantering and the lessons, the danger and security that always accompanied him. Some how in the short time that they'd had together she found he felt like a companion closer to her then anyone else she knew. It shouldn't surprise her with how much time they'd spent in one another's heads in the last few months and especially the last few days. The entire time she was on the island she and Luke hadn't even learned as much about each other as she and her Dark counter part had since he showed up. She'd even gotten use to used the hum of their connection and she found herself focusing more and more on it to help herself sleep at night.

"I'd take that more offensively if you knew more men but since you're kind of a sand hermit, I'm going to let that one go. Also judging by your last string of thoughts I'd say you more then enjoy the adventure... and scavenger, I can promise you, with me around there's hardly a dull moment." He bantered back, wondering how she looked smiling the way he felt her doing now. How was she already setting him at ease? Perhaps it had something to do with the last few thoughts she thought she was privately having about him. It looks like she doesn't hate me as much as she pretends to after all... or at least not all of the time.

"Rey." Finn called out to her for the second time.

"Hmm?" She blinked as though just remembering that he was there.

"I asked if you needed a hand up?"

She eyed the hand he offered. Until her eyes landed on the grounded X-Wing she was puzzled as to why she'd need a hand anywhere.

"I thought you may want to sleep in there? I think it's probably safer then the ground and it's getting late. Best we camp here for the night. Tomorrow we will head out to the temple. I've got to do another sweep and maybe we can use your knowledge of the place to find the grotto, Luke said you've been here before...?"

She nodded. " I guess, I'm not really sure if I'm going to remember anything useful though." She admitted uncharacteristically bashful.

"Well it couldn't hurt, but first, sleep." He said offering to help her up onto the wing of the shuttle.

Even as tired as she was she ignored his hand. To many years of being independent. She hoisted herself up using the weight of her upper body to pin herself down on the wing before pulling her legs up and swinging them onto the flat surface. She rolled to her feet and hopped into the cockpit. She looked back down at Finn who was shaking his head at her as he worked to catch her breath. A little smile tugged at his lips and she found herself smiling back at her friend.

"So darn stubborn. Good luck to the man who tries to court you..." He quipped, turning his back and flopping to the ground against the landing gear. "There gonna need it." He trailed off in a mumble.

Ren chuckled to himself, careful not to pass the movement through their bond while he was still helping her control her body. You have no idea... He thought privately. If she'd have refused help he'd personally offered her, he'd have been pissed but seeing how it was 2187, Ren found himself pridelful.

Rey flopped down into the pilot's chair and shifted several times before getting comfortable. She was use to sleeping on the ground or close to it. She didn't like the angle she was at and she hated to sleep inclined. While she was at it, she really didn't like how high up she was. She preferred the hard, flat
surface of the ground to the spring coiled leather chair. She was already letting her mind wander back to her place on Jakku when Ren cut through the memory.

"He's right, you need to get more sleep and while I'm thinking about it, when's the last time you ate or drank anything?" Kylo Ren space policed her.

"I haven't exactly had any down time, Commander Ren." She said in a sardonic tone, smirking as though it were nothing serious or unusual for that matter.

He sighed frustrated about how she could be joking when it came to her health.

"Relax, I'm a scavenger remember? I'm use to surviving on the bare minimums." Her voice was light, playful, like it was no big deal that she was going with out the bare necessities and that didn't sit well with him at all.

He knew she was trying to pass off her own needs, she was good at that. She was trying to quell his concern, to comfort him by passing off her loss as no big deal, nothing out of the ordinary, but the truth was; the reality of the statement she made and the life she'd had to live up until now, made his blood boil. She should have everything she's ever wanted, not just what she needed but everything, presented to her in what ever manner she chose. She should never go hungry or thirsty, never be too cold or too warm. She should have a bed to sleep in and honestly he wouldn't mind if it was his...

"Get some sleep, little scavenger." He said and she swore what he really meant was I'll see you soon.

"Ren?" She quietly asked after him.

"Hmm?" He sounded slightly distracted.

"Two days...?" She felt the need to confirm.

He chuckled through her head and she shivered as she settled into the pilot's chair.

"Ren...?" She asked, her voice already lulling from the fogging weight that pulled at her consciousness. Even half asleep she still sounded very serious.

"Two days from when I initially told you so." He confirmed and she yawned, fighting against her already closing eyes until she confirmed she still had the time he'd given her.

He left her mind, careful not to leave to quickly or all at once. He'd spent the better part of the day supporting her with his energy and if he was depleted, she would be exhausted. When she finally drifted off he left completely. Once back in his own head, controlling his own body, he slumped forward. His limbs felt heavy from both his mental exertion and the fact that he was twice her size. It was strange having to readjust to the weight and size of his own body and he sneered knowing he actually needed to take a few moments to collect himself. He'd never been in someone else's head for so long and his own body felt sluggish under his mental fatigue.

The mental field trip had left his physical form meditating in his quarters most of the day and he really needed to stretch. His body was tired yet antsy, full of energy that he had yet to spend. His mind was even worse off. He couldn't get the things that traitor had said to Rey out of his head. He'd made her feel guilty about her association with him, even though it wasn't by her choice and just as she was starting to warm up to him again.

How dare he be such a hypocritical, judgmental prick to her. Rey was already filled to the brim with guilt and worry over her friends. The traitors colors were showing brightly today. He'd wanted her to run... with him... and he'd actually been brave enough to voice that desire to her. If he thought she
would even consider leaving those she cared about, as misplaced as that affection may be, behind, then Ren had less to worry about where he was concerned then he initially thought because he knew nothing about his supposed best friend. Rey wasn't one to run from a fight, especially while her friends were on the line.

Finding himself with a great urge to destroy everything in sight he decided he needed to flip the negative energy humming through him into something a little more beneficial to his already antsy body. His need for catharsis left him drenched in sweat. He didn't know how long he'd been at it but his muscles were burning with fatigue and strain by the time he was done with his sets and reps. He’d run through just about every exercises he could think of several times and yet his hands still itched with the need to destroy something. His mind was still tired but the rest of him felt quite sated.

He couldn't help thinking about how effected by 2187’s words Rey had been and he disliked him all the more for clearly not knowing how to handle the power she gave him. Rey had very little self worth for someone so important. She was always putting others before herself even those who weren't worth it. How she couldn't see how valuable and strong she was seemed to elude Kylo. Since he'd met her she was all he could think about; all he could focus on was her, who she was with, what she was doing, how those around her effected her and how she in turn effected them. Everything she did was fascinating to him and he couldn't understand any of it.

He headed to the refresher and allowed himself longer then usual under the heat of the spraying water. It gave him extra time to stretch and mentally decompress before trying to settle himself for the night. The more time he took leveling his emotions the less explosive his reactions would be if something in the near future went wrong and by his past experiences... it usually did. It was always better for everyone around him if he got to burn some of the tension he was always carrying off before he exploded. He also needed some time to think and the warmth from the cascading cone of heat over head always helped him think more effectively.

The wheels in Kylo's head started turning the second he saw the X-Wing but while still in her head he had to keep absolute control over those thoughts but now he was free to let them roam freely. The ship Rey was currently sleeping in was Luke's personal shuttle, one he'd had since before Ben was born but that's not what triggered his interest. It was a one person shuttle. It didn't take a genius to assume that Rey and 2187 had traveled together. The evidence was all over the boy's shirt in the form of her blood. Luke undoubtedly squeezed them in together, which admittedly he did not like but that was not important right now because what was important was Ren knew the boy had no pilot training before he defected from the First Order.

He knew Rey was probably unconscious the whole flight so she definitely didn't fly the shuttle which left two options; either 2187 piloted the shuttle with the help of auto pilot since the technology was much older then what he would have recently learned to fly with and he'd previously had no flight training as a trooper, or Luke was somewhere on Yavin four already, he’d arrived on the X-Wing and the other two had arrived in another shuttle, which seemed unlikely since he was no where to be found, nor did Kylo sense his presence through Rey while he shared the space of her mind with her earlier, which had him leaning more towards the previous guess. Luke hadn't yet arrived on the planet like moon. When the boy mentioned a grotto he knew why they had been sent to the fourth moon of Yavin. They were looking for a larger ship; one they could all travel in that couldn't be tracked by the First Order. It couldn't be tracked because it hadn't been on anyone's radar in almost fourteen years and Luke still thought it was here.

Clever uncle... very clever. Kylo couldn't thank his lucky stars enough for the multiple clues and hints he’d been present for today.

*Hey lovelies, please Kudos, comment and if you have questions please let me know. I hope you
enjoyed!*  

-DarkGuardian-
The Danger Of Restlessness

Seconds passed into minutes and minutes turned into hours yet still Kylo Ren, despite his mental exhaustion and his physical fatigue, could not fall asleep. In truth, that was partly because he didn't really want to. There was a chance once he did his Master would be there waiting for him the second he was unconscious, just as he was the moment his Knights removed him from Ahch' To. He'd still been blacked out after the heavy hit he took courtesy of the large rock that had smashed him in the back of the head about twenty minutes prior, and his Master had impatiently taken advantage of this.

The Supreme Leader was not angry with his apprentice, but he was not particularly pleased either. His Master only knew what Ren had allowed him to see and of course that was minimal. It was easy to pass off the information in a way that seemed complete. He'd already been thinking of how much he would and would not present of the time he'd spent on the island to the true leader of the First Order and when he came to invade his mind Kylo was prepared mentally and physically for the intrusion.

Lord Snoke was not pleased that Luke still lived but he did seem unusually interested in Ren's progress with the girl. At the time Ren showed no response. He allowed no emotions through his mannerisms or mind to pass through him. He wouldn't reveal any kind of weakness while his Master looked upon him, or through him. He was not physically present of course, he was hardly ever that, but he stirred in his mind the second kylo left the shelter of the island just the same. The damage to his head had proven useful to him, an unplanned but perfect excuse to feed his master time lapses and fuzzy images, some of which hadn't even been his intention. Apparently, it was a really hard hit he'd sustained.

Even in his sleep when Snoke invaded his thoughts Kylo felt physically sick, picking and plucking through his head cruelly in an attempt to find out what had transpired on the island over the last forty plus hours his apprentice had been there, half of which he'd spent sleeping thanks to the timing of his landing there so late in the evening. He'd seen only what Kylo kept on the surface and it had been easier then Ren expected it to be. It surprised him but he didn't allow the feeling to sink in until he was mentally far from Snoke's probing gaze.

"I see." His Master had said for the third time between other small statements or words that informed Ren of every time the Dark Lord had found something else interesting or relevant within his mind. "Yes." He'd say as Ren kneeled before him, silently listening to the pitches and tones of his Masters words every time he spoke as though he could read the notes he heard. Of course it didn't matter how hard Kylo focused on the task as there were no changes, no expressions, and no emotions. Not from the first word to the last. Nothing had changed in The Supreme Leaders voice.

"The girl is powerful.... I see what draws you to her. Hmm, your abilities together... interesting." Where the longest sentences he'd spoken until...

"Enough... I have seen enough." The large hologram before him flickered and Ren swore he saw something.

And then, again, ...yes. In the flash of a blinking eye something had changed in his Masters expression. Perhaps, after the fuzz of the hologram cleared it was merely the realigning image of the humanoid that had made Ren think he saw it... but then there was the difference in his normally monotonous voice. He sounded... tired. As though picking through Ren's head had been a daunting task.

"I do not disagree with your desire to stay in the girl's good graces." His invasive voice ricocheted in
Ren's already aching skull, but he wouldn't even twitch before his Master. "She truly is a unique thing in the Force, but Skywalker is and must remain our number one priority my son." Kylo wanted to cringe at his use of the word son. That development had started after Kylo had killed Han Solo, his father, or the father of the boy he once was.

But now Kylo was certain; yes, his master, now leaning back in his thrown, did have strain in his voice. How remarkable... and... curious.

"Yes Master, I require your guidance in that matter." Kylo knew just what to say, just how to play the faithful and endearing apprentice. "How am I to dispose of the Jedi with out... with out cutting ties with the girl... emotionally." He questioned carefully.

His master sighed. This to seemed to be on his mind and that made Kylo all the more curious. Why would his master care how the girl felt about his apprentice. They both knew Ren could force Rey into his submission using the Force bond between them. So why did his Master seem to agree with his need to have compliance from the girl, compliance of her own accord, that is.

"It seems we are at a precipice, Kylo Ren. You are wearing the girl down... I can see it. Her curiosity keeps her close at your heels. Her interest in you is changing and her connection to you is growing. Yet, we must not let this deter us from more important things. Skywalker must be eliminated and I trust no one but you with this task." His eyes bore into his apprentice. He searched for any signs of a reaction... anything other then Ren's eagerness to complete this task. Anything else would be considered traitorous. Ren was aware of the eyes that judged him and he kept himself in the role of the faithful apprentice without falter.

Kylo Ren stood straight then, pulling himself easily from his knee to stand proudly in front of his Master. "It will be done Master, if this is your wish. I will set the girl aside for now and-"

"No!" His Master interrupted him with an unexpected force in his tone. "The girl will remain a priority... still behind the Jedi Master, but you will not let her out of your sight." His Master ordered him, filling his head with confusion and irritation, some of which Kylo had intentionally placed there for his Master to find.

"You do not agree with me apprentice?" The Supreme Leader questioned his most prized Dark warrior, his finest achievement.

Kylo rolled his shoulders as though building up the courage to come forth to him about something that weighed heavily on him.

"Speak your mind boy." Lord Snoke encouraged and Kylo was surprised when there was no frustration or annoyance behind the gesture.

"Now that we have driven the last Jedi out of hiding... I want to prioritize him above all else. Every resource should go to hunting him down until his blood coats my hands." He crushed his gloved fists together, looking into his blackened palms as though envisioning the very idea he was selling.

His Master's posture straightened. He stood up from his darkened thrown and moved closer to his apprentice. Unable to see his feet, the creature that was his Master seemed to float towards Kylo, his feeble and damaged form drifted as though he were already of the beyond but Kylo Ren knew better. His Master was very much alive... judging from the strain that kept creeping into his voice since he'd searched through his apprentice's mind, possibly not entirely well, but he was alive.

His long arm rose, reaching out towards Kylo Ren's bared face but stopping just short. His hand opened and he nearly touched the surface over his scarred countenance. Ren stood tall, his eyes on
his Master but not seeing anything as he focused them on nothing but the invisible air between them to keep from reacting to the unnerving gesture.

"I could not be more proud of you then I am now. There was a moment Kylo Ren... a moment when I was beginning to doubt your loyalties." His apprentice was unresponsive, cold and calculated as was expected of him.

Had he reacted to his Masters words like this months ago The Supreme Leader would have questioned him. He'd been so attached and encouraged in his emotions that this stony and unresponsive male before him now would have sparked questions. Master Snoke would have torn through his mind with out hesitation, but since his training, since the months of torture and remolding of his student coupled with the images Ren had purposely fed his Master since; images of him fighting Skywalker, beating him back twice, branding his face, using him for his own benefit to trap the girl into obedience... his Master had no reason to doubt him. From his Master's point of view, Kylo Ren's Darkness was in full bloom.

"I see now that you are truly ready for this task." He was certain... proud, but ominous. Kylo knew... he knew his Master was not done. He was never done. It was never this simple. "You will have your revenge on Luke Skywalker. This is your honor and your responsibility. You will kill him... or you, will kill the girl." He paused, giving himself a moment to read his apprentice before he continued. "For one to thrive, the other must die and you will be the harbinger that chooses one fate or the other." He warned his apprentice in a tone that said this was a decree.

Still there was no reaction. Ren stood as though his Master discussed their next planetary conquest. Just another day, just another mission. Then his Master placed his hand along the surface of his face, cupping the long path of his right cheek the same way his father had the moment after Kylo Ren had run him through with his lightsaber. His Masters long, nearly grey fingered hand rested over the length of the scar she'd given him, ironically in the very location his father's hand had last touched with more affection then he'd shown his son since he was a youngling.

Now the place he felt most vulnerable, most branded, was suffocating under the sickly, taut skin of the humanoid who excelled at manipulating the boy Ben and the insecure adolescent that had been renamed into Kylo Ren. But he was not that adolescent anymore. He was settling into himself nicely; he had been since he'd met her. He had to, she needed him and this was what he was built of now. He was impenetrable against the destructive force that his Master wielded. The armor Kylo wore to protect her did not crack, it didn't even bend. He stared ahead, unaffected by the test his Master was giving him but his test did not end there.

"One or both will die." His boney thumb pressed into the slightly raised tissue of his scar." When Luke falls, by your hand... the girl is yours. No further requirements will be needed. No tests. No terms. Just... yours." His voice was almost a purr by the end and though Kylo Ren had prepared himself so as not to be led further by the temptations he knew his Master would try to dangle in front of his face, he unconsciously reacted to this.

His eyes visibly darkened and his power welled within their irises. The very essence of his power glowed beneath the surface to emit a shimmering illumination that reflected back at him through his Master's onyx eyes. It was the only reaction Kylo couldn't control and he immediately knew the cause. He could feel it stirring to life within him. It was not just his Darkness, not just his prime, certainly not just the desire of a man for a woman. It was deeper then all of those things combined. It was the very power that threaded through his DNA, ran through his blood, and bound to the molecules that comprised everything that became Kylo Ren, from the pliable shell of his skin, to the density of his bones and everything in between and beneath; it was his Force. Kylo's Force bond was pulling at him internally and this was the reaction his Master saw now.
Upon glimpsing into the black mirrors of The Supreme Leader's orbs the temperature of Kylo's flesh, from head to toe, rose several degrees and counting. The very fiber of his muscles constricted and the rigid shift in his body was so minuscule, so imperceptible, that even Kylo Ren himself hadn't noticed the slight change in his form... but his Master did. Ren shifted slightly and his Master's mouth pulled into a twisted, crooked smile. A slimy grin on a distorted face that informed Kylo that he'd gotten him. The bait was tantalizingly sweet, the trap was set and Snoke had led his unbelievably Force strong prodigy right into it. Hook, line, sink.

"Use your Third knight, Master of Ren. It is within your rites. There is much she can teach you and though I am impressed by your natural ability to... sway the girl to you, the lessons you will learn will only improve your prowess." Kylo's mouth opened to counter his Masters observations and halt his suggestions but he quickly snapped it back shut realizing nothing from his Masters words were to be anything less then a command.

"Do not think I do not know you have been avoiding her." He said suddenly, and with an edge in his normally level tone.

"It is a weakness I am passed now, Master. Your words are wise and I have seen the shortcomings in my own knowledge. I have found myself lacking and I will improve through your guidance. If this is what you suggest, then I am bound to obey." Kylo acquiesced convincingly.

The Supreme Leader's hand left his face then. His Long head tilted upwards just enough to raid his chin and his form straightened before he turned from his apprentice. "Do not worry over her reaction to what must be done. She will learn her place once she is by your side." He stepped back up to his holographic throne. "The girl is bound to you whether she likes it or not. With time and patience she will join us. Once Skywalker is out of the way she will have no other choice. She will join us on the Dark side or she will be forced into submission. Either way she will stand by your side." He positioned himself regally on his thrown and Kylo fought the urge to cringe.

"If she refuses you there are many ways to break the resolve of a strong will. We will discover hers, we will test it until she breaks and we will build her back up in the image that we create." His hand rested on the arm of his thrown as he spoke and Kylo took note of the way his fingers toyed along the stoney surface. He'd never notipced the human like fidgeting before now and he wondered if this was a first or if it was something he'd previously missed before. "The most powerful male Force user and the most powerful female... imagine the possibilities...?" His Master's words trailed of quietly, as though this were a thought he'd projected with out his notice.

When he'd woken his Masters final words still rang in his ears. He'd shot up in his bed, his eyes flying open to take in the world around him. He sat soaked in his sweat saturated sheets. His hair had been stuck to his pillow and matted in place by a thick goop'ing gel that was worked into his head in an attempt to quicken the healing process over the swelling and bleeding gash he'd had when he was brought aboard the First Order flag ship. The bacta gel had smeared all over his face and hands as he reached back to assess the already mostly healed damage to his skull. He was sore but he'd again survive. He'd shut off his connection to his Force bond the second he'd felt his Master digging into his walls while they spoke. So far Snoke was unsuccessful in his attempts to penetrate the bond that he and Rey had and Kylo wanted to keep it that way no matter the cost.

Upon waking the interactions between he and his Master had flooded his mind and his hand flew to his face. His fingers ghosted over the raised skin of his scar and for a moment he felt his Master's hand in it's place. Unable to hold back his emotions any longer, Kylo lurched forward and the uncontrollable reaction took him by surprise. He flew from the bed and griped at his mouth with one hand and wrapped his arm across his churning stomach with the other but it was no use, his body gave way to the disgust he'd been forced to endure while his Master had touched him. His
insides came out all at once as he emptied the already scarce contents onto the floor by his bed. He heaved until there was nothing left inside to come out and even then he gagged on air, dry heaving until his throat burned from the forced expansion of the muscles within.

Shortly there after, he'd cleaned up and sought out his First in command. He wanted answers. Rey was not aboard the ship and he wanted to know why. He knew she was a good distance away, even in her unconscious state and with their bond tightly sealed off he could feel the hum of their connection, but why was she unconscious? He felt the unbelievable urge to reach out to her. His empty stomach stirred and twisted with the need. It wasn't safe, he knew it wasn't safe... he should leave her be. At least until he was sure his Master was unable to reach in his mind... but Ren couldn't ignore the tugging in his chest. His bond called to him, just as it had done in his dream like state while his Master spoke of her.

Kylo allowed a slight opening in the connection and the flash of white hot pain shot through him. He clutched at his right leg, instantly falling to his knee. His response was quick. He ignored the heat of what he felt on his end to focus on her. She was hurt, she needed him and he'd nearly ignored the instincts that had been implanted in him through their bond. He joined her in her mind and panic stabbed through his heart when he saw her condition. There was so much blood. She was tightly confined but he didn't pay any attention to that. He couldn't tear his mind away from the pain that was running through her right limb and portions of her torso.

His mind worked to identify the extent of damage done to her body. It was hard to tell through the gushing blood. There was a makeshift tourniquet compressing the upper half of her right leg, just passed her thigh. He could feel the numbness of her toes and he'd wished her adrenaline would have been spiked high enough to keep her from feeling the over whelming pain through the rest of her leg but it seemed that spike had long since passed, leaving her senses vulnerable to the fiery pain that was rampaging through her. The only relief the knowledge brought him was that she could still feel the limb thus it was still savable and somehow she hadn't completely bled out... yet. He felt the weak beat of her heart through his own chest and he needed no further inclinations before he decided what he would do.

He decided this was a circumstance that would merit his actions with out her approval, not that her state of unconsciousness left her a choice in the matter anyway. Kylo Ren forced himself further into her mind with out a second thought or hesitance. This was for her, she needed this. He fed her his strength, willed his power to her through the line of their flowing bond, a line that seemed to grow in mass and fluorescence the more power he shared with her. The once thin line became thick and pulsed with the rush of his Force into her. For a moment he wondered if this was too much, if this would do more damage then he'd found her in but when he felt her the strum of her heart thud with the strength that he gave her and her mind stirring to life, he'd become to elated to think further on it. He hated that she was waking to pain. He hated her in any discomfort but he was already working to ease that. He almost wished that she'd have stayed passed out until he was finished as the worst was yet to come. He soothed her as she woke to him in her mind. She didn't seem to notice his invasion and Kylo used what time he had left to take over her further, before she was aware enough to fight him. He grabbed at her wounds with her hand and held her down firmly with the other. He absorbed as much of the pain on his end as he could with out exerting himself to where he couldn't help her. He needed to remain in control until he was finished and that meant that she had to allow him here. She would still feel a great amount of pain.

It broke his heart when she'd begged him to stop. Literally he felt like the organ was crushing in his chest and he swore he'd pass into the after life if he had to hear her beg him in such a way for any longer but of course he couldn't stop until the damage done to her had been repaired. He was able to pull what had happened from her mind with out her taking notice. She'd gotten pinned under a rock
trying to free him from the cave he'd been trapped in. This was his fault... his fault. She could have
died. She was dying when he found her... if he hadn't come... if he'd have ignored this any longer...

His eyes pinched shut as he finished up what must have felt like torture to her but it was done. It was
over. She'd live and she'd keep her leg. A leg she'd almost lost to get to him. Her friend, the traitor,
he had tried to pull her away, tried to get her in the Millennium Falcon, but she'd refused to leave
him. She wanted to help him... why?

They were quiet together for a while, he figured she'd need some time after the ordeal she'd just been
through, and then something on her end interrupted the recuperating silence between them. A silence
they both needed to gather themselves before moving forward. There were hands on her face and
they weren't his. It was who ever was left to care for her, he was sure of it but he was too focused on
her to bother discovering who it was that worried over her now. Once the pulling hands were gone
and he'd finished healing her until he was certain even a blemish wouldn't remain, he released her
hands from his hold. He was going to leave her then, but he got the feeling she didn't want him to
and when she'd practically begged him to stay... of course he did. Then...

"Why?" Her weak and shaky voiced pushed through her head and even that was almost too much
for her to achieve. She was so tired.

He focused on feeding her more of his strength, he'd set no limit if it helped her recover faster. He
soothed her as best as he could. He knew she probably didn't want him touching her but he couldn't
fight the urge he had to do so anyway, so he didn't stop himself when he moved a hand to wipe the
perspiration and hair matted along her forehead. He wished he could erase all traces of her injury.
The projection of his hand rested gently over her head and he didn't stop there. He felt the need to be
by her through this and his mind did the best it could to place himself there. His lips quivered on his
end but he would show only his strength to her while he was here. She needed him to be solid while
he presented himself to her now.

His face dipped over hers and he spoke along the clammy skin of her cheek. "You were in pain." He
remembered saying.

He stopped the memory there. His voice had been weak and now his fists were shaking. He was
shaking. He couldn't do this right now, he couldn't recap the events of the last twenty four hours with
out being affected by them again. He was glad his Master had come to him before he'd found her like
that or he may have fallen apart. He was thankful he'd stayed with her, meditating the day away to
do so, she needed him. Whether she knew it or not, and honestly she didn't and that was his fault.
He'd intended to leave her alone. He intended to let her get through the rest on her own; but he'd also
assumed she'd sleep the rest of the day away.

He didn't expect to find her lost in a memory of a time she'd long since forgotten. A memory that had
called to him the second Ben Solo had appeared in it. The memory had set off an unsettling Force
vision, as somehow she'd managed to find herself in the location of the very memory she was
having. After that he couldn't leave her. There was too much darkness in her mind. Something had
stirred in her that had been dormant. He could feel how old it was but as it was a vision that he was
only a spectator in, he couldn't pin down what the thing was that had intruded on the three year old
version of Kira but Ben could sense it to and that worried the adult version of himself. What ever it
was had clearly been with her again three years later while the she ran from the boy Ben. Kylo Ren
struggled around this memory as he tossed and turned trying to sleep but it was too long ago and to
much had happened in between then and now. He couldn't remember anything she hadn't shown
him through her mind.

He wanted to linger on the conversation they'd had after the vision. Maybe it was his desperation to
have her, or her internal need to be comforted after the awful memory she'd rediscovered, but he was
certain she was about to let go, she was about to give in to him. He really thought she was about to
accept him, allow him to come get her. Any word she would have uttered would have been all the
permission he needed. Any word but no...

Of course he hadn't gotten the chance to find out because 2187 had interrupted them and he'd lost the
chance he had to find out whether or not she would have chosen him before the two days where up.
After that he'd take her either way. For her the moment had passed and Ren knew he had to let that
go. It was for the best anyway. He needed the time in between then and the next time he saw her to
plan and she needed sleep.

His heart sunk in his chest knowing the next time he saw her she'd hate him. There was no way
around it. He was sure this also had to be a reason he couldn't sleep. He really didn't need to mentally
or physically torture himself further by trying to sleep anyway. Not while his restless even while
anxiously tired body, had other plans. He had just over twenty four hours to go until the two days
he'd given her was up. Kriff, he needed something to do to pass the majority of the time. There
wasn't much he could do at this hour, but hell if he wasn't about to get creative...

He swung his feet out from the bed and marched to his wardrobe, the pads of his feet half dragging
from sleep, or lack there of, made light sounds against the chilled metal floor they shuffled over as he
moved. Still deep in his thoughts Ren finally had an idea about what he could do to make this night a
little more tolerable. His feet picked up higher, no longer heavily dragging from boredom or
restlessness. Now his steps were full of purpose and Kylo moved with a graceful yet menacing, if
only through sheer habit, certainty. He found himself fully donned in his midnight colored armor,
helmet included as would be expected of him, in front of a cell door. There was a smirk on his face
and curiosity in his mind. This could be interesting... it could go one way or another really... there
could be no in between.

-DarkGuardian-
The cell door slide open to the sound of quietly releasing hydraulics and Poe Dameron jumped to his feet in an instant. His chest heaved as he leaned forward trying to get his bearings. Ren could tell he’d startled him, his face already flush from surprise and his eyes foggy with sleep, looked worriedly on the Dark sider with little recognition. His brain clearly hadn’t caught up to what he was seeing. Kylo waited patiently, allowing the pilot a chance for his brain to process the situation before him.

Poe blinked several times before he realized the fully armored man in front of him was indeed real and not a figment of his sleep drunken mind. He'd been dreaming of the figure before him. He was stalking through the village that night. His lightsaber crackling wildly as it sliced through the innocent villagers around him. But this wasn't a dream, this was a nightmare come to life. He'd been in Kylo Ren's clutches before and it was not pleasant. His heart hammered in his chest hard enough to hurt but he held his composure. Fear didn't make him any less defiant.

The recess lights flooded their bright incandescence through the room the moment the door slid open and Poe was left defending his blinded eyes from the sudden invasion with the length of his arm. His open hand cast a shadow over half of his face. His feet spread in a defensive stance and his free hand rested over the empty blaster holster, probably out of habit. A natural reaction to the feeling of being threatened.

The door slid shut behind Ren and the pilot fought the urge to jump, his shoulders visibly jerked, but over all he controlled his reactions impressively well. Kylo lifted his right arm, holding out his hand to motion for the man across from him to take a seat on the built in bench that lined the length of the room. The cell wasn't large but it wasn't the smallest he had to offer the Resistance fighter either.

A few silent moments dredged on while the two did no more then stand in front of one another. No words, no movements other then the gesture Ren had made to the bench, and no moving expressions passed between their faces. Of course, Ren had his helmet on so he had the upper hand if it came down to a staring competition. Finally the door at Ren's back slid open and a storm trooper came walking in, his hands gripping the seat of a black metal stool that looked like something pulled from an officers lounge. The trooper set it down to the right of his superior with a light clang before standing at attention. Kylo's head, still facing the pilot, turned slightly as if waiting for something.

Poe huffed. A mixture of uncertainty poring off of him in waves.

"Anything?" The decoded voice of Kylo Ren asked.

The simple word left Poe confounded. He just stared at the man across from him as though he were the most perplexing thing on this world or any other he'd ever been on.

That being the only reaction to leave the pilot Ren waived the trooper off. "Sir." The bucket headed nodded and began towards the door when Poe suddenly spoke up.

His voice a bit hoarse came out more of a croak then anything audible. "W..t..r."

Even though they were unable to see the simple movement from his Commander, the grunt froze as Kylo Ren's hand rose to halt them before they could retreat. His attention never turned from Poe's direction and keeping with this, Ren's left hand rotated at his side, emulating an invisible circle, a motion made to encourage the pilot. A silent speak up or hold your peace.

Poe cleared his throat and tried again. "Water." This time the word was clear, almost louder then he
The trooper's head turned to face his Commander while they waited for their orders. Ren nodded and waved the man or woman on. The silence between them dragged on until the door slid opened and shut once more. At first the Resistance pilot eyed the glass held out to him. His eyes scanning the contents with in it as though he wasn't certain what the clear liquid was. The trooper shifted, clearly irritated by his delay. It was an obvious display of mistrust and to the trooper, it was Poe who couldn't b trusted. Poe shifted his gaze to the man holding him here as though he were waiting for something to happen, some kind of subtle change in the way Ren stood, or maybe a shift of his head but he never moved an inch.

Finally he reached for the glass, taking it quickly, as though if he moved any slower the game would end and he'd lose the opportunity to quench his fiery throat. He emptied the contents in a few large gulps, swigging the water down in a matter of seconds. The trooper took the glass and waited at their superiors side for further instructions.

"Anything else?" Ren casually asked his prisoner.

The modulation through his helmet made Poe twitch but it didn't deter him from what he did best when under pressure.

"My and the Wookie's immediate release. A ship. Maybe throw in a few supplies for the trip home... some hot cakes or someth'n." He quipped, egged on by his nerves.

The storm trooper actually looked over at their Commander as if they were waiting for him to give them the ok.

"Wow..." Poe's bemused voice trailed off as he watched the unbelievable scene unfold. Did this idiot really think his Commander was considering letting him go?

Ren's helmet tilted diagonally and Poe and the trooper had no doubt that he was eying them disbelievingly. "This is why I'm in charge... and you... are not."

He shoo'd the trooper away and they scurried out like a mouse who'd just escaped the jaws of a cat that'd been playing with them.

The door sealed shut and Ren turned his full attention back to the pilot. He sighed through the modulation of his helmet and the sound came out robotic. "I petitioned for clones..." He said as though exasperated by the whole situation, leaving Poe to believe that this sort of transaction was far to common.

Poe flopped down on the bench, resting his back against the wall and laying one leg along the length of the metal grating.

"Right... so are we like... hanging out now? Are we gonna sit around sharing stories of bravery and conquest? Cuz if so... count me out. I've got better things to do... you know, like... sit around and waste away. It's all very time consuming, very compelling stuff." Poe jested, fueled by his nerves and fear.

Kylo Ren sighed heavily. Was he really going to do this... perhaps Chewie was a better fit... no, he required the best...

He eyed the pilot through the slit of his masked helmet. "Tell me pilot... how long have you been with the Resistance?" He tilted his head, waiting patiently to see how the prisoner would react. Everything mattered; every wavering blink, tilt of his head, shift in weight, muscle spasm or twitch,
...everything.

Poe Dameron swallowed down the thick bile that was building in the back of his throat and the motion was nearly audible. He clenched his jaw remembering the last time he and the man in front of him played fifty questions, only then he hadn't even had to ask a single one. He just dove into his mind and took what he wanted from his head. Poe had been strapped down then, under gone hours of torture prior and left in the darkness between each session. He wondered why he wasn't in a similar room now, or at least strapped down, but then, maybe he wasn't seen as a threat.

"You know I won't give you anything." Poe choked on his words but he meant every one of them. He glared into the sinister mask in front of him, his eyes searching for the hollow orbs that he knew hide behind it.

"You know I don't need you to." Ren hadn't moved. He just answered honestly, his voice remaining flat even through the vocoder that helped hide or emphasize his actual tones and pitches.

Poe nodded. He raised his chin as though readying himself for what was to come. He expected the Dark sider to invade his mind and steal his knowledge just as he'd done the first time.

"The General..." Kylo Ren shifted his weight. "You're valuable to her?" His head moved ever so slightly but Poe had been staring so intently that it looked momentous.

Poe also shifted, but he made no attempt to hide his discomfort. "She won't give you anything for my return." Poe leaned forward stretching his left leg further across the length of the bench until it was nearly flat. "Nor the Wookie and neither of us will tell you where her base is." He added just incase the thought were crossing the First Order Commander's diabolical mind.

Ren shook his head. "That's not what I asked."

Poe narrowed his eyes at the expressionless mask then he sat back again, flattening his shoulder blades along the cool dura steel wall behind him. "You're better off just taking what you want." He reluctantly admitted, rotating his shoulders to beef up his composure. "I won't willingly give you anything either way." He plopped his head back against the wall, locked his jaw and shut his eyes as though he were preparing to take a nap.

Kylo's shoulders tensed and the muscles in his armed tightened as he changed directions. "And the girl... where do you stand with her? What would you do to keep her safe?" Kylo emphasized the word her knowing Poe knew exactly who he were referring to.

In an instant that was shorter then a breath between them, Poe Dameron jumped to his feet. His fists wrapped up in the dark armor of Kylo's tunic and he pulled, jerking the Warlord forward slightly.

Kylo Ren remained motionless, completely collected and calm in manor. "I see." His mask tilted to the left and he grilled the pilot through the shadowed visor of his mask. "Sit." Was all he needed to say for Poe to plant his bottom back on the bench. He placed his palms flat on his thighs and waited for whatever was to come next. He bared his teeth at the Force user who easily bossed his mental state around.

Kylo's arms raised to his helmet and he grasped the release mechanisms on either side of his head. There was a release of compression and the locks slid free with a hissing sound. Ren pulled the helmet free from his head, tucked it under his arm and positioned himself on the stool that had been placed at his side.

"We need to talk." The First Order Commander calmly informed the puzzled Resistance fighter who
scowled up at him through now clenched teeth.

"Gimme a break." Rey ducked down behind the ruins of a fallen column that once helped support some part of the destroyed temple around them. She slid down the rocky structure until her bottom flattened over the ground. There were at least two dozen units of ground soldiers posted at the small First Order encampment. Beyond them were two At-At's and a few shuttles of varying makes and models, including a few large transport shuttles and at least a dozen speeders.

"What are they doing here?" Finn was to the left of Rey. He was quietly whispering to himself but Rey answered as though he were speaking to her anyway.

"Maybe some kind of scout camp, but what could they be scouting? This place looks like it’s long been deserted." The last part, like Finn’s question before her answer, had been more to herself then to him.

She slumped lower, making sure her head wasn’t visible from behind the fallen slab she rested against. "They can’t be here looking for us. From the looks of things they’ve been here for a while." She was already analyzing the scene behind her in her head. There were soldiers in formation, practicing their marching. There were small sites set up for things like target practice and a few rings stationed for fighters to spar with their partners and instructors. They clearly intended to be here long term. The training rings all had different weapons and fighting styles to offer the soldiers they trained or kept physically prepared, practicing to keep in tip top shape. There were multiple tents and portable forts as well as a few permanent establishments all marked with their purposes. Everything was well set up and structured for efficiency.

Finn sighed and he looked over at her. Rey was pale, her lips dry and her hands lightly shook. There were dark circles under her eyes. The only thing about her that didn't look exhausted were the brightly shining hazel orbs that looked down as she toyed with her fingers. It was her power that kept her eyes shining through it all, which Finn found extraordinary considering everything she'd been through.

"So are we ever going to talk about... that?" Finn motioned to her leg with his eyes and a slight nudge of his chin, but she was still watching her fingers so she didn't notice what he was referring to.

"Hmm?" She questioned, his curiosity pulling her from her thoughts on the scene behind her.

"Your leg Rey, are you going to tell me how you... I mean... it was bad." Now he was fidgeting with the hilt of the lightsaber she'd let him hold for safekeeping, he guessed. He would have been tinkering with his blaster but he'd lent that to her so she had something to defend herself with, should the situation arise.

Rey's eyes wearily traveled down from her fingers to the hole in the blood stained pants of her trousers. That's where her bone had broken through the material. She shuddered at the thought and his face flashed through her mind. It was a quick moment of weakness, one she shook away almost the second it happened. She couldn't risk their position or intentions by accidentally inviting him into her head right now. She couldn't think of him at all if she wanted to keep the door to her mind closed.

Finn's hand fell over Rey's shoulder and she jumped, nearly crying out when he turned to face her.

Finn had clearly startled her and his intentions had only been to comfort her, but he found that he'd only succeeded in frightening her further. "What's wrong?" Concern creased the features of his
boyishly handsome face and his dark eyes searched hers intently.

Rey shook her head. "It's nothing... it's just... this place. I don't like it." Her power infused eyes found his less then impressive ones and he stared at her in wonderment. "Don't you..." She looked back down at her hands for a moment before recapturing his eyes again. "Don't you feel it?" She asked. Her voice shaky with whatever emotion she was trying to hide.

He shook his head slowly. "I..." He stared back at his friend worriedly. "I'm sorry Rey, I don't know what you're talking about." He admitted weakly.

She nodded, half expecting him to admit that but hoping he wouldn't. She wanted him to enthusiastically jump up as though relieved he wasn't the only one noticing the Darkness that day heavily in the air like thick condensation. She quickly changed the subject before he had the chance to question her further about what she'd just asked him.

"I healed it."

Finn looked confused for a moment before realizing she was answering his first question. "What... I mean.. how?" He asked truly intrigued.

She shrugged. "It's just one of the things the Force allows me to do."


She bit her bottom lip knowing it was Kylo that taught her how to use that specific ability but thinking Finn probably wouldn't appreciate that knowledge as much as she did she side stepped that bit of information.

"No, I don't think Luke knows how to do it, err that is, I don't think it's one of his abilities." She said honestly, half quoting the Dark sider who kept popping back into her thoughts even while she tried not to think about him.

He gave one quick nod before his face scrunched in curiosity or maybe confusion, possibly both. "Well then how did you learn how to do it?" The question rolled out as it came to mind, not thinking about the other possibility; the one that involved the Dark Force user that he very much disliked, possibly hated, teaching her.

Rey shrugged. "Just... kinda happened once after I'd gotten a few minor cuts and scrapes training with Luke." She half truth'd.

"Cool, so it might be something I could do."

"Sure, I guess. Though I'm told it's kinda rare so don't get to down on yourself if you can't." She turned then, pulling herself up to her toes as she returned to crouching behind the wall of stone again.

"Sure, sure." He looked back over at his friend. She was amazing. He wondered what it would be like to have the kind of power she was housing. He'd felt one good jolt of his own energy back on the island and it was enough to knock him unconscious. He'd been walking back into Master Skywalker's camp when he'd seen the four storm troopers tied up at the fire pit. When he found out that Rey was alone in one of the huts with his former Commander he'd panicked and pushed with his concern for her and his fear of Kylo Ren, out came his power. He'd destroyed an entire hut and he'd never felt anything quite like it. It was kriiffing badass!

"Hey, do you think you could try to teach me? " He casually asked, trying not to fan boy out on her.
He was staring at her excitedly. She was looking back at the encampment behind them, her eyes scanning the area for any changes and maybe something else but he wasn't curious enough to pry. She glanced back over at him for only a second while she answered him.

"I don't think Luke would like that to much." She said, her voice quieting as she scanned a new area.

"Why not?"

"Well for one thing... I'm no Master... heck I'm not even a Jedi." She gave him a quick smile. "Not even close..." She mumbled under her breath.

"But you will be one day, so that's not really an excuse, it's just a 'not right now' answer." Finn tried.

Rey raised her eye brows at her friend. "Well, even if I did become a Jedi and possibly a Master Jedi one day, I still don't think Luke would like it." She shrugged. "It's a Master Apprentice thing. Once there is a bond between the two of you, you become pretty possessive of one another." She added.

Finn looked a little puzzled. Before they had to separate back on the island when he had asked the Master Jedi how he would find himself and Rey, Luke had told him that they had already formed a Maser-Apprentice bond and that he could not only reach his mind for communicative purposes but he could also locate him where ever he was. He understood the second part of what Luke had told him, that was after all how Kylo Ren had found Rey on the island, as he'd later come to find out. Apparently they also had some rare kind of bond and he was told it was different from the type he and Luke now shared.

His eyes narrowed at the back of her head as he realized what she was unintentionally admitting to. "You're possessive of him?" Finn accused with disgust in his voice.

Rey blinked, still preoccupied with the going ons of the encampment behind her. She'd realized that they were very scheduled, extremely organized. Every twenty minuets or so they were switching training positions. That would be their chance to sneak around the sides. They needed to reach the main temple and that was behind the enemy camp. To the left were high ruins and to the right was a deep watering hole. They had very good positioning if you asked her. It was defensive but set up so they could move offensively if they needed to as well.

"What?" She blinked in genuine confusion.

Finn spit on the ground to his right before speaking again. "You said that the Master-Apprentice bond makes you possessive of each other." Finn reiterated her words petty closely.

Rey shrugged. "Yeah. So?" She asked as though waiting for him to make a point.

"I have one with Luke."

"Yes, he told me." She agree'd still not understanding what he was trying to get at.

He turned so his shoulders were facing her. "I don't feel the slightest bit of possessiveness towards my Master." His dark eyes bore into her as though suddenly she were the enemy. She had to look away just so she could breath. She couldn't focus under the intense scrutiny of his anger filled eyes.

Rey's throat dried and she wallowed painfully hard.

"He says that a Jedi shouldn't feel possessive, that a Jedi shouldn't have attachments." He stated bitterly.
Rey's head snapped in his direction. "You've known him for a few days..." She cut in defensively. "Besides I'm not a Jedi... and neither are you." She reminded him coldly.

"But I want to be." He shifted his weight when she turned her attention back over the wall. "Don't you want to be?" He asked with disapproval clear in his voice.

Their bond isn't the same... it's new and it's different... She shouldn't expect Finn to feel as strongly about his bond with Luke as she did about her bond with Ren. How could he... it wasn't even the same kind of bond. She thought trying to reinforce the logic behind her feelings. Still, Ren had seemed protective of her mind. He never liked the idea of Luke training her even before they had realized their past. She had assumed that had to do with their bond. They had been Master and Apprentice since she was a youngling. Maybe that was the difference. But Finn had a point about the Jedi and their possessions and a lack there of.

From her training as a Padawan she remembered the Jedi code. Finn was right, they weren't suppose to have attachments of any kind. Possessiveness was a sign of passion and they weren't allowed to have that either. Rey let out a deep breath, the expelled air lifted a few strands of wispy hair from the side of her face and she brushed it back with her knuckles, agitated by the tickling along her skin.

"Rey," Finn tried again. "You do want to be a Jedi as well... Don't you?" He pressed, repeating the question she apparently didn't hear the first time he asked it.

She turned back to him, brushing another strand of hair out of her face. Sometimes she missed the three loops. "Yeah. I mean yes. Of course I do." She quickly added. Then the volume of her voice dropped. "It just seems so far away right now. I guess I'm just trying to handle one thing at a time here." She was exasperated and she wished he would stop asking her questions now.

He was very accusative. She felt like she was being interrogated. Now that she thought about it at least the time she had been interrogated she didn't feel guilty about the questions she was asked or the answers she gave. And those questions didn't lead to other questions that confused her.

She assumed that the way she felt about certain things involving a male she promised herself she'd try not to think about, had to do with their bond. It still could of course, her bond really was different then what Finn had with Luke. But now she wondered how much of what she felt actually had to do with her bond at all. She never had a reason to feel possessive over Kylo Ren... but it did sound like she had told Finn that she felt that way moments ago. How could she know if she was or wasn't possessive with out there being a test of some sort. She just assumed from his reaction to her that it was a natural part of their connection.

She wasn't sure how she'd ever get the title of Jedi now. Other then the basics, Luke pretty much cut her off from training. She kind of half trained a little with Ren, literally one session, and realized training with Luke was never going to be effective because they had no bond between them, not even a slight connection. Possibly because Luke didn't even really trust her and now she knew it was because of the bond that he knew about since before she even landed on his Fortress of Solitude. He had lied to her every step of the way. For a Master of light, there were a lot of black spots and smudges distorting and blurring the stain glass he viewed his world through.

If she somehow worked out a way to train with Ren with out going Dark, she still couldn't earn the title Jedi. She knew Kylo Ren wasn't a Master Jedi. Heck, she wasn't sure if he was ever a Jedi. And knowing what she knows about all of their pasts now, did she want to be a Jedi? Did she want to follow such a snobby group of Force users because, excuse the Force out of her, but they were. She respected Luke Skywalker, but he was just as hypocritical as the rest of them. He spoke of responsibility, but walked away from everything he was responsible for when he was needed most. He took on the responsibility of students then abandoned them, even before the Darkness came to
claim what was his.

He spoke of sacrifice and hope. But he left those around him to sacrifice and had let any hope he'd had for a bright future die with the name Ben Solo. She couldn't blame him there, his loss must have been great, but he forgot or ignored those around him who had also lost Ben, and she knew there were others who were taken from their families and their supposed Jedi future during the massacre and destruction that happened at the very temple she was eyeing.

Was the path of the Jedi the right choice for her? The question repeated in her mind.

She had very little possessions but she was very protective of what she did have. That was against the Jedi code. She worked hard for everything she had. Possessions were her bread and butter. Literally, she didn't eat with out scavenging for such things. The Jedi looked down on having the very qualities she was comprised of, the qualities she used to survive in a world that cared nothing for her. She had pride, she had passion, fire and love and anger. All against the Jedi code.

What would becoming a Jedi mean for those things? They made her who she was. Wasn't it just as hypocritical to give those things up for the power to become a Jedi? Both sides of the Force seemed to demand the sacrifice of the very things that made one strong. Was love not something to draw strength from? Was compassion not something that took strength? Was mercy not something that took power. Was power not the force which granted one the ability to distribute Justice? Peace is the responsibility of those in power and peace is hope. Passion, loyalty, resilience, justice, restrain, all of these things took strength. Strength of will, strength of mind, strength of heart. Everything could be tied together. Yet one or both sides would pick through and strip these things from it's followers.

It is in every species nature to survive, to strive to be greater and to live better. These things are fueled by desire. The desire to live, to love, to hope, to protect... yet desire, like the passion for these things, is frowned upon by the Jedi. The Dark side is no better. She didn't fear turning to one side over the other, but she knew she would never become Sith and now she was doubting her desire to become Jedi because such a desire was already against the rules.

*Hey guys n' gals thanks for reading! Please comment and kudos if you liked it. *
-DarkGuardian-
Rey couldn't help but shake her head at Finn. He was sitting across from her just as bored as she was agitated. He was tugging off his jacket and stuffing it behind his back to prop himself up against the tree he'd chosen to lean against as they waited for nightfall. Rey was comfortable in the sticky heat that surrounded them, her friend... was not.

"Don't bother getting too comfortable." She warned him, her voice slightly on the edge of scolding. Finn had been stalling all afternoon. "We need to be moving soon. We have limited time, remember." She pointed out for at least the third time today.

"How could I possibly forget with you reminding me every chance you get?" He asked with the roll of his eyes and his own tones of frustration.

The heat and her insistent reminding was getting to him. Finn tilted his head back, squishing the leather jacket between his shoulders, neck and head before he closed his eyes.

Rey scoffed loud enough for Finn to hear her. Was he really planning on napping now?

Finn peeked through one half opened eye. "I can't make the sun go down any quicker Rey, it's not really in my control." He readjusted his position, punching the jacket behind his head again before settling back down.

He'd been barely tolerable since she'd accidentally confessed that she may feel overly protective of the man who almost killed him. She wasn't much better in the moment, she was feeling irritable herself. Kylo Ren had been in her head more in the last few days than ever and now all she had was the soft hum at the back of her skull. Even with her friends normally good company, though not the best at the moment since he shot disapproving looks in her direction every chance he got, she couldn't help but feel... lonely, disconnected even. She'd been isolated for months on that island. Her Jedi companion had kept their interactions to a bare minimum and Rey was ok with that. She was used to being alone and she and Luke hadn't had much in common to chat over anyway, not to mention how distant he kept himself.

But then Kylo Ren showed up and everything changed. She'd hardly had any time to herself since his arrival. Now, she had to much time on her hands. She was left to drift in the churning and turbulent sea of her thoughts with way more new information then she knew what to do with. When she had time to think she became overwhelmed, it was scary alone here in her head. There were too many things for her to over think, under think, to focus on and to analyze. She had no map, no guide, no direction. She just floated aimlessly hoping to keep herself afloat long enough to reach some semblance of safety before she drowned.

Rey was just getting used to his voice invading her space. Chiming in whenever she needed an explanation or opinion about something she knew nothing about. The deep vibrations running through her head were always directing her in some way or another, like a light house in the distance, flashing light over the rippling tide of her mind just when she needed it the most.

Now that light was gone. Hidden away or lost within her ever growing thoughts that moved like dangerously thick fog drifting languidly within her head. No matter how she tried to clear the stale weight of them, they just swirled from one damp thought to the next. The ocean of her mind was in turmoil and she had no clue as to what should be done next so she lingered in the darkness, a lost ship, blindly approaching the rocks ahead.
She realized then that her bond mate was being awfully thorough in securing their connection from his side and she couldn't help but wonder why. Had she offended him last night? She had been pretty harsh in her assessment of where they stood, him being her enemy and therefore an unwelcomed presence in her head to her friends and faction. That meant that she was also supposed to want to keep him out. He was supposed to also be her enemy. She should want to keep him out. Should being the key word there. The truth was; Rey was getting comfortable with the weight of his presence in her mind. He felt right there, comfortable, like he'd always belonged.

Rey hung her head low. Her friends had given so much of themselves for their cause. Their time, energy, almost their lives... one of their lives... she felt like every time she gave Ren access to her mind she was throwing in with the enemy. She must be such a disappointment to those around her. They'd all been so supportive since finding out she had the ability to interact with the Force. She must have let them all down by now.

She'd decided that she would give Finn his space, she couldn't really blame him for reacting aggressively and she wouldn't lie to him by apologizing for how she feels about her bond, Ren was right after all, it's not something she chose. Perhaps in time she could learn to control what gets in and out through their bond but for now it just is what it is. All she could do was focus on what she could control and currently that wasn't much.

She eyed Finn through the shield of her lashes, her head still bowed in self scrutiny and dissatisfaction. They were supposed to be friends, yet they were clearly both hurting and neither wanted to be the first to lay their sword down before the other. Rey sighed. This may be the last chance she gets to see him for awhile, maybe at all.

Maker knows how tonight will go.

Ren had given her two days from when he'd first told her she had the allotted time. The biggest problem there was she had no idea of exactly when that was. She'd spent a lot of time sleeping since she'd woken in the cockpit of Luke's X-Wing. She had been thinking about it a lot and she was pretty sure she had until morning, but it was really more of a guess then a certainty.

Looking down on her good natured friend Rey finally deflated, suddenly asking in her heart ache and some how already missing him. "Are you really that mad at me?"

Finn huffed. His eyes opened and he sat up, leaving the jacket he'd finally gotten to a comfy position to fall to the ground behind his back. "I'm not mad." He said angrily.

It was Rey's turn to roll her eyes. "Oh come on Finn, we're not five." She crouched down to meet his brown eyes with her hazel ones. She forced a smile across her face, poking him in the arm mischievously in a blatant attempt to smooth things over.

Finn's eyes were hard like dark pools of solid ice. He was so distant. "I... I don't get you." He finally admitted.

Rey looked over her shoulder to make sure they were still alone in the forest's edge. They were a good distance from the encampment but the First Order scouts patrolled often and Rey really didn't want to get caught off guard. For the moment the coast seemed clear so she turned back to her friend. Her soft eyes reflecting back in the frozen surface of his and she pressed him for an explanation.

"What don't you get?" She genuinely asked.

Finn huffed, eyeing the young woman in front of him curiously. He was so angry with her, he really was, how could she care even the slightest for the monster that every one else in the universe was
stuck running from? But he was also angry with himself. He hated lying to her, hated putting on a front that he knew would make her feel terrible while he did it and even more, he hated knowing what this would all do to her after wards.

He swallowed and his eyes fell to the ground between them. He was startled when she suddenly grabbed his hand with hers. She hated being touched, especially hand holding, she never liked that. He cast his eyes back up to hers. She had such pretty eyes, always so warm and caring. It killed him knowing he how bad this was going to hurt her in the end. She was going to blame herself. He just knew it.

"We're not getting Poe and Chewie back!" He suddenly blurted out covering his hand with his mouth a fraction of a second too late to stop himself.

Rey leaned back on her heals. Her grip on his hand loosened and she almost fell back but he grabbed her shoulder before she toppled.

"What?" It was barely a whisper.

Finn's mouth opened and closed like a fish under water.

"Finn, what do you mean... of course we are. Luke and I won't rest until-"

He pulled his hand away from her and forcefully climbed to his feet. His back was to her but he could feel her eyes like lasers trained on the back of his skull.

"Finn, we'll get them back, I promise." She comforted.

His eyes closed and he squeezed his fist closed. "No Rey, we won't. They may already be..." He stopped, unable to continue the sentence out loud.

"They're fine. Ren said we have two days and I know you hate hearing this but so far he hasn't lied once."

Finn heard her rising behind him and his muscles tensed. He was suddenly nauseous but he had to tell her. She'd think it was her fault if he didn't and then she brought him up; that Dark side monster...

He spun around to face her and she took a step back in surprise. "There's not going to be a Kylo Ren to hold anything over you're head for much longer." He spit the words like venom and Rey physically recoiled.

She saw it then, a deep swirl of something she was becoming all to familiar with lately. Darkness; and it was alive and well in Finn. But that couldn't be right. He was good, he was light. He was her happy bubbly friend.

"Finn that anger, you have to... wait, what do you mean?" She stepped closer to him, her hand suddenly falling on his shoulder.

He tugged his arm away but her fingers dug in, not allowing him to break free from her hold.

"You'll be free Rey. With out him to track you down... " His eyes shifted. "You can start over. With or with out me, it doesn't matter, you'll still have your freedom... and I'll have mine" His voice darkened and she couldn't believe what he was saying.

Her head lowered, her eyes running over the ground as she lost her self to her thoughts. His hand fell over hers and he gripped it over his shoulder. "Don't be sad Rey, it's not your fault. Poe and Chewie
are doing this for the Resistance. It's what needed to be done."

She jerked away from him. Stepping back and shaking her head as she stared him down angrily. "What are they going to do? What ever it is we have to stop them." She started.

Finn shook his head. "It's already too late. It may have already happened."

"What are you talking about?" She screamed at him, panic over riding her better sense of reason.

"Come on, it's getting dark; Luke should be at the temple by now. It's time to get that ship and go." He started past her and she clipped his shoulder hard with hers, sending him back a step and a half.

"Finn tell me what they are planning or-"

His eyes narrowed on her then. "Or you'll what?" He yelled angrily.

They were both breathing heavily, suddenly both feeling threatened by the other. Rey had only a second to contemplate what she was doing before her hands reached for him. She took his head between her palms and squeezed her eyes shut. His erratic and disheveled memories collided with her skull all at once. She cringed in discomfort as they blinded the front of her eyes. He screamed and dropped to one knee. Her own legs were locked in place, even as they threatened to buckle she stood like stone, unmoving as her mind moved painfully through his.

She was like a whirlwind moving through his head, leaving things upturned and out of place as she clumsily attempted a technique she wasn't even close to being ready to attempt yet. One she didn't even know she could use, but she was attempting anyway. There were many things that flashed through her mind, but she focused in on what she was there for until she found it. The memory that tied everything together.

Poe, Chewie and Finn where whispering. Poe constantly peeking back to make sure Luke was still preoccupied with what ever he was doing while they spoke. They all wore somber expressions that hardened into pure determination as the whispering went on. Then Poe held out his hand revealing a small device. She'd come across many devices like this while scavenging through the old war ships back on Jakku. The device wasn't large enough to take out a ship massive enough to dock the Falcon but...

"...He's going to detonate it when Ren's in range..." She announced to herself as her brain processed what she was mentally watching the three comrades agree on. "You've all gone mad... that's insane... that's not what Liea would want..." Her hands set Finn's head free and he collapsed forward. She trembled and her head hurt but she had no time to focus on anything but what she'd seen.

Ren... oh Maker, Ren... The last time she'd seen him he'd been face to face with Poe... was it too late now? Is that why she could barely feel him? But he couldn't be dead, she can still feel him. He's there, somewhere on the other side of the hum she knew he was there. What if he hadn't tried to detonate the explosive yet? Force, she had to stop this. She had to warn him!

"Ren?" No answer. "Come on Dark one, I know your there I can feel you." She all but tapped her foot waiting for some kind of snarky response that never came. "Kylo Ren answer me!" She demanded. "You're there... you have to be..." Her words became soft. Nearly a plea as negative thoughts took over her head.

She didn't hear the foot steps as they approached. She barely even heard the command come from the trooper behind her.

"Put your hands up and turn around slowly." A lightly modulated voice demanded.
Rey's eyes were squeezed shut, tears creeping out from between their lids. Her heart thrummed in her aching chest. "Damn it Kylo, you answer me!" She yelled through their bond and the man on the other end painfully jerked to life. His mind being forcefully yanked from his state of deep recuperative meditation.

His eyes flew open and her name flew from his mind to hers. "Rey...? What...?"

"Poe..." Her mind was frantic with the return of his to the empty space that she left open for him. She was sending him bits and pieces in her frantic state.

He's alive, he's ok... She comforted herself, bathing her mind in the weight of his. She nearly chocked out a sob as she found her lugs working again.

Kylo Ren scowled. What the Kriff! Just what the Force is she thinking, opening our connection while gushing over another man's safety?

Jealousy... why was she feeling jealous so suddenly? She pushed the random feeling aside and focused on warning him instead. "Poe has..."

"I haven't hurt the damn pilot, Scavenger!" He informed her angrily. "I'm reconsidering now though." He honestly admitted.

"No, Ren you don't understand..."

"Are you daft? I said put your hands up Resistance scum!" The trooper called out again, this time noticing the jacket by her feet.

Rey tensed unsure of what was suddenly going on around her but feeling a definite threat at her back.

"Scavenger, where are you?" Ren felt her tense, he pushed further into her mind and found Finn on the ground at her feet. He was alive but struggling with some kind of pain.

Rey turned slowly, her hands raising in the air as she side stepped to face the storm trooper at her back.

"There's a bomb... I don't know where but Poe is planning to-"

"I know, it's already been taken care of."

His voice was stern and solid in her mind. She felt it moving through her and it brought waves of relief with it's lingering weight. More tears slipped down her face and she felt her hand dabbing at her cheek though she hadn't sent it there herself.

"I told you, you had two days, I thought you understood that implied I wouldn't hurt them until..." His voice started off ringing with clear annoyance but as he followed her thoughts he realized the truth behind her emotions.

She was worried for her friends but it was for him that her tears bled for. He was dumbfounded, speechless, completely taken by surprise. Her relief coursed through her, flooding into his end and there was no doubt of what he'd found in her head to be true.

"You... you were trying to warn me..."

"They were going to-"
"Yes and while you care for them, it was me you were concerned most for. Me you wanted to protect." He said the words just as she was realizing them herself.

She'd panicked over his safety. What did she even say to that? How should she feel? "Your my bond mate... mine." The words out of her mouth surprised her as much as they'd surprised him. She was protective of him, bordering possessive.

"What?" The trooper asked in confusion.

Her hand waved across the air and her mouth moved without her consent. "Move on, there is nothing out of the ordinary here."

"I should move on, nothing out of the ordinary here." The trooper turned to leave but Rey's voice caught his attention before he even took one step away.

"Provisions... food, water. Just enough for one." She added quickly.

"I will get provisions." He began marching away when Ren canceled the order.

"That's unnecessary. Just return to your routine. All is well here." Rey said, to late to process what Ren had done.

"I'll just return to my routine. Everything seems well here." And the trooper began forward again.

"No wait!"

The trooper stopped.

"Move on." Ren ordered through her voice and the trooper continued.

"What are you doing? I... I need those supplies." She grumbled at him nervously, while her stomach growled at her angrily.

"You most certainly do not!" He calmly replied not planning on leaving her in the area long enough to receive them anyway.

Rey turned back in Finn's direction. He'd passed out in the dirt and of course Ren took notice.

"What happened?" His alarmed voice moved through her head and she switched her weight from one foot to the other uncomfortably. "Was it the trooper?" He inquired curiously.

Rey's right hand ran up and down her left arm nervously. "I... I shouldn't have tried it but... he wouldn't tell me." She passed what had happened to him through thoughts in her mind like sharing pictures through a holopad.

Surprise ran from his end to hers followed by an immeasurable amount of... pride. She lingered on the feeling for a quiet moment before snapping at him, mostly to redirect herself, she didn't deserve praise for what she'd done to her friend.

"We needed that food and water, Ren."

"You don't need the trouble it would cause if that soldier gets caught bringing it to you. Where's he going to hide it, his pockets?"

Rey could feel his sarcasm through their bond and she really wanted to show off the scowl she was giving him on her end. Ren smiled at her annoyance, always happy to pull a rise out of her whenever
"We need to hide the boy and you need to get to the temple." He raised her arm for her and Rey could feel the Force in the area gathering around her.

It was mesmerizing. She felt it like warm water closing around her raised arm. The way he interacted and controlled the Force so easily through her was amazing. The next thing she knew Finn's body was rising in front of her, levitating through the power Ren controlled through her mind and body. She gasped and warmth spread through their bond.

"I'm going to teach you so much, Rey." He warmly boasted, his pride beaming from the amazement she was feeling over his capabilities instead of the bolstering of the narcissism he usually felt over his power. He remembered how awestruck he was in the beginning to. The way he felt when he watched his Master interact with the Force, even Luke Skywalker had impressed him once upon a long time ago.

Rey swallowed and this time it wasn't from fear or disgust or even self criticism. She was intrigued. Curious beyond what reason told her was normal. She was interested in the Force, in her power, in the power she could have, but most of all she was interested in him. The way he made her feel, the strange sensations his voice caused to ripple through her. The way she heated when he was around physically and how complete she felt when his mind joined with hers.

She could feel the intoxication of his power rushing through hers, mingling with the Force around her and the Force she housed. Rey wasn't stupid, she knew that some of what she felt was the influence of both their bond and his emotions but after how she just felt when he was gone, how she felt when she thought she may never get him back... this was more then outside influences. Rey was enamored and it was mostly with him, Kylo Ren.

Only a few silent moments had passed before they had found a good spot to set Finn down. She was tucking his jacket over him when Ren suddenly answered a question that had been following her sine they started off to find somewhere safe for Finn to rest.

"Because he's important to you." Kylo bit out uncomfortably and Rey knew enough not to push the topic further.

It was moments like this that left her the most puzzled. Moments when it was just the two of them and he was going against what she felt to be his natural grain all in an attempt to make her more comfortable or... happy. He constantly stepped out of his comfort zone to make her feel at ease or to assist her in some way or another. It was as strange as it was alarming but she appreciated it. He'd only ever asked for one thing in return from her and even that seemed more beneficial to her then it could be for him. He wanted to teach her. Sure it would open her up for him to more easily access her power but what was that compared to his?

"I have to go now, Rey. Make your way to the temple. You're not far from where you need to be." He was suddenly distant, already pulling away from her mind.

"But the ruins are huge... how will I find where I need to be?" She already sounded alarmed. She'd just gotten him here. Just gotten use to the weight of his mind nestling against hers again. Her voice became more frantic as he began closing of their connection again, why did he keep doing that? "I don't like this place Ren. I don't want to be alone here." She admitted, not caring how weak it made her sound. Every instinct she had warned her against this place. Every single fiber of her survival instincts were shooting off like little fireworks in her nerves.

Ren could feel her unease and he commended her for her awareness. "You shouldn't like this place,
It's been filled with overwhelming Darkness since... well you shouldn't like it, but you should know by now that you're never really alone."

Rey shivered at his words. It was one thing to feel how she felt about this place, it was another to know Kylo Ren was confirming it.

At least she wasn't going crazy.

There was a half hearted chuckle from her bond mate. "No Rey, far from it. This place... it use to be filled with the Light. A place of peace and tranquility, though I never found that here myself, it was once the pinnacle of the Light side." His voice darkened as though the memories he was clearly reminiscing over were fading. "There was an immense shift in the Light, a turning point for the Dark side, and this place was lost to the light and has been since. Someone like you..." He trailed of for a brief moment before continuing. "You shouldn't feel comfortable here at all." His tone changed, his voice hardened and he felt suddenly cold to her. It was then that he began to close himself off to her again.

He was going to leave her here, alone, wandering around aimlessly. She thought in her panic. "You're being dramatic." He stated flatly.

A spike of emotion flared through their line. She was offended and though he really wasn't in the position to currently do so, her reaction made him smile.

"Stop!" He demanded through his curved lips. She was about to get snippy with him when he cut her off. "Close your eyes."

His voice ran over her, sinking in like warm water through long hair. He soothed her, relaxed her nerves and eased her discomfort. She couldn't help but comply to his gentle demand so she did. Her eyes closed, her lashes fluttering as she waited to hear his voice again.

"Feel our bond. Feel me..." His words wrapped around her like silk and he gently tugged on the line that connected them.

Her feet shuffled forward and her breath fled from her chest like she'd been squeezed by invisible arms but it wasn't Ren. It was their bond reinforcing their connection, their overwhelming belonging to each other.

"You're already here." She announced, only then realizing what he was pointing out to her.

"Sweetheart, I've been here for hours." There was a lazy satisfaction in his words and he did nothing to hide it.

"What the Kriff, Kylo?!?" She snapped at him, angry that she'd worried about his safety and he'd been here the whole time, probably laughing at her from his end.

His heart skipped in his chest, she'd said his name, just his first. It had been through a flash of frustration but she'd said it non the less. Their dynamic was shifting. No matter how her friends felt about him, they were moving past being enemies. They were becoming casual. Progress. He thought with a wicked smile on his face.

"Well, if you really want to kick my ass... all you have to do little Scavenger... is come find me. Our bond will lead you right to me." He said smugly, taunting her with his challenge.

She was already moving, already following the little string that flowed between them when his final
words ran through her head.

"I'll be waiting."

*I really enjoy the warm feels I get From kylo's softer side but omg do I love the cocky side of Solo/Ren. Mhmhn I do I do I Do-oooo! Also that poor storm trooper and darn it Finn... what part of that plan sounded like a good one... silly boy. Any way I hope you guys enjoyed, I know I did. OMG REY; Finally coming out of the Team Kylo closet internally. *

Kudos, comment, and Love ! Lol

-DarkGuardian-
"Stay where you are." The blazing blue eyes of Luke Skywalker left chills down Rey's spine.

But it didn't stop her from scaling the last three of what felt like endless stairs to reach the top of the temple ruins. She remembered this place. This is where they would meditate. A place of peace and serenity, just as Ren had said, but it wasn't anymore.

There were scars in the stones that laid crumbled and wasted at her feet. The temple was scorched. Permanently darkened by the burns it had endured almost a decade ago and stains... dark stains that have nearly faded under the hands of time's care. What was once a beautiful light stone was blackened and destroyed. A crumbling waste of what was once a great temple of learning.

Rey was bent over, her hands on her legs as she caught her breath. Her eyes were already scanning her surroundings. She was searching for him. Somewhere amongst the rubble and ruins he was here. She knew he was here. She could feel him close by and he had after all, led her here.

Her head lifted and her eyes set on the Jedi that brought them together in the first place. Luke Skywalker stood just ahead of a wide opening. An opening that used to lead to the inner chamber where he used to train his Padawans in the ways of meditation. She remembered their time together. But she remembered that it had been Ben that really spent the time teaching her, guiding her as he was offering to do now.

There were doors there once; where the opening now is. A sudden image flashed through her mind, the large wooden doors were burning. Flames licked along the surface of the wood and there were... screams. Behind the door, there were screams. Rey unconsciously moved for the door and Luke stepped in front of her, blocking her path with his body.

"Can't you hear them?" She side stepped and he copied her movements staying an obstacle in her path, keeping her from venturing further into her vision. "They need our help... they need." And then the doors were gone again. There was blackness behind him, nothing of the former wooden doors that she had just witnessed being engulfed by flames.

Her head spun and she repositioned her feet to stabilize herself. Her eyes darted everywhere as the world she thought she knew shifted in and out of focus. In and out of the present and the past.

"You're too sensitive to be here. To moved by the Force." Luke's emotional voice cut through her head.

There was something stifling about where they stood. Something so dark had been here. It had long since passed, yet it somehow lingered. Rey could feel it like icy fingers clawing at her flesh. Digging into her shivering spine with out mercy.

"I should never have allowed this." Luke took her arm gently in his hand and meant to pull her along but her feet remained planted and she rocked under the pull of a different force, the Force.

It was too late for him to protect her mind. Things were already flashing behind her eyelids. Images burned into her retinas and sounds burrowed into her ears. The flames were back. There were figures cloaked in red and they moved with alarming speed and precision striking and sweeping until there was no movement left to challenge them. They hacked and slashed until there were no more screams.

Flashes of light streaked through out the darkness around her as a few remaining were being circled, corralled until they were surrounded by the figures in red.
"Please... Stop this." A young, deep voice cracked from behind her, pulling her attention from the ensuing massacre. It was... familiar. It begged and pleaded. "I don't want... not like this." There was anger in this voice. Confusion and hurt, so much hurt.

Rey spun around following the pitiful sound of the guilt heavy voice. It was Ben, her Ben. He was on the outside of the circle fighting them, the red hooded figures. Two against one and some how through his anger, he was making headway, cutting one down before the next moved in on him.

Rey felt a weight that she'd felt twice before passed over her. A Darkness so thick she couldn't breath, crowded the vision. The very witnessing of it polluted her mind. It tied around her and squeezed, crushing her under the mere memory of what once stood in the very place her feet now settled. She watched Ben struggle against the skilled warrior until a long wave of hideous blue lighting struck him down. It came from his left and while he was locked in combat with his adversary. He didn't even see it coming until the searing light connected with him.

His body convulsed and he lost hold of his weapon but he never stopped trying to climb to his feet. He struggled against his body. Dragging himself closer to the fallen lightsaber that lay just out of his reach. She'd witnessed Kylo Ren struggle like this against her once, and she felt ashamed now. Mortified with the likeness of this very scene. He'd been on his back then and she'd looked down on him in contemplation... over his life while the Darkness tangled her thoughts with it's own. Coaxing her to finish him off, to take his life. It was the same Darkness that slid over her inside the Starkiller just before he killed his father.

"Do not fight this boy. It is a rite of passage and you will concede. It is your destiny to accept your place at my side." That voice. It was the same voice that haunted her as a child. The same voice that demanded she kill him years later. More alarmingly, it was the same that Kira had witnessed referring to Ben as his apprentice years after Kira had forgotten about it.

It was malefic, haunting, filled with the very things that nightmares are born from. It seethed with darkness. Venom dripped with every word. The sound was acid to her ears and her palms rose to cover them but she couldn't save herself from the invasive memory that held her prisoner.

"This is your initiation. You should feel honored boy, did your grandfather not under go such test himself?" The malicious voice asked over Ben's struggling form.

"There is no honor in this Master. This is slaughter. It proves nothing of my strength." The young man spoke with years greater then his own. He pulled the saber to his palm with the strength of his Force. Where his body lacked his mind compensated for.

"Do not be so noble Benjamin Solo. Such morals will make you weak. Are you weak boy?" The Darkness dripped like rain though the air around them.

Ben squeezed his eyes shut. There was conflict within him. It raged like the fire that ate at the world around him. He climbed to his feet then. One shaky leg at a time took to the stone underfoot like a root, uncompromising in his resolve.

"No more, not like this. I will prove myself to our cause through combat. It is my way Maser." The young man stood against the form that Rey could now see stepping from the shadows to tower over him.

It was long and lean and stretched higher then every other form present. The Darkness clung to him like smoke. It moved over his golden robes like rolling steam. It's long arm extended and he fired the
lightning at the young man again. Ben screamed in pain but he did not falter. He stood, shaking in his pained determination and tears streamed down Rey's face as she watched him suffer.

"Think of everything this place has cost you. Think of the pain. The fear and loathing they have shown you." The lanky creature moved behind the young man. It's long arms reached out further then possible and she saw his long fingers fold over Ben's shoulders but that couldn't have been possible. The creature was too far away. He kept his distance, safely out of harms reach. Yet there they were, his boney fingers cured around Ben's shoulders, squeezing and biting into his flesh. "The blame they have placed upon your shoulders... I do not need to remind you of your hate, you harbor enough to drown."

Rey's eyes squeezed shut, only they were no longer her own. They were his. She cringed as her mind fell into unison with his and somehow she remembered this. It was a nightmare she'd had once, long ago. It made no sense at the time. She hadn't even been asleep when it happened. She'd been out scavenging. Her gut had wrenched and her mind had reeled. She smelt fire, tasted smoke and then she was here.

There were bodies every where. Most were faces he didn't know, he only recognize them from passing. The few that had been brought to the center though, they were left alive for a reason. They were an offering to him. A gift from his Master.

Ben shook his head but he could feel the anger creeping up. He could feel the hate clouding his mind. The red was coming. Rage was running through his veins. Every plea from the Jedi and Padawans made Ben feel sick. It wasn't pity that their cries brought on but more hate. They were pathetic. They begged for his help. Plead to be spared. Most of them had harassed or dismissed him. Most had gone out of their way to bring Ben misery and now they begged him for absolution.

Their cries filled his ears and his hands covered the openings as he desperately tried to block their wailing out. His mind drifted then, he searched for a place away from the burning hate, somewhere he could think without the rage that so easily consumed him.

And that's when she remembered waking up. Her eyes opened and she was back, dangling above the wreckage she' come to scavenge only she wasn't alone. She felt something with her but at the time she didn't know any better. She didn't know he was there.

His eyes opened and he was blinded by a bright white light. It took him several seconds to refocus his burning pupils. He was suspended high above the earth. Searing heat surrounded him. The air was thick with the sticky heat that caused sweat to drip down his cheeks and shoulders. Perspiration ran down his arms to soak into the wraps that covered the length of his biceps down to his wrists. His gloved hands skillfully shimmied down a rope as he descended into the focus of the pooling light below.

"Where... where am I?" His voice echoed through a space that felt familiar but he didn't understand why.

There was a feminine gasp from his mouth and his startled hands suddenly released the cord he’d been repelling down. Now he was falling. His hands reached while his leg wrapped around the rope he’d released in his shock. His body slid and he frantically grabbed at the material he was barely dangling from. His hands held fast but they burned as he fought to hold on, sliding down the cord until his gloves had been singed away under the friction. He held on until blood stained the rope and finally, after cutting deep into sensitive tissue, he let go. His body was now in a free fall and it only lasted seconds before he landed.

Is wasn't the stop at the end of the fall that damaged him, not that; but what he landed on. A thin
sheet of metal shot through his sternum, cutting his small mid section open and lodging itself within. He screamed and again the sound was unfamiliar to his ears. It was high and feminine. He attempted to sit up and the metal sliced into his abdomen. His eyes rolled and his temples slicked with sweat. There was a moment where he felt something or maybe, someone. It was warm and familiar, welcoming and safe. And then it was gone, replaced by a quiet blackness and he felt alone in the new space. The pain was still present but it was so much less now.

Somehow he knew this was not his pain. This was not his body suffering the injury he though he sustained. With out the intensity of the pain that flooded his side he was able to dislodge the metal plating. He put little to no thought into the power that flowed from his hands. It was a just there when he needed it, welcoming and waiting for him to command. With a muffled cry from between borrowed lips he placed his hands over the bloody wound in his side and the power release into the gash. The pain was intense and burning, but there was something else there. Underneath of the pain was something intoxicating. Something addictive that he'd never imagined he could experience.

When he was done his hands were shaking. His muscles ached with the need of something that was now missing. Something had been altered and could never be reversed now that it had been tapered with. A powerful mind started to stir within the space he invaded and he felt himself fading. Some how he was being forced out.

"Wait..." He was being pushed back as eyes fluttered open under the beam of light they laid under.

When their mind awoke ben found himself back in his own head again and now Rey had an explanation as to what happened on that strange day. The day she nearly found her self severed from her navel out. Her clothes torn and her hands covered in the blood that soaked them, but seemed to come from no where as she had no recent injuries. Only a new scar across her mid section. Her hand moved to the scar. The jagged reminder of the nightmare that was very real. Some how they had found each other, entered each others minds in one painful blip on the map of their connection. She continued forward in her vision, an unwilling passenger on the ride through a wrinkle in time.

He was standing over the group he'd left behind. His lightsaber was ignited and his hands were shaking with rage. It seemed like there was a mountain of bodies at his feet. The remaining Jedi that had been pleading for their lives only moments ago were no more then pieces of hacked and burned body parts, lumped together in an unidentifiable mess of flesh.

His Masters torturous laughter filled the stale air around him. The scent of blood and burned flesh permeated in his nose, catching in his nostrils and lingering. The scent would never be forgotten. Ben turned his head to the side and his stomach erupted, spilling the contents from within onto the freshly dismembered bodies beneath his feet. He dropped to his knees. His lightsaber disengaged to roll free from his weak grip to land in the bile that was once in his stomach.

What had he done? He'd fantasized about this so many times before, dreamed about it, but never imagined he could actually do it. Where was Master Luke... he should have been here. He could have stopped him... he could have stopped all of this...

"Enough, they will never take you back now!" A booming voice cracked like a whip against Ben's skull. Silencing his thoughts. "You have proven yourself to your Master. Ben solo is no more. He died here tonight. You have been reborn in blood. This begins your new life, rise Kylo Ren and join your Master on the Dark side." The figures in red surrounded the young man.

His mouth opened but no air entered or exited his lungs. He was breathing deeply through is nose, unable to do much more then that, he stayed on his knees until his flesh ached. His palms rested on either side of his vomit and blood coated his trembling hands. He pulled them away from the saturated stone and the suction between his palms and the sticky fluid beneath released with a
sickening popping sound. Thick ropes of black blood ran down his forearms. Only when the fire around him flickered bright enough could he see the substance for what it was, the dark crimson that stained his skin was unnaturally bright when the light shone over it. An impossible shade of neon red marked him, forever staining his vision with the guilt he wore like paint on his hands.

A Darkness that was not his own had taken up residency in him now. A clinging force that attached itself to his mind. It dug into him, it's claws buried deep in his brain until he couldn't tell where he ended and it began. He knew with out a doubt that his Master had been here. While he'd felt safely tucked away, foolishly thinking he could escape his own reality in the mind he'd found himself in moments ago, his Master had taken advantage of his absence, seizing the opportunity to invade his mind while his already weakened shields were down. Snoke had made sure to leave a piece of himself behind, he'd lodged a fraction of his darkness deep within Ben's mind. There was no turning back from this. Ben had taken the wrong path and now the only option he had left, was forward. There was nowhere else he could go from here. This was his only choice.

He rose to his feet. A new determination in his mind. A new strength in his resolve. He could feel no hurt, no pity, or pain and certainly no regret. Ben would feel those things and he was no longer Ben. That boy would be left behind with the dead, executed by Kylo Ren along with the others but not before...

Kylo Ren summoned the saber he'd been working on for moths to his open palm and it flew to his hand with ease. The weight of the hilt felt right in his grip. This is how a lightsaber should feel in it's Master's hands. The blade he would have trained to become a Jedi with, if his former Master had not denied him the honor, remained in the puddle of blood and bile, a fitting end for the light side training saber. The perfect representation of the Light; dead and defeated.

The new model of the plasma blade he held captured it's Master perfectly. He ignited the blade and crimson rage shot from the housing. The color blending with the blood on his hands, split into beams that shot from the hilt in three places. The power of the fractured crystal was so great it needed exhaust points, places to vent through the destructive heat so the unstable crystal wouldn't explode under the rule of the casing that thought to control it.

Kylo tested the new weight in his hand, twisting and twirling the blade. His wrist rotated and the blade hissed though the air. It was the most satisfying sound he'd ever heard but he longed for more. His young face turned in the direction of the red robed figures that surrounded him. His movements where fluid and even his Masters elites hadn't expected it when the young man struck out at them. He moved with a new freedom, with a new understanding of his power. There was an acceptance that he'd alway denied before this night and now he had no reason to hold back. No reason to cage the Darkness he always kept on a tight leash and so he let himself free.

Within moments his Masters warriors were defeated and it happened so fast that Kylo Ren hardly remembered the strikes that took them down. He turned, his chest and shoulders heaving in satisfaction. He prowled in the direction of his Master. Had the figure moved, had there been even the slightest sign of weakness... but the creature stood tall. Proud. Unmoving as his young Apprentice approached. Kylo Ren drove the end of his blade into the stone before the figure and he took to one knee. His head bowed and he awaited his first of many instructions.

Rey was shaking when she came back to her senses. Her body trembled and her mind reeled. She could still smell death in the air. The burning flesh lingered and the blood sat deep in her nostrils. Having nothing in her stomach to dispose of, she fought against a dry heave. Luke crouched down beside her as she struggled to breath on her hands and knees. His hand fell over her back and he ran his palm soothingly along the length of her arched spine.
"It... It wasn't his fault." Tears poured down her face.

"I know Rey... I know."

"He didn't want to. He... " Rey sobbed.

"Shhh. It's ok. I know."

She looked up at her former teacher, what would have been her former Master from her youth if not for Ben first earning that title. "But what that thing did to him... what it's still doing to him."

Luke opened his mouth ready to supply more of his repetitive admittance but Rey pulled away from him.

She grew angry, protective. "No! You don't know! Clearly you know nothing." Whether it was warranted or not she lashed out at him. "It wasn't him... He didn't do it. He... he fought against them."

She drifted in her thoughts, pulling on a memory she'd long since dismissed as something that couldn't have happened at the time, but she knew better now.

"He was with me... it was my head he found himself in." She lifted up her tunic scrunching the material in her hand until her left side was visible. There was a long white scar across her torso. It was jagged and thick but had receded over the years. "He did the best he could to heal it. He saved my life." A thick rolling tear cascaded down her cheek. She was drifting away from her anger as she spoke, her fingertips trailing along the length of her scar.

Luke looked away. "I know." He raised himself to his feet and her eyes followed his movements.

"What do you mean, you know? If that's true... how could you let every one around you believe that he did it, that he killed them all?" She angrily scrutinized.

Luke turned in her direction, meeting her gaze with his own."Because that's what Snoke wanted him and everyone around him to think. If I had challenged that he would have had Ben prove himself in other ways."

"But...Ben... the guilt..." She shook her head fervently, unable to believe what she was hearing... certainly unable to accept it.

Luke raised his hand and angrily stepped in her direction. "How long until Snoke asked him to kill his mother and father? How long before it was Chewie or the first person he ever called a friend before he came to the academy. How many lives would his Master have demanded of him if he found his apprentice pulling away?"

Luke stepped closer to Rey, his eyes solemn, two solid blue stones sinking into an ocean.

"But... both of you... you took his choice away." Her body trembled in defeat.

"How long before he was to track you down... ?" He sighed suddenly seeming tired, worn down like stones beaten and smoothed out under the waves of time. "Even after everything Ben has given up, after everything he's done and sacrificed, Snoke keeps testing him, pushing him to prove himself over and over again. His father and now... " Luke turned from her then, dropping his hand to his side in defeat.

Rey climbed to her feet and she moved behind him. She watched Luke's lungs move through the
back of his rib cage, his shoulder blades spreading and collapsing with every word he spoke and every breath he took.

"Ben accepted responsibility and we both know how stubborn he is. No matter how I went about explaining all of this, there was no coming back for him. Snoke made sure Ben would feel cornered long before that night. He made sure he would never feel welcomed in the light years before he ripped him from it. If he felt separated from those who should have loved him before that night, imagine how he felt after."

Rey could only shake her head. She wanted so badly to disagree, but she couldn't. Luke suddenly turned. Spinning around with a new kind of motivation. Hope...? ...Twinkled in his sapphire eyes.

"Tell me Rey, when you reach for him through your bond... when he's with you in your head... what do you feel? What do you see?"

Rey closed her eyes. The simple answer was; whole. Like two halves of something became complete, but it was so much more then that. more then she really had words for...

As she was searching for an answer through the line of their bond she found herself in an open field. Green stretched in every direction for as far as she could see. Tiny colorful flowers dotted the green and gold landscape around her. Tall thin vegetation stretched up from the ground, yellow and white stems shot out from the center of the stalks and spread into long beautiful petals. Long green grass bent in a warm breeze that carried scents of the field they rested in for miles.

Rey had never seen any thing so beautiful. She was small, comfortably contemplating things she should have been far to young to understand and eating a sweet fruit he had brought for her. Her eyes caught his form shifting through the her peripheral and she smiled warmly but he seemed too far away today to notice the small movement on her part. His dark wavy hair caught on the breeze and whipped gently across his face, blocking his profile from her inquisitive little eyes. She wrinkled her nose and poked at him.

"What's wrong Ben?" Her small voice rang like a bell in his ears, but he didn't move.

She reached for his shoulder and tugged lightly. He turned to face her and the crystal blue sky above them suddenly moved like it had been caught in the slip of time. The pure warm light of day darkened above them. The gentle breeze turned violent and harsh. Blowing sand materialized in the hands of the bellowing wind. It beat painfully against her skin leaving abrasions behind where it made contact. She covered her arms and tucked her face into her body in an attempt to shield her eyes and mouth. The lush green surroundings rotted away before her eyes darkening into rotten mush and wasted earth.

The beautiful flowers turned to ash and crumbled to the softening ground beneath her feet. She aged as the world around her changed. Her swaying field became rippling waves of hot desert sand. She reached for the young boy in front of her, but froze when she saw his unmoving face, a face of hard lines of steel and carbon. The sun overhead reflected painfully off of a black and silver mask. The sand gathered and swirled around him, the tiny particles turning ebon as it wrapped around every inch of him. He grew in size and stature as the sand changed into weaves of cloth, cloaking around him in layer after thick layer of midnight colored garb.

They stood across from one another, she was fading into the blinding light around her. That same light cast a shadow large enough to swallow a man, and it did. Ben was being consumed whole, his body disappearing into the shadowing darkness that longed for him but he reached for her and she reached for him; desperately trying to touch him before he was completely consumed. They strained, both reaching until their joints ached. His fingers nearly touched hers before the last of his skin...
disappeared under the blackness that slowly took him over.

Her eyes widened. She no longer recognized the man consumed by darkness. She recoiled when he stepped closer to her. She tried to pull her hand away before he could touch her but his arm stretched and fingers locked painfully around her wrist, encompassing the frail mass of it completely with his large hand and long fingers. He tugged at her. She planted her feet trying to keep her footing, but the ground beneath her was shifting again. It melted away and she couldn't find a solid place to stand. It moved under her feet. Every time she stepped she felt more and more slip away. She wanted to look down to track her footing, find something to stand on, but she couldn't look away from him. He was mountainous now, he towered over her. His fingers locked around her small wrist and he gripped her with a vice like strength. Her head shook and she tugged back but he pulled her closer to him. Try as she might she couldn't fight him off. The sun above them blacked out, melting from the sky like liquid gold.

Then the ground slid from under her and she plunged into shadowy water. Rey fought to stay afloat but she didn't know how to swim so she sank into the blackness around her like the sun approaching the night. She kicked her feet gasping for air at the surface and still he tugged on her. She felt the cool darkness creeping into her mouth. It snaked and slid down her throat every time she tried to breath and in her struggle it quickly overtook her. She felt it filling her lungs, choking her as she sank deeper and deeper into the liquid below.

He drifted Above her until he was all she could see. His form blocked everything else out, even the cloak he wore floated around him like ebon wings mesmerizing her fluttering eyes with what he represented. Was he her death... or her life? She was struggling to breath. Sinking deeper into darkness and he was all that was left to hold onto. And then he let her go. Her eyes widened in terror and she clawed at him, trying to grab any piece of him. He was so close, but she couldn't touch him, narrowly missing him every time.

Wasting no time fighting the pull against the threatening darkness around them, the masked man set his hands to work, raising them to his helmet. Bubbles of life tickled at the sides of the metal mask, crawled their way from underneath the edges and ran along the front until they were free to float to the surface. He lifted it away, freeing himself from the confines of the darkness that surrounded his mind. He let the cumbersome piece slip from his fingers and she watched it sink past her until it was lost to the abyss beneath them. He floated weightlessly just above her face in the black water and then he reached for her. Rey didn't resist, didn't fight anymore. She had no reason left to do so. She could drown alone or she could surrender to him.

But when he touched her she felt anything but captured. His hands cupped her face and suddenly, she could breath. She felt herself warming, felt the icy water around her heating up and she knew as he touched her she was the conductant. The blackness around her began to retreat leaving her in luminously lit water.

Light radiated up towards him and she realized then that it was coming from her. There was no more struggle. Nothing left to weigh her down. It all fled from them when they connected. All but the darkness he claimed as his own. Ben became something more, just as she had. He dominated it, cloaked it around him and wore it like armor. And the Darkness accepted him completely. It greedily surrounded him, clung to him as though it were his to command and she knew him as something else then, some one else. He was the same but different. Ben became Kylo Ren and he thrived in what surrounded him. While they united he mastered the darkness completely, moved with it as though they were one in the same.
The closer he got to her the more he could control this primal thing that blended itself so seamlessly to him. And claimed in his Darkness Rey had never shone so brightly. The darkness encasing her made her burn with a ferocity that equated to a living sun. Only then did she realize that he made her burn hotter, shine brighter than anything she was capable of on her own. And his Darkness held her like the brightest star in the velvet arms of space. A sun that dwarfed all other stars within the embrace of his endless black expanse.

Together they were alive. They were the end all for one another. They balanced each other. Without him she couldn't burn and without her he couldn't see. He was the reason for her to shine and she could light the path ahead of his blinding Darkness. She was the warmth he craved and he was the cool salve to her burning heat.

She accepted him and he reciprocated her acceptance openly. His thumbs found her lips and she blazed against his touch. She felt herself shattering in his hands. There was no pain, but there was power, more power than she could comprehend. His face neared hers and the darkness around them thinned into a warm, yet cool grey. They blended each other’s strengths cloaking each other’s weaknesses until they were no longer of the light and the dark, but something else entirely.

Rey was suddenly bent over the ground. Her face inches from the stone as she struggled to get air into her lungs. Luke was at her side, crouched low to help support her.

"Breath... just breathe..." His hand swept across her back helping to relax the constricted muscles around her lungs. "Don't lose the vision Rey. Reach out..."

And she did. She was there again, with him, their arms extended, clasped together by each other's wrists. His side swirling with the ever-consuming Darkness, hers glowing with blindingly bright light, in the middle, at the center where their arms locked, their power fused, burned between them and moved out along them. His Darkness moving over her, Her Light traveling over him until nothing separated them from each other. They became one powerful being. A torrent of Light and Dark.

"Now, What do you see?"

She could hear Luke's voice whispering to her through her vision.

Her answer then; "Light... Darkness... A balance."

His hand pulled away from her back and her mind abandoned the vision to her memory. She was still bent over the stone but her breathing was normal. She blinked repeatedly before pulling herself to her feet. She was staring at her hand when Luke's voice broke her trancelike state.

He nodded with a certainty. "You are ready then." He said calmly. "You don't need me anymore."

His words were frightening and her eyes opened on a sudden chill that ran up her spine. What did he mean she was ready? She didn't need him anymore... what was he talking about?

"Your time is up Skywalker." Kylo Ren stepped out from within the shadows of the room they once used to meditate in. The room they had spent countless hours connecting with the Light in. The room now flooded with darkness.

*Oh sheet you guys, I've been holding onto the balance vision since I started writing this story... literally I've had it since I think week one and have been waiting sooo patiently to get here.... holy crow I'm finally going to get to use this material and it doesn't feel forced... wow there's so much happening. So much to think about. Shwew.... the feels...*
~Please Kudos, Comment, and I hope you enjoyed~

-DarkGuardian-
"Your time is up, Skywalker." Kylo Ren stepped out from within the shadows of the room they once used for meditation. The room they had spent countless hours communing with the light in. The Room now flooded with darkness. He stood tall and straight. His impressive size and broad shoulders crowded the space that looked much larger to Rey before he moved to fill it. The space had taken two large doors that met in the middle to keep out the unwelcomed interruptions of the world beyond them, now they only needed the stoic form of Kylo Ren to fill their role.

Rey ignored the dignified yet challenging manor in which he poised himself, his feet spread and his arms out at his sides as though repulsed by warring magnets. His helmeted head was level, no dip, tilt or lift, just-level. His shoulders aligned perfectly to parallel the doorway he stood in. It was as though he were now the guardian of what laid within but she knew he had no interest in the darkness that moved behind him. She could feel the heat of his eyes along her skin. The weight of his stare covered her like liquid fire and her stomach fluttered. He craved her light with the same intensity that she longed for his darkness and she felt the desire to move closer to him.

Her chest tightened and she stared back at the warrior before her. The menacing Master of Darkness. Could she really be the light to guide him? Could she stand in his path without being crushed under the weight of his aspirations? Her Force swelled around her, a primal response to the primal challenge standing before her. Her power responded to his very presence and she knew the second his head tilted in her direction; he felt the pull to her just as she did to him. This wasn’t a game, not some thought up form of manipulation concocted by the Dark side to lure her into a trap. This was one side in desperate need for the other and she was quickly falling to the same desire.

Kylo Ren was many things, but the thing that stood out in her mind most right now, was his honor. Before her now stood a man with a code. There was valor and honor in the dark knight who commanded attention with his very presence. He was one to state his intentions boldly and right from the beginning he had. Kylo Ren had been honest with her from the start. He was one to strike from the front, eye to eye with his opponent. No this was not a game, not to him and certainly not to her.

