The Sacred Texts

by Eskayrobot, Poaxath

Summary

Rey was just being a good employee, she hadn't meant to find that notebook.
Ben is not a good employee, he should not have lost that notebook.
But now they have to face the consequences.

Notes

This was supposed to be simple porn, brought about from an off-handed comment on what not to do at work. And BAM, feels and plot. What did we even write? Who let us do this???
But Poaxath and I are hella excited to share this with you all, so please enjoy it!

Also, as a note, there is a section in here taken from her AMAZING story, Beneath the Moon, I Saw You which if you haven't read...well, you can head there after this. Lol.
Rey sighed, growling internally as she took in the abysmal sight of the breakroom. Why a group of grown adults couldn’t pick up their own trash after their lunch was anyone’s guess, and this task was definitely below Rey’s payscale. But she couldn’t just walk away from the mess; she felt too guilty leaving the piles of napkins and sticky microwave trays behind for the custodians. After all, what kind of a supervisor would she be if she didn’t try to maintain a clean workspace?

Rey had fought hard to become a publishing editor at Jinn & Kenobi Publishing, making her way up from proofreader to publishing editor in only three years. Sure, it was in the textbook division, but it was as close as she was going to get to being the publishing commissioning editor for now, and, at only twenty-five, she considered herself lucky. The unfortunate side effect of her job was that she was now the supervisor to all of the proofreaders, spending as much of her day double checking that they weren’t secretly on their phones as she was working on the layouts of the texts. And now, apparently, cleaning up after them like their mother.

Rey grabbed some paper towels and used them to shield her hands from the questionable stickiness in the center of one of the tables, grimacing as she gathered up the trash and moved it into the trash can.

“I mean, it’s right here, people,” Rey grumbled under her breath.

The audacity, truly. Most of the people on her team were her age, if not older. She did her best not to think that it was a personal slight towards her; surely no one would have assumed that she would clean up after them, after all. But still, it chafed her to know that so many adults could just willfully leave behind their trash as if custodians weren’t people, too, who deserved respect.

“Hullo there. What’s this?” Rey wondered aloud as something was revealed below a particularly high pile of napkins.

It was a black moleskine notebook with a strange red emblem on the front. It looked well-worn and had the calling signs of being a personal manuscript, something a more eccentric author would send up to the fiction floor, one of probably twenty notebooks full of their masterpiece that they couldn’t be arsed to transfer onto a computer like someone from the modern world. Nevermind what it was doing on her floor, people had friends in different departments and sometimes they would lunch together. Rey couldn’t help but yearn for the days she had spent as a proofreader for that wonderful floor, allowing herself to dive into an author’s world and let the rest of her subpar life fall away.

Rey nibbled on her lip, testing the weight of the book in her hand. She had to open it, right? She had to return it to where it belonged. This wasn’t an invasion of anyone’s privacy. It wasn’t like she’d found someone’s secret diary or something, this was just a manuscript.

Mentally chastising herself for being so ridiculous, Rey opened it to a random page, letting the book open as it may. She was immediately struck by the gorgeous calligraphy on the page and knew her assumptions were true. Deciding that it couldn’t hurt, she sat down in a chair and began to read:
She’d been asleep for about an hour now, and already he felt his rut coming back, even with how satisfied he’d been not long before. That was the worst part of being with a human--they simply couldn’t keep up with his refractory period.

Gently, he propped himself up on one elbow and gazed down at her. Her hair fanned out across her pillow, and her gorgeous, kissable lips were parted slightly.

She shifted again, mumbling something he couldn’t quite catch, rolling over onto her stomach, his hand sliding across her waist to rest on her lower back as she moved. One leg hitched up, bent at the knee and she smashed her face into the pillow, a deep sigh leaving her.

Her lower half was covered by a thin sheet, tangling around her legs. His eyes followed the lines of her back, traveling over every dip and curve, taking in her small freckles and moles. She had dimples on her lower back, and for some reason, those were exceedingly arousing.

Slowly, he slid his hand down from her back, over the curve of her ass, dragging the sheet down with him.

The light coming in from the snow reflecting off the clouds outside highlighted the downy hair covering her skin, and he traced his fingers against them, seeing goosebumps rise under his caresses. She was still asleep, though her hips shifted, her thighs parting invitingly.

Lightly, he moved lower, letting his fingers trace around that area in between. She was damp, slightly sticky from his cum, and he felt his cock twitch in response, already hardening again.

She moaned softly into the fabric of her pillow, and he leaned forward to press a delicate line of kisses down her spine. Just as slowly, he made his way back up her body, stopping at her shoulder. “Sweetheart?” he murmured against her skin, delving one finger into her.

Her body jerked towards his hand, seeming to search for more. She turned her head to him, a sleepy smile on her lips as she hummed. “Hmm? Again already?”

He added another finger, marveling at how tightly her body gripped him. He gave slow, exploratory strokes, “Mmmmmm,” he agreed, feeling her dampness become more pronounced. “I need to feel you again.” His mouth hovered just over her shoulder, watching her reactions to his ministrations.

Her eyes were still closed, but she was definitely awake now, her breath coming in sharp pants as she moved against his fingers, fucking herself back against them.

“I didn’t hurt you, did I?” he asked, wondering if she was too sore to go beyond what he was already doing.

“No,” she sighed, breath coming more harshly as he plunged his fingers in again, tracing them along the velvet of her inner walls. “I’m a little tender, but don’t stop.”

He smiled at that. No, he wouldn’t stop. With the first wave of his rut having passed, he was able to focus a bit more, able to take more time with her.

He spread his fingers, scissoring her open to ready her for him. But first…

“Flip over for me,” he murmured, pulling his fingers out and moving back just enough to give her room to move. She obeyed immediately, rolling over onto her back and resting her hands on either
side of her head, watching him with lidded eyes.

He moved over her, caging her in with his arms as he leaned down to press a gentle kiss to her lips. Sliding lower, he kissed his way down her neck, down the valley that separated the mounds of her breasts and across her navel, finally reaching his destination.

He had to taste her. Slipping his hands beneath her thighs, he spread them wide, baring her to him. She bent her legs at the knee, draping one over his shoulder as he leaned forward to lay the flat of his tongue against her, licking a long line from her entrance up to her clit.

She groaned, bucking her hips forward, one hand flying up to cover her mouth. With his free hand, he reached up and wrenched it away. “I want to hear you. I want everyone within range to hear you come apart on my tongue,” he growled against her.

Satisfied, he dove back in, laving his tongue along her. He could taste both of them, her sweetness mixed with his slightly bitterness and it made him feel dizzy, drunk on the knowledge that she had been marked by him.

She gripped the pillow tightly, her other hand skimming down her body to weave itself into his hair. She pulled, sending a fresh rush of blood straight down to his cock.

Her gasps and moans filled the quiet air, her thighs trembling under his assault. Gingerly, he slid one finger back into her, curling it to hit a particularly spongy patch of flesh at the front of her inner walls. She cried out, trying to close her legs and secure his hand in place.

Smirking against her, he took that sensitive bundle into his mouth and sucked, shoving her legs back open. Her back arched, straining as he brought her closer. “That’s it, sweetheart,” he purred encouragingly, nuzzling closer against her wet heat.

She came a moment later, her body stiffening as her grip on his hair became just this side of painful and she flooded his mouth, coating his lips and chin with her arousal.

He licked up every drop he could, pausing only to ghost his mouth along her inner thigh as her breathing slowed. Lifting his head, he smiled up at her. She was lovely; flushed with a light sheen of sweat glistening between her breasts. His gaze settled on the dusky rose color of her nipples, muted softly from the light filtering in.

He moved to sit, taking her hand and pulling her into his lap. She settled against him, molding perfectly as her legs wrapped around his waist, her hands gripping his shoulders.

He gazed at her for a moment taking in the dusting of freckles across her face, the way the green and golden coloring in her eyes swirled together in the dim light.

His vision was excellent, even in near perfect darkness. And to his eyes she was stunning. His lips parted, speechless, as his heart thundered more quickly.

She searched his face for a long moment, concern appearing. “Are you all right?” she asked, her voice rough from moaning for him. Gently, she brushed the backs of her fingers against his cheek, twisting her hand to cup it instead.

Nodding, unable to speak, he shifted beneath her, lining himself up. One hand tangled in her hair, pulling her forward to capture her lips as he pushed into her. She gasped into his mouth, and he groaned back as he buried himself to the hilt.

She felt so fucking good, her warmth wrapping around him like a vice, clenching him tightly. He
stayed still, exploring her mouth further, waiting for her body to adjust further before he began to move, thrusting up into her with slow, calculated strokes.

Releasing his hold on her hair, he moved both hands down to her hips, using his strength to lift her body up and then to drag her back down against him, setting a steady rhythm.

Kira moaned again, her head falling back, exposing the line of her throat. He moved his mouth to the spot just over her pulse and sucked a long bruise into it, fighting the urge to sink his teeth into her neck and finish claiming her.

It was as though a fog lifted when he was inside her, like the stars aligned and a pathway was made clear. It reminded him of an old quote from Mark Twain, something along the lines of: The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why.

This was definitely the why; this woman in his arms, breathing his name like a prayer.

He fucked up into her harder, feeling his knot starting to enlarge. She felt it too, for she leaned into him and pressed her lips to his ear, whispering, “Knot me, Kylo.”

He was helpless to deny her, giving her a few more punishing thrusts that bowed her spine, her nails digging into his shoulders. She came, her walls fluttering around him before bearing down, holding him in place.

He locked into her with a guttural moan, pulling her hips down even further against him, leaving the faintest imprint of teeth against the junction where her shoulder met her neck as he poured himself into her. It would fade in a few minutes, a ghost of what could have been.

She sagged against him, and he wrapped his arms around her, moving his fingers across her spine as their heart rates slowed.

Rey couldn’t remember the last time she blushed this hard. And, unfortunately, her face wasn’t the only place she was feeling uncomfortably warm. Rey rubbed her thighs together beneath her beige pencil skirt, chewing on her lip a moment as she skimmed over the pages again. Yes, it was definitely that hot, even upon a second reading.

Rey looked at the cover again, searching for a sign of who had written it. She hadn’t seen the author’s name inside the cover, and upon flipping it to the back cover, she was dismayed to find it wasn’t there, either. She flipped it back over again, staring at the emblem on the front.

There was something about that symbol, the bright red nearly blinding against the soft black. It was a hexagon with a circle in the middle, almost like a flower. Something about it pinged in her memory. Rey had...seen that symbol somewhere before. But where?

Unable to help herself, Rey opened the book again and started from page one. Who cared who the author was, she needed to read more. She deserved this, she reasoned, for cleaning up after everyone, for being such a hard worker and pushing for her promotion and sacrificing all social interactions in order to get there. If someone was going to leave this wonderful manuscript down here, she would be rewarded reading it.

“Hey, Rey? You have a phone call on line one with Mr. Kenobi.”

Rey nearly jumped out of her skin as her assistant, Jessika, stuck her head into the room.
“Rey?” Jessika asked. “Are you feeling okay? Your face is, like, really red.”

Rey’s eyes widened and she once more slammed the book shut, swallowing thickly before finally standing up.

“I’m--I’m totally fine, Jessika. Thank you.” Rey smoothed her skirt down and then looked at Jessika again, trying to collect herself. She brought the notebook to her chest, not willing to part with it yet. Whoever left it down here would just have to wait until she finished reading it. She deserved this.

“Oh, hey, isn’t that Ben’s notebook?” Jessika asked, pointing at Rey’s chest.

What?

“What?” Rey choked out.

“You know, Ben Solo? That really big, quiet guy who sits towards the back? Super tall, super big.” For emphasis, Jessika wiggled her eyebrows, tone dripping with a suggestion that was not at all right for the workplace.

Rey held the notebook away from her like it had burned her. Of course she knew who Ben Solo was, she was his supervisor. He was ten years her senior and nearly half a foot taller than her, cutting an intimidating figure even when he was just sitting in a cubicle that was far too small for his massive frame. He had been working at Jinn & Kenobi for six years, toiling away as a proofreader from floor to floor. Every time a promotion had come up, he had been denied, his superiors often citing his inability to work well with others. Every interaction Rey had had with him had often ended in an uncomfortable silence, his velvet brown eyes always searching hers endlessly as if looking for the answer to a question he never asked.

Ben Solo had written this?

“He’s always writing in that thing,” Jessika continued to prattle on.

“Wait, what? You’re telling me that you’ve seen him writing in this book, here, at work, and you never told me before?” Rey asked.

“Well, yeah. Isn’t that just his planner or something?” Jessika asked, brows furrowed. She searched Rey’s face and then raised an eyebrow. “Is it...not his planner?”

“It’s nothing,” Rey bleated, almost too quickly. “I mean, it’s nothing for you to worry about. I have to go!” Rey brought the book back to her chest, feeling her heart thud against the emblem. It looked less conspicuous with the back facing away from her. Hopefully no one else noticed her carrying it.

“Well, yeah. Mr. Kenobi is waiting for you,” Jessika reminded her.

“Right!” Rey squaked. “Come on, Jess. We’ve got work to do!”

Jessika raised an eyebrow as Rey squeezed past her, craning her neck a moment as if she could see what was in the book.

“Whatsoever you say, boss lady,” Jessika sing-songed as she followed Rey back to their office.

Rey walked as quickly as she could in her taupe heels, keeping her eyes as focused on her office door as possible. She would have to talk to Ben about this. She had to talk to Ben about this.
Without Jessika’s comment, she could have let it go. But to know that he was writing something like this at work meant that she had to set aside her embarrassment and confront it. Maybe he could have gotten away with it on the fiction floors, but here, where they worked on elementary school textbooks, writing smut was not okay.

Now if only she could stop thinking about those sinful words in her head, she could get her job done.

He was going to have a god damned panic attack if he didn't find his notebook like right now. Ben Solo was nothing if not a perfectionist, with every single little thing on his desk having a very specific home. If his sticky notes were moved even slightly out of place, someone was going to pay. And by pay, that usually meant he was going to glare daggers at their back because he was too shy to actually do anything about it.

He was soft--too soft, some people had said, mainly his father. So what if he had daddy issues? So what if he didn't feel the need to start a fight because someone had bumped him in the break room when he took his microwave noodles out, splashing burning hot liquid all over his hand and onto the floor.

That had been earlier in the day, and now that he’d gotten back to his desk, he’d realized his beloved notebook was gone. What if someone had found it? Oh, god. What if someone was reading it? Shit, that was even worse. He chewed on his lip as he glanced around, his heart rate skyrocketing.

Writing smut in a notebook as a guy was probably just as bad as writing poetry. Stupid stereotypes. But, it relaxed him, allowed him to indulge in a fantasy that had swept into his life three years ago in the form of Rey. The woman had thrived in this setting whereas he’d struggled, getting turned down for promotion after promotion while he’d watched as she’d surpassed him, becoming his supervisor.

It was by no mistake that his notebook was filled with basically everything imaginable he wanted to do to her. With her pencil skirts that showed off her perfect ass, it was a struggle to concentrate when she was around, when all he wanted to do was pull his cock out and start jerking it, preferably onto her pretty tongue. It was physically painful, and more often than not, he found himself using that very notebook to hide his erection every time she was around, just pretending his lap was the perfect spot to hold onto the damned thing while he worked on editing fucking textbooks. And now it was gone!

What if she came by and he wasn't able to control himself? Nothing was more embarrassing than popping a boner on your boss.

Which had led to the names Kylo and Kira in the notebook. That way, on the extremely off chance that someone could pry the book from his fingers, they wouldn't immediately recognize it for what it was. A guy and his desperate quest to be silently ignored while simultaneously fantasizing about fucking his boss on her desk, against the wall, up against the floor-to-ceiling windows in her office…

Until then, he had work to do, and this textbook wasn't going to edit itself. Hopefully, if someone
found it, they'd have the common sense to just leave the thing alone. Don't touch things that aren't yours and all that.

With a groan, he threw himself back into his work, having a hard time concentrating on the pages as the minutes crept by. There was only so much of these elementary books he could take. He wanted to go to the fiction floor so badly, yet he'd been denied every time. A shot of envy filled him as he allowed himself to lean back in his chair and picture hate-fucking her. He'd spread her wide, hands parting her thighs. She'd reach between them to rub at her clit, begging him for more. He'd swat her hand away. No, she wasn't allowed to touch herself without him giving permission.

His watch insisted it was almost time for lunch, and as soon as the time came, he bolted from his seat (not without some serious readjusting of his cock beforehand), eyes scouring over every desk and cubicle as he headed to the break room. It wasn't there. Fuck, fuck, fuuuuuucK. He saw Rey’s retreating back as she hurried back to her office, clutching something against her chest. Probably a manuscript. He paused to admire the view for a long moment, lingering over the swell of her hips. They'd fit perfectly in his hands.

He shook his head. He needed to stop being a fucking creep. Things like that would lead to a sexual harassment accusation, and then he'd be fired. Poof, bye bye hopes and dreams. And bye bye Rey.

The break room was empty. Like, truly empty; it was far cleaner than it'd ever been before. All of the trash was gone for once, and he did a quick scan of the room. Nope, it wasn't here either. With a heavy sigh, he went to the fridge and grabbed his lunch. He sat down in his usual spot, in the corner, with his back to the wall, and opened his lunchbag. God damn it! Someone had stolen his pudding. Again.

Chapter End Notes

No regrets

We hope everyone is strapped in for a fun, smutty ride! Please let us know what you thought of our filthy minds in the comments below. ALSO, we're still in the process of writing this, so please feel free and very encouraged to send us your smutty ideas. We LOVE smut <3

You can also reach us on Tumblr:
@eskayrobot and
@thewayofthesith
Chapter 2

Chapter by Poaxath

Chapter Notes

Ya'll need fuckin' Jesus for reading this. We have 69 kudos! And because we have the maturity level of a 12 year old, have an update!

Rey chewed her lip and strummed her fingers on her desk. She barely even listened as her boss told her something about orders and numbers and errors and something, something else. The entire time she made the appropriate “uh-huh” noises, when in reality she was attempting to hurry him along so that she could get back to thinking about more pressing things.

Things like how to handle a certain employee had written a certain... thing and left it out in the open at work.

Rey hated how her stupid brain thought about his fingers, those gorgeous, long--no, just fingers, gripping one of those beautiful fountain pens that she once thought were just decorations, and waxed poetic about...well…

Rey huffed, glaring at the notebook as it stared back at her from its place on her desk. What was her deal? She was an adult, thank you very much, the kind who paid taxes and had a good handle on her credit card debt and sometimes bought more vegetables than sweets. What she wasn’t was prude, and a little bit of erotic writing wasn’t the most shocking thing she had ever encountered in her life. Hell, she had passed around a series of historical romance novels with her girlfriends in high school (although eventually they all opted to get their own copies because sharing started to feel...a bit awkward). The point being, Rey was not some blushing little virgin and some stupid erotica was not the end of her world.

Nevermind the fact that she had thought, more than she cared to admit outloud (which was once, very drunkenly, in the safety of her apartment with her very understanding roommate as her sole witness) about fucking the author of said filthy writings. When they had both been proofreaders, she had been assigned a cubicle in the same pod as his, and it was always rather distracting having him so close by. Besides the fact that he was always looking into her eyes like that, more than once she found herself transfixed as he held the tip of his highlighter between those beautiful, plump, juicy red lips of his and wondered what they would feel like on her own, or her neck, or her chest, or even...oh god, she was fucked.

Not like she could do anything about it, anyway. She was his boss. That was absolutely and completely forbidden. Honestly, for as nice as the Mr.’s Jinn and Kenobi were, she always got the impression that they thought that attachments of any kind other than business were a waste of time and energy, so finding out that a supervisor was fucking her inferior was definitely grounds for termination. At the least.

Not that she was still thinking about fucking Ben Solo, anyway. No, that had been a stupid fantasy. She didn’t even have the time anymore to think about him coming into her office, locking the door, and pressing her up against the wall, fucking her so hard that he knocked all her pretty pictures and
degrees off from their nails. And she definitely never even once thought about him sitting underneath her desk on those terrible Monday’s where she was wrapped up in conference calls, those long fingers spreading her dripping folds apart as those sinful lips and soft-spoken tongue turned hard against her aching clit.

No. She didn’t think about that anymore and she definitely couldn’t now.

Because she was his boss and she had a job to do. One that involved calling him into her office, closing the door behind him, and having him sit on the other side of her desk, the thick mahogany a barrier between her embarrassingly drenched panties and a cock she just knew was massive. Maybe he stroked it under his desk sometimes, so far away from everyone else, no one ever daring to come close to him because his size was intimidating to the weak-willed (unlike Rey, of course) and his soft-spokenness made them wary that he might be plotting their demise or something. Maybe he jerked it thinking about her. Maybe he really would--NO!

No. She was going to call him into her office, shut the door, and have him sit and listen as she handed over his write-up for inappropriate behavior in the workplace.

And then she would be keeping the notebook, of course. For...posterity. Naturally. Got to set the example, after all!

Rey went through the motions of submitting the write-up, being as vague as possible in her description while still making it clear that “outside projects” were not to be worked on at one’s desk. She tried to work on her actual work while she waiting for either of her bosses email of approval, stealing glances at the notebook all the while. When she finally heard the ping of a new message, Rey hastened to open it and print out two copies of the attached file.

Taking a quick drink of her water, Rey closed her eyes and tried to focus.

She could do this. She was the boss. She had to do this.

Rey leaned forward and pressed the intercom on her phone.

“Jessika, please send Ben Solo into my office.”

After a very unsatisfying lunch (mostly in part to a distinct lack of pudding), Ben trudged somberly back to his cubicle. His shoulders hunched just a bit further than normal, and he wished people would just stop fucking staring at him for five seconds.

Seriously, was there no common decency anymore? He knew what people whispered about him. Don’t mess with Ben in the corner. Big Ben, like the clock tower. Get it? Because he’s huge. He’ll fucking kill you.

He’d heard it all before. Nothing a few well-placed glares didn't silence. He knew damn well he was on everyone’s watch-out list. The kind of guy they make training videos on in the event of a shooting.

It didn't bother him, and yet it did. On the one hand, it left him alone to enjoy the solitude. On the other, it gave him time to think too much. Thoughts about what-ifs, and could-haves.
He’d seen Rey watching him when they’d worked side-by-side, when she’d been his equal. The way her face would flush when he met her gaze after he’d been staring intently at a textbook, pen between his lips. It was a habit, something he couldn't seem to break no matter how hard he tried. Did he have an oral fixation? Oh, yes.

Specifically for Rey’s mouth. Most of the time, he chewed on the pen to keep himself from saying something stupid.

*Nice day we’re having, huh?*

Or, better yet, *I bet you’d look really pretty riding my dick into the sunset.*

Just as he reached his desk, and started to settle himself back down, Jessika appeared. She was a cute little thing, if he was honest. Not as cute as Rey, and maybe if he wasn't so obsessed with his boss, they could have been a thing.

"Rey wants to see you in her office,” she said, and his heart sank. Rey never wanted to see him. Especially not in her office. Maybe she was calling him in there for something else?

Maybe, just maybe, this was her way of saying *I feel it too.*

Jessika moved off, going to do God knows what else--seriously, what *did* she even do around here?--and Ben sighed. His chair really was too small, and as he lifted his body out of it, it creaked a little. Stupid, cheap ass furniture.

He moved slowly along to Rey’s office, knocking twice on the door, before he cracked it and poked his head in.

There she was, seated in her high-backed chair. He envied that chair. It was bigger than his, stronger. And more importantly, it got to touch her butt.

"Hey, you wanted to see me?” He tried to make his voice sound stronger than he felt as he stepped in and shut the door, fighting the instinctual urge to lock it. He hovered there for a moment, unsure if it was a quick meeting or not.

He trailed his eyes over her face--was she more flushed than normal?--until something on the desk caught his eye. He'd recognize that black notebook anywhere, its red emblazoned emblem calling him like a signal fire.

*Oh, fuck.* This couldn't be good. His hands flexed, his heart pounding. He still hadn't moved from the door.

“Ben. Yes. Please, have a seat,” Rey said, swallowing thickly around the words. She stood up, standing awkwardly beside her chair and gesturing across at his. As if there were any other options of where to sit for such a moment.

Rey waited patiently for him to fold his massive form into the chair, capturing the corner of her lip between her teeth as she was forced, once again, to think of his size in comparison to hers. Nevermind the way she had to crane her neck to look him in the eye, or how his hands could
definitely cup the entirety of her arse...not that she was thinking about that, of course. No, it was serious business time.

Rey sat back at her desk and slid forward the notebook with one hand and the write-up in the other.

“Ben, do you recognize this notebook?” Rey began. Oh god. What if it wasn’t his? What if this was a big misunderstanding? What if it really was a manuscript and she had just been reopening the floodgates of her Ben crush which had been crushed for absolute sure for no reason at all?

His eyes followed the path of the book as it slid toward him, along with a piece of paper that had some very official looking print at the top. Of course he recognized that notebook. He nodded slowly, unable to bring himself to say the words. He’d probably choke on them if he did.

“Ben, do you understand that this is highly inappropriate to have in the workplace?” Rey asked, trying so hard to sound authoritative and not on the brink of panting.

Oh god, it was his. He had written all that sinful stuff. If he was capable of writing it, what were the chances that he could actually do it? Rey could feel her palms growing sweaty, a slickness that still couldn’t compete with what was happening between her thighs. Once more she rubbed them together, eyes fluttering for the barest of moments as the pressure helped.

Eyes widening, he opened his mouth to speak, to explain himself. She deserved that at least, right? “I-I...I’m writing a novel,” he finished lamely. It was partially true. A novel filled with nothing but smut excerpts, but a novel nonetheless. “I lost it earlier. I was hoping that nobody would find it, but…” He lifted one hand from his lap, gesturing vaguely to the notebook in question.

He glanced up at her through his lashes where his head had ducked low, hoping to hide the way his cheeks flamed with shame. He was nothing but a pervert. A voyeuristic pervert.

Well that just wasn’t fair, Rey found herself thinking. Why did he have to look like a wounded puppy right now, when she was trying to be stern and authoritative and definitely not have her heart go crazy in her chest? Horniness she could handle, but...whatever this emotion was...this was uncalled for.

Swallowing thickly again, Rey pressed on.

“While I find it very admirable that you find yourself so inspired, I must remind you about the company policy regarding working on material not designated by your floor. You can’t work on fiction until you’re on the fiction floor, Ben. You know that. And, I feel compelled to remind you that Jinn & Kenobi do not publish,” Rey had to pause, swallowing once more so that her voice did not sound so scratchy as she finished with, “romance novels.”

He frowned, drinking in her features. She looked slightly nervous. And she kept swallowing. Her words irritated him, though. Finally, he found his voice, and it was deep, the faintest hints of anger bleeding through. “Rey, you know as well as I do, that I’m not going to get to fiction. I’m stuck on this shitty floor, editing elementary science books.” He paused. “And I’m also the hardest worker in this fucking department!” His voice was getting louder, and finally, he stood up, scooting the chair he’d been sitting in back with a screech.

“I get my shit done before it’s even due, and I pick up the slack for everyone else on the fucking floor, because they’re so lazy, they use all of their sick days as soon as they get them. I’m here, every fucking day,” to see you, “so I’m pretty sure that me writing is not impacting anyone else.”

Suddenly, realizing his outburst, he snapped his jaw shut. “I should’ve kept better track of it, but
damn it, give me a break, just this once.” Truthfully, he felt a little better about getting it off his
chest, but he had just gone on a profanity-laden rant to his boss. Maybe he’d gone too far.

Rey stared up at him, mouth agape as she tried to handle her feelings. To hear him burst out with so
much passion...he definitely wrote that book. She couldn’t believe how flushed she was feeling as
this behemoth of a man stood across from her and yelled his frustrations. Her traitorous body could
have at least had the decency to be the tiniest bit scared as he had pushed back and moved to
standing, towering over her like that, but no, no, her stupid, undersexed body was instead thrilled
and couldn’t help but picture him sweeping everything off her desk and fucking her raw on top of
it.

Fuck. This was getting out of hand.

“Ben, I’m terribly sorry that you have these grievances, but I am glad we’re getting the chance to
address them. It’s nearly month end and I will be doing a review of the workload that the team has
submitted, so I’ll be sure to highlight your successes to Mr. Jinn and Mr. Kenobi. Maybe I can
press for your move.” She didn’t really want that, but if that was what he wanted…

“But, Ben, I…” Rey looked down at the notebook. She was certain that her teeth were stained the
pale pink of her lipstick with how many times she had worried the tender flesh into them.

An idea struck her.

“I’ll let this entire thing go, but I’ll have to keep the notebook. Confiscate it.”

Maybe he wouldn’t ask any questions as to why.