Yes, she could stand before him with out being destroyed under his ambitions. Rey of Jakku could stand just as tall, just as proud. She concluded, her confidence invoked by the need she felt wafting from his end of their bond. Knowing with out a doubt that she was the center of this powerful man's desire gave her a sense of that power. To know she had some kind of sway over something as dangerous as him, was intoxicating all on it's own.

Her eyes were still glossy from the recent visions and the new discoveries that helped her better understand the anomaly that stood before her. Ben had spoken of honor. He wanted to prove himself, to show his power through his strength. He wanted an honorable fight between the other Jedi. He would have challenged them one by one if his Master would have allowed it. As much as Kylo Ren would deny it, there was more Ben in him the he realized.

She was raw, her emotions unrefined and wild. Now she was drawn in by her need to close the distance between herself and her bond mate. Too consumed to care what he represented even as she stared at him, his large form cloaked in ebon from head to toe like a neon sign reminding her of just where he stood, just where his loyalties were; the Dark side. Still she was undeterred. He looked just as he did in her most recent vision, powerful and menacing and covered in black. She wondered then if he had seen what she had? Her stomach rolled over the images that were fresh in her head. Her heart ached in her chest over what she'd just witnessed and all she wanted to do was touch him.

How long have they been apart of one another? Her fingers suddenly ached to touch the scar that ran
along her abdomen, or perhaps the scar along his face would be more satisfying? How deep did their entanglement go? How many more memories where hidden between them? The last question invoked another that she suddenly felt more curious about; How many memories would be forged between now and their future? A cool chill crept up her spine and she swore she saw his unbreakable stance tremor.

Rey had been suffocating all day. Her skin itched and crawled at the loss of his presence in her mind. Partly because of how much of his power was still in her from when he'd helped repair her and partly because she just... because. There was no explanation for it, no sane reasoning to back her desire to be near him. Rey didn't discredit their bond but she also put heavy consideration into the fact that the more time they spent together, the more she discovered about this man the more she began to realize that he was not at all what he seemed. Now they were mere feet from one another and she felt like finally she could breath. The darkness that had been pushing against her deflated lungs was diminishing, perhaps due to the fear his mere presence caused.

Could the darkness fear a man? If it could, surely it would be this one.

Seconds had flashed by in what felt like hours. "Here we are Ren." Her words were shaky but not from fear of him. She held her feet back from moving towards him. The muscles in her legs trembled at how close they were. A few steps. Just a few short steps. "Poe and Chewie-" she began, having to deal with one important matter before another.

"-Will be released the second you and I have safely returned to the base they are being held at." He finished her inquiry, and he couldn't help but watch for her reaction to his declaration.

She visibly shivered and he wondered if it was from the implications of his words or the modulator that distorted his voice; he knew she hated it. He watched as she nodded. It really didn't matter one way or the other how she felt now. Whether she wanted to go with him or not, this was it.

"Very well." Rey took a single step forward, moving closer to the reason she was here in the first place.

This was it and in the finality of the situation she decided it didn't matter the circumstances, she wanted to go with him regardless. Her mind had been made up the second she'd thought she was going to lose him earlier this evening. She was just as much a part of him as he was her. Everything around them pushed for them to co exist, who was she to fight against the will of the Force? As long as she didn't have to join the Dark side what harm could there be in allowing him to train her, Luke wasn't going to do it...

Her mouth opened and she thought she called to him... a simple word forming on her lips, pushing from her throat to roll from her mouth on a single breath of air. His name. But that's not the sound that filled her ears. Her head shot to the Jedi just ahead of her. The loud ignition of his emerald plasma blade shooting out from it's cyber crystal muffled the sound of her voice and the space between Rey and Kylo Ren lit up with a green hue. That saber had the nerve to split them down the middle again.

Rey's head tilted to the side, she'd forgotten that Luke was even there. Her hazel eyes reflected the emerald back at Kylo as she switched her focus between the two men. Those same eyes flicked back to the Jedi, now seeming more the color of the blade that reflected off of them as she stared in disbelief in his direction. Her mouth opened again but the deep sound that came out was once again not her own. She looked up and across, back to him. Her chest heavily rising and falling from the suddenly high doses of adrenaline spiking through her blood as her brain processed the words that filtered through Kylo Ren's decoded voice.
"She was never yours to protect."

His words sent heat rushing over her skin. His declaration weighed on her like the pressure of his mind and her first instinct told her to challenge his claim, but her other senses told her to relish in what he was omitting. He was suggesting that she was his. And why should she feel the surprising rush she was feeling now, he'd always suggested that. He'd staked claim to her from the moment they met. Her pulse thrummed excitedly in her throat, not because of the fight she could sense coming, but from the thoughts that clung to her mind as she watched the muscles in his arms tighten and retract with anticipation.

Was he reacting to the threat ahead of him or the feelings passing through their bond as she pondered over his possessive claims?

Her eyes moved back to the Jedi who was preparing himself for the fight she felt was unnecessary. "This is not going to go the way you think it is." Luke's head tilted slightly in her direction, the movement was almost unnoticeable and she was already doubting she saw it at all. His eyes stayed focused on the fully armored Dark sider across from him. He straightened his arm and the blade moved out from his side, the luminescent plasma hovered inches from the ground, the tip pointing low but his form suggested that he was ready for the fight to ensue.

"Let the past die... kill it... if you have to," Kylo Ren stepped forward, his lightsaber already in his hand and Rey's head snapped to face his just as the crimson beam struck to life to shoot out from its core and then through the sides at the exhaust ports that would become the crossguard. "That's the only way to become who you were meant to be." His arm came up and the unstable blade crossed in front of his body in a knights salute, the brightness of the fiery plasma so blinding that it made the darkness around him seem all the thicker.

"No... " She muttered. The two men stepped closer and her head shook more fervently.

"No!" She shouted but it was like neither noticed her presence. Both stubbornly ignored her protests. Rey still faced Ren and she brazenly stepped in front of Luke, positioning herself dangerously close to the end of Kylo Ren's crimson blade.

"This doesn't concern you Rey, only remember what I told you... You're ready now." The Jedi at her back warned her.

Kylo remained silent and the position of his mask suggested that he was looking right through her. She wouldn't allow it. She stepped into him, nearly plastering her chest into his, lifting her hand to meet the wide space of his broad chest as she flattened her palm against it and held him at bay with the gentle warning.

Her voice was strong, certain and she held her chin higher knowing that she could stand between them with out fear. "Don't you dare!" She hissed up at the Dark sider who remained focused on the Jedi behind her. That is, until her hand pressed against his chest. His helmet tilted down and his dark eyes gleamed back at her through the slitted visor. He remained silent and for a moment she thought it was over. But then he brushed past her, his massive body moving like a predator towards his prey and with a grace that was startling.
His shoulder brushed past hers and she was left with the rush of their Force pulling between them and the scent of him in her nose as his cloak, trailing behind him, stirred the air around them. She turned to follow him with her eyes. The strength in her voice faltering under the tug of their Force signatures mingling between them. "You're not doing this..." She croaked, clearly effected by their nearness even with the anger rising in her blood.

The broad shoulders of Kylo Ren tensed but his steps didn't slow. Both men twirled their lightsabers in their hands and Rey couldn't believe how ridiculous they were being. Her hand reached for the space in her belt where her lightsaber once was, but she'd forgotten that she left it in Finn's care. Their lightsabers were suddenly clashing and Rey couldn't believe that this was real. Sparks flew between the two plasma blades as their wielders unleashed their will to overcome the other.

Of course it was happening, the last time Luke had been this close to Kylo his face was being burned off.

"Please...please don't do this..." She tried to reach Kylo through the only other way she knew how. Perhaps if it looked like it was Kylo's desire to end this silly battle Luke would seek a truce as well but the Dark sider wasn't having her interference. Ren shut his mind off to her then and she felt the wind completely expel from her lungs.

"I've waited a long time for this Jedi Master." He announced, his blade pressing heavily against Luke's. "How appropriate that for one of us," Their blades crossed catching one over the other for a single frozen second in time. Both men spun to counter the other. Twirling blades moved so fast the plasma streaked though the air in lines as they struck and slashed. Both cut across the air hoping to land a hit each time only to find their opponents blade in the same position bringing the plasmas together again. "...It should end here." Ren's words were slow and deliberate as they dragged out of his decoder. The pace at which he spoke demanded complete focus to process. The speed so slow it brought all attention to his voice just to decipher what he was saying.

Luke swung low and with far more speed then he seemed capable of prompting Ren to jump in a narrow attempt to keep his legs from being severed clean off. He growled and attacked his uncle with a rapid burst of quick strikes that were far stronger then their speed suggested. The Jedi back peddled under the hits. The duelists struck and ducked and dodged with grace and agility, each growing more ferocious with each passing strike.

"You were my greatest mistake Ben." Luke attempted a sizable Force push but Kylo raised his hand in response, blocking the wave of power with his own and Luke returned to striking again with his saber, lunging forward just as Kylo spun to deflect the strike that would have run through his hip. He ground his teeth, that would have been a very crippling blow and it was very close the the mark. "It's time to correct that error." His uncle continued, and he struck again this time skimming klyo's left forearm.

Kylo hissed and the sound was eerily inhuman through the modulation of his helmets decoder.

Rey couldn't believe the exchange between the two men. The animosity. She couldn't believe what Luke had just said. Had they not just witnessed the same vision? How could he say such a thing after what he knew to be true...? .

Their sabers danced and struck and slashed with speed and dangerously precise accuracy. Rey clenched her fists and stepped forward. This was the only way she knew she could end this. The only way left for her to intervene. Her hands lifted out in front of her to shield the oncoming strikes she was now stepping between as she drew on the lingering Force around them. It was Kylo Ren's lightsaber that smashed her Force shield to pieces upon contact. His anger and determination shattering the Force field on the first hit as he swung the spinning blade over his head to strike down
on Luke. She gasped, her body nearly falling back under the force of the strike.

He made a grab for her wrist just before her bottom hit the ground and his Fore swept her up, preventing her from touching the stone beneath her. Both men's faces had snapped in her direction. His hand freed her wrist as he set her to her feet. There was a growl from deep behind his mask and with his lightsaber still angrily blazing in his fist he raised both hands to his helmet, unlatching the locks that released the hissing armor before he angrily pulled it from his head. It flew from his fingers as he discarded it to the side. It skipped across the stone before it slid to a stop somewhere behind her.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" His angry brown eyes seared into her alarmed hazel orbs. Her mouth slacked and her bottom lip trembled. She hadn't expected the first strike that hit to shatter her defenses and she was left startled and now with his menacing form looming over her she couldn't help the fear that wafted from her like a pungent scent.

There was a determination she'd seen in his eyes before and her thoughts were dipping into her memories for the last time she'd seen him like this when suddenly a green slash brought her search to a screeching halt. It had unexpectedly cut down over his right side... with out warning... and while his back was turned.

He'd still been facing her... Luke had attacked him while he'd still been facing her...

In a fight with another opponent Rey could expect the quarrel to continue whether or not he'd been preoccupied, but with his back turned... against Luke, she would have never expected the Master Jedi to continue his assault.

Kylo's movements were so quick that Rey's own reaction happened seconds after his. He brought his lightsaber up just in time to catch Luke's blade with his own. His hair whipped around his sweat glazed face and he bared his teeth at the Jedi who struck at him while he was distracted. Rey all but whimpered in her disbelief at the battle she'd hardly paused with her near sacrifice. She'd felt so defeated, so insignificant on the scale of things.

"It's time..." Kylo raised his lightsaber high and Luke's green blade lifted with the raising of his nephew's crackling plasma blade until his arm was stretched well over his head. Of course the Jedi still only had the one hand and so his torso was left completely exposed. It was the position he'd meant to leave his uncle in when kylo bent low and shoved his shoulder forward to land a solid hit to Luke's gut. The Jedi stumbled back, the wind forcefully knocked out of him. "...For the Jedi..." Kylo pulled his blade back and reared forward with a blinding speed that left Rey frozen in horror. "...To end..." He echoed the words his uncle had said to her less then a week ago as his crackling lightsaber plunged into Luke's stomach.

The Jedi Master arched forward as his feet stumbled back. The same baleful blade that ran through Han Solo now impaled through Luke Skywalker's torso. The Jedi's hand released his now disengaged lightsaber and sluggish seconds passed before the hilt clinked loudly off of the stone beneath his feet.

Rey screamed until there was no air left in her lungs. Her throat burned and her tears came instantly. Kylo pulled his crossguard lightsaber back and Luke dropped to his knees.

Kylo crouched down, his face hovering close to the fallen Jedi's bent head. "It's over now Skywalker, but don't worry, I'll take good care of her."
Luke's bowed form rested inches from the scorched burn that marked the exact location of where Kylo Ren had first plunged his blade into the earth to pledge himself before his new Master. Luke's hand lifelessly dropped to his side, his arm dangling until his fingers slowly curled.

"No! No no no no!" Rey watched in horror as Luke's head fell forward. He was still perched on his knees when his chin finally rested against his chest.

Rey was on her feet, her wobbling legs carrying her forward even before she knew what she was doing. Kylo took notice however and he turned to face her. His eyes wide and his face slick with sweat. His chest rose and fell wildly and his dark eyes bore into her as she neared them. His hissing lightsaber welcomed her closer but it's Master did not. He shook his head tussling his sweat slicked hair from side to side with the severity of the motion.

"It end's here scavenger. It has to." His voice flowed through her and she nearly stumbled over her own two feet.

Kylo Ren's arm raised and his hand opened. Her eyes widened but her mind was to fractured to defend herself and in her disbelief her reaction Was too late. His mind pressed over hers and mid step her legs buckled as she fell forward. Careful to keep her safe, Kylo dropped to his knees just in time to catch her before her unconscious body could hit the ground.

~Man I'm expecting some serious backlash from this chapter... How are we thinking Rey is going to handle this... how are you handling this... let me know... and eh, oh well, here's to moving forward *takes a swig of her tea and gets back to typing!*~

Kudos, Comment, tell me what you think.... oh boy.... Dooon't Haaaate Meeeee!

-DarkGuardian-
A painful introduction

Rey was in pain... everything hurt and she couldn't tell if it was physical, mental or both. She struggled to breathe in the dark room she woke in maybe an hour ago. It was a small cell. She hadn't gotten further in her investigation then that. She was still lying on her side and had been since her eyes opened because she didn't care to do anymore then that. She hadn't the will power to move.

There was an incapacitating swelling in her chest that was so intense it constricted her breathing. Her cheeks were puffy, her eyes swollen and sore from crying. She felt so lost. So alone again. Luke hadn't been related by blood, but he didn't have to be. There were two people in her life that were with her longer then her blood family. One was of the light and now gone, the other... well... Ben Solo was a heartbreaking anomaly. He was a Dark sider, there was no doubt or denying of that fact, but who was he? Who was he really? Was he the same man from the island or was that a fleeting version of him? Was he really just the man known as Kylo Ren, the man who killed his family at just the strike of his crimson blade?

Luke had instigated the fight, even attacked him with his back turned... but surly Kylo Ren was confident enough to dismiss the old Jedi as a threat, Luke couldn't have really intended his nephew harm...

The man she was getting to know was not always understandable. He was capable of both destruction and brutality but also compassion or maybe more accurately pity. At the very least he was capable of order. He had a code, she'd figured that out, not what that code entailed but she was sure he had one.

He had Light in him, but he had much more Darkness then that Light and yet... he was never truly what she thought him to be. She should hate him for taking some one else from her, should feel disgust towards him. She should still think him a monster incapable of change. But she couldn't entirely, not after all she'd learned about his past... correction, their past. She was just beginning to trust him, really trust him and then...

Rey lifted her hands. Metal dragged along metal as she pulled them closer to her chest. The shackles that had been placed around her wrists clinked along the floor making the heart in her chest ache even more. She stared down at the glistening metal of her restraints in disgust. The little light that she was left to sulk under wasn't much, but it was enough to allow the reflection to playfully dance along the shiny metal of the cuffs that shackled her hands together. She wondered how much of what she thought she knew about Kylo Ren had been an act.

How much was real, how much was a lie to get her here?

Well it didn't matter because she was here now and he had her in manacles and locked up. She supposed now that he had her in his complete control there was no need to pretend to care anymore. After that she figured he must have decided to end the charade by throwing her in the dark cell so he could finally forget about her.

What kind of threat was a desert scavenger now? She had no teacher. No place in the world and with Luke gone there was really no reason for anyone to come looking for her.

Rey knew it was a ridiculous way of thinking. After everything they'd gone through in the last few days, everything he'd done to keep her safe. She knew if he wanted Luke dead from the beginning he would have killed him much sooner then he had. Something had changed and Kylo Ren had adapted. Still, as she rotated her hands to watch the dim lights over head bounce off of the shackles
around her wrists she couldn't help but contemplate how much of anything she really knew. After all, she was so disconnected from him that she could barely even hear the hum at the back of her skull. Some how he'd become a master at keeping himself closed off from her. For months he'd tried breaking through her walls and now that she was willingly letting him in...

She shook her head, unable to face the hurt that came from knowing that not only was Luke gone, but quite possibly, so was Kylo Ren. He had become such a deeply ingrained part of her that it embarrassed her as much as it pained her to admit she didn't know which loss hurt worse.

There was a sudden clicking sound over head and her eyes followed where her ears told her the noise originated from. She stared up at a solid metal door finding a bright white crease of light growing to a sharp line in the darkness. Her eyes squinted as the light grew, spreading open in front of her as the door split from the wall to reveal three stormtroopers and a man in a sharp black uniform. Rey raised her hands over her face to protect her sensitive eyes from the invading lights that stormed her senses.

"On your feet sand rat." One of the troopers ordered accompanied by the motion of his blaster pointed in her direction.

Rey sighed and lowered her heavy arms once more. She was physically famished and mentally exhausted. She couldn't pin point how long it had been since she'd eaten and her stomach was past the point of cramping. She had cried herself emotionally raw and her head ached with the invasion of sound, motion, or light and now she was forced to endure all three at once. She laid her cheek back down along the coolness of the metal cell she laid in.

The choice to ignore the stormtrooper turned out to be a bad one. His armored foot came up to crack her in the stomach and upon impact her already tired body shrank in on itself. Her eyes squeezed shut but other then a guttural cough, she made no other sound. She'd been in worse condition before and the physical pain didn't come close to the emotional distress she was already in.

"I said get up desert trash!" The trooper yelled cruelly and his foot came up again but a halting hand from the man in the black uniform stopped the trooper before he struck her again.

"Actu-hally..." She worked through a stuttering cough. "...Y-hoo said... d-hesert r-at..." She corrected backhandedly. She knew it was stupid but in honesty, the physical pain bothered her less then the hurt constricting inside of her chest.

The trooper reacted instantly. He stepped forward, his shoulders leaning aggressively in her direction as he advanced. The only thing stoping him was the squeezing hand on his arm. Rey glanced up expectantly and when a retaliating kick didn't come she shifted her focus onto the man she assumed was in charge. The man in the black uniform was smirking down at her. His blue eyes like lasers fixating on her tired hazel orbs. There was something about him that made her skin crawl. Something about the way he looked at her. She couldn't pin down what it was but every alarm in her head was going off at full volume.

He bent down, his hand outstretched in her direction and his black glove upturned. Rey glanced at his hand for a second before locking her eyes back on his face. He wore soft leather gloves. They were smooth and almost as shiny as his boots. He clearly wasn't a man who got his hands dirty. She was betting he did very little heavy lifting of his own if any at all. He was a man who told others what to do and from the looks of those soft gloves she was sure he had no qualms about ordering them to do something he absolutely wouldn't do himself. She didn't know why she compared the two, but she felt like Ren wasn't the type of man to order anyone to do anything he wouldn't do himself.
No, this man was Someone high up in the ranks who utilized his position of power for his own benefit. He probably never had a single callous in his life. You didn't wear soft leather gloves for anything other than show. They offered no protection, or very little. Rey shimmied away from him but her eyes never left his face.

He wasn't bad looking but she wouldn't call him attractive either. Maybe if his creep factor wasn't so high... with his intense blue eyes like cool blue pools against his snow white face and his sturdy but fair jawline accentuating his masculine complexion; he had sharp features that could probably be charming in the right light but here, in the dimly lit cell those strong features didn't help what he was trying to pass off as kindness, sympathy or maybe just pity and Rey saw right through the facade behind the extended hand. She just knew what kind of man he was the second she caught him smirking down at her; every instinct in her told her the extended hand and softened look he was giving her now was a front and she trusted those instincts.

He shrugged and his hand pulled away. His small peach lips pulled into a thin line and his brows, orange like the rest of his well groomed hair, pulled at the center of his face in a scowl. His eyes sharpened and he glared at her, clearly she had offended him by turning his hand down. Rey was betting he wasn't use to rejection either and she showed her lack of concern by turning her head away. It had to be a shot to his ego.

"Suit yourself." He said with a snarky tone and in an accent similar to her own. He waved the troopers forward and there was a startling amount of clinking armor rustling above her as the troopers quickly moved to grab at her arms.

They pulled her to her feet as she struggled against them. A balled fist landed an inch from where the foot had just assaulted her moments ago and she lurched forward upon impact. The man in charge held his hand up again and the troopers stilled while all four waited for her response. He gave Rey a moment to catch her breath probably anticipating that she'd now comply with whatever it was that he wanted. Rey, already knowing she'd decline his hand again, took the moment to regain her composure. She coughed a few times before her lungs loosened enough for her to breath again.

When he felt she took long enough the redhead snapped his gloves fingers to gather her attention and then practically shoved his palm in her face while she was still leaning forward in pain. Her head flew up in anger and she wasn't surprised to find him smiling at her. A smile she was sure he thought was charming but she knew it would be better suited to something slimy and maybe with three or four heads.

"Care to reconsider my offer?" He asked her arrogantly and with a clearly insinuated threat. If she refused the troopers would probably start pummeling her.

Her head tilted to the side and she gave him an equally false smile to match his own. Glaring up at the man defiantly she asked cockily, "Do you like being disappointed?" She straightened herself to accentuate her bravado.

In the blink of an eye his face changed. A sneer of disgust flashed across his features and his hand turned to whip across her cheek in a hard backhand. Her face snapped to one side and her neck cracked under the force of the hit. Her mouth flew open in a silent cry of pain but she gave him no further satisfaction.

"On the contrary, I prefer a challenge." He announced, his face smoothing over as he once again donned his gentlemanly guise. "Hmm..." His head tilted and he moved back a full step. His eyes took her in from top to bottom then back up again. "The scavenger that defeated Kylo Ren..." He spoke languidly, as though he'd been thinking out loud and had all of the time in the world to do so. His eyes moved over her in short sweeps, he was clearly considering her. Maybe her stature, her
threat level or intelligence, who knows for what or why. It's not like she was capable of much in her current state anyway.

She turned her head back to face him. The right side of her complexion was red from along her cheek bone to the corner of her mouth where the end of his hand reached. Her eyes were hard with her continued defiance. "What of it?" She spit bluntly, not caring to play into his games.

"Honestly, I thought you'd be bigger." He said with disappointment and while pretending to adjust the glove on the hand that he'd just struck her with.

She shrugged and he went on as though they were having a casual conversation. "You left him for dead." He stated almost contentedly.

His eyes continued to roam everywhere but over her own. She felt it when they scanned the area he had hit, his vision moving over her face like ice over her stinging cheek. The cold of his frosty eyes brought anything but comfort to the already swelling area. His hand suddenly reached out to grab at the center of the cuffs that bound her wrists. He jerked her forward as he spoke.

"I'll bet you're wishing you'd finished him off when you had the chance, hmm?" His voiced leveled out, leaving her to guess if it was a serious question or meant to mock her current situation as he brought her attention to the fact that she was caught and bound because of Kylo Ren, like she didn't already know.

Her eyes narrowed. She was working on getting a read on him, attempting to navigate where he was going with his statements. "You offering me another crack at it?"

She made a show of eyeing the emblem on the sleeve of his shoulder and the silver rings around the wrist of his uniform as though trying to decipher his rank, which she was, but only because she knew he'd proudly tell her if he caught on to her blunt curiosity. She could tell his arrogance would serve her better then trying to pin point what rank the man was herself. Rey didn't really know enough about the First Order to guess at the ranks of it's soldiers. All in all she knew very little past the basics, you know, evil galactic regime and all.

"General." He said with an upward tilt of his head proving her instincts correct.

Maker, he was so arrogant.

"General, Hux." He added like a proud peacock, puffing his chest out with pride.

Rey had to stop herself from rolling her eyes.

"And what you just asked would be treason Jakku rodent." He pulled on the base of the glove as though he'd only just tugged it on. "Do you think I got to General by being treasonous?" He asked rhetorically.

"Either that or no one else wanted the position." She shrugged nonchalantly clearly mocking the air of superiority about him.

His face darkened again and this time she was prepared for the crack that came across her cheek. Unfortunately it didn't make it hurt any less. Her head followed the path of the strike taking a little edge off of the backhand but he gave her no time to recover before his fingers grabbed her by the chin and his hand yanked her face to meet his.

His eyes narrowed at her, his face reddening significantly. "You will show me the proper respect I'm due or I'll beat it out of you!" He hissed in her face like a feral cat. He took a deep breath through his
nose and let it out shakily through his mouth, a clear sign of a short temper. "Seeing how you've been surrounded by desert creatures and more recently stuck in the company of a masked monster, I'll try to cut you some slack, but here, in my presence, you'll learn to show adequate respect. You'll act like a lady or you'll be treated like an animal." His eyes roamed over her again and his thumb and fingers gripped tighter, biting painfully into her jaw. "Do I make myself clear, little mouse?" He reiterated every word with proper pronunciation. He was trying to belittle her intelligence, or maybe he was over compensating for something and this was always how he spoke to those around him. She wouldn't put it past a personality like his.

Rey's nostrils flared. Anger hot and thick crept up into her already nauseous stomach as she glared at this Hux character with the combined anger she had intended to reserve for Kylo Ren and the situation he'd placed her in, as well as what this man provoked in her. "You will send your troops away so we may speak in private." She attempted to mind trick him in a way that she hoped didn't alert the stormtroopers to what she was doing.

He smirked evilly and Rey had to fight a shiver from his response. It was not at all the compliance that she'd been expecting. "Is this your attempt at seducing me or are you straight out going to make me a proposition?" He asked cooly, a disgusting smile slithering across his pale face as he leaned into her.

Rey's eyes widened in shock and she unsuccessfully attempted to pull away from him in disgust.

He scoffed at her and his hand aggressively released her face leaving her to rework her jaw to ease the discomfort from his near bruising grip. "Please, a filthy little thing like you..." He returned her disgusted look. "I'd send you through a disinfectant chamber at least twice before I'd even consider it." He eyed the torn and tattered, not to mention sweat, dirt and blood stained clothes she wore before she realized how disgusting she must have actually looked. On the plus side at least she didn't have to worry about fighting off any unwanted attention or advances because looking like this, she was sure there would be none.

Hux grabbed at her cuffs again and he forced her closer by the cross linking chain that conjoined the rings around her wrists. The more he pulled and tugged the more the metal was cutting into her skin leaving thin lines of raw skin from being yanked around by them.

"See these, little desert mouse?" Using the chain again he pulled her wrists up between their faces. "Unlike you, these are special." His index finger tapped along the cool metal as he spoke softly. "This is a very rare kind of metal. A metal that keeps a filthy little desert mouse from using the Force when she's not supposed to." He finished with venom in his voice. "Did you think we forgot about how you escaped us last time?" He pulled on the chain jerking her hand down at his side and her feet stumbled forward to stop herself from tumbling down to her knees.

She stared at the cuffs in a mixture of disbelief and horror. There was no way there was truth to what he was declaring. Could such a thing really exist? How?

"I can see you're impressed." His hand raised to tuck a strand of loose hair behind her ear and she dismissively turned her head away from his touch in obvious defiance.

She bared her teeth and his hand moved lower, his fingers suddenly wrapping around the delicate flesh of her throat. She froze, unable to pull back any further while the two stormtroopers on either side of her held her in place.

"I wanted to have a collar made..." His thumb stroked her neck and she curled her lip at him in aggression. "...But I simply didn't have time to prepare for your arrival. Honestly, I always assumed when Ren found you you'd finally finish him off." He gave her neck a light squeeze, lifting slightly
to draw a gasp out from her throat. Pleased with the sound of her discomfort he smiled. "Well, now that your here for good, perhaps I shall put in a special request, hmm?" He coo'd as though what he was talking about would serve as some kind of reward for her.

Rey couldn't tell if he was taunting her or serious and that bothered her more then his hand around her neck. The threat of death didn't bother her as much as giving up any kind of control to this man. His fingers opened and he pulled his hand away in one snap of a motion, like if he left it there any longer he'd get burned. His hand stopped between them and again his palm turned upward. Rey swallowed hard, her heart beating wildly in her chest and her brain overloaded in a fear she always thought would come from being forced under Kylo Ren's dominant hand. She'd feared him dominating their bond since the moment she saw the possibility through a Force vision she had. Since she'd left Jakku she hadn't worried about becoming subjugated by anyone other then Ren and while that thought truly disturbed her, at least she didn't think he'd use his power over her inappropriately. Not if everything he'd insinuated in the past had been all a ploy anyway. He had her here now, he didn't need to pretend to want her anymore.

Once she discovered her own power she thought the Force would allow her immunity from slavery. Immunity from any one that wasn't more powerful then herself... or bound to her. Now there was this unknown to worry about too. She recognized the specific brand of fear that was coursing through her veins. It wasn't for her life, but her freedom in the worst way. She had no doubt that given a reason this man would treat her like he threatened to, like an animal. He'd clearly enjoy the prospect to. Rey was not about to let that happen. Her own hand reached out and she hesitantly and begrudgingly, placed it in his. He smiled triumphantly and her stomach churned.

"Well then, now that we've established a functioning relationship, let's get you to the main event." He painfully squeezed her hand in his. When she held back the show of discomfort that he'd been hoping to draw from her, he pulled her hand low, dragging her frame forward to meet the hight he required her to be at to keep from pulling her arm out of it's socket. She proceeded on behind him, her body jerked to a slight bend as he practically pulled her out through the door and down the long corridor that housed several doors on either side of the hall just like the one she'd been held behind. She was nearly dragged along, half bent and awkwardly side stepping to keep up since her hands were nearly bound together and her left arm was still being squeezed by a storm trooper who was walking to close to her left hip for her to take normalsteps. It was a good thing the General was so tall or she'd really have been dragged. She was certain he was keeping his hand so low to make a show of her submission as they made their way down one hallway after the next. Rey tried to keep track of the distance they traveled. She tried to map out as much of the place in her head as she could but really, it all looked the same.

Most of the hallways, corridors and doors looked similar. This place was one big darkly colored durasteel maze. Not to mention there were storm troopers everywhere. Then there were other officers and workers. Even a child or two had gone running from one area to the next. Of course when any of them saw the General they slowed or stopped completely to salute and show their respect. For a moment or two Rey had convinced herself that he was leading her in circles to throw her sense of direction off but then they entered a turbo lift and she saw the floor selection screen.

Her eyes nearly bugged out of her head at the number of floors they could choose from. If this was a hoax to convince her that she had no chance of escape then the masterminds behind it had done a successful job. This place made the Starkiller look like a shack. The General took notice of the glum change in her once defiant face and he tugged her hand forward suddenly bringing her so close to him that her right hip rested against his leg as the lift moved smoothly to a new level of the base.

"Something the matter my dear?" He asked whimsically, knowing full well the effect that this trip
Silently, Rey shook her head. The lift stopped and they stepped off, rounded two more corners, down two more well guarded halls and finally their feet stopped moving in front of a very large door that seemed almost out of place on the otherwise modern interior of the gigantic base. Sensing her discomfort the General smiled knowingly at her. Her foot subconsciously slid back. She could feel it. Something so vile and thick it could only be described as evil waited for her just beyond this door and she really just wanted to bolt in the other direction.

"Well, best not to keep the Supreme Leader waiting." He declared calmly.

Rey shook her head. Her fight or flight kicked in and suddenly she was thrashing against the hands that held her arms. She dropped her weight and leaned back, forcing the troopers to hold her up while she used them to fight off the General. She lifted her feet up planted them against his stomach and shoved him away. He collided into the door behind him.

"Why you little-" He started. His hand came up, his fist balled ready to attack with a more forceful strike when the door suddenly began to release.

They all froze, unsure of what to do next as the door moved with a loud hiss of hydraulics and it slid open.

"We will continue this later mouse!" He quietly threatened before he stood up tall, smoothing over his uniform and running his hand over his hair to slick it back in place.

He motioned for the stormtroopers to lead her forward and they did so without hesitation.

~Please don't forget to kudos and comment comment comment, I love it!~

-DarkGuarian-
The stormtroopers had Rey by the shoulders as they mercilessly led her forward. She dug her heels in every step but nothing seemed to slow their pace. Her focus had been on the hands digging into her muscles and she made sure to make this as hard on them as it was on her, that is until she heard the shuffling ahead of her and the scraping of metal against metal as glistening blades slid against one another. Her eyes shot to the source of the noise and in front of her standing like ominous statues armored in blood red plating as shiny as the floors she was dragged across were two of the most intimidating figures she'd ever seen.

The guards were in some kind of red colored combat gear and like Kylo Ren, they were cloaked head to toe so that no part of them was exposed. At first Rey wondered if these were his Knights, but then, she'd thought she'd seen his Knights once before in the vision she had where he'd been on Jakku and those creatures had donned all black. Black was definitely more Kylo Ren's style but everything else she'd seen since waking aboard this floating base had been black or grey or some dreary shade in between if that were at all possible.

No, these creatures belonged to someone else. Someone she was betting she really didn't want to meet.

The two red clad guards had separated and the hands on her shoulders were back to pushing her forward past the two armored bodies who took to standing like statues once more. As if they didn't frighten her enough, the throne and the humanoid sitting atop it definitely did the trick. The tallest figure she'd ever seen sat in the large overly decorated throne. He was robed in long golden cloth that nearly covered down to his feet even as he sat. Rey was betting that if he stood the expensive looking material would drag across the glossy floor.

The creature known as the Supreme Leader eyed Rey as she was forced to approach and she returned the exchange in full. His skin was garish and pale. He had several prominent scares and his skull was caved in along the left side of his eye socket and jaw. Two smokey blue eyes stared at her as she took him in. His cheek bones were prominent against his sunken flesh and his mouth was small and thin lipped. His hand, matching the rest of his undernourished skin, raised and the hands on her shoulders forced her to her knees.

The smirk that twisted half of his face appeared more like a sneer then a smile, and maybe it was. It was hard to tell with such unnatural features as those which comprised this creatures face. He flicked his wrist and the troopers at either side of her nearly fled from the room.

Rey remained on her knees as the creature stood yet should couldn't help when her body took to leaning back as it or more likely he, began to approach her. Another form moved up from behind her and in her distraction she hadn't even noticed it. The General slinked up just behind her, stopping only once he was close enough to grab her chin with his hand gloved hand. He pulled painfully at her face, raising her head to meet the Supreme Leaders scrutinizing eyes and craning her neck painfully to match her gaze with the at least seven foot creature.

"A gift for you Supre-" The General started in the sniveling voice that she had instinctively imagined he was more used to using.

"Enough!" A booming voice too strong to possibly belong to the thing in front of Rey spoke with absolute authority and the General fell into instant silence. "We both know this girl... is very much spoken for, General." The creatures hands clasped together and the General immediately released Rey's face.
Her neck jerked to the left as he forcefully pushed her face away with his hand but Rey made certain to allow no sounds of weakness. Something told her here, here of all places she could show no weakness. No fear. She would survive through respect but, not fear and absolutely not through a display of weakness. She straightened her shoulders and spine. Holding her head straight she returned the gaze of the creature in charge. Her eyes shone with the same curiosity she found gazing back at her. Blue eyes narrowed in fascination as her hazel orbs met with an air of her own strength of will.

"You are dismissed General." The creature's voice softened behind its curiosity.

"But Supreme-"

"You dare question an order given by me?" His gravely voice pitched and the General nearly stumbled back only to be caught between the red guards at his back.

"Of- of course not my Lord." He succumbed to his superior as he back peddled.

After a few more seconds of shuffling Rey knew the General had gone, leaving her alone with the Supreme Leader and his guards. Rey felt the full focus of the thing in front of her weighing on her mind. The creature was there, pressing against her walls with out even trying. The age of his power pushed down on her like the weight of an endless ocean. She had been foolish enough to think only Ren could overwhelm her with his presence alone. Of course his Master could, it only made sense. He must be powerful to hold Ren under his hand.

Rey gritted her teeth and held fast against his mental assault. This wasn't an invasion she was comfortable with, not that she'd been ok with Ren forcing himself in her mind, but at least she knew his intentions. She had an idea what she needed to guard against when Ren went poking around for information.

"So." The word through the silence startled her and against all of her intentions, she jumped. "The girl who resisted Kylo Ren." He said matter of factly. His tone cold and level. "The scavenger from Jakku." He added as equally level as before. "For one so small, You've caused us a great deal of trouble, girl." His eyes continued to scan over her curiously.

His steps were slow, precise and as silent as the dead. Even the rich looking fabric that hung down over the smooth floor seemed to make no sound as he moved. The whole thing was unnerving.

"And you've been quite the distraction to my apprentice. He's been most..." he paused as though considering her or perhaps just his words before he finished speaking. "Eager... to obtain you." Rey shivered as his words slithered over her spine.

She felt him again, even while he stood behind her where she couldn't see him. She felt him testing the walls of her mind. There was no doubt that if he wanted to he could break through those walls as though her defenses were no more then glass, yet didn't see, to be putting any effort into the process of doing so.

"Yes," He hissed in satisfaction and Rey pictured his tongue flickering out like a snake testing for a particular scent. "I can see why." His voice trailed off as though he had found something interesting to look at and it was distracting him. "Even he doesn't know the extent of the power you hold." His amusement was less then enthusiastic, in fact he seemed unsure about how to handle this information.

He had fully circled her and was now gliding back to his throne. He turned, sweeping the golden robes behind him before gracefully seating himself in the obnoxiously large chair he'd no doubt
bestowed upon himself. His head tilted and he uncharacteristically laughed. The sound thundere
d through the room and forced its way into her skin with painful vibrations before reverberated along
her bones and she cringed.

Rey felt him then, clawing at her skull as though to show her there was no point in resisting. She
wanted to cradle her head more then she wanted anything else and yet she forced herself still. She
kept herself focused on anything but his nails dragging along the underside of her skull. She
visualized his mental claws hooking in and dragging back the bone of her skull, notching claw marks
out of the inner crown like carving wood or grinding out shavings of metal. Rey dug her nails into
her palms, drawing blood just to keep from crying out against the mental assault she internally faced.

"Who- who are you?" She finally asked through gritted teeth and rasping breaths though she was
certain she already knew the answer was hidden somewhere deep in her mind. Somewhere within
the folds of a past long forgotten. She recognized his voice, she recognized the feel of his suffocating
Darkness in her head.

His laughter died and his mental claws retracted allotting her momentary relief from his abusive
game.

"You know that answer already... Kira." He purred our her name taunting her with the knowledge
he flaunted over her.

Her eyes hardened at the sound of her birth name spoken through his volatile voice. Yes, she'd heard
that name through the the thickness of this voice before. Whenever he spoke his gravely baritone
practically oozed with sickening familiarity. That voice was venom to her ears, burning through the
paths of her ear canals to drip like acid over her brain.

"Yes, you know me girl. You were on course to join me once before, but something," he paused and
his tongue rolled around his mouth with sloppy wet sounds. "Someone changed your path." His long
bony fingers strummed along the arm of his throne impatiently. "Imagine, you could have trained
along side Kylo Ren years before now. You would have been better prepared, better attuned to your
powers and your Bond-mate, as was your intended path."

His gold clad figure leaned forward in his chair and his robes spread open revealing a chest so
meager and sunken in that Rey could count the columns of his bones leading down from his collar
bones past his sternum to his hidden ribs which she was sure would protrude just as blatantly as the
rest of him.

"You were misled, taken astray, forgotten and left to fend for your own."

She could feel him, searching her thoughts, plucking her fears and insecurities from her memories. It
wasn't with the same skill that Kylo Ren had, but maybe this was a different ability all together.
Either way it had the same outcome; he knew her fears and insecurities the same as she knew herself,
he was a fogged mirror of her own thoughts. He could openly read her and she hated it. Rey felt bare
before his mind, weak and alone.

"So many wasted years... so long you have been alone." His head raised and he sat back in his
throne once more. "You could have been with him, his equal, as you were meant to be." His voice
lightened and Rey's eyes widened with the possibilities presented before her.

Her face flushed and heat pooled in her core. Embarrassment washed over her like a gripping wave,
pulling her further from the safety of the shoreline of solid ground she desperately clung to.

Could she truly have been equal to Kylo Ren? What did he mean as she was meant to be?
No! He'd seen the insecurities in her mind, found her desire for companionship and used it against her. He'd seen her fear of being cast aside, her desire to belong and the pull she felt towards Kylo was something she couldn't ignore. Not even if she wanted to. He was like her, alone and more then just Force sensitive, he was powerful. Powerful enough to guid her through a world she could comply stumble through with out him. It couldn't be hard for this other powerful being to piece the blocks together from there. Her loneliness sat like a bolder on her hope until she felt squished beneath it's immovable weight and he'd merely identified the thing pinning her down and held it in front of her face.

"I have no reason to lie to you child. You are here regardless of what choice you think you have in the matter. You were taken from him once before were you not?" His hand raised and he turned his palm up as if offering her something she'd yet to find.

Her curious nature pulled her forward and she leaned in on her toes. There was a soft image, a blue glow that reflected across her eyes with the silhouette of a man and a child in his arms. Rey shuffled closer, her curious hazel orbs flicking from the creatures blue hued face and then back to the shifting image in his palm. The illumination continued and the silhouette changed into a larger humanoid and a small child. The girl, who she instantly recognized as herself, tugged against the grip of the larger humanoid, Unkar Plutt, as she tried to free herself before her family's shuttle disappeared into the sky but it was too late. They were gone, only Rey knew it wasn't her family, at least not in the sense that she'd been led to believe. Rey stiffened. Her spine snapping straight as she stood rigidly, her chin upraised to meet the hazy blue eyes that stared back at her triumphantly.

"The Jedi are a lie. Kylo Ren learned this through years of experience. You have only begun to see what you're Jedi Master forced you to forget. The man you protect cares not what he destroys to save his own hide." His fist crushed and with it the illumination snuffed out like a flame in his suffocating palm.

"Tell me, the one who fed you lies when you were most vulnerable; the Jedi who stole your future from you..." His sapphire eyes shone with a Darkness Rey had seen before, a Darkness she'd found in Kylo Ren.

"Where is he?" His smokey eyes narrowed on her. "Where is Luke Skywalker?" His voice pinched, like he was on borrowed air and running low and his words dragged out like the hissing of a sand viper.

Rey lifted her chin but she knew the gloss in her eyes would give the truth away long before her words. There was no hiding anything from this creature. Somehow she knew there was nothing she could know that he could not take from her if he wished. This was a formality, a game he played to gain her trust, possibly to gain her as an ally without forcing her submission. It seemed a lot of effort for someone like her, someone so insignificant to something as powerful as him. Rey fought to hold fast in her resolve, even narrowing her own eyes in defiance but as she suspected the tears stung her sensitive corneas just the same. She hadn't had to say it out loud yet. Hadn't had to solidify what she'd witness no more then a few hours ago.

The answer to his question felt to overwhelming to admit out loud and the last thing she wanted to do was give him this satisfaction she knew he would feel once he knew the truth, but what choice did she have? If she denied him he would take what she refused to give. One way or another he would win and she would be no better off for refusing him the information he sought out.

Her veins burned with the need for something to give. Something to free her from this abhorred situation she found herself in. She wanted to call for him, for Ren, but that urge only added to her confusion and her guilt. How could she think to call for him, it was his fault she was here and partly
his fault Luke was gone. She couldn't put all of the blame on him though. Ren had repeatedly warned her that there would be consequences if she'd refused to join him. Maybe if she'd surrendered in the first place Luke would still be...

No! She couldn't call for him, wouldn't call for him. She'd survived this long on her own.

Her fists tightened in an all to familiar tell that the Dark Master before her had seen many times before. His crooked smile pulled at his thin cheeks and from this close Rey could watch the thin ropes of his muscles move with the stress of the motion.

"You have accepted Kylo Ren as your Master, even now, blaming him as you are for being bound and presented before me you fight the urge to call to him." His laughter fumbled through his chest and it was unsettling. "The bond you share is quite interesting, indeed quite interesting."

Rey felt the heat returning to her cheeks. She felt the pressing hands of guilt squeezing at her insides and she hated knowing the thing in front of her thrived off of her discomfort.

"Do not be so hard on yourself, girl. It is to be expected, given your past..." His words trailed and something foreign flashed across his eyes. "Amongst other things." His dainty wrist rolled as though flicking through an invisible holo pad. "Now, what of the Jedi who tried to take that title for himself?" His voice crackled and smoked like a fire pit of simmering coals begging to be stoked and the flames of his annoyance grew with the threat of his severity.

"The last Jedi, where is he?" The lazy pace at which he spoke suddenly quickened but the creatures motions remained languid. It was an attempt to feign casual interest but his pale blue eyes flared with the heat Rey saw every time he mentioned Luke.

Her silence earned a similar reaction. She watched the fire rise in his humorless eyes and she swore she saw flickering ash fluttering through the reflective ice of those blue irises. His patience with her was thinning and the fire behind his eyes was eating away at the melting pools of ice he stared back at her through. Rey recognized the significance in this reaction, the repetition and severity with which he asked about Luke.

What could make this powerful creatures unbreakable resolution shatter like glass under her fingertips?

The simple answer; fear. The Great and powerful Supreme Leader, felt threatened by the very existence of Luke Skywalker and the annoyance he tried so desperately to smooth over with his casual tones and gestures showed how important locating the Last Jedi was to him. Sadly the knowledge gave her no relief. It was too late to make use of this information and Rey knew then that if the question was left unanswered for to long it would mean life or death for someone and that someone was probably her.

Rey bravely rose to the flats of her feet. She decided that she owed Luke that much as she faced this fiend who'd been hell bent on his destruction long before she came along and practically handed him over to this things obediently groomed executioner.

"Luke Skywalker is dead!" She bit out with anger thick in her voice.

The creatures face lowered to hers. His eyes leveled with her own and the blue simmered and seared with the intensity of his unbridled power. Rey choked back a gasp as his mental hands worked for what she had no chance to keep from him anyway. The final moments of Luke Skywalker played through her head and the Supreme Leader watched with a renewed vigor as she displayed the moment over for him to witness.
The creature quickly stood, his hand raised and he stole control of the memory from her, playing it over and over until she collapsed under the weight of her grief. By the time he released her mind from his control she could barely breath. There was no more hurt, she'd left that in the dark cell she'd woken in but there was anger, raw and bitter and burning deep down in her core.

"At long last the Jedi have fallen."

The Supreme Leader howled with laughter and it hinged more like madness then of joy. Four red clad guards, two on either side of the throne and similar to those who'd shed passed on the way into the room shifted uncomfortably, as though the sound of his laughter had been as much of a disturbing shock to them as it was to Rey. Her nerves were so thin now she thought any further grating or stretching of them would cause her to snap.

"The boy has finally done it." He said as he lowered his fragile body back into the support of his throne, his feeble chest heaving and wheezing from over exertion. "I see now that all he needed was the proper..." His callous eyes zeroed in on Rey and she felt his presence over her like a growing shadow engulfing her entirely in its cast. She'd never felt more insignificant, nor had she ever felt never felt more despicable as she realized Luke had been found because of her.

"Motivation." He finished darkly. The intensity of his eyes told her he was far from done with her and her mind raced with endless possibilities, most of which had some form of torture involved.

He released a long breath and his eyes closed for a moment of silence. Rey remained motionless, her collapsed knees still holding most of her weight as she stayed half bowed before him. Her bones ached against the durasteel but she welcomed the feeling. It was better then anything she was mentally and emotionally suffering through. Finally the disfigured form of the creature before her returned his attention back to her and the growing smolder of his stare nearly caused her to bolt. His darkening orbs followed the trails of her tears down the path of her cheeks.

"Your emotions display your weakness." He said coldly. "Sentiment has no worth here, but I'll leave it to your new Master to instruct you in our ways." His hand dropped lazily to rest along the surface of his throne and just like that he trailed off dismissively in his thoughts.

"How could I deny him what was always his?" He questioned in riddles as though no speaking to her at all.

Rey shook her head, his voice still ringing through her memory and she knew without a doubt now who he was. There was no mistaking the voice or presence that crept along the shadows of her mind. He was there when she was a child. The one telling her to kill when she'd been confronted with the man in black. And he was presence that tempted her to kill Kylo Ren when she stood over him on Starkiller. She'd even recognized the shadow his influence cast when Kylo had been confronted by Han Solo.

"You don't care about him." She barely breathed. Her words sounded lost, as though they came from someone else. "Of course you don't, How could you?" She accused bitterly. "What beyond power could you care for?"

His face slacked and he knew to whom and what she was referring to. "He is everything!" His booming voice clipped sternly, echoing through the room as he stated with absolute certainty this which he believed to be a fact.

"You wanted me to kill him." She divulged accusingly.

"How unfortunate that would have been." He admitted thoughtfully. "I must admit I'm grateful that
was not the path you chose. And now here you are with no path left but the one laid out before you.” He said gleefully, another twist of a small smile pulling at his taut skin.

Rey twisted her sore wrists together in her shackles, her eyes never faltering from the line of his.

"You can stand tall knowing you joined us for the right reasons, girl.” He said as though disgusted by one and the same.

Rey hissed in immediate denial. "I'll never join you!"

The most disturbing smile she'd ever witnessed sluggishly crept across his faint lips. "But my dear child, you already have." He said darkly.

Rey shook her head fervently. "Never!" She yelled defiantly. "There's nothing you could say or do-" she began but the Supreme Leader interrupted her rash attempt at defiance.

"You would follow him anywhere..." His voice trailed off into silence yet she found its echo in her head. "And his loyalty is mine!” He said through her mind just to bully through her meager defenses.

Her power hummed just beneath the surface of her skin, begging to be released. She wanted to draw up her walls and needed so badly to at least try to force the invasion of his mind from hers but as the General promised she felt an interference. Something disrupted the waves of energy that flowed through her and she hadn't the control over her power to sift through the lines of energy that didn't belong there.

Her skin crawled at his invasion. If she could itch her arms raw and bloody she would have. Her head shook but she felt the truth in his words. He was right and the realization felt like a foot pressing into her chest. She'd already chosen to follow Kylo Ren. She'd accepted him as her Master, allowed him to move freely through her mind and maybe even started to consider him an ally. Her Force had woken ten times over and her power had increased significantly since she'd began to accept the bond they shared. She felt more bound to him now then ever. More so now then even when they were younglings.

If Ren belonged to this creature who called himself his Master, then so did Rey. The admittance shook her to her core.

"Do not fret child, you were mine long before you were old enough to have a say in the matter. And Kylo Ren; I had him before he took his first breath. Before his mother held him in her feeble arms I had perched myself deep in his mind." His blue eyes glowed with youthful satisfaction and bright ambition. "Like him, you were only a matter of time. Do not think to hard on your failures." He stood once more and he leaned like he had intended to move closer but he paused, suddenly refraining form his previous choice though, it seemed to bother him to do so. "Under your Masters hand and with my guidance you will ascend to something so much greater then yourself."

Rey's angry eyes glistened in defeat. "Is that what you promised Ben Solo?” Rey spit. She'd suddenly lost the ability to hold her fury at bay. She lacked the control and restraint to keep her quivering lips from speaking.

The creature straightened. "Death follows those who speak that name, girl.” He warned rigidly. "If you should feel tempted to resist the position you have found yourself in, do not forget who you are bound to and who his allegiances belong to. Be mindful, you do not have to choose the Dark side to be consumed by it!” His feeble hand opened and her restraints pulled her further forward as though being tugged by an invisible force, his Force.
His threat served as a frigid reminder of the truth that undoubtedly haunted her. Kylo Ren had the power to bend her to his will and the truth of it snaked down her throat like ghostly hands, grabbing at the air that moved through her seemingly starving lungs and tugging until she could do no more then choke on the silent loss of stolen oxygen.

Her fists balled with the rage that flowed freely though her and she felt something else which burned with familiarity but it blended to seamlessly with her anger and so it faded into the background of her mind.

The thing before her cackled in amusement. "You wish to see me dead? You will not be the last but I will not fall in your lifetime." A robe clad foot shuffled forward. "That anger... tastes sweet in one so deep in the Light, if you were not meant for greater things I would devour you where you stand little one. Your energy would sustain me for a long time to come." He spoke as though thinking the aspect over and his words both frightened and confused Rey.

She shuffled back.

"Your aura, it is strong with the Light but you allow the Darkness to thrive in you too." He considered thoughtfully. "You will be exceedingly powerful in the Dark side, but in you, our young Master will find a great challenge." His eyes darkened and his voice lightened in hopeful wonder. "Of course- if he should fail to tame you, I will take the reigns as your Master... I look forward to your progress either way." He begrudgingly lowered himself back into position on his throne just as the door behind them slid open.

Rey wanted to look back but she couldn't tear her eyes away from the evil thing that disguised it's self in the skin of something almost human. She was truly afraid to break eye contact with him.

"Ahh, Kylo Ren, we have been expecting you." The Supreme Leader called out monotonously as though they'd been casually waiting in silence for his arrival.

Reys shoulders tensed as the Supreme Leader announced Rens presence. She didn't need the verbal confirmation to know he was there. She was instantly overwhelmed by him. His power permeated through her until his essence buzzed along her fingertips. She was drawn to him just as she had been the last time she'd been this close to him, before he'd slain Luke. Her aura recognized his and her body fought to respond, her feet begged her to move to him but she kept her reaction under tight constraints.

Despite her efforts to fight and conceal the reaction her body and Force essence demanded of her, the seemingly all knowing Supreme being before her inwardly smiled at her inner struggle while her Master drew nearer. Rye heard the shuffling of the guards behind her as they undoubtedly stepped aside for him just as they had for her.

Maker, how she wanted to be furious with him. She wanted to fight him, berate him for his actions against his uncle. And here she stood, practically kneeling before something darker then she thought could possibly exist and the man behind her had placed her here. Yet, and nonetheless, she felt the pull to stand by his side.

Force, she hated herself for falling to her weakness. He wasn't Ben. He wasn't... but it seemed like he didn't need to be anymore and when his heavy feet stopped barely ahead of her, when his body stood only a half foot in front of her own... she felt shielded. She felt safe with him near. She'd practically been conditioned to trust him since the Island. He'd gone out of his was for her then, to protect her, comfort her, even to keep her own Darkness at bay.

Now as the cruel creature perched above them in his throne stared holes in her she felt an incredible
urge to cower behind the man who was responsible for her being here. And when his large frame bent down to obediently surrender the extinguished hilt of his crossguard lightsaber at his feet, no doubt as a show of submission, Rey knew through such a painful reminder that he was and always would be Kylo Ren.

The hope within her deflated as his submission crushed the foundation she had left to stand on. She was sinking fast in this new world she found herself trapped in.

It was her fresh memories that betray her hopes of finding Ben Solo behind that mask. Even knowing he was gone Rey still couldn't help but follow every movement with her duplicitous eyes. Aside from the position of his body half shielding hers, and perhaps that too was no more then an accident in his positioning, it was as though she didn't exist to the faithful Dark sider who bowed respectfully before his Master.

Rey didn't dare try to reach him through their bond. She wouldn't call to him, she already decided she wouldn't... She couldn't allow herself to betray Luke after everything this man had done.

How dare she want to cower behind him like a frightened child.

Her stomach rolled at her own willingness to be near him and she almost happily shifted her focus to holding back a heave of nausea from erupting free from her mouth.

"You were not present to answer my summons Apprentice." His Master scolded.

His head lowered still. "No Master, I went back to search for the traitor." He disclosed flatly.

Rey's head shot up in disbelief.

"And?" His Master pressed him forward.

"He had already fled."

There was a huff from the creature who ruled pridefully over his domain but Rey ignored him now, instead taking to burning holes through Kylo Ren's helmet one fiery glance at a time.

"Your Apprentice does not seem pleased with this knowledge." His seething voice floated over their heads.

"They became... acquaintances."Kylo chose his words carefully.

"No more then that, Apprentice?" His Master goaded, cocking his head to one side, his eyes drilling into Kylo Ren as though he could see beyond his masked helmet.

Kylo stiffened. He retrieved the hilt of his lightsaber and he raised himself from his subdued crouch. Something about him seemed to expand as he stood his full height, clasping his lightsaber to the line of his belt and raising his arms to the helmet that hid his face. His hands released the locks along his helmet and he pulled it free from his head before tucking it under his left bicep. Rey's mouth opened slightly. She felt like she hadn't seen him in days. Like the man under the mask would be anyone but the face she saw before her.

Was she allowed to hope it hadn't been him that killed Luke? No, and she couldn't even pretend to hate him even as she fumed over how he'd gone back to capture or attack another of her friends. She was despicable and her desire to both kill him and flee with him left her completely irredeemable.
Suddenly the idea of living out her days on an untraceable island didn't seem so bad an alternative to this. Even if she managed to escape, how could she ever face the others again?

And there he stood, his raven hair nearly touching his shoulders and so dark against the contrasting paleness of his long face and full lips, the only other power in the room that could hold a candle next to his Masters foreboding presence. His eyes were eerily dark and they gleamed up at the Supreme Leader, who to Rey's surprise, allowed the spark of a challenge to stand unchecked.

"The boy is no more then a pest. He poses no threat, especially now that Skywalker is gone." Kylo's voice sent shivers down her spine and Rey wanted to bash his helmet into his head for speaking so coldly about either of her friends.

"Yes, you have done exceedingly well Kylo Ren." And The Supreme Leaders eyes glowed with satisfaction as he praised his apprentice. His attention shifted momentarily to Rey before he added, "As promised, a life for a life; she is yours to do with as you please, Master of Ren." And his bony hand raised to usher Kylo towards Rey.

Kylo froze, his shoulders stiffening as though waiting for something neither of them seemed certain of and Rey wasn't sure if this hesitation was him suspecting a test behind his Masters gesture or something else. She got the feeling that this creature was always poking and prodding Ren.

Kylo swallowed and his Master chuckled. It was a sickeningly weak sound, full of fluid and rasp as though he'd exerted himself enough for one day.

"Go on my son, she's strong willed, posed to resist but," His eyes shifted back to Rey and she flinched under his ominous gaze. "Certainly she can offer you no more pain then I?" He challenged through a harmless threat if there ever could be such a thing.

The idea of this thing harming her bond-mate sent rage flooding through her veins but it was momentary, a fleeting feeling that washed away the second she realized it wasn't Ren who was in trouble here. And while she feared the creature on the throne more then anything in the universe, there was no getting passed the dark empty gaze that Kylo Ren was setting upon her now. Rey shook her head and her eyes steeld back at him, her instincts already sending out large doses of adrenaline as she readied herself physically for a fight she couldn't win.

She heard the words pass between the two men, but she couldn't process the exchange. Her mind couldn't comprehend what was so clearly put before her. Not until Ren's eyes changed. She recognized that feral look. She'd seen it before. He expected to take her as some kind of payment or reward for slaying Luke. The whole thing was wrong, sick! She wouldn't stand for it! Her lips curled and she prepared to snarl at him. To snap and yell and scream if he so much as blinked in her direction.

Her foot slid back as his shoulders squared off with hers. Reys mouth opened and her throat hummed in preparation for the words that would soon follow but with the simple pass of his hand her anger was instantly quelled. Her shackled hands raised in protest but she was far to late. Once more her consciousness gave way to the command of his power.

~Comment, Kudos , Discuss, let me know what you think!~

-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren moved through the base like a storm. The pressure in the air around his Force clad form rose with every expeditious step he took. His cloak bellowed behind him like dark rolling clouds before the break of rain as heavy footsteps thundered through the durasteel corridors and the leather of his strangled gloves crackled with brimming power that surged like lightning along the surface. The confined energy, being offered no other release, popped and crackled along his palms until it practically burst in cadence with his pulsing heart under his tight grip. He usually used the crushing of his fists as a physical method to harness his control, but today, he found it lacking. It was an unconscious tick, a reaction to knowing where she is; where he had to let her traverse, without him.

He’d left the base to return to Yavin four with the excuse that he’d gone back for the traitor. Kylo knew the boy was long gone but he also understood that if he stayed he wouldn't have been able to control himself when the time came. He knew when Snoke summoned him that he would also send for the girl to be brought before him. Snoke being the Lord that he is, would demand at least her presence when he discovered Kylo wasn't on base for him to control and Snoke wasn't exactly a creature of patience, but that's what Kylo was counting on.

As soon as he'd felt his Master's summons he'd started the short flight back to the base. Kylo had been particularly careful with his end of the bond since he'd brought her there. He meticulously worked his brain to control the power that without the added constriction would have otherwise flowed freely between he and his bond-mate. The key was to remain connected just enough to keep tabs, without the delicate threat of demonstrating anything the Supreme Leader could use against him; or he supposed, them was the more accurate term now.

He was numb from the whole situation. He'd been preparing for this for months. Mentally and physically readying himself for this trial and yet he still didn't want to bring her before the Supreme Leader. He hadn't slept well since she'd been in his arms his first night on Ach'To and he doubted he would rest well anytime soon. Meditation had been a decent enough remedy for the fatigue his sleep disrupting demons brought on but even that wasn't enough to satisfy the mental strain his brain suffered through over having to knowingly leave her to meet with his Master without him.

He told himself that he was ready to bring her before him but really, he wasn't; not even close. He could go several life times with out ever having to subject her to Lord Snoke, that is, if he had any control in the matter. After what he'd done to secure her safety he couldn't imagine any reason for his Master to negate on his word; that being that Kylo could have her completely, no further trials required. His Master was a powerful creature though and things could always change without so much as an explanation.

The deal was simple enough, Skywalker for the girl; Done! He reminded himself as his mind tried to reassure his trembling body. Nothing to worry over. Clear your head. Give him nothing! Still, Kylo's teeth painfully clenched as the joints of his jaw locked them tightly in place.

He warned himself in a scolding tone, pushing his thoughts back to the place on the board where he had the advantage. This was his Masters game, but Kylo was now a mindful player and he wouldn't weaken his own strategy with any negative thoughts. He needed all of the will power he could muster to get through the next few moves without risking his place on the board, or his Queen.

He didn't know when he'd stepped onto the turbolift but now the doors were opening and he was exiting onto the floor of his final destination. His nerves sent adrenaline like sparks through his veins. He knew Rey would be in there with him, the Supreme Leader, but he couldn't feel her. It was like when she'd disappeared on the island only then he hadn't understood what had interrupted their
connection, at least, not until he'd lost her signature in the Force tree and then later in the cave he'd been trapped in. After that, he knew what'd transpired. Places where there was a Force more overwhelming then hers could tune her out, or him for that matter and the impressive thing was, there were very few places that could do such a thing. It had taken the first known Jedi temple and a place where the Force possibly originated to do so.

The haunting part of that discovery was, his Master was powerful enough to cause this interference as well.

How do you fight something like that? His mind openly betrayed his self doubt.

It frustrated him, knowing that Snoke was powerful enough to separate them, to dampen their connection.

Nothing, nothing should be strong enough to keep them apart!

His gloved fingers dug into his palms until he thought he thought his own grip would bruise the fleshy padding beneath their pressure. Without the comfort of the gentle hum he'd grown so accustomed to in the back of his brain, he found chaos. His thoughts were angry; he himself was lost to a sense of turbulent delirium that he couldn't navigate through long enough to see clearly. Life was like walking through a foggy nightmare where his own dark thoughts and fears lurked within every expanding shadow.

He knew he wasn't good enough for her, but he could be better. He could do better. He could be stronger; work until his flesh gave way and his blood ran dry. Though the daunting task seemed impossible from this stand point, he would grind himself into dust to be worthy of her. He just... he just needed her. Needed her to accept him, to stay with him. He'd asked twice and she'd turned him down, refused him and though it had been with good reason and both times with very poor timing on his part, he still couldn't let it stand. He couldn't let her run again. Couldn't let her go. And Maker, he knew that it would have been best for her, if he could let her go, but Mustafar he couldn't do it.

Keeping her out of his head and forcing their connection closed from his end... it was like replacing his blood with sand. A few short months ago he'd begged for guidance so that he might find the strength to destroy the little light he had left in him, now, with her here, he was certain he'd never be rid of it. It's where he kept her and now he couldn't tell the difference between the two. If he'd accepted the pull he'd felt months ago, maybe he'd have found her sooner.

There was something inside of him that he could never quell. Something that would never go away no matter how hard he fought against it and Kylo had come to know it as the Light. It was the flame inside that he'd tried to bury with his dead. The Light that he tried to forget when his own name was taken from him. But neither he nor his Master could take the thoughts or feelings that Ben Solo held onto deep down. Kylo knew if Snoke had the power to do so he would have, without question, done it long ago.

Since the day he set foot on the same planet Rey had resided on he'd felt the return of that pull and now it was constant. The flames inside only burned hotter, brighter when she was around and when she wasn't, it was like the loss of all of the stars in the universe. He was just black inside, cold and stale. Nothing moved him. He was empty, hollow, unforgiving in his nature; Frigid as ice and barren as a desert.

To protect himself and the few around him that he had left he'd become more animal then man and when he snapped at her, when he tried to rule her, she'd shut him down with a weapon he couldn't have been prepared for, not in a thousand years. Rey had done no more then lay her hand across his face and it felt like she'd reached into his chest and found the one organ that he'd tried so hard to do
with out. Still thrumming in her grip, she took what he gave freely.

The warmth of her hand had sent a Big Bang through his entire being and he was reborn into a new thing. She had been forceful but so gentle; even after the cruelty he'd shown to those she let orbit around her and through a display of strength and compassion... she conquered him. The Darkness and the primal thing that lived in him were satisfied under her touch. If she commanded, he obeyed.

Something had changed between them on that cliff's edge and now he'd give up anything to posses her. Their bond had fused something permanent between them. The line he use to find connecting them together had changed from that crimson red to a rich purple. Nearly a violet and he knew that their dynamic had shifted as well. It was something his Master could never discover.

Kylo knew she'd felt it too, the change between them. After that she'd been so willing to join him, standing mere feet from him while her entire being buzzed to be closer, that is, before he engaged in combat with his uncle. He was certain she'd want him dead now. She hadn't known Han Solo long and she harbored something close to animosity over Kylo's actions towards the man. She'd spent months alone with Luke on his island, bonding with the lost Jedi before Kylo showed up. She'd found a past in him and Kylo crushed the hope of a future.

Force, how would she feel now?

The Force burned like fire around him. His power felt too hot to withstand on his own. He found his skin crawling from an itch he couldn't scratch unless she was close. His pace quickened as he neared his Masters anti chamber and his steps fell heavier over the metallic floor beneath his feet.

A hand planted high against his chest causing his balance to falter with his thoughts and his feet stuttered before he was halted. He should feel bad for the man or woman who dared touch him like this. He should feel pity for whomever it was who braved stopping him on his way to her.

Who could be stupid enough to stand between him and his goal?

He delighted in finding out. His pulse raced with the eager anticipation. He was going to curb his nerves with the pain he was going to inflict on who ever blocked his path. His torso twisted and his masked face shot in the direction of this dead person standing. His eyes however couldn't see what was in front of him; the Force chose that very moment to take over.

There was a flash through the front of his corneas, a memory that shed light upon an interaction that took place between his bond-mate and the hand that stalled his haste towards her. He saw Rey. She was in a dark cell, her wrists chained together and she was laying on the cold ground clearly neglected since she'd been here and she was at this man's feet. Her clothes were the same as he'd last seen her in, still stained in her blood and ripped along the path of her shin. At first she ignored the man who stood over her but not for long. Soon he saw the strength of her defiance as she glowered up at him and he felt proud of his small warrior.

But who would go against his orders? Who would treat her in such a disrespectful and neglectful manner?

His brain urges the process of the vision along pushing through the dull interactions between the two and Kylo assumed there had been no more then a verbal exchange but he couldn't hear them speaking over the noise that filled his brain. His Darkness pressed him forward, agitated by the break in his steps as it's desired counter part was now only feet away and she was still their conjoined top priority. The power in him crashed against his skull like angry waves reminding him of the thing no molecule in his body would let him forget; she was close and he needed to reach her. He had no time to spare for distractions.
But in this sudden vision he could feel the sting along her cheek, the bite of the backhand that cracked across her already pained face; once, twice this hand had struck her! A flurry of emotions swirled through his insides at once but nothing as hot as the magma the blood in his veins morphed into. Heat seared through him as erratic as the path of roots; a growing fire destructive and all consuming spreading within him like the stemming of cracking glass or the fingers of striking lightning.

That thing which was as old and demanding as his Darkness, that thing which gave him the strength to control his power and always lurked within the deepest recesses of his mind reared forward with a demanding need to destroy. It didn't matter what he called it; his primal instincts demanded an example be made. His Alpha needed to be assuaged.

His left hand struck as quick as a coiled snake and his fingers latched like fangs onto the wrist that belonged to the invading hand on his chest. His fingertips sank into muscles and tendons like merciless teeth and Kylo yanked. He tugged the arm forward and his right elbow came down over the back of the extended arm of her assailant. There was a satisfying crack followed by a screeching howl of pain barely a split second afterward. The scream brought Ren's vision back and he saw General Hux on his knees before him. Kylo released his unnaturally bent arm. It sagged forward as though only held together by the fabrics of tightly woven ligaments that without proper and immediate medical attention, would probably never function correctly again.

Kylo smirked behind his helmet and when the General glanced up in shock and pain, his face already swelling with rushing blood and his eyes glossing and leaking in agony, Kylo wished he didn't have his helmet on. He wanted the man who assaulted what was his to see the malefic satisfaction in his face while he towered over him. Ren raised his hand and the General sniveled and attempted to shimmy away but Ren only needed to touch him. His fingers grazed the side of Hux's skull and the image he passed between them conveyed everything Kylo meant for Hux if he was ever tempted to touch what didn't belong to him again.

His crossguard saber slashed down over extended flesh, searing it in two, severing a hand from it's arm with a clean strike. Then the image shifted and the blade was moving again, pulling through the whole length of the man with great ease and Hux witnessed the memory as though he'd shared this experience with its creator.

"The girl, she is mine!" He informed the weeping General who cowered, sniveling and whimpering in pain before him.

General Hux nodded frantically. He could do no more then that. He couldn't even cradle his broken arm. The elbow had been bent back against the joint and he couldn't, without reconstruction, correct the unnatural bend of the break. Kylo nodded to the three stormtroopers who waited with their backs fearfully pressed against the far wall and with slight hesitance, and with good reason, they moved to recover their superior. The dark Knight himself didn't wait to see the wailing General and his troopers as they tried to escort him to the med bay. He had no time to enjoy the pleasure the scene would have surely given him. He pressed forward, the spectacle behind him wasn't as important as the interaction taking place beyond this door.

He snagged the end of his glove between his teeth at the tip of his middle finger and tugged until his hand slid free. His palm squished into the cool gel of the print decoder and the material pooled around his hand until the reader flowed green. There was a clicking sound and the chamber door's locks released with a steamy hiss of air. His left hand fumbled with his nerves as he replaced the glove over his right and his feet led him forward with out any conscious push from his mind.

There was a release of pressure so intense that his ears popped and suddenly he could feel her. It was
like a barrier had been broken. She was a wave of power that rushed over him like the first time the
sun kissed his pale skin after years of life in deep space or the first time his bare feet found the lulling
waves of the freezing ocean. His lungs opened as though released from a tight constriction and he
almost choked on the air he was now able to gulp down.

The stillness of the air around him felt thin as he moved closer to her but he knew how thick it really
was, how stuffy and hot this room really was. The Supreme Leader kept his quarters locked off
tightly and there was poor circulation to this room of the ship for no other reason then Snoke wanted
as few entrances or exits available to this location.

Paranoid as ever. He tripped up and let his mind think before he closed the lid on those thoughts
sealing them off tightly.

The room itself was large and open. It was black and durasteel just like every other room aboard the
Supremacy and any of the other First Order ships. The most noticeable difference of any of Snoke's
throne rooms was the accent color he chose to display through out his rooms. An obnoxious shade of
red was always brightly splashed throughout and a back drop of the Fir Order banner hung along
the majority of the wall behind The Supreme Leaders throne. Everything in this room was sterile and
symmetrical, all set and displayed to draw the eye to the throne at the center back wall of the room.

Not all was for show either. No, everything was set up strategically to a knowing eye. Even the floor
gave an advantage during a battle as it was polished until it became a black glassed mirror, allowing
Snoke and his guards the advantage of seeing everything at once, even that which happened behind
his visitors. And the lights; they were always at max in this room making the eyes strain against the
brightness and the blinding gleams which the guards had been trained to utilize with the ends of their
different and uniquely deadly blades.

At the far end would be the throne in which his Master would perch himself to reign over all that the
First Order considered theirs. Of course in the flesh, he was never the only threat in the room as his
Master would never be with out his guards. His personal elite, most of who were pulled from or
trained with Kylo's own elite Knights. This was part of his homage to his Master. As the Master of
his own Knights it was part of his responsibility to train and supply his own Master with the security
of the best he had to offer, since Kylo couldn't always guard Snoke himself as they were rarely
together for too long.

His own seven were of course off limits, that is, so far his Master hadn't demanded Kylo part with
any of them for his own amusement, yet. His Masters guards, donning the same shade of red as the
rest of the room, were known simply as the Preatorian Guards and their practice of defending
whomever the leader of the Dark side was at the time, had been around long before Kylo and his
Knights and they usually recruited through their own secret and traditional ways.

Two of those guards stood blocking his path and he knew there were four more split between either
side of his Masters throne. Though he was certain he could take them should they try to deny him
passage, he was also fairly confident they would part for him upon his approach. Unless his Master
had specifically ordered he not be allowed past, Kylo saw no reason for them not to move, after all
this was how they always stood. Still there was an uncertainty poking at the back of his mind.

What if they didn't move? What if they had been instructed to keep him at bay? Would he fight
them? He was sure her could best just the two of them, but would he? If they didn't move was it
another test and if it was... would he fail it? Then there were the other four in the room plus his
Master. Kylo was confident in his combat skills but even he had his limits.

Kylo could feel his right palm burning. His Force was gliding along the surface, begging him to open
his hand so that his light saber could find his waiting palm but he kept his control. He kept a steady
pace as he moved forward and though he held his breath tight in his rigid chest. Kylo showed no sign of the anxiety he was holding on his shoulders. In unison and much to his relief the Guards each stepped to opposite sides, parting for Kylo just as they had done hundreds, if not thousands of times before.

His eyes squeezed shut behind his mask but his feet kept their determined pace. He took several more steps as he released the breath he'd been holding in his now aching chest. She was only just ahead of him and his Master remained sitting in his throne. He wondered at how long she'd been alone with him, what words were exchanged? What threats were made while she was alone with him?

His blood boiled at the thought of her being threatened but he held his composure as he continued forward. He passed her, stopped just in front of her and he could feel the heat of her eyes on him but he ignored her. He knelt before his Master, placing his lightsaber at his feet in respect and submission. A sign of a kill made and dedicated to the Supreme Leader and his Master immediately recognized the significance the placement of Kylo's relinquished lightsaber.

"Ahh, Kylo Ren, we have been expecting you." His Masters slow pace lazily drawled monotonously.

The master of the Knights of Ren knows what is expected of him and he will show no hesitance when he kneels before his Master. He must show his submission in order to honor the order of things. His apprentice must know while he is dominant to her, he is beneath the Supreme Leader. He gracefully steps before his throned Master, placing his back slightly ahead of Rey, he continues with his refusal to acknowledge her. Only his Master can be his focus during this greeting and that's what he will display to both she and Snoke.

He can't even think of her while the heat from her nearness seeps in through several layers of his thick armor. His hand is already on his his lightsaber as he carefully removes it from his waistline. He kneels and his neck cranes as he bows his head. He gently places his lightsaber on the floor before his Master. There is no greater submission to a Knight then the relinquishing of their weapon and he feels the loss of the weight of that hilt leaving his hand as though it were his very honor he laid to rest before his Master. If he felt anything other then the eagerness to remove Rey from his Masters presence it would be the feeling of disgust but that was a feeling he would keep buried deep under the surface of his thoughts.

Things had changed so much in the last several months. The events back on the Starkiller had broken him more so then he had already been and it all started with a slight tug, an inconsequential pull from the little bit of light he had left in him. The pull ended at her feet and Kylo never felt more wrong in his life then he did now surrendering his weapon in submission to the thing that had openly used him all his life. His Dark side Master would not know the difference in him though. Not this time. His juvenile ignorance wouldn't betray him this time. He peacocked the things his Master would determine appropriate and drowned out the things he wouldn't.

Nothing Kylo offered him was a lie. He was open for his Master to read and his Master, simmering in the news of Luke Skywalker's death was too satisfied to pry for any inconsistency's in Kylo Ren's thoughts. Kylo pushed his eagerness to have Rey to the front of his mind and after all of the hunting and planning he'd done to acquire her, only to have her before his Master in chains, that eagerness did nothing but bolster his Master's renewed confidence in his apprentice.

For some reason his Master seemed unconcerned about the need Kylo displayed to have Rey. Kylo wasn't experienced in sexual relations and he was certain his Master knew it, pair this with the fact that Rey had bested him twice within just as many hours of each incident and it was easy to believe
why Kylo hunted her down. His Master thought he'd hunted her to mentally destroy her. Snoke thought his pride had been so wounded by his defeat to her that Kylo was determined to return the favor and it shamefully took him longer then it should have to realize this.

Her submission had always been a fantasy of his. Her head bowed before him, her power his to control and he hid none of these dark fantasies from the one being who would promptly praise him for having them. Of course this was also a red flag for Kylo, a slap to the face in the form of a painful reality check; these thoughts were wrong! Anything his Master put his stamp of approval on was turning out to be wrong.

There was that one thing though; that one puzzle he couldn't seem to work out. His Master was hellbent on either abolishing her completely or gaining her through Kylo, whether that be through implementation of their Force bond or having his apprentice manipulate her feelings through seduction. But why? Kylo was hardly foolish enough to think it was for his benefit, though since the execution of Han Solo, the Supreme Leader had shown an unusual fondness and even a hint of respect towards him. No, he was certain there were other motives behind Snoke's growing interest in his scavenger.

For years Kylo had been lost enough to trust the manipulative creature before him and to an undeniable extent his first instincts were still to seek Snokes approval. He still wanted his favor, his attention and praise. He knew it was a warped perception of everything he should want and think, say and do, but it was what he'd been taught. What had been expected of him and in this moment the approval he felt in waves from his Master was at first intoxicating, then his brain would switch gears and he'd picture Rey's face as he'd seen it in the vision they shared. The image he fed his Master now, her subjugation under his power.

Within that vision Kylo focused on the things that matter most to him, she was unhappy. Clearly bitter and cold, much like himself and suddenly his Masters approval turned his stomach. At first he was gliding blissfully above the world and nothing else mattered but the feeling it gave him in the moment, but then he was being dragged back down by the weighted hands of reality like chains around his ankles shackling the after math of his actions around his appendages like little nooses woven together by the sins he committed under the approval and warped encouragement of the thing he allowed to rule his mind. In the darkness of his private quarters his guilt would wrap around him. Choking him like the light of a burning halo fallen down around his guilty neck. This is when he would call out for the power of the Darkness to free him, where he would beg his grandfather for guidance; because he couldn't stand in the Light he harbored without being consumed in the fiery pit of his guilt.

"You were not present to answer my summons Apprentice." Snoke's displeased voice floated through the air over Kylo's head and he left his previous thoughts drown deeper in his mind like damp ash falling to the earth. He bowed lower in submission.

"No Master, I went back to search for the traitor." Kylo was careful to remain monotone as he spoke, he needed to avoid questions or drawn out conversations over this topic and could feel the tension in the air thicken the second Rey realized who he was referring to.

"And?" His Master questioned, satisfaction clear in his voice as he watched the girl just behind Kylo react to his Apprentice's casual omission.

"He had already fled." Kylo allowed a hint of annoyance through the vocoder of his masked voice.

His Master huffed in response and Kylo was positive that he could feel the weight of Rey's angry hazel eyes igniting into solar flares along the back of his head. He was grateful that there were no such gifts which allowed one Force user to cause the combustion of another or he may be decimated
under her stare right now. The saying if looks could kill brought no justice to the one he was sure she was giving him now.

How she sought to protect that damned traitor... Kylo privately seethed.

"Your Apprentice does not seem pleased with this knowledge." His Master was clearly annoyed by her reaction towards a First Order traitor but Kylo sensed amusement there as well.

"They became... acquaintances." Kylo admitted carefully.

His Master sensed the spike of jealousy that Ren harbored for the boy and he instantly honed in on it if for no more then to pick at Kylo's discomforts like a barely scabbing wound.

"No more then that, Apprentice?" He goaded Kylo's insecurities, peeling and pulling at the cause of any discomfort he found in Kylo as though working for blood.

Kylo felt his muscles coil. He reached out to retrieve his lightsaber, his actions fluid and so precise they may have appeared delicate.

His fingers were loose until they encircled the hilt but the second his palm pressed against his weapon, Kylo squeezed, finding enjoyment in the feel of the sleek reassuring metal against his hand. He ignored the urge to ignite it as he raised himself from the crouch he'd previously held out of respect for his Master. That part of this encounter was over and now they were getting to business, even if that meant Kylo would have to deal with his Master adding an extra dose of poison to his already infected thoughts. He clipped his lightsaber to his belt and straightened his spine before his hands found the releasing hinges of his helmet. He pulled the concealing armor from his head and tucked it under his left arm before raising his chin to meet his Masters penetrating eyes.

This was a test his Master sometimes gave him. He would push him, poke him and dissect him all while surveying every reaction Kylo gave him. He would weigh his Apprentice over and over again, always testing and repeating the process whenever he felt the urge and for no reason other then he could. They were both aware of how expressive Kylo's eyes and face were. He was terrible at hiding anything and his Master would blatantly scrutinize anything he saw which he did not like, then he would punish Kylo accordingly.

"The boy is no more then a pest. He poses no threat now that Skywalker is gone." Kylo remained passive, his face unreadable and his tone so cold it seemed the temperature in the room dropped several degrees. It was how he chose to disclose his success in dealing with the Luke and his Master took it as a sign of strength without over arrogance which Kylo had also been groomed to display in the past.

His Masters eyes seemed to glow with pride. "Yes, you have done exceedingly well Kylo Ren." The Supreme Leaders voice was laced with satisfaction but it still sounded dark and ominous, like he and no one else, had been the one to deliver the final blow to the fallen Jedi.

Either the satisfaction his Master felt over the death of the last Jedi made him careless, or it was only just now that Kylo was truly realizing he'd been so much Snokes personal puppet, that the Supreme Leader didn't even care enough to hide how openly he gloated about his hold over him.

His fists clenched when Lord Snoke's attention fell to Rey, brief as the shift had been, Kylo despised it.

"As promised, a life for a life; she is yours to do with as you please, Master of Ren." His Master
declared ushering Kylo's attention to Rey with a slight wave of his lanky hand.

Kylo couldn't help the way he responded. Just like that, his Master was granting him leave and with Rey as his conquest. He waited for a catch, for a test or a threat. He waited for anything but the simple dismissal he received. His throat dried and he swallowed painfully, his tongue like sand paper in his suddenly parched mouth. His Master found his response amusing and a light chuckle bubble up from his narrow chest.

"Go on my son, she's strong willed, posed to resist but," His icy blue eyes cut back to Rey and Kylo unintentionally allowed himself to feel her discomfort through their bond. "Certainly she can offer you no more pain then I..."

The Supreme Leader bolstered over the knowledge of how uncertain Kylo felt about both how easily he released the girl into His hands, and how furious and resistant she was undoubtably going to be to all of this. Even in his amusement he found a way to remind his apprentice of what agonies he had and would face again, if he chose to disappoint or fail his Master in any way. And he did so while chastising his power and authority in front of his new and very reluctant recruit.

Kylo wouldn't have cared in the past. He had always seen his Master as just that, his Master and one didn't challenge their Master. But here, in front of her it would have mattered. It would have; if his Darkness and his Alpha could focus on anything but the solidifying permission given that meant Rey was now undoubtably theirs.

Kylo had done it. There were no more Masters between them. No more pieces on the board that had to give their approval before Kylo could move forward.

Only Rey was left to challenge his dominance over her and while he was sure his Queen was clever, skilled and stubborn enough to make the game a challenge, he knew even with a kings limited moves, that he could absolutely capture her. Kylo already had her where he wanted her and the look he gave her confirmed a promise he'd made to Rey from the start; he'd take what ever he wanted and the Darkness moving in his eyes told her it was time to make good on the promise. He'd finally come to collect!

He felt her confusion, her uncertainty and fear and the disgusted part was the spike of adrenaline released through her passed across their bond and did things to him that made him glad, in this moment, they were not alone. As though reading the change in him, Rey's foot slid back and her resolve hardened but Kylo wasn't having it. He wouldn't put a show on in front of his Master. That couldn't be allowed. It wouldn't be acceptable and it would have been far to risky with both of their emotions running so high so he did what came natural to him. He forced her mind unconscious and he locked her limp body in place with the confines of a Force hold.

The Supreme Leader howled in laughter and Kylo could feel the sickening pride wafting from his Master. "Well done my boy." His normally level cadence of speech lilted and his amusement shone through his eyes like the sun through blue glass.

Kylo felt sick, but now was not the time. He replaced the helmet over his head, locking down the armor under the hydraulic latches and he stared through the black slit that concealed his almost equally darkened eyes.

On command two of his knights entered the chamber and without hesitance they followed their Master's silent orders, informed completely by the pull of his desires as they carefully took hold of one arm in each of their hands and led Rey's unconscious body away from their Master and the foreboding creature that was his. Kylo nodded once to said creature before he turned on his heels to leave. Several steps later and only feet behind Rey and the two knights he'd chosen to escort her, his
Master called out to him. They stopped just short of the exit.

"Kylo Ren, she is strong willed. Do not let your desire for her dictate the power between the two of you. We do not yet know the extent of your bond. Reign over her... or I will." His Masters cruel words were slow and level again, just as threatening and cold as they had been since the day he'd first taken Ben Solo as his apprentice.

Kylo's fists squeezed until the leather between his tight palms groaned and He calmly nodded once before continuing forward. He knew there would be a threat in there somewhere, it was always just a matter of time and his Master loved to bend his Apprentice's already thin nerves.

~Comment, Kudos, Discuss, let me know what you think!~

-DarkGuardian-
An earned ally

Rey woke in another room, this one not as dark as the first and it was larger though only just. She was laying on some kind of flat hard bed that would have otherwise suited her just fine, had she any idea of what was going on around her.

There was the familiar sound of low buzzing machinery. A sound she instantly knew was a floating droid. To most the low hum would barely register but Rey knew it well enough. It was a sound that annoyed her as much as it comforted her. On Jakku when she was exposed to the quiet frequency it usually meant that Plutt had something expensive that he only trusted the best to work on and she was the best. She was positive that was the fact that kept her from being sold off as a slave; or worse. She hadn't really minded either as it was really the only time she got to work on functioning droids of that quality. But now she wasn't on Jakku, and for better or worse, she was no where near Plutt.

Rey squinted against the lights over head. She wasn't near Plutt... but where was she?

There was a sharp pinch at the thin skin along the top of her right hand and she instantly jerked up off of the bed, yanking herself away as she retreated.

"Cease and desist, human. Remain calm while one attempts to replenish your Hydrogen Oxide levels." The med droid to her right snatched for the same hand that she'd just pulled away. Rey shifted her weight, palming the hard bed beneath her so she could shimmy further away from the bot. There was a long thick needle still sticking in her hand and the jostling had caused blood to creep out of the hole it stuck in. She cringed as she ripped it from her skin. To her left another bot was closing in.

"You're nourishment levels are nearly depleted. Allow us to assist." The creepy silver bot said with a monotone voice. This one had legs and arms modeled after a human but there were no other attempts made to mask the machinery for the comfort of the patient.

It was coming at her with another needle and Rey instinctively reacted. She slid down the length of the bed and flattened against it as her legs rose to her chest. Her feet planted along the front of the bot and she shoved it back as hard as she could. The thing went flying across the small room until it collided into the metal wall behind it with a loud clank.

"Your cooperation is mandatory, but not required for one to serve. Please remain calm while I administer the sedation serum. Thank you for your compliance." The little floating droid said on repeat.

No one and nothing was sticking her with anything else today. The small droid hovered over her but before another loaded needle could stab into her she rolled off of the table. Her head was spinning and she had to grip the bedding to steady her wobbling legs. She was already looking around for an exit and a weapon. The only thing she could see was the long rod that had a bag of clear fluids and a bag of something more of a jelly substance along side the first. The older looking model, the one with the more human features, was already climbing to its feet and the whirling of the second was back over her head.

The pole would have to do. She quickly decided.

Outside of the room were two figures standing silently on guard. The moment they heard the ruckus behind the doors of the private med bay, they were in motion. Their Master had been notified immediately and the code to unlock the small room was already activating the door.
Inside they were surprised to find the small girl, the one that had caused their Master such grief over
the last few months, was fuming, bent over a sputtering bot and she was already repositioning herself
to beat a IM-6 medical droid out of the air when she froze spotting their entrance. Her eyes had
bugged when they filled the space of the door, one after the other moving into the room like thick
black shadows to block her escape. They said nothing to the girl as she stared at them. There were no
threats exchanged; honestly there was nothing they could do but detain the girl anyway and both
paled at the though of touching what belonged to their Master. He had ordered that no contact was
to be made between this girl and anything living until he returned.

Unless there was an emergency they were not to enter the room. Hearing the noise coming from
behind the door the two knights personally assigned to stand her guard, didn't take the time to debate
about what was considered an emergency before they entered the small space. If anything happened
to her it was their hides on the line. Master Ren was not someone known for forgiveness or mercy;
he had a strong belief in order over chaos and order meant discipline. He was not one to be trifled
with or disobeyed and this girls safety remained priority number one.

This was clearly a harmful situation but surprisingly not for the girl. The unlucky bots assigned to see
to her health evaluation and medical needs appeared to be the victims here.

Rey was eyeing the two figures in black who entered the already uncomfortably small room. If she
hadn't previously woken in a cell, the size of the room wouldn't have bothered her, but she had and
now she was feeling a little claustrophobic.

They made no movements towards her but really, they didn't have to. The very presence of them was
intimidating. There was an aura about them, something dark and dangerous that told her this was not
a fight she wanted to ensue with a pole that was already half bent. The figures were large, tall and
cloaked from head to toe in black. And then there were their weapons. She'd never seen so many
weapons tucked into anyone's armor before. One had what looked like Void-7 seismic charges
strapped across his chest and she was pretty sure there was a smoke bomb or two mixed in there
though she wasn't really to familiar with most of the tech they were equipped with.

For example she was positive she'd never seen a curved blade like the one with the robed armor had.
It was almost her length and at least half of her width in thickness. The one with the explosives, and
really, who needed that much explosives on them at any one time; this one had two blasters, one of
which had multiple barrels and her scavenger mind set to work wondering if it used two different
types of ammunition or if it just fired more then one shot at a time.

Besides the black gear they wore, like some one else she knew, their helmets where a good tip off as
to who they were. She'd only ever seen figures like this once before and they were with Kylo Ren at
the time. These were undoubtedly two of his knights. These two particular knights looked human,
yet she'd seen at least one before that she was certain wasn't so she couldn't help but wonder what
hid behind their faceless masks.

She silently gulped, waiting for their advancement but to her surprise, aside form scaring her
senseless and filling the already crowded space of the small room, they did no more then stare
blankly at her. At least she assumed it was at her, it was certainly in her direction but difficult to tell
with those masks.

The floating bot was saying something about her electrolytes and her blood pressure when she
thwacked it across the side of its cylindrical head, cuasing the holo chart with her vital stats to fuzz
and crackle. The droid went down and though one of the knights cocked a head at her, the pair
otherwise, remained absolutely still. They were menacing statues that had clearly placed themselves
between her and the only exit she could see and by the looks of them, they had no intentions of
moving anytime soon.

Kylo Ren had only been gone a short time. He wasn't keen on leaving Rey alone, especially after just being granted permission to have her here as anything but a prisoner. He was already peeved that she'd been mistreated up until now and he was really hoping that she wouldn't wake before he returned to collect her.

He wouldn't even leave her now if he didn't have to but as she was, the way she was currently dressed and her disheveled appearance meant she would be associated as a prisoner or with the Resistance and many of the troopers and other personnel aboard this craft would no doubt recognize her as an enemy. Besides that, he couldn't leave her in the filthy rags she'd boarded with. He had no idea about woman's clothing or other needs and he felt foolish for not preparing himself for her arrival sooner. He supposed he never thought he'd actually succeed in getting her here and they weren't on his ship yet so he was even less prepared then before.

Now he was reluctantly storming off to find the one female he could trust with such inquiries and in the opposite direction of where he wanted to be no less. He wasn't pleased and for once since his Master basically ordered his third to be his personal pet, kylo had wished she was around, but he'd left her back on his ship and he wasn't going to leave Rey in the state that he'd acquired her in until they made the trip back to the Mega Star Destroyer. He certainly wouldn't parade her through the Finalizer in her filthy rags and poor state of health.

He griped his gloves in his palms, a habit that was becoming more frequent as of late, and his pace picked up. She was sorely under nourished and was suffering from early dehydration.

She wasn't his prisoner, she was his apprentice and she needed to be treated as such. She needed to be taken care of; for once in her life she needed to be dotted upon, treated like the Queen that she was. He wasn't good with words, they didn't come to him naturally, at least not when it mattered. He was quick to respond with sarcasm and wit but feelings; not so much.

He would see that she was safe here. He would make sure those around her showed the proper respect, but first there was the challenge of acclimating her to her new surroundings. Not to mention getting her to join his cause which meant aligning herself with those who followed him and the one he called Master.

He cringed at the idea of her kneeling before The Supreme Leader. Pushing the thought aside he decided he'd been gone long enough. His anxiety over once again leaving her alone, was overwhelming him.

What if she woke and he wasn't there to explain to her what needed to happen to get her situated? Would she be ok? Would she need him?

Ha, she'd more then likely want his head over his company!

He'd passed some officers in a nearby mess hall. It took him a few seconds of back peddling before he graced the two officers with his unwelcomed presence. He was eyeing the badges on their arms, picking out the superior of the pair before interjecting. Unaware of the deathly silent Knight of Ren, the two carried on chatting over their food until his vocoded voice cut into their pleasant conversation.

"Lieutenant, I require an immediate word with Captain Phasma." The lieutenant jumped in his chair, nearly choking on the food he'd just shoved in his mouth when Ren's voice came from behind him. The second officer was already scrambling to their feet. Neither wanting to show disrespect to the powerful Knight who's reputation had done anything but proceed him.
"Y-yes Lord Ren. Right away." The Lieutenant nearly stumbled across the room still choking on his food.

"For maker's sake, swallow." Ren rolled his eyes in frustration. "You can't assist me if you're dead." He said coldly.

The man gulped. "Ye- yes Sir." He coughed out. He punched his personal access code into the wall and leaned into the speaker, his face a pale green shade and sweat already building along his temple. He wiped his clammy palms along the trousers of his uniform and pressed the communications button before he thought to clear his throat so the sound registered through the speaker and echoed through out the ships metal halls.

"Eh, Captain Phasma to the level three conference room, section A-3," He paused and his eyes traveled the short space between him and his commanding officer, "Requested by Commander, Kylo Ren. Eh... i- immediately." He some what stuttered as his eyes fell to his Commanders black booted feet.

Kylo's hand shot up and the mans wind pipe closed, squeezed shut painfully under the grip of his Force. "If I wanted it announced through out the entirety of the ship, I could have done it myself!" He growled.

The man's eyes teared, fear and lack of oxygen bringing the natural response to the physical and emotional strain he was under. Kylo grunted. He was so tempted to toss the useless fool aside but he resisted the urge his darker tendency's brought on. He reluctantly set the man aside before turning on his heels, his cape swooshed around his sides from the sudden force of his pause as he turned once more to place a new inquiry in the other officer's direction.

"Section A-3?" He said with an exasperated and questioning tone. He wasn't ever on his Master's shuttle long enough to familiarize himself with the lay out.

Another sign of Snoke's ever growing paranoia where his apprentice was concerned.

"A left out the door, just- just down the hall. Right hand side, S-Sir." The young Sergeant stood tall when responding to the intimidating Knight of Ren, only tripping over a word or two.

Kylo's head tilted in surprise. The younger man stood with more back bone then his superior and to an extent it pleased him. Kylo liked a soldier with backbone. He was tempted to ask his name. Perhaps his misguided bravery came from surviving multiple combat excursions, or perhaps it was simply youthful miscalculation maybe even balls of steel, but Kylo appreciated the way the young man held himself. Of course his over confidence was likely to get him killed in the near future. Kylo shook his head, the smirk on his full lips fading with cold realization.

Kylo uncomfortably eyed the path on his left arm before hesitantly nodding. The boy couldn't have been more then in his young twenties, maybe the same age as Kylo was when he... joined, The First Order. His fists balled at the sickening memories and the similarities he found mirrored back at him through that boy.

He pushed his thoughts aside. Nothing good came from trudging through the mud of his past. Only dirty footprints he had to spend valuable energy on cleaning up later.

He didn't have to wait long and he was thankful for that, he could feel his patience waning, he was spread to thin and he was ready to snap on the next thing that got in his way. Phasma, like himself generally wore her battle gear everywhere she went and this occasion was no different. Her shiny chrome platted armor gleamed under the overhead lights and that was the very thing that caught his
attention as he impatiently paced the conference room waiting for her.

"Commander," She started but he waved her off in a motion to suggested she drop the formalities.

He and Phasma had an understanding. They worked well together because they both saw the world the same. This was more then a job, it was the start of a new way of life, a way to change the upheaval the Galaxy was currently undergoing. They were both soldiers to the core, both fighters who believed in loyalty and discipline above all else. They were kindred in this and Phasma had been a huge help to Kylo through out his initiation into the First Order. The two respected one another on and off of the battlefield.

Phasma didn't need to fight. She wasn't just a Captain anymore, she'd outgrown that rank long ago and yet she refused to leave it or the battlefield behind her. "My place is with my troops. I take them in. I train them. It's my duty and honor to fight alongside them." She'd told him once when they'd shared a short chat across from one another in the officers med bay. He couldn't respect her, or trust her, more then he already did and his trust was extremely hard to come by.

Phasma nodded and her hands moved up to remover her helmet. Now free from the confines of her helmet her light blond hair, short as it was, curled around her ears and hairline. She was a hard woman, attractive in a certain way that he couldn't pin down but he never thought of her as anything more then a comrade, too much respect and too much time on the battlefield together. She used to be his superior but he'd surpassed her there, though it was likely that was only because of the Force that ran through his veins and the fact that she refused to rise up higher in the ranks. It didn't matter though, she was looked at and respected as though she was at least a Generals rank and she deserved it.

He trusted her and yet he found asking her to assist him with Rey's care was difficult. He knew how the Captain felt about FN-2187 and it was likely that she harbored negative feelings for his Scavenger too. Still, he had no one else to ask until his third was available. He thought about asking one of the female crew, it's not like he couldn't just mind trick one to see to outfitting Rey and getting her settled in but he may need a little more guidance then that, especially since he was still expected to do his job as Commander; He wouldn't always be around when she may need him and he wanted her to have some one to go to that she at least recognized.

"I just left the officers medical bay and you'll never guess who was there? Or maybe you already know." She said with a stern look that told him this line of conversation was merely a formality but Kylo played along anyway.

"Oh?" He stood passively.

"From what I gathered, Hux was in pretty poor condition. Apparently his elbow had been snapped clean threw." Her calculating eyes narrowed when Kylo still didn't respond. "They were cutting the length between his wrist and bicep open to reset the bone when I received your summons." She added as though it would make a difference in his reaction or lack there of.

"How unfortunate for him." Kylo remained passive but he wasn't fooling anyone.

"Careful Ren, the General may be a sniveling worm, but you don't won't to get on his bad side." She cautioned.

"Nor mine, it would seem." He warned in a stern mechanical voice.

"No, it would seem not; But that was never in question." She arched a brow and for a moment Kylo thought he saw the tug of a reluctant smile that couldn't be helped.
Then Phasma's head tilted slightly and her eyes took in his stern shoulders and tightly locked fists.

She tucked her helmet under her left arm to free up her hands out of habit and with a mother's concern asked, "This clearly isn't over Hux. Just what sort of trouble are you in, Ren?" She insisted, egged on by the bundle of nerves and anxiety showing in Kylo's rigid frame and wavering resolve.

He could see her care for him by the way she leaned. She wanted to move closer to him, wanted to offer him her support but she knew it wasn't appropriate. Once, maybe a year after he'd joined the Order, she'd found him beaten and bloodied to a near pulp. Phasma hauled all six foot three of him, and though they were the same height it couldn't have been easy, over her impressive shoulders and carried him all the way to the med bay by herself. The punishment had been issued by his Master and overseen by Hux whom at the time was the Supreme Leader's favorite.

Hux had been furious with her for aiding him and when she returned for her punishment she discovered that the interference had cost her three of her youngest troops lives. She thought she would receive some kind of beating for intervening but Hux didn't have the balls to deliver on that, so he found another way. A much more effective way to make sure she wouldn't tamper in his affairs again. He's good at finding alternative forms of punishment and he knew how Phasma looked after all of her recruits as though they were her own.

She was a stern, hard woman but no one cared like she did. Kylo was certain that was why she reacted to FN-2187 the way she did. It was a betrayal that had cut deep and she couldn't let it go unchecked. It almost hurt him more to ask her for her assistance in this matter, knowing she may think him harboring and aiding an enemy to the Order.

"Kylo?" She snapped when he didn't respond to her first prompt. She'd more then earned the right to his first name but he didn't care for her tone. It made him feel like a child again. Still, out of respect, he'd held his sharp tongue between his teeth.

He let out a deep breath through his vocoder and she shifted her weight from foot to foot impatiently. His hands went up and he removed his helmet as well. He didn't make eye contact with her right away, instead his eyes fell to the metallic boots that protected her feet. He hardly ever removed his helmet and she hadn't seen his face in years. No one aside from the med team that worked on him after the Starkiller fight, the Supreme Leader and unfortunately, the General on a few rare occasions had. Up until he landed on that island in search for Rey, he'd been a mask more then a man and he liked it that way.

His eyes flicked up to Phasma's face for only an instant. He wasn't sure how she'd look at him after all this time. Would it be different now that he was more grown? How bad would the scar he donned look to someone who knew him before? Would it be a reminder of how much of a disappointment he was to her just as it was to his Master?

Her voice softened in response to his actions and he'd hoped it wasn't from pity. "What's all this about?" She quietly asked.

"I need your... assistance. With something... delicate." He finally and carefully said.

Her eyes narrowed with her curiosity and she stepped forward. "You know you only have to ask, Ren. I owe you my life more then once over." She smiled and he knew it wasn't something she did often.

"We watch each others backs because we are comrades, not because there's something to be gained by the act." He informed her methodically.
She nodded smoothly but he could see the respect and warmth in her eyes. She trusted him. Maybe even cared for him in some strange way or another and it was something he'd previously been clueless about. It seemed she valued his camaraderie as much as he did hers. It was good to know but made asking her for help in this matter all the more difficult.

Just as his mouth opened there was a jolt, a spike of fear and confusion through her end of their bond. She was awake and clearly unhappy about where she was.

Kriff! He still needed a little more time but he wanted to be back before she woke and now he'd failed at that too.

He was concentrating on her emotions when there was a different kind of push against his mind. It wasn't like when his bond mate tugged at their line. Now that he had something to compare the sensation to, this felt more... unnatural. That is, when his knights called to him.

His form stiffened and his hands squeezed at the edges of his helmet.

"Kriffing, Mustafar!" He fumed before shoving the helmet back over his head.

"Ren, What is it? What happened?" Phasma replaced her own helmet and followed close at his heels as he unexpectedly exited the room like a passing gust of wind.

"The girl!" He growled.

"The Resistance fighter?" Phasma began. "Did she escape... again?" Her words were hard but Ren heard the surprise in them.

"She's not Resistance and no. My knights are keeping her confined to my personal med bay." He stormed forward with an urgency that left Phasma, who had the same leg span, speeding up to keep from falling behind.

"Didn't they help get her off of the Starkiller last time we had her?" Phasma pressed referring again to the Resistance and she wasn't wrong, but it still didn't make Rey one of them, just... confused.

He stopped and she nearly collided with him as he turned back to face her. "She was never Resistance. She was confused and she's been manipulated by Luke Skywalker, but she's not my enemy, therefore she's not yours." He said more sternly then he'd meant to.

Phasma didn't even hesitate before she nodded. She took his words with full acceptance and she asked for no further details or reasons. "Ok then, let's go get her." And she pushed past the Master Knight of Ren.

His cap flipped behind him as he turned once more to head off in her direction.

Rey felt him coming. She was as terrified as she was relieved and it was a confusing state of mind to be in while trapped in a place she didn't know anything about with bots that wanted to stick her with needles and guards with no faces. She was beyond on edge and completely thrown off kilter. She was still gripping the useless pole when the cause of most of her discomfort and confusion came strolling through the door like he was surprised she was still here.

Another soldier followed close at his back. This one different then she'd ever seen before. They wore shiny metallic armor that must take some one hours to polish to hold that mirror look. The trooper wore a half cloak of black and red along their left shoulder. They must be of some importance to done the gear and colors like that Rey, surmised.
Kylo's knights side stepped to allow their Master better positioning in the room. The man himself took a long stride forward and Rey watched as his masked head took in the view of the room. Her grip on the flimsy pole tightened until her knuckles ran white and she spread her legs defensively. There was a strange sound from behind his vocoder and Rey instantly knew he was chuckling at her. She set her jaw in anger. How dare he laugh at her. Nothing about this situation felt amusing to her. Nothing! She'd woken up somewhere new, again! Surrounded by bots that were trying to stab and inject her with things and then cornered by his creepy Knights who seemed more like figments straight out of a nightmare than reality.

"Kylo Ren," It wasn't Rey, but the silver stormtrooper behind her that came at him with a scolding tone, taking both he and Rey by surprise. "You said she wasn't your enemy," The invading trooper grazed Ren's shoulder as they passed him by, taking his place at the front of the pack. "Well, I've seen you treat your enemies better then this!" Rey only just now heard how feminine the strong voice that confidently scorned him was.

Kylo waved off his Knights who were only thickening the tension in the room with their presence. They bowed and retreated as silently as they'd first entered. And then there were three. The Dark Knight, the shiny chrome like trooper and Rey with her bent pole. The odds were better but still greatly against her.

"She'll need new clothes and some time in the refresher." The chrome woman informed him as though he were incapable of noticing. She stepped closer to Rey and she held the bar across herself diagonally. Phasma pulled her helmet off again, this time slowly, as though to lesson her threat level. "When's the last time you even ate anything?" She sympathetically yet sternly asked. She was almost demanding but still soft. Affording Rey no threat nor a reason to refuse the question an answer.

Rey couldn't help it. Her resolve dropped at the reminder of her empty stomach and she blanched when the acid in her tummy burned against her empty intestines reminding her of the cramping she'd been trying to ignore for the better part of the last several hours. "Mhm, that's what I thought." The shiny trooper turned back to Ren with a disapproving look on her face.

He stepped back insecurely and Rey couldn't help but repeatedly glance between the two of them. What was happening here?

"Really Ren, she's not a droid." The woman berated.

"I... she needed to be evaluated. I didn't know what she required." He said and even through the mechanical mask of the vocoder he sounded defensive.

"Food and clothing, not to mention proper hygiene, are pretty standard don't you think?" She mocked condescendingly.

"Well I couldn't very well undress her and bath her myself!" He snapped defensively.

The towering woman turned back to glance at Rey. She took note of the girls slight form but she saw beyond the first impression. She knew Rey was strong. She could see it without hardly looking. This girl was a fighter right down to the marrow of her bones and it didn't take the remains of the sputtering droids around her to tell her as much.

"I think she'll do just fine if you point her in the right direction." She turned away from the scrappy young girl and the hardness of her eyes warmed over Ren, though Rey hadn't caught the quick change.

Kylo's head cocked in confusion but Phasma had long since figured out what had the Knight so
insecure in the conference room. One look at the girl behind her and she just knew this was the problem he required her assistance with. After taking the girls appearance in Phasma had already decided Kylo had bitten off more then he could chew. He was in unfamiliar territory and there were sharks all around. Especially after the stunt he pulled with Hux, she knew there would be those hoping he’d fail in whatever his mission was with this girl.

Phasma had heard the girl was like Kylo. That she had use of the Force, but she was surprised that he was allowed to bring her here. The Supreme Leader was quicker to execute a Force user then allow them to join ranks, though there were a few that would come and go upon request.

"With your permission, I can take her from here, that is," She turned back to Rey. "If you're interested in food and clean clothes?" She eyed the girl carefully.

Rey's stomach growled and though her hands tightened around the pole, she blushed at how badly she wanted to accept the offer. Phasma didn't hesitate.

"I'll take that as a yes." She side stepped, allowing plenty of birth for the girl to venture past if she chose to do so.

Rey twisted her hands along the bar. She knew it was a useless tool to her now anyway so she dropped it at her feet. She sighed in response to the overwhelming need for the food that her body demanded of her but her eyes locked on the only thing that stopped her from stepping forward. Kylo Ren still stood between her and the exit.

Phasma caught on right away. "Commander, with your permission?" She respectfully asked Kylo again thought it was more a hint she was hoping he'd pick up on.

Kylo's fists squeezed. "I'm not leaving her alone again." He insisted brutally.

Rey's jaw set in defiance but it was Phasma who spoke up first. "She won't be alone. I know how to do my job." She also insisted. He'd all but asked her for help, but if he refused to allow it he'd only be tightening the rope around his neck with the girl. "You'll still need a physical of course but I think that should wait until after we get some food and water in you." Phasma rounded Ren, putting herself between him, Rey, and the exit in hopes that the girl would follow suit.

Rey cautiously looked between the woman and Ren. There were a million questions going through her head. Who was this woman to Ren? Was she Force sensitive? Could the Force be used against her, the shackles that had been placed on her wrist earlier had been removed, what were the odds of her escaping in this woman's care? And of course, should she even try? Did she want to escape? So far this hadn't been a very pleasant experience and she currently had nothing nice to say to Ren but no energy to do anything about it right now.

His voice in her head was startling after not hearing it since he'd left her alone before they met at the temple. "Someone I trust. No. Yes, but if you do I'll place those cuffs back on you. Not good. Don't even think about it." And he had no response to the rest.

He hoped she would come to want to stay but he understands why she was reluctant to. This is not how any of this should have gone but he was limited in options until they were on his Destroyer. She glared at him and to her surprise, he sighed and stepped out of their way, silently granting her permission to leave.

"Keep her out of sight until she's changed!" He demanded at Pharma's back and she nodded.

"Of course Commander."
They were nearly out the door when Ren's anxiety gave way to panic. "Where exactly will you take her?"

"The canteen for starters, then maybe around the moon gardens, possibly a few on base shops, get her some knew gear..." She said teasingly.

"Phasma!" He snapped at her and she turned back to face him, her hight allowing her to literally squat off with him.

"Have I ever failed you?" She asked very seriously and in a low dangerous tone. "Ever let you down?"

Rey could tell that this Phasma character had clearly seen him with his helmet off before because she had no fear of the man behind the mask, only severe respect for the man and she showed it by staring into the port in his mask. Her eyes leveled with where Rey thought Ren's were sure to be and the woman locked her spine as she waited for her superior to respond.

"I'm taking her to my quarters, she'll be safe there, kept out of sight and well looked after. Will that be all... Commander?" She asked challengingly, almost offended by his questions.

"Two of my knights will escort you." And her mouth opened to protest but Ren cut her off. "They are there to watch my apprentice, not you, I know how you feel about them." He said flippantly. Now it was Rey who opened her mouth to speak but again, Ren was quick to finish before she started. He turned to her. "You have no say in the matter. You go with her and they go with you, or you stay with me!" He dictated.

Rey grumbled something low under her breath.

"What was that? You want to stay with me? Oh, scavenger, I'm flattered." With a hand on his chest, he smirked and she could hear it when he spoke.

She rolled her eyes. "I'll take my chances with the creepy guards." She hissed.

Kylo knew where the animosity was coming from, he understood it, but he didn't have to like it.

"Enjoy the little freedom you have now because once we're on my ship, we start your training. Then your ass is mine!" He said coldly and with a slight spark of something in his eyes but hidden behind his mask, she wouldn't know anything about that. With one last look towards Phasma his gloved fingers came up. "As soon as she's medically situated we're leaving. I can't have my apprentice dying in route." He added as though he cared less then that.

Phasma nodded but Ren didn't miss the gleam in her eye. A few minutes with her in the room while he was in front of this girl and even masked, she already knew. Some how Phasma knew what Ren was trying so desperately to hide. He obviously cared for the girl. She was a walking target, a weakness just waiting to be exploited.

"Yes, Commander." She nodded sternly, no longer feeling it appropriate to tease the young man. She hadn't realized how serious this was until she saw him with her. He was like a suffocating parent; Paranoid and frantic. She'd have to have a word in private with him if she was going to make sure he didn't paint a target on the poor girls back with his neons signs of overprotectiveness.

~hey lovelies, I know this update took me longer then usual but we've had a busy week and a nasty bug spread through my house like wildfire. I really hope you guys enjoy this new dynamic as
we are about to step into a new world. One we know little about. We've little to go on as far as what the First Order does and who lives within it so I'm really hoping you all like the addition of some of the new characters I'll be bringing in. ~

*thanks for reading and as always please Kudos, comment and if you'd like follow.
Despite Kylo Rens doubts the two woman, and their shadowing guards, made it unharmed to Captain Phasma's personal quarters. The ship they were on was large, too large for Rey to map out should she decide to attempt an escape. The woman who Rey supposed came to her rescue, hadn't said more then two words since they'd left Kylo to brood in Rey's absence.

Admittedly there was a part of Rey that didn't want to leave him. She didn't know the woman she was with and she certainly didn't like being followed by the shadowy figures that had set themselves like morbid statues on either side of the only exit to the room they were now all silently inhabiting. But she was still angry, confused, hurt, and lots of other things where Kylo Ren was concerned.

The scenery had changed so much since she'd arrived here that everything was beginning to blur. There was one dark room after another, prodding bots with big needles, a rude red head, and a creature she didn't want to acknowledge the existence of but had little choice since it seemed the thing had some kind of hold over Kylo, had plagued her since her youth, and had Ben Solo in his sights even longer then that. It was a demoralizing discovery; Heartbreaking to know that Ben never really stood a chance and even more so knowing there was a slimmer chance she'd ever get him back. She hated thinking of Ben in the past tense, as though he were no longer on the same plane as she was, but the evidence was hard against the idea that he had somehow survived in the form of Kylo Ren.

Rey stared at the large protein pack the woman named Phasma had brought her. She sipped at some water cautiously, careful not to drink too much at once. This wasn't even close to the first time she'd dealt with mild dehydration. The same went for the food. After going so long with little to none, as bad as she wanted to scarf down everything in sight, it wasn't something her body wouldn't allow without her suffering painful repercussions immediately after. So she sat and carefully monitored everything she ate and drank. It didn't take long for her tummy to feel full and she begrudgingly listened to her brain's protest at being max capacity. She didn't want to be sluggish if she needed to suddenly run or fight and she didn't need the sick feeling of eating or drinking to much after running on bare minimum for so long.

"Not to your liking? You can choose something else if you'd like. Most of the officers prefer a genuine meal to the protein packs." A woman's gruff voice filled the silence over Rey's head and she jumped. She was disappointed that she'd let her guard down while her mind wandered but up until this point the woman had left her to herself. Rey ignored the Captain's attempt to engage her with small talk, it's not something she felt she had the energy for right now, not since she woke up in cell with her hands shackled and especially not since the loss of Luke.

She hated the idea of playing fifty questions with the enemy, even if they were feeding her. She wasn't foolish enough to sit through a polite interrogation and that's what she felt this was. Instead she held up the protein pack and gave a polite smile.

"Just filling," She patted her stomach. "I think I'll save the rest for later, thanks." And she rolled up the end of the silver package and tucked it into the waist band hidden beneath her tunic wraps.

Phasma arched a golden brow. "No need to be so scrimpy. We have plenty more you know or I can order some real food for you. Phasma suggested but Rey shook her head, silently declining the offer. Phasma shrugged. "I prefer the packs too. It's got a full days worth of vitamins and nutrients in it. Besides," Her chin lifted in the direction of the hidden pack. "Quickest way to get you back on your feet." She added, and ignoring Rey's attempt to withdraw, Phasma sat down next to her at the small
"I can afford you a little time before tall, dark and always angry comes back, but you'll learn quickly, Kylo Ren doesn't like to be kept waiting. It's best for everyone if we get your health in line ASAP." She set her hands on the table where Rey could see them and for a long drawn out moment there was just silence between them.

Rey rested her hands in her lap and used to always having something to keep her busy, she nervously fidgeted with her fingers. She was debating how she wanted to approach the First Order Captain, but she had questions that needed to be answered and Ren wasn't around, nor was their connection anymore open then it had been over the last twenty four hours, not that she'd use it anyway. She wrinkled her nose at the decision to ask the Captain about her friends but had little choice otherwise.

"Ren brought prisoners aboard a couple of days ago, at least, I think it was a couple of days ago..." Rey momentarily trailed off in her speech, her mind working overtime to try to pin down how long it's had been since she'd been brought here. Catching her loss of thought her eyes flicked back up to the Captain's. "Do you know-" Rey continued but Phasma wasn't getting involved with Ren's affairs. She knew better then to interfere with her superiors and she wasn't inclined to question Ren about any prisoners he may or may not be in custody of.

Her hand went up and the gesture stopped Rey in her tracks. "Don't mistake what you saw earlier for me having any kind of leeway with the Commander. He's my superior and I'm not in any position to meddle in his affairs. It's my job to handle the induction of new recruits, I'm simply doing that job by incorporating you into the system. Ren doesn't have the time to waste on things like getting cadets caught up with physical evaluations or outfitted to First Order standards." She casually brushed Rey's question off with the wave of an armor clad hand.

Rey arched a brow. Immediately she wanted to argue with the armored woman. This trooper clearly had a little more sway then she was giving herself credit for. Rey hadn't misinterpreted they way she spoke to Ren. She'd practically scolded him and she'd survived without so much as a little sass in response. It was impressive to say the least and Rey couldn't help but wonder what kind of relationship the two had and how it had developed. She wasn't jealous per say, but she was certainly curious.

Rey glanced past Phasma's shoulder. Her eyes flicked over the Knights who stood guard on either side of the only exit to the room then back to Phasma. Finally she bit her lip, sucking lightly on the bottom half before she had the guts to ask what she'd be plundering for the last twenty minutes. "So who are you to him?" She asked brazenly.

"I could ask you the same." Was how Phasma chose to respond. She slightly leaned forward and her almost white blond hair slid free from behind one ear before she swept it back in place. "I assume your the reason the General is in the infirmary?" She shifted in her chair, readjusting her position to better accommodate the lack of range her armor offered her but even hole distracted she didn't miss the new look of surprise on the girl's face.

"The cocky red head?" Rey inquired and there was a sense of hope in the short question, she'd immediately disliked him, followed by the twist of confusion and doubt.

"That would be the one and be thankful there is only one of that man." Phasma chortled but Rey didn't miss how uncomfortable the Captain suddenly looked. Clearly the General was a big deal around here and it wasn't a good sign that this woman would step toe to toe with Ren but grow sheepish at the mention of the General.

Still, Rey couldn't help but smile inwardly at the idea of that awful man waking up like she did; with droids looming over him while they attempted to stick him with needles. The thought was quickly
washed over by uncertainty and a little dash of anxiety. Why was he in the infirmary? Was Ren the one who put him there and if so why? She was so bloody lost. There just didn't seem to be anything in the universe more confusing or unstable as Kylo bloody Ren.

"Alright," Rey crossed her arms. "He trusts you." Rey pointed out, leaving no option for denial to attach itself to the statement.

Now it was Phasma who raised her brows at Rey. "Just barely." She responded skeptically and she truly believed what she was saying. Ren wasn't some one who trusted. Their understanding had come form the battlefield and she wouldn't be surprised if that trust paused the second their boots touched neutral ground again.

"Rey lifted her chin and her eyes narrowed. "But he does." She confirmed. "Something tells me that's not an easy feat." Rey eyed the woman through her own skepticism.

"And he cares for you..." Phasma accused, leaning closer into Rey's space, her voice lowering to a near whisper and her eyes sharpened as she took in every change in Rey's face.

"Ha!" Rey, huffed and rolled her eyes. "It's likely he's not capable of such things." She said viscously. She was still seething over the death of Luke and nothing she had undergone here was helping to cool the flames she felt over that hurt and anger.

Captain Phasma narrowed her eyes at the girl across from her. "Tell me your not this stupid?" She asked with bitterness in her voice.

"Beg your pardon?" Rey asked defensively but Phasma ignored the offense taken and the confusion wafting from Rey in thick waves.

"Do you even have any idea?" Phasma's jaw clicked as her mouth set in disbelief. She shook her head at the girl across from her, biting the side of her cheek in an attempt to keep from lashing out at her. She was a young thing, couldn't be more then her early twenties at the most. Perhaps she doesn't know any better. Phasma tried to excuse the ignorance Rey seemed to be suffering from. Her naivety clearly showing through her lack of awareness.

"The resources alone that he's spent on finding you, not your Master or the Resistance; You!" She added with a shake of her head and her face locked in sheer disbelief.

Rey just stared at her expectantly as if waiting for the punchline to a missed joke.

Phasma couldn't help the laugh that bubbled from her chest as sudden hysteria took her by surprise.

They were both daft. Both stubborn and clueless. Neither had any idea about who the other really was or what they wanted from one another. Ren likely had no idea how to handle this girl, a girl who had little idea about who the man was that pursued her more then half across the Galaxy or what he wanted with her. Force, she doubted Ren even knew what he wanted from her. Both clueless! She silently repeated to herself.

If Ren wanted a toy he could have his pick, no need to search far and wide for a no name with no experience as a woman. Phasma was even certain that after they saw the man beneath the armor, anyone he chose would be more then willing to oblige him. He'd grown into a powerful man. Attractive and strong and even if he wasn't he could have whatever he wanted simply by utilizing his position in the First Order.

She continued to eye the clueless girl across from her. Why her? Why had he worked night and day to hunt this girl down? If it was about having some one with power he'd have claimed his third for
himself by now. This was clearly something else and this girl sat here clueless; she would be a problem, a weakness. She was completely unaware that she could be used as a weapon against the man who fought so hard to safely bring her into his world. And what's worse; she clearly harbored resentment and anger towards the Commander.

Phasma really hoped Ren knew what he was doing.

There was a sudden protectiveness that rose up in Phasma's chest. She'd watched over Ren since the first day he'd arrived here as little more then a willing prisoner. He'd had no real choice in the matter but he'd accepted his fate and he'd rose high through the ranks in a matter of a few short years. They were undoubtedly long for him. Hard painful years full of broken promises and lies. Battles and beatings and seclusion. Phasma remembered when she'd joined the Order and she saw a lot of herself in the boy that had been introduced to her as Kylo Ren.

Phasma rose from her seat angrily. Her armored hand slamming aggressively along the surface of the table they sat at as she stood up. She'd purposely startled Rey and both she and the two knights at Phasma's back snapped to attention in the aftermath.

"Your ignorance will cause him more suffering then you know." She snapped as she rose to her full height.

Rey popped up from her chair and the two knights stepped forward ready to intervene should a fight break out between them.

"Settle down dogs!" Phasma sneered over her shoulder. "I haven't the time to fight with a petulant girl." She turned away from Rey as though she were exasperated, but got no further then a pivot before she angrily turned back, her anxiety over Ren's safety bringing her to a boiling point. "What in the Maker's creation was Ren thinking bringing you here?" She fumed. "He's going to get one or both of you killed." She ran her hand through her short hair in frustration.

Rey's first instinct was to give this woman a mouthful right back. She didn't ask to be here. Didn't want anything to do with the First Order or Ren if he wasn't willing to leave the Darkness behind but something told her to look past the insults. The outburst meant something. This woman was being protective and Rey recognized the hard glare she was getting. She'd seen Ren give Luke that look a few times before and it was always when Ren was trying to defend her in his own messed up way.

"If he's just your Commander... then why do you care?" Rey asked, fueled by both her curiosity and a sense of offense. Something Rey couldn't explain was happening here. She couldn't imagine an organization like the First Order sharing sentiment for each other. In fact she imagined the creature in the throne room having little tolerance for such things.

Phasma looked away. Her tongue clicked along the top of her mouth and she rolled her eyes in quick contemplation before responding. "On the battlefield, you can tell lot about a person; I've fought and bled beside the Commander many times." Her voice lowered and there was a sense of strain in her uneven tone. "Ren's not like most of the others." Her hands resettled along the surface of the table until her palms were flush with the metal and she lowered herself towards Rey, her eyes sharp and her voice suddenly very dangerous. "What ever you think you know about him, you don't!"

Rey met her hard stare with a challenging gaze and a lifted chin. "I know he killed his own father. I know he's attacked my friends, killed without thought or remorse, abducted me twice and slain his own uncle. But lets not forget the planets The First Order blew up." Rey shamefully went through the list that seemed to be growing longer by the day. She shouldn't have felt guilty over the things Ren had done, yet there it was. A heavy guilt settled over her like a blinding fog. As angry as she was and as wrong as it had to be, she felt like he was hers to defend and she wanted to. She wanted
"We've all killed girl. No one in this war has clean hands. If you've chosen a side, either side, you have blood on your hands. I'm not saying it's right and I'm not justifying the blood shed, but it's a fact that comes with war and the longer the conflict continues the more desperate both sides become. Tactics change and so does the extreme with which either side is willing to go. Ren is a Leader, a Commander and has the unfortunate weight of having abilities that I do not wish on the worst of my enemies. He has gone to extremes, Han Solo... the fact the Ren was the one to do it, is a terrible thing, but it had to be done. The man was a war hero, a nuisance, and a thief. I don't know about your friends but I'm assuming they were Resistance, if this is the case you may ant to keep that knowledge to yourself. There are many who want revenge for the family and fiends they lost when the Resistance destroyed the StarKiller. Thousands worked and lived on that base; Men, woman and children, most didn't make it off before the planet exploded, but you and yours don't think about the every day families and residents who called that planet home, because it was associated with the First Order. This is the same as the few that were actually responsible for the destruction of the Hosnian System. They only saw an effective way to annihilate an enemy."

Phasma straightened her posture and though she still looked down at the girl across from her, she watched through the shock and hurt on the girl face that her words were actually sinking in. She was pleasantly surprised that Rey was genuinely attempting to see the facts from another point of view. Usually the Resistance spewed some nonsense about not being intimidated and what not. Maybe the girl really wasn't Resistance.

"Ren called you his Apprentice, and while I'm not entirely sure what that means for you, I know for him it's everything. Whatever he did to get you here and whatever he did to gain the Supreme Leader's blessing for him to keep your head on your shoulders, it was big. You think you've sacrificed but I'm telling you now, you're not the only one. Open your eyes and pay careful attention to everything around you girl. You want to live, accept what ever he offers you. He'll keep you safe. It's just his way. He's loyal to a fault. He doesn't know how to forsake what he thinks is his to protect." She added in a reflective state.

Rey slid back down in her seat. She really hadn't thought of what this war had cost the First Order. It wasn't something she'd ever considered. She certainly hadn't tried viewing the circumstances of the past through Ren's point of view. Rey's eyes lowered to the table between she and the insightful stormtrooper.

"Is that why you care about him? His code, what ever it is, he clearly has one and you respect it." Rey asked thoughtfully.

"Amongst other things." Phasma gave a very indirect and short answer. She had no intention of going into further details with this girl. She didn't know her and as of right now she didn't fully trust that she wouldn't use the knowledge she was gaining against Ren in the future. She'd already said too much and still she felt the need to cross one more line.

Her eyes burrowed into the hazel orbs that stared back at her. "I've heard about the Jedi. To the Resistance You're supposed to be some kind of beacon. Some kind of light in the dark; personally I don't really believe in all of that crap. I know very little about the Force and even less about the how or why some beings have access to it while thousands of others don't, but I know a weapon when I see one and to some, that's all you and Ren will ever be. It doesn't matter how bright you shine now, or how much good you could have done, corruption only knows how to corrupt. Keep that in mind while you decide whether or not you'll convict Ren for all the wrongs in the universe." There was a long pause of silence between the two.
Phasma sighed. "Alright, Enough stalling. Let's get you cleaned up before the Commander gets back. I won't risk my neck buying you time anymore then I already have." She pointed Rey in the direction of the refresher and tossed her a pile of tightly folded clothing.

Rey caught the bundle of clothes in her hands before silently making her way to the refresher to clean up. Some how she felt like a child who'd been rightfully scolded. Though the adult in her knew some of Phasma's defense had been bias she didn't begrudge the woman of the valid points she'd made while making her case.

Heading to the refresher Rey couldn't help but reminisce about the first shower she'd ever had. It was back on The Resistance base and just after the mental attack she'd had. The one where Ren was tortured and now she had enough information to piece together what had happened. It must have been the creature in the thrown room. The one The Order called the Supreme Leader. Rey wanted to be angry at Ren for aligning himself with the monster, she wanted to blame him for not being able to break himself away from that thing the second he'd gotten the chance but she knew there was something deeper that she was missing.

It's strange, she could see the boy she'd first met in the interrogation chamber subcoming to the Supreme Leader's abuse, but she couldn't picture the man she knew him as now doing such. It was almost as though they were two different people entirely. Previously Rey couldn't picture Ren bowing to anyone or anything, but now, having recently met the creature, Rey couldn't judge him for it. She wanted to melt into the floor when she fell under that things scrutiny. She wanted to flee. To scrub her brain until there was nothing left just to be rid of the places that thing had touched during its interrogation of her.

Rey squeezed her eyes shut tightly. She swallowed hard. It had known so much about her in so little time spent with her. It was terrifying how quickly he was able to manipulate her thoughts, especially those about Kylo Ren. Rey let out a shaky breath. She had to let her mind rest for a little while. She was running on fumes but at least her tummy had a little reprieve from the starvation that consistently snuck back up on her just as she was getting comfortable with having scheduled meals.

She'd been tempted to take a shower but with little argument from her survival instincts she decided against it. She would certainly take advantage of the soap and towels that she now had access to and she was excited to find oral hygiene tabs and even a special soap for her hair. She'd always only had one kind of soap and she'd used it for everything she needed cleaned. By the time she was done scrubbing up she'd never felt cleaner.

This was the first time she didn't smell like salt in as long as she could remember. Whether it was from the desert sand or the spray of the ocean, Rey always seemed to smell of salt. Now she smelt of softer things. Things she couldn't decipher but they were nice things. The garb she was given was softer then she was accustomed to as well. Admittedly she'd been freezing since she'd woken on this infernal ship. She was used to being outside. Used to the sun on her skin even on the island with the unrelenting wind she hadn't found her skin and bones as cold as they were here.

Unrolling the fabric of the clothes she was supposed to wear she noticed a very distinct theme. All black and emblemed with First Order badges. Rey balled up the clothing she no longer intended to wear. It just felt wrong. She couldn't stop thinking about Luke or her friends. Poe and Chewie were still here somewhere. She only hoped that Ren would keep his word. He'd said that he'd let them live, that he'd free them the second they were on his ship. The part about his ship worried Rey because he'd recently said that they'd be leaving this shuttle for another as soon as Rey's bill of health was cleared. Did that mean Poe and Chewie weren't on this vessel? When did Ren plan on taking her to his ship?
Rey's head hurt. She was so confused about where she stood in everything. Shivering from her sponge bath and the relentless chill in the air, Rey eyed the pile of dark clothing. She really wanted to wear it. It looked and felt so warm, but Mustafar if she didn't feel like a grade A traitor for having that desire. Her trousers were blood stained and torn so she couldn't be blamed for taking the new set from the discarded pile and pulling them on. She couldn't deny that she was already much warmer then in the previous pair. This material was thicker and yet somehow still softer and though formfitting she didn't feel restricted. She changed her underwear and breast band too but kept her tunic and arm wraps on. They were dirty and a little stained but the worst of her outfit had been the trousers anyway. Overall she'd felt much better, though honestly, she would have liked to soak in the refresher, she just didn't trust those around her enough to do so.

She was silently sulking when she thought she heard a familiar voice on the other side of the door. She flattened her body to the durasteel that separated her from her bond mate and her heart flopped in her chest when she felt the slightest pull from his end of their bond. It was the most he had allowed to get through their connection since he'd cut her off on Yavin four. The pull was gone as quickly as it began and Rey rested her forehead along the cool metal of the door in an attempt to steady her already wavering resolve. Her hands were suddenly shaking and she heard his vocoded voice grow louder.

"Why keep putting time between us...?" His deep baritone echoed through her memory. His voice like smooth silk wrapping around the entirety of her body sending warmth shooting all the way down to her toes.

The breath she'd been holding in shot out from her burning lungs to collide with the steel she now leaned against. Damp oxygen ricocheted off of the door to fan back across Rey's face. Her eyes closed and the room beyond the door was silent. Her strumming heart seemed so much louder in comparison.

Rey's head turned and she flattened her cheek against the door. There was a sound, something quiet. Almost unnoticeable in its subtlety. Maybe the shuffling of cloth or a hesitant step along the floor. She wasn't sure but she knew it was close. She felt it. She felt him. Her Force pulled her flatter against the door and she knew he was close. Her essence clung to the cool steel like a magnet and she could feel him on the other side.

Heat pulled at the skin along her palm. She felt the Force moving around her, gathering at the hand she still had flattened on the door. The source of the heat was larger then her own hand and it encompassed it entirely. She stepped back from the door, peeling herself from the metal like pulling a magnet from its counterpart. She stared at the palm of her hand entranced by the feeling she was getting from the other side of the door.

"Ren?" Phasma's voice broke the damn that was holding the power between them at bay and it washed over Rey for only a split second before the source was gone. On the other side of the door, the space that had covered the circumference of Rey's hand was now empty. What ever it was that had been there drawing her Force out, was now gone, jerked away in one startled motion.

Eyeing her hand in wonderment Rey stepped back from the door. The Force tingled over her skin
and she squeezed her hand shut and brought it to her chest. For just a moment she allowed herself to savor the sparks that ran over her skin. To relish in what was left of the silent exchange they had made. Then her eyes opened. Shaking her head Rey shook her hand as though trying to fling something unpleasant away. She wiped her hand along her tunic trying to dampen the tingling sensation that was left in the wake of his Force mingling with hers.

No matter what she did to remove the feel of him, she couldn't get past the brand his Force left along her skin. If that wasn't problematic enough, she honestly didn't know if she wanted to.

*Kudo, comment, love you!*

-DarkGuardian-
There were lights everywhere, most the same colors as in every other room on a ship this size. Reds, blues, whites and yellows, even a few random green and orange lights here and there but Kylo paid no attention to all of that. The colors were non existent to closed eyes.

When he needed to drown out the louder thoughts of his over active mind he came here or to other rooms like this one. Spending hour after hour sitting in silence in the bone rattling room. The walls, the floor, even the sealing all hummed in tune with the vibrations that reverberated through them. This part of the ship was well maintained but hardly ever occupied.

He was deep in the bowls of the craft; The belly of the beast as it were. Rooms like this were located in the parts of the ship closest to the main power core and very few personnel had access here. Kylo could come and go freely, no glances exchanged, no questions asked. Not that anyone had the rank to question him anyhow.

This was a well oiled war machine and an explosion from here would detonate like a super nova. Kylo found similarities in himself here. Kept under control he was an efficient super weapon but the same as this mega ships massive engines, he to needed an outlet. He found that here, he could let free some of the power that surged through him. The Force itched under his skin when he kept it buried too deep for too long.

The island had been a good place to release that pent up power, if you didn't mind the Force storms that erupted from freeing said power. Here though, he'd found a unique way to cope, he just had to be very careful in the process.

Kylo sat in the center of the thermal oscillator chamber, red hot coils on either side of the room kept under strict temperature control via the cooling tubes that paralleled their path along the carbon steel walls. The room was a torrent of mixing energies and conductors. With enough control he was able to integrate his Force energy with the natural flow of the room; Let it run through the working parts of the ships engines and coils like it was a playground for the Force.

It wasn't something he did often and even more rarely on his Masters shuttle, but it was something he needed now. Suppressing the bond he had with his scavenger took more out of him then he wanted to admit to himself. He'd always been encouraged to release his energy in the moment, but usually that resulted in destruction and chaos and more then once led to injury or death for those around him.

Something told him loosing his control around Rey right now would be a bad thing. A very bad thing. Seeing her stand before his Master did something to him. He expected and prepared to feel protective over her, how could he not? What he didn't expect was the feeling of vulnerability it gave him. On the outside he was a hard shell, a solid wall of stability cloaked by the cover of his mask and armor but internally he wascombusting. A thing full of exposed and frayed wires sparking against and igniting all of his insecurities at once.

For just a moment he'd let their connection open and he'd felt how terrified she was. He felt her confusion and fear like it was his own but it was worse. Not because she felt more or less fear then he had in front of the Supreme Leader but because he'd brought her to this point. He'd placed her in his Masters path and there was a stabbing guilt to knowing he'd been the cause of that.

Despite how she'd felt internally she stood definitely before the creature he called Master and truthfully he'd never felt more proud. There was something about her that was as indescribable as it was immeasurable. Kylo envied her strength as much as he admired it. She was like no one else he'd
ever met and he knew even if he searched all of the galaxies over he'd still never find another like her. It wasn't just the power she didn't realize she had, but the unbridled need she had to stand in the light and for no other reason then it was the correct thing to do. The ferocity with which she approached this told him that she recognized the darkness within herself too.

His Master has told him more then once that he was the perfect mixture of light and dark. The purest form of raw power he'd ever seen. The perfect material to be taught and molded in the Force. For a time Kylo had eventually grown to believe this but immediately after meeting Rey, he wasn't so sure anymore. He'd always felt special in his Masters eyes. At his Master's side he'd been accepted, groomed to feel unique and irreplaceable and would remain so, so long as he remained loyal to him and the Dark side. What he found lacking at home and under Luke's faulty care, he found an abundance of in his Master but the truth was, watching Rey face him when she thought she had no one at her back to support her, made him feel inferior. The darkness surrounded her and still she glowed like a beacon in the night. She didn't seem to care what the most powerful being he'd ever met thought about her either and left him stunned.

Since he'd left his uncles destroyed temple he'd let fear rule him. No matter what power he obtained, no matter what skills he honed in combat or how seasoned his mind had become, he was still inferior to both his Master and to her. She knew nothing about what she was capable of. Nothing more then the basics behind the Force and at the time she had limited to no access to that, but still she had stood in opposition and disapproval of the Supreme Leader. It was misguided but no less admirable. No less impressive.

Sitting in a meditative position the Master Knight, carefully let his power loose. He freed a little at a time from the restraints of his control and the feeling was indescribable. There was a satisfaction in being free of such a dangerous responsibility. More then once he imagined himself free of the burden of the Force all together. He wondered how different things would be if he would have grown up a normal child. Well, as normal as the child of a Royal Resistance General and a knighted scoundrel could be, but at least Force free.

He was a good strategist, a good fighter and a great pilot. He could have piloted along side his father for a time. Eventually he'd have his own ship, if he joined the ranks of the fighter pilots. Either way he was sure he would have been a great asset to his mothers cause. His uncles temple would still stand. The countless lives he'd taken may have stood a chance against the First Order. The possibilities were endless. Still, the Resistance had a decent army of dedicated fighters but they lacked the insight they needed to really make a difference. The biggest problem the Resistance needed to face was the threat from within.

Corruption and bureaucracy was always a greater threat to the Resistance then the First Order could ever be. He'd never understood why his mother never took those loyal to her and started something better. When he was a boy, before she'd leave for countless meetings she'd tried to explain to him of her end goals. Peace and equality. The demolishing of the classes that divided countless subjects of all manor of races and species. His mother's words were all dreams for a future that could never exist while the corruption remained at the core of what she attempted to strengthen.

A long time ago Kylo had decided what needed to be done. A purge. A cleansing of all who abused the system. Of all who infected what should have been healing. His mother was blind then and she is too distracted now. She could see nothing past her role as a General. She'd taken the whole war into her hands and had no room to hold anything else along side it. Not even the small hand of the troubled boy who suffered from night terrors that even a Force sensitive princess couldn't understand. He yearned for the soft embrace of a mothers comfort, instead he got the stern redirection of a General and eventually a shove in his extremist uncle's direction.
Kylo let out a steadying breath. His Force spread through the massive room mingling with the unclaimed energy that lingered in such a conductive space. He could feel the Force swelling around him, practically begging to join with his own. Pushing his Force essence out and reclaiming it was an excellent way to exercise the discipline he had over his power. It was also an easy way to accumulate more while sating it's need to be used. He wondered how Jedi such as his uncle, with the strict rules they had limiting the use of Force for anything but what was deemed necessary, were able to keep their power under wraps for so long with out randomly exploding? The imagery of robed monk like figures randomly self combusting brought an immature tilt to Kylo's otherwise straight sealed lips.

He had almost found a sense of calm. A quick feeling of unburden flashed by at lightspeed before the childish thought was squashed by a quick spike of adrenaline through multiple connections that attached him to the other Force sensitives on the ship. Not his Master of course, but of those he was Master of. The two knights he had placed on guard of his Apprentice had suddenly flared to life through his mind. It was a quick flicker of panic, already passed but still enough to peek Kylo's interest and while Kylo didn't get panic from Rey, he felt something else was bothering her. There was no threat in her feelings. She was clearly still safe but something had spooked his knights and he was already anxious to return to her.

He hadn't been gone long and he was sure she hadn't been seen by a med bot or technician yet so before he visited he acquired and practically abducted one of the medical techs on staff before he found himself in front of Phasma's personal quarters. He was sure Rey was going to be stubborn about being checked up but he couldn't imagine she could be in anything but poor health after the amount of blood she'd lost only a few days ago. Not to mention the lack of food and water that Luke should have corrected months ago.

Kylo's fists clenched together. Seven months, almost eight, his uncle had to train her and look after her and he was too scared to commit to either task. In her youth, Rey had been abandoned at Luke's academy only to be abducted and abandoned again. Then as an adult she'd been neglected by the same offender. His pace quickened as he stepped off of the transporter to the level she was now residing on. The med tech practically had to double time to keep up. Kylo had stepped into this war the way he was moving towards Rey now, with a point and a purpose, a hurt from neglect in his heart and a poisonous serpent in his head. A slithering voice always hissing in his ear. His motives had changed since his youth but even now he still had something to fight for. He held onto the vision his mother had put in his head so long ago. He just sought a more effective way to achieve the results that would always evade her.

He wondered what made Rey tick. He understood what made her strong, she had an insatiable will to survive and a strength molded and built up from doing just that. She was a fighter even while she had nothing visible to fight for. He didn't understand the concept of aligning with those he didn't know but Rey had not only done that, but also given her allegiance to those whom she'd only just met. How different it may have been if he'd found her on Jakku first. To his knowledge Rey knew the traitor was a recent stormtrooper, yet she fought by his side, trusted him. It could have been his side she fought by, his back she looked after and his cause she stood for. Instead she'd ended back in Luke's neglectful hands. Practically starving again. Not just undernourished but also under trained, neglected socially just as much as mentally.

Starving wasn't an issue that he ever had to think about, let alone deal with but he was acquainted with social neglect. Before his Master found him, Ben Solo was a social outcast, feared by those who knew his lineage and power; forgotten by those who should have taken the time to teach him to control that power and how to understand his family history. He was trained to survive for short periods of time on his own but he'd never really had to put those skills to use. The tracking device in his belt kept him on radar at all times and hardly ever failed. Then there was the connection he had to his knights and lastly his Master. Surprisingly his Master was the least capable of finding Kylo by
using only his existence. An exertion of his power or allowing him access to his mind was really the only way his Master could pin him down anymore. Kylo was thankful for this slight reprieve. He may have grown up alone and neglected but if Snoke had his way now, Kylo would never be left to his own devices again.

Not all of his knights could simply connect through the Force with Kylo either but those who couldn't had the power between the relics they wore as helmets to contend with that issue. It was through this connection that enabled Kylo to feel the jolt of alarm that his knights had experienced. He was quickly approaching the room Phasma and his Apprentice were currently inhabitants of and his mind was already shifting on whether or not he should just send the med tech in on his own but one look at the older gentleman and Kylo's decision was made.

Kriff, why hadn't he made sure the tech was female, or at least a different species...

He was just barely at the port when the sound of shifting hydroelecrics interrupted his indecision on whether or not he should return the commandeered tech to exchange them for another. His knights stood respectfully on either side of the door. They had been ready to let him in as he approached. For once he could have used the delay. He hadn't even thought about what he was going to say to Rey yet. Hadn't decided how he would handle her or prepared himself for any questions or hostility she may have for him. He had the urge to run a nervous hand through his hair, something he'd only just started doing since the island. Previously the habit had been kicked due to the helmet disabling his hand from making contact with his hair in the first place.

The first thing he noticed upon entering the room was how his scavenger was no where to be found. His response was instant and he hadn't given thought to how intrusive his unannounced entrance into Phasma's quarters was. Luckily she didn't really seem to notice or mind as her Commander freely entered her chamber, passing her by with out a word. His helmet turned from here to their as he scanned the room for the one thing that brought him here.

Phasma carefully stepped up beside him and his shoulders tensed at her nearness. "We weren't expecting you so soon. I presume everything is alright?" She asked as professionally as possible. His helmet tilted to the left but his body kept its position, he remained focused ahead. "I could ask you the same?" There was no need to search the room further, he'd found her. He could feel her on the other side of the door that led to the refresher. He put serious effort into keeping his fists from closing together. "There was... a sense of alarm..." His voice, even through the vocoder sounded lost in more contemplation then the meager explanation required.

Phasma turned back to the two Knights of Ren, "Rats..." She scowled at them in annoyance. Clearly they had somehow tattled about her outburst.

Ren however, missed the entire interaction. He was already distracted. Already pondering about what Rey was doing in there.

Was she decent? Was she still in the process of washing? No, she was too close to the port to be in the wash station.

He could feel her, just beyond the door. Just on the other side. He wanted so badly to open their line. So badly to use her Force signature to paint her outline in his mind. There was a slight something though. A small pulse from her end. So insignificant in its deliverance that had he not already been so focused on her, he may not have felt it at all. It wasn't through their bond, but it was directed at him just the same.

Was she searching for him too?
He unconsciously took a step forward, his hand reaching up towards the door. Phasma tensed at his back. From the way he moved, the way he seemed transfixed on the door, she'd almost expected him to reach for the panel that would grant him access to the room, but his hand lifted higher then that. His palm flattened to the metal and he paused with the tips of his feet nearly touching the base of the port. There was a thick silence in the room as neither Phasma or his knights knew how to respond. Silence seemed the most appropriate. For a time Ren's hand just occupied the surface of the door.

"Ren?" Phasma cautiously stepped closer, the volume of her voice raising just enough to startle Ren out of the lost state his mind had just been in.

His hand jerked away from the door and he spun around to find two blank masks and two confused faces staring at him. His knights knew better then to comment and the Captain wouldn't dare in front of the med tech, but Kylo could see the stern warning in her face. It didn't last long however. Phasma had a special way of coming as close to scolding Kylo without words as was humanly possible and she did so just now. Her brows pulled into a stern line of caution before her features washed over to something more neutral. She, at least, knew better then to show any signs of warning or disapproval to anyone else in the room.

"Get her out." He ordered flatly.

Phasma's mouth opened in protest but Ren ignored her as he passed by her to dismiss his Knights. They were no longer needed. Kylo had no intentions of leaving Rey again, not for a while at least.

"She's already done." He informed Phasma matter of factly.

"I don't even want to know how you know that." She snarked. Phasma marched to the door to the refresher with an agitated purpose. "Time's up girl, best make your way out here." She called to Rey from behind the door.

There was some rustling and even some warranted huffing but within a few moments The door slid open and Rey appeared in the threshold. She glared around the room taking in the slight switch of its inhabitants. The two knights had been replaced by Ren and an unknown First Order employee. His uniform was different from the others she'd seen so far. He wore grey and teal and there were no rank patches or rings on his sleeve but there was a distinguishable patch. Unfortunately she recognized the patchwork symbol. It was the same that had been stamped into the droids she'd woken to earlier.

Rey's head turned in the direction of the First Order Commander who she was certain had brought the medic here. He was seated across the room in a chair that looked nearly too small for his large form. His feet planted flat and his elbows perched on his knees. His helmeted face was paralleled to hers, clearly he was eyeing her the same as she was him. She was betting he had a similar scowl planted across his full lips too.

The first thing Kylo noticed was her damp hair loose around her shoulders. He couldn't help being a little thrown off by the sight of it. He wasn't used to her hair down and even while she burned holes through his helmet with her angry glare it softened her features. She was gripping a towel in her right hand. She must have been in the process of drying her hair when he ordered Phasma to interrupt her. He smirked. There was tension in her rigid form and he knew he was the cause of it. She wasn't really angry so much as annoyed and something about that was comforting. So long as she wasn't trying to decapitate him, he could work with her. Then he noticed the clothes she wore. His humor immediately fell away to his own agitation.

He rose from the chair like a geyser springing to life. The med tech to his left startled and jumped back like a cat caught by a dog. "Go finish changing." Kylo ordered.
Rey lifted her chin in defiance. "I am finished."

Kylo noted that she was wearing the pants provided to her and her statement confirmed what he'd already surmised, she'd purposely chosen not to wear the rest of the outfit. He took a threatening step forward before catching himself. "Go. Finish. Changing." He clipped.

Rey squeezed the towel tighter in her right fist. "I'm wearing all I'm going to wear of a First Order uniform." She said stubbornly.

Phasma rolled her eyes and groaned. "I suppose I should leave you two at it then." She drawled on an impatient whisper.

Rey turned her chin towards Phasma, "You may as well take that medic with you because he's not coming anywhere near me." Rey insisted more hoping her words to be true then believing them.

"Both of them are staying and you will go change." Kylo gave her no birth on this matter.

"Ren, if I may, I have a female tech coming just as soon as she's free." Phasma at least understood her discomfort with having a strange male poking and prodding at her.

"And where could this tech be that's more important? I warned you I wanted her health looked after immediately." Ren turned his attention briefly to Phasma and even through his helmet there was an impatient and dangerous tone to his vocoded voice.

Phasma tilted her head to one side. "Because someone couldn't keep their hands to themselves, she's currently in surgery." She both hinted at his role in the set back and gently scolded through her tone.

"General Hux..." Ren voiced to himself more then to anyone else in the room.

Of course, this was just one more example of how Kylo's split decisions cost him more valuable time. He grunted and the sound was frightening through the distortion of his helmet. He turned back to Rey, eyeing her damp hair and dirty clothes. He strode forward and she recoiled. Her eyes narrowed and she dropped her towel, ready to fend him off should he decide to try to man handle her. He let out a frustrated sigh before passing her by in two broad steps.

She was so ridiculous, thinking he'd hurt her after everything he did to get her here. He didn't need to be in her head to read her body language and he wouldn't have to be such a brute if she'd just comply for once in her stubborn life. Force he was just trying to get her off of this ship! He grabbed the clothing she'd discarded on the floor. It took him seconds of searching to find what he was looking for and one piece at a time he gripped one patch after another and there was two resonating rips through the quiet space before he tossed the clothes at Rey's stunned form. She barely reacted fast enough to catch the bundle.

"If you'd be so kind." He opened his arm and directed her attention back to the refresher.

Rey's eyes searched his unforgiving mask but of course it gave her nothing to go by. She squeezed the pile to her chest and silently turned and strode carefully past him. She wanted to be annoyed with his persistence but really she had nothing more to complain about, not as far as the gear went. Once changed she was much warmer. The light armor, though far more fitted then she was ever going to be comfortable with, covered her from feet all the way up her neck. After only a few moments of changing Rey reluctantly stepped back out into the room. Her hands were working her hair into a single sloppy bun but it would do in a pinch.

The second his faceless mask turned in her direction she felt self conscious. It wasn't a feeling she was very familiar with and it made her more uncomfortable then she already was. He cleared his
throat and there was a silent nod of approval in her general direction before he looked away again.

"Um..." Rey pulled at a patch she'd found on her right bicep and Kylo's head flipped back towards her.

There was a sound close to a growl from beneath his mask and just as quickly as he moved, his hand reached for and activated his lightsaber. Everyone in the room froze. Even Phasma stepped back at the ignition on Ren's crossguard saber. Rey sucked in an audible breath and flinched back as Kylo reached for her. Her grabbed her right arm and pinched. She expected to feel the bite of his fingers as he pulled but all she felt was the lifting of fabric and heat. Then the patch was gone, consumed by the destructive heat of his plasma blade. The scent of burnt nylon and a singed hole where the patch had been was all that was left of the insignia.

The plasma collapsed back into the crystal with a sharp hiss of oxygen as the suction of the retracting blade pulled at the air around it and Kylo released the fabric he had gripped between his fingers.

"Anything else I can help you with?" He asked almost pleasantly. He was now leaning so close to Rey's face that she had to bend back to keep the face of his helmet from brushing against her skin. There was a heat and a hum of Force between them and both tensed at the feeling, one trying to ignore the feeling of the others struggling Force pulling along the front of their bodies.

Rey said nothing but everyone heard her swallow down the lump his actions had left in her throat.

"Excellent." He responded to her silence before turning back to the physician. "I believe you're up then." And he motioned the tech towards Rey.

Kylo rooted himself along the wall next to the door, his arms crossed over his chest and his shoulder planted into the wall as though he were charged with the daunting task of holding it up. The tech went about the physical as professionally as possible while being as quick as he could too. Most of the exchange was quiet and the room remained in line with that vibe but every once in a while Kylo would interject as though he knew more about what Rey required then she did herself. The breaking point was the awkward question that pertained to whether or not Rey had been on or required, birth control. Rey's face paled more because of Kylo's presence in the room then the actual question. It wasn't her first examination but it was the most in depth and though she had much less privacy in the last, something about Ren being present for this one made her finicky.

As expected Kylo assumed it was the question that had made Rey uneasy. Immediately this didn't sit well with the over protective warlord. His right hand shot up and before anyone knew what had happened he'd moved from one end of the room to the front of the conversation. The tech was grasping at his neck. Fighting with an invisible force as it choked the life out of him one painful second at a time.

"Just What in the Force are you insinuating?" He'd angrily grilled the poor tech as though he'd out right offended Rey's honor.

Rey had jumped back at Kylo's unanticipated reaction while Phasma, a little more seasoned in regards to the sudden changes in the young man's mood swings, stepped forward.

"It's a standard question to present to a female during a check up Commander Ren." Phasma explained, trying to calm her already wound up superior. "This is why it's recommended that those not apart of the examination wait outside of the room." Phasma explained calmly.

It took Ren several more seconds to come down from the invasive question. Something about the question felt far too personal and then there was the unease in Rey's face and the way her eyes
flicked across to him before she paled.

He should have waited for the female tech to finish up with Hux's arm. He mentally scolded himself and made a note to attempt at having more patience in the future. He released the tech. The doctor dropped to his knees grasping at his throat and gasping for air.

"Is she healthy enough to travel?" Ren impatiently questioned the poor man who fiercely nodded his consent. "Then we're done here." And as he turned towards the door he motioned for Rey to follow him. Rey swallowed hard but she made no attempt to refuse him this time. She didn't want to be here anyway.

Phasma joined at Rey's heels. "I'll inform the crew to make immediate preparations for our departure." She started.

"Unnecessary, we'll be taking my personal shuttle. I had it prepared several hours ago." Kylo responded and for a singular moment Phasma froze in her tracks. "I expect you to meet me back at the base in a few days, I assume you'll be accompanied by the General." Kylo called over his shoulder.

Phasma stuttered for a moment before responding in accordance to her rank. "Y-Yes, Commander."

Kylo turned and paused and Rey nearly collided into his chest. His mask tilted down at her for a fraction of a moment, then over her shoulder, he quietly addressed Phasma.

"Captain, thank you... for your assistance." He expresses his appreciation the best he could before continuing down the mass of halls to the hanger where his personal shuttle waited for he and Rey to depart.

*You guys, what did you think? I'm pretty happy here not gonna lie!
Rey followed close behind Kylo Ren who made no attempt so slow his long strides as the two moved for his personal shuttle. She hadn't argued about leaving with him, nor would she. This place was thick with suffocating darkness and she had a positive feeling that experience came from being to close to the First Order's Supreme Leader. Personally she couldn't get away far enough fast enough even if that meant willingly boarding a ship with Kylo Ren to do it!

Rey was forced into taking two steps to match the stride of his one and his cape bellowed behind him and as he went. For a fraction of a second, Rey imagined slamming her foot down on the end of the long cloak. She could just see his smug form jerking forward from the force of the sudden halt. There was a slight sprinkle of satisfaction in the idea and she nearly smiled at the thought. At his pace they reached the hanger in no time and the sound of many boots stomping on the floor in unison yanked Rey right out of her brief yet satisfying day dream.

Several stormtroopers formed two lines paralleling each other to form an isle for them to pass through. Their arms raised up and hands planted firmly on their weapons as their Commander passed through their ranks. The two Knights that had been charged with guarding Rey earlier in the day now stood on either side of their Masters shuttle port awaiting his orders or dismissal. Rey hesitated before passing through the channel of stormtroopers and somehow Ren had sensed this or anticipated the reaction because he paused mid way, turned to her and held out his left arm, urging her past with the swoosh of his cape as though he were her gentlemanly escort.

Rey scowled defiantly. The last thing she needed was him babying her, especially in front of his troops and knights. She tilted her chin up and pushed past him nudging his chest purposely with her shoulder as she went. His helmet followed the back of her head as she passed and beneath his mask he was flaring his nostrils. She had to be so difficult. So stubborn. It was a trait he found sexy as hell in private; but one that he couldn't allow on his Master's ship and certainly not in front of his Knights; troopers be damned.

Kylo's right hand latched onto her arm as she passed and before Rey could finish snapping around he'd stepped behind her, his chest pressed into her upper shoulders and his left hand grabbed at her free elbow. He silently guided her up the ramp, his feet throwing her balance off as he continued with larger strides then her step could handle with him pressed against her. Once on the main deck he gave her a slight push forward. The hatch behind them slid shut and she turned to face his fading silhouette as the yellow haze of light behind him disappeared into the glow of the dim flood lights of their new surroundings.

The two stood squared against one another in silence. The exhaust ports released and Rey jumped at the sound. Kylo's head clicked left and his muscles spasmed under his armor but he didn't linger long before brushing past her in annoyance.

Rey all but scurried out of his path while he strode by. There was something dangerous in the way he moved. Something unsettling in how rigid his posture went. He said nothing as he made his way to the cockpit of the vessel. He just left her standing where she was and it took a while before she relaxed enough to move from that spot. She should have known better then to stand in the loading dock, especially on such a small vessel. It was around the size of the falcon and she'd seen this model twice before; once on Takadona while it made a landing, it had certainly caught her attention then, and then crashed on the island he'd followed her to. She wondered how many of these vessels were at his disposal and the random thought nearly distracted her enough to get her plastered to a wall, or the floor.
Rey had been silly enough to think he'd come back to collect her, or to bully her around some more. It hadn't dawned on her that he'd be solo piloting the ship and when the shuttle lifted from the docking bay and lurched forward, she'd lost her balance and nearly eaten a wall. Her fists clenched. That milk moofer hadn't even the decency to warn her before taking off. She straightened her shoulders and marched down the aisle where she assumed she'd find the cockpit and sure enough, there was the masked menace himself at the controls. He didn't acknowledge her when she stomped up to the pilot's cabin. She stood between the seats as he flicked one button then another, adjusting this and monitoring that.

Her jaw set in frustration but still neither one really acknowledged the other. There were a few more adjustments and a tweak or two before his voice finally poured through his vocoder. "You may want to take a seat, princess." She could hear how smug he was even through the distortion of his masked helmet and she wanted to tag him so hard that Kriffing helmet spun; unfortunately it was in that same moment that she realized Ren was preparing to go into lightspeed and just as he turned that metal bucket in her direction, his hand frozen over the go switch. The second Rey caught on she launched her ass into the co-pilots chair and strapped herself in. Her mouth opened and she was positive his thumb flicked down just to keep her quiet. She nearly bit her tongue as the ship launched forward. The stars around her bled into thousands of long streaks of light and she fell into stunned silence. Not because of the speed which they moved, but because it had been so long since she'd taken the time to appreciate such a sight. The last time she'd even really seen the stars from space was on the way to the island and her mind was elsewhere at the time... thinking back on it, it was just after she'd lost Han. She'd just learned that the Force was real and so was Luke Skywalker and she'd been on a mission to retrieve him while learning about this thing that was so much bigger then herself, so terrifying that she had no understanding of or control over it. All this time and the Force and her purpose within it still eluded her.

Overwhelmed by her thoughts, Rey sunk down in her chair with a sigh. She still knew close to nothing about what was happening with her and so far she was no better off then she had been when she left to find Luke. With out him around to reinforce her mind and power she'd never be able to control what flowed through her. There was a private moment of weakness where Rey couldn't help but look over at the man to her left. He'd offered to teach her once and now the assumption was he'd be training her.

Her stomach rolled with her nerves as her insecurities bubbled to the surface. What would he think once he opened their connection again only to discover that she's weak in her power, frail under the Force that flowed through her with out the support of Luke's mind? He'd realize that all of the trouble he'd gone to was for nothing. He'd toss her aside the same as Luke did, although she expected he'd use what he could of her instability first. Control her through the Force that she couldn't control herself.

Kylo expertly flicked a few more switches and checked a chart or two before disengaging the lightspeed. The brilliant streaks of lights around them melted away into pinpoints of varying sizes and colors and the shuttle smoothly glided through space before he programmed their destination into the auto pilot. He unlatched the belts and buckles that kept him from splatting into the window like a bug and rose from his chair. The sound of clinking buckles must have startled Rey from some pretty deep thoughts because she didn't even notice they'd slowed until he was pushing himself up to his feet. He gave her a once over before deciding she was more of a threat to him personally then to his shuttles controls, and he knew damn well that her little scavenger mind could think up plenty of ways to disable his brand new toy, but currently she seemed more fixated on him then plans of sabotage and frankly; he couldn't sit still with her so close.

The silence was killing him. His Force was reaching for hers, pulling him with a demanding need
and he hadn't the energy or restraint to control it any longer but he didn't dare open their bond all at once for fear of the consequences and confusion it may cause, so he retreated. Just as silently as they'd been with each other since they left Phasma's quarters and just as silent as they'd been on this trip so far, Kylo slinked out of the cockpit. He couldn't even chance another glance in her general direction before evacuating like the place was on fire. The less experienced part of him had hoped she'd stay just long enough for him to get a handle on himself, but the part that knew better wasn't the least bit surprised when she half ripped the safety straps free from her torso and stomped after him.

He'd made it to the transport bay before he'd yanked his helmet free of his head. He gulped in air faster than he could swallow down and almost choked before he switched to taking deep breaths through his nose. Already their connection was taking a toll on his nerves. He could feel her trickling through to his end like a leaky faucet of instability. He expected more rage from her then he got. Instead he was flooded with hurt and confusion, most of which he understood but not all. There was something else hiding beneath the blanket of those emotions. Somewhere just behind the veil she hid what bothered her most and unless he invaded her thoughts he wasn't getting that out of her freely.

Rey was afraid of him again and it cut him somewhere on a deep, primal level to feel that from her. When she caught up to him he was hunched over, still trying to catch his breath and deal with the onslaught of her overwhelming emotions coupled with the effort he put into handling the feed either was receiving through their bond while he attempted to slowly release the control he had over it. Her hand landed on his shoulder and she aggressively pull at him, spinning him with a mixture of unexpected strength and the Force, which he was betting had been an unconscious impulse. It was his fault. He'd taught her how to tie her emotions into the Force both by example and while instructing her about how to better sync with her Cyber crystal; a crystal housed in a lightsaber which a certain traitor was currently still in possession of. That really peeved him, but in this moment, he had more pressing matters to attend to.

His body spun, not so much from her pulling on him, but from his own inability to refrain from allowing the distance to close between them. His hands came up and before either of them knew what he was doing he found them on either side of her arms, his fingers wrapping possessively around her biceps as he leaned over her. Startled by the sudden invasion of her space Rey instinctively back peddled. The second his hands grabbed her their connection spilled over. Kylo hadn't the will or control left to hold back any longer and he nearly collapsed on her before her back found a wall to stabilize herself against. Her brain had no time to catch up before it was flooded with Kylo.

Wave after wave of every emotion under the red hot Jakku sun passed over her already tired mind and she sunk back against the hard wall for support. Her hands landed on his forearms and the two used one another to ground themselves. Kylo bent over Rey, his hot forehead pressed into hers as she flattened herself to the unrelenting steel at her back and for several heartbeats the two could do no more than just breath against one another. Their heads spun and their Force filled the space of the shuttle until everything around them hummed with a new energy. There was a thickness in the air that seemed to have every molecule in their bodies buzzing along with it.

Kylo's fingers pressed into Rey's arms as he gripped her like a life line and Rey responded in kind, squeezing his forearms as though if she let go even for a second, she'd drift off into space. Where their skin was pressed together sizzled with visible sparks like tiny eruptions of lightning set free from the heavens and the heat rushing between their bodies was intoxicating. Kylo slowly turned his head and his eyes peeled open.

He had a clear view of the most enticing sight he'd ever seen. Rey's skin was slicked with sweat. Her mouth was open and her eyes were screwed shut as she desperately sucked in strangled bouts of air.
He focused in on every audible breath her trembling mouth took in and his knees weakened with where his brain took the visuals coupled with the sounds of her ragged breaths.

Adrenaline and arousal spiked through his blood, thinning the already heated liquid in his veins. His pulse slammed through his temples like loud angry waves beating at the cavern of his mind and Rey didn't miss one crest as their connection flooded between them, dragging her along the path of his thoughts. His chin tilted and his mouth aligned just above hers, his breath filling the space between them and a silent war between their short gasps erupted. The two puffing forces pushed off of one another, colliding in a mass of moisture and heat before rolling off of each others already flushed faces.

She'd seen what she looked like between their line, the image was practically branded into his mind. She was panting below his gaze, all but pinned to the wall at her back while he loomed breathlessly over her. Liquid fire pooled low in her belly and was already spreading fast and then his thumbs started to run up and down her arms. Her skin tightened, prickling over with goosebumps which only heightened the sensations his kneading fingers were already sending through her. Maker knows she should have pushed him away but her head tipped up to meet the warmth of his breath and something low and dangerous sounded from deep within his chest. The sensation rumbled between them and the pair were so connected that she mimicked the noise causing Kylo to groan in response.

He leaned closer flattening against her until the impressive length of his erection was flush against her naval and she quaked. The second his body pressed into hers a fevered rush spread from her core out. The heat was intense and it ate her alive. She unconsciously pressed her knees together, the foreign tingle between her thighs to much for her to comprehend while his broad body suffocated the length of hers. She leaned back, somehow finding the wall at her rear to be more forgiving then the solid form of the massive man at her front.

He followed the motion and took his advance one step further planting his right foot alongside her left instep, forcing her to adjust her balance and widen her stance around his boot. Her legs slid apart and his knee bent before she caught what he was doing. It dipped between her spread thighs and his height left her no wiggle room to escape the curve of his kneecap from pressing into her apex and he nearly forced her to her toes to keep from straddling his knee. Crimson rushed through her veins, heating her cheeks in a deep blush that only made Kylo want her more. Her innocence was as endearing as her temper and he found it just as appealing.

He rocked his knee forward using the slightest amount of friction to send her spiraling and her back arched. Her thighs locked around his leg and he bit the length of his bottom lip to keep from covering her mouth with his. Her eyes flew up to his and she sucked in a sharp breath as though alarmed by something unexpected. Her pupils were blown impossibly large and Kylo was sure his must have matched by now. He pressed against her center again and her knees buckled. Suddenly only the pressure of his body against hers and the hands clamped over her arms kept her from sliding down the cool wall at her back.

Her fingers gripped into the pleats of his armor as she continued to squeeze his forearms and her head fell to the cover of his chest in an attempt to hide her embarrassment from his perceptive eyes. Fire spread through her veins. An unforgiving heat grew between her thighs. Arousal tugged low in her belly and the fire spread through her core with every slight brush of his knee. Every little movement pulled her further from her sanity. Moisture was gathering at the center of where his knee ground into her and something she'd never felt before was pulling her under; begging her to move against him. Pleading that she encourage the indescribable sensation he was giving her until the building pressure broke the damn she was holding inside.

She buried her face in his tunic absolutely mortified at the prospect of grinding against him until this
new desire was satisfied. His hands massaged the tense muscles of her biceps until he had them loose enough to roll her shoulders, the motion teasingly tugging against the tight fabric of her new attire. Her breasts swelled as a rush of arousal pumped through her veins to flood the more sensitive places of her body.

She was drowning in everything he was. Overwhelmed by his stature; Gods she felt so small while he towered over her. Overwhelmed by his touch; He was gentle yet completely in control and even while he was physically supporting her weight he seemed more to be grasping her out of the sheer need of having her in his hands rather then the aspect of actually holding her up. And she was overwhelmed by his mind; he was projecting so much onto her at once as a torrent of emotions passed between them. Her end to his, his to hers it was all so much she couldn't tell who was feeling what. There was passion and uncertainty, desire and admiration, lust and insecurity... guilt.

"It's alright sweetheart. Relax." He crooned. "Let me take care of you." His hands slid down the length of her arms. "Just breath."

The last words from his mouth brought her back to the temple. Luke had said the same thing while supporting her through an intense vision. Her mind reeled with the guilt that she recognized as her own and she withdrew as though waking from a startling dream, her lips trembling and her breathing strained. Kylo intended to bring her hands to his neck. He'd hope to calm the nerves he'd felt spiking through her. His hands moved further down to her wrists and he pulled loosely on them. He hadn't expected her to recoil. She was shy, unpracticed in what he was doing but she'd been receptive up till this point. She hadn't fought him now however, her wrists were twisting free of his gentle fingers and she liberated herself from his seeking hands.

A picture flashed through his mind and he knew she'd been the source of the image. She was alone and scared. Left in a dark room, her hands chained and shackled together. The last thing Rey remembered before that was being with him. It was a place she'd just started to truly feel safe, until the moment he struck Luke down. There was a deep hurt, the image of his hand then blackness followed by more hurt, fear, uncertainty, more fear and even the biter taste of hate. Meeting Rey's thoughts head on, a shell shocked Kylo pulled back from her body but only just slightly. His hands found her arms again and his face tilted back to meet her honey and moss colored eyes. They were blown wide with reciprocated desire but he could already see the shift in them. Her irises where igniting with unspent rage and her Force gathered offensively around her.

There was a crippling hurt striking like a hammer over red hot betrayal and Kylo was the anvil. It was enough to put space between them but his hands still didn't let her go. He refused to completely break away from her just yet. Surely he could explain. She'd have to understand...

"Rey," He started, his voice deeper then she'd ever heard it before. Her heart fluttered but the image of his crimson crossguard saber pushing through their former Master, his own uncle, destroyed anything that voice would have otherwise achieved.

Her hands released his forearms and in one smooth motion she reached between them and shoved off of his chest. As expected he didn't go far and her anger only grew at the lack of satisfaction returned by the effort she put in. She shoved again, grunting in frustration as his hands casually moved from her arms to flatten along the wall on either side of her, successfully caging her slight form between his massive body and the panel of metal behind her. Her face reddened and she knew she was making no progress but still she shoved against him, her teeth catching her lip in a bruising bite as she pushed against him.

"You killed him!" She angrily accused. "I don't know what transpired between you and Han, but Luke... How could you?" She balled her fist and struck out at his chest like an angry child. His
stance widened and his hands pressed more firmly into the steel wall at her back.

"Rey," He repeated only to set her off and she flailed against him angrily.

"No, don't you dare! You don't get to talk your way out of this!" And she pushed against him again, knowing already that if he got the chance he could somehow talk her out of her anger. His head lowered as though he'd try to settle against hers once more but she turned her cheek in refusal. "Don't touch me!" She stammered through quick breaths as she fought against the urge to cry.

How could she allow this kind of intimacy between them after everything he's done? Guilt wracked at her, shame clawed just beneath the surface of her skin.

Luke knew what he was doing when he engaged Ren, he even attacked him while his back was turned; By all accounts he had every right to strike him down and Rey hated giving Kylo even that much credit but the facts still stood. Still,

"You didn't have to..." She angrily reasoned against her own thoughts as though it were his defense she was fighting against.

Kylo's head lowered slightly and she leaned back into the wall to avoid him.

"No!" She insisted. "You were stronger then him and you know it. You didn't have to-.

"You know why I had to." He interjected softly, his voice low and careful.

Rey shoved against him again, this time catching him by surprise, she was able to tip him back slightly. "You're a coward!" With her words she hit him where she knew it would hurt. It was viscous but so was she when she was angry.

His head pulled back, straightening to his full height. His features hardened and hurt flashed through his eyes. Offense flickered through his features and he grimaced as though she'd struck him across the face.

Rey was in pain but she didn't miss the anger and hurt that flared through him either. Still she shook her head, her hurt and guilt outweighing everything else between them. "If you were so terrified of your Master, You could have come back with us. Joined us!" She kept pushing. Kept reasoning beyond the impulse to comfort him, protect him from what he was feeling as was her first instinct.

"I wasn't scared for me, Scavenger. You know why I did what I did." He insisted but she refused to follow his reasoning.

"I didn't ask for that! Don't put this on me!" She pulled herself from the wall and raised her chin in defiance. "You had a choice and you made it. You killed him for your Master!" She raged. Her feet lifting as she pulled herself up to her tippy toes to press challengingly against his chest with her own in rebellion of their height difference.

Kylo's chin dipped so his face could parallel hers. "A small price to pay for your safety and you're right, I made my choice, but so did you!" He conceded before he turned the tables. "Let's be real," His brown orbs locked on to her wavering eyes. "This isn't just about what happened between Luke and I. It's about your guilt!" He snapped, his hands pressing further into the metal behind her as he bent over her, blocking off her attempt to bring herself to his level.

Her hands shook at her sides and her eyes swelled with tears she absolutely refused to let fall.

"It's about how you'd already decided to leave with me." Again he leaned closer and while she
wanted to retreat she wasn't done yet. She wasn't going to be intimidated no matter how much he
towered over her. "Don't think I couldn't feel it Rey." Kylo's voice lowered in severity. "I felt your
desire for me then and I feel it surging through you now."

Her eyes widened at the accusation but she certainly didn't deny it. "Then why...?" She begged,
desperately needing to hear something she could understand, something she could hold onto through
all of the confusion that surrounded the last day and a half. Rey dropped her body back down on the
flats of her feet. Her voice trembled with constricted emotion that desperately needed release. "Why
kill him knowing I'd have come with you willingly?" Her eyes were glossy and she stared up at him
through half hooded lids, the weight of unshed tears pulling them down as she fought to hold them
back.

Kylo's shoulders lifted with pent up tension. His arms flexed on either side of her and his right hand
pulled into a tight fist. Too close to balance herself with out leaning into him or trapping herself along
the wall again her hands rose once more to his chest.

"It was too late." His brown eyes fell to the hands that flattened and pressed against his chest. It was
her clever attempt to put space between them with out putting her back against the wall again. "Like
you said, I had a choice and I made it." He reluctantly bit out through a tight set jaw.

Her head shook from side to side, her eyes squeezed shut and she pretended not to notice the tears
that finally broke free from the ducts of her eyes. Her fingers dug into the folds of his armor as she
scrunched the thick fabric in her grip she fought the urge to pull him closer, instead she pushed him
back and he gave her two free steps before planting his feet. Her palms spread open to lift from his
chest and her fingers gripped at the flat planes as if reluctant to let go.

"I can't do this with you..." Her head lowered in defeat and she took a half step back, forcing herself
back into the wall to put more space between them. "I can't... I can't trust you."

Kylo fought against the thick bile that was forming in his throat. In a way this was going better then
he anticipated, after all she wasn't trying to kill him... yet.

Still, it never went the way he hoped it would with her and this instance was no different. His eyes
traveled back up to her face and he took in one soft feature at a time.

"I've never lied to you, never tried to hurt you." He voiced weakly, his balled hand dragged down
the wall to stop just above her right shoulder and he fought the urge to open it knowing if he did it
would be to touch her.

"You've killed your father, your uncle... what am I in the face of them? Just some Force sensitive
scavenger." She answered for him. Her eyes opened but she refrained from looking up at him.
Instead her focus shifted to the ground to the right of his still arched body.

His hand moved and his gloved finger hooked beneath her chin. He tilted her head up and when she
attempted to pull away his hand corrected her position. "I would never hurt you, Rey." The certainty
she found glowing in his eyes was unmistakable and she wanted to believe him but she was lost
beneath what he'd already shown her he was capable of.

His father had offered him forgiveness. He'd practically begged him to come home and Kylo chose
to kill him instead. Luke had crossed blades with him, challenged him, but that's not why he killed
him. He executed his uncle because his Master had ordered it and eventually she was sure the same
order would be given in reference to her. The moment his Master felt she was no longer useful she
would meet the same fate as the two before her and probably countless before them.
Kylo growled in frustration, she was projecting her thoughts as loud as if she were speaking directly to him. His hand released her face and his fist clamped shut to pound into the wall to the left of her head causing Rey to jump in alarm. A quick spike of fear shot through their bond but her rage chased the emotion away just as quickly. Somehow even with the knowledge that he'd killed two members of his family she still felt he wouldn't purposely hurt her. At least not until his Master ordered it. It was a ridiculous notion; to think a man capable of dispatching his blood relatives would show her any kind of leniency.

"I won't apologize for doing what is required or expected of me, Rey. I warned you on the island... you should have just come with me when I offered you the choice..." His mouth moved with his thought process and he'd had no time to filter those thoughts before they rolled from his mouth. In hindsight he'd wished he'd have kept his mouth shut. It would have been easier if she'd chosen to leave with him sooner, but it wouldn't have changed the outcome for Luke, not where his Master was concerned.

"Don't you dare blame his death on me!" She slammed her palms against his chest again, this time sending a slight push of the Force out with the hit.

Kylo jerked back. His face shot down to her hands then back up to her surprised eyes. They were wide circles and she stared at her open palms in shock for just a moment before her fists balled and those same bright eyes hardened in determination. She raised her hands to strike him again and his Force rose around him to create a shield far more potent then he required. Her fists slammed into the invisible shield and their Force shimmered between them.

"This isn't the best place for a lesson, sweetheart." Kylo warned darkly, his eyes sparkling with the release of his Force essence around them.

Rey felt the threat of his power but she didn't heed the warning. Instead she chose to pull at his Force, drawing him in to increase her own potency. She wasn't good at verbally working things out and her temper had peaked when he'd insinuated that Luke may be alive if she'd simply surrendered to him sooner. She was aching for a fight. Rey had felt suffocated since the temple and now her energy was alive and freely flowing throughout. Her emotions fed on the power around her and her Force yearned to couple with his making it hard to control what was bursting from her through every place it could. It was so easy to feed her power with her anger. So satisfying to give substance to the rage she felt and it was indescribable to finally be able release that negative energy.

"Careful scavenger, Your treading dangerous ground." He pressed forward and the weight of his Force swelling around him sent her retreating back towards the wall once more.

His deep brown eyes captured her attention and held it as captive as she was. She sucked in a deep breath and her face tilted up to meet his heated gaze with one of her own.

"You're one to preach." She retorted.

*Finally some one on one time and holy smokes did they need it. Is it hot in here or is it just me?*

~ , comment and please feel free to discuss! Love you Reylo's!~

-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren smirked. He loved when his scavenger was fire and power and rage. He could feel the heat of her anger rolling off of her. Her Force essence openly mixed with his and he watched as her irises darkened in response. His right hand opened and it took all of the self control he could muster to keep from touching her again. Instead he smoothed his palm down the wall, successfully boxing her in between his left hip and right arm. He was being smug, maybe even a little over confident but he was sure he hadn't misread her reaction to the way he teased her.

Rey bared her teeth at him and he chuckled. Try all she might to look menacing, she still couldn't hide the way her stomach fluttered when he moved closer, he could feel it through their connection. Every tiny reaction served as a personal triumph, a silent submission in an otherwise unforgiving game they played. And the way her body unconsciously leaned into his when their Force met between them served as an undeniable response so delectable it may as well have been a reward to him.

His voice lowered and his eyes twinkled with mischief. The slant of a cocky smile overtook his mouth and he didn't even realize how much fun he was having until he pushed her further, sending his Force freely to her while she pulled at his power.

"You imagine us going out with a bang, scavenger?" He asked, of course referring to the damage his shuttle would sustain should the two break out in an all out Force battle but his silver tongue worked the warning out in a more seductive way.

Rey shifted from one foot to the other. His words were a misdirect. Purposely structured to distract her and it absolutely worked. Her eyes went from intently watching his mouth to the floor just beyond him. She couldn't help the imagery that passed through her mind. She'd witnessed the act of copulation once and found it rather unsettling. She remembered the face of the woman bent over a table, her eyes screwed shut in discomfort as her partner sloppily pounded into her from behind. The man's drunken pace quickened as his satisfaction peaked and his grimy hands squeezed at the edge of the table she was flattened against.

The memory was just as detailed in his mind as it was in Rey's and Kylo couldn't believe the clarity of the revaluation which the single memory brought him. The insight it had provided was immeasurable. She had the misfortune of seeing something uncondonable. The most unhonorable abuse of consent one person can bestow upon another. From Kylo's understanding sex was something to be desired, not repulsive and certainly not to be feared. It was shared. Not taken and never one sided. This was another reason he never found the desire to be intimate. He'd never craved some one like he craved Rey. Never felt the need to please some one like he intended to do to her.

She was still staring off when he decided to plant his own version of what he saw when he'd used his words to tangle her already confused mind. Reys breath hitched in her lungs when the memory she had in her mind ways suddenly pushed aside by a new live action image. On the floor where her eyes had wandered off were two tangled bodies moving passionately against one another. Limbs entwined and any visible skin subtly sheened with glistening perspiration earned through vigorous and intimate interactions. Hands were grabbing and pulling desperately. Though most of their bodies
were covered by disheveled clothing and the length of his ebon cloak there was no need to guess at
the actions of the pair beneath the sheltering fabric. Low grunts and high whines mixed with slick
sounds of moving skin on skin rose from the floor of the otherwise quiet shuttle. One large hand
delicately supported a head which fit perfectly into its palm and it held fast as if it cupped the most
precious thing in the world and wouldn't dare chance jostling said thing about.

Rey's cheeks heated as she suddenly realized what she was seeing, or rather, who she was seeing. It
was Rey's hands pulling at Kylo's massive back as he shielded the disrobed phantasm of herself
beneath him. He repeatedly thrust into her but his movements were clearly less brutal then the
pounding she'd previously seen transpire between a man and woman. His rhythmically bucking hips
where drawing the most sinful moans out of her half muffled mouth while his head was tilted over
hers so he could hungrily devour it. He kissed her delicately yet in a way that would undoubtably
leave her lips feeling bruised. Rey'd never looked so satisfied as she did when this version of herself
slid her ankles along his bare claves, her head tipping back in pleasure, her mouth wide and her
throat gasping yet finding no air between the sounds of her moans and panting praises.

Of course Kylo threw that in for good measure, he simply couldn't pass up the opportunity to hear
her cries of pleasure bolstering his ego. Rey would have scolded him for it or shot him down if she
could think. But as she was, she couldn't get past the imagery he so masterfully created in her mind.
She couldn't help the blush that spread through her entire body to settle high in her cheeks. Her lips
parted and her once dry mouth quickly dampened around her tongue.

The sinful ideas brought the fire between them to a bright burn but Kylo kept on point of what he
really needed Rey to take away from the release of his power to her. He couldn't be distracted.
Couldn't lose focus and forget the point of all of this or his fantasy would never come to fruition.

Rey was so stunned she'd forgotten to stop pulling at his Force essence. Her attempt to somehow
overpower him was more then sorely misguided and now unmistakably forgotten about. She must
have truly been distracted to think allowing so much of his energy to thrive in her was a good idea
because previously she'd been terrified of the thought of his power being used to control her and now
she harbored more then enough for him to do so twice over. Even now she was sucking it up like a
spoon and he'd be lying if he attempted to pretend that he was enjoying it.

He could feel his essence in her. Flowing through the light she somehow managed to hold onto even
after everything she'd been through. Gods he admired her for everything she was. She was beautiful
of course but it was so much more then that. She was Devine. Something incomprehensible to this
realm.

She wasn't perfect. Far from it but in his eyes that made her much more so. She was innocently
ignorant to so many things but very knowledgeable about many others. She could be hot tempered
which was saying something coming from him! She had the tendency to be ill mannered, probably
due to the lack of instruction on such things, no need for proper educate when your scavenging
through garbage all day. She was fiercely loyal and he couldn't fault her for that, but she did have the
tendency to award her loyalty to quickly and seemingly to those who he found undeserving of such.
This was something he couldn't help but strive to earn. He craved her companionship on so many
levels, not just the way he wanted her now; with her back against the wall, filled to the brim with his
Force essence before he claimed her in other, more primal ways or on the floor as he'd just shared
with her, but on an even more intimate level then that.

He wanted her more then a carnal craving. He wanted to engrain himself into every fiber of her. He
wanted every molecule of Force that she possessed to attach itself to every molecule of his own. He
wanted to complete her because he'd never felt complete himself until she came along and screwed
up his Dark Lord vibe.
His line of thinking led him to believe it was time to cut her off from her power source. He was finding it difficult to think clearly while his Force moved behind her eyes. Her hands were trembling and by the maker, the way she was eyeing him, the darkness shining back in her eyes, taunting him to make a move of any kind. A few days ago having her like this would have meant he had to make a hard decision, take her under his control, bring her to his side through the Force or release her to her own devices because he certainly couldn't into Skywalker's incapable hands. Only days ago he'd have struggled with the decision of whether to use this opportunity to advance on her and demand she take her place as his apprentice or to allow her the power of freedom; an option he was never allotted. He'd probably lose sleep over it for a while but he'd most likely have bullied her into submission regardless. He'd have thought it necessary.

Now staring down into those vulnerable hazel eyes, there was no choice. It was something he somehow now recognized as a clear abuse of power, and more unacceptable; an abuse of the bond they shared. What had changed? He couldn't say, but he knew now that he could never abuse something that was so pure between them. He'd never use the bond against her. Kylo knew that he could never feel weak conceding to this particular brand of woman. The kind that made him feel strong even while she held the majority of his power in her small hands. The kind that made him feel invulnerable if only while she graced him with her acceptance, her loyalty. Kylo didn't know what his father or the traitor had done to earn that loyalty but by the Force, he was going to do the same!

His head bowed and his cheek brushed along hers, his hair tickling the sides of her face as his head dropped to meet hers. "There are those who would take advantage of the way I have you now..."

Contradictory to the harshness of his words Kylo slid his cheek along hers affectionately. "...Those who would use what you've taken and how vulnerable you are in your distraction, to control you. I know you fear subjugation just as I know deep down it's the only reason you have left to fear me, because we both know I could never hurt you." His admission was delivered delicately but it didn't lessen the severity of the topic he placed between them.

Rey's eyes were widening with the realization of his words. She was completely off balance. Her hands were shaking with power that didn't belong to her and she knew he could dominate her will long before she could stabilize what she'd stolen from him. Contrary to the mental fantasy he'd just shared with her, there were far more dire consequences if the words he was using to cautioning her ever came to fruition and if meeting his Master was anything to go by, she undoubtably knew that where Kylo hesitated there were those out there who would absolutely use her the second she gave them the opportunity.

In an attempt to make herself more formidable Rey had once again, accidentally given him that exact opportunity. She'd foolishly pulled at more then enough of his Force for him to control her with if he chose to jump at her mistake and even while knowing this, she wouldn't stand a chance against stopping him. The power running through her meant nothing if she couldn't control it and in this great amount, she most certainly could not.

Hoth, at times she could barely keep her own under control. She mentally conceded, albeit through the connection that flowed between them.

She fully recognized the danger she'd placed herself in and that's all Kylo needed her to take from his warning. Her internal admission prompted him to continue down the line of his thinking.

"Let me instruct you." It was a demand in the form of hope. His words came to her like a soft plea. A desperate man seeking water in the heat of an agonizing desert.

Gone was the confidence he'd started this with. The facade of arrogance he hide his insecurities behind had dissipated with his need for her acceptance. She was a smart girl, she recognized the
implications of what he was saying, how he could undoubtedly take advantage of the power she'd welcomed without thought of consequence. She felt vulnerable because she was, but she had no idea that the man on the other end of their connection was already a fragile mess and though he towered over her he was mentally bowing before her. Offering her the chance to break him with only the slightest amount of applied pressure. A fingertip against the glass of his fractured confidence.

He felt her hesitance. Took note of how her thoughts wavered. She still thought this was about him controlling her. She though everything he did was part of some intricate scheme concocted to somehow manipulate her into something he wasn't sure of. It should have been obvious from his position of second highest ranking Officer in the First Order or on that same scale, the fact that as far as anyone knew and they had no other reasons to believe otherwise, Kylo Ren was the most powerful Dark side Force user, of course that's because Snoke chose to remain behind the scenes. The perfect Puppeteer, cunning and masterful in his ability to manipulate from the shadows. But the idea of her fearing his place in the Dark side seemed so far from his current range of view.

His insecurities where she was concerned ran to deep for him to see beyond. He wasn't one to ask often. Wasn't one to put himself out there, but it seemed he did so repeatedly for her. He was like some kind of pet begging for attention and praise. The longing of his need for her acceptance and affection was obvious in his actions and he found himself constantly begging for something he'd otherwise been taught to take. He was sure his Master would rip the flesh from his hide if he could see him now and still that fear fell behind the scenario in which she rejects him.

As he spoke his mouth crept closer to the cup of her ear but aside from his hair tickling along her flush skin and his cheek just barely skimming the softness of her face he kept a safe distance between them. "I once offered to teach you the ways of the Force..." His chin dipped lower and his face fell submissively to the crook of her neck. "That offer still stands." His eyes shut and he waited with bleak anticipation. He'd already been preparing for her rejection. Already accepting his defeat with her silence.

His breath fluttered like hot wings against the fabric of her new uniform and as delicate as it should have been, Rey could still feel the sensation as if her shoulder and neck were bared to it. Her eyes rolled in her head. This had been what she wanted since she'd climbed those damn temple stairs to find him. She'd been willing to let her guard down long enough to join him if only to be taught about the power that threatened to burst free from her at any given time.

She'd allowed it to muddle her better judgment once in her anger and lost herself to it shortly after and both times almost cost Luke Skywalker his life, not that that turned out any better for him in the end. Still both times Kylo had the control to stop her and she desperately wanted that power for herself because it was power, the ability to control something as destructive as the Force that had claimed her as its wielder. She couldn't possibly be on Kylo's level but that should make it all the more simple for him to teach her.

Rey sucked her bottom lip into her mouth in contemplation. Her teeth catching the thickness of the plump flesh before pulling and lightly chewing along the surface. It didn't seem fair that he'd calmed her anger and brought them back to this discussion by conjuring something so inappropriate to distract her with. Of course she couldn't put one hundred percent of the blame on him this time. She had been the one that took the implications of his misleading words one step further by letting that awful memory creep to the front of her mind. Oh but how sweetly he'd corrected it with his own imaginings and once again she'd inadvertently let her mind wander. The implanted memory of their bodies moving against one another was still to fresh in her mind to ignore.

Kylo shifted, his body still hovering merely an inch or two from hers as he instinctively responded to the image passed between their dancing amaranthine line.
Rey tensed, realizing her thoughts sparked the tension between them again. She wanted to apologize, wanted to correct the direction she’d accidentally brought his focus back to but she found she had no words to do so, not even the courage to speak to him through the bond which neither had utilized since it's reopening.

He's dangerous. She couldn't help admitting. Trusting him is dangerous. Her protective instincts warned her.

He was good at distracting her and even better at putting indecent thoughts in her head to further keep her off kilter.

Those thoughts always linger. She internally admitted.

They were more difficult to rid herself of then Jakku sand; months on that island and she was still finding traces in her boots and hair. She was betting she could find some in her hair even now. Kylo was definitely more difficult to cleanse herself of and she was sure he found himself in her mind even when he didn't want to. When not tightly controlled their bond victimized them both. Made them both susceptible to the other.