The words hung between them for a long moment, and finally, he narrowed his eyes at her
suspiciously. “You’re going to keep my notebook...rather than have me take it home and not bring
it back.”

He dropped his gaze to her mouth, then, watching the way her perfect teeth worried at her lip. She
had such a beautiful smile. There was more than one reason he didn’t do it much, partly due to his
crooked teeth, his too full lips that made him self conscious.

Did he want to move to fiction? Did he really? Part of him screamed yes while the other part
flinched at the thought of working in another part of the building and never--or barely--seeing her.
“I’ll think about it,” he finally sighed, lifting a hand to rub across his face. “I’m sorry for the
outburst, too.” He sank back down into the chair, somehow noticing it was just the right height for
her to perch on the edge of her desk and hike her skirt up. If he went down on his knees in front of
her, she could drape her legs over his shoulders while he ate her out.

He wondered how she liked it. Hard and fast, forcing her pleasure on her? Or maybe slow and
lovingly, coaxing orgasm after orgasm out of her with tender strokes.

His knee bobbed up and down nervously, shaking to try and ward off the hard-on that was fighting
to make itself known. Maybe she couldn't see it over her big desk. He was beginning to really like
that thing.

“Ben, I forgive you. I understand the frustrations of office life. I mean, we used to work in the same
unit before they bounced me around.” I want to bounce on you. “But I can’t give you that notebook
back. I know it sounds very school-teacher of me to say, but how can I trust that you won’t bring it
back in?”

“Because I'll do anything.” I’ll do anything for you, and anything to you that you want. He stood
up again, leaning forward and placing his hands on her desk as he met her gaze. “You can write me up,” he said as he stared into her hazel eyes. “You can even fire me, if you want. Unless…” he paused. “You’ve read it? Because I’m fairly sure reading erotica in the workplace isn’t allowed either. Especially for a supervisor.”

He watched her closely, searching for any hint that she’d done just that. If she had, then she was just as guilty as he was. What if she even enjoyed it?

Rey’s heart thudded in her chest and she used all of her willpower to prevent her eyes from turning wide. Oh god. What the fuck was happening? How had she lost control of the situation like this? How did he know? She suddenly prayed that he couldn't smell her arousal, as embarrassingly abundant as it was. She prayed the desk was helping to keep her secret.

She looked up at him, so transfixed by his beautiful eyes, by the ways his lips were just barely parted and his arms looked so bulging as he supported the whole of his weight on them. God he was big. She could just leap across her desk and slam her mouth into his. She’d be the perfect height for him if she knelt up there, he wouldn't have to hurt his neck at all craning down for her. And then he could fuck her, hard, anywhere. She didn't care where.

Wait, wasn't she supposed to respond?

“That’s hardly the point, Ben,” Rey finally said. She silently cursed her brain. Seriously, that's all she could think to say?

Really? That's all she could say? That was probably the lamest excuse he'd ever heard. Finally, his lips curled into a slow, steady smirk. Ah, it all made sense now. He could see the way she kept shifting in her chair, could see the way her thighs clenched together, the motion of it traveling up her body like a wave. It was hardly subtle. His fingers tapped against her desk for a moment as he considered her.

Was he ready to act on his feeling that she felt the same? No, she'd probably toss him out on his ass. Probably. There was always that slim chance of maybe.

Instead, he finally nodded once and reached across her various pencil holders and papers to grab the one she had started to slide forward not too long ago. He took it and scanned its contents quickly. Pretty standard stuff for a write-up, maybe a little too vague, but whatever. He plucked a pen from one of the cups on her desk and signed his name on the line.

“Keep it, then,” he muttered as he leaned back and stepped away from the chair to pace the room, slowly making his way back to the door. “Are we done here?” he asked, looking back over his shoulder at her.

“Yes,” Rey breathed out. He signed the write-up. He left her the notebook. She looked down at it, weighing the options she suddenly had before her. If she kept it, she had a feeling he knew exactly why. No matter how much she tried to pretend it was some vague official reason, she knew he knew. But if she gave it back, her whole fight over it would reveal her even more embarrassing. Fuck.

Fuck!

“Ben, wait.”

His hand was on the door handle, about to pull it open and excuse himself. Slowly, he turned back to look at her, pressing his back against the door as he leaned against it. Somewhere, in the back of
his head, he knew it was just as effective as locking it. Anyone that tried to come in would be met with resistance. “What?” he asked. Was his voice a couple octaves lower? He hadn't meant for it to come out like that.

Rey picked up the notebook and came around her desk, a mantra of “walk like a normal person, don't saunter like a sexcrazed woman who hasn't been fucked in two years and wants to climb this mountain of a man to fuck him against that door” playing in her head.

Rey licked her bottom lip as she stood before him, staring down at the notebook one last time. It wasn't like she couldn't easily go on the internet and find endless smut (she was pretty sure a few stories she subscribed to had been updated today) but there was something about knowing that Ben Solo had written this one...no. She would make do.

Besides, she took a few pictures of the contents so it wasn't like she was saying goodbye permanently.

Rey held the book out, looking up at him. She was pretty sure she was standing too close to him, but he smelled so good, spicy and masculine, and maybe she would carry this memory with her, too.

“Don’t bring this back,” Rey whispered.

He inhaled sharply, taking in the sweet scent of her. He wanted--no, needed --to know what perfume or lotion she used so he could go get some to smell later in the comfort of his own home, where he might be able to jerk off in peace. God, here he was, being a creep again.

Even now, with her so close, his cock strained against his pants, suddenly feeling entirely too tight. Thankfully, his pants were black and helped hide it somewhat.

His hand closed around the notebook, taking it gingerly from her as he met her eyes again. Don't bring this back, she'd said. He gave a small smile, noticing the difference in their height with her so close to him. She'd fit so well against him. He could basically wrap the entirety of himself around her as he fucked her, and then, later when they were done, it would make for some wonderful cuddling…

Where had that thought come from? He just wanted to fuck her. Right? He wasn't forming any kind of emotional attachment to her, he couldn't be.

He'd examine that aspect later. For now, he had his notebook back and he held it up in a salute, murmuring, “Yes, ma’am.”

He couldn't exactly leave yet, though. She was still too close for him to move aside and open the door.

His mind, of course, had the perfect idea. Just stalk towards her, make her back up against that desk, throw the notebook in the chair and grab her by the waist. Lift her up onto the desk and wrap her legs around him. Just take her right there, take her body as he took her mouth.

His breath left him in a shudder and he tried to subtly move so that his notebook was covering the front of his pants.

Rey couldn't help but notice he moved the notebook down to hold in front of his...nope, no, not work appropriate. She needed to regain the upper hand. She took three steps back and gave him the most awkward smile ever.
“Right. Well. I will make sure Mr. Jinn and Mr. Kenobi know how much work you've done this past month. Maybe we can get you up to fiction soon.” Rey knew her voice was a bit of a squeak but at least they weren't in immediate danger of breaking a few more company rules right now.

Stealing a glance at the clock on the wall by Ben’s head, she sighed with relief. It was 4:54. This moment really had been an eternity, but at least he would be going home soon and she could finally catch up on the work she had neglected all day due to his wonderful smut, all without the distraction of knowing that he was just on the other side of her wall and she could very well order him in here again and maybe even order him to fuck her, if he was into that...NO! No. She had to grow up and do her job.

“Have a good night then, Mr. Solo.”

Well, that was that. This was probably his one moment to finally work up the courage to--to what? His attention settled on his hand, which had been raised out toward her. When had that happened?

He let it drop to his side, and gave a curt nod. “Good night, Miss Niima.”

Blindly, he turned away and slipped out of her office, feeling like he could finally breathe without her so close, filling his head (both of them) with thoughts of doing very workplace inappropriate things.

Chapter End Notes

Let us know what you think! The more comments we get, the more eager we are to please!
Ben quickly made his way back to his desk, glancing at the little clock he kept by the lamp. Almost time to go home. Well, he had taken a bit longer in her office than expected, and now that he had his notebook back, he felt more at ease. He could stay a little bit later today and finish proofreading this chapter of the textbook. It wouldn't take too long, hopefully.

His cubicle was in the back, away from everyone else’s thankfully and he took a minute to move the notebook from his lap to glare down at his erection. The stupid thing always had a mind of its own.

When it finally gave up the fight, seeming to realize it wasn't getting any, he set to work, his trusty highlighter clasped between his lips. A few people said a quick goodbye to him as they left, but most just disappeared, trickling out until it was just him left on the floor. Alone.

He should probably get going soon, too. But he was so close to finishing this chapter. Just a little more…

*Thud. What was that?*

His attention shifted, scanning around the office space, before finally setting on Rey’s office again. It sounded like something had fallen over.

Worried that maybe she'd hurt herself, he got up and headed to the door, hearing something coming from inside. Should he...should he open it?

He had to see that she was okay, though. Taking a deep breath, he opened the door.

Rey was on the leather settee in her office, having stumbled over there in her haste to relieve the tension between her legs. It was an ideal setup, the couch on the wall behind where the door would open. Even if someone opened the door they wouldn't see her right away, so she'd have time to pretend like she definitely was not violating so many rules with two fingers jammed up her cunt while her other hand groped at her breasts.

She had tried to get work done, honestly. She had stared down at those pages and even highlighted an error someone else had missed and she was finally satisfied with the layout of the pictures versus the word bubbles on one stupid page explaining cloud types. Of course, that was all within the time Ben had left and Jessika went home. Jessika never left before the proofers did, so she
knew that Jessika electing to leave meant it was an empty office. And an empty office meant that Rey was alone. And Rey being alone meant that she could finally, finally handle the issue at hand.

Skirt hoisted up her waist and panties dangling off one ankle, Rey pumped two fingers inside of her while she ground her clit into the palm of her hand. Meanwhile, her other fingers had popped the first three buttons in her white blouse, her white and beige lace bra shoved up and out of the way so she could pluck at her nipple. She had tried to read Ben’s skillful calligraphy, elegant writing almost masking the absolute filth they spelled out, but she had dropped her phone in her haste to get at her breasts and she found she could keep going just fine on her own.

The groundwork was already laid, after all. She had an idea of how Ben’s filthy mind seemed to work and, after the interaction in her office which she had hoped against hope was definitely not all one sided sexual tension, she was easily able to picture him doing those filthy things to her. He would edge her, just like she was currently doing, letting up the pressure on her poor clitoris the moment he felt her walls begin to tighten around his thick fingers. He would whisper sweet nonsense into her ears as he pumped those massive fingers at a slower pace like she currently was, curving them every few strokes to touch her g-spot with the lightest of touches, causing stars in her eyes but only for one breathless moment. Maybe, she thought, his mouth would be on her breasts, and she sucked her fingers before reapplying them to her nipple. Yes, yes, that's right. His gorgeous lips, so soft and juicy, would wrap around her abused nipple and his tongue would lavish attention onto it, some strokes broad and some pinpointed. Maybe he would use his teeth, those beautifully slightly crooked teeth that she thought gave him character, that made all his other perfections even more so in comparison to what she refused to see as a flaw.

Rey returned her attention to her clit, slipping her shining fingers out so she could rub at it in earnest. Her whole body jerked at the motion, the bundle being too hard, too sensitive, her thighs twitching with every rotation of her fingers. Rey turned her face into her shoulder, pressed against the back of the couch, huffing and moaning, eyes squeezed shut as she tried to stimulate herself to an orgasm all while picturing Ben Fucking Solo kneeling between her legs and doing the deed himself. She was glad no one was around and the custodians weren't due for hours, knowing that the sounds of her moaning and the squelching between her thighs were incredibly obscene and would be hard to miss. She could hear nothing beyond those noises, could see nothing but stars as she squeezed her eyes tight, could feel nothing but the dam in her belly threatening to burst.

She was so close, so fucking close, and she moaned Ben’s name like a prayer, hoping its magical properties would bring her the release she so deserved.

She was so fucking close.

He stepped inside, and abruptly froze, silently closing the door behind him. Those sounds, the ones of wet flesh sliding against equally drenched skin hit him, and he heard the very distinct sounds of someone in the throes of pleasure. That couldn't be right. Rey was the only person left on the floor, and she didn't strike him as the type of person to engage in lewd acts in the middle of the office.

Yet from where he stood, he could clearly see one of her legs draped over the arm of the settee, her honey skin exposed to his hungry gaze.

His arousal flared to life again, stronger, harder than before. Slowly, he moved to the area where her head would be, keeping his footsteps quiet. Yes, that was definitely Rey. From her gorgeous brown hair—mussed from rubbing along the sofa, to the gentle swells of her exposed breasts...oh god. He shouldn't be in here. He should leave and let her finish in peace, then no one would be the wiser, and he'd have ample material to fap to later.

She was close, and his name dripped from her mouth. His name. Fuck, how he'd wanted to hear
say that, in that voice. Just for him.

The urge to push her hand away from her clit was overpowering, and he actually took another step closer before stopping again. If he got any closer, she'd be able to see him from the corner of her eyes—if she opened them.

He was so torn, wanting to let her finish, but also wanting to let the more primal side of him take over. His fantasy about smacking her hand away from herself came back tenfold, and he cleared his throat. “Rey, what are you doing?” he growled out, finally making his presence known. She could throw him out--she should throw him out. This was entirely inappropriate.

He moved around so that she would be able to see him better without craning her head back. Slowly, he sank down to his knees, reaching out with one hand to wrap his long fingers around her wrist, yanking her hand away from her. “Did I say you could touch yourself? Did I say you could moan my name?”

Rey should have been embarrassed, she should have tried to cover herself up and yell at him to get out of her office, she should have fired him for entering her office without knocking first, for staying way later than he was supposed to and accruing the overtime her bosses disliked paying out.

But instead, his words made her cunt throb all the harder and she tugged her wrist in his impossibly strong hold, needing to touch herself urgently. She whimpered, her lip nearly bleeding with how hard she was biting it, her hazel eyes blown so wide with lust. Maybe as wide as his own were.

“Wh--what?” Rey whimpered pitifully, shuddering under his intense gaze. She tugged at her wrist again. “Ben--please!”

Oh, the things her little voice did to him, contorted as it was with her need. He leaned in close, pressing his lips against the shell of her ear. “You heard me,” he whispered roughly, tightening his hold on her wrist when she tugged on it. “Did I give you permission to come while thinking about me?”

He pulled her hand up over her head, giving her a pointed look to leave it there, as he let go and made a show of leaning back, unbuttoning the cuffs on his own wrists, rolling the sleeves up to expose his forearms. He returned his grip to her hand, holding it there with his own while his free hand slid over the curve of her thigh, trailing lightly along the insides as he drifted closer to her wet heat. He could feel it radiating off of her, and lazily, he stroked his fingers against her folds, pausing when he received no answer. “Say it, Rey,” he murmured, kissing her temple softly.