As much as she wanted to, and her anger demanded her to, she couldn't stay mad at him about Luke forever. It wasn't in her nature and it wasn't as though Luke was innocent either. She gathered most of her anger came from the hurt of the loss as she wasn't really that close to him in the first place, after all he had almost killed her several times.

Rey was so tense within the limited space allotted by his large body. In an attempt to calm her bound up nerves she released a deep breath and the exhale lifted the curtain of hair that rested between them causing Kylo to shiver. Rey unexpectedly felt the tremor run through herself and she realized then that his end of their connection was left open to her as well. This was something he must have allowed. Something he'd purposely done and likely for her benefit.

Her eyes pinched closed as she released the words she knew she was bound to regret one day in the near future. "On my terms." She bit out in haste before she had the better sense to change her mind. If she wanted to serve as more then a puppet to be used and toyed with and regardless of her personal hesitation, with Luke gone Kylo Ren was her best bet at learning how to control the Force she struggled with, this was her best chance to negotiate.

Kylo's shoulders tensed and the arms he used to cage Rey in turned rigid. He'd been prepared for her to reject him and he'd hoped to take most of the blow to his self esteem with dignity so when she opened her mouth to decline his invitation he'd relied on his hands to steady himself a long the wall at her back. But that's not what happened. He was instantly baffled. His brain unable to comprehend what she'd just said even though he'd heard it clear as the Darkness that consistently whispered in his head.

He blinked in rapid succession. His still flattened palm rotated along the metal at her back and he slightly withdrew so he could face her. Even with his practiced manner he couldn't mask his surprise. His eyes were half lidded as he studied her face. Her eyes were tightly shut and she appeared reluctant. If she'd declined him her face would be stern with an immovable resolve. She'd appear defiant and singular in her set of mind. She was at best, hesitant and uncertain proving she'd said what he thought she'd said.

"T-terms..." He'd blundered through repeating the first word he could process. His voice was pitched and cracked like he was no more then a pubescent teenager and he cleared his throat hoping to rid himself of the screech his insecurity had brought on his normally deep, if not often gravelly voice.
The nervousness and shock in his voice only encouraged Rey and the knowledge of his surprise sent a spike of bravery shooting through her. Her eyes opened to find him nervously tugging at the side of his mouth just the same as the first time he'd removed his helmet for her. That in itself she realized was something he sacrificed for her; the anonymity he'd built and kept close until for some unknown reason to her, he decided to give up so her eyes could take him in. And like then, he now seemed to have removed something he wore like armor. He looked susceptible, dare she even think vulnerable.

She squeezed her shaking hands closed and her chin tilted up to meet his carefully scrutinizing eyes. He still leaned over her but now it was less about the space between them and more like he were waiting for something so desperately that his body couldn't help but be pulled in the direction of where the source of his anxiety was located. She took one steadying breath before finally mustering the courage to respond eye to eye.

"If your going to be my Master..." She momentarily paused to assess the change in his eyes as she spoke. They went so dark she nearly shivered under the intensity of his gaze. Her arms crossed over her chest and she hoped it came across as her being assertive rather than the weak attempt to shield his eyes from the tremor that ran through her under the heat his molting attention. "I have terms." She clipped careful not to allow the inferiority she secretly felt while standing next to him to creep through her voice.

There was a twinkle shimmering back at her through an unmistakable smile that pulled at one side of his mouth. It was a cocky smile that she found very much resembled his father's. She supposed a Solo by any other name was still a Solo, even if he was a Skywalker-Solo, or a Ren...

"Name them." He said flatly even while his eyes shined victoriously.

~Kudos, Comment and as always enjoy!~

-DarkGuardian-
Kylo Ren was leaning over Rey, the hum of their Force buzzing between them as he intently waited for her to name her terms. There was almost nothing she could demand that he wouldn't agree to for the opportunity to have her...

As his apprentice of course... His mind was reeling, pulling in so many directions that went so many places he had to remind himself of what exactly it was she was possibly agreeing to.

This wouldn't be a full surrender, likely not even close. He'd known that the second his brain processed the word terms, but Force if he wasn't sure this was a step closer to her. She'd been so reluctant even when she yearned for him. So stubborn in her resolve that he'd started to wonder if he could ever move the mountain that her will surely was. He'd tried to go around the mountain but it proved to slippery a slope and it was too massive to budge. In many cases she was more stubborn then him. Perhaps he'd been looking at how to handle this mountain wrong all along... he needed a different way, a more clever way

Terms... He couldn't help but roll the word around in his head. The anticipation of what they could possibly be was killing him one silent second at a time.

Rey swallowed back the uncertainty that kept her mind distracted. She needed to be thorough in her analysis of this situation. She wanted to be taught; needed really. She knew Kylo would be an effective teacher but a Master? Her stomach fluttered at the idea of actually using Master to address Kylo Ren.

Rey's dry lips parted to open the equally dry chasm that was currently her mouth. Her eyes flickered away from his for a fraction of a second that felt infinitely long. She decided to start with what she absolutely would not budge on.

"I won't go Dark." She ineloquently spit out.

Given the little space that lingered between them, Kylo still managed to lean further over Rey. His eyes lit up with unabashed amusement. Clearly he found something she said to be humorous and the response instantly put Rey on defense. She was very serious about this and for a moment Kylo looked like he would outright laugh at her. Just as she prepared to lash out at him he spoke up.

"That was never in question." He said suddenly and with a severity she found startling especially after his glowing eyes lit up at her expense. "I thought I made that pretty clear from the start. I have only ever offered to instruct you in the ways of the Force, not the Light or the Dark."

Her mouth, still ajar in preparation to snap at him, finally eased shut. In the aftermath of his honest, though somewhat annoying response, she felt slightly childish. Still she wouldn't regret putting it out there. It was to important for her to have assumed, or worse hoped, he would allow her the choice of where she stood in the Force.

Kylo was to amused to share in the annoyance she felt at his response in regards to something she took so seriously. If anything he should have been annoyed about the back peddling. He thought the time they'd spent discussing this on the island had quelled the fear she had about him secretly attempting to manipulate her to the Dark side. Still he couldn't help but admire her conviction on the topic but maybe that was just his overexcitement at finally having her concede to his need to instruct her; and damn it, it was a need.
Rey let out a deep breath, somehow she felt most of the tension she'd been holding expelled on the back of that release.

"I won't join the First Order." Her eyes had found his again and she noticed the immediate loss of the humor he'd had there. Instead she watched their focus shift to the wall behind her head. He was contemplating something and Rey didn't wait long to find out what.

"Acceptable, within reason." His words were confusing, to open ended for her to accept.

The defiance in Rey instantly sparked her temper and she interjected before he could further his explanation.

"I won't!" She yelled tersely. Her defiance and anger making her sound more like a stubborn child then a mature woman making a reasonable stand.

His eyes hardened and he crushed the hand that had been flattened on the wall into a fist. Her eyes darted to the left. She saw the motion and her response was instinctual. Her own fingers curled into her palms and she rose to the arches of her feet to scowl up at him.

Kylo's spine arched as his head dipped down to afford her even less movement before she hit her stopping point. He knew Rey had reached the limits of her comfort zone. There seemed to be a point of closeness they could meet where she wasn't very good at holding onto her anger and he'd came very close to that on his own before she froze half way up to mouth off to him. It was a dirty way to fight but he had to use what he knew would work. If he let tempers rise between them now they would fight and nothing would get accomplished. They'd move back, not forward.

"By agreeing to be my apprentice you are agreeing to associate yourself with me. What I say and think must appear to be what you also believe. There can be no quarter afforded to this. You can never question my rulings or opinions in front of anyone! We must seem as one unit, one mind." He quickly explained.

Rey didn't hesitate before she declined these conditions. It didn't even dawn on her how cruel her next words were. But Kylo didn't miss the implications behind them.

"I won't be your puppet!" She growled.

This is what she took away from the meeting between he and the Supreme Leader. And after only witnessing the dynamic between them once. Maker it angered him. Struck a very large nerve to appear as anything but a dominant in her eyes. He wanted to deny her assumed accusation but he couldn't for even a second. After all, the humbling of himself before Snoke had been his intention. It fed into his master's sense of security proving by a display of his submission that Kylo's loyalty belonged indisputably to him. She was only giving voice to what she'd observed because for his Master's sake he'd gone to great lengths to make that submission obvious. His teeth ground together and he closed his eyes to regain composure of himself.

When he opened them next he was calm but it wasn't an easy feat. Somehow he felt his masculinity had been challenged. His alpha was very very sore about that and he had the urge to pin her to the wall and prove just how dominant of a male he could be. His teeth found the side of his cheek until he tasted blood but damn it all he controlled himself. He was on that ice again and it was so thin he was sure one wrong movement, one slight shift in his weight would send him plunging through the surface.

"In private —." His eyes bore into hers as he spoke with a reserved tone. There was a tight tension in the line between them and he was careful when he chose the words that made it through his slightly
twitching lips as he fought to keep his balance on the tight rope of that connection.

She blinked in surprise. Suddenly taken off guard with his quiet and careful tone and then that one word. The one that seemed to repeat with every pump of the thrumming organ that now inexplicably raced in her chest. How had she not considered the amount of time they would undoubtably be spending together if she really agreed to this. And in... private. The possibilities the word left open in her mind were endless. Maker, did she just blush? She opened her suddenly clammy palms. She couldn't seem to keep them closed now. Instead she ran them over her sides. It was a nervous attempt to remove the damp heat that she found coating them.

"—we can discuss what ever qualms you may have, but never in front of others. There will be immediate consequences to breaking this rule."

Rey swallowed back a lump that was building in her throat.

"You must appear loyal to me."

Once again Rey's mouth opened in protest but Kylo's hand abandoned the space it had occupied over the wall alongside her head. He held it out as if to silence her with the motion and the loss of it from within her space gave him that exact response.

"Scavenger, regardless of how wrongly it rubs your sense of independence you must comply to this rule. It's the only way I can keep you safe." Rey scowled, her eyes narrowing to slits that reflected her offense and anger. "I know, your a big girl who can take care of herself, but let's not forget, as long as you treat those around you as your enemy you will be viewed in the same light. And an enemy to the First Order is an enemy to the Supreme Leader, if only by association. Trust me when I say, here there is only one way to deal with an enemy of the First Order." He didn't need to delve into further explanation there. Rey was sure she knew what he was getting at well before the need of one.

She snagged her bottom lip between her teeth, contemplation clear on her face and uncertainty shining in her wandering eyes.

"In time you will become an extension of me. You will share the power of the rank I hold in the Order." To this Rey's head rose, already she was willing to deny this opportunity but he wouldn't give her the chance before she heard him out completely, "The best way to make a difference is from within. We can spend a lifetime fighting between each other and I can guarantee that is likely to drastically shorten that lifetime, or we can work together to change the machine from within."

This brought Rey's over processing thoughts to a screeching halt. Was he carefully saying he was not entirely behind the ways of the organization he was literally a seat on a throne from the top of? Was he hinting at her using this like an opportunity for her to infiltrate and change the enemy from within... and he was ok with this?

"Don't spend time questioning your instincts Rey. Do as you always have, survive, follow those instincts."

His hand fell to his side but not comfortably. It hung just far enough away from his thigh that it looked awkward for him. Somehow he managed to refrain from pulling his twitching fingers into his palm. His hand dangled opened at his side and Reys eyes fell to the flexing tension of his right bicep. She swore she could see the visible strain in his arm as he held himself back from invading the already sparse space between them.

Her chin lifted as did her gaze and her eyes moved back to his overwhelmingly stern face. His thick
dark brows set along the brood he always seemed to wear over the endless pools of his brown eyes. God's He was intimidating and she was certain he hadn't even been trying. "I won't hurt anyone in the name of you, your Master or the First Order." She finally said.

"On the last point... you agree?" Kylo bit back his nerves.

On one hand her moving on had suggested that she agreed, or that she was still at least considering it, but that wasn't enough. The only way to keep things as level between them as he could and her as safe as his rank was capable of providing, was to secure her omission. He needed her to say the words. It was a verbal agreement that he couldn't do without. Especially with this girl. She had a knack for throwing things back in his face, or back peddling when she felt he'd been to vague in his motives or explanations and he wasn't going to give her that opportunity here. It could get her or both of them killed.

She was silent again. Her eyes darting from here to there. It was an unconscious decision he'd made, or maybe just a spontaneous response to his own anxiety as he waited for her to commit to or refuse the terms he'd countered with, but his right hand moved from his side before he could stop it. He gently took her by the wrist, his fingers lightly wrapping around the entirety of it and when she looked down to where he'd grabbed her, he moved closer. Her face tipped back up to his and alarm and excitement shot through their connection.

She wasn't even certain of what she wanted. Whether is was for him to let go or to pull her closer neither of them could tell, but he bent his head lower, pressing his forehead to hers just as he'd done when he'd first reopened their connection.

"Rey..." His voice breathed over her skin as though it had taken the very form of the air around them and Rey shivered under the caress. It wasn't accompanied by the push of his mind or the seduction of the mingling energy between them. It was just the effect of the deepness this particular voice had on her.

"I need you to say it. Say you agree." His fingers tightened on her but not painfully. If anything there was a desperation to the hold. A longing yet to be satisfied.

Her eyes closed and for a short moment she just allowed his breath to warm her chilled cheeks and nose, she really wasn't use to the temperature of deep space.

The feeling of his soft hair brushing along her temples was comforting. He was comforting. The warmth of his body heat radiating off of him, the intoxicating musk that was masculine and spicy, and the gentleness that had she not experienced first hand would have otherwise seemed impossible coming from such a massive man. All of it, everything about him felt right and it drove her to commit further to the decision she'd already made.

"I understand and should we come to acceptable terms to make this work, then I agree." She said after a moment longer spent in careful contemplation.

Kylo audibly released a shaky breath he'd been holding. He was worried the last of their discussion would be a deal breaker for her. His own Master had beaten him both physically and mentally into this submission because it was submission, and Kylo was sure it was going to be harder for her to commit to this then she realized but it was certainly a start. A massive step in the right direction. He let out a relieved chuckle and his head rotated along hers. There was a slight squeeze of her wrist as he silently reacted to that relief. A gripping thank you that he couldn't put into words.

"Good... now about hurting people..." Kylo felt any slack they'd made between the tension in their bond pull back to a tight line. "I expect you to go full out during training and of course as long as
you pick and choose your battles wisely you have the right to defend yourself. At no point do I
expect you to attack or harm an innocent. I know who you are Rey, I don't want to change you. That
being said, you'll be on a starship destroyer, my starship destroyer. Should we enter combat with an
enemy you'll be expected to remain at my side. That goes doubly if that enemy is the Resistance. We
must remain united in our front."

Her head pulled away from his and the lights over head reflected off of her bright hazel orbs as she
gazed up at him. Before she even had time to contemplate these words Rey was already shaking her
face from one side to the other. Kylo gave a very light tug of her arm and the unexpected jolt of
motion jarred her into stilling.

"I won't expect you to participate. I wouldn't ask that of you." He eased some of her anxiety but only
just and for only a brief moment.

"Am I not participating by refusing to stop you from engaging them?" She couldn't help but think
back on Luke. Maybe if she'd have tried harder she could have stopped them from the fight all
together.

It was a good question, a point he hadn't thought of until now. His mind traveled back to when he'd
been put in that very situation. The use of the Starkiller was something that he wanted to avoid at all
costs. It was too great of a weapon. Too devastating in its wake. Such a weapon should have been
used to control, not to eradicate. A threat demonstrated on something that would have suffered no
loss of life would have proven terrifying enough to keep those who opposed the First Order in place
with out the actual use of it again. It was constructed well before he was brought into the fold but
something he'd hoped to have had a larger say in once he became Commander. He remembered
watching from the deck of his destroyer as the black of space bled bright red. Multiple beams
streaked across the viewport like the hand of death. Destruction would befall whatever the reaching
fingertips touched and it did. An entire star system was wiped clean of its planets. All in one
avoidable act, one petty decision made by even pettier beings.

Rey was stunned by the information their bond was providing her. He hadn't wanted to use the super
weapon; the weapon that would have made ending this war easier for him and those under his
command. She'd thought he'd been ruthless enough to have a hand in it but in actuality he'd tried to
avoid it. Spoken against it before the decision was finalized.

"I can get the map from the girl Supreme Leader, I just need your guidance." She'd heard his voice
echo through the memory of his mind.

Still the decision had been made with out his support. He'd been trumped in the line of his command
by his Master, the true leader of the First Order, The Supreme Leader, Snoke.

He seemed so young then, so much different then she knew him now and it was only less then a year
ago. She also didn't miss the part where him failing to retrieve the map from her set the option of the
order in motion. An indescribable weight settled on Rey's chest and she felt her breath shakily expel.

"No!" He growled from above her fallen head. His hand left her wrist and his fingers pulled at either
side of her chin. He tilted her face to meet his. "Don't you dare think like that! You had nothing to do
with what happened and I won't have you thinking otherwise." His eyes moved like melted copper.
Brown and hot and dangerous to set her own upon. Her own eyes shimmered with brimming tears
and it wasn't from her guilt. She could feel the pain and bitterness of what he carried on his shoulders
like it was her own.

"Why... why do you stay with them? Why do you fight for them?" There was still so much she didn't
understand about this man. So much she needed explained.
She stared up at him, lost in her own ignorance. To her the world was still black and white, good and evil and to Kylo it was as enduring as it was dangerous.

"Things aren't always what they seem, Rey." His gloved thumb pressed into her cheek and he skimmed over the edge of her jaw with a delicate but un ignorable strength. A pressure she found as comforting as she did distracting. "You should understand better then most that we do what we can to survive. One must have the resources to survive and beyond that many more to accomplish anything meaningful. The First Order has the resources I need to put an end to this war."

His words were startling, almost incomprehensible to a mind that couldn't see the grey between the white and black. Still lost in a state of bewilderment she quietly asked, "You want to end the war?"

The dim hue of the lights over her angled face bathed her skin with a soft glow. Her eyes shone up at him with a familiar emotion. He could feel the hope welling up in her chest. She'd only been a part of the conflict for a few months and nothing more active then their lightsaber duel which he was sure was more of a personal conflict then anything having to do with the war going on around them, yet she was hopeful of the idea to end it.

For a moment he just watched her through mesmerized eyes. She had the sweetest little freckles littered over her nose and cheeks. Those tiny marks, like his scars, served as permanent reminders of the years she'd survived on her own in a place she never belonged in the first place. His thumb smoothed over the top of her left cheek. Glided over the thickest of the places effected by too much attention from the Jakku sun. Those sun spots like kisses from a long time lover dotting along the bridge of her nose and top of her cheeks would always represent what he could never truly fix for her. It seemed no matter how bad he wanted to erase her past as a junk collector, that world would always show in the slightest ways. Her past was as permanent as his and he couldn't help the flare of protective anger he felt about it.

"There are many things I want to change." Even to himself he sounded far away, dreamy even, but he was to distracted to draw back from her just yet.

Rey was as lost as Kylo sounded. The way he was staring down at her was intense. His hand locking her face in place while his thumb possessively skimmed across the surface of her cheek. The smell of his leather glove permeated her nose in the most intoxicating way. There was something erotic in the lean of his body over hers. The way his eyes scanned over her face as he took her in like the scenery of a world yet discovered. He was analyzing her but there was nothing calculative about it. There was a genuine curiosity in his warm eyes and the coolness she'd felt over her face moments ago was now flush with heat that warmed her to her toes. Her lips parted but only slightly and he didn't miss the small change. His hand tilted her chin upward and he continued to commit the soft lines and curves of her face to his memory like she were a mirage and would vanish the moment he released her from his careful grip.

Rey was slowly forgetting her resolve, forgetting how important it was that she keep her wits about her. A mental hand tightened around the tiny string of energy that connected her to this enthralling man and in a desperate attempt to free herself from his captivating attention, she tugged.

Kylo blinked as though snapping himself out of a daze. His hand pulled away from her face and he balled it tightly at his side. He pulled back on a breath. Exhaling and inhaling deeply when he was far enough away from her to release a tension that had built up in his chest.

"No more killing my friends." Rey suddenly declared and it was like ice water had been dumped on his head.

He swallowed and the grounding tone of her warning returned him to a more comfortable place in
his mind. "That may be difficult..."

Her eyes narrowed.

Kylo's broad shoulders shrugged into his neck and his hands came up defensively. "You have the ability to make friends with a bucket. Ten minutes after stepping into a room of murderers, traitors and thieves and you expect me to award them all with immunity." He chortled.

"It's not funny Ren, I'm serious." She scolded.

"Well if we are speaking candidly, your friends have the tendency to attack me on sight." He reminded her.

"Can't say I blame them." Her crossed arms loosed and she gave him a half shrug of her own.

"I suppose not." He admitted. "Still, you know they're insufferable?" A quirk of his twitching lips hinted at the slightest of smiles tucked into the corner of his full mouth but Rey could tell he wasn't completely teasing. Then he turned his shoulders to parallel her own, unintentionally causing her to realize how small she was standing only inches from him.

"Well you're temperamental." She accused defensively, egged in by her own nervousness to his closeness then the light shot he took at her friends.

It wasn't a surprise to him when she became defensive, after all, Rey was always quick to defend her friends. A small dimple pulled at his left cheek when his smile widened on that side. Rey dropped her arms from over her chest and took a half step closer, she wasn't going to back down because she thought he was charming, her weak knees be damned.

Kylo's head tilted to the right. "And you're stubborn." His eyes brightly challenged her, amusement setting the dark brown eyes setting his irises alight from within.

"We're both stubborn." Rey poked him in the chest, refusing to allow his size to intimidate her or the growing honey rings around the deep browns of his eyes to distract her.

He caught her whole hand in his palm before lightly closing his around it. Their Force swelled between them. There was static energy in the air around them and every hair on Rey's neck stood up in response. A tremor ran through her and her chest tightened. Rey released a deep exhale forcing herself to calm calm before she became overwhelmed.

"Yes, yes we are." He said, that cocky grin finally reaching both sides of his mouth. She nearly missed the flash of his teeth when she peeked down at her hand which was now being completely engulfed by his. Her eyes widened and her heart raced.

"I'll need my space." She blurted, so suddenly that it took Kylo a brief moment of processing to understand her.

There was a hint of panic seeping through their line and he couldn't grasp what had caused the response.

It took seconds for Rey to become completely overwhelmed by him. There was never much space between them when they were together. Never much room to think or breath and while one part of her found that appealing another cowered away from the idea of always feeling so, she looked back down at her lost hand,

Consumed.
He turned her hand over in his as if inspecting something precious but she still couldn't notice more then the encompassment of his hold on her. Unaware of her constricting nerves he mindlessly responded, his head already celebrating what sounded like a sure victory for him. "By the time we dock, your quarters should be prepared for your stay." He'd hoped that knowledge would comfort her.

Rey's face jerked back up to his. The motion caused her arm to tighten and he felt the change in her comfort level through the simple motion, not to mention the slight tug of alarm that came from her end of their connection.

"What's wrong?" He asked in earnest concern.

Rey was hesitant at first but her empowering anger had won out in the end. There was something very wrong about how this suddenly felt. She felt trapped and it wasn't just by the loss of her hand cupped in his.

"How long?" She asked with heavy accusation in her voice. It had really just dawned at her that this was still the same man who'd been chasing her down for months, popping in and out of her head with the promise to find her, to take her.

"How long what?" Kylo was confused. She was looking at him like she had back on the island, like the first second she'd realized he was really there and not just an image he'd projected in her head. He'd admitted he wasn't there to fight but still she'd pulled out the Legacy lightsaber that had sent her right to him in the first place. She was ready for a fight.

"How long has that room been ready, Ren?"

That was it, the easiest way he knew whatever humor had been present during their bantering had undoubtably died out. And even while honestly pointing out each others faults, there had been humor. His shoulders slumped at her decision to call him by that title. He much preferred Kylo coming form between her lips.

His eyes sharpened and the innocent fascination that he'd had while eyeing her hand was gone now. "What difference does that make Rey?" He squeezed her hand lightly in his. "I assume you don't want to sleep in a cell?" He asked bluntly.

"Is that what you planned on doing with me if this conversation never came up?" Her hazel eyes ignited with fury. "Where you going to throw me in chains again? Toss me in a cell until I submitted to you?" She tugged at her hand but he kept hold of it firmly in his.

"It was never my intention to put you in a cell and never in chains." He said angrily. Something like offense flashed across his face. He swallowed his anger back. Her accusation hurt but he couldn't blame her for it, not after everything she'd been through while supposedly in his "care".

The honesty she found in his eyes was a little alarming. She hadn't expected the wave of guilt that crashed over her from his end. Her nostrils flared, her mouth still set in a deep frown that she made no attempt to hide. "You really didn't think i'd be placed in chains and thrown in a cell?" She asked with more uncertainty then disbelief.

"My explicate instructions where to place you in a secure holding cell until my return. No harm was to come to you and no visitors where allowed." His eyes flickered to her hand again. There was a nervous swallow before he met the intensity of her eyes again. "It's standard practice to cuff prisoners." He admitted weakly. It was an honest oversight on his part. A foolish and costly oversight.
Against her better judgment Rey found it oddly comforting knowing that Kylo at least hadn’t been the one to put those awful Force blocking restraints on her. She was still angry, still hurt, but she was also certain that if she was ever able to bring him back to General Leia, they’d do the same to him, thought she doubted they had Force canceling cuffs, or whatever they were.

"Never put me in chains again!" She warned him in more of an insecure threat then a command.

He shook his head, his eyes never leaving hers as his thumb caressed the back of her curled fingers.

"Never!" He promised her with that single word and he meant it.

She closed her eyes and nodded. Everything she’d been through warned her not to believe him but still she trusted him, trusted the way he felt between their bond. The way his heart ached at the knowledge that she’d been treated that way and it had been because of him. Because of the lack of his care and the attention to detail while she was in it.

"Anymore terms?" His voice came out more gruff then he intended it to and it caused her eyes to fly open with a startle. He wanted to apologize but from he look on her face he knew he wasn't out of the storm yet. There was more from her end.

"If we're going to do this... if you're really going to teach me... it can't be more then that." Her voice was low while her eyes stared up into his. "Anything else would be—"

"Distracting?" He pipped up with far to much hope in the one word.

Her eyes leveled with his and she looked up at I'm with a slanted smile and a silent apology that passed from her eyes to his."—Inappropriate." She carefully corrected, but really she wanted to say confusing. It was hard enough to keep her mind from wandering when he was around.

He swallowed hard, his eyes flattening with his deflating hope. His lips pulled together and his chin dimpled with the raw emotion he pushed down. There was clear tension in his suddenly hard face but he swallowed through that as well. His teeth worked together, grinding until he found the release of his set jaw long enough to respond.

He nodded but his eyes fell away from hers. "Mhm, right." He continued to nod, agreeing with more enthusiasm then needed. "Of course." The two words came out like a deep rumble from his chest. In one quick motion he released her hand from his and turned, his now empty right fist clenching hard enough to cause the leather of his glove to groan in his tight grip.

Rey unconsciously sidestepped, her own shoulders turning to keep him at the front of her body. She swallowed nervously. He was tense. The more rigid he became the more threatening he appeared. She didn't really blame him for this, it was just a natural consequence of being such a massive man. He towered over her when they were feet apart, let alone in such a confined space and there was always an intensity about him. It was more then just the power that radiated off of him. More then the thickness of the Darkness that surrounded him like a system of planets orbiting their sun. It was just him, how passionate he was. How completely dedicated and all consuming he was in everything he committed to. She was sure this was why he was frequently so impulsive and that was dangerous when combined with someone who housed as much Force energy as he did.

"But your not the only one who gets to name their terms, Scavenger." His back was still turned from hers, his face unreadable while out of her sight and the tension in their bond tugged tightly between them nearly pulling a breath free from Rey's chest in the process.

For reasons Kylo couldn't pin down, he was hurt. He supposed he'd felt rejected which was
ridiculous because she was right and of course she was. He couldn't be her Master and have her in other ways too. It wouldn't be right, wouldn't be the responsible thing to do. He'd never know if it was desire that brought her to him willingly or the need to follow his orders, adherence to the silent wishes of her Master... there was no honor in that. It made the blood in his veins boil to know he couldn't have what was so close but he kept himself as neutral as possible. Kept himself bottled up so as not to destroy any ground they may have made.

"For me to honor your terms..." He turned and his stride was long when he moved closer to her again. "You can't run." Her shoulders pulled back at his words but her feet remained rooted in place. He silently applauded her for standing her ground. She was strong, capable, intelligent... She would be a very pleasing apprentice. "There can be no attempts at escape Rey, not one!" His words came out quicker now. He bent at the hips and his hair lightly shook around his face as his passion grew. "Or your terms are off the table." He warned darkly.

Her teeth clamped shut. She was squeezing her jaw in contemplation and he wondered, if only for a moment of weakness and self doubt, if he'd come off to aggressive but then her chin lifted and she nodded at him once, then twice.

"No running." She agreed.

They had one more important thing to discuss. One more bomb to drop before he was sure she'd really agree. His mouth opened but he suddenly felt like his tongue was covered in shards of glass. It was so painful to move that he couldn't seem to make the organ work properly in his mouth. He sealed his lips again, swallowed and smoothed his tongue over the roof of his mouth before trying again.

"You can't make an attempt to see them again." His voice cracked over the edge of his nerves but he continued just the same, ignoring the moment of weakness that bled from his own insecurities. He doubted that she'd ever agree to this, couldn't see it as a viable possibility. "There can be no contact between you or anyone in or associated with, the Resistance." He finally finished.

His voice was gravely but she didn't misunderstand a single word out of his mouth. Her fists squeezed at her sides and she stiffened but Kylo made sure he was still the next to speak. He knew she thought he was somehow doing this to hurt her, he could taste the bitterness in her mouth like it was his own. "If you're caught," He cut her off before she could lash out at him. "It will be seen as treason and there will be nothing I can do to save you. Likely nothing I could do to save either one of us. Guilty by association remember?" After everything he'd been through to find and get her here, he was sure he'd go down with the ship if it came to protecting her.

Rey's chest rose and fell in heavy, unsteady breaths. The idea of leaving it all behind her took the air right out of her lungs. She hadn't really ever been with the Resistance, at least not yet. She'd hoped. Spent months in solitude on Luke's island dreaming about partaking in covert missions where maybe she got to fly her own x-wing, or something comparable. Her eyes stared off and she saw those day dreams being shot down around her.

Something beeped behind Kylo but Rey hadn't heard the noise. If she had it certainly hadn't computed in her mind. Kylo turned, pulled a black bar down from above his head and he eyed the navi chart that had a very disappointing blip blinking brightly back at him on the holo grid. She needed more time and they'd practically reached their destination. He slammed the bar back into the slot over head and eyed her over his shoulder.

When he stepped towards the control room she rushed after him. He hadn't done more then taken that one step before he turned back to her, his hand up to silence any word before they could leave her mouth. "No! Not yet." His eyes were hard, calculating. "Take some time to think about it
because if you say yes that's it, Rey.” His voice trembled and his forehead was beginning to glisten from a thin line of perspiration brought on by his anxiety. "This isn't a split decision deal. If you say yes that's it. There's no going back.” He said with a tone of absolute finality.

He swallowed and his eyes flicked over hers before he turned again, leaving her standing behind him an equally nervous wreck. "I'm just going to check on something the chart picked up, probably nothing." He passively called over his shoulder before his back disappeared down the narrow corridor that led to the cockpit. It took him seconds to reprogram their route but he lingered for a few moments longer before heading back to the transport bay.

If she says no... then what? Maybe he shouldn't have even entertained the idea of her terms. But if they could agree there were great benefits in having her here of her own accord. Things would go better in the long run.

But if she says no? The doubt crept up and his Darkness stirred to life. He shook his head trying not to think of that option. It was foolish of him. The odds where against his favor. It would make sense to prepare himself for that outcome since it was more likely but he couldn't even handle juggling that option around in his head. How would he handle if it came to fruition?

He squeezed the leather of the pilots chair. He could already imagine the smell of the singed and burning material as he ripped through the room, hacking and slashing. Destroying everything insight to assuage the anger he knew would rise if she said no. His fist slammed into the head of the chair.

He shouldn't have entertained her terms...

"Is everything alright up there?” Her concerned voice called out from behind him. There was a slight hollowness in her normally warm pitch and he hoped it was due to the distance the sound had to travel through to reach him.

He cracked his neck along his tense shoulders, his eyes flickering over the Navi map once more. The reroute would buy them a few more precious hours. It would by him a little more time before he had to put that helmet back on. Had to accept whatever answer she gave him and what ever consequences that followed. He turned quickly, already missing the comfort of standing in the same room with her. The effect she had on him was daunting. Being away from her after sharing the same space felt like a chore. Thinking became more difficult. Breathing became more difficult. Force, just existing felt like to much work. Perhaps it was from starving the Force bond shared between them for too long. They still didn't know the effect they really had on one another. Still didn't know the extent of what their bond meant for their future or anything in it. He just knew not being around her made it harder to breath and it was getting worse by the day.

When he returned to the small room where he'd left her she was sitting along a transport bench. She looked tired, worn down from the emotional exhaustion of the last few days. Maybe that was another reason his booted feet had felt so heavy when he walked. Maybe it was her aching body that he was become more aware of. Her tired mind that burdened him with the task of functioning on fumes.

"We have a couple of hours before we arrive.” His voice was soft, maybe he was already trying to calm her enough to relax for a while but he didn't think it was a conscious effort so he ignored the change even as he unclasped the pins that held his cloak in place along his shoulders. "You can make your decision then." He allotted.

Her hands were pressed flat to the metal of the bench she sat on and he saw it when her fingers pulled along the surface. His lips pulled in a flat line and he whipped the cloak around his front sweeping it through the air until it wrapped around the right half of her seated body. Rey jumped at the sudden movement but her bottom remained on the bench. She eyed him with questions that made
her weary brain ache and she wanted to decline the offer of his cloak but it was so warm and with the thick heaviness weighing her shoulders down she was already beginning to feel warm too.

"You should get some rest while your body’s still in tune with the concept of night and day. After a short time in space, it all kind of just... blends together." He positioned himself in a chair a few feet away, his eyes drifting to the port that showed of the never ending expanse of space and all of its twinkling stars.

Rey wanted to decline. She wanted to fight the sleep that tugged at her foggy brain. But her eyelids led the revolt and they were the first to go. They’d been drifting open and closed since she sat down. She'd felt a riptide of turmoil churning from his end of their connection. It was so nauseating that she’d needed to take a seat and now she was regretting that decision. Her eyes constantly traveled back in his direction but as far as she could tell he didn't look back at her even once since he'd sat down. His posture was straight, his shoulders tense and as far as she could tell he was rigid. Every muscle so tense he appeared stiff. A living statue of flesh and bone. Nothing about his posture said he had any intentions of leaving the room again anytime soon.

She let out a deep relaxing breath and pulled his cloak higher across her shoulders. It hadn't been her intention to fall asleep but the lull of their bond humming between them mixed with the warmth and scent he'd left behind in his cloak cocooned around her, gently permeating her skin and senses until she found herself more relaxed then she’d bee in days. Her tired eyes peeked back at his statuesque form one more time before settling closed and eventually she conceded to the sleep her body demanded of her.

He could tell when she was finally asleep and honestly she must have been more exhausted then he first surmised because it hadn't taken long at all. Her breaths had deepened and became rhythmic which suggested she was comfortable. He was surprised that she could fall asleep sitting straight up and on a hard bench but he supposed she hadn't had the luxury of a bed back on Jakku. He couldn't help how she lived in the past, but he could correct that while she was under his care now.

Even in her sleep her fingers where tightly clutching his cloak and it was silly, but he resented the material. He felt like it was doing his job. Keeping her comfortable in a way that he should be able to. He could help her in other ways though. Her head was tipped down, her chin resting against her chest in a way that had to have been uncomfortable.

Kylo leaned forward slowly. Uncertain of how deeply she slept, he really didn't want to startle her awake. Something told him that if she woke to him standing over it would unconsciously be her first instinct to fight or flee and he didn't like either option so he remained seated. Using the Force he carefully tilted her body towards the length of the bench. His right hand opened and he carefully guided her head down while his left Force swept her feet up and over the edge of the bench so he could reposition her, lay her across the length on her side. He carefully tucked some of the cloak beneath her head before settling her cheek into the pool of fabric he'd left there to shield her from the cool hard metal of the durasteel below. Satisfied with how much more comfortable she looked he leaned back, resettling himself against his own chair.

This didn't last long though and he felt no guilt or shame when he gazed back in her direction. How different she looked from the first time he'd laid her against an identical bench in an identical shuttle. Her hair had still been in the three buns then. She'd worn those cream and tan rags she was so fond of and he'd had no cloak to offer her, nor did he have the balls to offer her his cowl. It was something she'd never know of but he was embarrassed by the knowledge just the same. He remembered taking
of his helmet and holding it awkwardly in his restless hands as he watched her off and on. He tried to ignore her as she slept under the control of his mind but he couldn't help his gaze from flickering back and forth. He'd been just as fascinated but far less empowered to follow through. He watched her now unabashedly.

She looked marvelous wrapped up in his cloak. Much more comfortable now then the first time he'd taken her for himself. He hoped that this time when he referred to her as his guest she'd agree. That this time she would stay with him, accept the offer he'd once made to teach her. He understood her refusal then and this time it was a careful discussion that allowed him to lay that offer at her feet. Though he still wasn't certain if it was going to prove more helpful then harmful. He supposed only time would tell. And for better or worse, Kylo knew he didn't have long to wait to find out.

*Hey Guys n Gals, I really hope you enjoyed this update I'm very excited and hope to get going on the next chapter ASAP! Please Kudos if you enjoyed and shoot me so comments, thought feelings, whatever pops into your Reylo loving heads, I'm down to discuss!*
Kylo Ren's hand lingered over the space just above Rey's right temple. At some point she'd shifted in her sleep and a tiny curl of chestnut brown hair had fallen across her face. The damnable loose strand had been taunting him for almost forty minutes since he'd noticed it and that was even before they arrived at the docking station of his Mega StarDestroyer. They'd made a smooth landing in the ship hanger some time ago and he knew his troops were probably already lined up outside the loading ramp. His officers would have questions about why he'd disconnected the communications com and changed his course to cycle the system they drifted through three more times but they could all wait. There could be nothing more important outside of this shuttle then what was laying across the bench peacefully sleeping inside this shuttle.

He'd initially risen from his chair to wake her but that loose kriiffing strand resting across the length of half of her freckle dusted skin had kept him from doing so just yet. Instead of rousing her he remained frozen in place, his eyes repeatedly tracing the wisp of hair. He was standing inches from her and his only thought was to swipe away the curl that he'd been fixating on since its release from the tightly twisted bun she'd fixed at the back of her head. He already missed seeing the ends settling and curling around her shoulders.

His knuckles drifted over the delicate strand, brushing it just slightly enough to lightly move it. He couldn't feel the texture through his glove but he imagined it was as soft as it appeared. He hesitated above her, his movements slow and cautious as he carefully allowed his hand to uncurl. His fingers moved for the silky curl and he was so close to taking it between their tips before his palm turned. His open hand was taking a different path and it felt like it wasn't even something he was in control of. He had the urge to swipe his fingers across her cheek, wanted to cup the side of her head in his palm and caress the length of that loose strand with his thumb.

He swallowed nervously and his weight shifted slightly. His fingers were close to her hairline, just over her warm skin and he could feel the energy humming between their relaxed Force signatures. An alarming pound at the shuttle door startled both he and the girl who laid along the bench beside him. His hand pulled back just as her eyes flew open but he was positive she hadn't caught him pulling away. In her alarm she'd shot up from her resting position, her palms settled beneath her and she pushed up until her arms locked at the elbows. She was blinking hazily, staring up at him through wide but groggy eyes and he knew she had no inclination of just how close he'd been. Even after the starling banging at the shuttles door there was no alarm in her eyes as she silently gazed up at him.

He left no time for her to question why he was lingering so near. He strode past as if that's what he'd been doing the whole time and she remained silent as she watched him move. He knew putting the space between them would help ease her nerves. Had he stayed rooted in front of her he could imagine how uncomfortable she'd quickly begin to feel, not to mention how awkward it would be. He plucked his helmet from the table he'd set it on hours ago and tucked it under his left arm before turning back to face her. He couldn't imagine putting the helmet back on before asking her for her answer would help grant him any favor. She hated the damn thing and truthfully he couldn't blame her. Lately he wasn't partial to it himself.

She'd snapped up the second she realized the ships engines had quieted and when he turned back around she was wrapping the length of his cloak over her left arm. As she approached him, Rey carefully worked to smooth out the wrinkles she'd left in it. He was surprised that she'd been the one to move closer first and even more taken back when she was the first to speak.
"Th-thank you." She said sincerely, her arm lifting in his direction so she could offer him the cloak he'd practically tuckered her in with. Draping it around her with out first warning her or gaining her consent had been exactly what she needed. She was to independent and stubborn to have accept it otherwise and it had been so nice and warm that once in place there was no way she was able to refuse it.

He nodded and his hands carefully lifted to retrieve what she offered. "Rey," He tested his voice. He just wanted to spit out the question that had been haunting him while she peacefully slept a few feet away, but he was genuinely terrified of her answer.

As if sensing his concern her hand landed on his left forearm causing him to pause mid retrieval of his cloak. His eyes were deep and intense. His heart pumped blood that felt to thick to flow through his veins without the threat of internal suffocation and he heard it like a raging river of flowing lava moving in his ears. His mouth was closed but dry just the same and he swallowed hard in his throat sending his adam's apple bobbing deep in his neck with the effort.

"So... what do I call you?" Her eyes flicked away but only for a moment before she was staring at him with certainty and resolve.

She looked up at him in full understanding of what she was asking leaving Kylo behind as the more confused of the two in this moment.

"Are you—?" He started in a nervous timber.

Her hand gripped tightly on his forearm, her fingertips digging in as though she needed him for balance but she stood firm in her certainty and there was something comforting about how calm she was. "I am." She assured him.

He opened his mouth to question her, to make absolute certain that she understood what she was saying but she cut him off again. "What do I call you?" She repeated more sternly. Her voice was strong but calm and he couldn't understand why he was so shaken while she stood solid as a mythical world pillar.

He found himself swallowing again. His weight slightly shifted as a tremor passed through him and he forced small breaths through his constricted lungs. "The bond between a Master and Apprentice transcends all other titles." He paused, his head tilting slightly and he couldn't help the lean of his body in her direction as he waited for her to stop him. When she didn't correct and explain that she'd actually meant something else or flat out denied what he thought she was saying the arch of his neck straightened. His feet shifted so that he was parallel to her and his body tightened with her standing in his shadow.

"Master. Just Master." He answered her plainly. She nodded and he thought his heart was going to explode in his chest.

"You understand my terms?" She inquired.

Now he nodded. "Explicitly." He said with complete certainty. "And you mine?" He more then stared at her, he was so intense that it felt like he could see in through her and Rey had to remind herself not to get distracted as she stared back at him. He was so impossibly tall when he stood so close and straight and when he blinked Rey could see the dark flutter of thick lashes over his cheeks.

There was a hard repetitive rap at the other end of the door again and something that sounded like a
muffled voice calling from the other side. Rey jumped but Kylo's only reaction came from his right arm which shot out behind him and instantly the pounding stopped. His eyes never left her but she had instinctively followed the path of his open hand when it flew behind him. There would be no further interruptions from beyond the door. The officer dangling above the ground with his uniform clutched by an invisible force was more then enough proof that their Commander didn't yet want to be disturbed nor was he in any need of their direct assistance.

The pair stood across from one another in silence. Rey's eyes were already back on his and their hearts were both beating so frantically that neither could discern which thrum belonged to one or the other. Her tongue darted out to damped her dry lips and somehow he fought the urge to follow the movement with his eyes. Instead he stared fixedly at hers, his gaze unwavering, his anxiety building with every painful pulse of his overworked heart. Her chest was quickly rising and falling, the mental exertion mixing with the startle she'd just had caused her pulse to painfully pound through her veins. Her cardio vascular system was taking a beating and she was trying very hard no to show it.

"Explicitly, Master." She said in a low voice, her own eyes never shying away from the intense burn of his.

He was worried about what he'd do if she declined him. Worried he was going to explode with all of the fiery anger and rage of a dying star but he hadn't considered how he'd handle her acceptance. He was collapsing inside. His power firing on all cylinders, threatening to first implode only to later burst from his pores like cosmic radiation. He needed to get control of himself immediately. His fists repeatedly flexed and he squeezed and gripped at the cloak in his hands.

His Darkness was washing methodically through him. Thick waves of it lapping at the shores of his mind like it finally had a moon to control it, a source of light in an ebon and shadow filled world. And his alpha... his alpha had been assuaged in a way he'd never known possible. There was a satisfaction that could only be described as euphoric and there was something erotic laced in there as well. Something animalistic and primal that melted his core with the intensity of an eclipsing sun. He put a lot of his strength into guarding himself from allowing his thoughts and feeling to pass through their now brightly dazzling bond. There was no way he could allow even a fraction of his feelings to make it through their connection. She may see it as an immediate breech of their terms and there was no way in Mustafar that he'd allow that to happen on his end of their delicate contract.

So Kylo did what he thought best. He bottled himself up until he could find an appropriate moment to give release to the emotions that welled threateningly close to his surface. His hands loosened on his cloak and he nodded carefully.

"I have a few things to look after before I'll have the time to properly being your training and I'm sure you'll need some time to adjust to your new surroundings. I propose we start in two days time." He said mathematically and with great effort to hide even the tiniest bit of strain though he was sure she picked up on some of it. Her hand shifted on his arm, her fingers loosening over the ropes of his tightly bound muscles before finally falling away.

"Two days." She agreed with a curt nod.

Kylo reacted the second she was done speaking. A flick of his fingers from under the material in his hands and the release switch activated the hatch that would by him freedom from the confines of being trapped with her so close while he was alight inside. Too many emotions, needs, and desires flooded through him. Too many things he wanted to do to relieve himself of the pent up power she caused to explode through him. Things she'd made fairly clear wasn't going to happen between them while he instructed her.

Behind him the hydraulics pumped and hissed alerting Rey that they were about to be breeched, or
more likely that they were just about to exit the shuttle. Rey's heart hammer ed in her chest. She was about to willingly step out onto a First Order docking bay and it wasn't to escape like she'd felt she was doing when she entered Kylo's command shuttle. No, she was all but signing up. Following their Commander right into the bowls of the 'machine' as he'd recently called it.

The Force hummed through her itching veins. Static electricity thickened the air around her and when she looked back up to find the comfort of Kylo's brown eyes she instead found he'd replaced the helmet over his head. She instinctively jumped back but his hand flew out to lightly grab at her arm. Her face flew back to his and bright light flooded the space behind his ebon clad body as the shuttle door opened to an already lowered ramp.

"Rey, you have nothing to fear here. You are my Apprentice now. Nothing and no one will harm you while in my care. Never again." His voice poured reassurance through her mind, sending ripples of comfort flourishing through her. The conviction in his voice matched the severity of the emotions flowing through their bond leaving no doubt about his sincerity. It was the first time since the temple that he'd used their bond to communicate and she couldn't have been more thankful that they shared this link then she was now.

She nodded nervously and while something in the back of her mind wanted to yell and kick and scream everything else in her took comfort in his promise. Kylo stepped to the side of her, his cloak still folded over his left arm when he used the hold he had on hers to slowly turn her body away from his. She would have been alarmed had she not already been to distracted by the sight beyond the ramp. She could see black metal floors that stretched past what the entrance of the shuttle allowed her eyes to take in and along that floor were rows and rows of troopers of all different ranks and armor. Black, grey, red and of course the standard white armored storm troopers stood in many different divisions, ranks and formations.

She could make out at least three squadrons from just what the doorway allowed her to see. She was breathing heavily. Ragged painful breaths that ached going in and out. Kylo was doing something at her back but the small careful movements seemed far less threatening then the stationary waves of men, droids and creatures alike ahead of her. And they were of course, all donning weapons of some kind. She imagined they'd all lined up to take turns firing at her the second she was clear of their Commander.

She stepped back and her shoulders collided into Kylo's chest. The interaction brought her spinning around in his direction and she finally realized what he'd been doing. He'd managed to fasten his cloak to her shoulders without her even noticing. His neck arched and his helmeted face was bent to the direction of the ground behind her. Her mouth opened in confusion but the sudden strike of his lightsaber igniting caused her to stammer back and she bit her tongue with how fast her mouth snapped shut. Rey was already back peddling when his Force wrapped around her. His free hand tilted and he locked her in place from the waste down.

In one swift, precise strike his blade swiped along the ground and she flew forward with the sudden release of his energy from around her. His lightsaber disengaged and his open hand crushed closed as he quickly moved to stop her from stumbling face first into the deck. Her hands planted to the invisible ground of his Force and what was loose of her hair and his cloak hung around her body as she dangled above the floor. He was quick to pull her back to her feet and he allowed her a short moment to gain her balance before completely releasing her from his Force hold.

Her eyes darted to the space where his lightsaber had swiftly struck and she found the purpose for the action. On the ground behind her was a large strip of the cloak he'd attached to her. It was obvious why he'd seen the need to hack the strip off; she was to short to walk around in the full length of a cloak that glided just over the ground while he wore it.
Still...

Her nose wrinkled as she brooded up at him. "A little warning would have been nice." She gripped.

"Apologies." He mechanically clipped.

Chills ran up her spine. Maker, she hated what that vocoder did to his otherwise soothing voice.

A snicker escaped the underside of the helmet and she was so close, she'd heard it. She scrunched her face disapprovingly at him and he shrugged, a slight smirk tugging at the corner of his pleased mouth. He stepped closer to her and she tensed but made no further attempts to slink away from him. He replaced the hilt of his lightsaber to the hitch in his belt and his hand moved behind her line of sight to lightly settle along her lower back.

"Are you ready?" He quietly asked through their bond not wanting to grate her nerves any further then their arrival and the replacement of his helmet already had.

With the reassurance of his hand slightly pressing against her spine, she found the courage to confidently nod. She composed herself, rallied her courage and lifted her chin in the direction she knew they were about to take. She was ready. At least she told herself she was ready but when they started down the ramp, a ramp that was like a gateway leading to the most massive army and docking bay she'd ever seen, her nerves imploded under the surface of her trembling skin. The further down the ramp they walked the heavier Rey's feet felt. Her steps came slower and slower, her hesitance clear in her reluctant movements.

"Rey, if you view them as your enemy, that is all they can ever be." His words were not mean to comfort, she could tell by the warning in his tone but she didn't miss the meaning behind them either. It was more then view them how you want to be viewed. More then show no fear or be eaten alive. Like the sharp snap of fingers, their new dynamic was clear. His words were direct in their meaning as well as their deliverance. He was speaking to her as a Master to an apprentice. This was her first lesson, he would offer her no further comfort then the hand at her back. The press of his fingers along her rigid spine so light, it was barely noticeable. In fact, if not for the Force between their contact causing precious points of tingling charges under the tips of his fingers, she wouldn't have been able to feel the contact his hand made along the surface of his cloak and her new uniform.

She swallowed thickly. She shouldn't be surprised by the change in his demeanor. This is what she asked for; space. A wall between student and teacher and anything that could be perceived as intimacy. He was already respecting the terms they'd agreed on, including the boundaries she'd set. He wasn't being cold per say, in fact the word professional crept up into the hollow space of her mind that already missed the warmth and consideration he'd shown her during the flight here.

A quick glance in his direction sent shivers down her spine. She really did despise that helmet. It represented everything she disliked about him. Symbolized the other half of the man she was slowly starting to feel more comfortable around. The problem was, every time she thought she figured something out about him or started feeling like maybe he wasn't the monster that masked helmet suggested, he'd go and destroy something irreplaceable.

"You're being distracting, Apprentice." The rumble of his deep voice filled her head and she almost tripped on her own two feet. Turning to follow the path her eyes had already taken, Rey's head shot in his direction. "Eyes and face forward. Compose yourself in the same manner as I do. Remember who you are." He ordered sternly.

Her head sprung forward and her feet propelled in the same direction. He was pulling ahead of her.
His long confident stride putting more space between them with every second that passed where she hesitated. She lifted her chin, defiance set in her strong countenance and she imitated the rhythm of his movements. He exuded dominance, power, and confidence. On deeper inspection she noticed the way he used his Force essence to intimidate those around him. His height and structure would have done the trick fine enough but he added that extra push in the form of the repulsive energy around him. He gave off a feeling the equivalent of a predator around prey. The fines hairs along her neck stood on end and there was an uneasy moving like liquid fear settling deep in her belly.

She didn't really approve of using the Force to strike fear in those around her but standing in the center of a First Order hanger, crowded by more loyally armed species then she even perceived could exist with just as many armored droids and other war machines of varying types encircling them, and she could see why he did it.

"It's my power that causes such a reaction. Some respect it, most fear it, but the outcome is the same."

And Rey had no doubt of what he spoke of. The bustling world around them came grinding to an agonizing halt. There was a thick tension in the air as the workers, soldiers and officers around them, not just in their immediate vicinity, slowed to watch Kylo Ren storm through the bay, only returning to life at a much faster pace when their Commander caught them staring. It was like the impossibly large room had somehow been shrunk down and slowed by time, only to be kickstarted into high gear again and all at the simple glance of a man in a mask.

His steps never slowed even while men in high ranking uniforms approached, joining in her struggle to keep up with his relentless pace as they attempted to update their Commander to the status of the ongoings of one thing or another, most of which Rey didn't quite understand. Kylo continued on as though the officers hadn't said a thing to him, or as if he could care less if they had.

Rey already felt scrutinized by every eye in the room, but there was something about the way the man addressing Kylo looked at her that made her skin crawl. At first she imagined it was her nerves, then her paranoia. But after several sideways glances in her direction Rey knew he'd been intentionally eyeing her. He was at least middle aged but the stress lines highlighting his face made it hard to pin down where about his age actually ranged, maybe between his forties and fifties. His hair was sandy blond so any silver peppered within would be naturally camouflaged and he had classic brown eyes that didn't have even an ounce of the same charm or sincerity as Kylo's had. Over all he was average, average age for his rank, average height and average appeal. Nothing really popped out about him, yet her attention kept going back to him and nearly every time her eyes traveled up, she'd find his staring back at her. She'd contemplated making a rude face at him but the way he kept looking at her sent a queasy sensation rolling low in her gut. The tiny hairs on the back of her neck rose and she contemplated shying away from his unnerving glances.

Kylo could sense Rey's unease growing. He imagined that this moment could be a little intimidating. He'd certainly expected her to feel overwhelmed, even protective of herself, but what he was getting from her, even here surrounded by those she thought meant her harm, he didn't expect his Scavenger to react so intensely. He could feel her pulling away from those around her and from him. She was shelling herself off defensively, her survival instincts bringing her awareness up to full alert. He'd wanted her to handle this experience on her own. The idea was to show her how to handle the pressure, how to act around those who were her lessers even if they didn't know it yet. But something about her unease rubbed him the wrong way. Her distress disturbed the Alpha that lived deep down in the comfort of his darkness and kylo couldn't help but let the protective part of him rise to the occasion.

He crept into her mind gently, his first reaction to find the source of her unease. He expected it to be
the sheer numbers of those she'd perceive as enemies for a long time to come, and while he'd wanted to help her with that, he knew the only real solution here would be time; but that's not what was bothering her. It was there, but not in the forefront of threats she found around her. No, It was the man to his right that caused her discomfort.

The Admiral who was still blabbing about one thing or another had, up until then, only had a fraction of Kylo's attention. It wasn't until he felt Rey's reservations at walking to closely behind the man that Ren noticed the looks he kept giving to his, scavenger. His voice was trailing in and out of Ren's ears as he spoke, still only getting half of the attention he probably should have been giving the officer during the debriefing but one slight push into the man's mind and he knew why Rey was on edge.

In just a flash of that glimpse he'd witnessed the true purpose of the man's wandering eyes. A longer, deeper glance had his inner beast roaring to life. Kylo Ren's head snapped to the Admirals face, his feet simultaneously coming to a full and sudden stop. Again the bay quieted and all attention fell to the small group just as they passed the unit of stormtroopers who lined the exiting dock to salute their superior as he arrived on deck.

Ren's heels pulled together and he turned towards the Admiral who was already taking a step back in fear of his Commanders sudden and unpredictable movements. Ren's helmet briefly moved from the Admiral to his apprentice then back again.

"Care to voice any of those thoughts out loud, Admiral?" There was strain in his voice and the slight tilt of Ren's masked face coupled with the mechanical layers the vocoder of his helmet added, only increased how intimidating the menacing knight was.

"Wh- what? I..." The poor man was already sweating along his hairline. His tight cheeks growing red above the shallows of his high cut cheekbones.

"I'm sure Mrs. T'smar would appreciate the creativity of such thoughts, had they been directed at her." Even through the shield of his mask the man knew Kylo's eyes were narrowing in on him. "She seems like such a—lively woman."

Ren had overheard just how 'lively' this man's wife was; from several different points of view, and he had a hunch that the man before him likely knew of the rumors that circulated about his wife's extracurricular activities while he was out indulging himself in the things that came with the power of his rank.

The man paled, his body recoiling at the meaning behind Ren's ulterior message.  

"I... I..." At a loss of what to say the man simply stuttered.

Ren pressed further into his head and he wished he hadn't. His thoughts were dark, twisted with something so volatile that it left Ren cringing.

"Or," Rens's voice rose above the level their ongoing surroundings. "Perhaps you were simply hoping for an introduction...?" He maliciously inquired.

Even through the cloak of his helmets modulator he sounded dangerous. There was something unnatural about the pitch of his tone and even Rey's own survival instincts spiked from standing so
close to such an obvious threat.

Kylo Ren's feet shifted and his frame angled. His right shoulder paralleled perfectly with Rey's chest. He raised his right hand and prompting Rey to step forward he opened his palm to her. She swallowed her nerves down.

"What are you doing..?" She beckoned with her mind to his.

"Giving you a proper introduction. Now step forward." He commanded through the privacy of their personal line. There was nothing soothing about his voice this time. It was dark and dangerous, laced with hate and rage.

"I- I don't think this kind of display is needed..." She began and somehow he managed to growl through the wave of their bond.

"This is the perfect opportunity, an introduction that will make a statement." He urged her closer with the pull of his will and her feet stammered forward. "Move, Apprentice!" He demanded.

There was no Force pressure behind his words but she felt inclined to follow his instructions just the same. She took a confident step forward but on the inside she wasn't the least bit certain of whether indulging him was a good idea or bad.

"A show of Force would make for the perfect introduction," he said, facing the man who's perverse thoughts had stirred something better left sleeping in the broken man who kept it caged. The thing that lived inside of him was snapping its frothing jaws at the man who threatened his female, dying for a chance to rip this bastards throat out. His head craned back in Rey's direction. "Don't you agree, Apprentice?" He made it a point to accentuate her newly agreed to title and at that very moment, Rey had figured out the point to all of this.

"Ren, we agreed you wouldn't force me into hurting anyone." She carefully reminded him.

"You don't have to." Was the last thing he said through their bond. He made no further movement in her direction, nor did he communicate anything else through their humming line. His attention remained fixed on the man who'd done or thought something that Rey had completely missed.

Ren's skin ached with a fury he could hardly contain. He was already to emotionally pent up to handle the sudden viscosity of the thick ropes of Darkness that polluted his mind. He'd seen this man hurt her in ways that would be difficult for anyone to recover from. He'd imagined her beaten and bruised, sobbing while he repeatedly used her. Logically, Kylo knew these were just thoughts, but thoughts led to actions and he gave a kriff less about whether the man deserved a chance to defend himself over those thoughts.

"Would you like to enlighten her?" He asked balefully.

The Officer leaned back on his heels, his eyes looking to those around him for any support, any distraction that could possibly redirect his Commander's explosive attention.

Ren's fist squeezed, his knuckles running white under the strain of pressure. His glove crackled like popping embers in his fiery grip and those close by undoubtably heard it through the thin veil of silence the confrontation had brought about.

Her face and her hands, that's all that could be seen save for the black standard issue uniform and the ebon of his cloak around her, yet still this man had been thinking so disgustingly lewd about what wasn't his to fantasize about. Kylo understood why he had gone to thoughts of violence and non consensual sex. He recognized her. He was of a high enough rank to have had the security clearance
to know both his Commander and the General had been recently hunting her down. He saw her only as the trash picker who escaped before the Starkiller was destroyed. In his mind she was as damnable as the Resistance fighters who'd brought that base down around them. There would be more like him, more men of high enough rank to cause trouble if he didn't set this straight now. It was never documented that she was retrieved by the Resistance, only that she had escaped in the chaos, but still this man set her on the same level as those responsible for its destruction and his thoughts about owed retribution and brutal retaliation were over the top and repulsive. This was more then anger fueled revenge, it was his nature. He enjoyed hurting those he thought were weaker than himself—.

"Ren, what are you doing?" Rey's careful voice pushed into his head but he'd barely registered her. —it was men like this that Ren wanted weeded out of the ranks and one day when he had the power to do so he would cleanse the First Order of this brand of scum with his own two hands. Kylo couldn't let this stand. He wouldn't have it. He wouldn't allow anyone to think they could harm her in anyway, especially not in the abusive demeaning way this man wanted to.

"Go on then..." He stepped forward with harmful intent. Behind his mask, red hot embers glowed in his dark eyes, rising up to illuminate his rage like a bonfire from within. "Tell her what you want to do to her." In an un trackable instant, his lightsaber was in the flat of his palm. The blade hissed and crackled as it struck to life, spewing red plasma from all sides in a fury that matched its maker's.

The Admiral jumped back, stumbling in fear, nearly falling over his own feet as he back peddled. "Kylo!" There was panic in her voice and it only heightened the unstable thoughts of his mind. Now he added that panic to the already disturbing images the Admiral had painted in his head.

When Rey tried to see what he had she hit a wall. There was coldness through their connection. She knew he'd closed himself off from all but their communication but locked out without an explanation didn't seem warranted.

"S-Sr. I-I thought she was a-a prisoner..." The man nearly begged as he spoke, his hands held out in front of him as though they could prevent the Dark Knight from advancing further.

Rey's eyes moved between the two of them. The situation was escalating quickly and Rey still hadn't the slightest idea about what Ren was going on about.

"Does she look like a prisoner?" He growled and a heavy booted foot advanced further.

The man shook his head, his mouth opening and closing as though trying to formulate something coherent enough for his superior to understand.

"What was it you wanted to do to her mouth?" Kylo raised his lightsaber and the man tried to lift his feet, tried to get away but the control of his body was no longer in his command.

No one dared move to help the man. Not one person made a sound of objection even as their commanders elbow raised to the height of his shoulder and the plasma blade leveled with the mans quivering lips.

"Shall I show her?" He asked in a sinister voice.

Kylo's left hand opened and the man's mouth began to stretch wide. He was screaming through the circle of the orifice and thick tears bled down his face.

Rey had sloppily drove her mind into the Force locked Admiral and she was more then disgusted at what she found but his reaction... what Kylo was suggesting he'd do to the man... Rey was mortified.
She'd obviously figured out why he was in such a rage but this response... the brutality of what Ren was threatening him with... could he really do this?

"That's enough, Ren." She demanded, her heart pounding behind the cage of her chest.

His wrist twisted and the sparking blade moved closer to the Admiral's mouth.

She reached to him through their connection but his mind was still walled off to her. "Please, stop this!" She pleaded. "You've proven your point!" She all but screamed at him, her hands visibly shaking as she watched the sparks spitting over the man's face. His screams filled the hanger and everything around them had stopped functioning to watch.

It was a split second decision that saved the man from being skewered through his opened orifice. One that Rey would never regret if only to save herself form the memory of what was about to happen. Her hand flew forward and countering Ren's hold of the creep, Rey pushed out with her own Force. She made an adequate display out of her power and the range and speed at which her target flew was impressive, even to her. Those around them were already frozen in fear but now the mass of their attention was aimed at her. Rey didn't notice a single one of them. The entire First Order army could be closing in on her in this very moment and Rey could give a damn less.

Kylo Ren spun to face her. His attention and his fury turned on her the instant she freed the Admiral from his clutches. Rey did the only thing she thought would assuage the thing that clawed at his insides while he wasn't in control. It had worked to settle that primal thing in him on the island and she was hoping it would do the same now. She bowed her head to him, the word "Master" leaving her mouth like a prayer. A public acknowledgement that sounded dangerously personal.

There was no hesitance in his response. His chin lifted and his feet shifted back together. His breaths were ragged beneath his helmet and his chest rose and fell as though he'd been fully exerting himself. At the recognition of her submission the plasma of his lightsaber collapsed back into the housing of its crystal and Ren allowed his arm to drop to his side. His fury not yet cooled but the Alpha in him was content with his Beta's offering.

His helmeted head gauged from left to right. There was a sizable clearing around them. Only his apprentice had stayed close while he fumed. The others had spread, significantly widening the circumference of which they felt safe in. They cautiously fled from the pair so they would not fall victim to their Commanders renown rage or to that of his unknown Apprentice. Kylo nodded, his breath still rolling in thick bouts behind the mask of his helmet. Their point was made, whether she liked it or not, Rey would be feared. She would be safe, even when he wasn't by her side.

"Well done my Apprentice." And he turned without another word.

Her head rose at the sound of his movements and she followed close behind him as those ahead cleared a path for the Master Knight and his newly acknowledged apprentice.

*Well that just happened. Ren, your temper is terrifying! Good luck Rey I'm with those guys, * points to those who got the kriff outta the way. I wanted to end at a place of resolve in this chapter but it's already so long I'm going to have to extend it into the next one, sorry. I really hope you guys enjoyed a sprinkle of the Dark side before your Merry Christmas hehe.*

~Happy Holidays everyone!~

-DarkGuardian-
The time it took them to reach the place Kylo would call Rey's quarters took less then she expected, but maybe that was because of how fast they'd been moving through the base. There were eyes and ears everywhere along the way and while it was impossible for all of them to have been privy to witness the scene in the hanger, you couldn't have convinced Rey otherwise. She'd barely caught two sets of eyes chancing a look at her during the whole trip yet she felt like they were all staring. It didn't escape her notice that every time they turned down a new seemingly endless hall, anyone moving through the same area would vacate the premises or squish themselves against a wall to avoid the massive squall of a man who rampaged straight down the center.

And then there was the awkward trip in the lift; several storm troopers and even a cleaning droid had fled from the space the second they saw their already murderous Commander approach. The ride in the cold durasteel box was unforgiving, spent in tension and silence. Ren, in his explicit impatience, had literally Force dragged her feet across the threshold before pounding in the floor selection to the desired base level. Rey had turned back in his direction with the intent to give him a piece of her angry mind but when she'd seen his massive form half bent over the control panel, his back heaving from an exertion she hadn't understood, her sense of better judgment had kicked in, ultimately causing her to bite her tongue over the discrepancy.

He'd lead her out of the elevator and down two more long halls, both, like most of these nearly endless halls, looked identical and yet somehow Rey felt this place was familiar. She was certain she'd seen these brightly illuminated halls before with their unforgiving florescence stretching the length overhead and along both sides of the floors. Only the halls were ever lit this brightly, with the inlaid tracking that made the otherwise dark plated floors and walls unbearably bright by the flooding of false, harsh light. Rey hadn't been there yet but she knew the rooms and command decks were all dark. It was a recurring theme on this shuttle as with the Supremacy and the base formerly known as the Starkiller. She wanted to hate how dark the majority of the ship was, but truthfully, against the blackness of space the dark color palates of black, grey, and red that the First Order used to coincide with their insignia, not to mention their building supplies were naturally dark alloys, Rey was than thankful that most of the ship wasn't as brutally bright as these hallways would have otherwise suggested. Her eyes were use to natural lighting and the white brightness of the track lighting in these halls were straining her already tired eyes.

The deeper they moved into the belly of the gargantuan ship, the more She found herself thankful for the few precious hours of sleep the tornado of a man in front of her had encouraged her to get. This deep in the Destroyer Rey could understand how easy it was to lose track of time. There would be no sun up or sun down for her. No night and day to measure the hours of time by. It would be one long, endless night for her from here out. Even in the outskirts she doubted there was a good source of time measurement to track, unless they had entered a solar system that had a sun or two to go by. Even a moon could be used to track time so long as they had one in sight but she hadn't the chance to find out before Ren had her stomping through the slowly drifting base.

Something inside of her withered at the idea of being without the comfort of the sun. The natural warmth, no matter how harsh it could be, would always be something she craved; she didn't have much of her own body heat to rely on either. She frowned at that realization and without noticing the action herself, she pulled the length of Kylo's cloak tight around her body. There was something comforting about the material that wrapped around her. Perhaps it was the warmth it somehow seemed to inherit from its former owner, or maybe it was the scent that clung to the thick fibers which now encased her. Certainly these things helped but she knew none of those reasons were the sole of why she felt safe within its dark embrace.
Rey's fingers toyed with the ends of the thick fabric. She shrugged her neck into the comforting material before pulling it tighter still.

She knew, watching the long strides that she double timed to keep up with; watching everything from droids to soldiers and officers alike as they fumbled and redirected their paths to avoid the man she followed, that this cloak served as a beacon to those around them; she was his. Not his property, she'd never allow that, but those around them would know better then to harm her for fear of crossing him.

Even while he raged through the halls of his own massive Destroyer he'd managed to bring her comfort. She was frightened of the world around her, of those who surrounded her and yes, even of that petty man back in the hanger. And for all of her fear it was nothing compared to how quickly everyone around them fled or respectfully vacated the premises at the sight of Kylo Ren; her Master; her protector.

Part of her revolted at the idea, so defeated and angry about this that she resented him and the safety that came with his presence. She'd never needed anyone to feel safe before, but then... had she ever really felt safe before him?

Kylo was trying so hard not to notice the fragile looking girl at his back. He was so set at focusing straight ahead and still he'd unintentionally caught peeks of Rey here and there. The first time their eyes had made contact since they'd left the docking station had him literally Force pulling her to him as they boarded the elevator and though he wasn't proud of that, he didn't regret it either. After the display they'd made in the hanger he couldn't help but reach for her. He'd brought her here and already, the very first time she was approached, someone wanted her. The man hadn't physically touched her and yet Kylo wanted to break him. He wanted to dismember him one join at a time for thinking so grotesquely about his apprentice.

He should have remained focused ahead. Should have kept his eyes forward and continued to convince himself that Rey was capable, that she could take care of herself even when he wasn't there to scare off those who would revel in harming her but he just had to glance sideways around the last corner. It was in the final stretch to her room when he caught a full length peek at her. He had to double take what he saw but even after the third time he'd caught her in his view he couldn't unsee what his mind had. The cloth meant to play a part in an otherwise intimidating guise was tightly wrapped around her slender form and much to his dismay it now looked like a blanket or, maker help him, a towel... either, to his aggravation, were not very formidable to onlookers. The opposite if you asked him!

One half of his brain was more then satisfied that she'd not only taken comfort in what he'd provided for her, but she seemed content in snuggling with what those around them would recognize as a representation of himself. She wore a part of his armor. A part just as recognized as his mask and she was content in wrapping it around herself like it was his arms. Now that he was thinking about it he wasn't so sure he liked being replaced by the cloth...

But the other half of his brain though... the one that was always set in survival mode, was always on alert, and always ready for a fight, that part was kriffing furious.

What in the fiery center of Mustafar, was this girl doing? He'd just made it a point to make her look dangerous, formidable at the very least, and now she was— snuggling, literally snuggling— with his cloak; and where everyone they passed could witness it.

He yanked the glove free of his right hand and smashed it into the panel that would allow extremely limited access to her room.
Snuggling— He'd understood the concept while she was sleeping, but moving through the base of his Destroyer... surrounded by officers and soldiers and warriors of all kinds...

He froze at the base of the door, angling his body to allow her access to pass forward without interference. His eyes bore into the back of her head as she passed his rigid form to enter the quiet safety of her chamber. The second she was clear of the threshold, Kylo stepped in behind her. The door had barely slid shut before she turned on him and he wasn't even prepared. He'd thought he would be the one to scold her. Her hesitation in the hanger was unacceptable and then there was the kriffing snuggling... but he'd never even gotten the chance before she was lashing into him with an anger that he didn't have the resolution to deal with in his already Force bolstered state.

"I told you I wouldn't hurt anyone! And the first thing—"

Kylo stepped forward already preparing to counter her anger with reasoning that seemed obvious to him.

"—The first thing you do is order me to put on a show for your men?"

Her pupils were small in the brightly lit room and he found the rings of honey and olive staring irately up at him, to be extremely distracting. Come to think about it, everything about this situation was distracting. She was here, finally here on his ship, under his control, mostly, but she was, and as his apprentice. Typically she was fierce and eager to learn but she was also clueless and from this point of view, while he watched her small hands tug his cloak around her more tightly in response to his silent scrutiny, his brows pulling dangerously and his face shifting into a brood heavy scowl, he couldn't help but feel like she was in way over her head and she had no idea just how deep the water she waded through really was. All he'd wanted to do was keep her safe, protect her from those around her who meant her harm and he thought by now she'd be capable of understanding that.

She was so tiny in comparison to him, yet contradicting to her appearance she stood tall under the height of him as he naturally towered over her. "I thought we had an understanding, an agreement?" She questioned in a tone that suggested he'd been at fault for something. In the passion of her rant she crept closer. "Explicitly, you said." She reminded him in a condescending tone.

It was rather high and mighty of her, the way she tilted her chin up to meet where she thought his eyes were hidden behind his helmet and all so she could stare down the length of her sun kissed nose at him.

His head cocked to one side as he watched her fume. She was passionate but there was an unfiltered spontaneity about it. She was brash and impulsive but often at the wrong times. This was something he was still learning to control himself but even he had adapted to survive amongst the First Order and his Master. It was something she'd have to learn to control.

He'd already been fuming, his blood hadn't had the chance to cool since the hanger and she hadn't helped by locking her appreciative, if not captivated, hazel orbs onto his back as he led her to her quarters. She wanted space from him yet she stared at him like she'd been imagining him as the cloak she secured around her and somehow, as impossible as the task felt, he was managing to keep his hands off of her. And now, even as she bit his head off for something she was blowing out of proportion, she pulled that cloak tighter around her.

Those large glorious eyes shining back at him with all of their unbridled passion and misplaced fury. Those wild eyes took him back. He couldn't help but think of how she looked the night she stood over him with the same look she had now. He was on the flat of his back while the world around them was falling to pieces. She'd had too much of his power in her then and since she'd absorbed a good amount on the way here she still had a good amount she needed to disperse of or
finish sleeping off before her emotions would properly fall back under her control again. Over time he'd be able to help her with this but while untrained, she didn't know how to handle it. She didn't know how to handle his Darkness moving through her and he could see traces of his Force lingering around her, swirling behind the anger in the heat of her eyes.

Lithe fingers toyed at the edges of his cloak and Kylo knew she was aware of what that armor represented. Against her self righteous pride and independence, she begrudgingly accepted it, she was taking comfort in it. He was sure her wounded pride was fueling her anger too. He could taste the bitter edge of her tone through their line. He'd given it to her to show others what her station was... and ultimately who she belonged to. It was a blatant display of his ownership and she'd taken to it like a moth to a flame. In defense of her, his actions had scared her as much as it made her feel safe and she clearly didn't know how to cope with it.

On one hand he'd somehow managed to bring her back to the place they were at while on the island. The place where she was comfortable enough to feel safe with him. On the other, she was forgetting how he operated and now she thought she could stand here and rub his nose in it like his own nature was his fault.

Rey had sensed danger, she'd reacted to it the best ways she knew how; fight or flight, but flight was no longer a viable option, not if she wanted to survive amongst the elite of the First Order. He picked up on her retreat and dealt with it the best way he knew how; quickly and efficiently, all be it with much more ferocity then she was accustomed to. He didn't have to feel it through their bond to know that she was as grateful for his protection as she was terrified of needing it but she couldn't stop these feelings from flowing between them either.

It was her insecurities that made her so angry. She wasn't happy that he'd intervened on her behalf. Her instincts warned her about that man but she wasn't willing to risk her survival to quiet his thoughts. She wasn't willing to make the first move against him and she was angry with herself for that, he could tell. It was obvious that she was taking it out on him. She didn't feel safe enough, confident enough to accept her instincts and challenge that man. But she felt safe lashing out at Kylo. In her misguided righteous fury she was certain that something he did had broken her rules but he'd been careful to stay away from that line.

His hands found the release mechanisms on the side of his helmet and in only a few short seconds he was free from the heavy dome. Kylo's boiling emotions combined with his ragged breaths lingered within the space of his helmet. Moisture hung in the air around his panting mouth until condensation started to build up along the underside of the unforgiving confines and his hair became so heat tussled that he had to run a hand through it, his combing fingers pushing it back from sweeping along the sides of his jawline.

Rey hadn't thought she was done berating him, yet she stopped mid lecture to stare as though the simple movement of his hand gliding through the thick black waves along his scalp had entranced her.

"Are you done?" He asked through a strained composure, his dark brows lifting to reveal more of his untamed brown eyes.

"Not... not really, no." She fought to keep her focus.

"Too bad, because contrary to your beliefs not only have I don't nothing wrong but your the one at fault here." Those deep brown eyes locked onto hers and he watched until the light of what he was saying dawnd back at him.

"Well you... Wait, What?" She was bewildered, confounded, completely caught off guard by this
"Nothing and no one will harm you while in my care. Those were my words were they not?" He reminded her, dared her to challenge his claim over her by denying what he'd said and she never corrected. This was a part of their deal, he was her Master and she was his Apprentice. It was his right to defend her and she'd better not even try to deny that she found comfort in that fact.

Rey hesitantly swallowed. He had said that to her and she had taken comfort in it, had accepted it. She'd never needed anyone to stand up for her, never expected anyone to either. But he had and she relished in the offering of his protection. She knew how primitive he could be. She'd seen it before. It was months ago but unforgettable just the same. The first time she'd found him with her mind he'd brutally executed a man who'd been tormenting her for as far back as she could remember, even handling her inappropriately once. Rey had convinced herself that there was no way Kylo Ren could care enough about what happened to her to go to such an extreme to avenge her honor. She'd always thought she was reading too deeply into it because in her mind she wasn't worth the effort, but in all honesty, she'd known why he'd killed that man. Since the first time he'd declared his claim on her she'd known he did it for her and for nothing and no one else.

Then there was the time they'd spent together on the island; multiple turn of events had taught her many things about just how dark and dangerous he could be when he felt threatened and apparently the same rules applied when he felt she'd been threatened too.

Kylo was with her in her thoughts, he ghosted through her head as she warred with her feelings and his actions. He stepped forward, his helmet hanging loosely in his hand at his side. "Tell me you don't take comfort in it." He pressed, his darkness moving like lava through the canals of his tangled insides.

He was furious about how that man had thought of her. Enraged that another being dared picture her in such a way and everything in him had stepped up to the challenge. She was acutely aware of how dangerously it effected him and no matter how brutal she perceived his response, she relished in the comfort of the safety he provided. He'd seen it before glimpsing in her head. He could tell by the way she used his cloak to comfort herself. Even now her fingers tugged at the cloth she had bunched up in her hands. She knew exactly what wearing it represented. She was his and she relished in the feeling.

Rey's cheeks heated as Kylo drew closer, his calculated steps coming off more as a prowl then anything casual. Her stomach fluttered and adrenaline rushed through her veins in the most surprising way.

"You agreed not to make me hurt anyone without need..." She tried to keep her defense on track but the task was seeming too large for her fuddled mind at the moment and she unconsciously stepped back as he slowly drew closer.

"I never told you to hurt anyone." He quietly countered, his eyes darkening with each nearing step.

"A show of Force—" She squeaked when he let his helmet free from his fingers to fall to the floor behind him.

"You disappoint me, little scavenger." His voice was thick with endearance and though it wasn't the sound he was going for he couldn't really help it either, nor could he control the light tug of a half smile from pulling at the side of his mouth while he cornered her.

She'd accepted him as her Master, accepted him as her protector, it was only a matter of time before she accepted him as more and everything in him rejoiced in that thought.
He was looking at her like he had on that cliff pass. With the same predatory stare. The same hungry eyes as he had when he had her pinned to the stone wall at her front and she couldn't help but remember how hard he'd been for her then. Or more recently, how hard he'd been for her on the trip here.

"M-Master," She attempted to pull at the title that would keep her safe from his advances, her careful submission was chosen to remind him of the terms they'd agreed to but the conviction was dampened in how breathy the word came out, nearly lost under the yearning of her own confusing thoughts.

His lips spread, allowing a slight part between the two full lines of his mouth. Rey's eyes betrayed her interests, darting to the nearly intangible movement and her breath hitched in her throat. He noticed and in turn his fingers twitched at his sides.

Maker, she was so close he could touch her from here. If he only raised his hand, he could reach her. His fingertips ached to feel her skin and when she called him Master like that... God's she made other places ache with worse needs.

His foot pivoted and her eyes flickered down to the shift in his stance. Ren was cornering her and she was foolishly setting herself up for the fall.

Everything in her head was screaming at her. Alarms of all kinds were ringing in her ears but they were hardly noticeable against the soft sounds of his shallow breaths through those dangerous lips. And she waited, maker she waited for him to close in on her. Anticipated the moment he sprung at her with a full sense of awareness and even more acceptance then she was wanted to admit to herself. His hand twitched at the wrist and his fist balled but he made no further movements in her direction.

Not this time. Not when he'd just got her here. She'd allow him to advance, maybe even touch her, flatten against her until her fear and inexperience alerted her to the danger she was in. Then she'd turn on him, put the weight of their mutual chemistry on his shoulders as though she were the victim and he were the only one of the two at fault here. He licked his dry lips before attempting to produce something that could pass as human speech through them.

"Force." He finally mustered.

Rey blinked blankly back at him.

"I told you to use the Force; make a display of your power." He continued.

He'd found his composure. Resisted the urge to bask in the little contact she'd undoubtably allow him now, in hopes of creating a safer way to have more of her in the future. If he were the one of the two to break one of their set rules, she'd hold it over his head, wrap it around his throat and hang him with it.

"I..." She stupidly blinked at him as though confounded.

"You," he agreed. He paused a moment, his eyes drinking up the uncertainty in her face. Just beyond that was a dark curiosity that he instantly recognized.

Now more then ever she wanted him to advance. She desired an encounter like the one they'd shared in his shuttle and kriff he wanted to oblige her but he refrained. Instead he baited her thoughts with his eyes, just an innocent glance at the floor and her own followed. The second her line of vision hit the ground she blushed. Her eyes flew back up and he was already staring at her, already aware of what she was thinking. Rey shut her thoughts down as quickly as she could but it was to late. The
image of their bodies intertwined and writhing against one another had already flashed between
them.

"...Hesitated." He finally finished as though nothing had just happened between them. "I told you we
had to be of one mind." His mental trap had completely worked in favor of his case and his voice
confidently strengthened in the aftermath. They were already more of the same mind then either of
them realized. He'd led her with a glance at the ground and she went rolling down the rest of the path
without any further help from him. Satisfied, and enjoying her nearness too much, he stepped back
from her.

Admittedly Kylo was enamored. He'd frazzled her. He hadn't even touched her and she was to lost
to focus on her own argument. His hand opened and his helmet flew into his curled fingers. Her
shoulders pulled in response. In an attempt to seem less intimidating, or perhaps just less invasive of
her personal space, Kylo leaned back.

"Take it as your first lesson." He said and he turned to leave, offering her his back as though she
were a scolded child being left to sulk.

That rattled Rey back to her senses. "My first lesson!?! You were going to kill that man!" She
angrily reminded him.

"Yes I was." He calmly agreed.

Astounded at his blatant admittance, her eyes widened at such an inhuman response. "You can't just
go around killing people, Ren. If that's what you're going to be teaching me then I don't want another
lesson." She threatened as though she had some say in how he decided to handle his affairs or could
back out of their arrangement and it sent ice shooting up his spine.

He spun on her as she approached and she reared back in surprise. "As your Master and as his
Commander I was well within my rights to act." His eyes narrowed dangerously. "I should have cut
him down where he stood!" He growled. He was being protective of her, territorial to say the least
and though he realized it, it wasn't something he could just turn off.

"He's not the first man to have those types of thoughts about a woman, Ren." She bit. "Certainly not
about me." She eyed him accusingly. "And it's not likely that he'll be the last either. You can't just go
killing everyone who thinks inappropriate thoughts about me."

Rey hadn't meant to anger him, it really wasn't her intention, though she did want to slap the air of
superiority off of his face when he pointed out his new title to her like she hadn't been the one to
agree to it in the first place. Everyone else around here feared their Commander but she wouldn't.
She wasn't going to cower every time his feathers got a little ruffled.

"You already forget your place." He started, but she freely cut him off.

"How can anyone forget their place with you around to continuously remind them."

"Treason, Scavenger! Treason gives me the right to execute at will. You'd do well to remember that
because had that man gotten you alone—"

"Are you serious? Me sleeping with someone who isn't you makes it treason?" She brazenly closed
the space between her and his retreat. "In the first place, what makes you think that I'd let anyone
have me in that way. I'd never agree to—." She was fuming. Having her dignity in question, and by
him of all people. The one man she'd be willing to test her limits with was openly questioning her
morals...
Kylo stepped into her anger. "Agree... Rey, he wasn't imagining your reciprocation. Wasn't hoping for your compliance when he imagined how he took you." Her mouth snapped shut as he stepped forward. "What, you thought I was going to kill him because I was jealous of what he was hoping to get from you?" His eyes darkened as his awareness of her personal space diminished. "Ha! You think I felt threatened by him?" Kylo asked contemptuously. "A man like him could never hope to have a woman like you with out taking her by force, but then, that's what he was most enjoying about his fantasy!" He yelled as though exasperated.

Rey found herself back peddling again. He was irate and she could feel the heat radiating off of him but it was the Darkness that was floating around his upper body that gave her alarm.

"Because of who you are now, just the thought of him hurting you is treasonous. Contrary to what you believe deep down, you're not some lowly little scavenger anymore, Rey." His words were harsh but she didn't interrupt to deny them and he gave her no pause to do so. "Perhaps I wasn't clear enough on that until now, so let me spell it out for you." He took one more large step in her direction but this time she didn't back away from him. This time she merely bent backward, arching to allow him to loom over her without really retreating. "You are my Apprentice. The only Apprentice to the Commander of the First Order, who is seated below only the Supreme Leader at its helm."

His head tilted and his Darkness purred to life above her. His eyes traveled from left to right, his line of sight sweeping over either end of her shoulders as his words and his Force breezed over her.

"And for the record, in case there was any doubt or question left in your mind,"

The clasps he'd fastened to either end of her shoulders clicked free one invisible stroke of his manipulative Force at a time. Her head flew to each shoulder as the heavy cloth fell free, hanging at the height of her chest only by her gripping hands. Though Rey was thickly clothed up to her neck, she shivered under his intense gaze like her shoulders had been bare for his scrutiny.

"If any man touches you," he bent over her, his eyes raking over the length of her width from shoulder to shoulder before dipping down to the hands that held his cloak protectively around her heaving chest. "Consensual or otherwise." He paused, letting her stew in the stance she found herself frozen in. Her eyes were locked on his mouth as though she were waiting for him to advance and he relished in her disappointment when he pulled away. Mustafar, he'd made it half way across the room before she even blinked.

"Even if it's just in their thoughts..." He turned back around to face her, his wide frame blocking her view of the door to her new quarters and he pulled his hands up to his chest, each one grasping at one side of his helmet. "I'll dismember them piece by piece." His slow words dragged languidly over each threatening word. He covered his face with the emotionless armor and the door slid open as though on cue. Two steps later and Kylo Ren had completely disappeared behind the mobile durasteel wall leaving Rey behind in a lustful haze of anger and confusion.

She couldn't even process why her insides were alight from anything but the anger she undoubtably had every right to feel.

When she'd glimpsed that man's mind it had been a shallow and unpracticed peek into what he had envisioned between himself and her. She hadn't the skill to really go deeper or to get a better picture, but Kylo had and it had infuriated him. He'd handled the man in the way he thought he deserved and while Rey understood he'd meant to use her, she'd couldn't imagine what Ren could have possibly seen to send him so far over the edge.

Afterwards she plunged deeper into the place where she felt safe with Kylo, but then he had to go and push that protectiveness into possession. He'd practically threatened any future endeavors that
she could ever hope to have, not that she was thinking of looking for an attachment to drag through the dung storm she was stuck in but it pissed her off to know that he thought he had any control over whether or not she took that route in her life.

Who the kriff does he think he is? Just because she agrees to train under him doesn't mean he owns her...

Her treacherous stomach fluttered at the memory of his threat. Those dark eyes burning into hers with a heat that made her want to look away, or cover herself in more layers. The way his chest seemed to grow as he leaned over her, a tilt of possession in his broad shoulders and the unexpected tactfulness of disrobing his cloak from around her without so much as touching her. Maker, he knew exactly what he was doing. He knew just how it would effect her and she wasn't prepared for it. She wasn't prepared for him.

"I'll dismember them piece by piece."

His words should have enraged her. The threat against anyone that wasn't him should have been unacceptable. It was inappropriate at best yet her heart beat lecherously in her chest. A feeling of lightheadedness swept through her and she found herself sinking to the floor where she stood. His cloak pooled around her. She should have thrown the damn thing aside. Let it free from her hands and discarded it where she sat, instead she pulled it in closer. Wrapped it back over her shoulders and brought her mouth to the edge of the cloth until her lips brushed against the roughly textured fabric.

So much for telling him off. She thought on a defeated sighed.

*well my freaky darlings, I really hope you like Kylo finally getting the upper hand, I know I did
Waiting...

Kylo felt like a coward tucking tail and running because of a girl. Ok, more or less, because of a girl. More likely it was because he didn't want to lose his already wavering control around her. He had to be free from the sight of her because every second she goaded his temper that control weakened further.

The brittle state of his restraint had him fleeing from the temptation of taking everything from her that his Darkness encouraged of him. How easy it would have been to Force peel layer after layer off of her until she were bare before him. Set her on her back and show her just how much trouble her mouth and those curious wide eyes could get her in. Kylo shook his head to clear his thoughts for the third consecutive time since he'd left her and her doe eyes standing in the center of her room.

More and more lately she'd looked at him like she wanted him to push her, to test her limits, but she had no concept of just how weak his restraint was becoming, how close to the line he was always walking around her; teetering really. He was not a practiced man in the ways of self restraint. It's not exactly encouraged by the Dark side.

And now she was here. He simply couldn't get over that. Months of chasing her down and he finally has her here on his Finalizer and only one level below himself. He'd issued that on purpose of course. He didn't trust himself so close. Even when he tried to keep their connection quiet she'd accidentally crept in and out of his head... and for months! Even while Luke was around to help seal her mind off from him they'd accidentally found their way into each others minds.

Nothing stopped them now. Nothing kept them from spilling into one another. Their bond was going to grow and it was going to be torturous, he was sure of it and he didn't want to be too close when it became overwhelming because he was sure it would.

But other things were changing too. And quickly. The tide was rising and it brought forth a new curiosity in his little Scavenger. He could see it glittering back at him through those wild hazel eyes. She was looking at him in a new way. Always watching him in anticipation of his next move towards her. Somehow Kylo knew that had been of his doing. Even without a single lesson in the ways of seducing a female his instincts were somehow keen to this. He supposed he should thank his father for that, all the years he'd watched him chase his mother around, trying to make up for one thing or another. Kylo's natural response to Rey, his natural advances, were finally starting to weigh on her and here secluded from those who would look down on her for her curiosity, he was certain that curiosity would bloom. It just needed a little more time to take root and grow.

The problem now is that they weren't under the protective shield of the island or practically secluded in a way that they had the privacy to push and test their bond and strength together. Here they had to be careful. Kylo knew how his power rose with his temper. He knew how he lashed out but it wasn't because of his lack of control. Sure he looked like a man child running around slashing things up but often he housed so much power and his emotions would spike so high, he had no other way to release it or the aggression the mixture of his Primal instincts and Darkness brought about in him. Rey was only just beginning to really toy with her powers and Kylo was certain that Luke had discouraged her from using the Force without his supervision, ultimately that would hurt her more then help.

She was a raw power house that he knew with training and practice could easily match his skill. And she had no idea. She had no clue how easily her hot headed reactions could get tangled up with the power that flowed freely through her and the more they tested that power, the harder it was going to become to control. He was confident he could help her with this. She'd already displayed way more
control then he ever had. Hoth, he'd only just started making better decisions about how to vent his frustrations when that power or his emotions erupted.

His biggest task ahead was securing her trust. Really securing her trust. She needed to listen to him whether she was thinking clearly or not. Both of their survival was on the line and she may very well be to stubborn, or to naive to see it. Either way it didn't matter, he was going to teach her restraint and discipline one hard lesson at a time, if hats what it took.

Trust; trust had to come first.

A dip of his chin to the two stormtroopers ahead and there was a nod between them followed by movement to open the doors to the duel holding cell which he had moved his Resistance guests into before he'd left the ship to retrieve Rey. Kylo keyed a code into the wall panel at the entrance and a tiny light flickered on behind him. A port slid open in the wall and he plucked a floating holo disc from the space before activating its live feed and punching in the digits that would link it to the holo com and projector to Rey's room.

Alarmed, Poe shot up from his position along the prison cot and Chewie, waving off the disturbance in a half sleep, grunted something intangible.

"And so he returns." Poe drawled through his sleep slurred speech. "No worries Darth Jr., it's not like we've been here just waiting for you or anything..." He rubbed his eyes but no amount of time lag or exhaustion was going to keep him from poking at the likes of Kylo Ren whenever he could.

Kylo ignored the sarcastic drip of the pilots words, his eyes instead scanning the empty trays of food on his half of the wall secured table. Not even a scrap of food remained, clearly captivity hadn't bothered the pilot. A head tilt to the left revealed something completely different about his companion though. Four full trays of food remained completely untouched. A sharp barb of pain coiled tight in his chest. He couldn't help but stare at the Wookiee sympathetically. His fist balled at his side and he clenched but it wasn't in anger so much as hurt. His family was suffering and it was undeniably his fault.

"He's eaten nothing?" Kylo hadn't meant to let the question or the concern that came with it slip between his lips but it had just the same.

To the right of him Poe shuffled forward and Ren's head snapped in his direction as though he'd just remembered he was still there. The pilot was eyeing him curiously, like a puzzle missing too many pieces to get the full picture but he was trying his best anyway.

Doing his best to correct his first response, Ren shrugged. "Wasteful." He stated coldly.

Poe's head tilted to one side but he said nothing of what he was thinking. It was smart that he kept his mouth shut and before he had the chance to change his mind Ren activated the live stream to Rey's room. He stiffened knowing she'd be on the other end. The visual would be one sided but it didn't stop him from wondering what she was doing. Kriff, it had only been minuets since he'd left her and that was already his first thought. What was she doing? Where was she at in the room?

Poe nodded cautiously at the floating recorder. "What's this about?"

Kylo turned his masked face to the unit. "Trust." He clipped.

The faceless mask remained locked in the direction of the recorder and the girl on the other end stared back for what felt like a very long heartbeat, her breath held securely in her suddenly tight chest. She was still on the floor in the spot that he left her gaping at him. She knew Poe and Chewie
were behind him, but she couldn't tear her face away from his mask. All the hate she had for that thing and she still couldn't look away.

"We putting on a show now? Who's on the other end?" Poe asked almost disdainfully. Then his voice raised a few octaves. "Is that Rey?" Ren stepped out of view and Poe read this as all the confirmation he needed. His nerves snapped like an abused string on a tightly wound instrument and he felt the painful vibrations ripple from his core out to his fingertips. Dark brows rose with Poe's worry and he quickly stepped forward into the monitors view. "Rey- Rey, it's gonna be ok. We're gonna get you outta here."

Poe was rushing the screen and the suddenly frantic pace of the room brought the Wookiee behind him climbing to his feet. He was mewling and growling into the air behind his friend, making it hard to hear as Poe spit off a medley of questions. Even over the noise Rey was able to get the gist. Something about if she was ok? If he'd hurt her?

She took to her feet in an instant, her eyes darting around the holo image that had appeared out of a beam shot down through the ceiling to project almost precisely centered to where she still sat.

"I'm ok. I'm fine." She began. Relief brought intense emotions rushing forward and tears were quick to fill her eyes. They were already running down her face, even as her cheeks lifted in the reassuring smile she directed at her friends.

"Save the false promises and touching reassurances for next time; the feedback is one sided." As calloused as his battle hardened hands, Ren's voice came from somewhere out of the projectors field of view.

The disc projecting the holo feed was momentarily blocked by a blur of solid white armor. The holo disc repositioned and Rey watched as her friends in the custody of several armed stormtroopers, were led out of the room. Poe kept trying to peek back but the troopers holding his arms tugged him forward.

"You'll have enough provisions to last you two days, I suggest you use them wisely." Again Ren's vocoded baritone came from off screen.

"Provisions?" Poe questioned.

"You'll only be in the pod for a few hours before you land but I'm guessing you'll wait it out a few before contacting your General to collect you."

Rey watched as they entered a small hanger, possibly a personal landing bay for someone higher up in...

"...Kylo."

The sudden yet obvious realization of who's personal transport station they were using to deploy from hit Rey hard in her stunned face and she let her surprise and relief ring through their bond. She instantly understood the meaning behind the single word he'd spoken to her when the holo feed first flickered to life.

Trust.

He'd said her friends would be released unharmed when they arrived on his ship together and he'd kept his word, again.

Rey suddenly had the most incredible urge to touch him. Not like she'd been curious about earlier,
there was nothing sexual or experimentive about this desire. She was grateful beyond words. Thankful and appreciative. She wanted to console and comfort him because she knew this was going against something he firmly believed in. In his eyes her friends were still the enemy and he was letting them go for her.

His mind was a turbulent ocean of emotions and thoughts, fears and doubts and when her surprised voice touched its choppy surface it left no more then a singular ripple along the waves of that massive body of chaos. But from that tiny interference rang a cresendo of soothing ripples pooling out from the first. Pulsing rings that echoed his name in her voice smoothed the violent hands of those pulling waves and the internal conflict that always left him angry and exhausted quieted. For just a few fleeting seconds where her voice ran through his mind and her gratitude flooded him with her light— Kylo found a moment of brief peace and in turn it was him that felt gratitude for her appreciation.

It was rare moments like this, with her in his mind, with no resistance between them, no warring light or Dark, no Resistance or First Order pitting them on opposite sides, where Kylo almost felt normal; almost felt... good. The genuine response of her sincere appreciation made him want to hand her the stars. He wanted to do whatever he could to elicit this response from her over and over again, but first things first.

Ren stopped ahead of the group and the stormtroopers followed suit halting the two prisoners a few feet back from their Commander. Again he removed his hand from its leather casing and his palm activated the panel that opened the port to the pod.

Poe pulled his arm free from the trooper to his right. "Well that's not the Falcon." He stated rhetorically.

Ren's shoulders stiffened with tension and the sweet peace he'd had for only a moment was consumed by the savage swells of the ever growing waves again. Anger at the reminder of his father rocked the peaceful tide that had languidly lapped at the feet of his content Darkness before they rose again and with them the familiar feeling of a rage once assuaged.

"That ship," He started hostilely, his fingers curling into his palms again. He rotated his head, rolling his shoulders and cracking his neck to relieve the building tension that accompanied his burdening guilt. "Is no longer your concern." He finished bitterly. His voice, on the edge of his nerves, trembled slightly. Kylo motioned towards the pod and the troopers shoved the two prisoners forward.

Poe turned again to the floating unit at his back. With his hands still secured by the metal shackled around his wrists, he motioned with his chin. "And her?"

"Neither is she." Ren answered tersely.

Poe's eyes narrowed and Chewie practically growled.

"You can't just keep her here!" Poe pulled against the troopers who dragged him by his arms. Chewie tossed the troopers aside in packs, two from each arm.

Kylo stepped into view as he responded to the Wookiee's angry growls of disapproval. He lifted his hand out in front of him and his furry uncle gently lifted from the ground. Chewie turned back in Kylo's direction, his arms flailing angrily through the air even with his hands still locked together. He hated when Ben used the Force on him and it was worse when the young man did so under the name of Kylo Ren. He whined and Kylo gently set him down inside the small transport pod. The Wookiee planted his feet and grunted at the man he loved as a boy.
"Easy fur ball. I'm trying not to hurt you." Kylo admitted with no thought of the endearment that came with his words. He cleared his throat and any emotion left in it before turning back to the pilot. "We both know there's no making Rey do anything she doesn't want to. I'm not keeping her anywhere she isn't already choosing to stay." Kylo was careful with how he spoke to the man across from him. It was easy to bait him but now was not the time for games and Ren chose to navigate through this situation with predetermined caution.

In all honesty he really just wanted to Force shove the pilot inside and ship him off with out another word. The longer he was around the more risky this whole thing became. Kylo opened his right hand and the shackles around Poe's wrists released with a click that echoed through the small bay. They fell to the floor drowning out the first sound with the high pitched clatter of clinking of metal against metal. The pilot rubbed at his wrists and Ren held something out to him. For a moment the man just stared back at his mask. Growing impatient Kylo flung the secured package at the Resistance fighters chest. Poe caught it with a light thud and his face flew back up to the Commander of the First Order.

"What's this then?" He questioned disdainfully.

"Keys to the Wookiee's cuffs, a com link to reach your General with, and a beacon for you to signal your rescue party." Kylo stepped back out of the monitors range.

"Keys... why not just do the Force thing with the cuffs?" Poe motioned to Chewie.

Ren scoffed. "You've never pissed off a Wookiee have you?"

Poe's head fell to one side and he took the shot. It was a low blow and a direct hit and Kylo hadn't even seen it coming.

"I mean, I didn't kill his unarmed, best friend right in front of him in cold blood, so no, no I haven't. Yeah I guess I can see why—"

The amount of Force with which Ren slammed the pilot into the pod was easily enough to knock him unconscious and judging by the silence after the hit, that's exactly what he'd done. He may have even heard a faint popping sound, a possible break or more likely, a fracture... but this was a best case scenario for the arrogant man. He was lucky Ren hadn't reached for his Lightsaber.

Against his own selfish wishes his right hand shot out and he Force ripped a med bot from the charging link in the wall to his left then tossed it in after the pilot. He slammed his fist against the button that would seal the sounds of the now angrily howling Wookiee within, closed behind the thick and thankfully, soundproof door. Let him deal with the smart mouthed pilot because if Ren didn't need him in one piece, he'd be sending him home in multiple shuttles just for the amusement it would bring him.

Kylo rotated his gaze towards the floating disc. The little green light that told him Rey was still watching from the other end repeatedly flashed, mocking him with every blinking flicker that cast against his mask in blinding emerald flares. He was sure it was reflecting back into the holo image on the other side, probably casting the same green hue over her as it was him.

In a spontaneous moment of weakness his saber struck to life and he slashed through the device that allowed her to further monitor his actions. He felt the alarm of his startling outburst through her end. A large dose of adrenaline and worry spiked through Rey causing her heart to race in her chest.

Kylo could almost feel the pump of the organ through their bond. He swore it was the rush of her blood through his ears causing him to go deaf... certainly not his own.
He expected her to give him a tongue lashing. Expected some kind of reprimanding tone in her voice when next he heard it, but there wasn't. It was much worse then that.

"Kylo..." her voice through their bond was soft, careful; And full of a pity that made him sick to his stomach.

He shut his mind off to her then. He couldn't deal with anything else tonight. He was done with it all. The pain of his wracking guilt, the poisoning lust that clouded his vision whenever she was present and now the pity with which she had for him... he didn't deserve pity, he deserved punishment!

His lightsaber still blazed in his clenched fist and he longed to destroy something much larger then that of the now cleaved in two disc that was sputtering in a melted mess of flickering wires on the deck at his feet. He wanted to destroy something massive. To at least run his screaming blade down the walls until they bled steel tears of molten metal.

"Launch it!" Ren sneered but not one of his troopers moved.

Kylo grabbed for the nearest soldier with his Force and the man flew through the air in the direction of his hissing crossguard blade, stopping a mere few inches from the sparking plasma. "Launch-it!" He clipped through clenched teeth. The trooper nodded fervently and Ren dropped him to his feet. He stumbled but quickly gathered himself enough to carry out his orders with no further delay.

Ren begrudgingly disengaged his lightsaber before he gave into the desire to go on a destructive rampage. Instead he turned on his heels and marched off in the direction of his personal quarters, pausing only for a brief moment to watch as the small shuttle was spit through the density shield that kept the rest of the room from being sucked out into space when the bay hatch opened. He was glad the two were off of his ship. Another second longer and he'd only be sending one back to his mother alive. Even as the shuttle faded into the overwhelming blackness of space around it, the idea tempted him.

He left the troopers behind. Left the small launch bay and the destroyed monitoring device where it lay in ruin and fled the scene once more. If he couldn't destroy something... then he had two other options. As pent up as he was Kylo really didn't have the last shred of discipline needed to ensure that once he got there he wouldn't just destroy the training room and everything in it, so he'd cut a path to his personal quarters instead.

Perhaps he could melt the tension from his body under the hot pulse of a shower, maybe he'd even try to sleep tonight... maybe.

Smashing his hand into the gel that would gain him access to his room Ren was left bewildered by the haze with which he moved through the massive base to get here. He didn't remember the steps he took or the halls he moved through. Lost so deep in his own head he almost continued right past his own door. And now that he was here, there was something else to contend with. Something he recognized just beyond the access port.

The muscles in his jaw clenched shut and he ground his teeth in frustration. Almost silently the door slid open and Ren stepped through only to halt just on the other side still so close that he felt the air move behind him when the room sealed shut once more.

"Master," His third clenched her fists at her side as she took to one knee before him. "I've been waiting."
*....I've got no words. But if you do please share them, let me know what you think
A crimson arc of fiery plasma was the last thing Rey saw before the holo projection abruptly ended. She instantly reached for him through their bond. Her voice calling to Kylo Ren across their flowing line before he violently disconnected himself from her there too.

What Poe had said was cruel. Just as unnecessary as Ren destroying the device that he'd used to allow her to witness, true to his word yet again, the release of her friends; Friends she would likely never see again. Honestly, if it meant meeting against them on a battlefield, she hoped she'd never set eyes on anyone of them again. If she did she'd be forced to decide between the broken man she was Force tethered to or them... Obviously Rey would never intentionally hurt them. For that matter she'd never allow anyone to harm them either.

In their earlier negotiations when he'd pointed out how quickly those same friends would attack him at every vantage, Kylo had, she had to begrudgingly admit, been correct. It was with good reason that they should but Rey also wouldn't stand by and do nothing if they meant to compromise the safety of her bond-mate. The very idea left her feeling personally threatened.

Maybe it was the bond that attached them so deeply. Maybe their Force signatures had already began to fuse together or maybe it was as simple as she felt he deserved just as much protection as he gave... In the end it didn't really matter. The facts still remained facts, no one was going to hurt Kylo Ren without first going through her!

She truly must be going insane...

Rey exhaled a long drawn out sigh. It brought no relief from the heartache and anxiety that had taken up residency in her chest so she tried closing her eyes instead. Unsure of how else to bring comfort to herself she began the process of meditation. Breathing slowly, deeply in and out while focusing on nothing but the sounds coming from her nose had mouth Rey concentrated on letting it all go. Letting the negativity and anxiety run down her being like harmless droplets of beading water.

After all of her focus... all of the determination she could muster and she still couldn't get past the pain that swept through her, from his end, at the mention of his father. The remnants of that pain had drilled itself into the place where her heat beat behind her ribs, burrowed in deep and latched on. Now it was stuck there. It didn't seem fair that she was angry at Poe for so maliciously bringing Han up but she was.

Rey had a strong desire to follow the thread of energy that led to Kylo. She felt an unbelievable urge to comfort him. She had no idea of what to do or say if she did make it through but she felt anything would be better than leaving him alone to lick at his wounds, self inflicted as they may have been. Maybe she could tug and pull until he opened up but more likely she'd just waste the energy that she should be focused on conserving. She knew if Ren meant to keep her out of his head there was no way she was getting in.

Truthfully she was as surprised as she was grieved by how easily he took to cutting her off the way he did. Since the temple the short time spent completely shut off from each other had been hard on her. She felt... empty. She'd grown comfortable with the presence of him in her head. There was always a soft buzz. A lulling hum from somewhere that used to be towards the back of her mind which had since shifted to the center stage. It was buried somewhere deep in a place untouchable to anyone other then him but unless the flowing strand of energy was left open to thrive, even that hum wasn't enough to keep her satisfied when their connection closed.
Choked out laughter bubbled up from Rey's chest. The idea of missing the random snarky remarks that seemed to always lay in wait at the tip of Kylo Ren's tongue was ridiculous at best. She'd spent months trying to keep him out of her head. Months trying to find a way to break the bonds that roped them together, yet she was here again, missing his presence in her mind.

A weak gasp escaped up the channel of Rey's throat and she almost broke into hysterics as she swallowed back a sob.

What was going on with her? Why couldn't she keep it together? Why should it bother her so much that Ren of all people reacted so emotionally to the mentioning of his father. It was his fault that he was gone! Her defensive reasoning exclaimed.

Her anguish shifted into a flare of anger and she rubbed the heels of her palms into the beds of her eyes, twisting and turning until the sting behind her tears went numb. She was doing a miserable job at meditating. Failing in every sense of the word just as she had on the island under Luke's instruction. It was another way she'd failed the great Jedi and likely to be another way she would fail her new Master too.

A defeated sigh escaped her half parted lips and Rey pulled her bent legs to her chest. Once more she found herself wrapping his cloak more tightly around her body.

—-

"You dare...?"

Kylo Ren's Force aura squeezed around him. Suffocating swells of Darkness crept along his arms and shoulders with a life of their own as he looked down on the knight who'd not only trespassed where she didn't belong, but dared to approach him without the full guise of her armor on.

With her helmet removed one long blond chain of braided hair rested over her right shoulder to creep down along her purposely unflattering armor. Her skin, pale like his from years of being deprived of any natural light behind the confines of her own helmet, glowed iridescently under the lights overhead. Lights that he hardly ever used himself. His eyes preferred the comfort of the shadows. Without the shelter of his helmet dampening his natural senses the world always seemed less tolerable; too loud and too bright.

The young woman before him sensed his displeasure long before she dared a glance up at him. She didn't need to visually seek him out to know his eyes were burning into the top of her skull but her eyes betray her anyway. Bright blue sapphires twinkled with open admiration as she chanced a glimpse at his masked face.

Taken to one bent knee before him, her Master stood tall above her. Erect in an immovable fashion. His spine straight with the confidence of an alpha poised to be bowed before and she would reverently comply even if it weren't expected of her. Below the tower of this man she felt breathless. At almost six foot herself, she was not a short woman but the authority that her Master commanded, especially from this point of view, made her feel so small, so insignificant that she hardly felt her own value at all while his Force coursed through her being.

It was not just his height or comportment that gave her this response. His power was unmatched by anything else she'd ever seen. Even the Supreme Leader lacked something undefinable that she found vigorously thriving in her Master.
The Master knight looked down at his warrior, his arms twitching with discomfort while his fists slightly shook with unrestrained emotion. Too much was coming to the surface. Too much was boiling over, sloppily spilling down the confines of his control. If he couldn't bring himself down to a simmer and soon, he was going to be left with another mess to clean up. Kylo took in a deep steadying breath and his knight shook under the strange sound through his vocoder.

She could see the wavering restraint running through the tense length of his arms. Slight tremors cut paths through his spasming muscles and she could trace these twitches through his armor. Matching his reaction with her own tremors she too shook... with her fear. She didn't need to use the Force to feel the power that permeated from him. So powerful was her dominant that she could see his essence lingering along the length of his massive form.

He must appear so physically menacing to a non Force sensitive eye. She though, looking on him in awe. Still not a fraction of how he appeared through her Force capable lenses...

In a display of his Force visible wrath, thick black shadows encircled him like smoke and his knight could only look on in with that awe through the thin blanket of her thin golden lashes. Lost in her admiration her chin lifted higher.

Still the most beautiful thing she's ever seen.

Kylo shifted from one foot to the other. It was hard remembering that it was not her fault. Her being here was out of her hands. This anger he felt was not for her but his own Master. Why of all prospects under his Master's control, had he chosen one of his own knights for this task? The lack of honor in this decision left a volatile bile thickening in his throat.

Ren side stepped his third, dismissing her physically even before his words hit her ears. "Leave me." Even as dismissive as they were his words came softly.

His knight rose with alarm. "Master, the Supreme Leader, He-

"I will shoulder whatever punishment comes from your dismissal." He cut her off just as casually as he'd released her from any obligation to... oblige him.

"Forgive me Master, it's just that..." When every muscle in him stilled her words froze like ice in her throat.

Ren stopped in his tracks, his body suddenly stiffening, visually seeming as solid as a statue. Then his boots silently pivoted in place and his marble like form followed suit. No doubt at the cost of the skin from his back, he was releasing her from this task and yet she pushed forward. The matter was handled. She was free from her charge, what more needed to be dealt with?

Sensing his growing irritation she spoke with more urgency. "You've taken care of us for so long.... of... of me for so long."

The thoughts accompanying her words were fresher in his mind then he wanted to admit. Sharper due to a recent memory he and Rey had shared on his uncle's island retreat.

He remembered her entering his small dorm. Tears slicked down her young face as she, to embarrassed to speak of the recent assault against her, begged him to view the horrible experience she left on the surface of her thoughts for him to find. He really didn't want to relive that moment for a third time...

"Enough." Kylo's reaction was sharp, his tongue like a blade set to cutting through memories best left forgotten.
But his third, led forward by her pure determination, was persistent in her case. Pleading against his argument of her own volition. Her own desires heading the charge of her appeal. "Master we can feel it. The suffering you silently endure. The anguish of your split conscience warring between the light and the dark and..." She paused as though not sure how to navigate through the rest of her argument. "And the girl... how she torments you. How you long for relief."

That was his breaking point. The cut off of his patience. Unconsciously his arm lifted. His Force swelling around his already opening fist as the hand of his Force grabbed for her at the throat.

She made no move against his will. No attempt to release herself from his hold or his oncoming wrath.

"We, those chained to you; your— six." His third worked through the grasp of his hand around her throat. Her windpipe under the crushing force of his power was closing, making it hard to speak with out the rasp his suffocating hold brought about.

Ren pulled her close to him, her feet dragging along the durasteel under foot by the tips of her armored boots. "Shall I release you from those chains, Third?" He questioned menacingly, his Force lifting her further from the ground.

"Never!" She replied without hesitance.

The certainty in her eyes and the conviction of her response gave his rage momentary pause. Kylo knew he could squeeze the life right out of her and she'd never even twitch to stop him. It was this knowledge that brought him back down. He held her in his anger for only a few second longer before setting her to her feet. Though she wheezed when she breathed she held her own under the hight of his shadowing Darkness. To her credit, even when the tendrils of his black rage reached for her, she didn't falter. She stood un compromised by the release of his temper.

"We suffer with you Master." She continued brazenly. "Allow yourself some reprieve." Her voice, matching her shaking hand trembled as she reached for his forearm.

Kylo reared back, hissing under his helmet, pulling from her as though her touch were acid about to assault his armor covered skin.

"You come to me speaking of the past and the present as though I've forgotten. Speak of a care you think I've shown as I've looked after you... all of you! And in the same breath you would ask me to commit the very atrocities against you that I once saved you from? Abuse the power I have over you just like..." Ren was heaving in his outrage. His chest was rising and falling yet no air was reaching his lungs and he was quickly growing dizzy. "Like that—"

His knight passionately interjected in his defense. How could he even compare himself...

"—Ben... you're not him. Nothing like him!" Her hand came up to block her mouth but the name left her lips before she could stop herself. It had been years... so many that she couldn't actually label the time with an accurate number. So many since she'd been allowed to say his real name out loud or since she'd seen his alluring face. But she remembered those deep brown eyes swirling with power, blood splattered across his pale skin from what he'd physically done to her assailant. She remembered the dark of his ebon hair curtailing the defined set of his jaw as he locked his teeth together in anger.

Beautiful...

Now his Force rose like a wave around him. His rage pouring over with his power sent her
obediently dropping to a knee once more. She knew the face that was hidden behind the mask of his helmet or at least... she had, once a long time ago. Yet she didn't know him in that same light now. It had been too long. Surely he'd grown into such a captivating man, but there were those who's aesthetics were physically effected by their power, especially within the dark side. She didn't care though, she longed for him regardless.

"Never say that name again!" He growled and the weight of his Force pressed over her, crushing her bent frame further to the floor.

"Y-yes Master." She submitted to his will without resistance. "Pl-please allow me to- to assist you like you did for me."

On a snap his Masked face lowered in her direction. "I'm in no need of assistance." His Force twisted around him and she knew the risk in her plea only increased.

"You want her!" She hastily exclaimed, hanging the bait between them and hoping it would be tempting enough that his desires would take over and she'd be safe from his Darkness once more.

His fists clenched in a mixture of deadly annoyance and fueled agitation. She was failing to keep her own desperation to herself and expeditiously loosing any control of the situation she may have had. If she wasn't careful he'd slip right over the edge. They were so in tuned that she could see the red coming even before he could and he was getting closer.

"Yes, you're progressing," Despite the painful grip of his Force still squeezing tightly around her and slowing her ascension, she pulled herself up from the ground. "But she still resists." His Third desperately continued. "Mas—" Her air supply was dwindling. The more she spoke the tighter his grip on her became. He was crushing her, his Force constricting more tightly around her with every passing second. "Master, I can- help you... not as your kn-knight..." His third was sputtering now, running dangerously low on the oxygen needed to survive let alone to present her words with.

He hesitated at the mention of what she was to him; his knight, his responsibility. It was a hard reminder but it was not her fault that she'd been put in this position. He shouldn't be so callous with her, so violent. His knights were his but they were his comrades and within reason, and in private, they were allowed the reins to speak freely around him. No matter how compliant she seemed with this task, her being here was still his Masters doing. Again he released her and the second her feet touched the floor they were carrying her forward. Her knees half buckled and his hands shot out to stabilize her. The second she had her bearings enough to stand on her own he released her.

Her eyes watered from suffocation and the red ringing around her bright blue irises only made their color stand out more. She straightened herself. Squared her shoulders off to his and locked her spine in place.

"I stand before you un masked, under no pretenses, and under no impulses. You would not be taking anything I am unwilling to give." She chanced another step closer, her fists clenching and unclenching at her sides.

"Foolish girl." He shook his head dishearteningly. "You would not be here if it were not for the push of my Master."

Kylo began to turn away. His shoulders already half facing the fresher when she called out to him again.

"It's true! With out the encouragement of the Supreme Leader I would have never been brave enough to..." She paused, waiting for him to acknowledge her and when he didn't she pressed on...
with more gusto. "To approach you in such a manner." She finally confessed.

The Master knight slowly turned. In honesty he was taken back by what she was saying. He should be the last person surprised by her feelings. It was his job to know his Knights better than anyone. Especially his six. They literally could not be more apart of each other then they already were. How had he missed this?

She was bashfully facing the ground, her eyes purposely averted from his as if to hide her shame but it was he who felt should be ashamed. How long had she felt this way? Why hadn't he sensed it sooner? What had he done to bring this about?

Then, like the overhead lights clicking on, he understood. It was not of her own nature to feel this way, this was his power. The amount that always hummed though his six and now the desires brought about by his Scavenger being so near... his Third was simply responding to those feelings. He shook his head pointedly.

"No, this is only a response to the bond that binds you to me coupled with the pull of my desires." He bowed his own head shamefully. It hadn't been his intention to string his knights along with his feelings for the girl he so openly coveted.

His knight's head tilted up to meet his face, helmet or no, she knew where he was looking. She could feel the shame she'd brought about in him. She was sure he thought he'd somehow influenced her emotions. Ben solo through and through...

"Master," Her hand lifted to the cool steel that encased his head but he flinched away.

It was not surprising to her. She'd been with him long enough to understand how uncomfortable any kind of contact made him. It had been so long since anyone was allowed to touch him. His Master forbade contact, especially of this kind. When he did receive comfort or affection it was through the manipulative hand of the same creature who denied him any kind of companionship. Verbally his Master would break him and verbally his Master would build him back up. The only physical contact this man knew was abuse and her heart, beating only because of him, also repeatedly ached because of him.

He was a wounded animal. Always expecting to be marred by any hands who sought to touch him. If only he realized how powerful he truly was, he would never shy from another hand again but years of conditioning had scarred the boy she trained with at the Jedi academy and as a man his first instinct was to bite at reaching hands. It made her wonder how he'd even progressed this far with the girl who'd somehow managed to catch his attention to the point of fixation. He was awkward as a boy and had killer instincts as a man. She wondered how he'd gotten this girl so comfortable with him in such a short time. Especially since this was the same girl who nearly killed him some months ago.

Had he removed his helmet? Had she fallen for the endless pools of the eyes she knew hid beneath.

"Your desires can not influence that which was always there." She delicately explained, defending the feelings she knew were real.

Kylo's neck crooked. His tilted head slightly leaning to one side as he intently studied the face of his Third. She couldn't possibly believe what she was saying...

With out another preemptive thought his hand reached for the side of her head. He gently cupped along her temple and he closed his eyes, he didn't need them to see inside of her mind. She leaned into his hand and deliberately surfaced the thoughts and memories she knew he was looking for.
She let him view every moment he left her cheeks flush. Every rush of heat she'd felt as he brushed passed her, every time they moved together during their training and more importantly the first memory that changed everything for her. The boy Ben, with blood on his fists and Darkness in his power brimming eyes. His Third let him see her as Lana once more. She let him watch as he tenderly tucked the young girl they'd been friends with into the safety of his cot. She let him view himself from her wide eyes as he rose with the intent of dispatching what was left of the man who'd repeatedly victimized her. Ben had permanently put a stop to it and he'd even asked if there were others who'd harmed her as well. Lana was mesmerized by him. Instantly infatuated. She shook her head and watched as he passed by, his suddenly imposing form exiting through the doorway that seemed to shrink around the sudden growth of his unleashed Darkness.

He pulled back from her mind in a rush. His eyes flickering over her heated face. Tears brimmed her eyes and her breath came in hard gasps but it wasn't from the Force of his mind prob. He'd been delicate enough. He stepped back from her then. This was not what he'd been expecting... he truly was terrible with women.

For a moment he'd forgotten who he was to her, forgotten how inappropriate her feeling were towards him, not that she could be blamed. They were developed so long ago that her suffering really was his fault. Had he known he would have left her. Certainly he would never have bound her to him in the way that he had. He could have let her rest peacefully.

Kylo felt an entirely new guilt to the weight of their chains. He should have noticed what seemed impossibly obvious now. As a Knight she'd given him no inclination, but as the girl Lana... the signs were defiantly there. After Kira had been taken from him he closed himself off. Practically left this poor girl behind with the memory of his young friend. He wondered suddenly if she knew who the girl was that he'd brought back with him... if she somehow realized that his Scavenger and Kira were one in the same.

Suddenly his knight felt dangerous to him. Something about this situation seemed to make the fine hairs along his arms and neck stand on end.

"To one another, we will never be more then Knights." He said sternly, as though this were his official decree.

"Of course not." She bowed her head solemnly. "If I ever thought things could be different I would not have waited so long to approach you Master. But you must see now why I wish to help you." She stepped further into the heat of his body. "I can offer you comfort and experience." Her trembling hand raised and she carefully pressed her palm to his armor clad chest. He tensed but she explored further, running her fingers down the fine toned lines of his hidden abdomen until she found the v cut between his hips that led like a map to the center of his frustration.

She looked up to him, her eyes searching the unexpressive lines of his black and silver mask. He was breathing heavily. Her words were only just sinking in when her hand traced lower. "Woman like a confident man." She moved lower still, her fingers skimming the surface of what she'd dreamed about having since she was a young angsty teen. Her lips parted and in her own rush of desire she became short winded. "I can feel it. You're so pent up. So much rage and desire burns in you." It was then that her hand confidently cupped him. She gripped her Master in her palm and he groaned at the unexpected touch. She was wet in an instant. "I can help you find release." Her voice lowered with the weight of her lust.

Kylo Ren sucked in a sharp breath. Everything she offered should have been tempting. She was beautiful, seductive and willing. She knew what she was offering and she certainly knew how to bring his thoughts to what she was suggesting. He swelled under her hand and he should have found
enjoyment in the touch. The gentle warmth that he'd been denied for so long she now freely offered him without conditions. Her hand squeezed along as much as she could fit in her grip and she began a rhythmic petting. An obvious intent came from the repetitive movements of her hand over his stiffening manhood but regardless of his body's response he wanted nothing to do with what she was brazenly suggesting. He clenched his teeth at her touch.

His hand shot out and he grabbed her wrist in a painful lock before pulling it to the side of his body. "You think I don't know how to bring release to myself?" He hissed condescendingly. "Is it that you think I don't understand how a woman's body works?" He leaned over her then. The cool steel of his mask brushing against the heated surface of her skin. "Or is it that you think I don't know how to unravel a female?" He seductively taunted her eliciting a faint gasp from her gaping mouth.

Partially from his crushing grip on her wrist and partially from his nearness, his Third whimpered. "I can read minds... remember." He practically teased her with his words. His voice was low and dangerous, even more so through the distortion of the vocoder in his mask and his knight responded shamefully. She stepped closer to his body, pressing her chest flush against his in an attempt to prolong the comfort of being so close after longing for him for so many years.

Kylo flung her hand away and stepped back from her. She practically withered before him. Her knees turned in and she internally shrunk. It was only the little dignity she had left and the respect she had for him that kept her from sinking to her knees at his rejection.

He'd seen it in her mind. As badly as she wanted him, a concept he just couldn't wrap his head around, she really only wished to help him. Of course as fleeting and as one sided as it would have been, she would have found comfort in his acceptance if he chose to take her up on her offer but he couldn't blame her for that. He pitied her. It was a weak response but he understood her feelings. Her emotions were resonating through him and it would surely be felt by the other of his knights as well. The bitter sting of her pain was familiar to him. He felt it every time his little scavenger turned him away.

"Collect yourself." He demanded coldly. "You're of no use to me if you can't think with the mind that's kept you of value until this point." He knew this was harsh but he needed her to snap out of this and quickly if he were to protect her reputation from the other knights they were tethered to. He had no idea how they would handle this side of her. He wasn't sure how to handle it himself.

Her mouth opened at his cruel words. Her eyes blurred with held back tears and he had to swallow hard to keep himself from recoiling at her unhinged reaction. He'd never seen her falter. Never witnessed anything but loyalty and calculated strength from his Third. It was unnerving, how feminine and fragile she suddenly looked. Kylo raised his hand and she stepped back in fear. He clicked his tongue to the roof of his mouth in dissatisfaction but the sound didn't register through the modulator of his helmet. When the piece that completed her armor rested firmly in his hand he stepped closer to her.

"Enough of this, it's time to collect yourself now. You are my Third," He raised his arm out to her, offering the helmet she'd chosen to accept years before. "Your worth to me goes beyond anything you could physically offer." Her chin raised at his words and he was hoping it was in understanding of the compliment that he was paying her.

She watched him from beyond the shine along her helmet, her eyes wide and circular in their astonishment. He bent his wrist, raising his hand higher and her watery blue orbs shot down to the helmet he held out to her. She took the piece in both hands and pulling it tightly to her chest, her eyes moved to his masked face once more.

"Are you my Third?" He asked sternly but the question was meant to sit openly between them. The
power of whether she remained a Knight or not was left in her hands.

The woman once known simply as Lana, loyally replaced the helmet over her face. Her Master responded with the intensity that she’d grown to expect from him. The Master knight of Ren stepped close to her now, his hand raising to cup the curve of the ancient metal that with the mere act of its adornment, completely altered her identity.

"Are you still apart of us... A part of me? Do our oaths still stand... or do you seek release?"

His warrior took to one knee before him. "So long as you need me, I am yours to command Master.” She solemnly declared, her head bowed once more in obedience.

The Master knight let his hand return slowly to his side as he watched her through the curved slit of his mask. "Good! Now get some rest Third, I'm sure I'll need your council soon enough."

The head of his warrior shot upright. He didn't need to see her face to know she was surprised and when she sprung to her feet he was quick to set verbal limits between them. He wouldn't chance her getting the wrong idea about their arrangement.

"I'll expect your insight in certain cases and situations." She nodded too quickly and Kylo raised his hand before she let her mind wander in to an auto response. "Nothing physical will transpire between us. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master, of course."

He briefly nodded and though he was certain she understood it took him a silent moment before he was sure he’d done enough to convey the boundaries of their working relationship while not damaging the roles they held as Knights. "Then you're dismissed."

Tucking the length of her braid into the thin hook at the back of her helmet, his Third rose. She looked proper again. To any passerby the thick armor folded over her breast would conceal the fullness of her femininity. Her hips were hidden beneath the triangle of fabric that squared off any curve to the eye above it. Even the pads of her shoulders where straightened and elongated to make her appear wider in form. Finally, with her helmet returned to its proper place, her countenance was once more erased by the anonymity the confines of the helmet provided.

Very few knew what she looked like underneath and he was thankful for that. It made her exceedingly good at her job, his rogue. She could come and go as needed and no one would so much as recognize her. Commonly referred to by his other knights as Keypad for the checkerboard squares cut into the lower section of the faceplate of her mask and her uncanny ability to crack nearly any code she was challenged with, she was among his most valuable assets and he wanted to keep her that way so long as she’d agree to stay.

Kylo nodded to her back with approval and he was sure to let her feel the pride he had for her on her way out. She looked as she should now. Not a girl or a woman or even an identifiable male. She looked like a knight. An enigma to any on looker. He was much more comfortable with her in this guise. Much— more comfortable.

The second the door sealed shut Kylo’s hands were on the sides of his helmet. The release came with a hiss that sounded too loud for the small hydraulics and it took everything he had not to throw the damn helmet across the room. Instead he slammed it down on a table specially made to hold the piece that he was growing more weary of by the day. He eyed the detailed mask disdainfully.
Today had not gone the way he'd hoped it would have. He supposed all in all everything went as smooth as possible but,

"Kriff! Just—Kriff!" Kylo spat out loud to no one.

If he broke it all down in the simplest of descriptions; He'd acquired his Masters approval to have Rey in whatever way he desired, a feat which he'd never thought possible until it happened. He'd gotten her outfitted to First Order standards, mostly, also pretty unbelievable. She'd agreed to be his apprentice and though it was with strings attached; he'd kriffing done it! This was so unbelievable that he still wasn't sure if that was real or if he'd made it up in his head... but he digressed. They'd finally arrived on his Destroyer, though not without making a scene the second they departed his personal shuttle and now, holy kriffing Force, now she was in a room almost precisely below his!

Of course he'd had to deal with her rag tag friends and their release, he wished he could have passed on having to personally handle that but it needed to be him to be done right. And to top of the day that had as many positives as it did negatives, he'd had to handle whatever that bantha dung was with his Third...

"What the kriff?!?" Kylo swore one last time before he began stripping away the layers of gear his armor was comprised of.

He unclasped his belt, so lost in his own thoughts that he settled for just dropping it at the foot of his bed before moving on.

He'd hoped for a good long break in the fresher. Maybe he'd even take the chance to relieve some stress brought on by having his Scavenger so close and the way they'd interacted in his shuttle during the trip here had left him aching. Maker the images he'd conjured in her mind had tormented him since he'd shared them and when she'd kept that idea lingering between them...

Budding frustration spread further through him. His fists crushed the air at his sides. She was just beneath him, a place he'd been fantasizing about since the first time he'd crushed her weight to his chest and carried her to his shuttle. Sure it wasn't in the same context but his body didn't give a damn about what logic his brain pestered it with.

His fingers hooked along the underside of his tunic and he worked the thick material over his shoulders and head. He shook out his hair, working free the dishevelment of the already helmet tussled mess.

She could be sleeping...

If she was it would be sooo easy to slip inside of her head and manipulate her dreams. They'd unknowingly done it to one another before, but he was pretty sure that was against the rules they'd recently set in place. He wasn't hiding behind that though. He knew better then to pretend he was. If he had the energy left he'd tamper with her sleep fogged mind so quickly...

After unclasping the buckles that held his armguards in place he peeled the thick pleated armor away. Cool air assaulted his leather free arms and Kylo unconsciously shivered in response.

She'd said she wanted space but there was nothing physical about advancing on her in her dreams. After all, it's not like he'd really be in the same room with her.

Not really.

He angrily shook his head as if the force of the act could shake the lecherous ideas free from his mind. His thumbs hooked along the waistline of his trousers and he ran them along the front
circumference while he thought about whether he should even dare removing them or not. He'd been practically stuck at half mast since she'd woken up in his lap almost a week ago. He'd been kriffing looking forward to relieving some pent up frustration since he'd found her scrubbing her thighs in that damn wash hut. The same hut she'd worked at his injured and bared torso in. And since then he'd shamelessly flattened his body to hers at every chance he got.

Gods above and below, he wanted to think about that while he spent time in the steaming heat of a long shower. Instead the hand of his Third was the last thing to touch where he needed release and for makers sake, he couldn't get off now! What in the freezing winds of Hoth would that say about him?

His thumbs pulled away from the rim of his trousers and he howled in angry frustration. His hands ran through the thick waves of his hair and finally giving into his defeat, Kylo plopped down on the edge of his bed to work at removing his boos. His fingers nimbly pulling and plucking at the straps one foot at a time as he mindlessly freed one foot after the other. He peeled off his socks and in a fashion not at all like himself, he threw them to the far end of the room. Only seconds after he flopped back onto the bed he was already contemplating hunting those socks down to better deposit them in the wall shoot by the washroom. He pulled his lightsaber from his waistline and toyed with it in his hands. The weight and texture was a comfort, something solid and familiar to hold onto as he ignited and disengaged it repeatedly. Sometime along the way he'd lost himself to his random thoughts.

Perhaps if he could bring himself to stand he could at least step into the fresher for hygienic purpo—

"Ren..." Her voice crept like a whisper through their glimmering string and Kylo flew up to a seated position so quickly he almost skewered himself with one of the exhaust ports that formed the cross of his saber. He quickly extinguished the blade.

In the comfort of his now completely dark room he waited in what felt like an endless silence, only blinking occasionally to clear the red halos that had been left in his retinas from the bright burning glow of his previously lit plasma blade. He knew it was impossible for him to hear her with his physical senses yet there he sat, his eyes squeezing tightly shut as his ears strained for the relief of any sound that could convince him that what he'd just heard was real, that she'd just called out to him in what must have been the middle of the night.

He wondered at what point he'd let their bond slip open, even as slight as the access to each other was there bond was now ajar.

"I um, I hope I'm not bothering you..."

His heart flipped in his chest. He was sitting, previously laying, half clothed in his bed and she was reaching for his mind with hers... Maker the endless scenarios he was already working up in his mind left fire burning in his veins.

Wait... why was she reaching for him? His damned logic had to go and ask a sensible question when all he wanted to do was stew in the mixture of his perversities and exuberance.

"I'm sorry I-I shouldn't have bothered you. I just, when I could feel you again...I could tell you were still awake and... I'm sorry."

She sounded so... alarmed? So uncertain? No, insecure! That was definitely it. She was insecure about speaking with him, or maybe about how he'd handle her after earlier...

"What...? No!" He close to yelled. "I mean, no. You're not bothering me." He quickly edited his
response, this time answering her in a calmer manner.

She was silent for longer then he liked and for an agonizing moment he thought maybe she had decided not to bother with him after all.

"It's kind of embarrassing but... I really wanted to get cleaned up and I... Well I don't know how to work the panels on the fresher. They're far more complex then those at the Resistance base." She defended herself rather hastily.

A deep relieving rumble burst free from the confines of his chest. His eyes literally teared at the corners he was so happy to hear her voice again. For a moment he though he'd scared her off. —And for once today the problem was a simple one that required an equally simple solution.

He thought about how to explain it to her but doing so made him realize what she was asking, which lead to him imagining where she was right now...

Was she already in the cleaning station? Already undressed? He was careful not to project his private thoughts but his instantaneous response was a whole other issue.

"I can show you how." Even through his thoughts his words sounded suggestive.

He spit it out between them before he thought about how it could be interpreted and it wasn't until her blush ran through their bond on the wings of the erupting butterflies in her stomach that Kylo realized just how that sounded.

"I mean— what I meant was..." He quickly closed his eyes and passed the images of the activation panel and the different operational settings she could choose from between their minds.

She was silent another long moment and Kylo flopped back along the bed certain this time she'd cut off their connection. He threw his arm up over his eyes and sank into the cool comforter beneath his fevered back and shoulders. If only this bed could swallow him whole.

"That did it. Thank you... Master." Her words, even between their flowing line which was for some reason now glowing brightly between them, were breathy and quick. All except the last.

The way she said Master through their bond, the way it floated gracefully from her mind into his... if the two were in the same room right now it would be him on his knees before her!

Kylo cleared his throat as though it would help the way she mentally heard him.

"Don't worry about the hot water. The ship's engine room puts off an endless supply of heated water. So you know- no worries there." He sounded kriffing chipper... spewing off stupid facts about the damn correlation between the engine room and heated water supply.

What the Maker's fiery wrath was he talking about? Why would he say that? What the kriff would she care about the heated water supply for? Kylo chastised himself for blundering like an inexperienced youngling.

Still fidgeting with his lightsaber, kylo released a deep sigh. Regaining his lost composure the dark knight tightly bottled up his nerves long enough to fix his gaffe.
Hoping to have enough subtle innuendo as to not sound like it was to intentional but rather an
innocent miscommunication should she take it as perversely as he secretly intended it to be, Kylo
chose his next words very carefully.

"Apprentice... Enjoy yourself." His voice strummed through the hauntingly quiet space between
them, vibrating across their bond in his naturally deep baritone.

He'd made sure to send a whisper of his Force pulsing through their connection. Just the slightest
trace of himself, a feather of a touch really. Hopefully enough to rouse her imagination or at the bare
minimum to cause an innocent chill to run along her spine the way his fingers longed to.

*Hey guys n gals... so— what did you think? I really hope you all liked this chapter. It was a very
important one and I'm very glad I finally got it done. There was a lot to plant in this one and I'm
wondering how many of you caught on to what I hope was an oh $hit moment but we shall see. If
you didn't that's ok, I'll flush this plot out a lot more before the end creeps up on us, and don't worry
there's a lot more to come. I was going over plot with my husband and realized while I've laid a ton
out, there is still a lot that has to happen before I can even think about writing out our ending. I'm as
overwhelmed by that as I am overjoyed because I really didn't think it would be this long of a story,
let alone at about the half way mark. I hope you guys see it through to the end with me! I'd love the
company!
There was a low frequency humming through the ship that was grinding against Rey's nerves. Normally the barely perceptible sound, or rather the feel of her bones slightly vibrating from the deep and constant buzz of the vessel wouldn't bother her, but since it was distracting her from the more calming hum of her link to Kylo Ren, the noise may as well have been a loud and endless ringing in her ears. A long, high pitched bell that refused to be ignored, was impossible to silence, and indestructible while cloaked in its ability to lack any real existence.

On Ach'To Rey had gotten use to the ever blowing wind and the crest of waves slamming along the island shoreline. Jakku had its own sounds to contend with as well but she'd been so far out from the outpost that very few creatures, human or otherwise, ever ventured so far away from the back water civilization to disrupt her. The more permanent of the planets resident inhabitants never came to close to her dwelling. Anyone with even half a brain knew of the reclusive scavenger who lived within the old At-At and none wanted to bother with the trouble that came with crossing her.

Nature, no matter how harsh a companion, was something she was used to. As the only dependable constant in her life she'd grown up with the desert and all of its charming endearments. Rey was comfortable with the mostly quiet sounds that came with living in a world blanketed by skin blistering heat. From year long droughts to sand storms and cyclones Rey was well adjusted to living with her ever temperamental roommate.

And she obviously wasn't one to shy away from tech or machinery of any kind but there was something off putting about trying to sleep on this ship with its near silent but always constant hum etching into her bones via microscopic vibrations. It was the ever present rumbling of the belly of an unsatisfiable beast. A mechanical monster who could destroy entire bases and fleets at the simple command of the man who brought her here.

Rey blew out a heavy sigh. A stray strand of hair caught in the release of the breath moved across her face tickling along Rey's cheek. Unconsciously she swiped at the loose lock and her fingertips swept the hair up to dispose of it back into the messy bun she still had tied at the back of her head. Once free of the tangle of her hair Rey allowed her hand to hover above her temple before returning it once more to her side. It was strange but she had this feeling, as if something she couldn't specifically place was eluding her. Her fingers twitched at the sudden image of his much larger hand, gloved in thick black leather hovering over the space of her temple where her own hand just had.

Rey shivered at the thought. It was a strange transition, from the unnerving sounds and feelings of drifting along in space on an enemy Destroyer to an empty and misplaced longing for the enigma of a man who controlled the floating Goliath. Her fist squeezed together but it didn't stop the ends of her fingers from buzzing with the Force that begged for her to release it.

Lifting her hand back into sight she rubbed her fingertips together. And there it was, the crackling of the static energy that waited there. Her insides flipped at the idea of learning how to control it. How to control and harness the power that laid dormant in her for so long that once freed became hardly containable now. She was unstable that much she knew for sure. Luke knew it and though he tried to pretend it didn't worry him Rey knew it did. Just like her parents, Luke Skywalker kept her at a safe distance only he had no where to drop her off should he feel the need to be free of her.

But then, he'd already done that once hadn't he... She internally gripped.

Rey was as nervous as she was anxious for her training to begin. She wanted to learn, no she needed to. It was something she always craved, insight and ability. However, she was also worried that Kylo...
would realize how disappointing she'd be as an apprentice and then he'd too drop her off on some junk heap of a planet. When Luke had finally decided to really start her training it was solely to end his nephew, a thought that still lit a fuse in Rey that she didn't understand. Their bond was fascinating. A thing she'd have loved to study closer if it wasn't something constructed between them.

Months ago the one word she'd have used to describe Ren would have been the same she used in the forest after he'd killed Han.

Monster...

She pinched her eyes shut and pulled herself into a tighter ball on the floor. Now he'd claimed a new title.

Master...

Strange how close the two words are to each other yet how different their meanings are...

Rey only hoped that she knew what she was doing here because no matter how careful she was there was a great possibility that this whole thing could blow up in her face. Still she couldn't fight the development between them anymore. Even if she hadn't been backed into a corner he'd still be her Master. Calling her need to learn from him a want would be a bold faced lie. Since their interactions on Yavin Four, Rey could do very little to get her Force under control or her growing desire to be near to Kylo. She surmised it was like he said, she housed a lot of his Force energy when he helped repair her limb after Ach'To, but to her understanding she should have burnt through most of what he'd left in her by now, yet instead of feeling free of him she felt more attached, like somehow they'd fused together even more through the bond that conjoined them.

Closing her eyes Rey focused on the feeling of their delicate looking bond. The dancing cord built of glowing energy illuminated in a vibrant almost purple stream; a Force forged path between them. She pictured reaching out and touching it. She could almost feel the liquid looking energy as she dipped her fingertips into its rushing stream. Her Force essence grew from a soft buzzing along her fingertips to crackling pops of surging lightning. Rey's first instinct was to yank her hand away from the cord but the pull of her Force seeking out his was too much and she found her hand delving deeper into the wave of energy.

She swore she could feel the rush of his Force over her skin and it was this that finally caused her to yank her hand away, pulling it to her chest and cradling it through the rippling sensations that startled her. Beginning at her curled fingertips and the closed palm of her clasped hand Rey felt the sensation of his Force essence flooding out in a flourish of sparks through the receptors of her nerves. She had to stifle a choked moan as his energy bloomed through her.

Instantly Rey decided she must be as confusing as she found him. One minute he couldn't get close enough to her and the next he was in a whole different solar system. She was the same but in the opposite direction. On a good sane day she was aware of how dangerous Kylo was to be around. She knew him as the enemy that he was supposed to be and opted to keep him at a safe distance. When she was thinking clearly no matter how many light years apart they'd been there was never really a distance that was ever far enough. But on days like today, through the thick blur of her own skewed perception she didn't care about what she was supposed to think or how she was supposed to perceive the First Order Commander. Didn't care how she was supposed to feel about Ren and his involvement with the Dark side as opposed to the Light, only how she was genuinely feeling in the moment.

Part of it was driven by the instincts that kept her alive all these years, you'd think those instincts
would be telling her to run, to fight if she had to to get away but it was quite the opposite. The other part was how clearly the Force was pushing and pulling them together. The specific memories shared between them, the visions and dreams... all of them where pointing her in the same direction and that was indisputably towards Kylo Ren or Ben Solo. It didn't really matter what name he went by, the message was clear. Whatever Rey was supposed to be doing it involved him. Somehow she was supposed to be helping him, supposed to be guiding him. She just didn't know exactly how to do that yet. It's hard to point someone in the right direction when you don't have your own bearings down.

Rey only knew both were hot and cold with each other and she couldn't help but feel guilty for willingly walking away from her friends even if it was in an attempt to save as many of them as she could. In a room far to nice for a Jakku scavenger, Rey was feeling far more like the original title he’d used for her, his guest. Even after she'd negotiated her compliance she hadn't thought she'd actually get her own room. Maybe a bunk in a conjoined room or in a soldiers barracks, but her own room... it was almost too much.

She hated feeling less like a prisoner then she did. At least when she was locked up she had her anger to keep her company. Knowing she was willing to join Kylo regardless of what'd happened at the temple took away any right she’d had to that past anger. She wasn't happy about how he'd handled Luke and she hadn't forgotten that he'd gone back to get Finn either. That in its self merited a conversation they were going to have in the future but for now her friends were safe, free, and that was because of him.

She had to let go of her anger over his past actions, not because he was courteous to her when he'd generously indulged her by hearing out her terms or when he courteously accepted them, even while she knew Kylo had no need to do so; He already had all of the power in their dynamic but he obliged her anyway, but because she was allowing this, her surrender, to Kylo and the First Order at the small hope that she could learn from him. Rey was still glad she'd declined his first invitation at Force training. He most certainly wasn't the same man he'd been then though in truth she couldn't really tell what made him different, she just knew he was.

Rey's teeth worked at her bottom lip, biting nervously as she admitted what else his offer could mean to her. The possibility of for once in her life being accepted for something other then her scraping skills hung over her head like a storm cloud in the desert. All she had to do was reach out and take what he offered.

The lessons! Only the lessons! She reminded herself with a determined pull of her brows.

"Everything you are is mine and everything I am is yours. You'll never be alone again, Rey." The memory of his voice haunted her since the night before he landed on Ach'To seeking her out. He'd told her to take comfort in his claim over her and at the time she'd been frightened, but she'd also been fascinated. The idea of belonging had never felt so real to her before. Even then it simmered like fleeting heat in the distance too far to reach. A mirage of hope that she could never really reach to cling to.

She'd never needed to belong before. Certainty not in the way that he'd been suggesting since his arrival there. Everything left her perplexed, laying in First Order quarters counting down the hours until she begins training under a man she shouldn't trust as much as she does while tampering with a bond that shouldn't exist between them but also inexorably does, but she was allowing her surrender and it turned her stomach to know how much she really was ok with being here... as long as here was with him.

"You would follow him anywhere..." The unsettling memory of the Supreme Leaders words echoed through Rey's head and much to her dismay that poisonous voice dislodged the loud ringing that had
been plaguing her ears since she laid down along the floor of the vessel to rest.

Tears crept to the corners of her eyes. The truth out of that creature's mouth felt like a knife dragging slowly across her skin. She couldn't discern how any of this had happened. Couldn't pin point when she started to care for Kylo or why she couldn't just turn it off and walk away. The acceptance of her training was the lesser of the thorny guilt that twisted constrictively throughout her chest. Most of the needling pricks of pain came from her need to be with him.

Laying dormant in her was a sad need to be desired, accepted, a part of something more then she was and somehow Kylo Ren disrupted that need. Woke it up so startlingly that it couldn't be ignored. Her past deprivations left her weak and exposed. Every time he looked at her like she were the only source of light in the galaxy she grew more susceptible to the invasion of her own weaknesses. The soul searing depth of his seemingly sincere need for her tore the small fractures in her armor into gaping fissures. He looked at her like she was more then just sand and grime and as pathetic as it was, apparently that's all it took to win her over. The intensity in his eyes when they had her in their sight made her feel more then special. She wasn't a backwater junker from some desolate planet which most had purposely forgotten about, not to him. Though she didn't understand it, she had no desire to lose the way he looked at her or how precious it made her feel. The first time she saw those eyes she knew she was damned...

And oh was it childish; holding onto the cord that tethered them together because of how important it seemed to make her to him. And it was stupid because it likely wouldn't last. Accepting the bond between them was going to prove to be a foolish choice. It was obviously already changing her in a manner that she couldn't explain. Originally Rey wanted the tie between them severed, but now she was clinging to it, clinging to him.

Most recently, after Poe made the crude poke at Kylo over his father, Rey realized how badly she wanted less to escape Kylo and more to embrace him. She had the desire to fix him. How badly she wanted to make him feel anything but the hurt he was constantly in. His reaction was an indication to her that Ben was still in there, or at least that Kylo was just as much man as he was monster.

She thought of how he'd acted along the cliff path on Ach'To when she took his hand and led him away from Luke... he was barely contained in his own head. His reactions had been mostly instinctual and his automatic responses were brutal, close to animalistic. Kylo Ren was extremely powerful. He had countless armies and an undetermined amount of weapons and resources at his disposal, even forged allies amongst the ranks, of Phasma was any indication. And his understanding and control of the Force was intoxicating. Rey both respected and feared this knowledge and she knew she should. It set Luke Skywalker on edge. Made him seek the destruction of his own nephew rather then his redemption.

Yet to all of kylo's credit... he was fractured. Broken and torn down in ways she couldn't yet understand but she was going to try. He'd let her guid him once, perhaps he'd do it again... if she could figure out what she'd done to secure his trust the first time. If the monster could be destroyed the man could be saved, but then, maybe there wasn't enough man left to save.

Rey reached out with her mind once more, her mental fingertips extended for the line between them, caressing the air just above their connection as though she could physically feel the glowing radiance above the stream with the pads of her actual fingers. Even when he pinched their dancing line closed she could feel him through it. And she knew he was near. There was no mistaking it. right now he was somewhere close by.

Her eyes kept inadvertently traveling to the ceiling causing her to wonder if he was somewhere on the level above her. It would make sense, explain the strong pull to the space above her, and if he
were there it would mean they were close but still had an adequate amount of distance between them just as she’d requested of him. Rey smiled at how clever the maneuver would’ve been if that had in fact been what he’d orchestrated.

Before this sad attempt at a little more sleep had so miserably failed Rey had been mapping out the room. Investigating every inch with her eyes and hands until she knew most of its contents by heart. There was some plain furniture, probably pretty standard furnishings for a Star ship; a small table with a couch and chair around it, a bed that was likely standard quality and size though to her it seemed huge and luxurious, so much so that she was too uncomfortable to sleep in it. Two small night tables furnished either side of the bed and the additional lighting from the floating holo charts on either side, one being a star chart of some kind and the other likely a First Order news feed, Rey guessed that even the troopers needed to stay updated with galactic affairs, supplied a warm glow in the otherwise very dim lit room.

She’d found the air ducts along the bottom of the left hand wall and above the cleaning station in the wash room so she knew there were vents between and above the rooms. The ducts were just large enough to where she was pretty sure it wouldn't be hard to get into if she needed a quick way out of the room. She wasn't planning on running but she also couldn't help mapping out territory for quick escape routes. This was just something she'd picked up while learning to survive. Still, it was good to know she wasn't completely trapped in here, though she was certain getting off of the massive shuttle would be near impossible so it didn't really matter on way or the other.

Her eyes were closed in fatigued frustration and she was mid roll and unprepared when she felt it. Something warm and intense came sparking to life inside of Rey, startling her to the flats of her feet and caps of her knees. A sharp inhale cut through the silence of the room as she sucked in a thin stream of air between narrowly parted lips. When the bond unexpectedly opened, and without warning her mind became connected to his again, a heavy pressure she hadn't realized she suffered through lifted from her chest. Now Rey could fully breath again and the dazzling little string came to life as though skillfully strummed.

Rey of course responded instantly. The breath whooshed from her lungs and she was already wiping her sweaty palms along her thighs while eyeing the room as though he'd just suddenly appear from nowhere. It wasn't to far fetched of a concept. They'd popped in and out on each other before but usually one or both had to be unconscious for their minds to reach out like that. Honestly she wasn't really sure how it worked yet. It was another thing she was anxious to learn about while she was here.

A sizzling spike of something she should be getting more used to shot through the cord that attached them together. Her head shot up to the ceiling. He was definitely somewhere above her. There was no alarm through their connection but she could feel his physical frustration. He was such a confusing mix of emotions. Anger and frustration... that made sense, but the desire that was flooding into her from his end was like quick sand devouring her whole.

Something tugged at her stomach from somewhere behind her navel. Her heart beat picked up pace and her breath hitched.

Kriff, What was he thinking about up there?

She took a quick, and what should have been harmless peek into his mind, but what she found was anything but! As though he'd felt her curiosity there was a flash of quick answering images that all had something to do with Ren trapping her against one surface or another followed by the burning image of their bodies intertwined on the floor of his personal shuttle. The entire length of Rey's body flushed and she found herself mouthing his name over the thoughts shared between them.
"Ren..." And their bond buzzed with his name through her thoughts.

Oh she did not just mutter his name through their bond...

As ridiculous as it was, Rey's hand slapped over her mouth.

Maybe it wasn't though their bond... maybe he hadn't heard her...

But the cord between them snapped straight. They were fully connected again and a wealth of delicious emotions washed over her. Whatever hold he'd had on keeping their line quiet had been completely released now. She squeezed her eyes shut trying to think of what to say next. Trying to buy her tired time to work out how to smooth this over before he realized she'd felt and seen what he was thinking about Rey stumbled through her own thoughts.

"I um, I hope I'm not bothering you..." Her face pinched into a tight cringe.

Maker what was she going to say now?

Seconds passed and a whole medley of emotions with them the last of which seemed to be a slight hint of annoyance through her bond mate.

Bantha dung, she was bothering him, she just knew it...

"I'm sorry I-I shouldn't have bothered you. I just, when I could feel you again... I could tell you were awake and... I'm sorry."

Gods she was bumbling on like an idiot.

"What...? No!" Kylo practically yelled in her head and now she was cringing for a different reason. Not that it would help with the volume of his voice but her hands flew to her ears to dampen the sound anyway.

"I mean... no. You're not bothering me." He quickly readjusted his volume this time seeming more calm then before.

Perhaps she'd startled him too. He clearly wasn't expecting her voice to come through their bond.

Oh Force, what if he was indecent...

She pinched her eyes shut only to force them back open a second later. She had to make sure no matter what, her mind didn't reach for his. She couldn't risk accidentally finding her way into his head. She stood up and began searching the room for anything that would distract her. She'd gotten half way to the wash room when she realized that he was still waiting for her to shed some light as to why she'd called out to him across their bond in the first place.

"Scrap metal, what now?" Giving in to a nervous tic Rey began repeatedly rapping her wrist against her thigh and looking around for something, anything believable that she could use... Then her eyes locked onto the fresher. "The panel!" She voiced aloud to no one but herself.

"It's kind of embarrassing but... I really wanted to get cleaned up and I..."

No way he'd believe she couldn't figure this out herself, she's a damn junker... But she continued anyway.

"Well I don't know how to work the panels on the fresher. They're more complex then those at the
Now her eyes were closed and she waited with far more hope then she meant to that Kylo bought her slight falsehood. It wasn't really a lie, she knew she couldn't pass that off through their bond. The panels were more complex then the Resistance base and though over time she was sure she could figure it out herself, she wasn't inclined to try. She hadn't said she couldn't figure it out herself and eventually she would want to get cleaned up.

"I can show you."

At the very least, the quick pace and deep husk of his voice painted his words as suggestive. If they weren't, good luck convincing her brain of that. She instantly pictured him looming over her in the fresher, his massive hands planted on either side of her much smaller body as he palmed the wall to the sides of her frame. She swallowed hard and for the second time tonight she felt that spike of desire flutter through the bond only this time it may have come from her as tingling waves and ripples of heat rolled through her tummy.

"I mean— what I meant was..." He began to correct.

Images flashed across her vision. He passed his knowledge on the system to her as though it were a live tutorial and honestly if she wasn't already completely distracted she was sure she would have geeked out over the simplicity of this type of communication.

Instead of actually paying attention she focused on the feeling of his mind brushing along hers. The image of his left hand pressing into the wall as his right punched in different settings left her mind reeling. She could literally picture herself standing in the space his body would corner as he worked over the panel. His long, dangerously strong arms and wall of cut chest and torso caging her in with him like the prey she became when he was around. Mouth running dry lips parted while she attempted to swallow a fleeting gasp, Rey spun away from the fresher, putting her back to the empty space that she was absolutely not going to be using tonight. On the plus side, she'd just learned how to operate the fresher settings for use in the morning.

Of course now her throat was dry and she was sure her heart was pumping way too fast to be healthy but lucky for her, she didn't have to verbally communicate with him. It was unlikely that he'd know how flustered she was on this side. Their bond was humming loudly between them. Heat was rolling low in her belly and her teeth caught her lower lip in an unsuccessful attempt to hold back a trembling breath while she responded to him.

Rey decided to just be quick about it. Just respond as though that's all she'd been waiting for and that would be that.

"That did it. Thank you..."

And boy did it...

She felt secure in her response. All set nothing out of the ordinary. Then... and she had no idea why she added his new title of power over her but Maker she had and with so much certainty and confidence that somehow she suddenly knew she did it because of how it would effect him and she wanted that. She wanted to affect him the way he was affecting her and she did it with a manipulative innocence that almost felt practiced.

"...Master." She sweetly added.

There was something satisfying knowing that the word was going to linger in his mind like the image
of those hands pinning her between the space of the fresher wall and his body. Decidedly Rey privately declared this whole exchange was his fault in the first place. He was the one who opened the bond between them while thinking inappropriately. Why shouldn't she take a small shot while the opportunity presented itself.

"Don't worry about the hot water." His voice stumbled through their bond on shaky legs. "The ship's engine room puts off an endless supply of heated water. So you know- no worries there." The excitement in his voice made her smile. He was almost adorable, the way he sputtered out the silly facts that he probably hadn't meant to share.

The tid-bits were little scraps of knowledge that the Scavenger part of her brain loved knowing whether Kylo knew it and shared them with her because of this or not, Rey loved that he did. She was already working on figuring out how the engines were responsible for the heated water and what could keep it endless in supply. She surmised it must have something to do with the cooling system and the recycling of the hot water through the lines. Either way it saved her from lingering in the dangerous vicinity of her previous thoughts. That is until...

"And Apprentice... enjoy yourself." His sultry voice supplied a well aimed jab back.

Ok, she deserved that.

The simple sentence was as good as a tactically planted bomb in Rey's head. She could feel the connotation behind the carefully selected words and with the slightest pulse of his Force passing through their private line to brush ever so delicately along her mind that bomb exploded sending ripples of wanton desire surging like lightning through her body.

From the man who'd pulled the embarrassing memories from her head the first time they met it was no secret that Rey had suffered many long lonely nights on Jakku, but she'd never acted on any impulses to soothe herself from the hollowness that always accompanied any one of those nights. She'd thought about it many times over, but never once had she risked being caught in such a vulnerable position.

Blood rushed through her veins to pool and swell around more sensitive places then Rey knew she had, and the image of what Ren was clearly implying she do to enjoy herself ignited behind her eyes. She could see her hand sliding between her legs, the rough pads of her fingers pressing down on the newly thumping pulse between her thighs to alleviate the building frustration she held there. Her cheeks flushed to crimson and her stomach twisted with the sheer embarrassment of the private yearning that she may have just shared across the bond she had with a man who was far to recently an enemy, who was now to be her teacher and Maker, he confused her almost as much as she confused herself. She was confounded by their dynamic. Days ago he was her enemy, after Luke, he should still be her enemy but she couldn't turn off what ever it was that was between them long enough to think clearly about any of that.

Rey squeezed her fists shut. There was no way in Mustafar that she was going to act on her thoughts. No way!

Her eyes screwed shut and she focused all the attention she had into squeezing her end of their bond shut. The last thing she needed was for Ren to be picking up on her internal struggle or the haughty images that her desperate body resorted to at the tiniest hint of his loaded suggestion. And damn it all he knew what he was doing. He knew exactly what to say to plant the seed in her head and it was blooming beautifully, a wild fantasy sprouting out of a weak suggestion. Gods she could feel her panties sticking to her slickening skin with the saturation of her own building desire. She was thankful Kylo wasn't here with her, she could deny mental desire until she was blue in the face but physical... she'd never live this down.
Rey wondered how much of Kylo's Force she still had left in her? How much of Kylo's power was still running through her to cause such an immediate physical reaction to surge through her with only a mild suggestion and the slightest tease of his Force essence across their bond? Of course it could also be all of the teasing and innuendos he'd haunted her with since the island but she'd rather choose to believe that she had more endurance then that. More restraint to resist his games.

Great now her mind was reminding her of how it felt to be pressed against him while he secured her arms behind her back.

Maker this was ridiculous! That hadn't even really happened. She reminded herself sternly.

"It was just mind games for Force sake..." She hissed in her frustration, finally plopping herself down into a small cubed chair.

She'd tried sitting here before, and maybe there was some trick to getting comfortable in it, but Rey just couldn't figure out what it was because she was just as annoyed as the first time she'd tried to sit in it when she sought sleep. The bed was out, too rich for her taste. So comfortable it was uncomfortable. The soft mattress and puffy pillow only served as a reminder as to where she was which led her back full circle again and inevitably she'd drown in the guilt she started in. She'd almost found sleep on the floor between the bed and the dark plated wall but when her eyes closed and her thoughts should have shut down she found images of him. Some where angry threatening images and others... Well, others left her worse off.

The entirety of the whole night went on like this, the tossing and turning and the thoughts... Maker the thoughts were disgraceful. And keeping herself from slipping back into that murky water was as torturous as it was exhausting. Every time she closed her eyes she felt the pull of their bond and so even when she finally became tired to the point of her eyelids drifting closed on their own, she forced herself back awake. She just couldn't chance melding any deeper into him tonight.

So instead she stood, and pretending to have the Lightsaber that she'd left in Finns care, she practiced. She worked on her footing and her form, not so much on her strikes though it wasn't so hard to imagine the blue blade cutting through the darkness of the room around her, but because she hadn't yet memorized the lay out of the room and whenever she focused to intently on picturing the end of the blade she'd run into one thing or another and after a handful of charley horses she'd finally given up on that. At one frustrating point Rey even tried moving the furniture but apparently these pieces were connected to the floor, she assumed so they wouldn't jerk around during battles or from entering and exiting light speed, though there really should have been no need for that; starships had special calibrators and pressure settings to help keep things from moving around during space travel, not to mention the more important fact of stopping living beings from imploding or being thrown about the place at high velocities.

It must have been sometime in the early morning when a knock on her door disrupted her self imposed training because the service droid, accompanied by three stormtroopers who nearly scared the life right out of Rey upon entering, came in with a fully stocked supply cart. Fresh linens and cleaning supplies came early enough to beat her breakfast which due to her lack of knowing about what else to order had merely consisted of water and protein packs. She was delighted to receive full servings and more then one pack. Not to mention how amazing the liquid, purified and packed with added vitamins and electrolytes tasted, or lack there of. It was actually fresh, clean and flavorless in the way that only purified water could taste. Sip by tiny sip, Rey savored the standard beverage. There was no way anyone was taking it away from her, empty bottle or not, even though Rey was rationing it so carefully she hadn't even downed a quarter of it before hiding it away with the extra protein pack she'd acquired.
The awkward attention of the onlooking stormtroopers had bothered her, but she'd ultimately mustered up the confidence to requested more clothing, specifically of the private kind. She was going to need proper undergarments to switch between especially if she were going to be training and in such different clothes then she was accustomed to. She hadn't brought much with her to the island but she had taken the chance to grab some new clothes while at the Resistance base before venturing out to find Luke. They'd all left in such a rush, and she'd been indisposed in her unconscious state, that she hadn't the chance to even grab her staff and she didn't think her friends even had the chance to think of it. Truthfully the loss of that staff bothered her more then her lack of clothes.

Save for completing her breakfast order and repeating the same for her lunch request, the droid hadn't responded to any of her questions or the inquiry about the clothes, leaving Rey a little frustrated but she was too happy about the extra portion of protein packs to complain, besides who would listen? She certainly wasn't about to chat up the accompanying storm troopers who she assumed were only there to keep her from bolting the second the door to her quarters opened, or maybe to protect the droid... after all, she already had a bad track record with First Order droids.

Rey mostly kept to herself while the unit worked and the troopers remained steadfast on either side of the port, the third going so far as standing directly in front of the exit, even though it was closed and Rey hadn't even glanced beyond the soldier to the door beyond. The droid was still buzzing around the room and Rey had perched herself on the pads of her feet, half crouching in the chair while she tore open the protein pack that she'd already broke in two deciding she'd save the second half for later -just in case- when she noticed the clasping hand of the unit grabbing for the cloak Kylo had left with her. She'd folded it neatly over the edge of the bed and the droid must have mistaken it for a blanket or some other piece of cloth to be turned out for the wash. Rey leapt up from the chair like a wild animal, springing to her feet before even the troopers could react and she was on the droid before it turned to catch her assault. Her left arm shot out and before she even realized what she was doing her Force slammed into the side of the droid, knocking it sideways and pushing its rolling body onto the bed. In the next instant the cloak was in her hands and her chest was heaving with the rush of adrenaline that followed the episode. The troopers had pulled their weapons but thankfully none had dared to fire on her.

Bringing the garment protectively to her chest and bewildered by her own actions, Rey was already back peddling in shocked disbelief. Except for the muttering of something about protocol and spitting out numbers, a code that was supposed to have something to do with the reproductions of assaulting a First Order droid, the cleaning unit carried on with its tasks and regaining the pile of what it thought were soiled bed linens it finally made its way towards the door. A few more awkward moments between her and the twitchy troopers and the droid along with its very paranoid escorts had left her to the silence of her quarters.

Still holding the cloak to her chest Rey flopped back down in the stiff chair. She had no explanation for what just transpired. No reason that was good enough to excuse her behavior. All she could do was sit in stunned silence and resting her chin against the bunched up fabric in her hands, Rey did just that.

~Happy Reading! Please remember to Kudos if you like it, and as always comment as much as you want cuz I love it! Hoping to post again soon,~

-DarkGuardian-
From within; loud, rushing, overwhelming, powerful. Forcefully pulling, guiding, leading along the rapid current of control and implemented change. Endlessly traveling along a determined path cut by years of erosion. Another new regime hoping to stand apart from the last. Carving and manipulating until the flow of its will had been engrained into the tired clay of those it wished to conquer.

Starting as no more then a mere trickle but growing to a powerful body of ever moving turbulence. Its all consuming nature devours all within its path and forcefully takes those who oppose, wearing down the unwilling to move or meld to accumulate by the masses. Then the small trickle becomes something greater. Something massive, raging and all consuming its power.

From a distance; unified, organized and precise. There were many contributions working to create something so powerful its very existence compels fear. If not handled with respect and acceptance it would violently drown what it washed over, what got caught in it or stood before it would be lost to it. Comply or the ever moving rapids would pull its victims under.

Drown in the tyranny. Be destroyed or be claimed. These were the options to those who fell beneath the crushing wave of the First Order.

A trickling bead left from a disrupted vortex of a fallen empire. The very remnants of his grandfather's time as a Sith. Now a massive raging river with more power then could be contained. Kylo didn't wish to repeat the mistakes of the past but even he couldn't turn a blind eye to the similarities between the path he'd chosen and the one his grandfather had traversed and left behind after his death. The truth was, he was on the same path. Taking the same course just as he knew he would when he chose to leave the his uncle's temple under the manipulative hand of his new master.

If what was left of the old empire was the dried up path that had been cut into the body of the Galaxy they dominated, then the First Order was the rapids that filled it. They took the same route but Kylo would make sure that what comprises the power of the Order was of a different substance then that which filled his ancestors time. This meant working from within. Over time, with determination and hard work, one could change the structure around them until the path of the movement morphed into something new and Kylo was not afraid of getting his hands dirty.

Already he was quickly rising in the Order. Though his title was always one of power he and his knights were more of a weapon within the Order of which they served. He mostly remained separate from the going ons within the structure but since the fall of the StarKiller he'd been given a more active role to play. He was more of the title granted him now then he'd ever been; Commander of the First Order. It was another burden that fell on his shoulders but in the end it would be worth the added weight cast upon him. More then the lives of the men and women under his command were in his hands. The planets under the protection of the regime were comprised of countless more who counted on his Order for protection.

It was strange that the name they feared most in the Galaxy would also be the same to aid them should their contracts or alliances call to the Order for aid and defense. At least when his Master allowed it, which was only when he didn't have an errand to run that required his talents for intimidation or specific interrogation techniques. In time, when Kylo is finally his own Master, he would personally see to it that he and his knights would be utilized as he'd always meant them to be and the First Order would follow suit finally becoming an order which the galaxy could peacefully rely on and sit fearlessly at the foot of. Of course that would also be after he conquered it. He wasn't a fool. He understood that he'd have to finish this war before claiming his place at the top.
His grandfather had conquered in many ways, most of which came through fear and subjugation but Kylo wanted a true unity of the galaxy and all of its inhabiting worlds. He wanted peace under a uniting rule. To accomplish this his hands needed to be in as much of the training and infrastructure as possible. He was a hardened leader who was strict with his rule and expected Order and loyalty in all things. This applied to the running of his city sized craft just as equally as it did his own knights.

As passionate about this and as capable as himself, was Captain Phasma, and though she was appointed as the Captain of Arms well before Kylo joined the ranks, he couldn't have chosen any one better suited for the position at the helm of his army, then herself. Her return tomorrow meant less of his intimidating presence would be required on deck and in the training bays, but it also meant the return of General Hux, whom Kylo was running on thin patience with since he'd utilized the StarKiller as the weapon it was meant to be...And then he'd touched Rey...

Kylo's fists crushed at his side.

Knowing Hux would be returning with Phasma, as he'd been stationed on kylo's destroyer since the fall of the poorly constructed StarKiller, meant Kylo would have to deal with his undermining and distracting nature again. On the plus side, Kylo would have someone else to handle the proceedings involving the more political aspects of running the Order and its prospects and he wouldn't have to babysit the main deck. He'd then have proper time for other things.

It was just past mid day and so far Kylo had done his best to stay occupied but no matter what tasks he used to fill his time with, none had proven effective against what most ailed him; His wandering mind constantly made it back to his bond-mate and he'd be left wondering what she was doing or how she was fairing with her new living arrangements. Even now, staring out over an impressive array of state of the art assembly lines, lines with the sole propose of mass producing the means to quickly end this war, he couldn't help but lose his focus to the idea of Rey being so near or of what she'd be doing to pass her own time.

Kylo had started the day set in his determination to leave her be. He honestly had no intention of bothering her at all. He'd given her two days to settle from the exhaustion of the last few, and he was sure she'd need that time to really accept her place at his side as well as to reflect on what was to be expected of her there. Not to mention her body had physically been through a recent and severe trauma. Certainly a lot more then she realized, and before he started their training he wanted her rested up. The problem was... every time he so much as drifted off in his own mind, he'd find himself probing their connection for a hint as to what she was doing or how she was feeling.

Now looking beyond the thick pane of glass that separated him from the sparks of orange and gold and the loud pounding of machines pressing, bolting, cutting and welding, Kylo almost missed it; Caught in the crossfire of his roaming mind and unfocused vision was the reflection of his helmet through the thick sulfuric glass, compressed and cut straight from the rivers of magma on his preferred planet and second home; Mustafar.

There was something about the armored mask that felt so heavy lately. Before centering in on the dark void his eyes were hidden beneath, his line of sight followed the shining curves of the inlaid silver bands that ran across the faceplate. Then holding his breath, kylo allowed his eyes to drift close.

He was alone and high enough up in the viewing station above, that he was confident the workers below couldn't view him from here. Even if they could, they wouldn't recognize him. With his eyes still sealed and a sudden need for a short reprieve of the helmet that weighed so heavily upon him, his hands lifted to the release mechanisms on either side of his cage. The simple release of the latches and a familiar click and hiss prompted his freedom from the burden of the encasement of his dark
Opening his eyes, Kylo let out a deep puff of air. His breath clinging to the view port, fogging and staining the window in a cloudy mist of condensation. Taking the cool fresh air into his lungs he surrendered to his curiosities and let his mind wander once more. The moment he allowed their bond the slightest of slack, he felt her humming energy creep into his veins. His eyes rolled and he silently mouthed her name.

There was a lightness, a tickling flutter across the previously still surface of their bond and he felt his heart snap. A sharp pluck of a tight string that vibrated through him as a high pitched chord. He could feel her there, standing in a way similar to his own pose. Her hands gripping something solid beneath their palms as her mind reacted to the quiet echo of his silent voice strumming through their line.

Their eyes opened simultaneously, each suddenly looking at the other through the form of a reflection over the surfaces before them. For Kylo it was through the fog of his breath along the glass and for Rey, it was through the mirror of the fresher station in her quarters.

At first she was startled. When his voice flitted through her head she'd been bent down over the sink rinsing her face, her hands dousing small pools of warm water across her cheeks and forehead. Her hair was down in messy untamed curls, now half sticking damply to her face and around her shoulders. The instant she felt their bond flare to life, her hands unconsciously began working at the mess of hair, pulling at the ends of the curls, the sloppy aftermath of sleeping with her hair in the bun she'd left it in the night before, and she'd only stopped correcting the wavy strands when his reflection took form in the mirror before her.

The two stared intently at one another, silent in their amazement of the Force that visually displayed the link between them. Each were uncertain if the other could even see what they were or how they were able to see the other at all through the connection of their bond.

Tiny rivulets of water traced down Rey's face and Kylo found him self transfixed, his eyes following each little bead of crystalline liquid that rolled down her skin. With his helmet now tucked under his right arm he set to work at removing the glove from his left hand. He could hear the water running in the sink but that was just out of sight. He could smell the scent of her slightly damp hair and the soap she used to clean her face with seconds before he intruded on her. With his senses abruptly overwhelmed by her Kylo was struck by a moment of unexplained curiosity. He could see her, smell her, and he wanted to know... if he reached out, could he feel her too? Touch her from his end of the bond through whatever vision the Force allowed him to see her through?

Slowly he set his fingers to the cool glass, gently flattening his palm along the smooth surface until the full length of it covered the right half of her still damp face. This whole transaction was surreal. While he'd thought he couldn't be more surprised then by what was happening between them now, then he'd found her staring back at him in the pane of glass before him and he was completely shocked when she swallowed nervously and lifted her own hand to her end of what he surmised must have been the mirror in her wash chamber.

Finding himself between tasks and standing here with a brief moment of privacy, he allowed his mind to drift to her but he hadn't expected to connect to her like this. Whatever was happening now, he wasn't the one to cause it. And she looked just as innocently surprised and enamored as he was.

Kylo watched her movements with a hypnotized wonderment. Rey's nervously reaching fingers trembled as they drew near only steadying once she'd pressed her palm along the surface of the mirror to the right of his face.
Allowing herself a moment lost in the feel of their connection, Rey's eyes fluttered open and closed, her lashes fanning over water glistened cheeks until she finally surrendered to the curiosity of her senses and let them fall closed. As brief as it was, only a fleeting second of time between them, he saw things from her end of their bond. He saw himself.

He witnessed as he watched her through their connected sight, saw when he leaned forward to gaze at her more intently There was darkness shimmering through his glossy black eyes and they burned with an intensity he seemed to harbor only for her. He saw his dark hair sweeping across his lower jaw highlighting the iridescent paleness of his alabaster skin against the black curtaining locks and ebon armor that surrounded it. When his image over the glass faded back to hers, his lips peeled apart and he swallowed deeply.

Kylo ran the bare pad of his thumb across her damp skin capturing a fleeting line of slickness as it smoothed across her cheek. Her eyes opened as though she'd been caught off guard by the gentle motion, as though she'd felt it. He was as close as he could get to the window and still his broad frame followed the path of his face, leaning in so that he might be closer to her. Nothing was spoken between them but her wide eyes and heavily rising and falling chest told him she was experiencing the same thing he was. Both were clearly as fascinated as they were enamored and though she looked like she was ready to flee, she didn't pull away from him.

Instead, as though she were hoping for the same thing he was, the same contact he craved, Rey's eyes closed again. With slightly parted lips securing a little extra oxygen for her starving lungs, she waited; waited with a now slightly tilted countenance, to feel his hand on her skin. Both acquiesced to this need to appease the same silent curiosity and though they already appeared to be touching, it wasn't until her face tilted into his hand that Kylo was almost able to feel the heat of her under his fingertips.

Now, with her silent acceptance of their connection their Force grew to life, humming and crackling between them like trapped lightning in a bottle. The sudden ignition of their power mixing between them startled Rey and her eyes flew open again. Nearly jumping under the crackling between his hand and her cheek, she took a cautious step back from her end. Her hand followed suit pulling back in a rush of panic that caused the connection between them to snap shut.

Kylo blinked serval times. His mouth opening and closing as though he needed to say something but couldn't find the words to fulfill the requirements. His hand was still plastered to the port where she'd just been and in his own stupor, he lingered there for several moments longer. When his wits finally came back and he realized how vulnerable he must have suddenly looked, Kylo jerked his hand away from the slightly fogged glass and quickly balled his fist at his side but it was still bare, still exposed and that was unacceptable.

It was the curling of his fingers into his palm that allowed him to feel it. He found himself staring at his closed hand, his mind unable to process the moisture trapped in his tightly clenched fingers. In need of further examination he slowly reopened it and to his astonishment, his palm was lightly slicked with water. For the briefest of moments he wondered if it was possible that this could be from touching her damp skin but his place of reason kicked in and he decided that it was no more then the condensation from the glass before him that was clinging to his recently planted palm.

Deciding he'd think no more about the possibility of his previous thoughts. Through their unique connection he knew he could occupy the same space in her mind as her and even control her body from within if he perched himself deep enough, but physically connecting from both ends... that had to be impossible. There couldn't be a bond strong enough to accomplish such a feat.
Kylo quickly worked his glove back on.

It was silly that he'd even removed it at all, he chastised himself.

His helmet was next and it clicked back into place as easily as his internal armor did. He walled himself off. Stuffed down the Force that was tracing along his skin as though seeking another current to connect with. His skin suddenly crawling with the need to touch hers, his Force pulling in what he was certain would be her direction, Kylo snapped down on the line that pulled between them. Gathering his control over their bond once again.

He straightened his stance and even behind the mask of his helmet his features hardened with bitter resolve. Trying but nearly failing to keep himself in check, he attempted to center his focus, tried redirecting the flow of heat that was coursing through his veins to anywhere but where his fury at being denied contact with her once again, settled in his chest.

If he could just turn off his need to be near her, his need to have her, at least for a little while, until the rules between them didn't matter, then he could function properly again.

Less then a full cycle into their agreement and already he hated the terms they'd agreed upon. He saw them as bars she could hide behind. He could see her, practically touch her if he could only reach far enough. Her rules kept her so close, so near he could almost feel her under his fingertips. But still he was denied.

He knew he needed to focus on other things but where the vision of her face had just been, he was once more left staring at the silver and black lines of the carbon and steel that closed him off to the world around him and as suddenly tempting as it was, he somehow resisted the urge to smash the helmet into oblivion.

It was his weakness, he decided, that already left him longing to see her again. He resented the sight of his helmet over where her face had just appeared and the urge to destroy it or something comparable, left his fists painfully clenching at his sides. Unable to look at the image of himself any longer, he turned from the sight of his now armored reflection and headed off in an undetermined direction.

Though he should have guessed, before he knew where he was going, Kylo was turning down the hall that housed her quarters. Marching forth with such a determination that he hadn't even noticed the path he took to get here until he'd reached the three stormtroopers he'd left stationed outside her door. Honestly there was nothing surprising about him ending at her door, not really. In the months before, when he'd find himself caught in a shared moment with her through the connection their Force bond offered, he'd be a rampaging monster after she'd been torn away or pulled back from him through her end.

But now she was here. If he wanted to pursue her for further contact he could and apparently that's exactly what he'd intended when he'd stormed away from the observation deck a few moments ago.

The soldiers all stood at attention upon the approach of their already high strung Commander and sure it looked like three may be over doing it a bit, but he knew how resourceful his little Scavenger could be when she needed to.

A slight tug of one corner of his mouth accompanied a swell of fleeting pride as he recalled how easily she escaped his clutches the first time he'd thought to hold her as his "guest" as he'd then claimed her to be. In his prideful amusement Kylo found himself close to chuckling, that is, before he remembered how long after her escape it took to reclaim her. Thankfully the torturous amount of time between the two instances he'd caught her had knocked the sense back into him.
Just over eight months! All of his resources and all of his time spent hunting for she and the missing Jedi, and she'd still managed to evade him for the better part of a year.

He nodded and the troopers repositioned to either side of her quarters, parting to allow him the access he desired.

He thought back on how easily she was able to mind trick the trooper left behind to guard her back on the StarKiller. In a matter of minutes she'd been freed from the confines of her restraints, released from the interrogation cell and supplied with a weapon before scaling the insides of the bases walls to free herself of her captor, to free herself of him. And when he stood between her and her escape route she'd stood toe to toe with him, sabers clashing until the end and that came after she'd bested him. He'd been left behind, forced by his own body's limitations to watch from a cool seat on his ass as she'd fled the scene, the compromised planet crumbling around them as the StarKiller exploded from within.

Perhaps three guards weren't enough? Maybe his knights would be better suited to look after her 'safety' while she was here.

Kylo stood at the entrance of her chamber, his fists clenched together as he thought over how to approach this random visit.

Was he supposed to knock? Obviously he should knock, it was her room after all. He resolutely scolded himself. But as her Master, and with the bucketheads around- as their Commander, how would it look if he offered such a courtesy towards her?

Obviously he remembered what manners were. Before and after he left his mothers care they'd been drilled into him. Through his mother's own example and vigorous instruction she'd taught Ben how to behave as an upper class socialite; like the Prince that by birth he technically was. As the son of a Princess and the grandson of a Queen he'd been stuck around some of the wealthiest snobs in the highest of social standings imaginable. They were also the most two faced con men he'd ever had the misfortune of meeting; All in it for them selves and always a profit to be made at the expense of others usually costing those beneath them, those they were supposed to protect, their lands or lives.

This wasn't much different at his uncles Jedi academy. They were taught to be diplomatic servants. Scholars and eventually expected to be teachers. They were educated with the highest degree of etiquette and decorum. Prepped and groomed to blend in with any social standing they found themselves surrounded by.

But he wasn't Ben anymore and shortly after arriving here he'd learned that manners contradicted fear. The less civilized he acted, the less human, the more he got done and the faster he achieved the results he wanted. Commands weren't usually given with a please at the beginning or a thank you at the end. There just wasn't any authority in it. There wasn't room in the military structure for such things.

But Rey and her position here; his little scavenger, she was above all of that.

He lifted his chin then, the answer absolutely clear in his mind. He knew how he wanted her to be treated and as the Commander it was his duty to lead by example. He knew he wanted Rey respected and that had to start with him. How his soldiers viewed their interactions would indefinitely effect how she was perceived and treated here.

Now set in his approach, Kylo suddenly had another reason for an even more disconcerting unease. In realizing he hadn't prepared for a visit, in turn having no good excuse to be here until her training began, Kylo had the strangest urge to turn and leave. But, having just revisited the freshly torn open
wound that was the past eight months when he'd longed to see her but couldn't, he found himself mentally pushing his anxiety down.

Why should Kylo Ren be anxious about visiting anyone under his control, least of all his own apprentice? Squashing down the pestering nerves that were causing his stomach to churn, Ren stood firm in his new resolve. He wanted to see her, so he would.

So much for not bothering her today.

*As always  Kudos  Comment if you'd like aaaand enjoy!
So much for not bothering her today.

His fist raised and Kylo swore the soldiers around him froze so completely, that they all together stopped breathing. Behind the mask of his helmet his face was stern, but he still had the slightest urge to slink away and his visage broke, his mouth pulling tightly shut a second before he rolled his plump lips together and restrained his biting nerves by biting his cheeks. Beyond the confines of his helmet, his mask, he remained externally composed; his exterior maintaining rigidity in form and his straight posture and lifted shoulders widening his broadness, exhumed confidence and physical power.

Already set in his decision, he raised his hand and his leather bound knuckles rapped at the door. It was slightly harder then needed but it was better then approaching too delicately. The added weight of the banging was needed to compensate for the dampening effect of the leather covering his fist. Aware the door was currently programmed to only open from the outside Kylo removed the glove from his right hand and pressed it firmly into the authentication gel. His palm was scanned and the access panel shifted from a clear blue gel to an affirming green. He keyed in the code that unlocked her quarters to him and the compression locks released granting him the access to open her door whenever he was ready.

Once more he repositioned himself, pulling the curve from his spine he flexed his back until he was straight and tall as his form would allow. He replaced his glove over his hand and took an 'at ease' stance, settling into waiting with the now balled fist of his left hand in the palm of his overlapping right.

Of course as a Commander he allowed himself the reign to keep his hands to the front of his form rather then at his back as a lower stationed officer would. Kylo let a few short moments pass, allowing her what he surmised would be ample time to appropriately receive him and then... he entered her chambers.

Rey stood several feet from the door, a towel clenched in her right fist and her hair still dripping over her shoulder blades from the quick rinse she'd just given it in the sink. Kylo stood silently across from her, his massive frame once again filling the entirety of a doorway between them.

She swallowed and bounced the towel against her side, her fist further tightening in the thick fabric even as the wet ends of her hair soaked into the top of her tunic. "I wasn't expecting-"

She was real; not a sandy mirage sifting through his grasp in another of his nightmares. Not an unattainable dream that came and went as it pleased, taunting him and teasing him with illusions of things he'd never have. Nor the ghost of her form and soft voice with her luminous eyes haunting his days and nights via random Force sessions that wound her more tightly around his soul then he already imagined was possible.

Rey was here. She was his and she wasn't going anywhere!

Kylo stepped forward sending the lights overhead traveling with the speed of his rushed pace over the top of his helmet and streaking along the front of his mask as he crossed the threshold into her chamber. The sheer determination of his long heavy strides set Rey's teeth on edge, abruptly cutting off her ability to speak.
With him coming at her in full guise, helmet donned and long cloak trailing behind him, Rey instinctively dropped the towel she'd been holding. Her right foot shuffled back and she angled her body. Beyond the intimidating way he approached her she had no initial reason to think he'd attack her but the intensity of his movements was still enough to cause her fight or flight to promptly kick in.

His right hand opened at his side, halting the towel mid drop and when she recoiled at his advance he voiced a stern "No." through the vocoder of his mask.

While he continued forward, the single command through no force other then the severity of his tone, stopped her in her tracks. Kylo single mindedly prowled around her stiff form, his boots almost silently leading him beyond her sight. And when he flanked her the door to her quarters slid shut. The sound of the hydraulic locks was nearly drowned out by the gulp that rolled through her throat and the pulse that grew louder in her ears with every passing second.

There was a moment when he was at her back where she thought maybe he was here by command of his Master. Maybe they'd decided they had no need for her after all. An uncontrollable chill ran up her spine bringing light to her insecurities through his scrutinizing gaze.

Kylo paid no mind to her thoughts, nor did he blame her for having them. He understood from where her fears derived and he made no move to scold her over them just yet. In time she'd accept that he was for her, and farthest from being her enemy then she could imagine. For now, her reaction was warranted.

Upon seeing her standing there, hair wet, clad fully in black, as plain as the black trousers and top under armor was, he still found it exceptionally appealing on her fit form, Kylo had the most urgent need to touch her. He supposed he expected her to fade away as she'd done every single time he'd shared an intimate moment with her in the past. He planted his feet behind her and though he left ample space between them she flinched when his left hand raised just beyond her sight.

"You're jumpy, Apprentice." Silently he swallowed down a thick lump that had built in his throat. He eyed the back of her head, her hair still dripping over the top of her shoulders, saturating the neck and shoulder line of her First Order attire.

His Darkness came rushing to the surface just as his alpha growled in his head, both instinctively egging him on. Rearing up and roaring to life. Ignored and repeatedly suppressed or neglected, his desire shook through him mixing with his Force that if unchecked would surely overwhelm him in its need to have her, to join with her.

Slowly, almost carefully, as if he were calculating her reactions to his movements as he made them, he raised his right hand. Extending it out to the side of her and mindfully positioning it where she could see it, he opened his downturned palm and with only a small tug of his Force the towel rose to meet his waiting hand. Brought on by the building tension of the moment, Rey was unconsciously holding her breath and when the fully clad warrior behind her made the harmless decision to call the towel to him a small burst of air released from her mouth. The moment of relief was short lived though because when she raised her own hand to retrieve the cloth from his, he pulled back and it disappeared behind her.

Thoughtless of her own actions Rey made a move to face him but was instantly halted by Ren's right hand, towel and all, clamping down over her shoulder. Her lips opened in defiant protest but when his left hand quickly rose and he filled it with the damp ends of her hair, her voice froze in her throat causing the sound to come out as a tight grunt. And when he scrunched up a thick handful in his glove, she shuddered in his grip, her shoulders pulling up towards her neck in response to the goosebumps that now rose across her tingling skin.
The instant reaction she had to his touch made his mouth open in a silent groan that tested the bounds of his own self restraint but through the sheer discipline of his will alone he kept himself from pulling her to the front of his body by her hair. Just the feel of having her, really having any part of her physically in his hand... Gods it did so many things to him.

Careful not to tug, Kylo gently squeezed, ringing out some of the lingering water, mindful but uncaring that it now streamed down the leather of his glove until it soaked into the protective pleats of armor that covered his forearm. Whether it was a state of shock, bewilderment, or the highly unlikely possibility of her submission, Rey didn't fight his hold on her. In fact her only conscious response was the quiet shuffling of her feet as she attempted to maintain control of her suddenly wavering balance.

"Just what do you think you're—?" Instantly defiant and desperately seeking a better understanding of her current situation Rey attempted to question his motives but her inquiry fell short when his fingers dug in deeper, sinking in as he wrapped more of her hair in his fist.

His right hand released her shoulder and she remained very still, waiting with growing anxiety for him to enlighten her as to what ever it was he thought he was doing. She was absolutely aware of the power he now physically had over her, not that that had ever been in question. Physically she'd never really stood a chance against him, at least not with out her staff, but there was something frightfully more vulnerable about the position he had her in now.

Behind the shielding confines of his helmet, kylo's eyes outlined her slight form from the curve of her gracefully sloped and fully covered neck, over her toned shoulders and down the length of her left arm. He stopped, his eyes narrowing in on her bicep. The realization of how she'd been tending to herself struck him like a firm shot to the gut, leaving him angrily winded on the spot. Extending his elbow to carefully tip her head back he gave only the slightest tug and she followed the path of his guidance without resistance, effectively craning her neck.

Rey swallowed more audibly now but with her neck so exposed there wasn't anything she could do to further repress the sound from escaping her throat. His left hand loosened and with an attentive gentleness and in an almost tender gesture he dabbed at the hair he'd gathered in his hand with the towel he'd procured from her.

"I find it hard to believe that between the mental tutorial I provided you and your innate ability to navigate tech and robotics, you were unable to operate the fresher." He omitted with a hint of accusation in his mostly distorted voice.

Rey was trapped in his hand, completely aware that she was stuck in a vulnerable position and one hundred percent perplexed.

Why had he approached her in such an aggressive manner? Why was he clutching her hair in his hand in a way that felt as dangerous as it did tender— him carefully scrunching out the water that remained in it from her wash? Why was he even bringing the fresher up, and at any rate how did he know she hadn't recently used it? She was sure she didn't smell bad and they were standing here with his hand buried by the fistful in her wet hair; if anything he should have assumed she just came from there.

"But you didn't." He answered her silent thoughts.

Regardless of Ren's hand fisted in her hair, Rey's head snapped to the side in anger. She hissed when he didn't release his grip, instead bringing his right hand over hers to keep her body from spinning around on him.
"It's rude when you do that." She lectured.

Kylo knew exactly what she referring to. He was well aware that she didn't like when he listened in on her thoughts when she wasn't expecting it.

"And when you learn to control the volume of your thoughts, I won't listen in." He slipped the towel from his hand into hers and she angrily clenched her fist around it. She expected him to release her hand after giving her the towel but of course he didn't. He kept his hand over hers even when she tried to pull it away.

With his right hand now securely overlapping hers, Kylo gave a light squeeze. "And..." His left hand released Rey's hair and he spread his fingers wide then slowly pulled back, working his open fingers through the length of the damp strands. Again Rey shivered in his hands.