Rey bucked against his touch, a throaty moan slipping out of her mouth. Holy fuck, she didn't think she'd ever been this turned on in her life. If you had asked her yesterday whether she liked to be ordered around in bed or not, she would have snapped at you. But listening to Ben’s deep voice did horrible things to her and she couldn't help but want to obey. He could ask her to do anything and she knew, she just knew, she'd obey without a question asked.

“Please, Ben, please make me come,” she whined, pressing her hips insistently against his hand in search friction.

He searched her eyes for a long moment, trying to see for sure that this was okay. He didn't want to stop in the middle of it once he'd truly gotten started. Pleased by what he found, he slid two fingers within her, delving deep in her wetness. He kept his eyes on hers, and if she tried to move away, he stopped the thrusting of his fingers, using his other hand to grasp her jaw and turn her back to him. “Look at me, Kitten,” he commanded, only releasing her when he was satisfied she wouldn't turn
away again. “Eyes on me.”

He spread his fingers within her, scissoring her open wider as he twisted his hand, curling his fingers up into her pelvis, finding that one spot that felt so different than all the rest. The only things going through his mind were how soft she was, how warm and welcoming her body was. Her face was flushed, and if she bit her lip one more fucking time, he was going to lose any ounce of control he may have had.

Rey cried out wantonly, wanting to both close her eyes so she could focus on the stimulation and never look away from his eyes again. She finally knew what the question was that he had been trying to ask her for the last three years, she finally understood what he wanted from her. What she needed from him.

“F--fuck Ben. Holy shit that feels amazing,” she whimpered pitifully, thighs twitching and chest heaving. How did he know how to touch her, what kind of magic did he know that allowed him to locate her g-spot so quickly? No lover in her past (not that her list was extensive) had ever known so quickly, they'd always fumbled uselessly and she was left feeling mildly unsatisfied afterwards. But not with Ben Solo so it would seem, the man who had somehow looked into her own perverted mind and written out every fantasy she never realized she had.

Both hands unoccupied, she reached up to pluck at her nipples, needling to come as fast as possible. She’d edged herself for too long and Ben seemed determined to draw this out as long as possible, like he’d been waiting forever to do this and wanted to savor it. Usually, she would have appreciated such reverence, but today...she really just needed to come before she burst into flames.

He watched her hands drift up to pull at her breasts, and he felt his mouth water at the thought of tasting her. He let her keep her attentions on one nipple, seeing as both of his hands were currently occupied. One was currently fucking her, hard and fast, his fingers pounding in and out as he dragged them over that spot deep inside, grinding the heel of his palm against her clit with each passing stroke. The other, he was fisting into her hair, experimenting with different tugs to see what she liked more.

He leaned his head down, moving her hand away from her chest as he took her breast into his mouth, laving his tongue against the bud. He groaned as his eyes slid closed, unable to control himself much longer. He was so wholly focused on her and making sure she got off, that he wasn't even worried about the strain in his trousers anymore. All in due time. For now, he needed Rey to come. His Kitten needed to come for him.

He used his teeth gently against her skin, driving his fingers even deeper, adding a third when it didn't seem to be enough. “Come for me, Kitten,” he whispered against her skin, absorbing the sounds of her moans, storing them away in the back of his mind for when this was all over. It would never be allowed to happen again, and he just wanted to bask in this moment, of feeling her writhe in pleasure beneath his hands and mouth.

Rey keened to feel herself so full and distantly she wondered if his cock was as thick and long as his three fingers were. She allowed her free hand to snake underneath him, groping blindly for… wait, what?

Holy shit. Either he was smuggling a scalding metal pipe, or his dick was hard and heavy and so impossibly thick that she struggled to get a grip around it through his pants. Just that thought of that alone, of a cock that size trying to somehow fit inside of her tiny, tight pussy…

Rey came hard, clenching down on his fingers in a vise like grip as her fluids rushed out to coat his massive hand. The entirety of her body shook as she gasped out his name, thighs coming to lock
around his hand to keep it inside while her abdomen shook violently. She saw stars in her eyes, whole galaxies springing to life as she rode out the shockwaves of pleasure, Ben's wonderful fingers still moving inside of her, his cruel palm so hot and hard on her abused clit that she had to mewl meekly for him to be gentle, gentle.

A kitten indeed, Rey thought weakly. She'd never made any noise she would have classified as a mewl in her life, but that was the only way to describe the soft little noises emanating from her throat as her body and mind finally reconnected with the earth. Somewhere her mind thought to worry about the state of her couch, hoping her fluids hadn't harmed the soft leather too much.

Finally slowing down the thrusting of his hand, he released his mouth from her breast with a soft kiss to her skin, working his way up the side of her neck, where he nuzzled against her cheek softly. “Good girl,” he breathed, praising her over and over as her body came back down. He'd damn near come in his pants when she'd gripped him by his cock, and even now, her hand was still wrapped around him, causing his breath to come a little faster.

She could let him go right now and kick him out, and he'd go willingly, thrilled she'd let him do that much to her. Never in his wildest dreams had he thought it would happen. Slowly, he sat back on his haunches, examining her in her blissed out state. He wished he had his cell phone on him to snap a picture. One he most definitely was going to jerk off to later. “Are you all right?” he asked quietly, tilting his head gently in concern at her.

Rey let out a shaky laugh, bringing her hand away from her breast to muffle the strangled sound. What the fuck kind of question was that? Was she alright? She was fucking flying, she had never come that hard in her whole life. Even now, as her body calmed down and her fluids were sticking to her thighs, she had never felt so absolutely at peace. Lying there on the settee in her office, where she had entertained her bosses and held project meetings with the senior members of her team, where now one of her employees was kneeling at her side...where he had just made her come...with her hand wrapped around his massive cock...

“Oh!” Rey gasped, suddenly sitting up. “Oh. Oh my god.” Rey fumbled with her bra, wrestling her breasts back inside before haphazardly attempting to button her shift, not caring that it was misaligned. She shifted her hips up to move her skirt back over her hips, doing everything she could to not look at Ben.

“Fuck!” Rey gasped, bringing her knees up to her chest and resting her forehead on them. What the fuck had she just done? Not only had she masturbated in her office, but she then dragged Ben into this.

Sweet Ben, who had been such a great employee and only wanted to unwind a little by writing some dirty stuff. And she had to go and be a pervert, getting all hot and bothered for it and violated so many rules and policies and laws by begging him to get her off.

He had offered it, of course, but she still felt like she’d coerced him into it. I mean, what else were you supposed to do if you walked in on your boss knuckle-deep in her own snatch?

“Fuck. Ben. I--Fuck!” Rey moaned into her knees, unable to look at him still. “I'm so, so, so sorry.”

Eyes wide, he began shaking his head before sh'd even finished, leaning forward to place his hand on her arm as he tried to capture her eyes with his. “Hey, you did nothing wrong. You didn't make me do anything I didn't already want to do.”

He shrugged and stood up, offering his hand out to her, if she needed help up. “I mean it, Rey.” His gaze turned hungry again as he lingered on the exposed skin of her legs. He knew what lay
between them now, and he wanted more, but he'd be good. He'd try his best not to scare her away when she was clearly feeling like she'd done something wrong.

Rey looked at his offered hand. She hated the guilty feeling that gnawed at the edges of her bliss, but as she slipped her hand into his and looked up into his eyes, looking down at her with a look that made her shiver, she felt reassured. She had done something wrong, very wrong, but the person who she had done it with...that wasn’t wrong.

But now the question was what did she do from here?

“Oh. Okay,” Rey mumbled. She stood up, feeling her panties still hanging awkwardly around her ankle and wondered if she should slide them back up or just finishing stepping out of them. She settled on the latter, continuing to use his warm hand for support as she stepped out of the wet white lace. “I--um--thank you?”

He laughed, a full head thrown back booming sound at her thank you. She was thanking him? Please. Glancing down to the ground where her soaked panties were laying rather sadly, he bent down to pick them up, stuffing them into his pants pocket with a devious smirk at her. He dared her to say something.

He turned his attention back to the settee, frowning at the very obviously wet spot on the cushion. “Hmmm, little Kitten was very wet,” he noted quietly, ignoring the strain of his dick again. She looked rather sated, and he doubted she'd want to go any further tonight. As it was, he almost got the vibe that she seemed to want him to leave. Maybe she wanted time to process it all? Just as long as the next time they saw each other, she didn't pretend like what had occurred between them hadn't happened. “I...should probably go,” he finally said, releasing her hand. “You’ll probably want to, uh…” he gestured to her mismatched buttons.

Rey’s hands flew to her blouse and she hastily fixed herself, face flushed as she stared at the bulge in his pocket where her panties now settled. Those were expensive and she wanted them back but...but...wait, what had he said?

“Go?” Rey parroted quietly.

He had laughed at her, after all. Maybe that look in his eyes was him mocking her? Maybe he just wanted something to leverage over her? Oh fuck. Sure, he had wanted to do that, but now she felt a sinking feeling in her gut as to the why. Happy feeling totally gone. What if he told everyone in the office? Oh god, what if this was how he finally secured a promotion.

Rey felt fire alight in her belly and she glared at him, hands on her hips.

“Fine. Go. But just know that if anyone, anyone finds out about this, I will make sure to take you down with me!” Rey turned her back to him, hiding the tears stinging at the corner of her eyes. She really needed a drink after this absolute hell of a day.

Was she...threatening him? His frown turned down even further as he squared his shoulders and faced her fully. Her back was to him. “I’m not going to tell anyone about this,” he said quietly, his tone very serious. “Did you really think that was what this was about?” He asked as he risked a step closer, lifting a hand to brush along her shoulder to the nape of her neck. “I was only offering to leave because I figured I'd made you feel awkward enough.”

“If you really think I'd do that to you, then maybe I was wrong about you,” he finally said, his voice tired as his hand fell back to his side. He dug the lace panties out of his pocket and set them on the sofa as he walked past it, opening the door and slipping out without a further sound. He
headed back to his cubicle, heart in his throat as he set about cleaning up his desk. He clicked the lamp off and grabbed his jacket, slinging it over one shoulder, making his way to the stairs in the corner of the office to get outside.

He couldn't believe how many twists and turns the day had brought. Thinking he was going to get fired, finger fucking Rey into the next dimension, and now, half hoping he had gotten fired. She really did think of him like everyone else on the floor did. Just some guy with ulterior motives, trying to claw his way over everyone else to get what he wanted, right? He really only wanted one thing, and he'd left her back in her office.

“Hey!” Rey snapped, tearing out of her office with her coat and purse in hand, her hazel eyes cut to slits. She marched right up to him and poked him, hard, in the shoulder. “Where the fuck do you get off? You're the one who came into my office and...and...talked to me like that!” Face red hot from a combination of rage and embarrassment, Rey crossed her arms over her chest. “Treating me like I belong to you or something! I don't belong to anyone and even if I did, I wouldn't--he wouldn't be--ugh, fuck you!”

Rey was seething but she couldn’t force a lie out from her lips. She wanted him so badly, even more so now that she knew how he could make her feel with just his fingers and mouth, but fuck him if he was going to be an arsehole to her and just assume things about her. Nevermind that she had done the same about him...whatever, that wasn't the point here.

Her hard poke had his eyes narrowing at her, and he stopped on the stairs. She was a few above him, but it brought their faces to the same height, and he was grateful he didn't have to bend down to look at her. “I wish you would,” he shrugged. Surely if she truly had a problem with the way he'd spoken to her, the issue would have arisen sooner, regardless of their activities at the time. “And what I said in there didn't seem to bother you one bit while it was happening. Pretty lame excuse, if you ask me.”

He was trying to hide his disappointment, his overwhelming sense of loneliness and rejection, as he leaned against the wall of the stairwell, shoving one hand deep into his pocket to fight the intense urge to grab her face when it was so close and pull her mouth against his own. His jaw tightened, and he glanced away, looking around the bleak stairwell.

Rey balked at him. The nerve. The audacity. The--oh fuck it.

Rey reached out and grabbed his chin, forcefully turning his face towards her and crashing their lips together. It was an almost painful kiss, teeth clacking and noses bumping, but she didn't care.

She had been dreaming about kissing him for three long years, ever since she first saw him in his cubicle, looking so big in such a small space. He wasn't like everyone else had been, hadn't immediately rushed to her side and wanted to take her out for drinks (men) or cocktails (women). Instead, he gave her space to get settled on her own before they finally spoke. She had admired that, admired his quiet contemplation over his work, the way he resisted the urge to snap back at coworkers who thought their cruel nicknames were funny, the way he worked so damn hard and was always so dependable. She needed someone like that, and for a long time she was content to let herself believe that she just needed a coworker and a subordinate like that, until now. Now that she finally felt those soft, so soft lips slanted over her own, she realized that she needed him in every aspect of her life.

And God help her if he didn't need her, too. She'd cry, she knew that much, but at least she would have this moment to carry through the rest of her lonely life. So she kissed him harder and pulled him closer, ignoring the tightness in her chest and the tear that fell from her eye. He could push her away at any moment and she was determined not to waste what she was given.
If you'd have told Ben Solo that he'd be kissing the girl of his dreams for the past three years—or rather, that she was kissing him—he probably would have had a panic attack. As it was, she had stolen all of the breath from his body and he was drowning under her touch. If he closed his eyes, he could imagine an ocean, the salty tang of her tears lending to his fantasy. Finally, he forced his body to respond, his hands slipping of their own accord to tangle into the hair at the sides of her head, clutching her to him like she'd disappear at any moment.

His blood was pounding through his veins, much harder than it ever had in her office. That had been pure, unbridled lust. This was...this was something else entirely. He moved back up the stairs toward her, towering over her, unable to help himself from staying away. He had to be near her, had to touch her everywhere he could. Vaguely, he had the sense that she probably wouldn't want his hands all over her face after his fingers had been buried deep in her pussy...so he moved them to her waist instead, kneading the soft, supple flesh hidden beneath her blouse.

He slipped the tip of his tongue across her lips, begging for entrance to her. Please, just open up for him. He didn't care what they did for the rest of the night. They could fuck, cuddle, or even go their separate ways for the evening, just as long as he didn't miss this feeling right here.

Rey moaned as she felt the soft glide of his tongue on her lips, parting her lips to allow him entry and their kiss to deepen. Her heart pounded, the tightness in her chest loosening and relocating down, down…

Rey wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him tighter to her body. She burned everywhere they touched in the most pleasant way. She pressed her thighs together, wetness beginning to soak her flesh. Maybe she should have put her underwear back on...or maybe it was best that they were still off.

However pleasant the idea was of them picking up where they awkwardly left off in her office, the stairwell of Jinn & Kenobi was not the ideal location. First, because how did you fuck on the stairs? Second, the cameras…

"Mmph...where...mmm… go?" Rey managed to moan between their kisses.

With her pressed up against his body, his hands slid lower to cup her ass, noticing a very obvious lack of lace under that skirt. He groaned at her question, finally pulling back enough to let his higher head get some air. “I, uh…” he mumbled as he blinked, severely dazed. He was light-headed, hoping against hope that he had condoms at home. “We could go back to my apartment.” He finally suggested, leaning in again to kiss along the underside of her jaw.

She was like honey to him--so sweet. He needed more. He needed to taste her, needed to bury himself in the feeling of her body as he took her. And while she probably wouldn't admit to being his, his claim on her was there all the same. “I should run by the pharmacy,” he muttered against her jaw. “Just want to make sure…” he hissed as he ground himself against her, pressing into the softness of her belly. “That we have condoms if you want them.”

He wanted to fuck her, not knock her up yet, but something inside of him was desperately hoping that she'd agree to forgo them.

His mouth found hers again, and he captured her bottom lip between his teeth, giving it a light tug before letting it go to soothe it with his tongue. It was probably a good thing tomorrow was his day off; there was no way he'd be able to keep their affair a secret the day after.

“I'm on the pill,” Rey sighed into his kisses. “I'm clean. You could come inside me if...if you want to.” She neglected to mention that she hadn't been laid in two years and that she was desperate to
feel the concrete proof of it between her legs, to feel his come sliding out of her when he was done. She knew it was a filthy thought but...well...she knew he liked that.

“How far away do you live?” Rey rasped in his ear, leaning forward to nibble on it, sliding her tongue up and down the sensitive shell. She dragged her lips down his jaw, licking and nibbling, sucking at the tender flesh of his neck. The smell of his hair in her nostrils was intoxicating and she fisted her hands into the soft tresses, giving him a tug like he had done to her in her office. She loved having her hair pulled and she hoped he did, too. It would be a sin not to tug those silky locks when he was fucking her, or when his head was between her legs...

They needed to go. Now. She trailed back up to his ear, giving it an insistent tug again, whimpering as she waited for her answers.

He shuddered against her touch, his eyes sliding closed as he simply let her explore his neck and ears. “I don't live too far, maybe 10 minutes tops...” he grunted out, and then decided he'd had enough foreplay. He grabbed her hand in his and practically dragged her down the stairs in his haste to get her back home.

Pausing in the parking garage, he was suddenly sheepish again. How did she want to do this? Did she want to ride with him there and then he could drop her off later at her house, or? Did she want to drive her own car so that she could leave when she damn well felt like leaving?

He bit his bottom lip as he looked down at her. She'd said he could come inside her, and his cock was throwing a victory party in his pants. There was nothing quite like claiming someone while they orgasmed, and when he was done with Rey, he hoped to see her fall asleep next to him, maybe ready to go for round two a heartbeat after. And preferably every night after that, as well.

His hands were shaking and he licked his lips nervously. He wanted this, and he was so afraid he was going to screw something up.

Rey nibbled her lip, glancing at where her car was parked. Was it awkward following someone back to their apartment to fuck? Was it more awkward to ask to be driven back to your car when you were done? What even was the protocol for this? Maybe this was why most places frowned upon interoffice relationships: too much awkwardness with cars.

Rey thought of the overnight bag stashed in her trunk, a mainstay from her youth that bid her to always be prepared at any given time. At least she wouldn't have to stop at her home first, she even had toiletries in there. And she always took her birth control at lunch, so it was already in her purse for tomorrow. Looking up at Ben through her lashes, she really hoped there would be a tomorrow.

“I'll, um, I'll follow you,” Rey finally decided, fishing her keys out of her purse. It would give her time to call her roommates, Rose and Finn, and tell them that she most likely would not be coming home tonight. She only hoped they wouldn't press for details. She wasn't sure she wanted the world to know yet, happy to live in their own private bubble while it was still...whatever it was.

Nodding, he walked her over to her car and tried the handle. Locked. Well, that was awkward. He waited for her to unlock it before he opened the door for her, pressing one lingering kiss to her lips before he let her go. He had her phone number, in case he ever had to call in sick (which was never), and he whipped it out of his pocket to text her the address, just in case she lost him while driving. “Are you hungry?” he asked suddenly. He didn't just want to fuck her; he wanted to dote on her and feed her, preferably with her sitting naked on his lap.

Rey blinked up at him. While she was never, ever one to turn down food (another unfortunate callback to a hard childhood) she couldn't believe he was thinking of food in a time like this.
Tratious as her body always seemed to be, however, her stomach growled the moment she opened her mouth to reply.

Damn, that pudding cup she had swiped from someone's lunch hadn't held her over quite the way she thought it would.

However, a better idea occurred to her.

“I wonder if we can beat a pizza guy back to your house?” Rey suggested.

He shot her a grin, pulling up the calling app on his phone and hitting speed dial. Yes, he ordered pizza enough to have them on his speed dial, thank you very much. “Toppings?” he asked as it connected.

“Oh, I’m good with anything, but I think what I’m craving the most tonight is,” Rey stepped closer to him, standing on her tiptoes to get her mouth at his ear, “sausage.”

Nearly choking at her words, he flushed a bright red and tried to remember who he was calling again. Oh, right. Pizza. Right? Yeah. He placed the order quickly, turning an even deeper shade as he added sausage. Hanging up, he said to her, “Should be about 30 minutes. Ready?”

“Yes!” Rey’s voice was painfully loud in the echo of the garage, but she couldn't find it in herself to be embarrassed. She had been ready for this for over six hours, even more so in the last one. “Just, um, go slow. DRIVE slow, I mean. I don't want to get separated or anything.”

His face softened a little and he cupped her cheek gently before stroking his thumb over it, moving some of her hair back from where it had gotten loose. “Me either,” he murmured quietly, dropping his hand and stepping back to let her get in.

He headed back to his car on the other side of the garage and pulled out (about the only thing pulling out tonight). He waited at the exit for her to catch up before he got out onto the road, driving slowly like she'd requested.

On the way there, he checked in the mirrors like every ten seconds to make sure she was still behind him. This was really happening then, wasn't it? It wasn't just some sort of convoluted daydream he was having that he'd write down in his notebook later, was it? Granted, most of the works in that thing started off like this. What was porn without a little bit of plot?

No, this was topping anything he could have come up with on his own.

Chapter End Notes

Was it good for you, baby? ;) Let us know in the comments!!! Also, again, we're quite a ways in the future right now, but if you want to see these two fuck in a particular way, pleeeeeeaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh let us know! As you can see from our weak wills, we live to serve <3
Chapter Notes

I GUESS you guys liked what we posted before, so we suppoooooooooooose we could post more...:)

Also, this chapter contains an excerpt that has yet to happen (oooooooooooh, spoilers!) in Eskay's Click, Boom so if you want to avoid the spoilers for it, ignore the big ol' block of italics. Or don't, because smut is love and smut is life.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Luckily, there were two spots free next to each other. His crackhead neighbors were gone for the day, and probably gone for the night as well on their rounds, so their spot wouldn't be missed.

Rey pulled into the spot next to his and took a breath before getting out of her car, popping her trunk in the process. Rose, ever the sweet thing, was kind and didn't press for details when she’d called to explain that she was possibly going to be gone all night. That didn't stop Finn in the background, loudly demanding to know: where exactly she was going and who exactly with and what exactly she was doing because no one was good enough for their girl if he wasn't man enough to meet her besties first. That had caused Rey to roll her eyes and simply forward Rose Ben’s address, although she neglected to mention his name. By Rose’s tone of voice, she already knew.

With the beaten up duffle bag in hand (she didn't want to appear presumptuous but she also didn't want to have to come back outside later...) Rey looked expectantly at Ben, her heart hammering in her chest once more. They were going to do this. Once they crossed the threshold, there was no going back. And she had never felt more sure about any decision in her life.

She'd deal with work on Monday. Maybe she really could get Ben transferred off her floor immediately and remove herself as his superior. That way, there would be nothing in their way. Assuming that's what he wanted, of course. As Rey followed Ben inside, she tried to steel herself for the possibility that he only wanted a quick fuck. If that's all she got, so be it. But if he wanted more...

His footsteps on the suspended concrete stairs were loud, echoing through the open passageway. He was suddenly afraid to take her inside. For her to see his lonely existence. It was a simple one-bedroom apartment, furnished just enough to make sure he was comfortable.

He unlocked the door with shaky hands, slipping the key around the hole a bit before it finally went in. God, he was nervous. Stepping inside, he flicked on the light, moving aside to let her in. He hoped she wouldn't think less of him for not living the life of luxury. He could afford a better place, sure, but there’d been no reason to move. No one fucked with him here, either, mostly.

He checked his watch again--15 minutes until the pizza was supposed to arrive.

Rey took off her heels, sighing happily as the ball and heel of her foot were finally on the same plane again. She usually slipped on her slippers the moment she walked in the door, but she also enjoyed being barefoot so she hoped Ben didn't think she was weird. She thought it was weird
when people wore shoes inside their own homes, but who was she to judge?

Setting her purse and duffle bag down next, retaining only her cellphone between her clasped hands, Rey waiting patiently for him to do...something.

Now that they were here, inside his apartment, he couldn't make his body work. He watched her dumbly as she set her things down, and his gaze landed on her bare feet. He stared for probably a few moments too long; she had really pretty feet.

“Uh...do you want some water?” He finally asked, already moving into the kitchenette before she answered. He needed to think, to get his head wrapped around the fact that Rey--his boss Rey--was standing in his apartment, waiting for him to fuck her.

He set two glasses down on the plain countertop, reaching into the fridge for the pitcher of water. Picking up the full glass, he downed it quickly, bringing the other one out to her, the water sloshing along the sides. Shit, he was a mess.

She accepted the glass gratefully, sipping the water as she took in the details of his intimate apartment. It was mostly plain, which surprised her given his vivid imagination. But she couldn't despair him for having few knickknacks, as she wasn't the biggest decorator herself. She did a little loop around his living room to discern where each of the available doors led to.

Bathroom, check. Standard looking with a nondescript shower curtain and all shockingly clean. She smiled at that. At least he wasn’t secretly one of those men who let their bathrooms get disgusting. She also spied a variety of hair care products and made the mental note to perhaps look at those a bit closer if given the time, maybe ask his routine if that wasn't too terribly embarrassing. The moments her hands had been in his hair had been heaven and she ached for her own hair to feel that silky.

The next door was his bedroom and she blushed to give that a quick peek, having to take an extra-long sip of water. She would become better acquainted with that room later, although again she was pleased to note that it looked clean. A made bed, a full hamper without a stray sock on the floor...nice.

This left only the closet by the front door and the archway that led to his kitchen. Her quick tour was over and she took another gulp of water, looking for something, anything to fill this awkward silence.

Ah yes, that was perfect.

“Are those...are those more of your notebooks?” Rey asked, pointing to the stack on a desk in the corner of his living room.

He cleared his throat, following her finger to the desk in the corner. “Oh, uh...yeah, they are.” His legs carried him easily across the living room, and he grabbed the one on the top of the stack. Jesus, that was a lot of notebooks. So much smut.

He returned to her, holding it out. “Do you...want to read?” It came out shyly, but part of him was begging for her approval. Most of them were written about her, after all. The others were just drabbles, poems and non-smutty short stories about some characters he was fond of.

Gesturing to the couch, he placed his hand on the small of her back and guided her over, plopping himself down beside her.

Rey shivered at his touch, delighting in the feeling of his large hands on her back, feeling his heat
through the thin materials of her blouse and skirt. She set her cup down on the coffee table, mindful to use a coaster, and settled back against the cushions to begin reading.

“Get the fuck in the shower right now, Kira, so I can show you how I will fill you up,” Kylo said, his voice a dangerous growl. He settled her under the waterfall head, wasting no time in kissing her again. He pushed her back up against the wall, wet hands on wet skin.

“Are you sure you’re not too sore?” Kylo asked, leaning over her and holding the backs of her thighs.

Kira nodded. “Yes, positive. Please, Kylo, please fuck me,” Kira begged, wrapping her legs around his waist.

“How can I say no to that?” Kylo teased.

Kira cried out as he entered her, shocked at how this new angle felt. He was deeper inside of her, buried completely to the hilt as he bore all her weight on his arms and legs. It hardly seemed to faze him, though, and he easily thrust into her, his groans meeting her breathy moans.

“Shit, Kylo. What—fuck!—the hell kind of—oh—exercising do you—oh!—do?” Kira panted as he hammered into her. She clutched at his back, not caring at all if she left marks. This was the type of stuff that only happened in well-edited porn, wasn’t it?

Kylo gave her a cocky smirk. “You’ll just have to come back and see.”

Kira didn’t have time to think of a sassy reply, her impending orgasm was demanding her attention instead. Just as she thought she was going to get there, though, Kylo suddenly removed himself. He set her on the ground, her knees weak, and then shoved her back against the wall.

“Hey!” Kira protested.

Kylo dropped to his knees, nudging hers apart with his shoulders. He moved her as though he was about to hoist her up on his shoulders, only instead letting her body drop back a little and supporting the entirety of her weight in the palms of his hands, her legs dangling uselessly down his broad back.

“I promised to eat you out every day, didn’t I?” Kylo said against her mound before diving in, a devilish glint in his eyes as he looked up at her.

“Holy fuck!” Kira clutched desperately at the wall behind her, finding no purchase on the slippery tile as Kylo feasted on her.

Kylo was just as ravenous as before and he brought her to her peak quickly, assisted by the frantic fucking moments ago. All the while he looked up at her, theirs eyes locked as Kira screamed and moaned. The vibrations of his tongue as he sounded his own pleasure into her was a sensation she could never hope to mimic with some high-priced silicone. She was ruined, she knew it.

“C’mon, baby, we’re not done yet,” Kylo said. He set her down gently and stood up. He guided her over to the corner where there were shelves built into the gleaming black tile, his various hair and body products filling all but the bottom shelf. Kylo turned her around and nudged her forward.
“Grab on,” he whispered in her ear.