Kylo's masked countenance leaned in until the grill of his faceplate was just beyond her left ear. "...You're still wearing the same uniform you boarded in last night. The insignias." Was the explanation he offered her.

He retreated back behind her before his palm and seeking digits pressed and pulled into her hair again and gently he tilted her head out to the left. His other hand moved in unison, slowly raising her towel filled hand up to her head, guiding it to the damp ends of her hair as though she were unable to find them on her own.

Alarms were ringing in her head. Her heart was racing in her chest but Rey didn't feel like this situation merited such a response. Mustafar he was barely touching her! There was ample space between their bodies and he was keeping an impressive amount of control over his Force as well as their bond tightly sealed closed. Really the only points of contact he made with her were his hands, one still toying with her hair along the nap of her neck, sending the most wonderful jolts of buzzing chills vibrating down her spine and out through her shoulders, while the other merely guided her right hand along with the towel to soak up what was saturating the collar and shoulders of her uniform.

Rey couldn't tell if this was some kind of test. Didn't know if she would pass or fail if she showed any kind off response and it had her brain hurting.

If she allowed this kind of interaction without argument was that going to be taken as silent omission? But if she stopped it, wasn't that also telling him how much he affected her... how weak she was in her resolve against him? It would be like admitting how easily he made her insides twist and her knees quake.

Rey felt like that may be worse then not stopping him at all. But maybe that's because somewhere deep down, she didn't want him to.

Ren smiled behind the safety of his mask. He was sure the growing Force-bond between them made it easier for him to hear her thoughts and even as undeserving as he knew he was, he couldn't be more greatful to the Maker for bestowing him such a remarkable gift as their connection.

Using her hand in his he carefully stroked the back of her hair, delicately working what dampness he could from the length of what was available to his hold.

Finally settling on a way out that would both free her from the distracting lull of his hands and allow her to keep her pride, Rey shielded herself in a coat of thick sarcasm. "I think I can dry my own hair. I've managed it so far, believe it or not, my whooole life." Her voice came across a little softer then she intended, possibly due to how soothing his hand was running through her hair, but she was sure
she'd add her point anyway.

He wanted to smile at how clever she was. How similar the two of them were... always hiding their feelings behind anger or sarcasm when it mattered the most, but instead he felt himself shrinking in. The reminder of how alone she'd always been pierced him somewhere deep. He understood her loneliness. Understood her independence so well, her mistrust and uncertainty at any kind of intimacy... all of it.

Kylo could feel her hesitancy, her walls were already up when he surprised her with this visit but now she had a mote around her too. He was sure she felt he was after something. Her discomfort over him showing her genuine affection, or as best as he was capable of displaying such things, reminded him of how awkward it had been for him when she'd genuinely hugged him back on Ach'To and he wondered if deep down she felt that uncomfortable every time he tried to care for her, every time he innocently touched her. He knew how secluded she'd been and she was sure to have just as many trust issues as he did, maybe more. At least, being a male and a powerful one at that while also under his Masters protection, he hadn't had to worry about sexual predators striking the second he let his guard down.

Kylo swallowed hard. He wanted to correct her instincts now. Tell her how no part of her was just hers anymore. How if she chose it and as long as she allowed it, she never had to do anything alone again. Even if it was as simple as drying the soaked length of her hair. He would gladly run his hands through it tonight and every night after if she allowed it. But instead his fingers spread along the soft skin of her hairline and he dragged the leather of his gloves through the ends of her hair one last time before altogether releasing her from his hold. Eventually she would accept what he offered, until then he would focus on instructing her and keeping her safe from those who would use her like Ben Solo had been his whole life.

When he released her he saw as much as he felt her Force essence rushing out around her and he immediately knew the cause because his own Force rushed to the surface of his skin; the two energies vying to reach one another. Only through great restraint was he able to keep it from pulsing out of him in waves to find hers. Their signatures working to pull them back together after he released her. Theirs was such a fascinating bond, one he couldn't wait to explore but... in due time.

She's here now and she isn't going anywhere. He calmly reminded himself when he pulled away from her. His alpha was sore with him, his Darkness left unsatisfied, both disappointed. Kylo stepped back and turning away from her, he eyed their surroundings.

Now able to move Rey turned and intently watched the fully clad Dark sider before her. He was scrutinizing her living space like he thought someone was going to pop out of hiding at any moment. Really, it kind of peeved her. She hadn't been here a full cycle and he was already invading or maybe judging her personal space. She just knew at any moment he would turn around and berate her over something he found offensive.

"I assume these quarters are adequate... that is... to your liking?" His helmet turned to the left and he quietly spoke over his shoulder.

A little caught off guard by the softness of his distorted voice and the nature of his question, Rey was unable to speak for a moment.

"Mhmm." She mumbled out a dumbfounded response.

Sometimes it was so hard to read this man, particularly with that Kriffing helmet on. His body language was telling her to keep her distance, his rigid form and flexing fists warned any one who dared approach him of the impending danger at the end of his very short temper. He looked like he
was standing at the helm of a battle readily barking orders, yet he was asking her how she felt about
the living space he'd provided for her.

This was literally the nicest room she'd ever stood in. It was clean and spacious. Fully furnished and
had a private wash room with more running water than she could ever use. Hoth, any kind of water
was nice but this was hot or cold whenever she wanted it and she could shower whenever she
worked up the courage to do so too. She wished that she felt more comfortable here, she knew she
was safe, as long as Kylo Ren wanted it she was certain that would stay the case. He'd once jokingly
said, if any one was going to kill her it would be him and as much as she'd liked to have forgotten
that frustration fueled quip, she knew it was most likely the truth.

It was unlikely that anyone would try to harm her while under his protection, however that didn't
mean she was completely safe. And honestly she didn't know enough about the dark sider to fully
trust him. Every time she thought she had a grasp on him he'd do something that changed her whole
perception of him again. Their interactions had gone from one extreme to the other and while he'd
never out right tried to hurt her, after witnessing first hand on multiple occasions what he was
capable of doing to those that should have been closest to him, by blood should have been the safest
with him... there was no telling what this man's stopping point was. Maybe he didn't have one. At
any rate she knew she was expendable, even if he truly believed she wasn't, she knew it wasn't up to
him, but his Master.

She blinked at him then, too tired to guess further at his motives for this visit. "Ren," She started
pointedly but quickly moved into a more delicate approach, her exhaustion with the situation,
emotional strain and lack of sleep since the flight here finally beginning to weigh on her. "What's this
about?" She quietly asked, a hint of defeat in her exasperated voice.

The warrior whipped around, his cloak twisting around his thighs with the speed of his movements.
He knew he should have more patience with her. How awkward this visit must have been from her
point of view. The last time they'd spoken he was a bumbling mess. An insecure little school boy
barely able to keep his head on straight. All because of his pent up sexual frustration and having her
so close, stationed just below him, and the knowledge that she'd be in the fresher just after they'd
spoken. But as it turns out she hadn't even used it. She was still wearing the same damn clothes from
the night before, the uniform he'd removed the First Order insignias from, and he'd just realized she
was washing herself in the sink. She had her own private lavatory and she was washing in the sink
like a street urchin, wearing clothes she'd already spent two days and a night in.

This wasn't how he wanted her living, not while in his care. She wasn't in the dessert anymore. She
wasn't ruled by her need to hunt and gather for others so that she might eat. The only peace he found
was that today she'd likely eaten better than she had since forever. Judging by her size Luke hadn't
been providing her with enough quantity or the proper variety to support her physique. She was
strong. Toned and layered with long lean muscles that most definitely required more proteins and
nutrients then she could have possibly been getting on that island and Maker help him, it bothered
him. More then bothered him, it enraged him. He needed her to thrive in his care and instead he was
worried she'd digress.

She was understandably still frightened of him, after the last few days who could blame her? But
after he'd provided her with clean clothes and her own living space with the privacy of a built in
fresher— why wasn't she taking advantage of what he offered her? Why was she wearing the same
clothes— Bathing in a kriffing sink...

He wasn't a sexual predator. If he was going to attack her in that way he'd sure as Sith have done it
by now. Instead he was silently suffering, drowning in his own damn thoughts and needs. Muting
the deafening pleas for unity his end of the bond was demanding of him, not to mention the
obnoxious thoughts his Darkness plagued him with or the overbearing need to dominate his alpha was constantly growling over.

Something about this woman brought him back to his most primitive state of mind. He was sure his brain couldn't have been larger then a pebbled moon rock right now. There she was, as beautiful and innocent as ever. A look of naive confusion and fear on a face that while delicate now, he'd seen in the past snarling as ferociously as his own inner beast could. Like the cave man that his Alpha encouraged him to be, he wanted to force her into unconsciousness and bring her back to his quarters.

Kriff, he'd bath her and dress her himself to make sure she was properly sought after if that's what it took.

Lucky for her he knew his limitations. Even if he managed to keep his hands off of her once he got her to his room, there was no way he could undress her without violating her in someway or another. He wouldn't put either of them in that position. He wasn't that foolish.

"Maybe this is my fault... for not better clarifying your place here." Even distorted by his mask Rey could hear the anger and frustration laced in his words.

His right fist squeezed so tightly at his side that Rey could hear the leather of his glove crackling in his grip and she thought he was about to lash out at her.

"Ren is too informal a title to be used by my Apprentice." He bit out. His hand raised to halt her already obvious objections. He didn't even know why she was going to fight about this, it wasn't even worth the opposition she was already displaying. She was so damn stubborn. Always so confrontational with him. "Soon you'll meet my knights and then you'll realize there are six more who answer to the title of Ren. When you speak to me there should be no question of to whom you're addressing."

Though she didn't argue with him he could see the defiance in her eyes glowing like little embers just waiting to be stoked into flames.

"This is not a power play, Apprentice... I already have that. You already agreed to these rules when we both accepted each others terms, I'm just making sure you abide by them." He tersely reminded her.

Something deep down in Rey was smoldering. The need to declare herself capable and independent was threatening to erupt to the surface at any moment. But... nothing he was saying was untrue. It was just so overwhelming. She was a nobody several months ago, then she was Luke Skywalker's Apprentice which was ultimately a sore let down. She'd been an Apprentice to a Master who wanted nearly nothing to do with her. Now, in such a short time her life's flipped again and she's become Apprentice to a Master who wanted to control nearly every aspect of that life, every aspect of her. He hadn't said that yet, Hoth, he'd barely even barked orders at her yet, barely touched her, but she knew. She could feel it between them.

He stood there just ahead of her, a mixture of anger and power and aggression. He felt so different to her on the island. Maybe not the first night there and certainly not the last... on the cliffside... She wouldn't forget the way he'd looked at her when she was on her knees before him. His gloved hand stroking her face and his thumb probing her lower lip as she begged him to spare Luke's life. She'd pleaded with him as her Master and he'd looked unbelievably content. It was a terrifying moment between them. A glimpse of what could happen if she gave up all control to this man.

But then she thought about how she'd nearly gotten him killed during their first encounter, after he'd
said he didn't want to fight, and in that same night he'd held her until morning just to keep her warm. He'd shared the way he personally interacted with the Force which already raised her power ten fold, patiently instructed and sparred with her, and protected her from herself and those around her who'd harm her. He'd allowed her to emotionally and physically lash out at him time and time again and he'd never raised a hand more then to defend himself.

And then she'd remembered that dream where he strangled her and drove his saber through her. It was just a dream, a nightmare of a premonition that she'd been warned just in time to avoid from coming to fruition and she'd run. Of course he'd chased her. Pursued her by what ever means, even using his power in the Force to hunter her down. When she'd given into him he'd mind tricked her and shortly after, tortured and threatened to kill his own uncle in hopes of forcing her compliance.

But somehow she'd taken the control back. He'd given her an opening in his armor and she plunged right in, breaking him from within. It was as though he was always standing on his own cliffside. At any moment he could lean one way or the other; he could fight his way back up to the surface, back into the light, or he could take the quicker, possibly easier route and plunge head first into the depths of his inner darkness but once he risked drowning in it.

It was with that thought that she saw what his aggression really was. His locked up joints and repeatedly clenching fists. He was a mix of pent up frustration and power. This was what he looked like while he was climbing his way up that internal cliffside. Clinging onto whatever light he had left in him while the darkness wrapped around his ankles, tirelessly working to pull him under. The man from the island was in there, he was just teetering again.

She boldly stared where his eyes hid behind the mask. "I understand, Master." It was the only thing she could do, the best way she thought she could comfort him.

He was constantly putting her before his own comforts, he'd proven that again last night when he'd released her friends. If he wanted to he had the power to dramatically shift their dynamic but he didn't. For some reason he was trying hard to give her some semblance of freedom and she'd be damned if she slapped him down for that.

Kriff, she was just realizing every time she denied him that title must have felt like she was spurning him. Her verbal admittance was the least she could do for him, swallow her pride and accept what was already between them. He was after all, her Master. Ben may have earned the title first but it belonged to Kylo now and he was working very hard at not abusing the power that undoubtedly came with it.

Just as she hoped, some of the tension fell from his shoulders. He still gripped his fists tightly but the cracking groans from the strangled leather had dissipated. His helmet lifted slightly and he took a cautious half step forward. That in its self spoke volumes for a man who never took less then a sure stride in whatever direction he was heading.

Kylo's throat was uncomfortably dry. His body temperature was rising so quickly he was almost feeling light headed. He'd caught a thought here and there but after she'd called him Master his brain shut down. He was expecting her to fight with him again, as she always did, so when she'd addressed him with that title he'd been too shocked to respond right away. It was amazing how quickly she could appease him. The simplicity of how easily she could temper the molten steel that rushed through him. He wanted to reward her for the little relief her acknowledgment brought him but he was bitter about the fact that she refused to take advantage of what he freely offered her.

"I expect you to use the facilities I've provided you, that includes the fresher. Any provisions or equipment you may require will also be provided and are also to be utilized with out argument. Should you need anything extra, anything not already provided, you have but to ask."
Maker he knew she wouldn't. He wanted her to come to him but Force, he just knew she wouldn't and it bothered him.

He could tell that inside she was already offended. Already she was sinking back into her stubborn independence. Her teeth were tugging on her bottom lip and he was certain it was her way of keeping silent. He honestly couldn't believe the amount of self control she was displaying. Even while she mentally recoiled at the idea of agreeing to what he wanted she held back the words he knew she was silently choking on. Probably something along the lines of Go kriff yourself!

He knew it went against her nature to accept anything she hadn't earned. And he hated recognizing the distrust that flashed through her eyes at his words. Again he knew she expected him to want something from her in return. And he did, Force he wanted everything she had to give but not because she owed him anything.

His eyes focused in on the greater picture. His scavenger standing across from him with damp hair, matted thanks to him. Her teeth tugging on the swell of her bottom lip in a way that had his insides folding in on themselves. She really did look amazing clad in all black. Her cheeks had just a hint of crimson, though he was betting that was from anger and annoyance rather then a heat like that which was now filling his core.

He unconsciously took another step towards her and though she didn't retreat, she did lean back on her right heel. He lifted his hand to her face just as he had when he'd seen her reflection across from him. He didn't touch her, didn't make contact with her skin though he seriously longed to. His hand hovered over the space just as it'd done the first time they were in this position; that is, when he'd first looked over her in his fascination, his hand craving contact with her while his Force burned just under his skin. His eyes closed and he momentarily released his control over his power. Her light, her Force essence skittered along his fingertips and palm the second he released the barrier that kept them apart. His essence collided with hers, a greedy mix of want and need as the two energies came together in the middle, just beneath the space of his open palm and her skin.

Rey sucked in an audible breath and Kylo’s eyes flew open. Both could feel the rush of their signatures blending, their power coming together like the collision of screaming stars. He felt it then, that same creeping heat he'd first felt when their signatures met in the interrogation chamber months ago. It pulled up his arm like a warm glove, coating and covering him like he were reaching into liquid fire.

In one momentary lapse of his better judgment, one moment where he lost his sense of control, he found his mouth moving with out his consent and the words came out before he could stop them.

"I want you—.”

~as always Vote , comment and happy Reading!~

-DarkGuardian-
"I want you." His brain had decided that was the only message he needed her to hear, but he fought the urge to give into the obvious truth that those three little words were. It was too much too soon and placed him right on the line between upholding or breaking their terms. It was also weakness; the omission of his brazen desire for her.

Kylo was certain she knew he craved her physically but neither of them knew to what end. Both assumed the Force had its roots buried deep in his desire and hers, because whether she said it out loud or not... she did want him. He understood that emotions were greatly enhanced and effected by the Force that attached themselves to his every molecule, every atom and fiber of his being as it did with her too, but she didn't know that yet, because he hadn't taught her. His uncle should have, but it was clear by how easily she let her anger stir that he hadn't.

Rey's head still pounded but it was nothing in comparison to the thrumming of her pumping heart. For a moment, as short as it was, she thought... Gods she didn't know what she thought. But she had and it left her blood tearing through her veins. Rushing like rapids within her chest, stemming out to flush through her cheeks and pool within the sensitive flesh between her thighs.

At the escape of those honest words Kylo hadn't known a fear at the same level as what he felt now. It wasn't the like when his Master had threatened him with physical harm, that was fleeting, something that could be survived. And it wasn't a fear for his life either. Although his demise could be drawn out, it was still something that would eventually end, something he could ride out. This fear was not even the same as when Rey had been subject to stand before the Supreme Leader and that up until now had been the worst he'd known.

No. It was something he'd suffered through in the past but not to this degree. It was so very different then anything else he'd ever experienced. If she spurned him now, turned her nose and refused him or lashed out at him... he would be so completely destroyed, so permanently and thoroughly... there would be nothing left of the light that had somehow survived everything that so furiously fought to consume it, including himself.

Part of him wanted to let the three words stand. Dared him to test his strength and decimate this weakness that was his fear of her rejection, but the rest of him understood that right now, the risk was too great. So even though everything powerful and archaic in him challenged him to stop there, to let the confession hang in the already tension thick air between them, he forcibly kept his mouth moving, not yet willing to face the deepest most merciless demon that lay in the pits of his Darkness; rejection.

"—To understand..." He begrudgingly added.

Heat over his own shortcomings was already creeping up. Intensifying with every word he was adding to shield what he really wanted to convey to her. Nonetheless he wouldn't miss this opportunity to explain his new role in her life, a role he would remind her she chose to accept if he needed to. He intended to have this conversation on the first day of their training but now, he figured, was as good a time as any. The challenge lay in remaining calm and reasonable while he explained, something that he was not practiced with or feeling like he could accomplish right now.

"I will not be a Master like your last. I will not take this role lightly. My dedication to your training will not be a half commitment. I will not sift through the knowledge I have to share with you. You will learn it all, both Light and Dark and I will not shield or steer you toward one more or less, then the other. For your part, you must be as dedicated and diligent as I. To reach your full potential you
will accept what I offer as your Master."

Wavering hazel orbs stared into the dark void where she knew his eyes were hidden within. For a moment she thought she could see the gleam of them shining back thought the darkness but she'd never be sure. He was silent now, waiting for something. Maybe for her to respond but she couldn't. It was like her mind went into overload and had suddenly shut down, needing time to make a hard restart before she could so much as process a response. The way he'd let those first three words hang between them, as powerful and honest as the string that bound them together... she wondered...

Maker of all creation she just wanted to see his face, needed to read his eyes for the answers that from here on out, would always haunt her. But then he'd gone somewhere else entirely and much to her confusion she was left feeling... disappointed?

At this point kylo was too desperate for her. His Alpha already growling in his mind for him to end this silent debate over what he did or didn't provide for her. He'd watched her cheeks flush and he knew it was likely her response to how controlling he was sounding but there was a moment where her eyes lit up and he allowed himself to hope it was in response to his near declaration rather then in the disobedient refusal of his wishes.

"...It's not a point of negotiation. Not something you can accept or deny. As your Master, it's simply part of my responsibility. To give us both the highest chance of success, you must maintain peak mental and physical condition." His mask tilted down then back up and Rey could tell her was weighing her with his eyes. "Your last instructor -Master, was neglectful in his duties, leaving us with much ground to make up before we can really begin." He worked out as softly as his vocoder would allow.

He wasn't trying to fight with her or insult her but he knew from experience how sensitive she was about Luke Skywalker and the progress he made or didn't make with her as his student.

His hand turned and his thumb stopped a breath away from her skin. The tiniest exhale could move him just enough to make contact, or if she chose that moment to lean slightly forward... Not that they needed to touch. Their Force signatures sparked into spiraling currents which visibly crawled between them as though traveling along two tightly bound coils.

Kylo sucked in a tight breath and pulled his hand away, quickly closing it at his side. Rey rocked forward, her balance tipping in his direction as her Force pulled her along the path of his fleeing hand. For once and to her immediate surprise, when she squeezed down on her power, it listened, halting in its seeking tracks. Her insides twisted in response. She immediately felt nauseous from the loss of him and she wondered if he felt the same every time they pulled back from one another.

"The bare essentials." Rey rasped out before clearing her throat and continuing. "I don't need much and I don't expect more then I need." But her overwhelmed voice still came out a raw whisper

"Un acceptable." He replied stiffly, desperately trying not to sound as pissed as he was currently feeling.

Hadin't she even been listening? The bare essentials may have been adequate for her in the past, but it wasn't good enough here. Not for the physical requirements of her future training and not for him!

It had been months since he'd visited her "home" on that rat hole of a planet, Jakku. After interrogating an entire trading post he'd finally discovered where she resided. Kylo had been impressed by just how private she'd managed to keep her life. What he hadn't been impressed with though was the conditions she'd been forced to consider acceptable. In truth, for what she had going against her and what she was willing to barter with, Rey had done exceptionally well for herself. At the time he hadn't known that Rey had never used her body for trade though he always expected that
she hadn't; in no way did she seem the type, not with her stubborn resolve and how prideful she was, for a scavenger. Hoth, if he'd never know her past, just by her pride alone, he'd have thought her royalty.

But through hard work and making quite the name as a spitfire not worth the trouble of messing with, she'd managed to secure a fallen At-At for herself. Finding herself suddenly an enemy of and already being perused by the First Order, Rey had left the planet and her home in a rush. Upon entering her dwellings he'd realized she'd probably never even made it back to collect what little, very little, belongings she owned. The sight had disturbed him, rocked him to his cold, solid core. She had a make shift hammock made of many scavenged ropes, tarps and blanket/clothes scraps and she'd likely woven it together with her own two hands, small as they were he imagined how effective and skilled they must be at such tasks. There were no real rooms in the hollowed out space, not even a door or wall to really protect herself from onlookers or the elements just a large brown hide she'd likely bartered weeks worth of finds for.

Her main quarters lay in the gutted belly of the structure. She had so many nicknacks and scrap heaps waiting to be used for one thing or another but nothing of real value as singular parts. Lots of scavenged equipment and robotics from the old war, panels and cloth pieces she'd been working on, wires and parts stuffed in every nook and cranny and hanging all over the place. There were only a few things that really stood out to him. A tiny, time warn, bell and a small bundle of dried flowers were about the only feminine touches to the space. An old Rebel helmet and a straw stuffed doll which donned the familiar orange jumper suit of a resistance pilot, this item probably fueled her imagination and dreams as a child.

The most startling of his finds, the thing that really brought his growing possessiveness over her to a head, were the walls of tallies that stood from floor to ceiling. When he'd first discovered them he wasn't quite sure what they'd been used to measure. He knew it was for some amount of time. His glance into her mind back on the StarKiller had confirmed that much and when he'd run his hand along the wall he'd been graced with an overwhelming amount of sadness and longing, abandonment and self loathing, a feeling he was all to familiar with. Loneliness.

But it really hadn't clicked until he'd been left alone in that cave on Ach'To; after her friends had taken her from him. Then he'd known without a doubt that each mark had been a tally for everyday since Kira had been taken from him. Since she'd been stolen from his side at Luke's temple and abandoned on Jakku, condemning her to a life as a scavenger on a junk heap planet. She though she was a nobody, Hoth, she still thought she was a nobody and it carved into him deeper then the saber strike she'd left across his face.

Each little tally was like a slash along the underside of his flesh. Internal scars that if stretched across his hide would mar him from head to toe. Every single line since she'd laid claim to that At-At and probably more hidden where she'd lived before that, would permanently be carved into the marrow of his bones. And to make it worse, he'd found the marks on the same night he'd discovered their binding Force connection.

Even before he'd found their bond or her dwellings he'd already felt like she belonged to him. After their snow fight... after she'd marked him with the largest tally she'd ever struck, he'd decided then, maybe even before then... in the interrogation chamber... or the woods... or in his dreams and vague visions, that she'd belonged to him. Discovering she was Kira had merely confirmed it and he'd only gotten more possessive of her since. He'd decided the mark on his face should be the last tally she every struck; he was her belonging and she was finally home.

He tried not to take her lack of willingness to immediately adapt to the new lifestyle she was offered too personally. He wasn't offended or ignorant of the fact that she was conditioned to live on as little
as possible but that didn't make him any less angry over it either. She was going to hate him implementing the change to her life but she was so stubborn that she'd never give herself the chance to live beyond the minimums if he didn't.

In a whirlwind of quick movements that told her not to bother protesting his words, Kylo strode past her, brushing his own shoulder against hers just slightly as he cleared the space between her and the built in closet on the opposite end of the room.

"You will not wear the same set of clothes everyday." The heel of Kylo's palm smashed into a button along the wall and a second later a flat black panel slid open.

If the metal had been polished and brushed like the rest of the room, there would be no way to even tell there was a moving panel there. Snatching a new uniform from one of the racks of neatly pressed and hung sets of standard issue recruit gear, Kylo turned back in Rey's direction. "You're not a scavenger stuck on some junk heap planet anymore, nor are you living off the land on some remote island. I expect you to wear a fresh uniform every day." He tossed a small pile of black cloth at her and so focused on conveying her own brooding scowl, Rey barely and quite clumsily caught it in her arms. "The laundry shoot is in the wall to the left of the wash chamber." He ignored the glare she was giving him before she'd turned her attention to the clothes he'd tossed at her.

Rey eyed the new material in her hands. It was the same as she wore now but the size of them was a near perfect match to her own requirements. Then she saw them on the shoulders of the top and the right thigh of the trousers. With her scowl deepening the instant she saw the insignias stitched into the fabric, Rey transferred the towel to her left hand and still clutching the new uniform set in her right fist she stretched her right arm back out to him disdainfully.

"I'd rather keep what I have. If I wash it nightly—."

Kylo stepped forward, his helmet tilting and his hands moving to rest at the base of his spine, one cupped under the other. "And what will you wear while your washing the only set of clothing you're willing to accept?" He sarcastically questioned.

Even cloaked behind the helmet Rey could feel his eyes narrowing at her. His pace had slowed from the one he'd kept since he'd entered her chamber earlier but the stand-off way he strolled towards her highlighted the signals her instincts were already warning her of. Kylo was in a dangerous mood. Still, he was testing her... challenging her. Defiance rose in her chest and she stepped up to his domineering attitude.

She was never afforded the luxury of having multiple sets of clothes and it made her uncomfortable to be given that option only after being inducted into one of the largest floating war machines she'd ever set her eyes on, and coming from someone who's job it was to pick through fallen fleets on a ship graveyard covered planet, decorated by the hands of war and time, that was saying something. Truthfully it wasn't even about whether taking the help from the enemy was right or wrong, anything less her enemy had was a good thing, really it just hurt her pride to do so.

She wasn't one to have many things and what she did have, she worked hard for. Back on Jakku she owned two pairs of pants, one top, two different cowls, multiple sets of arm wraps, a set of warn gloves, and a single pair of goggles. She was also proud to have had a classic Rebel flight helmet from a fallen X-wing fighter pilot. She'd scavenged that on one of her first times out and had never been able to part with the thing. It belonged to a Captain by the name of Dosmit Raeh of the Tierfon Aces and when she was younger, waiting for the lie of her family returning to come true, in the little free time she had she used to day dream about what it would have been like to fly and fight and have a real purpose. Though she took a different spelling for herself, it was even the inspiration for the name she eventually gave herself; Rey.
Lifting her chin as he strode forward, Rey answered his challenge with her own. "Sleepwear." She answered smugly, feeling like she'd finally one upped him at something since the StarKiller.

Looking at his attire she was certain that unlike her, there was no way he wore that much armor to bed every night. Judging by the amount of uniforms and structure Rey had seen since she'd boarded this star ship she was certain that the First Order was so structured it had to have assigned sleep wear to go with every other color coded, labeled, rule the organization was comprised of.

Probably a simple matching top and bottom set. She decided. Hopefully without insignias, though she was sure she could rip a few more off if she had to. If she left holes in sleepwear no one would be the wiser.

Kylo continued to casually make his way back into her space, "Sleepwear?" He calmly repeated, stopping nearly to close for comfort.

Surprised that he needed further clarification, Rey began to wonder if maybe she'd assumed incorrectly. "Yes, you know, clothes that you wear to bed. Surely you don't sleep in all of that?" She mindlessly thought out loud, waving her uniform filled hand up and down the length of him in reference to the multiple layers he donned, including his helmet.

Kylo bit the corner of his mouth and leaned in so close that the grill of his mask almost brushed along the surface of her temple. "Would you like to find out?" He asked in a dangerously deep tone that wouldn't have registered through the vocoder of his mask had he not already been leaning in so close to her ear while he spoke.

Rey's brain nearly shut down. She felt like she was hearing him from under water, like she knew he was speaking but couldn't quite make out what he was saying.

"Wha-what?" She said in her clamored stupor.

Kylo was careful to keep his hands at his side. He left ample room between them save for the space his shoulders and helmet occupied above her, but even locked down under his tight control he couldn't keep their Force from reaching out between them. Still, he did his best at trying. As far as invading her space, trespassing where he didn't belong, it was easily the most enticing form of temptation he'd even been faced with. Verbally she'd accidentally opened a door that he was all to willing to step right through.

"What I wear or don't wear in my bed..." Kylo spoke slowly, languidly dragging the words out between them like sensual hands down her spine. "...Would you like to find out?" He offered seductively.

It was a tease for himself just as much as it was to her, maybe even more for himself actually. His sense of self control was wearing extra thin lately and there was no way in Mustafar that his imagination was getting away unscathed after goading her on like this. His words were meant to taunt her but he was going to regret putting more ideas in his own head later and he knew it.

Rey swallowed down air that suddenly seemed so thick in her dry throat. She licked her lips but shook her head offering a silent response while she gave her voice time to speak with reason and not on impulse. It was a lot easier keeping her head on straight while he wore that mask but still she had to blink several times to stop a medley of interesting images and scenarios from rolling through it.

Kylo leaned marginally closer. "Then wear the damn uniforms!"

Angry that he'd baited her and more angry that she'd nearly dove head first into his trap, Rey
spitefully jerked her hand back towards her stomach, now protectively fisting the uniform at the hight of her abdomen. If she refused something as simple as training gear and rations or use of the medical and hygienic facilities, then she really wasn't going to last long. It's not like she could scavenge to provide herself these things. And Ren was making it crystal clear that failing to comply as an Apprentice, would break their terms... If she was certain about nothing else it was this.

"Fine! I'll use the Kriffing uniforms." She grumbled in defeat.

He was disappointed that she'd chosen to play safe. By omission of choosing the uniforms over reprising her end of the taunt with one of her own she'd displayed an understanding of the minimums that were expected of her. Silently, Kylo straightened his posture, pulling his upper body tight and retreating from her personal space in what should have been a victory march that felt like anything but. He nodded once, a cheap acceptance from his end but all she was gonna get in his current state of mixed emotions. Both acknowledged where their stood with the other. Kylo wanted more from the arrangement between them and Rey wanted less, at least where his control was concerned. The rest of it was just frustrating self denial that worked against both of them.

Now was as good a time as any to further push her understanding of what he expected.

"And should you need anything else, you'll come to me." He states it like the fact he expected it to be and it left Rey frowning again. If he wasn't already so pent up it would have been adorable, another taunt was already coming to mind because all he wanted to do was bait her into either fighting him or fucking him where they stood.

First her eyes narrowed, then suddenly having a cheeky idea, Rey rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest. She arched a brow and spoke candidly. "Fine, I'll need menstrual suppressors before the end of the month." She challenged.

"Menstrual suppressors... right..." The word suppressor stuck out in his mind first and admittedly he had to backtrack to figure out just what it was that she was asking for. Luckily for him he'd already repeated her request out loud because once it clicked he found himself a little hesitant to say it again.

It was strangely emasculating to feel embarrassment over something so natural. Kylo knew she was a woman. Obviously she was a woman, and as such she physically had to deal with womanly things, but it wasn't something he'd ever had to think about before. The very few woman in his life handled their business in private and had access to anything and everything they required to keep themselves in top condition. He decided that she'd probably meant this to be a cog in his confidence, a way to knock him down a peg or two.

Unfortunately for her he was not only quick to figure this out but he also didn't seem to be shying away from a topic that only proved her to be more desirable to his alpha. As inexperienced as he is, he should be intimidated by this woman whom he so often called a girl but the truth was, with this one, the more she proved herself on his level the more he wanted her and after so recently remembering her as little Kira, he relished in the reminder that this was absolutely not the same child that he'd known in his youth. This was the woman who'd put him on his ass for being just that.

"Anything else?" He confidently asked a silent challenge of his own shining in his almost arrogant tone.

Realizing her ploy to bring his ego down a notch had failed caused the smug gleam in Rey's eyes to dim and the upward tilt of her mouth fell into a soft frown. That was all the proof Kylo needed to see that she had in fact hoped to trip him up.

"Some droids came in earlier today, cleaning the room I guess," She shrugged as though she cared
less about the intrusion or their purpose but Kylo was certain that the second they'd entered her space
she'd been like a wild animal guarding her territory. "I requested a few simple things while they were
here..." She shifted uncomfortably before he stopped her.

"Consider it taken care of. Tonight or by morning, you'll have whatever it was you wanted." He said
tersely and for once Rey actually appreciated his militaristic approach.

"It's nothing to extravagant." She quickly explained, feeling the desire to defend her need of anything
from him. "Just some fresh...undergarments." Her cheeks flushed as she realized what she was
saying.

Why did she just blurt that out? She should have remained silent. Rey chastised herself for brining on
her own embarrassment.

Ren hadn't moved, hadn't even flinched. If he were smiling Rey couldn't tell. If he were looking at
her like he could devour her in one bite, Rey couldn't tell. The steel and carbon mask that glinted
back at her gave nothing of his thoughts away, and she hated it! Since he’d entered her quarters he'd
had that abhorred helmet on and by now she'd have thought he would've removed it. He always did
when he spoke to her...

She'd been nervously toying with the uniform in her hands. A sign Kylo recognized as Rey in
contemplation over something. Was she going preparing to fight him over something else? Refuse
him something? Maybe she was working out another way to tip toe around his demands again,
maker she was annoyingly good at that. Another reason he should never had let her have her terms...

"That mask, are you ever going to—" She started.

For the second time tonight he cut her off. "No." He angrily clipped, his shoulders coming up
aggressively and his voice alarmingly low. He knew it was the only thing keeping him from
advancing on her. The only thing keeping his mouth from hers— and damn it if he didn't keep some
kind of barrier between them he'd be the one to break their terms and she'd throw it in his face like
acid.

Rey lowered her gaze to the floor. "It doesn't suit you." She mumbled in a near whisper.

Kylo bit his cheek in anger. She refused to accept him as anything but her instructor! Refused to
admit her own weaknesses for him. Refused to accept anything but hostility from him! She had an
awful lot of audacity to claim she knew anything about what suited him and what didn't. Repeatedly
she assumed or expected him to physically hurt her, always proving her ignorance over what or who
he was.

What did she know about him? Nothing! He seethed over that ignorance.

"You've made it clear you know nothing about me." He defensively snapped.

A chill similar to that which she got when he prowled into her room ran down her spine again. She
suddenly had the feeling that anything playful or mildly challenging between them had just taken to
the corner of the room— and died. She swore the temperature around them dropped just as quickly
as the change in his demeanor happened. She instinctively softened her voice and as a result of the
chill in the air, Rey began rubbing her left arm with the fabric of the uniform she still had bunched up
in her right hand.

"On the Island..." She started reminiscently but when his hands crushed the air unfortunate enough to
be caught by his palms and his Force cracked between the space of his clenched fists, Rey stopped
herself from delving into any further explanation.

Kylo silently waited for her to continue and when she didn't he'd guessed that she'd figured out what his answer to that statement would have been even before he had to say it. Simply put; they most certainly were not on the island anymore.

Rey nodded in silent defeat. Something about his reluctance to remove the helmet while with her hurt... but it felt entirely warranted. Why should he be vulnerable with her when she was clearly unable to return the courtesy?

His continued silence was all of the confirmation she needed to know she should let this go but when she thought back on the way he was with her while instructing her in the ways he used the Force, how open and excited he'd seemed, she just couldn't fathom him being the same trapped behind such a dark persona. A cage of personal confinement. It was hard to imagine him as the same man who only a few days ago so easily taught her. Rey knew from personal experience that he wasn't always what that mask represented. She peeked through her lashes, once again eyeing the blank mask. kriff she hated it!

"...You really never take it off?" She continued to pry in a somewhat sad wonderment that neared to pity for his liking.

"My own men wouldn't know who I was if I did." He responded flatly, honestly.

Rey's eyes, beautiful glistening stones of moss and honey colored agate grew wide— sad.

And there it was, the look he was hoping she'd be smart enough to avoid. The same look she'd given him last night when he'd released her friends and the pilot had opened his mouth about his father. Sympathy, condolence, regret, no matter what word he chose to hide it behind, it was still the same emotion by definition; Pity.

It took a moment that felt infinitely longer then it was for him to get past those eyes and the swelling feeling they left in his chest. His own had widened in response to the sudden sadness that filled hers. His jaw shifted and the fingers of his right hand twitched. He already wanted to appease her, make her feel better.

And then it was over. He wouldn't baby her over her own confusion. She'd said she wanted space and his patience with her indecision was growing dryer then the desert planet she once called home. Kylo drew his walls up. His concern for how she felt regarding things she didn't understand turned to bitter anger and he scoffed at her.

"What do you care?" He viscously berated. "You asked for space. Think of it as a permanent safeguard. A wall by which you can hide behind." He'd been blunt and bitter, but she deserved nothing less then truth.

She openly refused contact between them and then she acted like she cared about whether or not she had to face him, really face him. Likely her problem wasn't with the withholding of showing her his actual face but more about how uncomfortable the masked visage made her feel. And damn him to Mustafar's fiery molten core for already wanting to oblige her.

Rey shifted uncomfortably. Though she couldn't tell why, it was obvious to her that she'd struck a nerve and Rey couldn't help but feel she should apologize for whatever she'd done to set him off.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to-." 

"Of course you didn't!" He said for the second time tonight, only in this instance his voice and frame
harbored animosity and resentment. "Don't patronize me, Scavenger." He spit the words out angrily and they came out much harsher then he'd have liked. Specifically he heard how cruelly he'd said the word scavenger, like it was a weapon he could use against her. He hadn't meant it like that but when she recoiled and withered in on herself, he could tell that it had been taken as such.

Why did she have to look at him the way she did? Why'd she have to pretend to give a Kriff about any aspect of his life. Repeatedly she'd made it clear about how she saw him; at worst he was a monster in the tempting guise of someone she once loved. A man she couldn't trust, a killer and a turncoat who would carve through his family at the mere request of his Dark Master. He couldn't imagine what the at best scenario would be, but he was sure it wouldn't be a pretty picture either. Probably something along the lines of a Dark side seducer who's only goal would be to convert her to his side so he could use her power for his or his Master's own gain. It would be so easy to give in to the churning Darkness in his head, to act the way she and everyone else expected him to. The thought of having her so completely at his disposal was absolutely tempting but he wanted so much more of her then her power or her attention at the cost of her will.

Didn't she understand that he was trying? That he wasn't good at any of this?

It was a stupid move, turning and leaving her like that. He could see that he'd hurt her and yet he couldn't stop himself from reaching the door fast enough.

Why the Hoth had he allowed himself to come here without a justifiable purpose anyway? They always ended up fighting. Always! He berated himself.

"If you need anything else—" He paused, uncertain if he could handle himself around her anymore. "—pass it on to the droids that flitter about throughout the day." He barked out while irately marching towards the exit.

Rey closed her eyes and tugged on her bottom lip. She'd somehow started it and now they were both hurt. He was hiding behind his wrath just as he'd done last night after Poe mentioned his father. And Gods only know what he went off and did to burn through that hurt fueled anger, but she didn't want him to end his day like that because of her, to feel this way because of her. Her Master, Kylo, or Ben, she didn't want him leaving with the way it was between them right now.

"Or..."

Maker what was she thinking? This could be bad... this could be sooo bad! She second guessed her own decision even as she made it.

"I could utilize the connection between us. Save any requests some travel time..." She chided weakly, hoping to turn the severity of the mood between them to a much lighter one.

Kylo Ren spun abruptly. His Force rose around him like a wave about to crash against the rocks below and Rey just knew she'd be in between the water and the jagged peaks. She'd made the wrong choice and now he was going to crush her. When he strode forward she began to retreat, her own Force rising around her in a pathetic excuse for a shield. In one mental push he tore through those defenses and before she could dart away he froze her in place. Personal space be damned in his mind right now, and he closed in on her, his Darkness hissing in his ears and his Alpha howling with it's infernal need to retaliate over his self inflicted scathing on behalf of her feelings. He was at his wits end with this emotional tug of war.

"Why— why do you do that?" He yelled so fiercely that the modulator of his helmet barley distorted the voice behind it.
Rey was stunned, so shocked by fear and uncertainty that she couldn't respond.

Audibly releasing his frustration with her, Ren let out a loud howl from behind his mask. A growl that came with a sudden pulse of his Force around them. She could feel his anger vibrating around them. Under her feet as it traveled through the steel floor and over her arms as it moved through the molecules around her. His power was terrifying and the wavering control over his fiery temper was even more so.

It would be so much easier if she would just make up her mind. Much less a threat to his sanity if she would only look at him one way or the other, a man or a monster. No in between. No uncertainty. But when she wavered it gave him hope. When she faltered he'd start imagining what ifs. What things could be like if he'd fled with his father instead of killing him or if he'd stopped hunting for her and ultimately never found Luke because of it. If he'd just let Rey go she possibly could have had a life away from him and his Master. Away from the darkness that threatened to consume her. But even in his imagination he knew he could never let her go. He could never let her exist with out him. She belong with him, to him and the bond between them more then confirmed that for him. What if she could just choose to accept that?!?

"I'm sorry, I'm- I'm not good at any of this." Her voice was barely audible, yet he was certain he'd heard her correctly.

He was positive that she was apologizing, that she was confessing that she'd felt just as confused by everything between them as he was. So much so that she was repeating words he'd privately thought to himself only a few short moments ago. And he was sure his thoughts were private, he'd been very in control of their connection since he'd closed it last night and the private moment between them in the overlook, so it wasn't just a play on words.

The red burn of his temper was slightly dimming and while he had the mental reasoning to do so, he released her from the Force hold he'd placed her in.

Rey shifted slightly but she didn't retreat. Instead she peered up into the void of his masked eyes. "I've never been so confused in my life. Never felt as much anger or resentment towards some one as I do you..." She paused, mustering up the courage to continue to speak as brazenly honest with him as she could. She stared as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, the muscles in his forearms locking tightly as he once again balled his fists in an attempt to restrain himself emotionally.

Her head dipped and her eyes searched for anything to distract them from the large intimidating man before her. "I've also never been so inexplicably drawn to someone. I'm as excited by what's between us as I am frightened, and honestly... that in itself is terrifying." She barely forced the words out.

She was looking down at the mixture of cloth that filled her hands, the silvery colored towel and dark uniform now scrunched together in one wrinkly mess.

"I don't always mean to be so confrontational, but you don't really make it easy." She looked up, gazing at the blankness of his mask again and Ren expected her to appear confrontational but he found there was a quirk of a smile riding along her lips and her eyes shined up at him with a sweetness that was as honest as it was insecure.

If this was her attempt at somehow appeasing him, it was working. She appeared to be letting her own walls down or at minimum, she was at least attempting to.

For some unknown reason, even after he'd just shouted at her... she was trying. Trying to create a peace between them, so Kylo remained silent. This is the part he wasn't good at. He'd been
successful in calming her through his nearness, through his taunts and hopes of what he wanted for their future. It was clear he wanted a close partnership between them and it was also clear that while she was affected similarly by him, she wasn't certain about anything past her need to be near him, taught by him... he could work with that.

He towered above her but was careful to keep still, to remain unaffected by their nearness or her glib mouth and the way the curve of the slight smile she wore there was muddling his brain again.

"Still..." She continued. "I should have thanked you sooner— immediately really. And for that I'm sorry."

He stepped back from her then, silent but clearly puzzled, his head cocking to one side as he leaned back from her like she were about to combust at any moment and he'd been afraid to get caught up in the explosion.

"For last night, when you released my friends. When you arrived here today— thank you should have been the first thing out of my mouth."

"You already thanked me." He quickly dismissed her sentiment but the words and the sincerity with which she said them already had his heart pound loudly in his ears.

Rey shook her head refusing to accept his attempt to brush off how important this was. She was still so angry at him over Luke... over being imprisoned and cuffed... over everything! This was a big step for her to get passed that and it needed to be done properly so she continued.

"Not in person and some things should be said in person. So Kylo Ren, Master, thank you."

Kylo awkwardly nodded. Her words sunk in and he was reminded of how weak this girl made him feel. There was a warmth rushing through his chest and though the feeling was just as powerful as his rage, it was definitely not of the same nature.

He found himself in need of a retreat again. The way he felt, the fullness in his chest... he wasn't sure why it made him so uncomfortable but it did and he needed to separate himself from her in haste. This was worse then being drawn to her physically... it was dangerous to become emotionally affected by her. Rage was ok, it was expected... but not this. His Master would know!

"It was a part of our deal. You kept your word and I kept mine." He coldly reminded her, his feet already moving him towards the door again.

"Master?" Her sweet, tremor filled voice called out to him and he closed his eyes, savoring the sound of it.

His hand hovered over the panel that would open the door for his escape. He only needed to press his hand into it and the door would open for him to disappear behind, yet he waited to hear her finish, needing to hear how she would follow that word.

"You said if I needed anything, I should just ask..."

And there it was, of course she was playing him, using his weakness for her to get something she wanted from him. He wondered bitterly what it could be that she would ask of him next. Maybe to surrender the whole First Order over to her General Of three days. Or maybe for his head on a platter —

Rey took a deep settling breath, she'd already begun so she may as well see this through. She really couldn't take another day with nothing to do. Nothing but time to pass her confusion and thoughts
through like a poorly constructed filter that constantly let visions and memories of him slip though. Thoughts of their time spent on the island, even as confusing as it was she decided she'd made the correct choice in accepting Kylo as her instructor and visions like the one she had while washing up shortly before he arrived. After seeing him before her in the mirror and then his arrival shortly after, Rey wondered if there was any connection between the timing of the vision and his surprising visit but ultimately unless she out right asked him, she'd probably never know.

Rey could see his agitation building as he waited for her to continue. As his impatience grew her back bone was weakening. Every second she let pass where she didn't speak she felt her spine compressing, her own hight shrinking as her courage dissipated like sand through a time glass. Each passing second left a larger gap between her boldness and her cowardice.

Finally Rey's nostrils flared and she scrunch her left fist at her side, suddenly emboldened by the thought of waiting this out another day, left alone to the torturous picking of her boredom and confusing emotions. "Could we start my training tomorrow?" She blurted out before she lost her nerve.

Kylo's shoulders turned and his feet remained planted firmly in place, but his helmet followed the direction of his upper half. He took little to know time to answer her, his own eagerness leading him forward in his decision. His hand smashed into the panel it had been hovering over. "Until tomorrow then, Apprentice." The door slid open and Kylo marched forward at a determined pace.

*So I know it's not the character development you wanted (because we all want them to throw down in the sheets) but we have had some serious character progression for these two. This was a very important chapter for these two as a couple and as individuals. Even though there was no kiss or more here (I'm so sorry, I know you all really wanted it but I have to keep these characters real to me.) I really think we had a few honest Reylo interactions here and I hope you liked it but the bottom line is Rey really needed this!* 

~ Vote , comment and Happy Reading!~

-DarkGuardian-
Frustration spent, but not spent.

This is the only chapter I will be putting a warning like this ahead of as I don't wish to kink the flow of or reveal and ruin the surprise of intimate moments in this story by adding these headings, but as it's the first of it's nature thus far... ⚠ Warning graphic and mature sexual content ahead. I will not be holding back as so far the story has been very descriptive and will continue to be in future updates including but not limited to sexual content. You've been warned

It had been hours since Kylo had left her. Heading directly to his rec room he even ignored the rest of his tasks for the day, not that anyone would challenge him over it, but how sweet it would have been if some one had! When he was like this; pent up in tightly coiled frustration, It was always a struggle to keep from exploding... from destroying! It came so naturally to him. The release of his anger always helped with the itch that came from keeping his power restrained.

Those around him learned to fear his outbursts and with good reason. It kept them safe from the sometimes blinding episodes that would follow the footsteps of his rage. In the recent months he'd gotten better at controlling his exploding temper. It was against his Masters wishes to keep himself contained but hen he could it bolstered him both physically and mentally, increasing the amount of Force he could contain at any given time. Of course when the Force within him or his rage became too much, he'd have to set off to a few selected areas throughout the city sized shuttle, rooms where no one would witness him working through his faults as he'd rampage through anything in his way.

It didn't matter if everyone around him thought he was a child throwing temper tantrums... they didn't understand that this was the lesser of two evils. Didn't know what a mess he could make if he chose to spontaneously release the Force that burned through his veins, the very essence which while pent up caused the most of his dangerous aggression.

Much like tonight, he released the tension physically instead of through the exertion of his power. He'd learned early on that allowing the Force to break free of his hold while already emotionally unstable, always resulted in disaster. With the amount of Force he had access to now, it would be catastrophic! ...So naturally, he'd taken to physical exertion. Twice he'd already given his training room a full run through. Then he'd move on to saber practice. He was happy to hack and slash through the surplus of energy and frustration that had been building up for days, weeks really.

He'd set the program at maximum tonight so anytime he'd become distracted or lost his train of thought, letting his mind wander, he'd suffered for it. Paid for it in pain. Of course, while there was a bite to the training blades, it was nothing like a real saber touching your flesh. There was a jolt. If set high enough maybe even a little singe, but not the sear or scorch. Nothing compared to a real saber sliding so easily through soft tissue and muscle; burning, melting and cauterizing instantaneously. Nothing like she'd done to him months ago.

...or like he'd done to his uncle recently... No! No pity parties! He corrected himself. Pity was one of the reasons he was so pent up. There had been too much of that emotion going around lately; and from her of all people. It wasn't what he wanted to see in her eyes, not from her, from his scavenger.

He stared into her eyes while he trained with his personally tailored program. Her image holographed before him, blue saber in hand and a fierce gleam in her synthetic eyes. Or, as best as could be replicated. Nothing could ever come close to the hellfire his little Scavenger kept in her eyes. It was a special kind of attention she reserved just for him and he knew without a doubt that nothing— man
or machine made, could ever duplicate the looks she gave him.

He didn't know how long he'd sparred with the false replica before he became too distracted. He'd been stuck in the memory of their sabers caught against one another. They were on the StarKiller, while he had her back to a chasm. It was the first time he allowed their Force essence to mix. The first time he'd filled her with his power... and his Darkness. He'd almost paid for that with his life, but it turned out to be very worth the risk.

Though he didn't know what was happening at the time, he now knew that what they were experiencing was the exchange of power between their bond and as one sided as it was when she sucked up what he offered her freely, it was marvelous! When Kylo looked into her eyes he'd remembered seeing himself in her, that is, he recognized his Force essence moving in them. He wished he knew how to feel what she was feeling then. Likely, judging by her face when she'd next looked at him, it was her first time finding the Force... and she'd done so with him inside of her, through his power. It was, in a way, like he'd given her own power life and she'd felt it for the first time... with him.

Really it was just a jump start. Their power together, intertwined through their bond, had started seeking each other out even before the moment he curiously let her into his head. In the interrogation chamber when he'd felt so drawn to her, so inexorably infatuated from the start... it had been their Force already recognizing what had been in the past and belonged together now. Access to her own power had just been locked away with her memories until then. Just the same, she'd found that part of herself because of his Force and he'd never want it any other way. When his power had stirred her own he'd been there to witness a sort of awakening for her. He hoped it would be the first of many enlightening moments between them, many peaks they could reach together.

He paid for that scene with pain and defeat but now, this particular distraction would cost him only the former. A high powered crack across his left shoulder had roused him from the depth of his lost thoughts. If the fight had been real he'd have lost his arm, fortunately for him it wasn't.

Before the simulation could do anymore damage then the sore muscles and severe bruising it had already wreaked upon his body, Kylo had ended the program.

After disabling the system he'd found himself staring, for far too long, at the stationary hologram of the girl who tormented his mind. Weakly letting it escape him again, he began imagining fighting the real thing. Defeating the Scavenger who bested him in every single way since the first moment they met. In a real fight between them... after she was properly trained and with both he and she in peak condition, the fight would be exhilarating! ...And after the battle, after he defeated her, the price of her loss would be costly and she would be left to his mercy. It was then Kylo would finally claim her as his own. Not like he had her now, under terms and with conditions... the very thought of those restrictions changed the direction of his thoughts and his fury came back.

She was sooo close yet still so far. Within his reach but just out of his grasp. The frustration was still too much so he'd stormed out of his personal training space more pent up then when he'd entered it. Still, after all of that exertion, all of the physical training and sparring, and it wasn't enough. This was a mentally debilitating frustration. A crippling weakness to him as physically as it was mentally. One he couldn't ignore long enough to even meditate through. He needed more release, sooo much more... he still wasn't satisfied. So he'd torn through his gear piece by cumbersome piece until he was left bare foot, padding forward with a singular purpose into the fresher.

He'd made quick work of washing the sweat of his work out and training away and lingered under the water where his muscles were most sore. He supposed the hours of training and physical exertion
had relieved him of some of what had been ailing him but he'd be working with her tomorrow. Really training with her. One on one in close proximity where anything could happen and he had to make sure he wasn't a loose cannon. This was the extent of his personal debate. He hadn't concerned himself with the moral of his next actions or given a single second to whether or not it was appropriate to think of her here, while he began working through a different frustration altogether. He closed his eyes and let his mind go. It only took the loosening of his restraint before his imagination repainted the memories which most frustrated him and none of those images had to do with Rey standing over or against him with his grandfather's sapphire saber in her hand.

He was currently fixated on one archived memory in specific. One which met every need of the fantasy that had been haunting him since she'd slid down his lap the morning after he'd "landed", when his uncle had helped pull his shuttle down in the middle of a Force storm, his intent to smash his craft with him in it against the island's jagged peaks, on Ach'To when he'd woken to her wriggling around on him, her arm around his neck and her fingers tangled in his hair. It wasn't until she'd wrapped her arms around his leg, an innocent attempt to lesson the impact of her bottom hitting the ground after she'd gone bouncing off of his knee in a startle, and she'd looked up at him with such a sweet innocence that, in a private moment to himself had caused him to lose all desire to be courtly with her. The genuine alarm in her wide hazel eyes as she stared up at him, her mouth parted as if ready to explain but by that point she was already too flustered to speak...

That memory had brought him back to when she had bent over in the sand the first night he'd found their bond on Jakku; his fiery warrior, a woman of independence and a frustratingly indestructible will of steely resolve, appeared to be worshipping him. The memory had led him further down a darker path and he reminisced about the most recent time she'd kneeled before him. The memory he fantasized over so vividly now was that of her on her knees at his feet, clinging to his leg on the cliffside while his gloved thumb was pushed between her slightly parted lips as she stared pleadingly up at him. He knew it was a dark place to go, but he was only human and the image had made quite the lasting impression.

Kylo groaned through his tightly clenched teeth. His hand securely wrapped around his girth, pumping slowly at first. He hardly ever did this but his body demanded more release then physical training or sparring against simulators could provide. He'd cranked up the heat in the fresher until every crevice of the wash chamber was filled with steam but his own temperature was so high that the water felt cool to him. As he palmed the most prominent cause of his aggravating frustration—he kept the image of her on her knees just as she was then but this time his hand was buried in her hair like it had been only a few short hours ago. His fingers were wrapped in by the fistful, his knuckles gently rocking against her skull as he guided her forward. He was gentle with her. In his fantasy she was more then willing to oblige her, Master. Eager even!

From below his hipline she would frequently peek up at him, her large hazel eyes taking cues from his pleased face. His groans and grunts guiding her like his hand as she sought out his satisfaction with an eager enthusiasm. When his imagination worked too well, when the images in his head became too real to bare, Kylo slowed his pace, drawing out his own pleasure so he could live in this fantasy a little longer. His thumb swiped along the wide, flat surface of his swollen head, caressing the most sensitive spot just as he imagined her tongue skillfully swirling around him in a similar fashion.

A shuddering bout of air gushed out from between his teeth as his breath quickened, became more shallow with his growing pleasure. He tightened his grip again, slowly dragging down his length before pulling back up. In his mind he was carefully filling her mouth while she was staring up at him, her face flush from an appealing mixture of her work and her embarrassment over her position before him; Below him, caged between his legs and the hand that was gently wrapped up in her hair, but never higher up on a pedestal then he was consistently placing her. For him it was not a
demeaning position to have her in, but one of desire and deep longing.

He’d never imagined another woman the way he was imagining Rey now. This was not a show of dominance or a punishment of some sort, not in his mind. The act of having her mouth so entirely wrapped around his cock put her in a place of power. Even while she was positioned on her knees, it was Kylo who was in a state of complete vulnerability. Should she choose to, she could damage him in ways he'd never recover from. This position of power verses vulnerability, was not a place Kylo would ever trust anyone else... possibly not even the real thing. But here in the world he was spinning in his mind, it was pure unadulterated ecstasy.

Tonight he'd seen her damp hair hanging over her shoulders and he started wondering how gorgeous she would look if they were bare, but then he went further. He wondered how she'd look completely topless and his mouth fell slack. His jaw dropping and his tongue swiping across his lips with a longing to taste her, to run it across the slopes of her breasts as he explored her flesh, his lips ghosting his way to one the tightening peeks he'd witness pebbling under her clothes during his past advances on her. He imagined how sweet she'd taste as he flicked his tongue across what he assumed could be some of the most sensitive places on her and he longed to touch her there. To fill his palms with such sensitive flesh while his mouth worked gasps and moans from between her kiss swollen lips.

When she finally gave in and let him have her, taste her and touch her, when they finally came together as they should have months ago, he'd spend hours worshipping her. Discovering everything she had to offer. Her likes and dislikes. What made her toes curl... what made her beg. Gods he wanted to make her come apart at the seams. When next he went to touch her, he'd make sure she had no will left to fight him. Since the moment they met in the woods of Takadona he'd wanted her and she'd denied him in every way possible. When he finally had her he was going to make sure she paid for that. He would make her whimper, squirming and pleading for release at his hands. But until then, he was going to find his own pleasure throughimaginings of what she could do for him.

The pace of his hand quickened and his left palm came up against the wall to brace himself. Steaming hot water sprayed across the length of his left shoulder blade, ran down his spine like the tremors running through his core. His eyes were squeezed tightly shut while he held on to the image of her hot mouth wrapped around his girth and dropping his head low, he moaned into the surrounding steam.

If he were a better man he wouldn't think of her like this. At least not until she wanted him to. But clearly he wasn't, and decidedly he assumed she'd appreciate him taking his needs out on a fantasy version of her rather then forcing himself on her out of pent up and long overdue frustration, so he felt no shame in the way he placed her in his mind. And Force, she looked so good on her knees! Her head bobbing up and down the length of him. Her throat generously opening to accommodate as much of the length of him as she could and since it was his fantasy there wasn't much she couldn't handle. Her hands were gripping the solid mass of his thighs as she braced herself against him, gingerly pumping up and down on him, fucking him with her mouth as though his pleasure led to her own. Less of his imagination was spent on creating the noises that would accompany such motions from her filled mouth. The fresher helped with that. Under the streaming water, the grip he had on himself easily compensated for the sounds of sucking her lips would surely make as she worked him.

He twisted his wrist and his knees nearly buckled. The more he worked himself the higher his pleasure grew and the higher his pleasure grew the easier it became to creat and hold onto this fantasy. Maker, he could almost feel her here with him. His mind was so focused he could almost compensate for the feel of her Force greedily reaching for his. He could almost imagine what that exchange would feel like while working towards his release. He wondered how much more intense
their pleasure would be when their Force was involved and he almost burst in that very moment.

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Since Rey had woken in the cell she'd been thrown into back on the Supremacy, She had been struggling to sleep and tonight was no different. She'd done her best though. In a brief moment of desperation she even gave the bed a chance. It was still to strange though, sleeping on something so soft, so pliable. So she'd taken to yanking the thick comforter from the top of it and pulling it to the floor in one big, fluffy mess. She'd even snatchted the pillow, pulling it to to the floor before allowing herself to curl up between the bed and the wall where she laid her down, squeezing her eyes shut in another attempt to find a break from the anxiety that was growing with each passing second.

She was excited about starting her training but she was also nervous. She felt like she'd been waiting to be properly taught for so long that she almost wished she had more time to prepare for it now. And then there was the new frustration, the one that started back on the island after he'd kissed her in that hollowed out Force tree. She was terrified when he'd pinned her to the wall along the cliffside, and not entirely of him, but herself. It frightened her to the center of her shaking bones to admit how much he affected her, how much she'd started enjoyed his attention and to her embarrassment, his touch. This frustration had grown ten fold after he'd flattened her to the wall of his personal shuttle on the flight here... when his knee had rocked against the sensitive place between her thighs...

Maker why was she even thinking of this? Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson and her heart began to flutter in her chest.

There was something about tonight that sent the same high doses of hormones and desire running through her blood. The way he'd approached her as he'd entered her chamber... and then when he'd unexpectedly filled his hand with her hair, scrunching up the wet pile he'd gathered in his gloved fist. He'd nimbly interlaced his long fingers through the full length of her messy strands, burying himself palm deep until his fingertips were woven to her scalp like he could sew himself to her. As though he could secure her in a way that made sure he never had to let her go again.

Rey swallowed down her nerves at the new thoughts rolling around in her head. Her mind wandered back to the morning she'd woken in his arms. She shouldn't have stayed there as long as she did. She have scurried out of his lap the second she realized where she was. Instead she'd studied him in his sleep. Analyzed how different he'd looked between their first meeting and then.

Oh gods... The blush on Rey's cheeks deepened when she got to the part in her recap where her fingers had been twisted up in his hair.

Panic followed the discovery. And then her wriggling, a failed but desperate attempt to free her hand from the knots she'd tangled her fingers up in, had woken him. His shocked eyes had opened. Fogged brown and honey ringed irises locked in on her and she froze as though she'd been guiltily caught in the act of something she wasn't sure of. Her state of panic only rose when he spoke. His groggy voice, weighed further down by sleep, was so deep she could feel it reverberating through her bones. Her stomach flipped and twisted and her brain had shut down on a whole new level of hysteria.

That encounter had ended with her on her ass, practically sitting on his booted foot with her arms wrapped around his leg... Rey still remembered feeling the heat of her embarrassment rising like steam off of her cheeks. Her only saving grace had been that as far as she could tell, Luke had somehow managed to remain asleep throughout the fiasco and Ren, by the grace of the Maker, had so far chosen to only speak of the incident once while taunting her friends, and she'd shut that down quickly!
For some reason the way Kylo had buried his hand in her hair tonight had reminded her of the same hot embarrassment she'd suffered when his eyes had found hers while she was wrapped around his leg. The realization of that feeling also brought her back to the cliffside. When she was on her knees before him, begging him to spare Luke's life... a futile plea if only she'd known the future, she felt the same type of fear then as she did tonight. While he had her coiled in his fist she recognized the same kind of danger she'd been in on that cliff, pressed against the wall, and the again while kneeling at his mercy. She wondered if when she'd felt that danger tonight, not for her life but over something she couldn't quite explain, when he'd stalked around her, stopped out of sight before securing her by her hair, if he wore the same face under that mask as he'd displayed on that cliffside. Had he been staring at her with the same intense desperation? The same untamed longing as when he'd offered his hand to her, or the same dark satisfaction when she'd been on her knees pulling at his leg as she begged for his uncle's life?

The very idea gave her the chills. It was a startling wonderment. Perplexing in its very nature. But there was more there that worried her... regardless of whatever reasoning her mind came up with to oppose him, there was always a part of her, hidden deep beneath the surface of her unbending independence, that wavered at the idea of what he had to offer. At the the idea of giving up some of the strict control she held on suffocatingly tight to, internally she flexed and bowed like a reed in the wind. There was nothing painful about the way he grasped her tonight, but his hold on her and her lack of willingness to stop him from doing so was still a very serious threat to that sense of control. The way he dabbed tentatively at the wet ends of her hair made her want to crane her neck to his touch. At one point it took her full concentration not to step back so she could lean into his body like she'd done on Yavin Four during their last Force encounter.

He was so clever though, so careful to maintain an ample amount of space between them. Leaving her no room to reinforce her own weaknesses by scolding him for stepping out of line. She found more and more lately that she'd be left with this craving after he'd leave her alone again. This frustrating thing that she couldn't pin point, was constantly poking and pulling at her when he wasn't around and it only intensified when he was. Perhaps through some unknown trick of the Force he was causing this building need to be near him, to be touched by him, to be desired by him. It was as infuriating as it was embarrassing. She was becoming irrational around him. Desiring far more contact then she'd ever allow him to have. Against her better judgment Rey even hoped that tonight when he stood behind her with his hand gently pulling at her hair, that he'd guide her back until she was pressed flush against him. Honestly she didn't know what she was hoping for after that but her Force certainly had ideas about the interaction, greedily reaching for his essence like a starving buzzard at a buffet... Shameless!

Hoth! She knew she was no better in this moment then she was in that one.

Right now she was supposed to be trying to sleep and instead she'd been stuck on a loop of memories that had her contemplating the most intimate of their interactions. It couldn't be the innocent moments between them. Not training on the island or deliberating over the terms of their new roles as Master and Apprentice. No! Rey, the supposed strongest hope for the Light, the would be freedom fighter for the Resistance, was running through every time Kylo Ren, Master of the knights of Ren, Commander of the First bloody Order, and Master Dark side user blah blah blah... had her pinned beneath or against his body.

She'd never been so brazen with her thoughts. Never so bold or vulgar in nature, even in the privacy of her own head. She had no idea what was going on, what brought about the stirring desire to be caught in another moment where her body was trapped under his... but the harder she tried redirecting her thoughts away from him, the deeper she fell into the rolling waves that were rocking through her mind. In particular the scene of them cliffside kept taking the forefront of her thoughts. Before now that specific part the memory had been an uncomfortable one, yet for some reason
tonight when she thought back on the way his leather clad hand had stroked her cheek, how his thumb had pushed into her mouth, securing a place between her trembling lips, Rey found her mouth watering. She found desire pooling in her belly and her pulse thrummed in her ears like the beating of monstrous wings in the night.

The way he'd looked down at her in that moment, with his thumb caught between her closed lips, had said so many things about what he desired of her and of what he had originally wanted of their new roles. And yet since he'd obtained her, for lack of a better word used to describe their unique situation, in keeping with her terms, even while he had no need or reason to accept the set limitations, Kylo had been mostly professional with her.

Rey pulled the bundle of blankets higher, nearly covering her head as she rolled from her left side to her right. She squeezed her eyes closed tightly. She didn't understand a thing about either of them. She had no idea what she was feeling anymore and even less about how or if she could just turn it off. She groaned out her frustration, forcing herself up to a seated position. Her new focus would center around her breathing.

She started simple; In and out... in and out. Slowly, deeply, until her mind could see or hear nothing but those breaths. She tried to imagine her ocean but found it to be less then comforting since she'd left the island and so she searched for another sound loud enough to drown out her thoughts.

Stiff as a board, Rey pulled herself up until she sat straight up with her legs crossed and her hands stationed flat along her thighs. Her mind working exceptionally hard to build a similar environment to the one she'd become used to over the past several months, she pictured the cliffs and the rolling green hills littered with rocks and boulders. Jagged peaks along the highest points and the cliffs edge and rolling cerulean waves surrounding her own little paradise. With Luke as her instructor she'd learned a good amount about this exercise. Applying it however was something she always struggled with. Apparently she had an over active imagination and she struggled focusing on anyone thing just as much as she struggled with not being overly cautious long enough to actually reach a state of active meditation. Even lightyears away from Jakku, with Luke as the only other living soul on the whole island, Rey was still paranoid that someone was going to come and harm her or steal from her.

It surprised her when she heard the water... not the ocean, she noted, but possibly rain.

It was peaceful so she drew the sound closer in her mind. Her breathing was far quicker then she wanted. A little erratic. Almost shallow from exertion. That wouldn't do for meditation... Mentally she re-centered herself, even attempted to control the Force that moved through her long enough to help steady the flow of her confounding emotions. The further she fell into her meditative state the easier she left her daunting physical frustrations behind. Mentally she should be calming as well but her breaths still came in far shorter gasps then was normal for this depth of concentration.

Rey took a deep inhaling breath through her nose, a controlled attempt to steady her oxygen intake but still the breathing sounded too strenuous, too quick, too shallow. Rhythmically steadying herself wasn't working. The effort was only making her light headed, so she tried holding her breath. It was supposed to be a forceful reset of her lungs but where she should have found silence, save for the soothing sounds of the imagined rain pattering around her, she found more strained breathing. Through restricted lungs she realized... the breathing... was not her own.

Immediately she noticed the temperature difference in the room. What was once cold semi open space, was now humid and warm, almost uncomfortably so. It was a heat she wasn't used to. A wet heat. Thick humidity that clung to her, slicking the exposed skin of her face in condensation. It took seconds for the moisture to accumulate to her cheeks and forehead. She found caves like this back on the island, thick with vapor and mist but she knew she wasn't there and the spraying water didn't
really sound like any kind of waterfall she'd ever discovered while on Ach'To. She also knew she was physically sitting on the floor between the far wall of her room and the bed, but as long as her mind allowed it, she was not going to be there when she next opened her eyes.

But where was she and why was she here? Her eyes opened and Rey was on her feet in an instant, her first instinct was to find an exit but she realized that meant she'd be searching with out the use of her eyes. The moisture around her was too thick to see through. She was blanketed by a thick white fog that left her rapidly blinking as she fought to adjust to the dim, hazy light of this new location. She lifted her arms out ahead of her and took a hesitant step towards the sound of the thrumming water. The fog here was the thickest but she knew finding the water would offer her the clearest view she was likely going to get. This reminded her of when the clouds hung low around the top of Ach'To. She would often go walking through the thick fog but this was different, hot and damp like... Oh no! Please no... It suddenly seemed so obvious. Steam! She was standing in a room full of steam and the sound of patting water so close by, constricted to what sounded like a small circumference... Rey crouched down, running a hand over the condensation covered ground. Slick black tile confirmed her rising fears. The floor... the cone of water spraying in the far to near distance... This was obviously a fresher— which was currently in use... What was worse, not only did she now recognize where she undoubtedly was, but she knew that she wasn't alone because the now ragged breaths she could still hear somehow seemed so much clearer and they didn't match the pace of her own frantic pants. There were other sounds as well, now that her mind had fully accepted that she was here, and she knew, holy mother of all that was Light, she knew he was near because she could now feel him as if he were standing in the same room.

Oh gods, it was his breathing she heard! Rey was in Kylo Ren's washroom and he was in the fresher!

For a dumbfounded moment before she even began panicking, she wondered if he was ok... why his breathing was so labored...

Rey swallowed with her suddenly dry throat. He was panting close by and, nearly drowned out between the running water and the sounds of some kind of... a wet slapping sound?, Rey heard Kylo groan.

Had he been injured in some way and why was his Force wound tighter then an engine coil in hyperdrive? She could feel his frustration through the Force that lingered around him.

There was this deep seeded need for a release of some kind and she instantly recognized it as the counter part to her own only it was so much worse for him. She harbored only a fraction of this need that ate at him so thoroughly, corroding him from the inside out.

Not wanting to risk causing more damage then he'd possibly already sustained, she reached out ever so slightly with her Force. If she alarmed him while he was hurt, it would likely make the situation worse! Honestly if she could avoid even alerting him of her very intrusive presence, she would, at all costs! Already she was surprised that he hadn't noticed her and sending out her Force in any amount was extremely risky but it was better then seeking him out through the steam. She really had no way of telling how exposed he may or may not be and she wouldn't dare call out to him, even if she thought her voice would work right now, which she didn't.

What she found reaching back for her, even through his tightly sealed off end of their bond, was nearly indescribable. A rush of need and desire instantly engulfed her. Rey's eyes rolled back in her head and she unconsciously moaned into the steam. Her hand came up quicker then the next beat of
her racing heart and she slapped it over her mouth. She spun to avoid seeking out his reaction with her eyes. She could only hope that he hadn't heard her and from the steady pace of the loud wet sloshing sounds echoing through the room around her, she'd guessed that he hadn't. Deciding he was definitely not injured, her only goal had become to exit the room before she saw or heard anything incriminating. Unfortunately it was nearly impossible to know where he was with the sounds of water bouncing through the open space and when she turned to avoid seeing him, her eyes landed directly at the level of his bare and vigorously flexing shoulder blades. He was a mere few feet away at best.

Oh kriff! Incriminating... definitely incriminating!

It was all Rey could do not to scream right then and there. Somehow she managed to keep her thoughts to herself, not that she could think... Staring at his bare upper half, she tried sooo hard not to let her eyes wander any lower, Rey found her mind drawing a complete blank. At this point both of her hands were clamped over her mouth and her eyes were so wide in shock that she could nearly feel them bugging out of her head.

Kylo was facing away from her, thank the Maker, and his left hand was planted firmly to the fresher wall. His right was hidden behind his torso but this was obviously the cause of the vigorous sloshing and slapping sounds. Sounds that were now never going to leave her mind. His back was wide and taut, flexing with every movement his right arm made. He was half arched towards the fresher wall, leaning with his head hung low between the space of the wall and his left arm at the bend of his elbow. The water that she'd been hearing beat against his back in a continuous stream of heat, running down over the planes of his rippling muscles.

She shivered at the sight of his nude upper half. Dear Maker, why had they connected now of all times? She was never not going to think of this every time she looked at him, or saw a fresher... or even thought of a fresher for that matter. The only experience she had in one had been after that horrid connection they shared a few days after the StarKiller, when she'd sat in fresher suffering convulsions from her first experience of mental torcher... now she'd never be able to remedy that... Hoth, after this she'd never be able to use one again!

His back flexed, shoulder blades pulling closer together to highlight the length of his massive shoulders and the trail of his spine in between and his torso twisted as he brought himself higher up on the pads of his feet. Kylo adjusted himself to widen his stance, his calves flexing as he steadied himself along the slick tile. Fearing he'd finally sensed her, worried he was going to turn on her, face her with a deadly fury over her intrusion, Rey took a half step back. Her hands still remained firmly clamped over her mouth and her eyes were still wide with shock and surprise. Heavily breathing through her nose was causing her to feel light headed and she was just starting to become dizzy. To her relief Kylo didn't turn but the adjustments he made gave her now darting eyes access to his hip line.

Crimson fire raced through her veins, ignited something already liquid low in her stomach. She had the most uncomfortable sensation spreading through her core and she defensively squeezed her thighs together. The most embarrassing heat seared through her center and she felt it congregating low, right at the place her clenched legs were trying to keep safe. She tried not to look at him. Tried not to notice the columns of rippling muscles that flexed along his torso while he moved. His left hand, still palming the wall above where his head hung low, his soaked hair hanging down to shield the side of his face as he worked to relieve himself, gave her eyes access to the full length of his left side. Blessedly, he was still turned to far to the right for her to see what she now knew would be the cause of his tightly pent frustration, gripped in his right hand.

Her cheeks heated further, if that was even possible. She'd felt the solidity of him pressed against her
before, a few times actually. When they'd kissed in the Force tree and again when he'd had her pinned twice since then. Once against the cliffside and once in his shuttle on the way here. He'd flattened himself against her, pressing the hard length of his erection into her navel or hip, depending on how he had her pinned. He seemed to grow beneath her whenever they were pressed together and while it was always a startling prospect it was also becoming rather... flattering. Seeing him like this, lost in his own enthrallment, his own primal need to ease something she'd been the cause of multiple times before, Rey felt a sense of power. Almost a sense of pride, knowing the powerful warrior before her fell prey to a frustration she'd caused on several occasions made her spine straighten with a confidence she hadn't known before.

And then she realized; it had been hours since they'd seen one another. Whatever roused this need in him, it likely wasn't her doing and that realization suddenly caused a spike of insecurity and jealousy to fire through her. She was taken aback by her own reaction. There was no denying it though, not when her own emotions were all the proof she'd need to know how she really felt about the man in front of her. The idea of him aroused because of someone else replaced the heat in her veins with acid. Her hands fell from her mouth and she squeezed her fists into balls at her sides.

For a moment she forgot that she shouldn't be here. She had no right to be snooping around the space she stood in but she found herself looking around anyway. Her eyes seeking out incriminating evidence against him as she sought out any signs of another person in the room, the person responsible for his current circumstances, but no. They were alone. Just the two of them.

A groan drew her attention back in his direction. His back was expanding and retracting more quickly now. His breathing had shallowed as his hand pumped more vigorously. With his growing pleasure came the weakening of his mental shields and suddenly there was a jolt through their connection. Her knees quaked and her legs shook as she tightened them together. She could feel the pulse of her sex in response to his pleasure. Rey's jaw dropped and she heard her shuddering breath expel through her now quivering lips. Her hands were over her mouth again, even while she bit down on her bottom lip hard enough to draw blood.

"Ugh... nngh." Kylo shuddered. His eyes were still squeezed tightly shut, his imagination running so while he swore she was here with him, He swore he could feel the pull of her Force around him and it drove him so much deeper into his pleasure, so much closer to the edge.

Rey squeezed her own eyes shut, unable to watch the lewd sight before her any longer not for lack of wanting, at this point she couldn't deny how good he looked, but it wasn't right, he didn't know she was here, hadn't welcomed her to the showing of something so personal. But even behind her closed lids she would see him. His outline was burned into her retinas, seared into the deepest places of her mind, zapping through her head like little jolts of electricity firing off through her brain, disrupting all other attempts of rational thought from her mind. And then she felt his Force expand around him, the circumference of his Dark essence widening as though he were looking for something. Her eyes opened again and she could see it like a dark purple storm cloud, a staticky mist of lightning and pent up power. And that power was getting closer. Filling the space she stood in even as she began back peddling.

Was he reaching for her? Seeking her out? Oh my stars, had he realized she was here? She privately thought, only hoping her mind had been quiet enough that he hadn't heard her thoughts through his distracted haze.

Now jumping back, nearly hurling herself out of his power's reach, Rey practically threw herself backwards. She slipped on the condensation covered tile underfoot and her heels slid out from under her. She cried out as she fell backwards, her bottom racing towards the ground. But her hands, still clamped down over her mouth, silenced the sound, confining it to the hollow of her gulping throat.
Her eyes shut as her bottom skidded over the floor and honestly she expected the hit to be harder. She'd braced herself for pain to ping up her tail bone. This certainly wasn't the first time she'd landed hard on her bottom, it came with learning the ropes as a scavenger and she'd earned her stripes early on while excavating skeleton ships. She also knew how to land and just by how she was positioned going down, she knew what was or wasn't going to hurt when she hit bottom.

Her palms finally joined her backside on the ground and she was surprised to find the absence of the hard tile beneath her. In its place was the comforter from her bed, the one she'd pulled down to the floor where she'd been curled up before she found herself very inappropriately gaping at Kylo Ren in his washroom. Rey was too warm to remain seated on it and she quickly rolled off of it, gathered it and shoved it aside. She pulled her shines tighter in, crushing her thighs to her chest. She purposely left the slightest of space open between her legs. She couldn't bare the friction of her thighs pressed together any longer and she also couldn't sit comfortably if they were spread too far apart.

Her cheeks were burning with embarrassment. She couldn't decide if she'd been sleeping or not. The last thing she remembered was a poor attempt at meditation. How could she have dream of such a thing. She knew what the men back on Jakku did to relieve themselves when they couldn't afford a whore to provide them with comfort, but this was nothing like that. This was so intimate, so personal and there was no way Rey could craft the details she'd seen in whatever that just was. There was no way her imagination could paint him the way she'd seen him. The heat between Rey's thighs grew and an uncomfortable wetness had been seeping into the only pair of underwear she had to her name. Rey flopped over in her side, cradling what she had left of her pride as she wrapped her arms around herself. It was all she could do to remain still. She had to discourage whatever was happening with her body. She felt so unclean, so dirty with the thin sheen of perspiration and steam clinging to her skin but she couldn't move to wash. Her flesh was extremely sensitive. Every inch of her was responsive to the slightest touch. The solid mass of the cool floor beneath her, the slight movement of the air in the room from the vents and filters working to pump fresh oxygen into the otherwise stuffy space. It was all too much, even her own clothes as she breathed or shifted her weight, the infinitesimal rubbing of the fabric felt like hands running over her flush skin.

As uncomfortable as she was she didn't dare get up. She wouldn't survive if she had to run a cloth over any part of her to clean away the embarrassment of her slickness, not to scrub away traces of her sweat or the moisture that had started to grow in a more private place. Another wave of pleasure rushed through their connection and Rey's body rocked against her own revolting response. No matter how inappropriate she felt it was, she couldn't stop herself from shuddering under the spreading tingle of his pleasure, pleasure that was now buzzing through the worst of her heat. Her eyes squeezed shut. There was no doubt now, it wasn't a dream. Somewhere close by she knew what he was doing and it was destroying her in ways she'd never known possible.

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Kylo's back arched, his caves flexing as his thighs quaked. The sight of her on her knees wasn't enough anymore, not with the feel of her Force around him. Everything felt so good, so heightened. Still stroking himself, he imagined bringing Rey up to her feet. His hands roughly guiding her forward as he leaned down to capture her mouth with his. His Force swelled around him as though if he tried hard enough he could keep her here, keep his imagination in tuned with the feel of their Force meeting in the middle. He tried imagining his hands gripping her sweet little ass, lifting her up so she could spread her thighs around him, lock her legs around his hips so he could enter her in the way he needed her most. In the way his body, his darkness and his alpha needed to claim most!
This was sooo incredibly good, better then anytime he'd ever attempted this before. But there was something growing beneath the release he was working towards. He had been dragging his release out because of how unbelievable it felt but he suddenly realized something was different, like he'd stretched it on for too long and the images in his head were becoming foggy because something had changed. His Force continued to sweep around him, searching for what was missing, for what now eluded him. Perhaps he shouldn't have ever brought the thought of their Force mixing into the fantasy because now it seemed his Force was avidly searching for hers. He'd been too convincing for his own good.

For the flash of a second he saw alarm pass through her eyes which made no sense, it was his fantasy, the only thing filling her eyes should be lust and desire, but then she was gone. Everything he'd been working so hard towards... was gone. His fantasy shattered like glass in his hands and he was back in his fresher, alone. His painfully pulsing cock seeping with pre come, angry and swollen in his hand as he took a moment to catch his breath.

"Kriffing... Fuck!" He mewled in frustration. This couldn't be happening... Kylo couldn't comprehend how he'd lost something that had seemed so vivid only seconds ago.

He closed his eyes and tried building the moment back up around him. He'd been so close to coming in her mouth, he could feel the mixture of their Force growing with his pleasure, joining together as eagerly as he was to have her, to join with her. Kylo instantly regretted taking her up from her knees. It must have been too much after that, too surreal for even his imagination to believe in. That must have been what broke the fantasy... That was when his Force started seeking hers out. He must have been so lost in the fantasy that he really though he could feel her near him, with him. Changing the direction of his imaginings so suddenly must have dissolved his concentration. And now he felt alone, dirty, even under the cleansing pulse of heat from the fresher over head. His inside twisted with the denial of his release. He released himself, his right fist rising to slam into the fresher wall, repeatedly.

He needed this! He couldn't train with her tomorrow without this release. How could he trust himself? How could he keep his hands off of her when they began physical training?

He was rock hard, pulsing and jutting against his stomach with need. He seethed through his teeth, hissing in frustration. Determined to lesson the ache rippling through his body, Kylo grabbed his painfully pulsing cock and forcibly jerked through his discomfort. It was agonizing when he finally came, his body erupting in one hard unsatisfying release that wasn't anything close to the pleasure he'd had when he'd been blissfully lost in his own mind, fantasizing about the girl who was innocently sleeping below his quarters. Kylo pressed his head to fresher wall, his skin so hot that he was at least thankful for the mild relief brought on by the feel of the cool wall beneath it.

Glancing down, Kylo scoffed. He was still solid, still unsatisfied, even after the mess he'd made of the floor and fresher wall.

Tomorrow's training was going to be brutal. He decided before reaching for the bar of soap he'd already use to clean himself with once tonight.

*So, I know I went all out with this update but honestly not only has it been coming but I didn't want to hold back as I figured if people keep reading after this then there will be no shock with future updates, if you continue from here you know what you're in for. I really hope you all enjoyed the update and Shwew, I finally mustered up the courage to post this. Sorry it took so long for me to post but I was a bit hesitant and indecisive. Over all I'm happy with the finish product, after all I did warn my readers what kind of story this would be in the Disclaimer and stuff chapter. To those sticking
around for more buckle up and enjoy !*

~As always please don't forget to Kudos, and comment as much as you like, I love the feedback and speaking of... what did you guys think, too much? Or just right?~

-DarkGuardian-
Finally, we begin!

"Commander..."

Ugh, the last voice Kylo wanted to hear first thing in the morning, and after another night of little to no sleep. The First Order Commander stepped out from his quarters wearing a grimace on the face hidden behind his mask. He'd been notified of their arrival almost forty-five minutes ago, pretty much the second they'd entered the same star system as his battlecruiser. Three fresh squadrons accompanied both Captain Phasma and the annoyingly prompt General who now stood to left of his door.

Hadn't he more pressing matters to attend to? Did we have to occupy the same space first thing in the morning? Kylo internally complained.

Ren purposely strode through the door at a pace the General would have to put a considerable amount of effort into keeping up with. If he was going to be subjected to dealing with the General first thing in his day, he may as well have a little fun with it.

"Is there a reason you're already loitering outside my door?" Kylo asked, annoyance seeping through the vocoder of his mask.

Hux cleared his throat, his eyes watching the ground as he followed behind his caped Commander. It was infinitely frustrating to follow at Ren's heels, like some... domesticated troth hound, but he wasn't going to jump through hoops to keep up either. It was amazing how immature the Commander of the First Order fleet, could be when he wanted to.

Hux rolled his eyes, plainly stating, "I'm here for my debriefing."

Kylo neither slowed nor gestured towards the General in acknowledgement. "Since when have you needed to approach me personally for a debriefing?"

Hux scoffed, "Well it's not like I enjoy seeing you either." He sneered.

Kylo let out a deep breath. "I'm sure the staff on the bridge are more than capable of-

"—On the bridge?..."

Armitage Hux smiled cattily. Oh, this was too good! So his Master hadn't even told him yet. How delightful!

"Oh, I'm not here for an update pertaining to The Order's proceedings." His voice rose in pitch, a clear indication that Hux was finding enjoyment in the evident ignorance provided by Ren's assumption.

Kylo paused and the General lazily but with due caution, traipsed to the side of him, a slight smile tugging at the corner of his mouth and a mischievous twinkle sparkling in his soulless blue eyes.

"I'm here to inquire about the girl." He drawled, his eyes nonchalantly examining the end of the black glove on his usable arm. He fist and uncurled his hand as though he were adjusting the fit.

It was a dangerous game he was playing, even with a sling supporting the weight of his recently repaired arm, bacta stitches from reconstructive surgery barely applied twenty four hours ago, but when the opportunity presented itself Hux just couldn't miss the chance to provoke the Master's
current favorite.

Kylo's shoulders rose and his saber was in his hand before Hux could even finish his purposely
provoking announcement.

"Well," His good hand came up haltingly and he quickly continued. "That is, her medical
examination was not provided upon her induction to the First Order, as is customary procedure."

Ren's fist tightened around the hilt of his Lightsaber.

"It seems, The Supreme Leader has taken an interest in your little, pet, as well." He happily mused,
knowing it had to bother Ren that someone more powerful then he had his eye on his new toy.

It certainly made Hux smile, inwardly anyway— after their last encounter he made a serious attempt
to watch his future footing around the unstable knight. The General, cringing at the memory,
unconsciously adjusted the positioning of his sling supported arm to a more comfortable one. He'd
barely touched that hussy and Ren had reacted more violently then Hux had ever witnessed in the
past. It took the flash of an excruciatingly painful second for the Dark warrior to nearly snap his arm
in two. He supposed he was fortunate the Knight hadn't used his glow stick on him

Kylo ground his teeth together. "She's not— a pet." He corrected dangerously.

"Just the same, I've been tasked with retrieving her medical status."

Kylo's mask tilted aggressively, his shoulders widening as though he were ready to strike out again.

"You made yourself clear the first time Ren, the girl is yours and what not..." Hux flippantly
conceded, flicking his fist in dismissal before turning away from Kylo Ren's foreboding form.

The Knight's stance was aggressive and it set the gingers teeth on edge.

"But..." He turned back around to face his competitor, wielding his next words as a sort of weapon
in the duel between them. "I'm not the Supreme Leader... and neither are you." He boldly reminded.
"If he wants her records , or anything else, he'll get it." The General lifted his pale face, raising his
chin with, as far as Ren was concerned, a stupendous amount of misplaced confidence. "I'm also to
inform you that until the girl proves her allegiances to the First, you're not to harm anyone!, in her
defense... that means me, incase you're slow on the math."

Kylo's hearing was starting to fade, his vision slowly turning to red. This was already going to be
a hard day, a day full of restrictions and restraint, and now he had to put up with the General. And
what did his Master want with Rey's health results? Results that didn't exist because Kylo hadn't the
patience or self restrain to have her properly evaluated sooner... Kriff!

"You'll have the results soon." He said stiffly, conceding not to the annoying red head, but to his
Master's demands.
This early in the morning and already his patience were breaching their limits for the day. The General had a knack for that and Kylo was pretty sure he knew it!

"See to it that you do Commander. I'm sure the Supreme Leader has more pressing matters to attend to then wasting his time with your... well, whatever she is to you." He sneered, displeasure plain on his disgust contorted face.

"She's my Apprentice, and you'll do well to treat her with the respect that position merits."

Something unreadable slid through Hux's eyes. "Ah, well that explains Lord Snoke's interest in her. Still, she means nothing until she's proven she's one of us. And best of luck with that." Hux provided a genuine smile, knowing just from his one interaction with the girl that there was a slimmer chance for him to suddenly developed his own sensitivity to the Force then that girl willingly joining ranks with the First Order. "The last time she was here she was no more then a prisoner to be interrogated— I'm sure that was a pleasant experience for her." His smile stretched wider, devilishly lifting his ears along his hair line.

"Of course, our Leader's interest makes adequate sense now that she's to be trained." The General's tone became more serious and he stepped past Ren's still stationary form in the hall. "Since she beat you, left you for dead, and from what I hear, with no previous training at all..." Hux paused to peer back at Ren. "I'd watch my back if I were you, Ren." A viperous smile snaked across the Generals pale lips and he flashed his Commander the slightest hint of his teeth. He raised his good hand to his face, his index finger pulling at the base of his chin and rust colored brows rising with false enlightenment... "You know," He began thoughtfully. "I hadn't thought of her as the newer model— until now." He dropped his hand back to his side. "How intriguing ." He mused.

Through the slit of his visor, kylo's eyes narrowed at the General's sling supported arm. "I'm curious General, why the sling? After the surgery, a couple hours with that arm submerged in bacta should have repaired any remaining damage from our last—encounter." He smiled behind his mask. "Unless... The Supreme Leader refused to allow his most valued subject, to fully recover in such an efficient and merciful way..."

Hux's composure crumbled. He bared his teeth and his face as well as the tips of his ears, grew red in anger and embarrassment. "Some of us don't have time for such... luxuries, Ren." He spit out the last of his Commanders name disdainfully. "Just get me the results so I can present them to the Supreme Leader in a timely manner. I'm sure you can manage, at least, that!"

"Of course, I wouldn't dream of making my Master wait." Ren rubbed the General's nose in his position beneath him.

The power running through him had been the only credentials needed to win over his Masters attention, as far as Hux was concerned anyway. The foolish man would never understand what really came with living under Snoke's unwavering gaze and he'd never comprehend the tally of qualifications needed to get here or the sacrifice it cost to remain...

"See that you do, Commander. See that you do." He seethed before storming off like a child.

Kylo really despised that man. On the plus side it was helpful that Phasma was back. At least now the General could run the bridge and Phasma could handle the new cadets. That in itself practically freed Kylo up for the day.

Kylo had initially been headed to the main bridge but after already being subjected to the sniveling of the General and not wishing to follow him to said destination, he instead decided Rey had been granted enough time between the delivery of the personal items she'd requested and his arrival. If she
wasn't appropriate by now it couldn't be put on his shoulders. She knew she was training today and by now she must have assumed he wasn't one to procrastinate his day away.

—Besides, now he had to add a medical examination to the physical evaluation. He internally justified an earlier visit then he'd originally scheduled.

It was a great excuse to see her sooner but there was always down side; Rey had been pretty clear on how she felt about having her personal space intruded on and this was likely to be a more personal invasion of the last check up she had. He supposed he couldn't blame her for not wanting to be inspected like some Jakku slave on the sale line. At that point, he didn't exactly understand what the big deal was either. He was expected to be physically reviewed with every new moon and his Master didn't care to be kept waiting for the results.

Kylo should have assumed it wouldn't be any different with her? Not as long as his Master kept himself involved.

In the same thought he realized this was also one of the reasons he detested med bays so much.

Those Kriffing bots always poking and prodding. And always so frequently. It was bad enough he was there so often for physical injuries; the evaluations were intrusive and impersonal and med bots weren't exactly gentle either...

Before approaching Rey's door Kylo allowed himself one deep, centering breath. He wouldn't let his frustration over last night's failed attempt at a pleasurable release poison his time with his new apprentice. He also couldn't allow any of the lewd images he'd constructed in his mind to swim to the surface while in her presence, he expected this to be challenging, when they were around one another their bond had the tendency to flicker like a candle between their minds. He didn't need flashes of those images damaging the already frail situation he found himself in with her.

He was bottled himself up and sealing their bond off tighter then the compression around his battle cruiser's ports. He'd rather be sucked into the cold black abyss of pace then face her wrath over how he'd constructed a phantom of her in his mind last night for the sole purpose of getting off...

At least, she would have been the cause of that release if he could have reached it before he'd lost whatever held him so securely in that fantasy's enthrallment.

...She'd murder him with her eyes alone. Over that thought, a slight quirk of his lips surprised him.

Hidden away in the folds of her luminous light, tucked safely inside somewhere deep, was a little of her own Darkness. He'd felt it before. Whenever they exchanged Force with one another he could feel it. And when he fueled her, it had practically danced with his in her eyes. This intrigued him as much as it worried him, but that was neither here nor there. He had a busy day ahead of him, vastly improved by Phasma's arrival, but still a busy one.

Rey woke from her sleep feeling worn down and groggy. Sleep... if you could call the short uncomfortable nap before the morning droids arrived, sleep. Not a great way to start her first day of training but after last night she supposed any sleep was better then none. Even as her insides twisted with a guilt over the aftermath of her unintentional eavesdropping, there was a lingering sense of a deeply disturbing longing. A need she could no more understand then try to explain sat in the pit of her stomach and she agonized just as much as she anticipated having to face Ren today.

She popped up to her feet the moment the droids came fluttering in. Ignoring her once again, the
cleaning bots immediately set to their work. Rey followed suit, effectively ignoring the droids as she found herself leaning in on her toes to peek around the still open door to eye the three stormtroopers guarding the exit. Only seconds later two new droids came gliding in and then the door finally shut. They hadn't accompanied the first set of bots the day before and these much larger droids held some kind of boxes in their hands. Each container was similar in shape and different in size but all relatively small.

Rey suspiciously eyed the boxes, only letting her guard down after the two additional droids retreated to the exit again. Shortly after, she realized they were personal trunks. They were something she'd rarely ever see and only really belonging to the wealthiest of passer throughs on Jakku, usually when their transport ships needed emergency care.

Because why else would the wealthy ever stop on a junk heap like Jakku?! Rey bitterly mocked the site of her former home.

Rey waited for all of the droids to leave before deciding to rifle through the unmarked trunks, the palms of her hands first running along the smooth surface of the tops and then over the simple latches that secured them shut. It was silly, God's she knew it was; appreciating something so simple. But she did. She'd always wanted a trunk of her own. It meant she'd likely have enough of something to fill it with and maybe even a reason to do so.

Perhaps a place she could visit and enough credits to her name to get her there. She mused with a daydreamy air about her.

Rey swallowed at the weight of the emotions filling every crevice of her chest cavity. She'd always hoped that the use for one of these would come from the need to return home with the family that finally came back for her. The family that was supposed to come back... but never would because they never left her there in the first place. The deep rooted longing was for a lie fabricated to keep her just as deeply rooted to a planet that she never had a true home on...

Rey scrunched her nose as though trying to discourage a sneeze or an itch but her eyes watered up anyway.

She wasn't going to do this, she decided. Not today, maybe not ever again. There was no point getting angry over the past. After all, there was nothing she could do to change it anyway.

Her fists locked into balls before she dragged them across the hollows of her eyes. Rey wiped with the back of her arms and hands, erasing any traces of wetness with the sleeve of her tunic. There was a time and a place but this wasn't it. Besides tears and anger wouldn't change anything anymore then all the time she'd wasted waiting. She couldn't even be mad at the man who left her there... Luke Skywalker was gone now. His past had finally caught up with him and it would do her no good to harbor resentment towards a ghost.

Still... it was hard not knowing who to be anymore. Upon discovering she was Force sensitive, Rey built up this future for herself where she finally got to be someone. She imagined training under the legendary Jedi Master and she knew her life would never be the same. There was no telling how her life would change but she never imagined this. She never imagined being where she was now!

Her life was supposed to be devoted to the Jedi, supposed to be in service to the Resistance. It was an easy dream to think up and even easier to accept. It sounded so noble and fulfilling, dedicating herself to the light and the way of the Jedi. Living her whole life knowing nothing but waiting and Jakku, waiting and Jakku... it didn't take much to sell her on any kind of existence that wasn't comprised of that way of living.
Who was she supposed to be now? What would motivate her? —Define her?

Rey’s thumbs flicked at the first latch and she pulled the trunk lid open. Her cheeks instantly heated, flushing an embarrassing pink as she looked down at the rows of undergarments that lined the chest. All Black...

Of course.

Rey was beginning to wonder if Ren knew there were more colors in existence than just black but then imagining him selecting different colors for her undergarments suddenly sent butterflies rushing through her. As though hoping to dislodge that idea and the feelings it caused from her head, she almost physically shook it.

Rey turned her attention back to the trunks in front of her. It was a good distraction, she decided.

Panties and breast-bands of a few different sizes lined each box. Rey had owned the same few pairs for so long she had to try a couple different sizes on just to discover her own measurements. Knowing where these came from bundled her nerves in the most confusing way. Her insides rolled in a mixture of curiosity and excitement, the two emotions rocking gently through her tummy in an unfamiliar sea of slightly pleasant waves.

Rey emptied the contents that fit her form into the top drawer of her new wall-built wardrobe and stacked the remaining boxes on the table. Of course she’d return anything she wasn’t going to use, even while the Scavenger in her drew up plans to dissect and reconnect the extra garments into something else she could use, like arm wraps, goggle bands, nets and other useful scavenging gear. She did keep one trunk, though she decided she’d give it back as soon as she found another safe place for the contents to go. It was the smallest of the boxes and it housed oral tabs, soaps in a scent so clean she’d thought it was plucked directly from a summers day sky, and of course, menstrual suppressors.

A ridiculous smile pulled at her lips, even while she fought against the urge. Kylo had actually listened to her needs, then he’d gone about procuring the sensitives that may have made a lesser man uncomfortable. He was really attempting to do this. Really committing to "caring" for her. That was as terrifying of a thought as it was endearing. It could be nice to be looked after, if only she thought it would last. He wasn’t even close to the first man who tried to offer her security but he was certainly the most adamant and so far, the most successful.

She still couldn't help but feel like it wasn't just his tutelage that would be the expected compensation for accepting these things but for once in her life, she really held onto the hope that it was.

Rey had just finished tying off her boots when the steady sound of his knocking came at the door. She quickly stood, practically jumping to her feet before leaping forward to wait at the center of the room for the man on the other side of its entrance.

She wasn’t ready to see him yet. Physically sure, but mentally, not for a few light years... not after last night. And she knew with out a doubt that it was him. Even with their bond closed off she could feel the weight of his presence close by. Feel his Force pulling her forward like the undeniable compulsion of a powerful magnet.

Her tongue felt suddenly dry in the hollow of her mouth.

Nope—don't even think of it! She wouldn't allow herself the embarrassment of acknowledging anything about last night! She'd play the soldier, the apprentice to her—
Entering Rey's chambers, Kylo expected to find her unprepared in some way, or maybe just her usual color of opposing. But much to his surprise, she stood before him ready for the day. Her First Order issued clothing fully donned, his cape included—much to his delight, and she was waiting for him. She stood only a few feet away, her hands overlapped within one another, settled anxiously at the level of her stomach.

"—Master."

She calmly greeted him and his eyes literally fanned from left to right as though he were searching for whom she was addressing, or at least to see if this woman in front of him was an impostor. Keeping his mask front and center and level with her, kylo's eyes traveled the space of the room. He half expected to find signs of a struggle. Some kind of evidence of the fight his fiery Scavenger would have put up before this near perfect copy could take her place.

Then he noticed the trunks. He'd ordered the set and garments they housed so early this morning that he had to wait hours just to have them delivered. They were now all neatly piled up on the table just behind her. Assuming she'd already rifled through them, his left hand twitched nervously at his side.

Awkwardly, "I didn't know what size you were..." He blurted unexpectedly, suddenly feeling the need to defend why he'd sent her so much of the same two items of clothing. It wasn't that he though her too big or too small, he just didn't know a damn thing about woman's clothing and it had been too late, or too early depending on who you asked, to find a good source of assistance.

"I took what I needed." She nodded, her cheeks reddening in a way that once again brought Kylo's lecherous mind back to the scenario he'd created for them last night.

"Thank you, Master." She added sheepishly, so sweetly that he felt himself already physically responding to her display of innocent bashfulness.

Those words again... how had he not seen this coming; the use of that title from between her lips... maybe because he'd never thought he'd actually here those words from her mouth while directed at him. Gods it was killing him. Literally, every time she called him Master, a twisted desire pulled at him. Drove him deeper into his longing for her.

At the mere sight of her his heart beat furiously. It was ridiculous for a grown man to react this way. Ridiculous for a Knight of Ren, Commander of the First Order, and a Master of the Dark side to be standing here— dumb founded by the simple sight of a blushing girl. And again he'd caught himself thinking about what he'd imagined transpiring between them last night... He clamped his fists shut and lifted his chin in defiance of his own roaming mind. Jumping right into the safety of routine and to flustered to respond in any other way, Kylo skipped greeting her. He skipped inspecting her uniform for imperfections or "missing" patches, which all seemed to be accounted for from what he could visually roster, and he went right into Commander mode.

Giving one affirmative nod of approval, Kylo turned on his heels. "This way." He directed and still to his surprise she followed without hesitation. There was not even a rebellious twitch as he headed out the door with the expectation that she'd just follow, passing a small troth of stormtroopers who'd been marching in squad formation down the same hall they headed. The troopers all halted to salute their Commander with respect and bade him verbal recognition as he cut his own path down the hall.

Kylo Ren's new, unmasked apprentice following tightly at his heels caused the troopers to linger longer then normal. Once the soldiers where clear of their leaders sight they carefully scrutinized the girl following the respected and more so feared, Knight of Ren.

It didn't take long to reach the med bay and while Kylo had expected to get grief from Rey over once...
again being here, he was uncomfortably surprised to find that she hadn't complained or refused the exam that was currently taking place. He should be happy that she was allowing what was already the third droid to poke at her, but instead he was suspicious. He didn't need to utilize their bond to see her discomfort, but she hadn't even shot him a single defiant glance over it either.

She was silent, clearly inwardly distressed by the whole situation but non the less compliant. Physically there were signs of stress too. Her fingers continuously tugging and pinching at the bottom hem of her uniform and her glossy hazel eyes starring downward nearly the entire exam.

Kylo himself would have been more comfortable if she'd have verbally resisted or at this point, even physically! Compliance just didn't suit her. Not since he'd known her had she ever been this accommodating. She allowed the droids to collect her stats and whatever else was needed for the exam, including a few samples of her blood and not once had she objected or even questioned why she was here. Rey had only looked up at him once in the entire time; this was when the droid at the head of the exam requested she lie back on the table with her knees up and parted. Her startled eyes shot up to his mask for nearly a fraction of a second before they darted towards the floor again.

Kylo swallowed deeply. This was wearing him thin. She was his apprentice and he felt these exams while probably necessary, at least the first, were also too damn invasive. No one needed this much information on her. Rey and her health was his concern. His responsibility. No one else's! The bots were as impersonal as could be, yet he still found them threatening. They made her uncomfortable which in turn made him want to crush them! His possessiveness loomed over him like a mid day shadow. He wanted no one and nothing touching her! Nothing hovering so close to his territory! Including the droids that were seconds away from permanent decommission.

After hearing of Snoke's interest in her health, Kylo just knew she would be expected to undergo the same exams as he was and if that was the case then repeats of this data collection would become a recurring event.

A smaller droid fluttered above her, waiting for her to follow their instructions until finally and reluctantly, Rey laid back. Her hands were now fully fisting the hem of her shirt as she fought to breath regularly through the invasion of her most personal space. Even though Kylo knew the drill he found himself at odds with the whole exam. His patience was waning and his right hand was moving dangerously close to the hilt of his saber. He reminded himself that the droid would simply scan her, taking one hundred percent accurate inferred images of her internals without the inconvenience of having to remove even a single layer of her clothing. This organization was nothing if not efficient and there was no need to lash out if he could help it.

Rey stared at the ceiling, the fleshy underside of her cheek clamped in between her teeth as she breathed deeply in through her nose and out through her mouth. She dragged her feet up the table, not understanding what the purpose of any of this was, but recognizing for some reason that had to have been of importance, this had to be done. Why else would she be here again? Ren hasn't seemed displeased with subjecting her to the first examination and though he made no objections to the invasiveness of this one, she had a general feeling that he were at least as uncomfortable with this one as she was.

Her hands shook as she spread her knees to allow the small droid access to drift above her pelvic area. Well, maybe not as uncomfortable as she was, after all...

As the floating droid hovered over her stomach she couldn't help but glance in Kylo's direction. It was some kind of deep seeded need for reassurance that prompted her, his reassurance. Somehow she still felt that as long as he was calm there was no need for her not to remain so as well. Rey was somewhat startled to be met by his cloaked back.
Kylo was turned away from her, his fists clenching into tight balls at his sides. The droid hadn't so much as pushed an inch of clothing aside and he'd still thought to allow her some degree of privacy. At this she found her hands stopped shaking, mostly anyway.

It was small moments like these, little acts of empathy and compassion that didn't fit what was expected to come from a man of his reputation. He'd been closer to her then these droids, touched her more intimately, even if it was only with his knee. And yet he still afforded her this much respect. More respect then almost anyone else in fact. The thought of how she'd found him last night only drove her deeper into the guilt she felt over gawking at him last night. She should have turned away. Allowed him the privacy he allotted her now. He was supposed to be the Dark one between them and yet he offered her more respect and dignity then she did him...

Rey bit the flesh between her teeth harder, not even letting up after the tang of metal seeped into her mouth. She hadn't noticed when the scanning had come to an end. Not even when the droid had announced so. It wasn't until Kylo proceeded to turn around that Rey found herself slamming her knees together before awkwardly pulling herself upright. She scooted to the edge of the table, her thighs clenched tightly together and her hands gripping the table's cold metal edge.

Kylo shifted his stance and a sound that was possibly the clearing of his throat came from under his mask. The two were silent while the data from her check up was thrown together in one tidy report. Rey still stared at her toes as they dangled over the table's edge about a foot above the ground. Even under the duress of her tightly wound nerves she had the urge to kick them back and forth, but she refrained.

Still sensing Rey's discomfort and with his own level of impatience and disproval of allowing what was his to be so thoroughly invaded upon, Kylo instructed the lead droid to file off the data under his credentials. Only the highest ranks would even be able to see the coding then, and even less could access the information decrypted within it. It wasn't as though the droids had collected anything overly personal or sensitive but Kylo had the urge to keep her information as classified as possible, seen by as few sets of eyes as possible. She must have already felt pretty exposed after all the poking and prodding, he wouldn't make her personal information a spectacle for anyone curious enough to look into it.

Suffering still from malnutrition and a few other minor issues that could be corrected by a more consistent and complete diet, the lead droid issued a few vitamins which would be brought daily with her meals and she was given a booster drink to stave off the minor side effects from having a few tubs of her blood drawn during the exam. The only other pressing issue that hadn't been new information to either Rey or Kylo, was the lack of sleep she'd been getting. For that Rey was issued sleep aids; of which she had absolutely no intention of taking. Eventually she had to become tired enough to sleep on her own, she self concluded.

"Apprentice..."

At the sound of Ren's voice Rey's head jerked up. Kylo was standing by the exit, the door sliding open just as his hand lifted to the height of his torso. His upturned palm gestured towards the opening to effectively motion her attention forward. Rey's heart skipped in her chest. It was the mere sight of his hand that set her off. The simple thought of how he'd used it only just last night...

Rey let out a full breath through her teeth before hopping off of the table to follow his silent lead. When he allowed her to pass him through the door, Rey found her steps quickening, like he were a live wire she had to avoid. The jolts of even brushing against him as she pasted would be enough to ignite her and she couldn't risk the chance. She slid past him in an uneasy rush that he didn't miss the pick up on. His already extended hand shot out for her, and his fingers clasped her right along her
elbow. He stepped into her side, matching her haste with an easy stretch of his long legs.

Rey tensed as his hand cupped the underside of her arm and when she squeezed that arm to her torso she felt the brush of his knuckles as they unintentionally skimmed the side of her left breast. She practically gasped at the jolt the slight contact sent through her and when his hand released her arm, pulling away as though she’d been the charged current that she once painted him as, Rey couldn’t help but wonder if he’d felt the same zap that she had when he’d grabbed her.

Neither said a word but their dynamic had instantly changed. Kylo effectively put space between them then, stepping to her side but maintaining a safe distance by keeping to his own invisible perimeter around him. They reached the lift in a matter of moments that was dragged out by the awkward tension between them. Both were starring at the empty space between the open doors ahead of them. To an onlooker they must have appeared to have discovered a new universe within. It was the tingling feeling of Kylo's Force along Rey's back that finally pushed her steps forward. She wasn't running from the feeling per say, just allowing herself some relief from the mind numbing feeling of his Force essence buzzing against hers.

The mercy, and torture, of being less encompassed by his energy was short lived as Ren followed her into the box shaped holding that would deliver them to where ever he was bringing her next. Rey stepped back against the reassuring solidity of the wall behind her but still she hadn't enough room. Kylo placed himself in the center of the already small area, his large frame causing the space to seem even smaller then it was. He was sooo broad, and she knew just how much of that thickness was the man beneath all of that armor. Her cheeks flushed and she squeezed her eyes shut tightly. She had to get herself back under control. Had to reinforce the swaying walls of her mind before she inappropriately leaked out a corresponding thought or image of what she'd witnessed last night.

"Rey," He'd quietly spoken her name and of all of the times and places for him to cause her mind to go blank, she was unbelievably thankful for this instance.

Breathing far too deeply for her own good, Rey stared up at him with as much fear and uncertainty as she did the first time he'd caught her dreaming mind wandering through their bond to the place that he was, several months ago, while he’d been in his personal training room. Kylo watched her eyes widen under his attention. He could tell she was nervous. It was glowing in the hazel of her eyes. Her uncertainty over whatever it was she was thinking was highlighted by the way she carried herself. He could almost feel the pounding of her heart through the light pulse of her Force around her. Her power thickened the air between them. And the slight pants of every heavy breath that worked through her slightly opened mouth— His eyes flickered down and he didn't bother hiding the direction his helmet titled to take sight of her mouth. Her lips trembled, her hands slightly shook even as they found there way back to the hem of her tunic.

Did the examination effect her this much? He wondered.

"It's over. And you did well." He reassured her, but now she was holding her breath.

His mask lowered further so his eyes could take her slight form in more fully through the hindering slit of his visor.

—Or was it something else that had her responding this way? He mulled curiously and hoping so much more for this to be the case.

His dark gaze honed in on the fresh color flooding her cheeks. His feet turned until he paralleled her and his body bent into a slight lean as he examined her closer. He opened his mind, expanding his Force outward, reaching towards her thoughts just as the door to the lift slid apart. The near silent hydraulics were not enough to announce that they'd reached their level, but the arrival of their stop
had effectively introduced two officers who'd been waiting on this floor for the transport to arrive and now they had full view of this silent interaction between he and his blushing apprentice.

The two new uniforms' discussion halted the second they identified the most imposing Knight of Ren, their own Commander, who inhabited the majority of the space of the room but not before their banter caught his attention. Kylo straightened above Rey. He took a solid step back, allowing the girl to skitter out from the corner she'd found herself trapped in before the doors opened.

Save for the acknowledgement of their superior as he passed, the officers remained silent. The moment the men were behind the now closed doors Kylo turned back to his waiting Apprentice. Her eyes were averted again, her cheeks still harboring a slight dusting of pink. It was a shade that begged him to delve past her defensively raised walls. He knew she was purposely holding back her thoughts and feelings from him. He held their bond under his control but he could feel the focus of her concentration aimed at keeping her inner self hidden from his light probing. He'd felt it when he'd offered that slight push out with his own mind. He could ignore her privacy, fairly easily push through her barriers... but she'd know he was there the second he did. If she fought against him hard enough the process may even slightly harm her. He contemplated how badly he wanted to take what she was hiding from him. If he intruded on her, even while doing so gently, it was still a form of bullying her with the strength of his Force.

He had warned her that until she grew strong enough to keep him out he'd keep popping in on her thoughts but, he didn't need to ignite the fuel on the already too thin wall of privacy their bond allowed between them. Her reticence probably shouldn't matter to him as much as it seemingly did. Not since he'd become her Master and essentially gained himself the rite to eaves drop on her thoughts whenever it pleased him. His own Master never regarded Kylo with such petty things as privacy. Yet for some pesky reason Kylo was adamant about not having the same relationship with Rey as he and his Master regarded one another with. His Masters teachings were law. His rules strict and the consequences of breaking them, as well as his random punishments and tests, were harsh.

For the most part Kylo understood this. How else would a creature who'd mostly managed to remain behind the scenes head and lead a massive regime such as the First Order. Let alone, control the powerful Force user he chose as his apprentice.

Though Kylo had no ambitions to lead the Order in his earlier years here, he certainly was finding appeal in it now. One had to be stern and relentless in their rulings if they were to maintain their place upon the seat of such a throne. This war machine demanded nothing less. One needed both tact within the shadows and cunning assault to reign here above the armies it controlled, but more importantly these things were needed to remain out of reach from those who sought to steal such a coveted place of power. The more the Supreme Leader exposed himself the more he put himself at risk to the dangers of opposition. And while he used Kylo as his hand of reckoning and stayed in his private rooms and cloaked shuttles he also ensured Kylo was on the front lines with the troops and this had unexpectedly resulted in cementing Kylo amongst the troops he fought with. It was an over sight that would one day help Kylo's ascension to the throne go much more smoothly then if he'd been shackled to his Masters absent side, hidden away in his red room behind his red guards. Kylo knew if Snoke really trusted him that's where he'd keep him, by his side as a protector, another defense should his chosen elite fail. But Snoke didn't really trust him and Kylo knew it.

How could power trust power...? It was Dark side nature for the apprentice to over throw the Master... it was their way. Kylo was certain this "rule of two" was why his Master had never trained Kylo as a Sith. Snoke has always claimed the Sith ideals to be flawed and he wasn't wrong, the Sith were too limited by their lack of anything but hate. But Kylo sensed it was more from fear of succession that Snoke discarded these teachings.
Kylo stared down at Rey longer then he should have but his decision was now made. He wouldn't steal thoughts which Rey obviously wanted to keep to herself. Not so long as she was able to mentally keep them suppressed to silence. That in itself was an improvement for her. It showed determination and control. He was as proud as he was frustrated about the development. He really wanted to know...

Kylo's nostrils flared, his lips rolling together against the sheer temptation of knowing what was going on in her mind. If he'd have simply left their bond open he'd be able to pluck the thoughts from her with out her even noticing him doing so. But then he'd quite possibly be just as vulnerable and that wasn't something he could afford just yet. He clamped his jaw shut, clenching his teeth in frustration before passing her by, leading her once again to their next destination.

Soon he'd be able to loosen the hold he had on their bond but not just yet. Not before she had some proper training on how to protect herself and their secrets from those who would drag them to the surface; Snoke. If he and his bond-mate's minds were truly bound and accessible to one another between their connection, then they were only as strong as the weakest between them. Their Force-bond should be impenetrable. A strength and a weapon usable between only them. But if one faltered they could both be compromised, both become vulnerable. And if that happened his Master would use this weakness to penetrate his mind, possibly even to control hers and that simply could not be allowed to happen... Ren refused to allow Snoke so much power over her, and he'd fight tooth and nail before he'd ever allow the fiend control over his own again. Especially while tied to the girl following at his back.

Once more Kylo found himself reaching out for her signature with his own. It wasn't to read into her thoughts, or to tempt her in a more enticing way. He just... wanted to feel her safely near him. To acknowledge her Force presence calmly existing so close to his. With no panic. No duress or disdain for the monster of a man she'd somewhat chosen to shackle herself to. To just feel her by his side, even as she trailed behind him, her Force essence innocently lingering within reach of his own.

Bringing her here was a huge risk, one he second guessed himself over every second of every day since he had, but so far, one that was worth it— so far.

Kylo stopped before a large double gridded door. He turned to his Apprentice and for a brief moment and even while hidden behind the safety of his mask, their eyes met. Each could feel the weight of their connection burning through one another. Kylo raised his hand to the line of his hips and waved his open palm across the door. It was a small motion, but it easily drew Rey's attention to the heavily shielded door.

"Finally, we begin." Kylo's deep voice commanded her attention, even through his helmet's mechanical cloaking device.

The Force flowed through in a silent command issued by the slight movement of Kylo's had. The two heavy doors spread apart and Rey's eyes grew wider still. The fine hairs along the nape of her neck stood on end as the doors revealed the hidden Force signatures within. Beyond the opening entrance she heard the clashing of weapons and the grunts of fighters squaring off. She peer beyond her Master's large form and she knew what she was seeing the moment her eyes found the black clad warriors training within.

The Knights Of Ren— His, Knights Of Ren... for he was their Master... and hers.

* If you liked it, you know what to do!
Training part one: Night of the Knights

Rey stood wide eyed, staring beyond the already imposing form of Kylo Ren. Just past the thick retracting doors which lead to a space containing a world that seemed separate from anything else that could possibly be ongoing aboard this battle cruiser, were warriors cloaked in multiple layers of gear and an even wider array of mixed weaponry. Their armor was as ebon as his, their presence as engulfing. Their masks, from what she could see through the quick blur of their motions, were all different. Unique, if she had to describe them.

Though this was not the first time Rey had seen his Knights, well, only two of them in person, she still had the instinctual feeling of familiarity but she didn't linger on that. Instead she focused on the alarms going off in her head. Every warning signal in her was urging her to run. Her fight or flight sent the message coursing through her brain faster then striking lightning and yet her feet, against her better judgment, remained steadfast, as though welded in place.

It only took her seconds to process the situation she was in; trouble. Rey knew she was out powered, under armed, unarmed in fact, and out numbered. She recognized these warriors from her first full mind breach with Kylo Ren, the one where they'd nearly destroyed all of Nima Outpost, and she'd witnessed first hand as their master severed a man in half. While she had seen them there she had no real detail to describe them by, the warriors all cloaked in the colors of the shadows they moved through, blended to seamlessly to the night that surrounded them.

Until now and with the exception of the two that had been assigned to baby sit her when she'd first woken in the med bay, and she was still pretty shell shocked then to really remember much of that first day with good clarity, there was never an instance that she'd seen these Knights as clear or solid as the first time she held the Skywalker legacy Lightsaber in her hand. That was when it all really began, at Maz's castle, with a whisper through the Force guiding her to that saber, pushing her towards her destiny and eventually landing her face to face with Ren within that same hour.

Somewhere along the showing of that first jumbled Force vision, she'd appeared in an open area, maybe a landing strip or an out of season field of some kind. The earth was mostly leveled flat and slick with rain and mud from the downpour around her. Rey remembered with perfect clarity the bodies that were scattered everywhere. Spread out in a wide circumference around the small group of warriors. And at the head of the group, having just finished running through the last of his victims, was their Master; Kylo Ren.

Now as his Knights moved towards she and their Master, Rey wondered how she'd ever forgotten what the Force had shown her. Most of the vision was a jumbled mess but each time Kylo appeared it was clear to her that he was dangerous and already, always pursuing her.

Before she even knew his name he watched Kylo Ren skewer a man straight through, his fiery Lightsaber stopping just inches from her face before she stumbled back. And then, somehow, he noticed her. Rey's heart skipped a full beat as the memory slammed full force back into the forefront of her mind. She recalled the exact moment his helmet snapped to face her, lightning only a short distance away striking just as he locked her in his sights. The white heat crackled up from the earth in illuminating streaks which forked out across the land, frightfully lighting up the shining outline along his carbon and steel persona.

Kylo moved quickly, his legs carrying him in long, determined strides in her direction, much like yesterday when he'd entered her quarters on what seemed to be an unknown mission. It was in that moment, when he was stalking towards her, that Rey lost her composure, slipping in the squishing earth under foot in her haste to put distance between them. In this vision she knew if the Master
Knight caught her, she'd meet the same fate and her terrified eyes flashed to the flickering plasma sword in his hand, then back to his eerily red silhouetted mask. It was just a Force vision, just a slice of memory, but she felt like she was loosing her footing all over again, falling again.

And just like then, he was approaching. His knights were moving in from behind him to stand by their leader's side and Rey, was helplessly falling while he drew closer. His right hand still gripping his ignited crossguard saber, which swayed more like the swinging of a pendulum with each long stride he took towards her, each second that ticked by, was another swing that threatened to cut the string of her life force in two.

She may have heard a voice, somewhere next to her, possibly say her name, but all Rey could focus on where the Knights who'd stopped their sparring to gather before her. Now they moved in, drawing closer as her heart sped up faster. The first time she'd come into contact with just two of his Knights she hadn't reacted this way, hadn't been so consumed by this paralyzing fear.

The knights of Ren were closing in and their Master was reaching for her. Rey was loosing her breath, unconsciously holding oxygen in her lungs until they began to spasm in their need of release. She was stuck in her fear like a nightmare she couldn't escape and the harder she tried to fight the hold this force had on her mind, the more imposing it felt. The more she struggled to close herself off from the weight that pushed against her mind, the faster she fell into the embrace of that past Force vision.

Slipping in the mud amongst the field of death and carnage, Rey was inches from hitting the ground, Kylo Ren still reaching out for her as his knights circled in on them, silently moving, stalking through the darkness and awaiting their Master's command.

But then, here, in the now, there was a strong, stabilizing hand along her back. The effect of the familiar contact broke the cycle that kept her in the nightmare. There was a strong pulse, a jolt of heat and power that simultaneously ran through her body starting under his hand. Of course, it could only be from his touch.

A calming sensation accompanied a gentle pull as Kylo slid his arm behind Rey's body. He pressed his hand flat along her spine. The foreign pressure of the innocent touch mixed with his lingering Force essence, both shocked her mind out of the violent Force endured memory and somehow set her back on her feet. There was a reassurance over the knowledge that the Kylo she was growing to know him as, was with her now. Comforting her, standing beside her both physically and in the Force.

It was like all of the air around her had been sucked out of the room. The Force vision streaked by her in the blink of an eye and when next she was able to see, Rey was standing in the battle cruiser again. Her feet were wide apart, a stance she'd taken in preparation of defending herself. Even her hips were turned away from the open door she stood inches from, as though she were going to flee the second the opportunity presented itself. She was breathing hard, but it felt like she couldn't get enough air into her starved lungs to counter the rush of adrenaline that was surging through her.

And Kylo had seen what she had. It was such an intense image in her mind, such a degree of fear and then sorrow had washed over her, that he couldn't help but get dragged in by the wave of her corresponding emotions. His hand slid past her back, stopping out to her side until his fingers bent around her hip bone.

The contact was more then Rey was prepared for and her breath hitched. Her body snapped straight and she nearly jumped out of her skin when his fingers lightly gripped along her left side, fingertips gently pressing into the bone of her hip.
Her head immediately shot up and to the right to face him. Large hazel eyes, still glossy with her emotions, settled directly over the shadowing of his silver lined visor and they frantically searched as though hoping to catch a glimpse of the deep brown eyes hidden beneath the shield of his mask.

Rey unconsciously began holding her breath again, but Kylo was having none of that, and when his grip on her hipbone tightened and he curled his arm around her, bringing her into him until her body was turning towards his, Rey surprised him with a delightful little squeal. He closed the bend of his elbow, using his forearm to pull her closer to his chest by the back of her ribcage, forcing her booted feet to skid along the shiny polished floor underfoot until she was nearly pressed against the front of his body. Her hands came up and in a weak attempt to push away from him, her small palms planted along his biceps.

His poor little Scavenger, so caring it made her weak. She was frightened and hurt, her head shaking side to side in defiance and grief for the lives she saw lost in the memory of a vision.

Kylo raised his right hand until his gloved fingers were nearly skimming along the side of Rey's left temple. Un effectively, her hand slid down to his wrist in protest. She wrapped her fingers around the joint and tugged, trying to halt his approach, but Ren ignored the meager attempt to redirect his hand away from her face.

"Calm yourself, Scavenger." The hum of his deep voice reverberated through her mind and Rey instantly stilled before him, nearly leaning against the arm around her back.

"They—" She shook her head fiercely. "You, you killed them all." She bit back her hurt, changing her stance to one he was so much more comfortable with. Even while tears still filled them, her eyes hardened. She showed her disapproval of his actions through her now anger filled glare and the strength with which she spoke.

For such a fierce little thing, she was filled with so much compassion—and for strangers that she'd never even seen beyond that vision. It was as beautiful as it was dangerous to witness.

She bared herself to openly, always laying her emotions on the table for everyone to see. Her need to help and protect total strangers would be read as a weakness, an exploit that would be used against her, if she wasn't careful. He admired the light in her, the ability to care so deeply, but from his experience, here amongst the Order, and when in war, such emotions are a death sentence—these things make you a victim, not the victor.

"Yes, I did." He admitted flatly. His right hand raised higher and Rey flinched.

He scoffed behind his mask. "You would have me grant immunity to the whole Galaxy."

Rey pulled against his wrist again. "I would have you not kill everyone you come in contact with." She countered.

He leaned in closer and she arched her back to keep some space between them. She was becoming more aware of his immediate effect on her and she didn't need the confusion of their bond and his touch wracking her brain anymore then it already was.

"I've come into contact with you several times, and here you still stand." His left arm halted her back from arching any further and his helmet crept closer to her face.

Rey craned her neck, turning her face away from his steel and carbon profile. Kylo's thumb passed over the side of her mouth, nearly touching, but still effectively leaving behind a slight tremble on her lips. Pleased with her response, he moved on.
Putting up no pretensions, "Rey, I'm not a nice man." Kylo reminded her through the confines of their bond. "I don't have a bright past, and likely, not a even a grey future. —But those fallen..."

Kylo's voice darkened. "Were enemies." There was a sharp edge to his tone, yet still he managed to ease his words into her guarded mind without damaging the frail sense of privacy that even in her vulnerable state, she was striving to hold onto.

Making his way to her temple, Kylo skimmed his fingertips along the peek of her cheekbone, and in response to the simple contact, Rey shivered. As he watched her reaction to their mixing Force under his touch, one hand still enveloping her slim hip and the other barely touching fingertips to the side of her face, his head tilted ever so slightly. If she only knew the satisfaction displayed proudly on his lips right now...

He could feel his knights responding to his emotions, his desires, and it brought them gathering closer to he and Rey. In turn, the spans of his left hand moved to cover every inch of her slender waist that could fill it, effectively and possessively caging Rey in by her hip line. Then his Force grew around him until the mass of it took the girl into its folds just as protectively as it did with its conduit.

It was a dominant show of his Force. A challenge to anyone brazen enough to accept it, but also an unnecessary one. Kylo knew his Knights wouldn't dare... not these warriors. These four of his most loyal six, two of which were currently, and purposely, elsewhere.

Rey continued to silently vent grief and anger for the lives of the many she'd seen scattered around the boots of these knights. And by order of the man who was now accosting her so carefully, so gently. Furious with herself for so quickly forgetting just what kind of man this was, she shook her head again and her feet arched until she was lifted to their pads, allowing her to push with her weight against the light grip her newly founded Master had on her.

Kylo squeezed until his gloved fingers were gently kneading into her hip bone. Surprised with the immediate jolt that shot through her insides, Rey dropped to the flats of her feet again, her face scrunching out of the embarrassment of her knees quaking, more than the discomfort of his fingertips pressing into her flesh. Rey was now squirming against his grip, her face heating so furiously that she had to look away for fear of him catching her inappropriate response.

Kylo was biting the corner of his bottom lip. Sucking the tender flesh into his full mouth to toy with it between his teeth while he watched as much as he felt, Rey squirm in his hands. His right palm moved to cup the entirety of the left side of her face, and he forcefully drew her gaze up towards his. The color on her cheeks was enticing to say the least. He was already in her mind when she'd looked away and he'd felt the shudder he sent through her when his fingers tightened over her hip. Perhaps it was to intimate of a place for him to be touching her, controlling her by, but he couldn't care less.

He liked the way it felt to possess her. Almost as much as he liked the response she gave him when he did. Even while her mind was reeling between what she thought had transpired the night she had inadvertently flickered into his reality, and what his touch was doing to her now.

And judging by her response to the vision she had, Kylo knew she didn't remember the first time it happened, the time when he and his knights were actually there. She was likely dreaming then. It would explain why she didn't remember the encounter as it happened, but she remembered the vision granted by his families legacy saber there after.

He imagined she couldn't remember any of the times her consciousness had popped into his reality... but he did. He just didn't know it was her at the time. He could never see her face. Never make out the details of her features. That's why he so aggressively pursued her when she'd popped in on him.
The man she'd seen him run through, he'd been about to interrogate him, find out if there were others of a similar faction he had to worry about. The man had turned to flee and in doing so he'd seen what Ren had, some how their connection had been strong enough that night that Rey had literally appeared before them, including the man and Kylo's own Knights. In his panic the clansman was going to cut her down to flee, and though Ren wanted to pull the information he needed from his mind first, in his need to protect her, to save her, he'd instead been forced to react. So without a second thought, he ended him.

All for a girl he didn't know. A presence in the Force that he'd been forced to lock away with his memories of the girl Kira. All the times he'd ever glimpsed her, felt her through his dreams and Force visions, and he'd never known her as anything but another way he could be tormented.

Kylo pressed the pad of his hand along Rey's face and closed his eyes. He showed his Scavenger the memory of that night from his point of view. Showed her the clan of raiders who were brazen—and dumb enough—to attack what was First Order territory. They'd successfully raided several other provinces before Ren and his knights had cut them off. Baiting them was as easy as setting up a small settlement and waiting within one of the temporary holdings. The ambush, as Rey had witnessed in it's final moments, was a great and quick success. The foolish clan had encircled them like prey, but Kylo and his knights had quickly proved to be the opposite.

By the end of witnessing the memory Ren had shared with her, Rey's eyes flew open. Tears now cascaded down her cheeks. This was not how she wanted to face down his knights, as she assumed after encountering the first two in the med bay, she inevitably would. But now here she was, guilt ridden and whimpering. Ashamed like a scolded child.

Kylo's hand smoothed down the side of her face, catching and erasing the liquid proof of her confused emotions as it escaped her eyes. Their Force crackled and hummed beneath the friction of their contact and Rey couldn't help but lean into his touch. His thumb ran across the curve of her jaw, and his index finger crooked, hooking the underside of her chin and lifting her face once more upwards.

"You grieve for murderers, rapists and thieves." His thumb caressed the shallow of her cheek as he spoke soothingly through their connection. "I may be a monster, Rey, but never forget, there are men and women out there who are far worse then even me."

Rey's hand had stopped tugging against Kylo's wrist. Instead she gripped the joint tightly, and when that wasn't enough contact, she moved to overlap the top of his hand with her own. She was still sobbing, but relief had replaced the sorrow that had overwhelmed her moments ago. Somewhere in between when he'd shared his memories with her and when he'd lifted her face upward, her right hand had left his bicep to plant firmly over the broad width of his chest. Realizing this caused Rey to blush and jerk her hand back. The startle she gave herself had prompted her into removing her left hand as well.

Even while her thrumming pulse distracted her mind from coherent thought, and with Kylo Ren dominating her once again overwhelmed senses, she recognized that they weren't alone and for a reason she couldn't currently remember—this intimacy was inappropriate. She could only imagine how this display must have looked to the knights who were now likely gathered somewhere at her back.

While Rey moved to withdraw from him, Kylo made no such venture, nor did he appreciate her attempt to retreat from him so soon. She carefully brought her hands to her sides, as awkwardly as she was cautious, to avoid touching Kylo's arm or hand as it still snuggly kept control over her torso through his grip on her left side. Rey lowered her head submissively. She wasn't conceding to him
by any means, but the gist of their terms echoed between the space of her ears, prompting her on how to rectify the situation she found herself in. She couldn't very well deny or fight him in front of his knights...

In front of others, you must appear loyal to me. Her mind subconsciously paraphrased, but it was close enough.

"Forgive my petulance, Master." Rey's voice was shaky and raw with emotion but accurately fed into the show of her bowed head. "Everything has changed so quickly... I momentarily became overwhelmed by it all. It will not happen again." She obediently added.

Momentarily stunned from the sudden change in Rey, with a well executed act that left him bewildered, Kylo simultaneously released her hip with one hand while his other drew back from her face. He blinked at her several times before everything sunk in. Over the long length of a hard life measured in struggle and strife, Rey had learned to adapt to whatever role she thought she needed to play to survive, but witnessing this skill first hand, left Kylo feeling the effects of mental whiplash.

The way she'd skillfully camouflaged her independence... It was as though she'd always belonged in this environment, this world of Master and Apprentice. It took him a solid moment to clear the rolling fog from his head. He had to remind himself that she was no longer as ignorant to this world as she had been only a few days ago, before her memories of their time as apprentices under Luke Skywalker had returned to her.

After retrieving those memories so clearly and all at once, the lessons of their past must have seemed quite fresh to her mind now. He had guessed that upon first returning they must have been a bit of a jumbled mess, but she was clearly sorting through them quicker then he'd anticipated.

From his current position, bewildered by her ability to conform quicker then water in a glass, her talent to adapt, or to pretend to, it was shockingly impressive. Not to long ago she'd known nothing of the Force. Not even the fact that she'd been sensitive to it since she was a child or that she'd belonged to the only Jedi academy that had existed since the fall of the Jedi council.

This false display of submission and approval seeking was familiar to him, because he immediately understood where it came from. Based off of what she'd witnessed between his own Master and himself, he was certain this show was what she perceived to be expected from her while in their current roles.

Kylo executed this practice often enough to instantly recognize it in action. His own Master was never pleased, not really. And that knowledge had only confused him more after the Supreme Leader had recently granted him this girl, obviously knowing she was Kylo's prime desire, and praised him for the action he'd taken against his uncle. Snoke never praised, and he never rewarded!

That is... not until Kylo had killed his father... And yet, no matter how Snoke tried to praise him, Kylo knew something was off, is still off, about his Master. He knew he was being played but he still hadn't figured out to what end. Likely he wouldn't figure it out until it was too late or until his Master was ready to let him in on whatever his motives were. That was extremely frustrating knowledge to have.

Pridefully gazing down on his own apprentice, a slight smile just powerful enough to tug his lip free from the grip his teeth had on it, pulled at the corner of his mouth. He was relieved with the comforting knowledge that for the most part, he could easily read Rey, and he was thankful for it. The second her survival instincts kicked in he sensed the spike of her adrenaline surging up from with in her and he recognized her reaction. She was subjugating herself for protection and nothing more. A survivor through and through, his Scavenger.
And though she doesn't see it, he knew her experience as just that, was a very valuable tool. The knowledge she gained through a hard life, an invisible weapon that very few would see it as until utilized by her skillful hands. Hoth, when he'd first met her, discovered her role as a scavenger, he'd only seen the class value of the title, not the real worth of it and because of this he'd underestimated her. She'd taught him quite the lesson, and he'd never forget.

Her instincts were just one of many of the useful tools in her sharply honed survival kit and she was on full alert now. He could see how his Knights were effecting her. The discomfort that was causing her to play it safe. She was feeling their manipulation...

"You're supposed to feel this way in their presence." Kylo stepped back from Rey. "If you close your eyes— focus, you'll feel the disturbance." He calmly informed her while motioning Rey's attention to the space behind her.

She did as she was told. Gulping a big swallow down as she closed her eyes, took several steadying breaths and searched through the Force for what Kylo spoke of. Carefully she released small amounts of her Force into the space around her, not sure how to use her power in any other way yet, and sure that if there was something to be felt, this would be the quickest way to accomplish results.

The shock of what she felt came instantly. The fine hairs along her neck and arms rose in response to the microscopic ripples that manipulated her instincts through the power of a Force that was not her own, but strangely seemed as familiar as Ren's to her. It was then that Rey turned to face the Knights at her back, her eyes flying open to land directly on the source that disrupted her senses. It was one of them, one of the knights. She was sure of it!

She peeked back at Kylo who remained stationary at her back and when he saw the look of hesitation on her face, he tipped his helmet forward in silent encouragement.

Rey was sure that even without the manipulative tactics the knights were utilizing to set her instincts on edge, she would have still been on high alert. They were after all, dangerous. Still, confident that Kylo wouldn't allow them to harm her, she cautiously approached the lethal array of warriors.

When she had first turned from Kylo to face his Dark side Knights, she hadn't expected to find them kneeling before her. She also couldn't understand why they'd remained still while she circled them, analyzing and weighing them as best as she could while she had the chance. The way they kept motionless... not a single movement even as she stepped around them. Not one twitch or even the rise and fall of their arched backs to indicate that they were still breathing. They were just —obedient statues.

It was... unnerving.

She'd been lost in her Force induced memory when the knights had gravitated towards their Master, but even then, she'd felt when they'd closed in. It was likely what triggered the memory in the first place. The pressing weight she'd experienced as they drew near her and the feeling she was getting from their different, yet strangely familiar Force signatures.

Their presence had been like damp heat. The power weighed heavily in the air around them and now clung to her own essence like moisture to her clothes. It reminded her of when Ren had threateningly let his own signature linger around him, except for him, the air would fill with what felt like static electricity, warding off any one who would have otherwise dared to challenge him.

While he was holding them back, Kylo's unkempt emotions, like the live wire they were, could easily spark the fire of his Force around him. Often this was when he'd become most dangerous, most unhinged. She was beginning to realize that the longer he kept his Force confined the more
unstable his already edgy emotions became. The containment only seemed to heighten the emotions that already effected his power. It was a vicious cycle, his power affecting his emotions and his emotions effecting his power. Knowing how Ren secured his energy to maintain what control he could over himself, made Rey wondered if the Knights were allowing their Force free around them for a reason unknown to her, or if it was due to the lack of their control over that power.

Did they suffer from the same affliction? Would the containment of their Force energy make them as unstable as their Master?

Cautiously she continued to patrol around the Knights, and as she did so, she made it a point to inspect as much of them as she could. Like foreboding stone statues, their bodies remained still and their heads all bowed, even as she scrutinized every inch of them. Before she'd left Ren's side to inspect them, they'd positioned themselves in the form of a waining moon, a crest around the space she and Kylo Ren had filled.

The one Rey felt setting her nerves on fire, the one who's Force was vibrating painfully around her, wore what looked like a long, heavy cloak complete with a hood that dropped smoothly over the dome of his helmet. The material was obviously dark, and thicker then anything she'd ever have enough credits to own. With his almost human skull shaped helmet, he'd caught her attention first. His mask was the most face-like in physiognomy, so even before she felt him there, her eyes darted to the familiarity of the masks features.

There were actual eye sockets, but of course she couldn't see beyond the set of how deep his eyes resided within the helmet and whatever material covered the phantom orbs concealed beneath. The rest of the Knight's body was hidden beneath the mass of the black garb too, but her scrutiny did reveal one thing stranger then usual about him. Rey didn't see much for weapons; at least, not like the other Knights. Maybe, with the rest of his outline, they were hidden by the cloak that concealed the better part of his form.

Rey continued to walk around the kneeling group until she'd fully cleared the circumference around them. As foreign as it was to have so many different Force signatures around her, that is, from other living beings as she was familiar with the way the Force as a whole crowded Ach'To, it was also exciting. Thrilling to know there were others amongst her that also had access to the Force. Though she had to admit, somewhere in these signatures she got the same feeling as she had when she was within both the ancient Force tree and the accompanying Jedi temple. Come to think of it she'd also felt this at the Jedi academy she recently lost Luke at.

It was a feeling, she realized with a frightening chill, that came from dead things. —

*Ok guys, so I know this chapter took a while to get out, but hey you get two for the price of one and hopefully soon, I'll post the third part of this update (which I'm currently in the process of writing). I apologize for the wait, I know it took longer then I've ever posted. This is actually the second version of this chapter as somehow I managed to loose this work the first time I wrote it. I'm not going to sugar coat it, I was very upset and it took me the better part of a week to give rewriting it another crack. But, here we are, finally the rewrite is here and I really hope you guys like it because I was going to wait until it was completely finished to publish it, but I thought it's been long enough and I had to just cut these in half and post them.*

Love y'all! Kudos, comment and enjoy,
-DarkGuardian-
~It was a feeling, she realized with a frightening chill, that came from dead things.~

Souls which somewhat passed yet lingered between here and wherever their after life was— but that couldn't be right. The Knights were clearly alive, so it must be apart of whatever the knight she was focused on was doing to tamper with her instincts.

This was the most Force sensitive beings she'd ever been in the presence of at once and even as the rush of this realization lit the fire of her curiosity, it also rose her awareness. Specifically her self awareness. Once again she found herself in another dangerous situation that she wasn't prepared for. Specifically, she was as alarmed by how familiar their signatures were. At how potentially comfortable she somehow sensed she could be around these masked Dark siders. That is, once she silenced this interference that was throwing her instincts off kilter.

"That one..." She finally announced out loud, somehow certain it was the one she'd ended her inspection in front of.

The selection of a human skull was a curious choice for armor, especially seeing how the others wore, like their Master, face plates which seemed to strip away anything that could possibly be relatable to a shred of humanity. Of course there was a possibility the the knight wasn't human beneath the armor, but she found it strange to donn armor that was so closely associated to such a physically weak race such as her own, if he wasn't one himself.

She had nothing against humans, their perseverance made them formidable for sure, but there were far superior races to model your helmet after if you were going for scare factor.

She had to admit though, the mask certainly did have an eerie appearance. She stepped closer then, suddenly realizing the significance in the features.

Death, she thought.

It must represent the frailty of life. Why else would one identify with a human skull...

Kylo strolled up to the side of her, his hand slightly raised at his side and the knights heads all rose at once. Their signatures all retracting from the space around them like a thirsty patch of desert absorbing a drying puddle under a mid day sun.

A sign of loyalty or Submission? She wondered.

"Very good— Kylo suddenly intruded in on her musings. "But it's more then just that." He added, filling the space of her head with his presence through the delicate flow of their bond. "It's fealty." He began to explain his knights submissive mannerisms through their private line. "To a Knight, it's the highest form of paid respect, and it's an honor to serve whom they have personally chosen. Subservience is not a cage that they dwell in, but a freedom they thrive in." He explained. "What good is a knight with out something, or someone, to fight for? Something to believe in?" He asked aloud.

As someone who fought all her life to maintain her freedom, this was the most ridiculous thing Rey had ever heard.

"How could anyone belonging to someone else ever feel free?" She instinctively snapped.
"I do not own them." Kylo sternly corrected, stepping forward to close the distance between himself and his esteemed knights. "They are mine of their own choosing." He stopped just to the side of Rey, his right hand opened and slightly reaching towards the bowed warriors.

Their power swelled as their Master approached, the previously lingering Force around them fanned out in reaction to the close proximity with which their Master now stood. Instantly Rey noticed the similarities between the way her own Force essence reacted to his. The way it struggled and fought to make contact with his whenever it could, just as the Force of his Knight's seemed to be doing now.

She had seen Kylo summon and absorb the Force around him when it didn't belong to anyone, when it wasn't attached to a sensitive who could control it, and they'd both been able to pull on each other's power... but now, as she watched the Force belonging to the closest knight to him, snake around Kylo's opened hand, she wondered; could he actually absorb energy that belonged to others? And if so, were these Knights truly offering what they appeared to be? Was this a show of trust? A display of their unwavering fealty, as Ren had labeled it?

If they allowed their power to linger before their Master, with the open possibility that he could absorb it if he wished, as a show of their trust in him, and Kylo decided to consume the Force essence they offered him, their loyalty could prove literally, sacrificial...

Rey's hazel eyes shifted between Kylo and his knights. She saw the kneeling Dark siders and their towering Master with a new understanding. This was a display of a loyalty and trust of the most dangerous kind. It seemed, fealty, had been the correct word after all.

The comfort Rey had previously felt while Ren had stood so close beside her, was quickly dissipating. Melting away like her resolve at just occupying the same space as such dedicated, though the word bound swept through her head like a whispered secret, creatures of the Dark side. Any comfort she'd previously found in their Master's presence was quickly replaced by a very intense feeling of unease and a shiver causing chill up her spine. She couldn't help but be taken aback by the realization of just how in tune, healthy or otherwise, Kylo really was with the Force.

Just how powerful was this man, to control these individuals as one obedient unit?

Kylo retracted his hand and his shoulders and helmet shifted back in her direction.

Realizing he was in her head, somehow past the apparently meager wall of her mental shields, the swell of Rey's Force rose around her defensively. It was an unconscious effort to comfort more then protect herself, one she didn't even realize she'd learned from him, purely by example, and a display that he was sure not to overlook.

The fear of being controlled came rushing back to the forefront of her mind, and suddenly being here didn't seem like such a good idea. She understood that the bond between them already made her susceptible to him and she really wanted to explore what their connection meant for them in the Force, but there was also her confusing feelings towards the Dark sider...

Rey didn't have to try to feel his presence in the Force, already hers searched and pulled endlessly towards it. When his Force met hers, crashing into her Light like a shadowy wave of darkly shimmering mist, her breath caught in her throat. Kylo pushed further, lightly probing the power she fought to keep under her control as though he was searching for something within it. The heat of their combining Force tingled where it met in the middle and the result caught more then she and Kylo's attention. The knights, only an uncomfortable few inches from her position, stirred, their heads finally lifting in unabashed interest towards their Master and his new apprentice.
With her attention fully submersed on their Master, Rey hadn't noticed the new focus she'd drawn to herself. Her eyes were already closed, her heart already pumping dangerously hard in her chest in response to her bond mate's Force tangling with her own.

It was just supposed to be training, he was just supposed to teach her. She struggled to set her thoughts back on track, but she was already frantically worrying over whether she was going to be expected to join the cult that knelt before him. And maker help her, if she didn't literally walk herself into this position.

With his Force compelling him further into contact with her, Kylo took a small step closer to Rey, completing the rotation of his body in her direction, and his Force pushed further against hers.

For Rey It was the strangest thing, being terrified of what was also becoming a comfort to her. It was frightening, being drawn to someone that could so easily destroy her, and everything she thought she stood for. Unbeknownst to Rey, for Kylo, it was much the same thing. On that same confusing note, it was also thrilling for both.

The way their skin heated the closer together they came to one another. The way their Force sizzled and crackled between them while they each attempted to hold their own essence back from the other. Each knowing the other wielded the ability to ignite them like their own personal fire. The threat to consume or be consumed always lingering just at the edge of their touch.

Admittedly, Rey was already enthralled by him. From the first time those dark eyes set upon hers, she was taken like a victim of a fever, lit up from the inside out until she burned for things she couldn't explain. She was sure if she ever let him in there would be no going back. No cure for the constant sear of the temptation that would follow. Luke had once described the Dark side in that way, a vicious temptation which spread like an incurable venom, poisoning and deluding ones thoughts until they were corrupted and destroyed from within. She could certainly imagine Kylo as that temptation.

And the results of giving in to him...

Her eyes opened and she glanced down at the knights who knelt obediently before him.

How much different could they really be from her, if their Force responded in such a similar way to the master knight? Is this what it meant to be his apprentice, would she be forced to serve as one of the faceless warriors who stared up at her now? And if the connection between their Force was so similar... did that mean that he was drawn to his knights the same way he seemed drawn to her?

Kylo's head snapped to one side, his mask fully turning in her direction. When his helmet moved, Rey's eyes darted back to the blank faces of his knights. She was unable to face him like this, her mind a jumbled mess of warning and wanting. But now she couldn't help but view these knights as a different threat altogether, one that wasn't mortally jeopardizing, but rather an emotional one. She worried at how easily she could be pushed aside. That suddenly there was very little more then a mask and armor separating her from them. And if she joined his Knights, took to a mask of her own, she would loose anything that ever made her unique to him. It bothered her less that she would have to sacrifice the individual part of herself, then the thought of loosing whatever made her special —in his eyes.

When it was just the two of them, without that mask on, whatever made him look at her the way he did, it would dull into nothing. She feebly stressed.

Rey peeked up through the fan of her lashes, her eyes carefully scrutinizing the man across from her. He'd think of her in the same light as he did them. She hastily concluded, her stomach twisting with a
fresh wave of insecurity. Panic and worry crawled up her spine, sinking their claws into where she kept her reasoning skills. They were foolish feelings to accompany foolish thoughts, and she knew it. Other than being bound to him, and remnants of a past long lost, she had no real claim to him. Maybe slightly to the boy Ben, but not to him. Not to Kylo Ren.

He owed her nothing, but neither did she. And when the Resistance rose in numbers they would put an end to the First Order and the Master that Kylo bowed to. It would be enough to call them even for Han and Luke. What he did after that wouldn't have to be her concern and he'd have no reason to seek her out either.

Rey's doubt filled eyes trailed over the silver lines that ran across the length of Kylo's masked face. She couldn't even lie to herself anymore, not really. If it meant that she could keep his attention, she could live with the war that brought them together even if it meant they had to remain enemies, though she would hope it stayed political rather then the way it carried on now. No amount of blood would ever be worth her happiness, false or otherwise. She'd never escape the guilt she'd find if she gave in anyways.

As the only viable teacher she had left to learn from, at least this was one way she could satisfy the need to be near him with out the guilt. Even with the helmet on Rey could see as much as she could feel the admiration and respect he had for his Knights, and though she wanted that to be enough for her, here and now, with no good reasoning or explanation, she wanted more then that from him. Much more then that.

Through the thin flow that Kylo had opened in their bond, he was hit with a torrent of thoughts and emotions. It was like being bled into by a river of worry and doubt, and after cutting himself off from her so often lately, he was so relieved to internally be apart of those emotions that he allowed her feelings to mix into his own, nearly causing him to miss some of the more 'enlightening' moments which would inevitably explain her swaying reactions.

She was worried that he’d recruited her to become one of his knights, worried that she would have to compete for his attention, which tickled him far beyond pink, and worried that his desires for her were also directed and shared in a similar fashion towards his Knights. He was pleased that he’d excluded his Third from this event. If somehow Rey could sense how the girl felt for him... how he'd only just discovered she felt for him... it may misrepresent what he and his knights truly were to each other. Rey's suspicion would only increase with his Third's feelings involved. At first he'd felt guilty about segregating her from Rey, after all once they'd been friends, but his instincts were proving on point with the unfolding of these new circumstances. As for the rest of Rey's concerns...

"I didn't bring you here to recruit you." Even through the vocoder the tone he used made her feel a little ridiculous for considering such things, as was his intention. "My knights are all unique, talented individuals. Each earning, then baring the honor of their own Mask, which represents such."

Once again Kylo turned from his knights, facing a very wide eyed, confusion ridden Rey. "But you..." His voice drifted through her mind again, wrapping her in the silkiness of it's rich tone and texture. The Dark sider squeezed his fist by his side, fighting desperately not to touch her as he spoke through their delicately flowing connection, which he still carefully monitored with a firm hold.

"You—" He shakily repeated, his mind lost in the fascination he felt towards her and to distracted by her end of the bond to realize how he sounded.

With that simple word he dove deeper into their bond. He could see the fluorescent glow of their Force bound connection and he reached for it. He dipped his fingers into the stream and his Force buzzed through him in response. His eyes dizzily rolled in his head before locking back on the girl a few feet away from him. When his hand plunged into the heat of that stream, Rey swayed, her jaw
dropping open and snapping shut just as quickly as his fist closing around their connection. Kylo began mentally wrapping the energy that flowed between them around his hand, entwining the cord of their connection to him as though he could physically reel her in, possessively pulling her closer by the Force that joined them together.

He felt as Rey's heart beat wildly in her chest, her pulse so quick that he imagined it sent her blood coursing through her veins in the same ways as his, like the rapids of a fiery river of searing magma. Initially he hadn't even meant to send that word floating through her mind the way it had. Like, in the words of her own thoughts as she experienced it, his breath on her skin... But he couldn't stop himself from encouraging her reaction to him even as she did so while his knights watched, so he allowed the effect to linger for a long moment between them. He left the feeling hanging in the thick silence around them before carefully dipping below the protective line of her power to steal quick glimpses of her more personal thoughts.

He was delighted to find that it was simply his presence and the way he'd said the word 'you' to her, that paid him the response he got. It had surprisingly brought her back to the first time they spoke to one another in the interrogation chamber. The way she responded made more sense to him once he saw how she was reminiscing over how he'd loomed over her as he spoke. According to her own memories and without the teasing influence he could have skewed them with, Kylo saw himself almost leaning into her, his mouth inches from her skin...

Twice now she'd surprised him with the way she'd viewed this memory. He'd always considered that moment to be a bad one for her. Turns out, though she didn't realize it at the time, she'd instinctively responded to his Force around her, and more surprisingly, she'd found him attractive from the first moment she saw him unmasked. Shocked as much as he was surprised by this revelation, Kylo almost nervously swallowed behind the comfort of that mask now.

Force, he'd run through that scene over and over repeatedly replaying every second he'd spent with her in that chamber. Thousands of times for hundreds of different reasons, mostly for his personal enjoyment, but he'd never realized just how close he'd really been to her. While replaying his own memory of the event, he'd always imagined himself so near, but mostly so he could fantasize. Her memories confirmed his lack of personal boundaries from day one, but her response left him the opposite of feeling guilty over his spacial awareness, or lack there of.

Kylo crooked his mouth into an uncontrollable half smile. His eyes glowed within the darkness of the visor that hid them. It was a knowing response. A belated but far more important victory to a battle he'd thought he lost months ago when she'd shut him down so brutally during that interrogation. He had no idea then that his actions would ripple through her for so long thereafter. Or that they'd cause such pleasant confusion in his little Scavenger now.

"—Are something else entirely." He finished confidently. His masked face lowered just slightly, but Rey still picked up on the subtle motion. "And Scavenger..."

Rey closed her eyes, her breaths coming out shallower with each passing exhale and again Rey saw herself strapped to that table with the impossibly large form of Kylo Ren pressing over her, only in reality, they'd never touched more then a gliding finger across the skin of her cheek. But here in this moment, in the false safety of her mind, he was now pressing against her, ever so slightly bringing them together. Barely, but enough to steal her breath away from her needy lungs.

"There is only you." He spoke hungrily through her mind and she felt the full force of his words.

It was in that moment that Rey remembered why she didn't want him in her head at all... why she couldn't trust herself with Ren somewhere that gave him so much access to her, that potentially made her so undeniably vulnerable. She shut her mind down as quickly and forcefully as she could and
surprisingly, the Master Knight didn't fight her when she pushed him out.

Her face was red with embarrassment. She couldn't tell whether he'd seen how she imagined the time
she spent in the interrogation chamber with him, but that was nothing if he'd caught what she thought
of afterwards. Her eyes darted downward. She couldn't tell... her fingers curled into her palm and she
squeezed so hard that her short nails bit into her skin. She couldn't be sure, wasn't certain of whether
or not she'd removed him fast enough for him to miss the flash of what she'd witnessed last night as it
collided with scarcely guarded thoughts. She swallowed deeply and waited for his response, for his
rage, but he remained still. Unmoving in his silence.

Kylo had seen as much as felt how her mind had changed the memory of his 'interrogation' turned
personal quest to discover who she was and why he was so inexorably drawn to her, so he wasn't
surprised when she'd slammed the door of her mind closed on him, forcing him out in the process.
Truthfully he was impressed at how just revisiting the memory had reminded her of how to kick him
out, or, he would have been if he could get passed the image that she'd created in her mind before
hand. His body pressing down on her while she was strapped down... Kriff he was already
physically responding, and this was the wrong place and the wrong time!

Maker, he'd love to strap her down in another interrogation chamber and have his way with her. He'd
already had a million fantasy's about it since that day, and the whole time he'd felt guilty about it.
About twisting the already delicate situation that they'd both been forced into. Yet here she was,
developing her own fantasies about it. The thought was so exciting, so enticing that he'd almost
forgotten that they weren't alone, or that he'd agreed to terms that he couldn't currently give two
Falcon flying fucks about, but then there was something else. A quick flash of something he couldn't
quite make out just as she'd evicted him from her mind and he wanted to go back and see what it
was. What ever it was, it was undoubtedly the same thing she was trying to hide from him earlier.

Kylo stepped forward and Rey instinctively stepped back, the result effectively stoking the alpha to
life in him as well. It was dangerous territory, but he somehow got the feeling that if he kissed her
right now... she wouldn't fight him and his overwhelmed prime could currently process nothing else.

When he stepped towards her and Rey raised her hands out defensively in front of her, Kylo's brows
scrunched behind his masked helmet.

"I didn't mean to—."

She quickly defended, but what she was defending herself over, he didn't know.

Halting his approach, he squeezed his fists tightly at his sides. His better judgment was fighting to
rein him back in before he went and irreparably messed something up.

Was she so afraid of the kind of contact he knew she secretly desired, or was she just so opposed to
it? His eyes took her in from the top of her head to the flats of her defensively planted feet. Her hands
were still out in front of her and he could see the tiny crescent marks her nails had indented into her
palms. His jaw twitched. She couldn't stop him if he advanced on her, but it didn't matter because he
wouldn't. Her chest was heaving with the intensity of her breaths. Though he expected her to appear
fierce, angry in her resolve to maintain unwarranted distance from him, her face was soft with worry,
flush from her overly frantic breathing. And her eyes, her beautiful hazel eyes were as wide as they
were fearful, and directed only at him.

She looked as though she were preparing to be pounced on. Did she think he was going to attack
her? Was he really moving that aggressively. Maybe because of their new audience she'd thought he
meant to harm her or that he wouldn't give her the choice now that he'd seen how she'd reinvented
that moment in the interrogation chamber.
Did she really think he had such little control over himself? Kylo raised his chin. Agitated that he'd again have to prove to her that he could maintain their terms even when she'd inadvertently proved she wanted to break them herself. Besides, there was still the matter of his Knights currently gathered at his back.

Kylo took a steady step back from her. He quartered his frame, turning towards his knights once again.

"You're in no danger here, Apprentice. On the contrary, my knights are here to assist with your training."

*
Assist with her training...? He thought she was afraid because of his Knights...

At the realization that Kylo hadn't caught the condemning memory Rey had accidentally allowed to slip through her mind, relief surged through her. She had no idea how he would react if he found out that she'd invaded his privacy, and while he was in such a vulnerable state of undress and... action.

She never bathed in the nude. On Jakku, if you were lucky, being caught so vulnerable could be the difference between life or death. The less fortunate outcome could mean things even worse for the young or weak. To the slave traders the species and sex of their captives made little difference. They only saw the monetary value, not the lives they'd be trading for the credits that filled their coffers. Unfortunately for Rey, humans tended to be higher in value. Since they could be outfitted to survive in most environments and required little more then scraps and water for sustenance. Not to mention they could be used and bred with by most any species.

Rey shivered at the idea. The threat of slave traders always out weighed the threat of starvation, at least, to her it did.

She chanced a quick glance at Kylo as a whole. From head to toe and everything in between, all however many feet of him was completely covered in thick black layers. For a man who was always as concealed as he, Rey imagined he wouldn't take lightly to a nosey, however accidental, set of wide brown eyes intruding in on his privacy.

Especially while... Rey gulped. Kriff, she couldn't keep from thinking about it and even with the pressing weight of his knights near by Rey couldn't stop her cheeks from flushing in response.

...Wait... his Knights, assist with her training?!? Rey's eyes narrowed in confusion, then widened in understanding and ignited with protest.

Kylo noticed the slight flare of her nostrils the second she registered what he'd just proposed. She clearly wasn't fond of the idea that his Knights assist her with anything. But with a mischievous smirk playing coyly on his hidden lips he easily ignored her reaction from behind the comfort of his helmet. It was comforting; to see the familiar signs of her inner defiance finally flare to life after witnessing the lack of anything but passive behavior from her all morning.

"Rise." Kylo spoke authoritatively and by command of their Master the Knights each rose without hesitation. All responding at once, bowing their heads, and taking tentative steps closer to their leader.

Rey was nearly stunned by the eerie sight. Moving like ghosts and silent as the dead they fixated on Ren as though possessed. Rey decided then and there that this was enough! Finally she'd had her personal boundaries crossed one to many times for one morning and she snapped at him. Her discomfort over the Knights had effectively pushed her past her own submissive threshold. Whether her apparent obedience towards Ren was an act or not, she didn't want even one of these dark followers tampering with her head especially not like their Master did so often, an act which he repeated more frequently since that first night he arrived on that island.

"Absolutely not," and she stepped forward in her determination. "I agreed to train with you. Not with..." She side glanced for only an instant, her skin already crawling as his masked warriors gathered to their feet to approach him. "Them." She shakily finished, her breathless voice nearly a whisper.
There was just something about them. Something that sent her nerves in a frenzy, like a beam ricocheting off of holo shields in close quarters.

Kylo turned in the direction of her outburst, flicking his cloak to one side with his right arm as he twisted. "Yes, Master," he mocked her conviction with a childlike tone. "To— Absolutely not..."

Following Rey's passion, Kylo stepped closer too, his head tilting down so she knew he was staring directly into her eyes when he next spoke. "You know I prefer it though." He accused, his tone level, his words clear and concise even through the distortion of his mask.

As composed as he appeared, Rey could feel his frustration with her, his anger, bubbling just under the surface, hidden below the outer layer of his very false display of indifference.

A leather clad hand unexpectedly shot upward startling her as Kylo captured a loose strand of her hair between his fingers; something he'd wanted to do since the flight here on his shuttle. "—Your defiance." His words lowered until it was he who spoke in a near whisper, his voice barely catching on the vocoder.

Rey's hand came up to shoo his away. She wasn't trying to put on a show in front of his knights and guarding herself from the breech of her space was just a natural reaction. A habit that had been groomed into her over a lifetime on Jakku.

Force locking her hand just before she reached his own, Kylo quickly countered her silent protest. As though having all of the time in the universe and no curious onlookers to worry over, he lazily twisted the smooth lock of her hair between his fingers, his head tilting as he eyed the chestnut strand against the black leather of his own glove. For just a moment he was reminded of when his shuttle had transported them here, only days ago. More precisely, when she slept so peacefully under his watch.

"Contrary to what I should and shouldn't accept... your defiance stirs something in me." He confessed as he carefully tucked the strand behind her ear. The semi-innocent yet borderline inappropriate motion, had drawn a nervous swallow from deep within her throat. "But your protests, nor your stubborn will, are strong enough to keep your mind from him..." Kylo silenced himself there. He could say no more on the matter anyway. He'd already said too much. Instead he chose to focus on the sight of black leather chasing the color that filled her cheek as the tip of his index finger leisurely dragged across her skin.

Now his intentions were teetering and he found himself barely balancing on the edge of his need to prepare her and his desire to have her.

The trail of his gloved finger stopped just before it reached her lips and for a lightning struck moment he saw her as he had imagined her last night, her face flush and her lips swollen from joining with his and partaking in —other, more lewd, ventures.

Reluctance clear in his posture, Kylo quickly pulled away, his temper now boiling from what was so close but so unattainable, rose up to take the place of his fascination with her. "But since you so stubbornly refuse my presence in your head..."

As well as other places— His Darkness internally fueled his frustration.

The acid running through his veins this morning wasn't entirely her fault either. The denial of a proper release that he'd suffered last night, beginning his day with Hux at his door first thing this morning, then having to fight the instinctual urge to tear the medical examiner limb from limb for so much as looking over what was his, so intently he might add, though it was unfair being that was the techs job... Maker, he'd had to watch while he put his hands on her. The tech was clearly very aware
of Kylo's presence too. They'd made sure to touch as small a spans on the girl as possible and had made as little of contact as they physically could during the exam. He doubted even a palms length of a hand had touched her, rather they relied on whatever tech they could to achieve the results needed to complete the exam that his Master apparently demanded be done.

But none of this was the worst of what was destroying him from within. That toxic rage that was rising in him like the creeping tide. It was there because he was going to have to allow her mind to be assaulted by his Knights. There were many reasons for this, but non more important then to prove to her just how vulnerable she was without his training and because this needed to be corrected immediately. She needed to understand that it was not just their bond that made her susceptible to a mental invasion. Because if his Master was granted the chance, that's exactly what he'd do. He'd invade her mind in the worst kind of way. Then he'd either use her for her power, or he'd destroy her like he had to many others who came before her.

Ren made a serious effort not to ball his fist. He did make an effort, but as the leather coating his hands groaned once more under his suffocating grip, there was no doubt that he failed considerably. He couldn't think about how intimate the bond made the act of his mind joining hers because he couldn't stomach the thought of knowing any of his Knights would be taking his place during this part of her training. It was never so personal when he spoke with his Knights through their connections, certainly not with his own Master. It was invasive and often traumatic when his Master delved into the recesses of ones mind. Nothing like what he experienced with Rey.

To bolster her defenses he just had to let this happen. He had to ensure that her mental capabilities increased before they could join minds again, at least, before they melded like they'd done in the interrogation chamber or later, in the forest and then on the Starkiller at what felt like the edge of the world. Since everything changed there for him, he supposed it was the edge of the world for him. The edge of his world.

"My knights will oblige." He gruffly conceded.

Once he'd stepped clear from her reach, Kylo released her hand from the Force he'd held around it and she let out some sort of grunt that he was certain was one of disapproval.

"You have no choice in how I decide to train you." He didn't care how challenging this came out. In fact, he strolled casually around her, baiting her. Delivering his words in a reprimanding fashion. "You remorselessly expect me to honor the terms we both agreed to, so you'd better keep up on your end Scavenger. Do not challenge me over something so simple or there will be consequences."

Kylo was hyper aware that there was nothing simple about what he was proposing but he maintained hope that if she believed he thought it was no big deal, then maybe she would too. Like the exam she'd endured before this, maybe if he went in unresponsive to the circumstances it would bother her less to have her mental boundaries breeched by his warriors.

Something in him also hoped to rouse the currently dormant temper he knew she possessed. He found her behavior this morning disconcerting. Yes, she did need to follow through with her role as his apprentice but he didn't want to lose the girl she was under this bantha shit of an act either.

This morning in the medical room... all of the poking and prodding with out protest, and the fact that she'd accepted the invasion of that exam just because, to her knowledge, he'd been the one who issued it... Then there was the shy manner in which she was tip toeing around him today. How skittish she was every time he approached and how guarded she was keeping her mind and normally loud thoughts from him.

He wanted to scoff at his conflicting feelings over this, over her. On one hand he should be pleased
that she was at least attempting to secure her thoughts from the invasion of his ever seeking Force, but on the other... it bothered him. He found himself more concerned with why she was working so hard at shielding her mind from him now more then ever, and particularly whenever they were alone together. In the darkness of his deprived mind the accomplishment of the progress she’d made in such a short time paled in comparison to how it felt to be denied access where he thought he should always be allowed.

To make matters worse, Kylo had an inkling that there was something specific she was purposely trying to conceal from him and while he really wanted to know what it was, pushing his mind into hers would most likely result the same as it had months ago in the interrogation room; with her mind simultaneously entering his. Gods, he couldn't have that right now, which in turn forced him into using his Knights to hone her mental defenses. He hated having his hand forced into anything, especially this.

Regardless of their terms Kylo needed to be her Master without loosing any progress they'd somehow made since the events of the island and now. He couldn't bully the information from her mind with out destroying the foundation of trust, no matter how thin or frail that structure seemed, it was still important that he maintain this layer between them. There was, in some twisted way, an added intimacy between them which had also taken root. One that even she couldn't deny and to Hoth if he was going to let that slip away. Every moment they were alone together left more and more charge between them. Every time their Force came into direct contact or their Bond opened between them, a tiny universe of endless possibilities erupted to life, filling the cold, restless, emptiness that lingered from before he found her.

And Rey was blatantly reacting to him more everyday. Leaning into his touch or seeking out his Force with her own. She was holding back out of her guilt, out of her misguided loyalties, but her reluctance was fading. He could feel it and she was getting sloppy at hiding it. Becoming exhausted from fighting it.

However, now she was guarding herself from him out of something besides how she presumed the Light should respond to the advancing Dark.

Some kind of fear his Knights inflicted in her... maybe? Something more convicting; was she afraid he’d discover an escape plan waiting to be hatched... knowing her this was a much larger possibility. Either way and whatever it was, he didn't like it. He didn't like the potential of that mystery box or what could be in it.

At least there was one thing he could be certain of; most the fear she was experiencing over his Knights was likely just the effect his second was causing. The interference he was pushing through the Force around her. Still, Kylo couldn't shake the feeling that it was his wrath or his blade that caused the fear he picked up on in Rey just moments ago.

He despised allowing her the privacy of her secrets. That he allowed her to worry alone over something that eluded him. He could tell by the angle of her stance that she was putting him on the other side of her line. The one in her mind that dictated 'me' from 'them' and he so badly wanted to be placed on the side that she stood on.

Besides the disappointment from being pushed from her mind whenever she caught him there, was Kylo's personal need to make sure the fighter in her was still in there. Under the show of what she thought he wanted to see. He needed to know that the trauma of the last few days, her injury, the loss of Luke and the segregation from her "friends", only to be replaced by Hux and chains and what was sure to have been a traumatic if not memorable meeting with his Master, hadn't left her regressing into the same shell she'd been forced to survive in since she'd been taken from him as a child. He was
hoping he was right to think she could handle everything, that she was strong enough to further endure. And when he doubted it, when he second guessed what she could possibly be expected to handle, he reminded himself of just who she was. This spitfire of a young woman was once the same little girl who taught him what strength was. She not only survived all this time, but she thrived. She grew in ways he couldn't imagine.

Just a quick look at her and he knew she could handle it all. His scavenger, she was so much stronger then he could ever be. She was always fighting. Always resisting, even when she wanted to accept...

"I'm more then willing..." He paused just behind her, leaving Rey twisting on her heals to follow him with her eyes. "To revisit the negotiation of our terms of course..." He leaned closer, distracting her with his height so his right hand could move to skim her left with the tips of his fingers. "...or your surrender?" He whispered darkly, his fingers gently grasping at her wrist. He supposed even the worst kind of man could still hold out for hope and he was absolutely the worst kind of man.

Rey shifted from foot to foot, clearing her throat anxiously but otherwise she managed to remain still and silent. Her lack of any kind of response caused Ren's heart to doubled in pace. His mind was already beginning to wonder if her silence was the best omission he was going to get. Maybe, just maybe, she was feeling the effects of her self inflicted segregation from him. Maybe their bond was beginning to weigh just as heavily on her as it was on him.

Yeah right, and maybe somehow he was going figure out how to outplay his Master, too. Kylo silently mused. Supreme Leader Kylo Ren... ha! Just the thought alone would get him skinned alive if he wasn't careful.

Whatever Snoke was up to it obviously had to do with the untrained Force giant he was now supposed to be in control of. Rey had no concept of just how powerful she was but Kylo had a good idea of the extent of her Force capabilities. He'd walked head first into her power and literally come out on the flat of his back barely conscious and bloody... again! He hadn't even known that he could pull his own power around him in the mass that he had until her power had challenged him to do it. If anything he was sure that given the right circumstances they could both learn from each other; only, the island had been a much safer environment to experiment on... his Starship... not so much.

And if his Master ever discovered just how bound together he surmised she and he truly were... well, he'd absolutely take the islands severe Force storms over the mystery of how his master would respond to such a dangerous discovery any day. The storms, even with all of their compiled rage, would be nothing compared to Snoke's retribution because he was sure to see this bond as a betrayal.

First things first, the girl would have to learn how to control her own power before they could start testing out the benefits and limitations of what their bond offered. Gods he couldn't wait!

Kylo moved his thumb across the sensitive flesh of her inner wrist before releasing the back of her hand from his. He straightened and to his own embarrassment, only just then remembered the Knights at his back. He stepped past her slightly stunned form, making his way deeper into the room in which they would likely be spending the most of their time together in. It wasn't the room he'd personally like to spend their time in, but he supposed it was a close second.

After a brief moment spent gathering her nerve and resolve back up, Rey turned to follow the infuriatingly tempting man who seemed to love throwing her off balance. Her wrist tingled where his thumb had brushed past and she wanted to run her own fingers over the surface as though she could collect the remnants of his Force from her buzzing skin but she supposed the notion was ridiculous so she fought the urge. Instead she eyed the darkly clad warriors who were silently moving to follow their leader. Not even a single one paid her any mind and after only a few seconds spent in hesitation
Rey chose to join the flow of movement, following the path Kylo Ren had cut through the doorway to finally enter the training room behind two of his knights.

The room was impressively large. Much larger then she had expected to find from the outside. The ceilings were high and lined with everything from inactive holo shields to turret blasters and droid dispensers. For a moment, while allowing her eyes to wonder further around the room, taking in everything she could without seeming to obvious, Rey forgot when and where she was. Though this room was much larger then she remembered in the dream she'd connected with him in on the island, she found herself there again. She remembered standing across from him in the darkness. His scare ridden torso bared and glistening with the aftermath of what she had imagined must have been him privately training, that is, before she interrupted him.

Besides the seconds spent bowed before him in her vision of Kylo rampaging through Nima outpost, this was the closest they'd been since their fight on the Starkiller. Of course at the time she thought it no more then a vivid nightmare inflicted by his command. Only now she realized how surprised he must have initially been to find her there with him. She recalled daydreaming on one of the island's many cliffside ledges, her hands running over the thick blades of grass as they blew in the salty wind. Then she remembered his voice in her head, something witty to taunt her, and her eyes opening to not the cliffside but a dark, mostly open room. Wires and flickering lights were the only illumination she found until he appeared behind her with his blade drawn and ignited. She'd instantly feared for her life. She should have feared for her soul.

Kylo watched from behind the darkness of his mask as Rey's wide hazel orbs roamed over multiple control consoles and racks of weapons of all different kinds. There was a look that turned from curiosity to recognition and then her eyes blurred out to stare at what appeared to be nothing. His skin tightened beneath his armor as he too recalled the last time he'd stood in an actual training facility with this girl. It was the first time he'd relished how desperately he wanted his skin on hers. They'd been phantoms in one another's minds then, but still, across lightyears worth of space, he'd been able to feel her near him. To touch her and actually feel the press of her mouth against his when he'd unexpectedly stolen the air from her lungs with his mouth. Of course it had been nothing near what he'd later experience on his uncle's Jedi island, when she'd kissed the memory of the boy Ben goodbye. Or later in the Force tree when he'd just been unable to stop himself from connecting his mouth to hers for a more primal purpose. All quick unexpected moments that would always haunt him if he never got to taste her again, but he'd never forget the intimacy of that first quiet moment between them either.

Even through only the connection of their minds and the power of the Force between them, he'd never forget the feel of her fingers traveling down his scar as she trembled beneath the blanket of his shadowing hight. He'd never forget the press of his hand as it flattened against hers while he took advantage of the shock his actions had left her in. Or the way her eyes had glossed over in hurt. An emotion she felt for him because it had been her that had marred his face giving him the scare he now so proudly adorned. It was for what she thought he suffered, even before she was aware of him as the boy Ben. She felt regret for her actions against Kylo Ren, the man who murdered his father and nearly succeeded in killing her only other friend —Rey felt for him. Not the shadow of his past, not Ben, him. It was the first time since he'd become Kylo Ren that any one felt anything but disgust for the man he'd become. How could any other moment compare to that?

Was she there now? He wondered. Had she gone back in her mind to the same moment that he just had? —To that moment when they stood inches apart in his personal training room.

"You and I... we're undeniably connected, apprentice."

Rey's head instantly jolted up in Kylo's direction but already he was turning away from her. As she
watched him move further into the large training room, she was almost thankful to have been given his back. It meant not having to face that mask— especially while he spoke to her through their bond.

"As Kylo and Rey... Ben and Kira..." Kylo paused, his left fist scrunching tightly closed and then his head ticked to the left and he turned to face her. "—Maybe even before that." His voice was more suggestive now. Uncertain but filled with a kind of enlightened wonderment. As though the last of his words were more of an instantaneous discovery that had only just dawned on him.

Rey stared intently at the expressionless cage that he inhabited so well. From an outsider's look it almost appeared like he had chosen to wear that mask. Like he had any kind of choice in donning the persona he'd been forced to cocoon himself within but Rey remembered witnessing the way his Master had forced Ben's hand that night at the temple. If Kylo found solace in that helmet Rey knew it was only for the ability to hide who he really was... once was.

She found herself lightly swaying, her head quickly dizzying. She could feel an external influence but for the life of her she couldn't break any kind of contact with him. Her focus was completely devoted. She honed in on Kylo even while surrounded by his knights. And he just stood there, several feet ahead of her but her doing nothing at all. If one wasn't privy to the words passed through their bond he might appear as a sentry on watch— still even against his breathing. His fists even refrained from squeezing. He just stood a stationary statue. Watching as though waiting for something she didn't yet know of and it was quickly beginning to make her nervous.

Just as suddenly as Rey felt the urge to step closer to him, his knights closed in around her. Hazel eyes narrowed in confusion and her temples already showed the signs of physical stress as she began to lightly perspire under the bright lights lining the room.

"Ren..." Rey's voice sounded different to her own ears. Breathy and weak with confusion and uncertainty.

Kylo gave Rey no response. He made no movements even while one of his chosen four stepped closer to her.

"We are all Ren."

Rey's eyes snapped in the direction of a new voice. Another vocoder but clearly not set at the same frequency as that of Kylo's, masked the voice of this new speaker. It was him, the knight that Rey had first felt distorting the Force around her.

"Before our minds may bridge again, we need to see what you're capable of on your own. Where Luke left you in your training." Kylo calmly announced, still not moving a single muscle past speaking to her.

Rey's heart sunk in her chest. This is what she had been fearful over from the moment it was just the two of them. Without Luke to support her mental defenses she would fail inexorably. Kylo would realize how weak she was and all of this would come to an abrupt end before it even began.

"When we trained together on the island, Luke was not present, and yet, I recall you doing very well." Kylo's soft words infiltrated her mind once again and a fresh rush of adrenaline and heat shot through her veins. "Show me the same passion and determination you showed me then, Scavenger. Or do you really think you amount to nothing with out Luke Skywalker holding your hand... holding you back?" He knowingly challenged her competitive, independent nature, as well as the memory of her former instructor but he also hid more encouragement into those words then she knew what to do with. she wasn't use to having anyone in her corner and while she was embarrassed that he'd heard
what she'd been thinking she was also grateful for what little inspiration he could give her.

Rey's face grew stern, her features hardening in determination. "What would you have me do, Master?"

"It's simple. Resist his influence. Silence your thoughts and seal the doors to your mind."

Kylo's second, the Knight who's mask reminded Rey of death, stepped between she and Kylo and instantly she knew what was expected of her. She was somehow expected to get through him before she could train with her real instructor.

"Right... simple." Rey mumbled sardonically.

And she was certain of more then one thing; the first being, nothing about whatever this training entailed would be simple. And the second, after everything she'd been through to get here, all of the specific circumstances that had aligned in just the right way to put her here — standing as the semi-Jedi apprentice of Kylo Ren, a man she wanted nothing more then to kill less then a ten month cycle ago, whom she now wasn't sure what she wanted from past their current arrangement, but was becoming more certain that she wanted something far more intimate then could be deemed appropriate... Here and now, she was going to allow nothing and no one to stand in between them.

* Kudos if you liked it and Happy Reading my lovelies!*  
-DarkGuardian-
Training; All his life had been filled with many different aspects of it.

As a youngling, little Ben Solo-Organa had been trained as a politician's son. A little Prince in mannerisms and customs, just as his mother needed him to be. His education was the best. His social educate, no less. By a very young age Ben knew how to speak above his years. Though he interacted with them only out of necessity and often for no more then show, he was also accustomed how to blending in with the other wealthy children of the upper socialites. And he excelled at being invisible too, which was often required of him, though his mother would put it in more gentle terms, the request was no less dismissive then that.

He was the perfect show piece. A living display of a house kept in perfect order.

Watching his young son develop early into a little patrician, just like his mother, the Princess Han knowingly -and lovingly- married, would occasionally cause his father to snap. He hated living his life under a social microscope, hated having his wife's political standings effected by his roguish and often less then grey way of doing things, but most of all, he hated watching his son growing up in the thick of it. Whenever Ben would start to fit in to well with the upper end of the Galaxy, Han would whisk him away for a few days at a time. Once or twice, even a week. Then a young Ben would begin a different kind of training.

His father wanted him prepped for what he called 'real life.' He thought living under the rules of laws that could be annulled, and council members that could be persuaded or bought by anyone with enough credits, was a fools way to live. In this he wasn't wrong. His parents were each on one side of their representative spectrum. They loved each other passionately but politically couldn't be any more different from one another then they were.

While little Ben loved when his father spent genuine time teaching him how to pilot the falcon, he resented the time his father kept him away from his mother, especially since he generally felt like a pawn in his father's shady schemes. Ben wouldn't have cared if his fathers little excursions didn't oppose everything his mother stood for. What Han called life hacks, his mother called, illegal. Every time they made a successful run or completed a dangerous venture, usually teaching Ben a new and crazy way to cheat or swindle, Han would ruffle his hand through Ben's hair proclaiming, "you're welcome" as though he'd given Ben something of value and he was owed the thank you for it. He was always the proud father when he thought he taught his son something valuable.

In Han's eyes Ben should learn to survive the way he had. "Why not," he remembered his dad repeatedly saying whenever Ben questioned his morals or ethics. Often he'd heatedly fume out loud, "My son is half of my good for nothing, scruffy, nerf herding blood, too. —Not just the royalty that birthed him." He'd mumble towards the end of his rant and then he'd make it a point to teach Ben of the life he knew best. To teach him to smuggle and gamble, most of the time with no casinos needed but always with just as much risk involved.

His mother on the other hand, he thought, relied too heavily on the new political system, spending all of her time building relationships with more fake personalities then should have been morally possible. It kept her from him more often then not.

In his earliest memories he'd been haunted by his future Master's voice in his head and with it came the nightmares...

Hatred and anger, fear and loathing... his parents turning on him for having the very power that was
passed down through the very genetics he was lied to about. He was convicted and condemned for having the blood that ran through his mothers veins, the blood that cane from his grandfather. As a youngling the dreams were too complicated to really understand, but he was terrified of them just the same and when he ran to his mothers room in the night, he was usually disappointed, finding the space often completely empty. Sometimes even undisturbed for days at a time depending on where her negotiations took her.

Abandoning the aid left behind to look after him, he'd trained himself to take comfort in the privacy her empty quarters offered him. He learned how to self console from a very early age. His mother always knew of course, whether it was their connection through the Force or mother's intuition, she always knew when something had happened with Ben, if something emotionally changed in him. When she'd return from her political ventures she'd always attempt to spend more time with him and for a time, Ben would confide in her, spilling his fears and the details of his Nightmares openly to her. She would sooth him, take him away from whatever their current residence was at the time and for a little while, Ben would forget what made him so terrified in the first place. Until she left again and the vicious cycle would start all over.

Then almost simultaneously two prominent things happened; Ben began testing the powers that had been growing in him, of which he'd been encouraged to previously ignore, decidedly he'd forgiven his mother for this since it was something that she seemed to do easily enough to her own Force abilities, and, the First Order became a whisper on the lips of the fallen Empire, causing a many of dangerous rumors and fanning the embers if paranoia to life via the mouths of those who had already spent the better part of their lives fighting against such dominant forces.

A regime once thought to be destroyed was pulling itself back together under a new name, controlled by an entity completely unknown to anyone who’d survived the last Great War and after the last decade of peace no one wanted to admit what it was allowing to rise, what was once again coming to fruition, but no amount of denial or ignorance could ignore the fact that it was. At the threat of war and the expenses that came with it, the men and women who’d sat in their comfy thrones since the treaty that ended the reign of the empire, cowered at the idea of opposition.

For his mother, it was as a repeat of her youth and what was needed was a call to action. She’d decided that she could no longer rely on others to do what needed to be done. Everything she’d been terrified of was coming back to haunt her, but she’d been preparing for this. When the Galactic Alliance failed to provide protection and opposition from this new threat, she stepped up, splitting alliances and soon forming her own resistance. The Resistance.

For Ben's father... well, was there really a more lucrative time for his services? After the longest of his mothers trips and an even longer excursion by his father, and only shortly after his return home, Ben was sent away. His only real explanation, he needed to be properly taught to control his powers. Of course it wasn't the only reason Ben was being dismissed, but it was the one he was given.

Then it was off to his uncle's temple for Jedi training. That didn't go well for him. Ben was terrible at every aspect of being a Jedi there was. Letting go of attachments and emotions. Discipline and obedience. None of it went well for him, but he did learn to pretend. He pretended to understand the difference between the Light and the Dark. He pretended that it didn't bother him to be given up to his uncle. He even pretended to leave on good terms with his father.

In the beginning he was too bitter, too angry. And when his uncle refused to acknowledge their family ties, Ben felt slighted, rejected again by those who should have accepted him even if for no other reason then for having the same DNA. So Ben turned to using his fists to prove himself, and to be honest -he could always take a beating; The problem was he couldn't surpass a certain point in his physical training. Not while he relied too heavily on his emotions, always letting his anger get in the
way of his instincts.

Of course, at the start, using his power was practically forbidden. It took months of proving himself to his uncle before he was even allowed to train with him in person.

Luke made sure the only difference between Ben and the others, was the challenge of his studies.

During the day the boy Ben made sure he was a well disciplined Padawan. He gave his uncle little to no reason to doubt him or his loyalties. But at night, since Kiera had been stolen from him, he'd began his real training with what remained of his grandfather's Acolytes. Some of which was conducted alongside the very Knight who was challenging his apprentice now.

Zathar, his second, had easily slipped past Rey's mental defenses. Within only moments of trying, Kylo could feel the influence of his Force wrapping like a thick humidity, around her aura. He was slightly disappointed, but not at all surprised. The knight was a powerful Force user. In fact, aside from himself, his own Master, and of course Luke, Kylo had never come across another Force user with such a natural strength in the Force. He supposed the Zeltron's gifts within the Force was greatly enhanced by his races own natural abilities. His added biological talents, a limited though potent when combined with the Force, ability of telepathy, and a unique brand of pheromones used to increase their attractiveness and likability, was potent when working hand in hand with the Force.

Kylo kept his position behind his Knight. He remained unmoving even when the man began physically taunting her awareness. It was a typical tactic between most Force users, particularly within the Dark side, to pace between the space ahead of their target. The user would fill as much space as possible, amping up multiple things at once as they did. He spread his own Force essence through the space, creating a thick field of raw emotions to influence the girl's own Force through. It also bolstered his stature, literally the filling of the space with a body in motion created the mental allusion of a much larger threat to an opponent. It also gave the target too much to focus on, especially while Rey was standing so near to him. She would be focused on him as a whole now, physically her body would be preparing her for a battle that wasn't happening on the outside, her adrenaline would kick in early and her mental walls would drop behind her most primal need to protect herself. When adrenaline spikes the mind dulls itself to most reason and his Knight would take advantage of the edge his pacing would set her on.

The next obvious tactic was mental manipulation. He was doing this now with a combination of his Force, telepathy, and verbal prompts— something Kylo himself had taught him.

"Tell me, girl..." The Dark sider stepped closer to Rey and Kylo's jaw tightened beneath his mask. "What is it that you fear?" The mixture of his compelling pheromones and a manipulative pulse of his Force, laced through his voice to purposefully lead Rey's thoughts so that he may taunt her into losing her hold on them.

When Rey held her mental silence the knight stepped even closer. He audibly inhaled the air just in front of Rey and she naturally flinched back.

It was easy to feel judged and weighed by this Knight. The way he paced before her was clear proof that he'd intended her to deem him a threat and while she did feel his formidable, Rey was growing accustomed to a certain formidable, unpredictable Knight, using the same methods when he approached her. It didn't mean that this warrior was any less a threat to her, just that Ren was far better at this form of intimidation and she'd successfully survived his wrath up until this point. It wasn't until the knight moved into her personal space and inhaled the air around her that her most primal internal alarms went blaring to life within her mind.

Rey hadn't even expected the Knight to shift tactics so quickly. Almost instantly he'd changed from a
dominantly physical threat to a sexual predator in her mind. Literally, seconds into this and she'd already showed the first signs of insecurity. She felt herself physically withdraw from him but that wasn't the worst of it. For a flicker of a moment that she somehow knew this knight was to keen to miss, her eyes had flicked to the man behind her opponent. She almost felt betrayed by herself. On so many counts she was disappointed in herself. Her whole life she'd relied on no one but herself to maintain her own safety. In the flash of a second she'd betrayed a lifetime of finely tuned instincts. Her eyes had sought him out for more then the comfort of self assurance... she looked to Kylo Ren, for protection.

The internal admittance angered her. Revved up her most primal form of self awareness and instantly her pride was deeply bruised.

That was the only moment of weakness the Knight needed exposed. He attached himself to her thoughts and emotions like a leech, sucking and drinking in her fears and worries in thick heaping gulps.

"Fear..." The Dark sider spoke as though intoxicated by his finds. "It plays through your mind like a sickeningly sweet melody."

In her anger, Rey sneered at the mental intruder. "I'm not afraid of you!"

She responded as defiantly as Kylo expected her to, and he couldn't deny that even though he had his reservations about allowing this, he knew that this girl was more then capable of handling his Knight; it's not as thought they could do as they pleased. Limits had been set in advance and non of his followers would dare cross the line with what belonged to their Master. Besides, Rey frequently put him in his place and Kylo was sure she would do the same here.

"Of course not." The skeletal helmet tilted to the left, nearly bouncing with amusement as the voice within spoke gingerly. "You're not even afraid of him." The knight made no motions to the man behind him, but there was no need. Everyone in the room knew who he was referring to.

Rey squeezed her fists tightly to her sides. She supposed it wasn't a bad thing if every Knight in this room thought that, including their Master. In turn, maybe they'd be less inclined to mess with her. But the truth was, Rey very much feared the Master of the Knights Of Ren.

And why shouldn't she? The kind of power he was beginning to hold over her was far more potent then anything she'd ever be tempted with through the Force.

Had she never had the time spent with him on the Island, she was sure she could resist him. Maker knows since she'd been here it was easier to remember kylo Ren was the enemy. The cold and calculating Leader of the First Order was doing an exceptional job at conveying everything his mask and title represented. But it was too late. She'd already seen him as the man within the guise. Whether he was Kylo or Ben... he was still a man beneath it all and from what she'd gathered he was a very confusing blend of both.

"Ahh, I see. Death is a best case scenario for you." The knight prowled around, stepping along the circumference of a space Rey considered to be personal. He paused behind her left shoulder, leaning in uncomfortably close as he spoke.

"Subjugation."

He hissed the single word. in her ear like a serpent and the image of Rey back in chains, laying on the floor of that little cell she woke in her first day in Ren's care, flashed with such clarity and realism through her mind that she recoiled as though physically struck.
Another solid image came after. It was the vision she'd had from the island; Rey in black gear like Ren's. Wielding a double blades saber-staff, she stood with her back to her Master, one wrist locked possessively in his hand. She could feel his power pressing down on her. It burnt clean through her will until there was near to non left, melting it down like a candle on it's last flicker.