Kira obeyed, still shaking from her orgasm as she leaned over and held onto the (blissfully) dry shelf. If she thought he was deep when he entered her holding her up, there was no contest to how it felt when he entered her from behind. Kira’s knees nearly collapsed beneath her as he slammed his hips into her ass, holding onto her hips to keep her standing and steady as he set a punishing rhythm.

“Fuck baby, you feel so fucking amazing,” Kylo growled out. “Can I spank you?”

Kira gasped but nodded.

Despite his rough thrusts, the spank was gentle, Kylo no doubt accounting for the fact that their wet skin would amplify the pain. Kira was surprised at how much she liked it. When he did it a second time, only just a bit harder, she moaned. A third, harder but better due to the warm ups before, and she cried out his name. A fourth was near-punishing and she wanted it all the more.

Kylo came hard, his thrusts deep as he filled her up. Kira hadn’t even realized she had orgasmed a second time until she felt herself climbing down from the high of it, now a useless ragdoll being held up only by Kylo. He gathered her in his arms and gently guided her back under the steaming water, rinsing her off and cooing sweet words in her ear. She tipped her head back and leaned up, giving him a kiss. He broke it only when they both were laughing at the water getting in their way.

Rey’s eyes went wide. No. Oh no. There was...oh god. But of COURSE this was their luck. The whole day had been full of fate just awkwardly smiling at them like it was the worst matchmaker ever.

“Ben. Do you, um, post...these?” Rey asked carefully and quietly. Her face was so red, it was like she was back in the breakroom again and she couldn't believe how fast her arousal could climb in tandem with her embarrassment. Of course, earlier she hadn't ever read that story before so it was all a surprise. But now...now the surprise was something else entirely.

A loud buzzing cut through the room, saving Ben from whatever answer he was preparing to give. While he was up getting the door, Rey opened her phone with haste and checked her emails, looking for those story updates.

And there it was, sitting right there in her inbox: a notification that the story she was holding in her lap had been updated today.

Taking the pizzas, he tipped the delivery driver extra (because he was feeling particularly nice and had absolutely nothing to do with the sex he’d be having later), turning, only to see Rey on her phone, her face aflame. Well, maybe she liked it, then?

He set the pizza--extra large with sausage--onto the coffee table and moved to sit next to her again, the line of their bodies touching from shoulders to thighs.

He peeked over at her phone, interested to see what she was looking at. “Oh hey, you’re on AO3, too?” Leaning forward, he flipped open the pizza box and grabbed a slice, watching the way the cheese refused to sever itself from the rest of the slices. He wrapped it around his finger and broke it, bringing it to his mouth to eat it off. It was mixed with something else, something unique and sweet. It tasted like Rey smell-- oh. He’d forgotten to wash his hands and now he was licking the
last remnants of her come off his fingers.

The thought blew his eyes wide, his cock already twitching to attention. Honestly, it hadn't gotten any so far; it should just stay down and wait for him to give the all-clear.

“I don't write, I haven't had time for my own writing in years, but I do read a lot, um, wind down,” Rey finished lamely. She wished she had had the time lately to get all of her particular frustrations out in writing, but now she knew that it was Ben’s work that had been helping her. She clenched her thighs together, thinking of the filth she’d consumed over the last year or so that had been written by him. Did he have any idea he had been getting her off for so long?

She needed to say something else, quick, before she straight up jumped him with a mouthful of food. “Why do you write in the notebooks if you then have to transfer that to the computer? Isn't that a lot of extra work?”

“It is, but after The Great Harddrive Crash of '15, I keep everything on paper.” He was thrilled to finally have someone to talk to about his writings. Lord knew he couldn't exactly talk to his mother about it.

Rey finally grabbed a slice, knowing she needed to eat. She let out a low moan at the first bite, closing her eyes for a moment as she savored the taste.

“Mmmmm. Fuck. That's such good sausage,” Rey enthused genuinely, completely forgetting for one blissfully innocent moment of the implications such a statement could bring. She ate in earnest, delighted by the slightly salty taste of such a heady meat.

He did choke then, one hand coming up to smack at his chest as he dislodged the piece of pizza. Thankfully it stayed in his mouth and didn't spew somewhere on the carpet. He turned to look at her, and he was pretty sure he resembled a wild man. His hair was all messed up, his lips parted slightly as he struggled to catch his breath, looking at her half-crazed. It had been a long while since he'd had a blow job, and her appreciative moan at the pizza was decidedly not helping matters.

What if he just...knocked her pizza aside and ordered her to suck him off? He was fairly sure she'd been willing to do it in her office, but he hadn't wanted to take advantage. “About that…” he ground out, doing his best (and failing) to keep his voice even.

Rey blinked at him from around another bite of pizza, so distracted by the flavor in her mouth. She needed to remember this place and order some with her roommates. Rose and Finn both loved sausage, too, and everyone was great at sharing. Although sometimes Finn also wanted anchovies on it and the girls had to snap at him for that fishy smell on their food.

Rey tried to piece together what Ben was attempting to lead to, staring into his eyes for some sort of indication that he was either going to continue speaking or was waiting for her to catch up to whatever seemed so obvious to him. She noticed the high color on his cheeks, the subtle squeak in his voice.

Oh. Oh. Rey squirmed subtly, chewing slowly as she tried to think, looking over his massive body next to her on the couch. He towered over her even like this. Fuck, she was beginning to psyche herself out. He was so big in every sense of the word, his fingers had stretched her more than she thought she could handle and she already knew his cock was almost too big for her to wrap a hand around. Shit. Maybe this was a bad idea, after all. One didn't usually go about ending their droughts with men bigger than any dildo she’d ever attempted to satisfy herself with, not to mention the few flesh and blood dicks she’d experienced. How would he even fit?
Did she look a bit uneasy, or was that just him imagining things? Shit, he hadn't meant to scare her off; but if she didn't help him out with this raging erection, he was going to have to run into the bathroom to take care of it himself. He stared at her for a second longer before pushing himself to his feet, turning his body away from her so that she wouldn't see the way his pants were tenting.

“I, uhm...I’ll be right back,” he said quickly, slipping inside the bathroom and letting it close with a soft click.

He moved over to the mirror and took a long moment to just stare at himself. Splashing some cold water onto his face, he only wished he could put some on his dick, too. But taking a cold shower with her here might just be the weirdest thing he's done yet.

And honestly, this shouldn't take too long, right?

Mind made up, he undid his belt and popped the button on his pants, sliding them about midway down his thighs. The belt, he threw over the towel rack to grab later.

His boxers were pushed down a moment later, his cock springing free, begging for attention. He closed his eyes, wrapping his fingers around himself to give a few languid strokes. What fantasy would work best for him today?

*Maybe the one where Rey’s sitting right outside the door while you're in here getting off?* his brain supplied helpfully. Yeah, that would work.

He stroked himself faster, using one hand to brace himself against the wall as he hunched over, his breath coming in sharp grunts and gasps. It wouldn't take him long at all. He slid his hand to the tip, smearing the ungodly amounts of precome down the rest of his length. Maybe she'd comment on his size, and the thought alone had him somehow swelling even bigger with pride.

Rocking his hips, he fucked himself faster into his hand, imagining it was her mouth, how pretty she'd look on her knees with her gorgeous lips wrapped around him. He groaned loudly, hearing it echo back to him in the bare bathroom. Somewhere, he registered he was probably being too loud, and he hoped she hadn't heard. Or if she had, that she didn't think he was in here doing a different kind of business.

He bit his lip, feeling heat gather in his stomach. He moved his hand more roughly, squeezing the base of his dick on every pass. Oh god, yeah that worked.

Rey sat on the couch, polishing off a second piece and wondering what was taking Ben so long. She supposed sausage didn't always sit well in everyone's systems, although it had been odd that he'd run off after his first few bites. Maybe he was lactose intolerant and he...forgot?

She needed to wash her hands and wished he would just come out of the bathroom already so that she could have clean hands and then a dirty time. With a huff, she rose from the couch and decided to wash her hands in the kitchenette, noting with pleasure that his dishes were all washed and put away. Good, clean boy. Bad, dirty man. She liked that.

Rey drifted around the apartment, uneasy with just settling back down on the couch. She was half tempted to put the pizza in the fridge, worried about food temperatures if his stomach really was that sensitive. She wondered if he would even still be *up* for sex if he wasn't feeling well. She supposed it was good that she had driven herself, at least she had a way to get home if he wanted her to leave.

As Rey wandered by the bathroom, a distinctive sound caught her ear. Was that...wait a minute.
She only debated for half a second about pressing her ear to the door, now wholly confident that she knew what he was doing.

Was he jerking off? Without her!?

Rey grabbed the handle and threw the door open, catching Ben mid-wank.

“Ben Solo. Did I say you could come without me?”

With his back turned toward the door, he couldn't see whatever expression was on her face (and he almost wished he could), but her tone made him freeze, his hand stilling as a thrill rushed along his spine from being caught. But he never removed it from his dick.

He swallowed hard and looked over his shoulder at her, eyes dark as he took her in. “I…” What did she want him to call her? “I’m sorry,” he finally floundered. Did she want him to turn around? He was (obviously) still hanging out of his pants.

“I think I’m supposed to be mad that you rushed in here to jerk off when I was sitting on your couch, ready and wet and waiting. However,” Rey’s voice dipped low, her eyes gone dark and she sauntered into his bathroom and moved around to stand in front of him, “however, I think I know a more fitting punishment.”

She looked down at his dick and had to swallow thickly, glad he couldn’t see how wide her eyes had gotten as she took in the flushed organ clutched in his hand. Holy. Shit. She felt her mouth water and she hoped, god did she hope, that she could fit all of him inside of her.

Drawing on all the confidence she hoped she really had, Rey gently pried his fingers away, dropping them back down to his side. She couldn’t look him in the eye yet, she knew she’d lose her nerve if his expression wasn't what she hoped. So she stared down at him, focused solely on his beautiful cock, red and waiting for her.

Rey dropped to her knees, now at eye level with it, and she drifted her hands up and down it in feather-light touches, moving her face forward as if to nuzzle it but not making any contact yet.

“You really should have just asked, Ben,” Rey whispered huskily, blowing gently on the head. One of her hands trailed underneath to his balls, so gingerly trailing across the hot flesh. “Good boys get things when they ask nicely.”

She wouldn’t commit to wrapping her hands around any part of him. She wouldn’t put her lips any closer than a hair's width. She was aware of the quick rise and fall of his abdomen but she still wouldn't look up at him. He was being punished, he didn't deserve to see how hungry her eyes looked, how much her mouth watered to take in the beauty of his cock.

He felt like he was about to melt. To just die right there on the spot from her light touches. If she happened to put her mouth on him (and fuck, did he want her to), he wouldn't be able to last long. He twitched, his hips moving forward slightly of their own accord.

Her breath hit him and a shudder rolled through his body. “Please,” he whispered hoarsely, staring down at the top of her head. He wanted to touch her, to wrap his fingers in her hair and pull her pretty face up so that he could see her eyes. He didn't dare, though. Didn't want to foul her when she was on her knees before him. Instead, he braced both hands on the wall over her head, hanging his head low between his arms.

“Rey...I need to come,” he groaned pleadingly. And then the words began to tumble from his mouth, like a floodgate had opened and he was helpless against the torrent. “I've been wanting this
for years, wanted this, wanted you ...” He squeezed his eyes shut and leaned his head back, reopening them to stare at the popcorn ceiling. He didn't know if she felt what he did, or if this was just a quick fuck and then she’d go when it was over. It would break a part of him, to have something so perfect, only for it to slip past him like a dream. He hoped not, but it would be just like him to fuck up a perfectly good thing with being overly clingy and needy.

His breath left him in a rapid rise and fall of his chest, anticipation building in his stomach to find out what she’d do.

Rey’s eyes snapped up to meet his, halting all other actions.

“You...you have?” Rey whispered. God she hoped this wasn’t just him being overly emotional just because he was horny. She knew that a lot of men could do that, that they would whisper “I love you” in the throes of passion, when all they were really saying was “I love your pussy” and would just as easily turn you out the moment they came on your tits or something. Probably in your eye, at least as far as her experiences had been.

She stared up at him, hazel eyes shining in hope, a perfectly innocent expression for a girl whose hands were on a man’s cock and whose mouth was only inches away.

He met her gaze, trying his best to put his feelings for her into his eyes. Nodding, he said softly, “Yes.” One hand came off the wall to slide over the back of her head, fingers twisting into her hair.

He pulled her closer then, needing to feel her mouth around him. “Please...” he whispered again, barely audible. Ben was not above begging, but he had the feeling she wanted this just as much as he did, motives be damned.

Rey wanted to explore that a bit more, but glancing back down at his weeping cock, pulsating in her hands from all the blood pumping him so hard, she knew that he was probably in no mindset to be too cohesive and decided that he had suffered his punishment enough.

Purring at the feeling of his hand in her hair, Rey closed her eyes and opened her mouth, leaning the rest of the way to his cock. She moaned at the salty taste of him as she hollowed out her cheeks and swirled her tongue along the underside of him, tracing his vein with pinpoint determination. She held one hand at his base, keeping him pointing right down her throat, while the other pumped the length she couldn’t work down. She felt a twinge in her jaw and worried for a moment about it dislocating or snapping down on him on cruel instinct, but she willed her mind to relax and welcomed him inside, tongue moving up to slide across his slit as she drew her mouth back. She sucked at the tip of him, hand gliding up to take advantage of the moisture she’d applied to him for easier pumping. She trailed her tongue up and down, first the underside and then the top, sucking at the head both times at the switch. She considered sucking his balls, blissfully hairless, but wondered if that was going a bit too far for the first blowjob.

She took him into her mouth again, redoubling her efforts to fit more of him down her throat. It had been so long and she was sorely out of practice, but she had switched from punishment to reward mode, wanting to make him come like he had made her in her office.

A loud, ragged moan escaped him the second she took his cock into her mouth. He fisted her hair a bit tighter, holding her close as she worked him. Shit, he was close. He wanted this to last, but maybe next time--and hopefully there would be a next time. She was warm and wet around him, seeming to know exactly where to lick and suck. As her tongue ran along the slit at the tip, his eyes rolled back and he moved his hips slightly, pushing a little further.

He didn't want to gag her or hurt her by fucking her face too hard, but damn it, it felt too good to
simply hold still.

He groaned again, giving her a little warning, “Shit, Rey...I'm gonna come!” And he did; his balls tightened, that tension that had been pooling within him finally released in waves of scalding heat into her mouth.

Hissing loudly as he pulsated, sending another spurt with each throb, his hand slid blindly along the wall. “Fuck,” he said softly, withdrawing from her mouth as he sunk down to his knees before her, cupping her face almost reverently.

“Thank you,” he breathed quietly, pulling her in for a tender kiss, not minding in the least that she'd just had his dick in her mouth. Some guys were weird about that, he knew. Not him; he was grateful she would do it, and he wanted to show her.

Rey did her best to swallow his come down before she accidentally got any of it in his mouth. She knew that guys were weird about that, and even if he was kissing her, he probably didn’t want his own come in there. Besides, there was a tiny, greedy part of her that didn’t want to share. She had earned this and she was going to enjoy every last drop, damnit.

Chapter End Notes

Okay but seriously, you guys are legitimately blowing us away with your response to our absolute trash. We love you all so much, we're having the best time ever replying to your comments and adding to our list of future points. Please keep your smut requests coming, so Rey and Ben can <3
Chapter 5

Chapter by Poaxath

Chapter Notes

Again, your guys’ response is out of this world. You all have such fantastic requests and we're working hard to come up with something for all of them! Without further adeu, The Fuckening™.

These chapters seem to be getting longer and longer...(hahahaha).

“So. You, um, wanted that?” Rey asked once they parted. She shook her head, cursing herself silently. Of course he wanted a blowjob, all men wanted blowjobs. She pressed on, clarifying, “You’ve wanted me?”

Looking into her eyes, still panting slightly, he nodded, reaching up to brush a stray bit of hair behind her ear. “Yeah.” Way to go, Ben. Eloquent. Use your words. “I mean, yes, I've wanted you. And not just like--just for…” He waved down at his softening cock, “Though that is a plus.”

He settled his hands on her hips and leaned forward to press a soft kiss to her forehead. “Ever since I saw you in the pod, I wanted to actually get to know you. And then we worked together, and even though we didn't go out for drinks or do anything like that, I feel like maybe...maybe I have gotten to know you, in a way. And I want to know more.”

Something occurred to him, then. What if she didn't feel the same and he had just embarrassed the shit out of himself? “I mean, if you don't feel the same, that's...that's okay. I won't make it weird.”

“What, no! I mean--no, I, um, I feel the same way. I...I always sort of admired you, a lot.” Rey gulped, looking into his eyes as she prepared to bare her soul. “You were just so strong and quiet and shy and sweet and smart, you’re so amazingly smart, and it killed me that no one else seemed to see that but me and when they transferred me away from you for a while I sort of snuck down to whatever floors you were on just to check up on you and not like I'm a stalker or anything but I wanted to make sure people were being nice to you because people are mean and I've heard what they say about you and then when I became your boss I was elated because that meant that we got to spend more time together but then you seemed so mad at me all the time so I thought you actually hated me and then I got scared that you would be sent away from my floor and then today happened and it sounded like you actually did want to go and it broke my heart to think about going back to coming into to work every day and not getting to see your face.”

Rey winced as she finally drew a breath. Really, she had to say all of that!? Why couldn’t her stupid brain just say “hey, I like you, too” like a normal human being? She tensed, waiting for him to bolt out of the bathroom, to run from the hills from the crazy girl kneeling on his floor who was a bit too strong with her emotions. She supposed it had a lot to do with being abandoned as a small child, this terrible need to just spew all of her feelings at the people she felt so strongly about, which would either cause them to throw her away like her parents did or embrace her like...well...no one did.

She felt the same? Did the world just come to a screeching halt, or was that just his heart? Which
now picked up double time, mind you. She was adorable, that's really all there was to it. Well, and sexy, and caring. But really adorable.

He had the audacity to blush at her words, ducking his head before he snaked in and kissed her again, long and deep, taking it slow to explore her mouth fully.

Finally, he pulled back for air and pressed his forehead to hers, his eyes drifting shut as a smile turned up one corner of his lips. “That's...completely unexpected,” he said. “I'm glad you feel the same, but…” He took a deep breath, finally moving his face away from hers as he frowned in thought. “How would we make this work? I'd have to get transferred to another floor. If anyone finds out I'm seeing my boss, we're both fired. And I'd rather take the hit than have it fall back on you, if possible.”

Rey sighed, pressing her forehead to his chest. “Yeah, I suppose we really do have to push for your move.” She looked up at him, smiling softly as she reached out to cup his cheek. “I’ll work on it first thing Monday. I have all of your work, I know what you’ve done, even the stuff you let others bully you into doing. The bosses will have no choice but to move you up. And hey, maybe if we’re lucky, they’ll promote you, too. I heard that Snap might be leaving, which leaves an opening on nonfiction for a publishing editor. I know that it’s not your ideal, but, well, if we’re on the same level, they can’t fire us for being involved.” She frowned as another thought occurred to her. “But, for now, we’ll have to keep...um...this between us. But only until you’re off my floor. Then we can be whatever you want us to be.”

He groaned again, moving to tuck himself back into his pants quickly. They couldn’t keep having this conversation on his bathroom floor. It may be a clean bathroom, but it was still a bathroom. He disentangled himself from her arms gently, pushing himself to his feet. Quickly, he bent down and scooped her up, carrying her bridal style back to the couch, one hand wrapped under her thighs while the other supported her back. He realized it may have been a bit over the top, rather than just helping her stand, but she deserved to be treated like a queen. His queen.

Depositing her gently onto the couch, he sat beside her, reaching to take her hand in his. “I don't want you to treat me any different than any other employee while we’re at work. No favors, no going out of your way to get me somewhere. I want to earn it because I deserve it, not because you put in a good word for me,” he sighed heavily, rubbing tiredly at his eyes with his free hand. “You know I've already applied for several different positions before. And I get denied every. Single. Time.”

Bitter? Who was bitter? Certainly not him. “I mean, I'll apply again, but you know what everyone thinks about me. They think I'm going to snap and go on a shooting spree. That’s not exactly promotion material.”

Rey bristled at that, glaring daggers at her imaginary team. “They’re all jerks, Ben! Jerks who don’t even do their jobs. I’ve been trying to fire them all for so long, but everyone above me kept telling me that I didn’t have enough proof, that I shouldn’t rock the boat when everything was so well balanced on my floor. As if you doing ninety percent of the work was balance!”

She sighed. “Of course, there is one other way.” Publishing hadn’t really been her dream, anyway. She’d had great fantasies about it in school, helping find the Next Great Novel™ and all that sort of stuff, but once she actually got in the business, once she had fought and scraped and climbed, she realized that it wasn’t exactly what she wanted. She played glorified babysitter to a team full of lazy people who couldn’t even properly proofread, all while trying to meet impossible deadlines while her one good worker struggled to pick up their slack, going completely unnoticed. She was proud of herself for achieving what she had and no one could ever take that away from her, but
now she was beginning to doubt that this was truly her path in life.

It wasn’t like she was leaving just for Ben, of course. She wasn’t that vapid. She’d been considering it for a while now, in between cleaning break rooms and catching yet another person on Facebook instead of working. She’d handed out more write-ups for inappropriate office behavior than she even wanted to begin to count. Ben’s hadn’t even been the worst of them. She never knew that being the boss meant doing all of this extra stuff and she had come to the realization that it wasn’t what she wanted. She wasn’t entirely sure what it was, what the mystical job was that would make her feel happy and proud, but she’d been suspecting for a while now that working at Jinn & Kenobi Publishing wasn’t it.

He couldn't help but chuckle lightly at her extreme defensiveness for him. It made his heart swell a little, feeling like maybe there was someone out there that had his back after all. That it wasn't just Ben Solo versus The World anymore.

He’d opened his mouth to say something when she started suggesting something about another way. What other way was there? He wasn’t going to let her give up the job she’d worked so hard for just so they could be together. If anything, it should be *him* leaving. He clearly wasn't going anywhere within the company, so why not look elsewhere? He only stayed to see Rey (he didn’t really need the money, Trust Fund Baby that he was), and if whatever they had was going to turn into more, it didn't really matter where they worked, since they'd be seeing each other after hours, anyway. “Hmmm?” He finally prompted, turning his attention back to her.

“I’m going to put in my notice on Monday. Not because of you, honestly, so don’t go getting a big head.” She smirked at him, shooting him a quick wink. “I’ll--I have some savings, I can manage while I look for something else. It wasn’t all I thought it would be and I can’t see myself wasting any more time there. No one wants to look at textbooks that keep spewing out misinformation about Columbus forever.”

One thing was for certain: he didn't buy a word of her excuse. It was all too convenient; her sudden desire to leave the job she'd worked so hard for after he had to open his big mouth and bring the issue up. Damn it, she was about to ruin her life because of him. “Rey, you can't just quit.” He frowned at her, his brows knitting together. “You're the best person they have as a supervisor, and you know it. I just...it sounds too convenient, for it to be now.”

“Really, Ben? You’re honestly going to sit there and tell me that I’m being flippannt because of a boy? You really think that I am making this decision right now, just because I am sitting in your apartment and have the taste of your come on my tongue? That I’ve never given this a single second of thought until ten seconds ago? Wow. Just. Wow.”

Rey stood up, moving across his living room and towards her things. Fuck him. Why were the quiet ones always secretly macho jerks? Why couldn’t they just be loud macho jerks like all the others, presenting their warnings signs so that girls like her could avoid them?

“You know, Ben, you’re a real fucking idiot. To honestly think that I am making this kind of a decision based solely on an orgasm a piece, which, may I remind you, does not make a relationship of any kind, is just really, really stupid.” She stepped into her heels and snapped up her purse, anger boiling in her veins.

Why did it feel like she'd just slapped him? He stared at her dumbly for a moment, trying to comprehend what she'd just said. Maybe he was stupid? Finally, the hurt gave way to anger and he pushed himself to his feet, stalking over to her. “You want to quit, fucking quit, then! I just hadn't heard anything about this idea before, and for you to bring it up now, *yeah* it does sort of look like you're doing it for this non-relationship we have!”
He took a shaky breath, trying to calm down. He did not appreciate being called an idiot, or stupid (that's what a lot of people on the floor whispered about him too), and it bristled. “I swear to Christ, Rey.” He hissed, banging his fist against the wall. Vaguely he heard someone on the other side scream 'shut fuck up!’, to which he roared back, “Fuck you!”

Looking back to her, he gazed at her heels and then to her purse, “And you fucking leave because I'm concerned about you. That's great, just great. Excuse me for not wanting to mess anything up. Actually, you know what? I quit.”

Rey balked at him, her mouth falling open in surprise. “You can't quit! I’m quitting! You actually like that job, you want to go further! You deserve it for all the time you put into it! It wouldn’t be fair for you to leave just because of--of--whatever! I’m leaving because I’ve realized it isn’t what I wanted. Not that I have to justify myself to you. If you want to go ahead and imagine that you're the sole reason I’m quitting, go for it. But it would only be because I don’t want to see you again!”

Okay, that was a lie. That was a big, fat, terrible lie. Worse than the lie that he was stupid. But she was upset and confused and angry and confused and upset. She’d never been good at handling her emotions, always acting out in rage whenever things didn’t go how she’d planned, whenever people doubted her or challenged her. So she said hateful things and ran away. It was easier that way, right? No one got close because the people who got close left her. Her parents, her friends from school, they all eventually left, so what was the point in keeping them close? Fuck them all. She’d just take her savings and move, go to a new city and start again. Somewhere Ben Solo couldn't haunt her, the memory of her stupidly spilling all of the feelings in her heart to him on his bathroom floor needing to be drank away permanently.

It was impossible to hide the hurt this time. He couldn't mask it behind his anger, not when she'd just taken the wind out of his sails. His mouth snapped shut, his jaw clenching as he curled his hands into fists by his sides. Finally, he managed to grind out a response, trying to explain without monologuing. The less he spoke, the less she’d hear the way his voice quivered. “Well, I don’t need the job. I was only there to make my parents happy, and then that reason ended. I had actually put in my two weeks when you came into the picture, and I stuck around for you. If you’re leaving, then there's really no point in me being there, either.”

His shoulders lifted in a shrug, hoping to be nonchalant. “But you don't want to see me again, so go. Quit; run away.” He was baiting her now, he knew, but he was so sick and tired of being fucking stepped on, of being treated like shit by absolutely everyone, Rey included, apparently. “There’s the door!” he yelled, pointing. “Go, if you're so hell-bent!”

That really got to Rey. She threw her purse back down, not caring for the contents inside, and stomped up into his personal space, hands on her hips and eyes blazing.

“Fine! I’m going! I’m going to go away and I’m never coming back! I’m going to forget that this ever happened, that we ever--”

He’d moved closer while she was giving her little rant, eyes boring hungrily into hers. I’m going to forget that this ever happened, that we ever--“Shut up, Rey,” he ordered with a shake of his head, grabbing her by her wrist, then jerking her against his chest. He bent down and crushed his lips to hers, hands spanning her waist to keep her pressed to him. He claimed her mouth roughly, capturing the thickness of her bottom lip between his teeth to bite. It wasn't a hard bite, but it wasn't exactly gentle, either.

Rey’s whimper of protest was quiet, weak. She wanted to snap at him for telling her to shut up, but the way he had growled those words, the way he had bitten her, had sent a white hot bolt of heat right to her core. The wetness that had been metriculating all day had gone cold in their yelling, but
now her body was scorching hot and alive again, thrumming with every point of contact that they
made.

Rey fisted her hands into his wonderful hair and gave a little leap, locking her legs around his waist
so she could grind into him, willing the pressure to exactly where she wanted it. But her skirt made
this hard, the fabric bunching right at the apex of her thighs and preventing satisfying contact. She
whined into his mouth, too scared to let go so she could adjust herself.

His large hands caught her when she leapt onto him, securing themselves firmly on her ass, digging
in slightly to pull her down against the front of his pants. Already, he was moving, heading toward
the one room both of them seemed to be avoiding for a while now.

He’d just come, but give him maybe ten minutes max, and he’d be good to go again. During that
time, he was going to make her come for him at least once. Placing a knee on the bed to brace
himself, he lowered her down onto it until her back hit it, and then his fingers were on her skirt,
searching for the zipper to allow him to pull it down over her hips.

Rey lifted her hips, arching her lower back up so she could easily slide down the invisible zipper at
her hip. Leaning back up for better access, she kissed him almost too sloppily as she near-violently
shoved the beige fabric away, her nude pumps kicked off in the process. She kissed him harder,
pushing him further back so she could move to sitting, hands now free to tear at the buttons of her
blouse before throwing that gods only know where. She then reached up to unclasp her gold and
crystal statement necklace, a Christmas gift from Rose to encourage her to dress up more in her
new position.