"Stop... Ren..." It was a breathy plea she didn't even realize she was making, and it was ineffective against the power of her own mind.

The images she saw, those were images created by her mind and the knight was seeing them through her thoughts, but she couldn't feel the Dark sider in her head. Not like she could when Ren had first interrogated her.

"Ren— we are all, Ren." The Knight's vocoded voice crackled robotically over her right shoulder, repeating what he had earlier when she'd called her Master by the name Ren.

"He is the Master— your Master— our Master."

Rey hadn't even realized when she'd squeezed her eyes closed to avoid his judgment over where her thoughts went at the word subjugation, and they were still closed now, so how could the world be darkening around her? How could the ground be shifting beneath her feet?

The hard solid floor beneath became pliable, squishy almost. And she could smell... rain... earth... blood.

And there they were; like a nightmare she couldn't shake even after waking.

The darkly clad warriors were scattered through out the scene. The world was burning around her. Screams and smoke filling her ears and lungs as she unwillingly moved forward through the memory. She knew the place she moved through.

—Jakku. A home that was never her own. A cage she was forced into. A place she was tricked into believing would become her liberation— if only she'd wait long enough.

Just beyond the smoke was a growing figure. A figment of the silhouette of a man, materializing out of the ash and smoke, as though the monster were made of the darkest elements themselves.

The Master Knight's crossguard saber struck to life within his raised hand. His arm lifting higher as his victims frantic screams rose in the dry night air. Rey reached out—

"Stop..." Again she cried the plea, but again it was no use.

Kylo Ren's arm dropped. Carried swiftly down by the weight of his wrath. He cut a clean path through the man in front of him until he'd severed his flesh and bone in two.

Rey's fist squeezed closed. She remembered the feel of that saber in her hand. The strength wielding such power against her palm could have been intoxicating, had it not been used so cruelly. And yet, hand in hand with the nausea that came with taking that life, came a sense of satisfaction. The man beneath the blade was the worst kind of monster. A killer, a rapist, a slaver, and a user.

Was it ok to be a monster... if that's what it took to kill another?

The image of Kylo Ren suddenly straightened. The grill of his mask snapping in her direction. Rey was certain he couldn't see her through this memory but regardless of what her logic believed, her heart beat painfully hard in chest.
His shoulders turned in the direction of his mask, pulling his torso along behind them. He was looking directly at her and his Knights were gathering just beyond him.

Something cold and wet splattered along her right cheek, shocking her free from her trancelike state as it hit her skin. Lightning followed seconds after and she felt another splat and another. She granted herself a quick moment to look up ward, directly towards the source of the falling liquid. Rain of course, falling in thick unrelenting drops, and soon the sky was thick with the down pour that ensued around them.

Bodies were everywhere and she knew instantly what memory this was. Why was she here though? This scenario was not as she'd first thought it to be. He'd explained this to her. It may have been a slaughter, but she knew the reasons it took place were for the greater good. So why was she here?

She stood her ground while the Master Knight approached her. Lifting her chin in her determination, deciding she wouldn't back down here. Not this time. Usually she would attempt to run. She'd loose her footing and fall back, landing hard in the mud just under the illumination of his balefully crimson blade— but not the last time.

The last time he'd been with her in her mind —and he'd caught her.

Rey remembered that no matter how vivid all of this seemed, it was still only just in her head. All of these scenes were memories. Only memories skewed by fear and doubt.

And before, as she fell in reality, he'd caught her securely in the safety of his arm.

The old memory shifted. The darkness turning to a softening night, the sun barely hanging on to the cliffs ledge behind him. As though the two memories had blended together, Kylo Ren stood before her, his armor damp and streaked with the remnants of the rainstorm they'd just been standing in during the last.

His mask gently tilted to one side as his head bowed down in her direction. His hands raised and just like on that cliff side, they landed lightly over her cheeks.

Ben, her Ben was under all of that gear. Under all of those layers was a man she could respect, a man she could follow and learn from.

Only days ago they'd stood like this, only he'd worn less armor, his torso bared from the waist up after he'd been shot with a blaster, twice. As rare as it she now understood it to be, the Dark knight even wore no helmet... but here, in this new version, his armor was donned in its entirety.

The leather of his gloves heated her skin as his fingers pressed into her face. She reached up for his hands as she did before; to unwrap them. To free them from the confines of those gloves. To free him from Kylo. To make him Ben again.

"Our Master." The knight repeated again, and Kylo Ren's fingers dug deeper into her cheeks.

Rey immediately began to pull away.

"Ben...?" She questioned pitifully.

The Master Knight straightened, pulling her closer as he brought himself to his full height.

"Ben... please..." She could hear the constriction of her own heart through her tightly spoken words.

"Kylo." He denounced the name she pleaded to as though he'd forsaken the man he'd once been.
Her release was sudden when his hands opened and she rocked back on her heels to stop herself from falling backwards.

This should have been the moment in the memory after they'd kissed. Standing only inches away from each other as she internally ached for him, her heart, from his rejection, shattering like glass in her chest.

She would have lifted his helmet up to him by now... instead, it was he who was raising a black dome high in his hands. Staring at his masked countenance, Rey shook her head as he lifted the Knights helmet between them.

The faceless mask rose up like a wall that would forever divide them not just from each other, but from themselves. Rey would no longer be Kira or Rey... not his Scavenger. Only a mask—a knight in his arsenal. Another faceless follower.

Her hands rose to his forearms and she pushed against him.

"No— I will not be lost like this." She gritted out through her clenched teeth as she fought to stop him from lowering the helmet over her head.

"Lost... forgotten... abandoned." The damned Mask of Death, pulled her thoughts along with his words, twisting and using whatever weaknesses her insecure and fearful thoughts gave him as weapons against her.

Kylo Ren was gone.

Kira was gone.

Rey was alone in the burning heat of Jakku, Internally screaming for someone lost to her to come back. For anyone who would hear her crying at night over her torn soul. She'd lost someone or something and she couldn't seem to remember what it was, but she needed it. She had to find it like a lost part of herself. She had to return what or who ever it was so she could be whole again. Until then she was alone here.

As forsaken as the name he'd refused and as forgotten as her own.

No one would save her from a life of servitude and struggle. She learned that early on. There was no kindness, no companion and certainly no handouts.

"You grew strong from this..." The knight observed. "From your abandonment, grew a warrior."

Where was he... this faceless creature who plagued her mind with his poison? Through her mind she sought the demon out, the Knight in the mask of death.

"Plagued your mind with poison?" His distorted voice questioned. "Am I to be mistaken for your last, Master?"

Rey’s brows furrowed, her face scrunching in genuine confusion.

"Luke was not poison." She declared in his defense.

"He abandoned you—twice, doubted your capabilities and denied you the training you needed." The serpent hissed. "He weakened your mind with his own insecurities."

"No... he was trying to help me... trying to build my strength before he could train me properly." She
"No! He feared you like the parents who abandoned you and then he did the same thing. The Last Jedi abandoned you on that desert world. And on the island, he abandoned you again. He could of taught you how to control your own mind, instead he decided to lock it down under the power of his own, just the same as he did to you as a youngling." The Knight's words rang so painfully true that Rey felt near to shattering again.

"That is why you cannot fight me. That is why I can hear every doubt, fear, and thought in your mind."

Rey finally opened her eyes. She'd felt defeated. Alone and on display before the one person she couldn't stand to see her fail. Finally he would abandon her like Luke had.

"Weakness..." The mechanical monster behind her sibilated.

Staring into the mask of Kylo Ren, Rey clenched her fists tightly.

"I am not weak!" She fervently denied his Knight's claim in a way that suggested she wasn't speaking to him, but to the Master Knight himself.

When Kylo's right bicep twitched with the longing to destroy something, it was a slight movement. So slight Rey thought she'd imagined it when she saw it happen.

"You are as your mind says you are... and your mind is diseased with weakness. Riddled with doubt and insecurities!" The Knight exclaimed.

"No," She chirped quietly. "You... you know nothing about me." She stammered.

"I know what your thought tell me. I know how you see you. Is that a lie?" He calmly asked.

Rey's lip quivered in a mixture of anger and resounding defeat.

"Fear, insecurity, abandonment, ...weakness!" The knight repeated and the previous images clashed through her mind at full speed.

"Stop!" She finally screamed, spinning on him and striking out with a burst of her Force from the palm of her hands, directly into his abdomen.

The speed with which her power gathered around her and the strength the hit was delivered with took the Knight by surprise, catching him so unexpectedly that the attack left him flying backwards. He landed hard on his backside, nearly skidding to a halt along the heavily padded floor.

Kylo stepped forward from behind her, his response to her outburst could have been controlled, were it not for the well of power that gathered around her, calling to him through the ties of their bond.

"You know me only through my thoughts. Thoughts can be lies... thoughts can be manipulated." Rey worked out through ragged breaths.

"But... your thoughts, were not... lies." The Knight wheezed.

Rey cringed at the blatant truth. "No... only my perception, and perception is always skewed." She retorted.

The Knight straightened himself before attempting to stand again.
Rey's arm stretched out, palm open, her Force reaching out through her fingers like roots, first
twisting the position of his body until he was kneeling before her, and then binding him in place.

Kylo knew he should stop this. Rey was not going to like realizing what she was capable of doing, at
least not in this way, but he was star struck. Mesmerized by her in the same way he had been the first
time he'd seen his family's legacy lightsaber fly into her hand instead of his. He just stared at her,
hypnotized by the way Force moved between them, and she didn't even realize she was attempting to
interact with him.

He'd started this with his mind completely closed off to her, but the more his Knight pushed her, the
more she unconsciously reached for him from her end and he was barely able to resist the call of her
Force to his own, until finally he couldn't. Probably because he didn't at all want to.

Just as she had done when he'd first interrogated her, when Luke had backed her into a corner on the
Island, and now, always when she needed to draw on her most inner strength, did she seek him out.
And always... he could never deny her. If and when she needed to pull from the hidden strength
shared between them, he would always allow her access.

Kylo had recognized the feeling of her pull from the start. Even before she broke the locks that held
her memories and therefore the knowledge to access her power, she'd pulled from him at least several
other times in the past. It was just that neither of them realized it at the time.

It was the same slick heat that physically traveled along his arm to bury itself deep into his chest in
the interrogation chamber months ago. He'd thought her power had invaded him then, burrowed
within him for some unknown yet certainly nefarious purpose... but it hadn't. In fact, now he
understood that it was merely... returning to him. It was always just as much a part of him as she was.

Whenever she called to him through their bond it was all consuming. Just as her voice resonated in
his head when she'd first followed the bond from her end to his, every time her Force pulled for his
from within, it was all he could do to answer fast enough. It was as though the Maker itself had
bound the tethers of his very soul to her will.

"My thoughts may be loud enough for you to poach them from me..." She continued. "But I can take
from inside of yours." Rey's open palm turned and though the Knight couldn't so much as physically
flinch, she could feel him cringing against the pain of her inexperience with this technique.

"You know where I came from. Now we shall see how you originated!" Her hand squeezed and the
knight buckled forward in pain, even against her Force hold.

To Rey, Kylo Ren had made this ability look easy, but it wasn't. It was exhausting and confusing.
The man's memories were a cyclone of a mess. Out of order and often too blurry to really make
sense of. Rey was determined though, so she clenched her teeth and dug deeper. She'd recently done
this to Finn and while the realization of that cut her somewhere deep, it also meant that she was
capable of finding what she wanted to know in this Knight's head, too.

Though, Finn wasn't yet trained in the Force, and technically she hadn't used only her power... she
was filled to the brim with his at the time. Her Master had lent her his strength. Could she do it with
out his power aiding her own? She didn't know. She also didn't know if she could take from this
Knight if he fought back against her, but she was going to find out.

She squeezed his mind with the Force like a fruit and the man instantly began screaming.

"Easy apprentice. It takes skill and patience to work what you want out of ones mind, not just brute
force." Ren spoke up just behind her. "You can permanently damage him that way." He slowly
approached her, his own hand rising behind her as he neared.

Rey could feel him there even before he spoke. She could feel the familiar heat of his power at her back and it took all of her strength of will not to lean into that feeling.

"I can show you how... if you would allow me." He spoke softly, even through the vocoder distorting his natural voice.

Rey hesitated in thought, her outstretched arm shaking with a combination of anger and the fatigue of the task before her. She eyed the other stationary Knights who only seemed to watch as she wrenched the information she sought after from their kneeling comrade's mind. They didn't seem to currently pose a threat and perhaps that was because their Master was within reach of her... or maybe they were just as curious of her capabilities as she was.

She peered back at the knight suffering at her hands Realizing anger was no excuse for cruelty Rey nodded in compliance to his offer and without hesitation, Kylo stepped into the swell of her Force, swallowing down a low groan of satisfaction as her power swept over him.

When his Force essence met with hers, Rey nearly dropped her arm back down to her side but Kylo caught the top of her hand under his and raised it back up, stretching her arm until it was once again fully extended.

"Steady." He instructed, and his leather covered hand squeezed along the top of her bare one.

Rey slightly rocked back into the feel of the Force that he'd been keeping sealed off from her, unconsciously allowing the pull of her Force towards his, to win out. Her body was so near to touching his that her skin along her shoulder blades tingled with anticipation. Surely they couldn't be more then a foot from each other...?

Reacting to the same instinct that she was, Kylo stepped closer to her, allowing their Force the contact it craved from one another. Neither had been prepared for the exchange between them, but both somehow managed to maintain control of their individual essences.

Kylo turned her palm outward, positioning Rey's hand as though she could cup the Knight's masked face from this distance. Ren cupped her hand in his palm, extending his fingers out across each of hers.

Rey stared at the slight interaction. The black clad length of his large hand was making hers looks so small. So delicate. She'd never pictured her hands as delicate.

It was the same hand... she'd suddenly realized, noting the hand engulfing her own was his right. Curiosity and heat bloomed to life within Rey's frantically thrumming chest and her throat felt suddenly dry.

With a fresh wave of crimson spreading over her cheeks, Rey's head snapped in the direction of his masked face, angling upward to make up for their height difference as she wondered wether or not his focus was on her thoughts or the task before them. Unlike the battle armor she'd first met him in, armor that ran up to the line of his jaw, from this angle his on deck uniform allowed her eyes access to about mid length up his neck, some of his jawline and even some of the underside of his throat.

"Focus forward." He instructed, interrupting her thoughts and effectively deterring her wandering eyes, because standing this close to her, he couldn't do it any other way. He couldn't control his own reaction if he caught even a glimpse of those wild hazel eyes staring up at him.

"When invading someone's mind, always focus on the task at hand, lest you find yourself projecting
your mind into theirs." He warned, and every word was completely true, she should know; that's how she defeated the mighty Kylo Ren during his interrogation of her. The slip of his mind opening to hers was somehow all she needed to infiltrate him.

Rey's cheeks heated with embarrassment. First at being scolded, then after realizing what she could have allowed his third to see through her mind... Imagine projecting what she'd seen last night, or even now — the view of kylo's exposed throat and jawline and the rush of fluttering nerves that was coursing through her stomach while he stood so close and with the intoxicating pull of their power mingling between them — into the head of one of his Knights. It was a horrifying enough idea to rattle her senses and help clear her of the haze having him so close was causing.

Returning her face forward, she exhaled deeply.

"Good, now let my Force guide you. Allow yourself access to my training, like you did the first time you took from my mind... and every time since." He internally mused. "Accept my techniques as your own, Rey."

He slipped up when he used her name... and it was in front of his Knights! He should know better. It could be viewed as inappropriate at best.

But gods — she was so close... it took every ounce of discipline not to book his arm around her torso and pull her back firmly against him. He could tell her it was beneficial to the syncing of his Force with hers and she'd never know the wiser. Obviously it would have been for no other reason then he wanted her there. The way their Force was mixing so thoroughly, he didn't need them to be touching at all to allow her this access to his power; it was already hers, but the notion was tempting just the same.

And Force she'd feel so good. He could regret nothing of it if it wouldn't be so disrespectful to his Knights. He shouldn't even be fantasizing about it... not after last night and how easily he could mess up and leak these thought and feeling through their bond right now. But Gods, their mixing Force was already starting to make his head spin. Her body so near to his wasn't doing anything to sate the addiction touching her had become. Especially since he'd had to restrain himself with her since those kriuffing terms!

He should show better mental restraint now but, letting his Second anywhere near her had made him horribly possessive. Internally he was a brutish caveman stomping around furiously. Bringing her against him could be just as much for his pleasure as it a show of possession for his Knights to witness, but he was certain if Rey found out he'd misled her, she'd make him suffer the consequences.

Rey was power and hurt and anger, yet somehow when his hand touched hers, she simmered. Thankfully his voice was calculated through the distortion of his vocoder and that's precisely what she'd needed to get her mind back on track.

Kylo Ren was finally doing what he'd said he'd do from the start; he was teaching her, and she wasn't going to do anything to jeopardize that, so she did as he instructed.

She focused on the way his energy moved through him. Followed every twist and turn it took as his power eagerly obeyed his will. Without resistance Rey allowed her hand to rest over his and she copied what she'd seen him do in the past and what she'd felt him do as he used this ability on her.

Before she knew it she was sifting through a much calmer, quieter mind. It seemed the Knight was no longer in pain. Did that mean she was doing this correctly?
"You're doing very well, now just keep focus. Lead his mind with your own just as he did to you."
Her Master encouraged.

Rey nodded. Staring at the skeletal mask she simply asked, "Who are you?"

"No," Ren interrupted. "That's too broad of a question. To go deeper, you have to infiltrate his defenses. Seek a different approach." He advised.

Her eyes narrowed in thought. How had Kylo done this to her during the interrogation...? She was certain she'd started off closed minded with him...

Thinking back to the start of their first real conversation she realized he'd simply observed what she displayed for him to see. He waited for her to start the conversation, she remembered asking about her friends, but then he used her obvious emotions to start a connection with her, thus opening her mind to his like a door. She remembered now. He'd taunted her with her own answer, "...murderers, traitors, and thieves." He'd said, sparking her anger at him. She'd emotionally reacted and that was all he needed to gain access to her thoughts. It seemed so easy once she realized the simplicity of it.

Her eyes narrowed on the kneeling Knight. Just a small opening in his defense was all she needed to push further into his mind. All she needed to figure out was how to proceed...

Then in a single moment of sudden clarity, as though the answer were whispered into her mind, Rey knew exactly what to do.

"Kylo Ren." She spoke his Master's name and watched the knight for his reaction and it was instant.

His helmet snapped upward and Rey was positive that his eyes were burning directly at her through his mask. Even though he remained silent on the outside, his mind took off in a run and far better then she expected it to.

She immediately felt his loyalty, his pride at being considered a Knight of Ren, and then she saw Kylo as the Knight perceived him. —A fierce and loyal warrior, always and unsurprisingly, cloaked from head to toe in black. A brother on the battle field and a force to be reckoned with while in combat.

Then he was a firm yet fair Leader and Master —a guiding force with which the Knight could learn from and confide in. And finally, and even more surprisingly, — Kylo Ren was considered a friend.

A clear image of a version of Ben that she could only describe as a young adolescent popped into the Knight's mind. This was a version of him that Kira wouldn't have known. It was clearly well after she'd been taken away from him, but she immediately recognized him non the less.

He was a mixture of the boy that came right before the man. There was some softness to his features still but she was betting the fullness of his cheeks would be all but gone soon, replaced by harder lines and edges, as was the process of shifting into adulthood. His eyes were still dark, but closer to the earthy brown she remembered them as. Maker, how she missed those eyes, even more so on the rare occasions where she'd get him to smile...

"You knew him from before." She announced as though pointing out something about the knight that he didn't already know himself.

Immediately that quiet whispering was back, and her mind began to race with so many tempting questions.
Was the man beneath the armor from Luke's academy? Did Kira know him? How had he come to join Ben as Kylo Ren?

—At his name, Kylo tensed. It was a curious direction for her to take his knight in but that was not what set his defenses on sudden alert.

There was a feeling... a strange feeling that was so eerily familiar, Kylo swore he should have known the cause of it, yet it's origins alluded him. It passed through him so quickly, almost a shadow moving from one frame to the next. And the truly unsettling part was that he'd felt it rushing out through his mind — as though it had started there... but it was gone now.

Above her right shoulder, Kylo shook his masked head in an attempt to dislodge the sense of unease that was taking root in his mind and then he returned his attention back to instructing his apprentice.

Her mind was so frantic, so overwhelmed with thoughts that he had to really concentrate to make sense of them. There was however, one that stood out more clearly then the rest. At forefront, was an image of a young Ben Solo.

It seemed no matter what he did that she always found her way back to Ben. He'd wanted Rey to use this technique to sift through his Knight's mind. The knowledge held there could easily advance her training through his... it would have been hugely beneficial to her. A quick way for her to observe months and maybe even years of training in one quick lesson, like she'd done to him when she'd learned how to use a Force trick from his experiences.

Instead she'd somehow ended up deep in his past. Her tactic had been flawless. Using his name like a secret honing device set to the self destruct button. An unexpected way to easily get his Knight's thoughts detonating from within like the Star Killer had. It was a self implosion and Kylo Ren was the topic of destruction...

Push him... An unfamiliar instinct goaded Rey.

She did want to know more... about Ren... about Ben... one or both would be as equally satisfying.

Push him...! The feeling became more intense and Rey couldn't help but feel almost compelled to obey.

There it was again... the fastest flicker of light into darkness that Kylo had ever experienced through another's Force. Kylo's shoulders twitched with unease. Something he couldn't explain was happening... but what?

"That's enough, apprentice." Even while distracted, this time he was careful to use an appropriate title.

Kylo shifted behind her, trying to keep his focus on both her and trying to find whatever it was that was moving between them.

"It's dangerous to go any further with out more experience. I admit," He added, very much trying not to alarm her or the other Force sensitives in the room of what he was trying to pin down. "That I didn't expect you to breach his mind so efficiently, just yet."

Rey had faintly heard her Master, but it was as though she were moving far ahead and her were left somewhere way behind her. And besides, she couldn't stop now... not when she was so close to discovering anything about what happened to Ben after she'd been literally pulled light years apart from him. She also wanted to know more about who this Knight was and why he followed Ben as Kylo Ren. What made him so loyal? When were they friends. How? They didn't seem friendly now,
yet this Knight still remembered him as such.

Assuming she'd obey him, Kylo withdrew his hand from atop hers and then reluctantly stepped back from her, setting a much more appropriate amount of space between them.

When her arm remained outright, her fingers still grasping at his Knight's mind, Kylo issued her a light warning.

"Apprentice, I said that's enough." He repeated more sternly.

Rey shook her head, unwilling to let go of the kneeling Knight's mind for fear that she may lose the image of Ben that was now very vividly painted behind the lids of her own eyes. "I can't." She whimpered in her desperation to hold onto him. "I need to know more about him..."

They both knew whom she was referring to. Hoth, even his Knights could tell she was referring to Ben, and obviously not the Knight that she was mentally infiltrating.

"No." He snapped. "That boy is gone. Let him go. Let the past go!" Kylo bitterly demanded, forgetting for a moment that he was searching for something.

He could see the tears brimming along her closed lids. She was still concentrating, still holding on with everything she had.

"Rey," His voice raised in anger. "...Let go! Let the boy go!" He boomed and with his emotions coming too close to the surface, he added a slight push of his Force, one not meant to control, but to at least grab her attention.

He knew it was juvenile to be jealous over how much she loved his past self, but he was, and it stoked an always burning fire in him to know it. Still, Kylo tried to calm himself, even going so far as to audibly put effort into inhaling and exhaling. He understood what she was going through, even in the forest of Takodana, amongst an ongoing siege of Maz's castle, the first thing he'd done once inside of her mind was snoop around for more information about her, and back then he couldn't even explain why.

Then, again in the interrogation room he'd gone further with that investigation. He couldn't get upset for her curiosities where he was concerned, but he was upset at the timing of it... even more so over the display of disobedience in front of his Knights. This would not do, and using one of them to dig up his past certainly couldn't be allowed.

Squeezing his fists until his knuckles ran white beneath their black gloves, Kylo spoke through nearly clenched teeth.

"Apprentice... I know what he put you through just now... I know I shouldn't have let it go so far... but you have to release him now." He stepped closer to her back again. "You can't go deeper then you already are... you don't have the skill to..." Suddenly he was silenced. His throat was tight, his vocals seizing mid sentence as he felt the constriction of her Force around him. He could no longer move towards her, she'd actually successfully locked him in place.

"I have to know." She repeated as if she were speaking through a trans.

And then he noticed the position of her left arm. While he'd been distracted by his own outburst she'd moved her left hand out low behind her and her fingers were splayed out like an open fan in a motion that he recognized as that of his signature Force hold. He honestly couldn't tell if he were more pissed or more proud of her achievement.
It was an agonizing scream wrenched from the knight who knelt before her that decided neither in
this moment mattered, and Kylo's masked face flew back up to the back of her head. The other four
knights in the room reacted without hesitation, all immediately moving closer to his Apprentice with
the intent of putting a stop to this themselves.

"No!" His voice pushed through the connection he shared with his knights, a connection unknown to
Kylo, that Rey was now very much a part of while she was connected with his Second. "You will
not interfere." He commanded.

The four moving Knights froze in place, their attention split between their Master and their suffering
comrade.

"Apprentice, just was is it that you think you're doing?" He calmly questioned, hoping to bring her
attention back away from his Knight so that maybe he could talk some sense into her.

He knew her well enough, even after the emotional strain his knight had put her through, she
wouldn't knowingly torture someone, and that's definitely what this would feel like to that Knight.
Delving where she didn't belong could damage both of their minds and he had to keep them both
from that experience. He had to protect his Knight as well as her. It was his responsibility.

Rey was clearly hurt from the previous interaction with the Knight, and like him when he suffered
through that kind of emotion, she was lashing out. Both led by her need to explore Ben's past and to
set his knight in his place. Kylo could feel her anger, her insecurity, and he recognized the behavior
quickly because he was often the culprit of such displays. But there was something else in Rey too.
Something that he was certain didn't belong there. Something dark and vile.

"Rey, you have to listen to me..." He began calmly but there was no response. No inclination that
she'd even heard him.
So he tried again. "Rey... there is a time and a place for the answers you seek, but using this Knight
in this way is not how you want to do it. Trust me."

Still no response.

"Rey!" He yelled, his mechanical voice booming out like thunder from behind her, and yet she stood
there as though she were staring into the most peaceful view she'd ever seen. Not even a twitch as a
response.

It was only then, in his stunned silence, that he realized that somehow her mind was sealed off from
any outside sources. To Rey, it was like nothing else in the room existed... except for the Knight
who's mind she was tearing to pieces.

Kudos, comment, and as always, Happy Reading!

-DarkGuardian-
Lost but Never Forgotten part One: The Decent

At the end of Rey's extended arm, her open hand shook. She was staring into the shining complexion of a mask fashioned to a deathly guise and it was reflecting back through her eyes so clearly, that the Knight kneeling under her power could see it himself.

Rey had waited her whole life for the parents who were never coming back to return to her. She'd been Jedi mind tricked into forgetting herself completely. Had that part of herself replaced with the need to wait... And then Kylo Ren had entered her mind. Before that moment Rey had no reason to want for anything more then what she was compelled to desire; no reason for anything more then a family that was never coming back for her.

Her whole life she'd been mentally trapped in that cage and yet, that mind numbing compulsion didn't compare to how entombed Rey found herself right now. No, even the incessant need to wait, to remain steadfast on Jakku, paled in comparison to what pressed upon her now. Something so invasive took up so much space in her head that she felt suffocated in the space.

It was something so violently intrusive that she felt nauseous. She pushed against this foreign darkness but rather then pushing back, the thickening smog engulfed her. A flash of Ben's young face drilled the impulse to find him deeper into her brain, jostling her attention back to the destruction of this Knight's mental walls.

Ben... Find Ben... Reach Ben...

It was all she could decipher through the waves of desperation and pain that was wracking her head. In her mind she was utterly alone. She was drowning in her solitude just as she had back on Jakku and the only thing she could do to breach the surface, was find him. Find Ben.

She was more determined to follow this phantom command then she was concerned with breathing. At some point she'd even tried to fight the urge to sift through this Knight's mind on what felt like an order rather then her own desire, and in choosing to rebell against this compulsion, she'd literally began holding her breath in some kind of juvenile protest. It was all she could do to defy the Darkness that some how seeped in through the bond shared between she and her ... Master? Ben? Kylo?

Who was he supposed to be in this moment? She couldn't remember... Which one of them was she with right now? How was she to know the difference between them... if at all there was one?

Moments ago it didn't matter. He'd been there for her... finally they were on the same side. As briefly as it may have been, he was teaching her and she was learning the best way she ever could; hands on, the way she'd always excelled at learning.

She watched how he'd used the Force to infiltrate her mind in the past and copied it, applied it to the task at hand; the deconstruction of his Knight's mental defenses so that she may not only protect her own mind but also so that she could enter his memories.

There were so many images. The faces of his masked comrades moved in and out of focus. She saw fighting, training, a level of comradery that Rey had never experienced herself. How could she have? She'd almost always been alone and she envied the loyalty these Knights had for each other and for their Master.

She saw sabers clashing in and out of the darkness of the Knight's mind. More training —always
training. Sometimes the Knights wore their masks, always during training, but when the days and
nights were calmer, they removed their metal bound guises.

But never him. The Master Knight was always hooded or masked.

I need to go further back, She realized, if she was going to find Ben. And that's where this
compulsion was directing her, towards Ben.

There were quick glimpses of more Knights. More training, different and repetitive faces.

And then there was a startling yet brilliant flash of a familiar red, crackling into focus. The malignant
blade of Kylo Ren's unstable lightsaber was crashing against one of the strangest red blades she'd
ever seen. It was massive for a plasma beam. Long and double bladed but not from two active ends.
This plasma sword may as well have been two sabers fused together to produce two blades nearly on
top of each other.

She was still watching from a safe distance but even then, when the two competing blades met the
flash they emitted against one another was sooo bright that Rey found her arm moving up to shield
her eyes.

Kylo was smaller in stature but just as tall as always. He was long, lean power. While dueling his
height came with its own challenges, but with his strength and power in the Force, he was quick to
counter what should have made him an easy target.

The two combatants fought furiously against one another but by the end it was Kylo who had bested
his sparring partner. It was quick thinking when he'd countered what could have been a lethal blow
by positioning the blade of his plasma between the double blades of his opponents saber. Twisting
his own lightsaber, Kylo spun under the elbow of his rival. He pulled the blades back, dislodging the
hilt from his challengers grasp. Within another moment Kylo had gone full circle beneath the torso of
the enemy combatant and now he had full possession of both blades, three if you wanted to count the
two uniquely attached blades to the single hilt which he now wielded as an off hand, on either side of
his rivals body.

The much larger frame of his enemy froze. For a moment neither moved and then, as though finally
fully acknowledging Kylo as the victor, the bested warrior took to his knee. His hands raised to
either side of his face and while still caged in by the dangerously close plasma blades to either side of
his neck, the duelist removed his mask.

A most interesting face angled up towards kylo's mask sending long straight locks of deep blue hair
falling across the broad shoulders of a complexion as unique as the blade this warrior wielded. A
pale shade of reddish pink skin highlighted the most vibrant set of violet eyes Rey had ever seen and
they shone up at Kylo Ren with an eager respect and an equally obvious pride illuminating behind
them.

"Master." The unmasked man conceded.

The humanoid was mesmerizing. So close to her own race that at first Rey had to wonder if the off
colors were just a trick of her own mind. Maybe this was a strange effect due to lack of skill on her
part. A mis-interpretation of what she was able to see through the knight who's memories she was
viewing.

After the fight she waited with tight lungs to see if Kylo would remove his Mask but when the now
dominant male straightened, disengaged the two sabers, and extended the extinguished hilt of his
adversary’s weapon, Rey knew it was over.
He was already Kylo here. She still needed to go further back.

And then she found their roles reversed. This strange warrior and Kylo Ren. It was frustrating seeing this duelist again because she knew it wasn't the Knight who's memories she was viewing. Her host was clearly an onlooker in these scenes but obviously this warrior was important to him or why would he be reliving these specific moments between these two men.

In this new memory the fighting had already began. The two combatants were just as aggressive but in a much different way. Kylo fought with blind emotion, mostly rage, and was filled with over confidence from his strength in the Force. It seemed he relied on this more then his skill with a blade. And it was easy to tell even through the layers of his armor, that he was much younger. His opponent towered over him in everything from height to physical stature. Kylo was closer to the boy Ben here, but still he donned a mask of Ren.

An immeasurable amount of sadness for him filled Rey completely. Only just last night Kylo had omitted that his mask was so much a part of him that those around him likely wouldn't recognize him if he ever went without the piece. She may not be able to identify him as Ben here, but he was clearly still young enough to be considered a boy. Already his identity as Ben was being erased.

He was always surrounded by others, yet he was always divided from them. Always as alone as she had been. Segregated from humanity by the full armor he donned and the mask of cold emotionless lines of steel and carbon.

Rey's insides ignited when the larger warrior landed a damaging blow along Kylo's left bicep. Even through this memory, the attack against her bond mate pulled her from the sympathetic state she was momentarily wallowing in and placed her in an aggressive defense mode.

Outside of this Knight's mind, Rey could feel the peaking of her adrenaline reacting to the rage that spilled out through her unstable Force. She'd stepped closer to the knight who was still kneeling before her and unknown to her in the moment, on the outside of these memories, the knights around her, and their Master, stood entranced as they all watched the untrained girl utilize a most impressive amount of her own Force energy, and even more impressive, her Master's.

It was something these well versed warriors had only ever seen Kylo Ren do before; use another's Force as though it were their own. No wonder their leader had been infatuated with her from the first moment they met. Just her power moving through the room was enough to hypnotize the whole lot of them, not a single set of eyes could look away.

There was an acid eating through Rey from the inside out. A quick stinging pain like the swiping of a blade through her mind.

Deeper... go deeper! The dark voice inside her head insisted, blindly sending her further into the abyss of the Knight's mind.

And then her consciousness was jerked away from her own mind. She could suddenly feel the restriction of strong hands gripping along her arms. Remorseless fingers relentlessly pressing into the bruising ropes of her already sore muscles. Rey tugged against the constriction of the invisible fingers that held her. She fought against their pull until her legs were suddenly kicked out from under her and she fell forward, her face slamming hard into the stone floor beneath her. The world around her blurred into fuzzy greys. There were voices, angry voices. Words spoken in languages she shouldn't have understood, yet through this Knight's mind, she did.

They were discussing it just above her head... They'd caught her sneaking in.
—But why was she here?

She was trying to... to find some one. She remembered.

Yes, she was here for her brother, but she failed when they'd caught her.

The next words they'd spoken were all too familiar. It was the same ruling that caused her to flee from her home world in self preservation. Her people feared the very abilities that helped her find where Zathar had been residing for these last long three years. She knew her kin was close... she could feel him.

But the verdict... it no longer mattered that she'd finally found him because they'd already decided her fate— She was going to be executed!

Rey felt the heat of her own warm blood as it trickled out of her swollen lip. Her mouth had smashed against the floor when she went down and now her face pressing into the stone beneath, was blocking the fluid from traveling any further then this. Instead it was pooling between the seal of her lips. Adjusting her face, she turned her head and the blood smeared along her chin and cheek. She began lifting herself up but a heavy foot found the top of her spine and pushed down between her shoulders. She was flat against the stone again only this time the weight of that foot was pushing down on her, crushing her ribs to the floor beneath.

Her palms were flattened too and she was using them to push herself up, fighting to release herself from the foot against her back. Rey tried with all of her strength to push herself free from the floor even against the much larger form forcibly pushing her down.

She's come so close to finding him... she'd gotten so far... she couldn't die here. Not now!

And then the sound of a weapon she'd only ever dreamed of hearing hissed to life over her head. She and her brother had engaged in pretend duels with the very instrument that would now be used to end her. She supposed it was fitting, she'd come here for her brother and at least now if she closed her eyes, he could be here with her. It was easy to pretend that this was all just a game they were playing, the same as when they were growing together. And when she closed her eyes, she could feel her brother with her. As though he were in the same room, standing beside her, no —above her.

In the same moment that she realized where he was, the heat of the blade came down. Her heart was pulsing in her ears, rushing so quickly she thought she may even pass out before the blade could do its job.

She waited. On the flat of her belly, her hands still pressed to the floor and her own breath bouncing back into her face. Her brother was standing above her, his arm was trembling. Muscles straining from his aching fingertips to the stretch of his upper bicep. She waited beneath his foot with the heat of his lightsaber just above the thin material that protected the sensitive skin of her neck.

All at once she realized the blade had stopped descending and then the adrenaline came. Everything around her became clear and she suddenly realized that she hadn't imagined her brother as the man above her because he was above her. It really was his foot.

And what's more there was someone with him who was so powerful that they were distracting her from him. She could no longer focus at all on the one person she'd crossed the galaxy to find.

When she began her journey to this dark place, she imagined she may come across a few like herself, who were here out of discovery or curiosity. But she only found one... and he was a Force sensitive so powerful that they negated every other being in the room. So strong was this signature that she
could feel the waves of it literally repelling the heat of the lightsaber that was suspended only just above the covering material that hooded over her neck.

A pulse of that same power skillfully maneuvered around her, peeling that hood from over her head with only a slight brush of energy across her skin. Light from over her head flooded her field of vision but within seconds her eye began adjusting and the first good glimpse of her surroundings came into view. Already she was determined above all else, to find the only power in the room that drowned out her own.

Her face angled up, drawing the deep red skin of her cheek closer to the humming plasma blade that was still suspended above her neck as though frozen in time.

At her uncovering the foot along her back lifted and the figure belonging to her would be executioner staggered back.

She should have taken the opportunity to bring herself up to her feet, or at the very least, to confirm the number of threats in the room, but she was enamored. Too bewildered by the young face that already had her attention. He stared down at her so intensely that she couldn't even move a muscle further then the tilt that locked their eyes.

Rey thought she may have hit her head much harder then she realized, because it couldn't be possible that the Force which interfered with her execution could come from the human staring back at her. He was too simple looking. Too young. There was nothing but the very power he housed, that suggested otherwise and if there was one thing in her young life that she had learned very early on, it was that power exhumed power. The powerful, the dangerous or wealthy, they always wore their status abroad their shoulders. They wanted the weaker to know where they stood. And this man, who was so young she nearly had the urge to describe him as boyish, he held himself as though none of those claims could be applied to him directly.

It didn't help that he also appeared just as enamored by her as she was by him. He looked at her as though he were shocked or confused. Maybe he couldn't decide between the two.

It was only by the distraction of another voice that she was able to revert her eyes to the stone floor to which she clung.

"Please, my young Lord, forgive the disturbance and return to your studies. I shall personally see to it that this eavesdropping thief causes no more interruptions." Came an obviously irritated voice from somewhere off to Rey's left side. Notably, she recognized this as the same voice who'd ordered her execution.

The young man across from her made no movements greater then the slight clenching of his left fist and an even less notable twitch along the crease of his right eye. "This boy —bested your defenses well enough to steal from Darth Vader's Castle..." He began in a mocking tone.

"Of course not, my Lord!" The first voice began defending. "As you can see we have caught the intruder and prior to your interference, would have justly punished him." He remarked snidely.

The young man's head ticked to the left but his eyes never broke away from the even younger intruder who'd been donned a thief.

"So they've stolen nothing." He simply exclaimed, ignoring the baiting undertone that laced the first man's words.
"As if we would allow a child to successfully infiltrate and pilfer from our Lord's Castle."

At this Rey looked up, her eyes tearing away from the floor beneath. She glanced at her accuser, smoking of lizard man, for only a moment before finding them back on her original place of fixation, the young Lord, who seemingly held the title of Master over the previous Lord Vader's estate.

His eyes caught hers again only he seemed no longer to be effected by the same curiosity that she was. In an instant he looked away as if bored.

"Release him." The young man casually ordered, and then he dismissively turned from the scene altogether.

Following the back of a young Ben, Rey began the process of climbing to her feet. She needed to follow him. There were questions she had to ask, though she currently couldn't think of a single one in the moment.

"Absolutely not!" The older, red robed man snapped. His scaly hand raised as though he himself had the power to halt his Lord's command.

The young man paused in his once casual retreat. His form tensed and the relaxed air about him became sulfuric. His feet turned, leading his rigid body so slowly back in the direction of the robed figure that it seemed as though he hadn't decided whether or not the challenge made against his authority was actually what had just transpired or if he'd simply imagined it.

"You may be the heir apparent to Lord Vader, but you still have yet to prove yourself worthy of the title. That being said, there are some proceedings which must remain above even your rule." As the older Acolyte spoke he brazenly approached the would be young Lord and he held himself as though he were of higher importance. He reeked of arrogance and self righteousness. It was obvious that he was under the misconception that he was of higher competence, like only he knew best.

"My young Lord," He continued in a patronizing manner. "Your tutelage is progressing ahead of schedule, but you are no Master here."

Eyes blazing in a display of sudden and unbridled power, honed in on the older Acolyte. "—But I will be."

The once confident reptilian dipped his head in immediate submission. "Yes, I'm sure you will be... someday." He smoothed the length of his robe and pivoted back in the direction of his prisoner. "But here and now the intruder must be dealt with." He insisted.

Then he nodded to the figure who had previously stepped into the background somewhere behind Rey's field of vision. Until then she'd forgotten about the threat of her executioner. Three years ago he was her brother, but now he was a man who just attempted to decapitate her. At that disturbing realization, she reacted. She crouched and curled her body in then rolled to the left, repositioning herself between as many of the perceived threats in the room as she could at once.

Her palms planted along the ground and she waited for some one to make the first move. She was frightfully aware of her own lack of combat skills but combat was definitely not her first choice of defense. She was strong in the Force, confident that so long as the powerhouse across from her remained neutral to the fray, she could at least take out one or two threats in the room before they could catch or kill her.

She was ready to fight. Ready to defend herself to the death —until she caught her brother's face. She knew it was him. She knew she felt him here with her but until she actually saw him standing...
there with her own eyes, she'd thought him only a figment of her desperate imagination. Her heart was more frantic then ever as she looked upon the face of her family, her would be executioner. And though he wasn't focused on her, she couldn't bear her eyes away from him. He was staring at his young Lord, the one who'd intervened before her own blood had the chance to lop her head from her shoulders.

She couldn't help but wonder... did he even remember her? Did the three years that they'd been apart make so much of a difference in her appearance that he couldn't recognize her as his sibling? Or was he so loyal to these dark monks and scholars, that their shared blood met little to nothing here.

What she was surmising to be the elder of the acolytes marched forward aggressively and it was only then that she looked away from her sibling. The acolyte's red robes swished with each long step he took in her direction and she found the strangest image flashing through her head.

A long faded, red fabric whipping so violently it began shredding at the ends. It was a thinning material. Worn down after surviving the war it came from, likely it was once a proud banner signifying the old republic, but now it was the only thing between her and the ever blowing sand that threatened to fill her home. Blinking stupidly at the rippling garb, she remembered how desperate she'd been to seal the door of her shelter from the sand storm raging around her beat up At-At.

But that made no sense. There was no sand on her home planet. She'd never lived in a junk box like that fallen relic.

Only recently she'd fled for her life from her home world of Zeltros. She wondered then, if this could be some kind of a mental trick? Perhaps an unusual tactic set up to confuse her into surrendering.

Even with the threatening Acolyte approaching her, she redirected her attention once more to the young man who somehow still maintained the most commanding presence in the room. And he was the only other Force sensitive that she could feel. It must have been his mind overlapping hers... but what a strange image to distract her with.

Though everything felt extremely familiar to her, nothing about it made sense. Even her hands didn't look like her own. They were small, dainty, and her arms were heavily wrapped up in a thin cloth, probably to protect them from the whipping sand, and more notable, they were feminine. Even light in color, a sun tanned peach. Not the deep red hue she'd always been.

"Xaurus, what are you waiting for? Dispatch of that intruder, immediately!"

The robed man glowered at her, his eyes narrowing with his disgust.

"—The teachings you offer me here are limited.” The young man across from her disrupted the scene, challenging the older acolyte with a composure built of steel and stone.

The acolyte's head whipped around like a snake, his neck rocking from side to side as though he couldn't quite decide which way to lean it. He was clearly shocked by the simple statement. Dumbfounded enough that he changed directions completely.

Instead of continuing on towards her, he turned back in the direction of his would be academic ward. The young man didn't even flinch.

The Acolyte scoffed. "Hundreds of years worth of knowledge and artifacts are kept on safe record within these walls." His angry voice trembled with his barely managed rage. "Your grandfather was amongst the highest seeker and collector of the history of the Force, the first Jedi Force users, and
Sith... and you make a statement like that... blasphemy!” He suddenly exclaimed.

The then young Ben Solo took a single step forward, his own brown eyes locking in silent challenge with the much older male, but his demeanor remained completely calm in approach.

"Bendu." He monotonously corrected.

The thin slitted eyes of the angry Acolyte blinked stupidly back at him. "Excuse me?"

"The first form of the earliest known Jedi..." Ben shifted his gaze calmly back to Rey and her lungs nearly burst on the breath she was currently letting out.

The brown in his eyes seemed suddenly so deep. So intense she felt like she could be sucked into them at the slightest tug of his power—and they seemed sooo... familiar.

"They were called the Bendu." Ben finally finished.

"I know what they were called, you condescending... insolent—"

Ben's right hand shot out and in the next moment the Dark scholar went silent. Instead of his viscous scoldings, he was sputtering and gasping.

"The research and artifacts kept here are beyond impressive..." Ben broke eye contact with Rey's host just long enough to survey his surroundings for any threats of retaliation. "But if I am to carry out my grandfather's legacy, I'll need more then knowledge of a time long since past. Order 66 wiped out nearly all Force sensitives within the known regions." Though his body remained lined up with Rey who was still crouched low in a defensive position, his head casually turned to parallel the man who he was Force choking only a few feet away.

"Tell me, with all the knowledge you've gathered on the Force, have you anyway to further my training with it? Can you offer me more in that area then my wayward uncle can?" The intelligence in that one well thought out question astounded Rey— impressed her, even.

His Force released from around the mans bruised throat and at the loss of the supporting constriction, the silenced man stumbled forward. He grasped at his neck, looking from left to right as though waiting for his brothers to assist him. But no one moved. At least not to help him.

"Can you!?" Ben's once calm voice suddenly boomed through the otherwise deathly quiet chamber.

The dark scholar suddenly back peddled, his hand raising above his chest in an attempt to halt his future Master's inevitable fury. He blinked repeatedly, his brain trying to find away to appease the young hot tempered man before matters became more dangerous for himself.

"You think this thief could be useful to your studies... in ways that we could not?" He wheezed in disbelief even while bitting back the offense he'd taken.

Ben turned back to the young boy Rey was reliving this experience through. His eyes became dark as he turned dangerously serious.

"You will leave us now, Grand Collector." He finally titled the older male. "The boy will prove useful to me..." His mesmerizing eyes shimmered with power. "Or he won't. Either way, as he is very Force capable and you are not— It will be my decision." He declared.

Rey heard the older male swallowing thickly. His mouth opened and closed twice, but ultimately he remained quiet until he reached the door that led himself free from the room and his young lords
attention. "Very well, the boy is now held in your ...most capable charge. Should anything turn amiss, you realize your responsibilities... you will be expected to take appropriate action against the youngli—"

"I'm aware of the consequences" Ben bluntly cut him off. "Everyone out!"

The young man had reached the end of his patience. He could only stare at the even younger intruder that was unintentionally responsible for the thin ice Ben would be struggling on with these acolytes from here on forward. Perhaps he shouldn't have stood so brazenly against their leader but, when he felt the Force in the youngling they were going to kill... he just couldn't allow it.

The boy was desperate, Ben could feel it. He was searching for someone he'd lost and he was willing to die to reunite with them. Ben could relate to that anguish and so he'd intervened on an unplanned whim.

Either his sudden and self imposed level of power over his grandfather's estate and the acolytes within it would be accepted or they'd fight him every step of the way from here out. He supposed time and whatever this, his first venture against their leader, yielded, would tell.

Following the instructions they were given every acolyte retreated, leaving only one other remaining with Ben and Zathar— Xaurus.

*Hey lovelies, expect the next part up in a few days and I really hope you enjoy the glimpse into Ben's past and a humane look at his Knights.*

If you liked it, please vote and always feel free to comment, I love the feedback! 😊
Unthreatening and mostly focused on the young boy Ben had just technically rescued from certain execution at his own hands, Xaurus stood staring down at the child who Rey looked on from, only able to tear his eyes away for a few short moments at a time and exclusively to wearily eye the young lord whom he was charged with protecting. Because he was assigned to Ben's safety while amongst the Acolytes, it was completely natural for him to remain by his side and not one head turned to even glimpse in his direction as they quickly fled the room to obey the youngest of the Skywalker bloodline.

The warrior watched with careful attention as Ben stepped closer to the boy he hadn't seen in three long years and who was still currently crouched defensively before him —because his brother had almost taken his head.

"I don't approve of thievery, but at least a thief can be taught a different way of living. A liar, however, I have no patience for. Tell me boy, which are you?" The master of his former grandfather's estate questioned grimly, his demeanor set purposely to intimidate.

Even while completely aware that it was her host facing Ben's insinuated threat, and not her actual hide that was really on the line, Rey felt her own discomfort at the situation and Zathar must have felt the same because he swallowed hard in response to Ben's belligerent approach. After he'd gone out of his way to secure her host's life, she found the question he asked and in the manner he asked it, to be a strange one. Her chin tilted up and through the memory of his future knight and she spoke as earnest as possible.

"I am neither."

"Neither... Yet, the Acolytes say you've come to steal from the knowledge that they store here?" He questioned backhandedly.

She stood then, ever strong in proving her honor. "I'm no thief... though, I suppose unintentionally my motives here mark me as such." She realized as she reanalyzed her reasons for presently being here. "But I'm certainly not a liar!" She snipped.

"No, you're not..." Ben agreed, because through Zathar's thoughts he'd already discovered his motives for sneaking into his grandfather's castle and his brother, the Zeltron who still stood just off to the side now, had —the moment he realized the intruders identity— mentally begged for Ben to spare his only sibling and those pleas had coincided perfectly, leaving Ben no reason to doubt the motives the child's mind had shown him; he came for his brother and nothing else.

"But you admit that you did come here to steal away my assigned protection?" He cornered her through his eerily perceptive accusation and Rey wondered why the boy she was joined with had felt spooked by Ben's insight.

Perhaps he didn't know how to feel when Ben was reading his thoughts. Maybe he was unaware that the young Force user even had the ability yet... Rey reasoned.

Through Zathar, her eyes instantly betrayed her as Ben caught them flashing up towards the figure to her right, his left, her brother.

For just a second Xaurus' hand tightened on the hilt of his still humming lightsaber. To anyone perceptive enough to catch the small movement, and Rey was betting Ben had, the Guardian had
clearly made the decision to protect his brother at all costs, even if that meant betraying his orders to guard his young ward.

"So, I guess there's a decision to be made." Ben ignored the slight twitching of his body guard's right eye and the blood deprived knuckles that gave away how tightly he squeezed his weapon in his hand. "Will you two try to end me right here, right now? Flee together and hope the Acolytes never catch up to you? Or will you allow me the opportunity—" His eyes shifted between the two brothers. "—To train along side you?" His voice softened and he leaned back at the hips, allowing them no sign of a threat given from his end.

At once, both heads turned to face his.

"If you are intent on killing me, I wouldn't dally. The scholars never leave me alone for to long." He added nonchalantly.

It was her brother who spoke out before she could.

"Kill you...? You saved my brother. —The only family I have left in..." The though of nearly decapitating his own kin caused a momentary break in his ability to speak so Xaurus nodded his assurance before continuing ahead. "You have my life. In whatever way you wish to use it, I and my blade are yours now." He crossed his still ignited lightsaber over his chest and bowed his head before, Ben.

The young Jedi in training understood the sentiment and respectfully he nodded to the older male. Then he silently tried to level the sudden rank gap between them by using the Force to disengage the saber from his once bodyguard's hand. He hoped that the act conveyed the respect he had for the warrior as he tried to accept him as an ally without insulting him by out right declining the offer he just honorably made. Ben didn't need another Acolyte at his beck and call. He knew he required real allies who were there for him and not just another follower set to blindly serve his bloodline. He needed neutral comrades who he could genuinely trust.

"Why—" Rey heard her host ask suspiciously, not at all sure why the question was coming from her mouth instead of the praises or thanks that should be.

"Why what?" Ben questioned dryly.

"Why did you spare me? —Why even get involved at all?" Rey couldn't tell if it was because zathar didn't trust him —no one helped anyone for free both her host and Rey agreed on that opinion— or if the zeltron just couldn't believe that Ben was going to let he and his brother live knowing what he somehow seemed to already know about them; that zathar had come here for the sole purpose of escaping with his brother or joining him, if that's what it took to remain together.

Ben opened his mouth but before he could speak Rey heard herself piping up again. "—The truth!" She bravely insisted. "You don't seem the type to be a hypocrite, but I'm sure you've already learned — most of us are..." she spoke generally about the truth of people's unreliable integrity and their weak natured morals.

Ben stared at her for a long silent moment, reflecting over something he kept to himself but her brother made good use of the time by scolding her for probably being ungrateful or maybe just for her I resigned boldness.

"Zathar!" He snapped, and he was about to chastise her further when Ben held up his hand in a silencing motion.
"No. It's all right." The young Lord of the castle, eyed her intently as he approached her. "In full
disclosure, it is true that I have a place with a few pupils that I can study using the Force with, but the
curricular activity there is, at best, very limited. Still, I never said that was the only reason I had to
spare you..."

He took to one knee, leveling his height with hers and for just the flash of an instant she thought she
saw him as he would be years later, clad in all black, with flakes of snow peppered throughout his
now shoulder length, raven hair. He was leaning towards her... offering her something, even while
their blue and red blades crossed over one another to cast them both in an amaranthine hue.

"You remind me of someone that was ...removed from my care." And then he scoffed at his own
words. "Taken from me in the night." He swiftly and bitterly corrected, his eyes filling with a
flooding sadness. It was an emotion that the Zoltron could easily feel through their racial abilities, but
she didn't have to do anymore then look into the young man's eyes to find the honest grief there. He
was undoubtedly telling the truth.

And then Ben's young face hardened. "Your brother is not Force sensitive enough to use the energy
as anything more then," He spoke as though mulling over his brother's capabilities in his head the
moment they came to him. "Maybe a guide... an additional sense to be added to the already extra
senses that come with your race. And yet he can wield a lightsaber like no one else I've ever met —
and that's including my uncle." He graciously added. "I suppose that may have something to do with
your bond as kin." The two Zoltrons looked to one another in silence but not with enough
understanding to respond to the theory.

"Is that also how you tracked him down, through your blood ties?" Ben asked raptly.

The younger boy shook his head. "I really don't know. I just... I felt him, and I stayed in the direction
I felt him strongest in until I came here." She bit her lip, wondering if she was going too far when she
asked, "Is that how you're hoping to find your lost sibling?"

Ben shook his head and his eyes sharpened as though just breaking himself free of a deep thought.

"She was not my sibling." His voice became dark and his shoulders tensed. "It would be better if she
were..." Frustration filled his face, highlighting the sharper lines of his features and he squeezed his
first into a ball at his side. "Maybe then I'd have a reliable way to find her."

"—Wait," Rey's host finally lifted himself from the defensive position she'd been in and Ben's face
followed hers while she did so. "I remind you of a girl!" She heard herself screech in pre-pubescent
offense.

Ben flashed a quick smile at the young boy. "Relax, you don't look a thing like her." He honestly
quipped. "You're not even the same species. I just met... well you're both powerful with the Force—
but it's more then that..." And without being prompted he began to clarify his claim. "You're both
witty, determined and stubborn to a fault. It's probably the stubborn that really parallels you two." He
sheepishly admitted. "You would never abandon your family, would you?" Ben already surmised he
knew the answer to that question, but he asked it to further drive his point home.

Rey felt her host's head shake from left to right. "Never!" She added through flat serious lips.

"Neither would she." Ben quietly added.

Reminiscing over the now painful memories of Kira, his smile weakened, dissipating until it took to
only one corner of his mouth. "I think... I think she'd be around your age, too." The bright glow of
his previously shining power dulled and his broad shoulders, burdened with the heavy weight of his
self blame and the constant pecking of sorrow at his lonely soul, slumped under the suffocation of his punishing guilt.

The natural red of her face deepened with embarrassment... she was being childish and she surmised the act had hurt him. "Oh, well I guess that's ok then." Her eyes flashed towards the ground. "So, the way you're currently trying to track her down isn't working?" She sadly, queried.

Ben stood up so quickly that both she and her brother jumped, and then he began a furious pace around the area. "I thought... I thought we had a bond." He started furiously, his hand weaving through his hair to brush some loose strands from his face. "Possibly a Master, Apprentice bond, but in all honestly, it always felt like more then that." His thoughts drifted for a fleeting moment that disintegrated before his eyes like the fading of a distant yet convincing mirage. "Regardless... it's like what ever connected us is—" He pauses.

"Gone?" She carefully asked.

Ben shook his head. "Blocked... or... turned off— but no, not gone." He turned back to the brothers, his face sullen and weak. "I can feel her."

His still balled fist unconsciously raised to the level of his chest. "She's still with me but I can't reach her. I can't hear her, but I know when she screams. I feel... when she cries." He admitted. "We're tethered." His fist rested over his heart and both brothers just stood enamored by the young Lord's vulnerable confession.

Her response to his bleeding emotions was instant. "I'll help you!" She took a quick step forward. "In whatever way I can, I'll help you!" His eventual Second, declared.

"And you've already earned my loyalty. Both my blade and my life." His future First, Xaurus, repeated as though pledging himself to Ben and any cause he chose to follow from here to the future ahead.

Ben visibly decompressed. All of the uncertainty and strain he'd been feeling over sharing such an intimate truth with the near strangers deflated from his body on one deep release of air from his chest.

"This—" He both defensively and nervously began before being blindsided by the surprising amount of understanding her noble brother's next words displayed.

Xaurus stepped up, stopping so close to her side that she could feel his elbow against her shoulder. "—Shall never be spoken of again, Master." He reassured his young Lord.

Ben crooked his head, unsure of how to respond to the title. After a moment of contemplation and acceptance he nodded and the three came to the first of many silent understandings.

The new triad, silently pledged a cause greater then anything that could be called individual. They bound together over the protection and longevity of something Rey had waited for over the course of her entire life... the promise of family and the deeply rooting bond that came with it.

Here, through the memories of this Knight, Rey had that family. She had what she'd wanted since she was a lost little orphan on Jakku. Through her hosts mind she glanced at her brother, then back to Ben.

Here she had them both. She didn't need to be alone anymore... all she had to do was stay here. She self reasoned.

"Rey..."
There was a very familiar voice in the back of her mind and it wielded so much power over her that it was able to tug at her consciousness using only the simple, three letter name it injected into her mind.

"Rey, come back. You've gone too far! You're in too deep!" Somewhere on a subconscious level, it cautioned her.

She expected the urge that had brought her here to stay with her. To reinforce her place in this Knight's mind... but it didn't. In fact, it abandoned her completely the second the new yet familiar, voice came.

She screwed her eyes shut tightly, refusing to give up what she'd just acquired. Naturally truculent in nature, she shook her head furiously and she stood steady in her host's mind withholding any other response that may make her susceptible to this new presence while there.

She liked her new place here. How could she ever let this feeling of completeness go? This feeling of belonging...

She wouldn't! She didn't have to, she could stay here...

"No, Rey, you don't belong here... you have to come back!"

She heard the desperation in this voice, but she didn't understand it. Why didn't she get to be happy? Why wouldn't her subconscious want her to have what she'd always desired?

The interference this voice was causing made the world she viewed through this Knight's mind hazy but no matter how unclear this moment was, she couldn't not notice the difference in the way Ben had been looking at her. The way he was looking at the boy Zathar, the knight who's mind she'd inhabited. There was respect and curiosity, but no matter how far forward she pushed through this man's thoughts she couldn't find one moment where he looked at her the way he did before she came here. When she was just...

Who was she? Rey shook her muddled head. She was Zathar, she'd always been Zathar... hadn't she?

"Scavenger!" A sudden, startlingly clear voice thundered through her head, tearing the location of her mind in two between her host and her own consciousness.

"You have what you seek here... in me. Come back to me, Rey... your belonging is here— with me." The deep, familiar voice pleaded with whatever consciousness her mind had left.

And some how... it proved enough. Something in that soul wrenching plea registered with her subconscious and she understood why the voice was here... why she was unsatisfied with the way the young Ben looked at her... she wasn't Zathar and if she stayed in his mind she'd just be... lost. The word Scavenger brought her back to her senses and she suddenly understood why she couldn't stay here. She was not the scrappy young woman who survived against all previous odds, not while she was here. So she knew she had to go back... but her family... she'd have to give up her family...

They're not your family... Rey painfully countered her own false reasoning.

"I won't leave you sweetheart, I'll always come back for you..." His voice pored like burning rain through her mind, flooding into her through the undeniable bond she shared with both Ben Solo and Kylo Ren.

Rey's eyes flew open and her body jerked forward. Air reverberated through her vocal cords,
ushering forward one simple sound that made up one simple name which could never be just simple to her...

"Ben!" She gasped.

With his final words triggering a full awakening within her mind, the memory she'd taken as her own ended as abruptly as it had began and she was suddenly very aware of where she was— Rey was in Kylo Ren's training room, surrounded by his Knights...

With her body pulled into his lap, Kylo held her around the shoulders and he rocked her in his arms. His forehead was pressed against her cheek and his hair, heavy with fresh perspiration, lightly matted to the side of his unmasked face.

She'd only been in his Knight's mind for minutes but Kylo knew to her it was infinitely longer and whatever she was seeing in there was potent because somehow she'd forgotten herself along the way. She'd become who she was probing while witnessing as a third party, the memory her mind was stripping from his knight.

But she was back now and she was leaning and grasping onto Ren. Her head was burrowed into his chest as she pulled at his armor as if needing more of him to hold onto. She cried and heaved in and out heavy breaths of air in his arms. His hands locked her to him. One engulfing her right rib cage and the other gently cradling the back of her head while she grieved the loss of a family that had only been hers through the memories of his Knight.

Kylo was on his knees before her, his helmet torn from his head the second he opened the bond between them. And the moment he did, he felt as much as he heard, his Master's twisted voice permeating the space...

After the discovery of that knowledge, past the fact that she needed him to, there was no other tangible explanation for how he managed to remain calm. She needed him to pull her out of his now comatose Knight's mind before she lost herself there for good and that was all he could focus on in that moment. Nothing but returning her to her own consciousness mattered; not even his Master.

Until he'd utilized their unique bond, he'd been unable to mentally reach her. He couldn't speak to her or hear her in his own mind. In an instant he made the decision to risk his own mind to prevent loosing hers and as he pulled her still trembling body tighter against his, suspending her up against his torso to keep her recently unconscious form from sliding to the floor, Kylo knew given these circumstances a thousand times over he wouldn't do anything differently from the moment she collapsed to now.

Both for her comfort and for his he continued to rock her in his arms. He was so foolish bringing her here where she was within his Master's mental reach. Here where she could be manipulated by his maniacal and despicable influence.

Rey's eyes hurt and when she opened them expecting to see a mass of angry warriors surrounding her, the bright white lights over head burned at her sensitive corneas even further, but at least there were no others around her; none except for she and the dark warrior who cradled her.

It was just them. Just she and a dark warrior of her own. He must have sent the others away... not even the Knight who's mind she'd just rampaged through remained— it was for her benefit, she knew. He was protecting her again.

"You—" The hurting girl's voice overflowed with as much disbelief as it did insecurity over her next words but she mustered the strength to say them anyways.
Kylo was alight from the inside out. His fury over his Master's careless actions towards his bondmate burning and consuming him from within, causing even his muscles to rebel against the gentle action of just holding Rey close while everything that he was comprised of needed to tear, rip, maim and destroy on a cataclysmic level. His Darkness was screaming at him... even the lightsaber attaches to his belt was vibrating in unison with his unspent rage... and then he heard her speak, her voice as quiet as a breath in space and as weak as already fracturing glass under the onslaught of a meteor shower. She continued, and he was ready for the backlash. He failed her, left her open to his Master and he deserved all of her hate and rage for it—

"You never forgot..." Her words trembled with her hands and her fingers dug into the material of his tunic as she gripped it in fistfuls, pulling him into her as she spoke into the safety of his diaphragm.

Kylo could only blink at her words. The understanding of them lost unto him while she buried her face into the security of his embrace. Tears saturated the ebon armor she gripped for what felt like her life as she nuzzled her cheek into the thick material covering his body.

"You never forgot —me." She repeated, struggling but finally finishing the sentence she'd been chocking on.

He stopped breathing to listen to her, needing to be assured for himself that he was hearing her correctly and understanding her completely before responding to the calm waves of warmth and admiration she was for some reason, gracing him with.

Just the simple feeling of her finding and most eagerly taking comfort in him was enough to frazzle his confused mind into shutting down on him. His head leaned away from hers and he pulled back her face so that he could better read her features.

Her mind was already his —their bond was alive and thriving between them, but he still couldn't believe how she was openly responding to him. Tugging on him, molding herself into his embrace. Rey's eyes closed as she revelled in the feeling of his gentle attention. Her hand still gripped at his armored chest and he felt as though his heart was exposed on the surface, beating just under the heat of her fingertips.

His deep brown eyes blazed down at her with an intensity that laid waist to her external defenses and she sunk down deeper into the safety of his body.

"Sweet girl, you were lost, but never forgotten"His smooth baritone thrummed through their bond, decimating any atom of doubt that she could have otherwise affixed with his sincerity.

Rey sobbed into him, spilling fresh tears down her already wet face. "All that time I thought I was alone. Abandoned... forgotten..." She internally ached as she revealed to her once enemy, the truth of her weakest self.

His thumbs pulled at her face and his palms tilted her head upward until her eyes could no longer retreat from his.

"Little Scavenger, could the night ever forget that which chases away its darkness from all that it touches?"

Rey blushed and her eyes flashed away from his for the breath of a second. He lightly jerked her face higher, shifting his hand to her chin to reposition her gaze. Her eyes locked once more on his but he
stared further down, his line of sight honing in on the tender flesh of her bottom lip as his thumb gently tested the soft, plush surface.

"You are the sun." He ran the pad of his thumb across the spans of her now partially opened mouth. "What can exist without you?" He spoke as though mesmerized.

"Not even the cold, dark night could help destroying itself."

Kylo's face lowered to hers and she only stared, breathlessly watching his descent. "—trying to touch the warm light of the sun, even for just an instant."

Her eyes closed, lashes fluttering in relief and contentment at the sound of his deep voice in her ears, no distortion impeding his baritone.

His face tilted left and he leaned into the right side of her cheek until his breath tickled along the shell of her inner ear causing tingling ripples of warmth to spread throughout her body.

The two shared everything between their bond; The twisting of her nerves and the frustrating lust flooding through his entirety, the fear of rejection split amongst both of them, and the uncertainty of how to proceed without fracturing this delicate moment between two constantly warring sides.

Both experienced the thundering of their hearts in their desperate chests, and the liquid arousal swirling low in Rey's already fluttering tummy. All of these things came and went through pulses in the Force between them. Their bond, a neutral messenger opposing nor supporting either bond mate with bias.

"Sweetheart..." Kylo purred. "I could never forget you!"

"Ben..." She whimpered with content relief.

Kylo pulled back from her with stern intent and when Rey felt the coils of his defenses wrapping protectively around him like sharp barb she leaned back cautiously. Even before she looked at him Rey could tell by how his Force rose dangerously around him that the man in front of her was one flash frozen second away from flying into a murderous rage.

She blinked in honest confusion.

Kylo's eyes were closed and he was seething, breathing erratically through his nose and barely parted lips as he consented on something incomprehensible to Rey. Just above her head his teeth were locked tightly together and his jaw was flexing furiously.

Rey even felt when the muscles in Kylo's arms tensed. His fingers splayed across the length of her face but through considerable restraint and control, his touch remained gentle.

He hadn't been able to stop her when she'd infiltrated his Knight's mind in search for Ben, and it infuriated him. Kylo was certain that he'd sensed his Master's signature through their bond. He was positive that the urge Rey had felt to find his past self was his Master's doing. Even now he could still feel the remnants of his Dark presence. Somehow Snoke's poisonous influence had infiltrated her mind and put her on the mental path that led her thoughts to follow the boy he once was. —Again!

Snoke was too intelligent not to know how at risk his novice apprentice was in the way of mind delving. If she pressed to deeply into his Knight's mind, Rey could have been left catatonic, lost to him forever in a state of unconsciousness. As it was, even though she was consistently proving to be skilled in her ability to learn quickly through the link in their bond, Rey was still in the earliest stages of her training, and her understanding was limited at best.
To reach her, Kylo had been forced into opening the most intimate bond that connected them. The one he wanted to keep secure while under his Master's watch— And he'd failed.

Kylo spoke into the air above Rey's head, suggesting to her that he wasn't exactly speaking to her when he grimly stated, "I almost lost you."

His eyes were so dark, like the space they were floating through, and the tone of his voice lowered to a near growl that sent the most unexpected chills racing down Rey's spine.

She knew it must be wrong to respond in the way she did when he grew protective of her, but it's not as though she could help it either.

The way his eyes smoldered like deep dark amber when they locked back on her gave her chills. And when his usually smooth baritone rumbled about something so intimate as him losing her, it made her head spin. His body reverberated with an anger she didn't really understand because she assumed that he'd be mad at her for what she'd just done to his knight, his self adopted family, and instead he cradled her face in his hands like she was a precious, fleeting thing he couldn't risk letting go of.

Through their bond she could feel his rage rampaging through to her end. It was swimming between them through the cord that while open and allowed to flow freely, made them one. His blood was thick and hot with it. Sluggish as it moved through his veins.

Wondering how she could help him, how she could apologize for yet again causing him such grief, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath, focusing hard at feeling the cool, fresh air as it filled her lungs, soaking it in through her nose until it encompassed the back of her throat with its invisible mass. And then her eyes unexpectedly rolled in the back of her head and she sighed contently on her exhale.

The tiny sound elicited from her throat drew Kylo's attention immediately back to the currently soft looking girl in his arms. She appeared so small while he held her so close, especially while he was so amped up. Everything about him seemed so massive in comparison. Her beautiful sun loved face between his rough leather clad hands. The slim arch of her neck which swooped down to her strong but feminine shoulders.

Kylo's line of sight lowered and his eyes shamelessly drunk her in, following the line of her covered collar bone to where her chest heaved against his. Licking his suddenly thirsty lips, he imagined how big his hands would look covering her there. Her small but supple breasts, pale and hyper sensitive from the protection of her modesty, and the tiny buds of her little pink nipples contrasting against the cool black leather of his armored hands as he toyed with them.

Once again the influence of his bond with her shifted the direction of his thoughts. Seconds ago he was burning on the inside, furious over his Master's interference with his new Apprentice, and in the next moment there was a fleeting feeling of calmness washing over him followed quickly by an overwhelming sense of intimate curiosity.

The cause of this shift in tone dawned on him almost immediately and his eyes darted back up towards hers.

Rey's heart was beating so furiously in her chest she was sure that the man across from her could feel it between them. The current of their bond was pulling harder then she'd ever felt it. She was so absorbed by the man who'd been coddling her that she didn't even realize there was no one controlling the Force that moved around them and now, she could feel him moving within her. The very breath she took was filled with a heady mixture of his scent and his power. And because she
hadn't noticed until it was too late, she'd all but purred in his arms when that breath filled her lungs.

Of course he'd noticed and those dark eyes had settled on her and were now setting her ablaze. He was staring at her like he wanted to consume her. Like he could see what she looked like bare, even though she was nearly covered up to her jawline in her standard issue First Order armor.

"Rey—" He openly bathed in the light of his revelation, even as he breathed her name in surprise to the discovery that she was basking in the feel of his power flowing through her... his Darkness.

Kylo couldn't believe the look of elation upon her face! Her warm body willingly melted against his and she'd made a delicate little sound over how content she was while doing so. He was the cause of not only the peace and comfort she felt, but also of the molten liquid stirring low in her tummy. Her face was flush because he held her there, his hands still controlling the angle of her gaze and the tilt of her countenance.

If he wanted he could kiss her right now and she'd likely let him. In fact, the brightly glittering gold that lined the mossy green of her large hazel eyes, begged him to.

"Ben..." She spoke from a place of comfort and familiarity, saying his name like a plea that if answered, could set them both free.

His first instinct is to lash out against the name she called him. To correct her and to forcefully remind her of just who she was crooning over... but something somewhere deep inside of him stirred at that name returning to her lips. Every time she used it, every time it came from her sweet mouth, it sounded less like something he should fight and more like something he could embrace.

But the Darkness inside of him would never be truly satisfied with that. And his Master would see them both pay for the resurrecting of that ghost.

"You know that's not—," He began reprimanding sternly, his eyes already shadowing over, bringing the small flashes of his Darkness and power to the surface like a fast moving storm of lighting and thunder rolling in the nearby distance.

Kylo didn't have the time or where withal to even finish his sentence before she shifted from her coddled position in his lap, pulling away from the safety of his arms just enough to lift up to her knees. She leaned in, her face moving unbearably close to his as she straightened herself so her head was just above his.

Rey hovered in the space above him, her mouth so close to his skin that he could feel the heat of her Force radiating in light waves over the sensitive flesh of his scar. His own orifice opened in silent reverence as her body pushed lightly into his, her stomach barely flattening to his abdomen and her chest brushing along his right shoulder and clavicle as she shakily traversed up his body to reach the shell of his ear so she could confidently whisper to him.

"I know who you are." She barely breathed the words in that soft, careful way she had of speaking when they were being vulnerable with one another.

It wasn't the open ended way she phrased the simple statement; not even the assuredness with which she whispered it that made him aware that her words had a deeper, hidden in plain sight, sort of meaning.

No, it was the feeling she openly shared between their bond while she said it. —A feeling he couldn't put words to but it was so strong and certain that Kylo was unable to stop himself from sinking into the Light she was graciously offering him in radiant waves.
Her unimpeded emotions were dangerous to someone like Kylo Ren. Confusing. And he was absorbing them in large doses while they pulsed through their bond like a heavily pumping med tap.

Already she was a drug he was hooked on. She was all he could think about both night and day and now she was pouring into him one warm feeling at a time and he was becoming a full blown addict. With their Force mingling around the He was quickly getting high, her light giving him just enough of a fix to keep him from the withdrawals that would otherwise be tearing him to pieces.

Oh but if his Master knew how she was really affecting him... Snoke would slice him open and bleed him dry if he caught even the slightest hint of the Light she was filling him with right now, or the reaction in him that it was causing. But Kylo ignored the warning bells going off in his head. Instead, he decided to trade off with her, emotion for emotion through the delicately twining Force that connected them.

He couldn't feed her even a fraction of the Light she was offering him via her current acceptance of him, but he could offer her more of his Darkness...

When Rey leaned back with the intention to move away from him, Kylo reached down, exchanging one form of his hands on her for another. While she'd moved up to whisper in his ear he'd replaced the soft hold he'd had on her chin and around her back with a more supportive one on her biceps, but now his hands were reaching for somewhere he could grip! Somewhere that would allow him some slight form of control over her and the curve of her waistline was the perfect start to appeasing the primal desire that was already rushing through him.

Kylo's hands skimmed down the length of Rey's sides until his palms descended far enough for him to sink his thumbs into her hipbones. Like a mouse already caught in a trap, Rey ineffectively jerked back. There was a faint spike of shock and an even slighter twinge of fear shooting through their bond but Kylo held fast, his hands secure in his already decided resolve. She'd placed herself like the freshest, tastiest, meat above a starving Rancor pit, how could she expect anything less than to be devoured?

Rey was tense and fully aware of her situation, but her body, locked between the gates of Kylo's arms, made no attempt to force his hands apart to free herself. He was an island of Darkness, she an island of Light, and with his hands fastened securely to her hips and hers on his broad shoulders, they bridged together perfectly.

The current of their power cycling between them was intense and she wondered if it effected him in the same way...

...What was a good word for it? ... How could she accurately describe it?

"Tethered." Kylo unabashedly answered her thoughts aloud, his husky voice rumbling so low in his chest that Rey could feel it reverberating in the barely open space between them.

***hellloooooo my freaky Reylo Darlings. So I would like to apologize for making you all wait so long for this update when I last said it would only be a couple of days out. Unfortunately life comes up and in the midst of a serious and personal situation, I had slowed down on the writing to the point of well, not writing. The thing is I need to be in the correct head space and mind set to write and I really love doing it so while going through this sensitive situation I have found a severe lack of interest in the things I love as well as the mind set to get in the place where I can create freely.

The good new is, while I'm still not through the situation and likely won't be for a while, I have found peace with it and have started to look ahead in a good way. I will likely be updating a bit slower but then sometimes I may update as often as normal. I would really appreciate your patience
in this and just know I will be continuing this story to the very end! No worries! ***

That being said, kudos, and please feel free to comment because I love the support and I need a little kick into getting back into my creative self. Thanks so much guys, really, I can’t even say it enough; Thank you!

Happy Reading,
-DarkGuardian-
It flashed in his peripheral first.

Wide bulbous eyes repeatedly blinked at the seemingly blank holo screen before them, trying to find it again, the little light that had pulled them from the search they'd been focused on for hours already...

—Nothing.

Tired, gold rimmed, pupils returned their attention back to the center of the data chart which the Mon Calamari, had been plugging the latest set of coordinates into before the little ghost light had appeared.

Then... again!

The corner of his eye caught yet another streak of it; a tiny flicker, far to the left hand side of the screen.

Admiral Ackbar, stared at the little spot he thought he'd seen light up twice now. After a moment of continued inactivity, he grunted. Deciding he'd spent too many stationary hours sitting in this chair, staring at the very lackluster screen, the highest ranking officer on deck, set his palms flat against it's arm rests and sprung up from his seated position.

Propelled into a hasty and chaotic search of a small, half uncharted Galaxy, Southside of the Outer Rim, the crew around him, tired and finally starting to run out of steam, had only just recently settled down and the jostling motion of their most seasoned Admiral had startled those positioned closest to him into a near silent sea of turning heads.

Letting out a blurring sound from his wide, fishy mouth, the Admiral shook his head vigorously before continuing to roll the shakes down his body like a wave set to free the stiffness that had been culminating throughout his muscles while he'd sat for hours, searching every inch of each carefully sectioned quadrant for any signs of the small craft a select panel of his crew had been charged with locating. The tall, aquatic humanoid, had cracked his spine in several places before noticing the many sets of equally tired eyes that now fixed their focus directly on him.

Half turning towards the crew, he gurgled deep in the back of his throat and set a slight smile to a tilt across his embarrassed face.

"Seeing spots..." He promptly, offered a short explanation for his disruptive behavior.

Behind him, there was a single beep. A solitary sound that caught the attention of every member currently stationed on the deck around him. The Admiral whipped around, his sole focus back on the holo field in front of him. The beep rose from the small sector just on the edge of the screen again, and this time, with it, was the same small flash that he'd only just dismissed as his tired eyes playing rude tricks on him in their frustrated fatigue.

Again his hands planted along the console, and just to be certain of his findings, Ackbar craned his thick neck downward, his eyes and ears straining as he set his sole focus to confirming what was transpiring on the screen before he allowed himself to react accordingly.

The crew behind him had gone as silent as the endless body of space that surrounded them, each and every one of them also completely focused on what they could see or hear past the large form of
The beep came again, and then in a short spans, —again. The flash followed suit, illuminating a dark region off to the corner of the screen in quickening pulses, like lightning, creeping closer. Now, having the confirmation his tired mind needed, Ackbar, was quick to react. His hands flew up to the screen and he redirected the holo image around the blip of light. The beeping grew more prominent as his skillful hands artfully worked the ship's sonar and long distance scanners in the exact direction needed to set the ping ablaze.

With his right hand still working the map so he could pin point the exact location of the ship he'd finally, painstakingly, narrowed in on, his left hand worked the com on his console and he cleared his throat before speaking through the private channel his General had set aside for exactly this reason. To get a visual on the craft, he was tediously working around several solar storms that had been causing severe interference between their tracking system and the tiny vessel that he'd almost missed, and this was where his attention was fully invested when Leia came bursting into the deathly silence of the room. Being the weathered professional that he was, Ackbar didn't even flinch at the sudden disturbance.

"Admiral...?"

His General, and long-time friend, anxiously whispered from across the space of the deck, yet he heard her clearly. So clearly in fact, that he picked up on the un-ease in her voice even over the now constant beeping that was currently ringing in his ears.

In a hasty pace, Leia followed the same path a Ross the deck, as her own insecure plea had, her long, dark grey robes billowing lightly behind her Movements as she cut through the otherwise still space aboard her massive battle cruiser. "Did you Really find it?" She breathed, her still quiet voice, just shy of hopeful.

Not wishing to stir up further distress in his friend, Ackbard replied without hesitation. "It's here." And he brought what he'd found up on the center screen of the battle projector. The holo image filled the space in the center of the deck. Large, and illuminated by thousands of individual light projections set to creat one massive, fully dimensional representation, the personal pod appeared before the General and all of her most trusted crew, leaving her gasping at the undeniable proof before her eyes.

It hadn't been something she'd thought up, after all, she realized. He'd come to her... after all this time, he'd come to her, through the Force; It was the first time since she'd felt the loss of Han through him... that Ben, had contacted her... And here, blown up on the main holo projector for all to see, was her proof.

~~~~~~~~~~~

Tethered...

Why had he allowed himself to say that just now? Why had he put himself in such a foolish, vulnerable position; admitting such a deep thing like that to her...? What happened to the steely resolve he'd set himself in only yesterday when he'd told her his helmet would remain firmly in place?

Such a short time ago he'd seethed about her getting used to the mask he always wore... and yet, now here he was —without it! And kneeling before her while admitting things aloud that should never be spoken of...
Deep down, Kylo already knew why, and thinking on it only caused his fingers to grip more firmly into her small hips, possessively kneading the thin flesh that encased her there.

Unable to slink away and even more unwilling to physically fight him, Rey carefully repositioned herself to rest her weight back on her heels, sinking back down below her Dark Side Master's height and unintentionally squirming in his hands along the way, simply because of a little pressure under his fingertips.

Maker, above or bellow, Kylo loved the way he was able to effect her! There was a fluttering sensation moving through her tummy and he could feel the nervous sensation as she experienced it through their shared bond. Fear and uncertainty wrapped protectively around her innocence like a cocoon Kylo wanted to strip bare piece by piece.

Already though, he could feel her curiosity peeling it back for him, one thin layer at a time. If he just maintained control, held his composure and his end of their agreement a little longer... But Kriff, she felt so good in his hands, his little scavenger.

Under the grip he had on her, somehow, just between the contact of where his gloves met her clothes, was a very live current of their mixing power and it brought the Force crackling to life between them, setting in stone what he already perceived to be the truth; In his mind, Rey belonged here.

—With him.

—Always.

And he'd do or say almost anything to keep her here, by his side...

Of course, the terrifying part was that he meant what he'd said. He is tethered to her. He knew it! Body and soul, he felt undeniably intertwined with her, completely. —The question constantly wracking his brain, noisily scratching at the inner surface of his skull at night while he desperately tried to sleep, was why didn't she feel the same? Or if she did, why was she always fighting against what seemed more natural then breathing to him?

Even now, while he did no more then make this little contact with her, the shade of pink on her cheeks was deepening. Her shallow breaths were coming quicker and her eyes, half hidden by the thick lashes that fluttered around them, were glancing down shyly, adding to a mask of the most endearing innocence.

Even with her obvious reservations, Kylo was sure she wanted to be here too; that is... in his hands.

Hoth, he could feel that truth pulsing from deep within her, strong and powerful. Thrumming like the very beating of his wicked, Dark-side heart. Her Light called to him, reached for his Darkness like it longed to revel in the shadows of his soul.

Kylo recognized the call. He'd felt it's pull for years now. At night it would roar at him, waking him from even the deepest of slumbers. And during the day it would rhythmically thrum, whispering through him like the endless current of his blood, streaming in soft pulses through his veins.

Seeking a visible response he could follow with his mischievous eyes, Kylo squeezed Rey's hipline again, this time even adding a swipe of his right thumb across the under-seam of her uniform.

Much to his delight, from her, he'd elicited a shudder as his gloved thumb lightly teased across the bare skin just above her pelvis. Her hands instantly released the steadying grip they'd had on his armor and she brought them darting down with the line of her wide, shocked, hazel eyes, falling over
the leather clad hands that so brazenly secured her by the hips.

Still breathless from the simple interaction between them, Rey could only stare down at her small hands grasping to the back of the larger set of his. In comparison, she looked so small, so delicate with his seemingly massive hands just close to nearly, completely caging her in by her slender hipline.

Bending his face down to meet her lowered gaze, Kylo took the moment of vulnerability for the opening that it was, stopping only when his mouth was skimming the side of Rey's left temple.

"Apprentice," He barely whispered the word over her ear. "Look at your, Master, kneeling before you..." He said, breathing his sultry words over her already flushed skin with the intensity of licking flames.

When, Rey squirmed against the heat of his words, he dug his thumbs more possessively into her sides, keeping her in place just beneath him and leaving her gripping nervously over the back of his hands for both support and some slim semblance of a control they both knew was false.

Overwhelmed by their closeness and the satisfaction that it equally brought to both halves of their bond, Rey's eyes closed and she aimed at taking a deep, steadying breath. Kylo, however, giving into his need to dominate her senses in the way that she always plagued his, stole advantage of that moment. Suddenly his fingers dug into her flesh more fiercely and she found herself gasping.

Certain he'd drawn the response out from her on purpose and ever rebellious by nature, Rey brazenly lifted her face up to meet his eyes with a hard stare, which unintentionally, brought the line of their faces even closer together. The front of his full mouth now completely crowded her space as he continued to breath heavily over her skin. As if that wasn't enough, in her haste to scold him with the disapproving gaze she was giving him over the invasion of her personal space, the upward tilting of her face caused the unintentional dragging of his plush lips down her already blushing cheek.

Ignoring the look she was attempting to distance him with, Kylo leaned further into the curve of her soft face, savoring the scent of her blush heated skin under his nose— hovering, just above the flesh he craved to taste, and his mouth watered.

"You make me feel —so weak." He drawled out, his voice thick and smooth as molten steel, with desire.

Kylo drew back with his confession, his eyes abruptly studying the expression both his words and actions had left Rey working through.

Her innocence was painted in the vulnerability of her face. She was shocked. Surprised to the point of a dumbfounded stun. Her reaction told him that she had no real concept of the power she held over him. It was obvious that his, little desert flower, really didn't understand what she did to him. The Dark sider couldn't help but remember the last time they'd stood face to face in a training room much like this one, and it caused a potent anxiety to well up in his chest. During that last scenario their time together had again, been cut short, because Luke, had again, separated them.

Kylo hadn't even attempted to control the anger he'd been left with in her absence. Immediately he'd taken to slashing and tearing through whatever was within his reach. His blade had seared through everything from practice droids, to full racks of dueling equipment and blast shields. He burned through his rage the same way his Lightsaber ate through the heavy training beams that stemmed up from the floor to the ceiling. When non of it was enough, he'd even taken his blade to the walls.

Since then he'd been left craving the heat of her skin this close to his marred face. The brand she'd left him with... it always throbbing with the pain of his separation from her.
Carefully sliding his right hand free from under her left, Kylo cautiously reached upward, leaving her watching as his palm stopped just shy of touching the surface of her chin. Their unique Force essences pulled like a magnet within the open distance between them and for a brief moment of insecurity, Kylo hesitated. His palm opened and closed and he pulled his hand back as he struggled with his deepest insecurities. He worried she'd suddenly disappear like the phantom she'd always been to him. Or worse, that she'd again spurn his advances and cast him out like she had every right to do... but with his thoughts still lingering on each haunting time they'd been torn apart, or been forced to separate from one another, he grew in his determination to touch her, to be connected to her in some physical way that joined them together more then the magnetic push and pull of their manipulative Force essences trying to meet in the middle.

Without further deliberation and with crystal clear intent, Kylo brought the end of his index finger to his mouth, stuck the tip between his lips, and fastened his teeth to the leather that encased it. He'd been waiting to touch her with out the interference of his glove. Wanting to know with his bare hand, if she'd feel as soft as she looked, or as warm as the blushes she seemed to wear solely for him, suggested.

Rey visibly swallowed as she watched him, and Kylo wanted to touch her all the more for her honest display of the same anticipation that he felt. With his left hand still securely fastened to Rey's hipline and his right glove snagged between his teeth, he gave one clean tug, then proceeded to eagerly pull his naked hand free from his armor before flexing it opened and closed, testing the sensitivity of his skin against the cool temperature of his training room.

Opening his mouth only just slight enough for the ebon colored leather to slip free from the hold of his teeth, Kylo moved again for the side of Rey's face. There was a light slapping sound as his glove hit the hard floor just below the line of their sight, and while Kylo made no move to acknowledge the insignificant noise, his Light side counterpart, did the opposite. Very visibly startled, a jolt of surprise shot through Rey, sending her slightly popping up from the seated position she'd been holding on her heels. With only his left hand, Kylo kept her secure, steadying her as she lightly rocked forward onto her toes.

Sympathizing with her uncertainty, a very reluctant, Kylo slowed to a stop. He'd forced his hand, once again into pausing just before attaining the physical contact that he'd always been denied and it was a torment that he'd thought he'd never have to endure again... not since he finally procuring control over her...

Hovering just between them, only millimeters away from it's intended destination, Kylo's hand slightly shook with the need to touch her and the pull of his Darkness was growing stronger then he'd ever felt it. It's need to be alleviated from the constant ache this girl always caused, had sweat forming along his pulled brows and temples. Something living within him; something he was unable to hide and that he was barely keeping control of, was rising up from the deep pools of Kylo's intense brown eyes until it shone, glimmering just along the surface of his stare, pleading with her in it's own immediate, desperation. It was dark and intangible, wild and dangerous, but strangely enough, familiar and... safe.

Containing himself so securely... once again holding himself back for her benefit; It was destroying him from within. Cutting another thread of his thinning sanity with every passing second but still he waited for her approval before continuing. Kylo didn't understand why he craved her consent... it wasn't as though the simple act of touching her would be the same as assaulting her. After all, it would just be his hand on her face —and only for the contact, not for the advantage of viewing inside the most private places in her head again... like the first time his gloved finger stroked her cheek in the interrogation chamber. This moment wasn't like that. It wasn't for the benefit of his, Master.
This was just for him, and her.

Hoth, one or the other had initiated lip locking in the past... why then, was he treating this small thing now, like such a big deal?

Around them, the room was thickening with the unspent energy their unstable signatures were putting off. It was creating an uncontrolled current of power that dangerously circulated throughout the area. The Force moved in unstable surges outward from the pair, causing the harsh lights which were tucked into the long dark, grated walls and the sharp corners of the large, open space, to dim and eerily flicker with interference.

So much power spilled out into the open space around the two, that Kylo's Knights, from three floors away and in the infirmary with their Second, had now gathered all of their attention to the direction where their Master and his new Apprentice, dwelled in the ship. And they were not the only ones who sensed the pulsing swell of the energy that circulated around the two opposing Force users.

...There was something— or rather, someone, else. Someone who'd buried themselves deep within their Master's mind years before they were ever considered his knights, and they sensed this presence stirring in him now...

With his 'Master-Apprentice' so distracted, it was easy when Snoke slithered to the forefront of Kylo's, much distracted, mind. Infiltrating the space had become increasingly difficult lately, but not currently; not with his attention so fully placed upon the girl. In this rare moment the task was as easy as it had been when his Apprentice was a small boy. The only real difference was how careful he now had to be not to trip the defenses the young man had since, set in place. Ren's mind though —he hadn't seen it this conflicted since he was faced with his father on the inner bridge of the, StarKiller base.

It was this girl. His desire for her was overwhelming. —As it should be...

Snoke was surprised, in fact, that the young man was able to keep his control around her as well as he did. But this was something he could help with, something he could remedy, and his intention was to do so now, if only to see how much influence he still held over his young Apprentice's mind.

How couldn't he take advantage of this opportunity? Such occasions were becoming less frequent by the day, and the more they bonded with one another —even less likely then that. As it was, he'd had no control over the growing threat that this, the last male Skywalker, was becoming; Not since that very short period on the island when he'd aggressively sent him after the girl, likely almost destroying the delicate trust that his Apprentice had apparently gained from her in the short time they'd been together there. And even then, something on the Last Jedi's 'hideaway' island, or around them, had interfered with his ability to fully control his Apprentice, leaving his mental hold on him crippled at best. As Snoke often did when the young man was a child, in order to influence his mind long term through the Force, he'd had to manipulate it through his dreams.

If it meant that he could keep a stronger foothold in his Apprentice's mind, then Snoke would gladly encourage the distraction. Besides, if this girl was who the Supreme Leader suspected she was, then that was already a requirement for him to reach the end of his agenda. There was really only one way to find out; He needed the two sides to come together.

—It was instantaneous when Kylo felt his insides twisting... the tendrils he so often fought with were back, vining around his innards... squeezing... suffocating, and leaving him completely enamored... as usually, when he was with Rey, the tendrils were nearly all but nonexistent. Was he really so torn when it came to how to handle her?
It didn't take the bond between them for Rey to realize that suddenly, something significant had changed in the unstable Dark sider who currently loomed slightly ahead of her. The eyes she hadn't been able to break her gaze from, were significantly changing, even while she still stared into them. What she could only describe as an ancient coldness, seemingly appeared like inching frost over the surface of his once warm brown pools.

Rey stifled a gasp between her own teeth, locked lips. The pressure of what was definitely Kylo's Force essence was closing in around her, but there was something else there as well. It was completely different from the increasingly familiar Darkness she was beginning to grow more accustomed to encountering. Even different then the dangerous predator her once childhood friend had molded himself into so he could survive in this brutal world he'd been crudely forced to adapt to. Maker, she was sure she'd encountered this imposing energy before, but as she was already on a sensory overload and with her mind still utterly fatigued, Rey just couldn't quite place the source which was triggering every survival instinct she'd ever possessed.

Something she inherently knew as powerful, had managed to deeply tuck itself away within the folds of Kylo's Force signature, and it's ability to elude her natural senses, made it almost untraceable. But not completely. The interference between their signatures alone, proved of its existence. The infiltrator couldn't go undetected because her own Force began naturally moving to evade the disturbance that impeded with the mingling of it and her bond-mate. So no matter how cautious it was, while their bond was open, even as slightly as it was, Rey could sense the foreign signature.

—It was there, faint, but certainly there...

When Kylo's mouth abruptly widened, his lips, shakily pulling further apart to allow an untamed breath the freedom of escaping the confines of the normally well contained warrior, and he unconsciously leaned further forward, placing himself over Rey's cautiously still frame, she was already concerned. The release of control that Kylo had otherwise constantly kept himself under, seemed like a giveaway, but that's not what heightened her initial paranoia. No, all of her pending distress was instantly solidified as the path leading from his usually deep, but clear, brown irises, to where she connected twice to his mind before, was blocked by something she could only physically describe as a living shadow. A thick opacity which slowly settled just upon their surface, like mist upon a glassy lake. This was something invasive and calculating. The presence was controlling and very intelligent. But worst of all, she could tell from the way it was focusing in on her... that it was something... threatening.

~~~ Ok Guys and Gals, I know it's been months and I'm so sorry to make you all wait and goodness I really wanted to put out more words then I did in this chapter, but I just couldn't in good conscience, make you all wait any longer for at least something of an update. I have sooo much going on right now; I'm still dealing with my son's blood poisoning and the lead inspectors, plus the clean up of it. I've recently suffered another loss in the family, am still preparing to move, and of course even bigger then all of that —there is still the ongoing separation from my spouse of 15 years (married for 8). So yeah, it's been busy and rough!

On the positive side, at least for the moment I'm getting a little more of my creative flow back and am trying to write when I can. My son's been very healthy lately and when he starts kindergarten this fall I'm going to put my self back in school! I hope you all know how hard I'm trying to get this work out and haven't given up on me. To those of you who have stuck around, I say thank you. I am deeply moved and appreciative of all of the support and encouragement you've given me along the way. Furthermore, while I have been slow to update new content, I have been going through and editing some of the earlier chapters, some of which have been heavily edited.~~~

*Thank you all, and as usual, please vote, comment as much as often, and of course —Happy
Reading—.*

-DarkGuardian

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