Rey yelped as she caught her hair in the clasp, ready to yank either apart if it got her naked faster.

Rey was...in his room, undressing in front of him, looking like she was about to combust if she
didn’t get the clothing off soon enough. He winced at her yelp of pain, already reaching forward to
help. “Here, let me,” he said quietly, his voice rough from desire. Reaching forward, he leaned in
to get a better look at the clasp, gently working her hair out of the metal piece. Finally getting her
hair out, he unfastened it and removed the necklace, leaving her for only a moment to place it on
the bedside table.

Returning to her, he grasped her shoulders and pushed her back against the bed, crawling over her
to press his mouth to hers once more, savoring the flavor that was purely Rey. He moved his mouth
to the edge of her jaw, licking along the edge there as he traveled lower down her neck, sucking
lightly at her pulse point. He fully intended to eat her out, but he wanted to hear her say it. “What
do you want, Kitten?” he asked against her skin, rolling his eyes up to look at her.

Rey shuddered under his heated gaze, delicious heat pooling in her belly. Fuck, she was in his bed.
She was in Ben Solo’s bed, trapped underneath his massive form, those gorgeous arms of his so
corded with thick muscles on either side of her head, trapping his scent all around her. The smell
both aroused and comforted her, making her want nothing more than to burrow into it while he was
buried deep within her. She wanted to do anything and everything with him. She couldn’t even
begin to start with what she wanted. However, one sinful thought crossed her mind, one she’d been
holding on to since her office, and she prayed that she had voice enough to say it.

“I--oh!--I want you to--mmm--to!” Rey moaned, tilting her head back to give him better access to
her neck. She closed her eyes and forced it out. “Iwantyoueatmeout.”

Smiling smugly against her skin, he continued his assault on her, going teasingly slow as he trailed
one of his hands along the outside of her thigh. “Oh?”
Slipping further down her body, he ran his tongue softly along her stomach, pausing to hover at her navel. Finally reaching her mound, his breath hot against her, he moved his hand around to the inside of her leg, brushing the backs of his knuckles along the inner portion of her thigh, slowly making his way upwards. The scent of her hit him, and he had to close his eyes to catch his breath as a sudden vicious urge to dive in started to take over.

He withheld from the feeling for all of two seconds before giving in, running his broad tongue from her very center up toward her clit, immediately wrapping his lips around the nub and sucking hard. He was a man on a mission, and that mission was making Rey moan for him again.

Holding onto one leg with one hand, he sunk two fingers deep into her, immediately stroking far inside as he licked her, alternating patterns to find what she seemed to respond to most before returning his attention back to that bundle of sensitive nerves every so often.

“Fuck! Ben!” Rey cried out, unable to stop herself from thrusting up into his face. If she had thought just his fingers were magical before, there seemed little comparison to the feeling of his mouth on her. Rey silently thanked whatever deity that would listen for Ben Solo’s oral fixation because, holy fuck, the things he was capable of doing with his mouth.

“Harder,” Rey moaned. She moved one hand down to grasp his head, holding him against her throbbing and soaked flesh. Her other hand grabbed for her still-covered breast in an imitation to what he had walked in on in her office. She freed one breast from the padding and lace, nipples already pebble hard, her tiny fingers moving nimbly to pluck and twist it.

He hummed against her in acknowledgement, sucking harder with his mouth and thrusting more roughly with his fingers. God, she tasted like heaven. If he could just bottle this and keep it--no, maybe that was too weird.

“That's it, touch your breasts for me, Kitten,” he murmured against her, diving in again, needing more of her. He curled his fingers inside her, dragging them along her walls until he found that spot he'd stroked back in her office, the one that had made her fall apart so easily for him.

He dug a little harder into her thigh, keeping her still as he grazed his teeth lightly over her clit.

Rey cried out, pulling his hair maybe a bit too hard as the sensation of her g-spot being stimulated combined with the sudden sharp feeling of his teeth of her clit.

“Fuck, Ben. Oh god. If you keep doing--OH!--doing that I'm gonna...oh god,” Rey sobbed pitifully, turning her head into the curve of her shoulder, biting her own flesh. She palmed at her breast with practiced precision, although she had pinched a bit too hard and now needed to treat the sensitive skin a bit kinder.

Every nerve ending she had was on fire. Fuck, she even loved how hard he was gripping her thigh, strong fingers biting in her soft flesh and hard muscles. She hoped it would bruise. Oh please, please let it bruise. She wanted to look down and remember what it was like to have him lying between her legs, how his fingers had felt inside her, his mouth far too talented for his or her own good. Nothing had ever felt this good, not a man or a toy. She hoped that this was the make up sex for their stupid, nonsense fight and not passionate break up sex. If it was the latter, though, she was going to dream of this forever, always hating herself for ruining the most perfect thing to ever lie between her legs.

Ben was hard again; painfully, painfully hard. Having Rey fall apart at things he was doing to her, hearing her cry out for him, was the ultimate stroke to his ego. The only thing better would be for her to come. Now.
He ground himself against the mattress, hoping to relieve some of the burning throb with friction. It worked, kind of. The only thing that would truly take care of it would be to drive himself deep into her cunt, over and over until she forgot her own name. Running his teeth over her again, he pummelled his fingers into her, the sounds of her obscene wetness music to his ears. “Relax,” he said against her, eyes lifted to watch the way her face flushed. “I want you to come, Rey. I want to watch you come on my tongue.” He punctuated his words by moving lower to slide his tongue inside her as far as he could, his nose nuzzled into her, trying to coax her orgasm from her.

Rey could feel the pressure building higher and higher as his tongue penetrated her wet heat, that beautiful nose of his bumping at her throbbing clit. She couldn't remember the last time her orgasm built to this extreme, she couldn't remember the last time she was this desperate to come. And there was his voice, so hot, so raw against her heated sex. His commanding presence in the bedroom did something to her, triggered a deep need to please him and obey. She had to obey him. She had to come.

Rey saw white and everything fell away, no sound escaping her wide opened mouth as her body bowed and her orgasm shook her. She was aware of an absolute gush of fluids, coming out of her fast and strong. As her world slowly pieced itself back together, lying there panting atop his soft, incredibly wet comforter, thighs and abdomen twitching, she tried to figure out what had happened.

Her hands flew up to her face, skin sweaty and flushed, and she let out a few shaky breaths. Oh god. Had she really just--was that--?

She gushed against him and he swallowed as much as he could. It soaked his face, his neck, her thighs and the bed. He stared up at her in wonder, slowly slipping to a wide grin. He'd just made her come so hard she squirted. Holy shit. That was fucking hot.

He kissed lazily up the inside of her leg before he withdrew, reaching up to wipe at his face.

“T's so sorry,” Rey moaned into her hands, squeezing her eyes shut.

Frowning, he tilted his head slightly before crawling up to lean over her on one arm. He took her hands from her face and turned her chin towards him. “Why on Earth are you sorry?” he asked, truly puzzled.

Rey rolled away from him, curling in on herself. “I'll just go. And I'll pay to have this cleaned, I promise. I'm so sorry,” she groaned.

Eyes widening, he started to panic. Had he done something wrong? Had he pushed her too far? A thought struck him, then. “It’s just sheets, Sweetheart. They can be cleaned easily. It’s not a big deal at all.” He curled himself behind her (still extremely hard), and wrapped his arms around her torso as he snuggled into her back, burying his nose in her hair. “Please don't leave,” he whispered, his heart constricting.

“That's just...it’s never happened before. And everyone knows what it really is and it’s just...it’s really just...” Rey trailed off, hopelessly embarrassed.

Leave it up to Rey Niima, a little nobody from nowhere who no one wants, to mess things up. Quite literally, this time.

“Hot?” he supplied for her, and this time, he rolled her back over onto her back, refusing to let her pull away from him again. “Rey, you didn't piss, I hope you know that. What you just did was...amazingly sexy.” Leaning in close, he pressed his lips against her ear as he let his voice drop lower, “And I’d love it if you did it again.”
Rey’s eyes widened, a shiver running up her spine at his declaration, her head going fuzzy. How in the world had she gotten this lucky? What had she done to deserve him? Rey bit her lip, needing to clear the air.

“I’m sorry for what I said...before. I honestly do think you're bloody brilliant and I know you care. I’m just not used to anyone caring, about me. So I panicked and tried to push you away before you could...before you could do it to me, first.”

How could anyone not care about her? The thought only made him feel more protective of her, even more than he already did. Which was a lot, and he was finally just now getting to act on it.

He pressed his cheek against her shoulder, running his fingers lightly over her stomach as he thought. Sighing softly, he pressed a light kiss against her warm skin before saying, “I’m sorry, too. I shouldn’t have even suggested I was the reason you were leaving. I'm sure you've thought long and hard about it.”

Rey couldn't help but crack a smile, biting her lip mischievously as she snaked a hand between them and found his hard cock. Damn, that was a fast rebound period. It sent a thrill through her to think that he could perhaps keep up with her voracious sexual appetite.

“Can you think of anything else that's long and hard?” Rey purred. She leaned up to lick the shell of his ear, unbuttoning his pants lazily, dragging his zipper down oh so slowly.

His eyes fluttered shut as she gripped him, and he settled back against the bed, murmuring darkly to her, “Careful, Kitten.” With round one having been taken care of in the bathroom, he wasn’t nearly as worried about finishing in the first couple of minutes. She was dancing with fire, and as he slowly opened his eyes to half-mast to look at her, he smirked a little. Somehow, he knew she was just as aware as he was how this was going to end.

“Mmm, but Kylo, your kitten doesn't want to be careful,” Rey moaned into his ear, turning to drape half her upper body across him as she played with him over his boxers, fingertips trailing up and down his length as much as his pants would allow. She captured his earlobe between her teeth, tugging it roughly as she panted into his ear, “and maybe your kitten wants your pants the. Fuck. Off.”

He narrowed his eyes at her, letting her see the warning in them before he flipped her onto her back, his hands pinning hers over her head as he stared down at her. She’d just signed her own death warrant. Leaning down, he forced her lips apart with his own, letting his tongue slip inside to taste her mouth. He growled in the back of his throat before he left the bed, never taking his eyes from her as he nudged his shoes and socks off, then pushed his pants down.

His shirt came next, one slow button at a time until he shrugged it off and was left in his undershirt and boxers. He seriously thought about finding one of his ties, strapping her to the headboard, and leaving the room for a moment until she realized just how badly she’d behaved.

Instead, he stored that idea for a later day, slipping the undershirt over his head to fall to the floor. The boxers came off next, and he had a brief moment of worrying if his overall size scared her (not just his dick). He knew he was a large man in all aspects, but he didn’t want her afraid that he’d hurt her.

He simply watched her for a moment, all stretched out and lovely on his bed, before his gaze zeroed in on the bra that still adorned those beautiful breasts. Then, his hand wrapped around his cock and he gave a few slow strokes, his lips parting. He wanted her so badly, and here she was, just for him.
Dropping his hand, he stalked forward and grabbed her hips, rolling her over onto her stomach. He undid the clasp of her bra, then snaked the straps down her arms, lifting her body up just enough for the fabric to slip off and onto the bed. He settled behind her, leaning his weight against her back as he pressed his mouth back against her ear, “I want you to be loud when I fuck you, Kitten. Tell everyone who makes you feel this good.”

Rey whimpered, pressing her hips back insistently against his groin. She moaned at the feeling of him so hot and hard against her arse, arching her back more in hope of sliding him inside herself if she could find the right angle hands free.

“Kylo, please,” Rey sobbed sweetly, wriggling her hips. “I’ll be as loud as you want me to be if you please, please put your cock inside my pussy. Your kitten needs your cock.”

“So impatient,” he whispered against her ear, lifting his weight off of her to take her in. Her golden skin was flawless, with little freckles scattered across it that drove him wild. He settled a hand on her hip, keeping her still as he lined himself up, taking a moment to prolong the torture by dragging the head of himself along her wetness. She’d been good, though; she’d asked nicely, begging for his cock. Good kittens got what they wanted.

Without warning, he slammed into her in one hard thrust, pulling out slowly as he tried to gauge her reaction. She was tight around him like a vice, her body unwilling to give him up as he withdrew. He paused for a moment with the tip of him still inside, running his fingers reassuringly along her spine before they wound into her hair. He jerked her head back and thrusted in again, harder than before, his hips pressed tightly against her ass. He kept himself seated within her, but leaned his upper body back enough to look down at where they were joined. “Look at how nicely you take my cock, Kitten. Such a good girl.”

Rey keened, mind blown in lust at the contrasting sensations all over her body.

First there was his hand wrapped up in her hair, making full use of her unique hairstyle and grabbing hard onto her middle bun to pull her head back. She used to hate having her hair pulled, it reminded her too much of the little brats in her foster homes who always got adopted over her. But, fuck, when Ben was the one pulling it, it only made pleasure chase down her spine.

Second, there was arch of her back, so high that it was causing her abs to shake with the effort of maintaining the pose. But that quivering only served to intensify her pleasure, her vibrating body spurring her on.

And finally, the most wonderful third was the feeling of his thick cock, pumping in and out of her soaking wet pussy. She leaned her head on the bed, looking underneath her body to watch as his cock slipped in and out of her, shining with her arousal coated all over it. She was so glad she was on the pill, focusing her attention on squeezing his cock so she could feel the ridge of his head as it continuously threatened to leave her empty and gaping for him.

“Kyyloooo~,” Rey sang, making good on her promise to scream his name.

If you would have told her twelve hours ago that she would be lying in Ben Solo’s bed, being fucked hard in her favorite position while he called her “Kitten” and she screamed his fantasy name for himself, “Kylo”...she would have rushed off to the bathroom to finger herself to that image, not even for a moment believing that it could be her reality.

“Fuck, Kylo, your cock is so big. So big in my tight little cunt,” Rey cried, rocking back against him in time with his thrusts.
If Death itself were to come for him now, he'd go willingly, even happily, now that he'd finally buried himself deeply inside of her. He stifled a groan as she cried out for him, her comments on his size spurring him on to fuck her harder, deeper. He pulled her back against him with each snap of his hips, the sounds of flesh striking flesh loud and lewd in the room. “Fuck,” he rasped, his eyes glazing over as he watched the way her ass jiggled beneath him. It was mesmerizing, beautiful, even.

The way her body gripped his so tightly, it would’ve brought him to his knees if he weren't on them already. “Tell me who’s cunt this is,” he groaned hoarsely, moving faster against her. “Tell me who this cunt belongs to!”

He draped his body over hers, fucking her in earnest as he pressed sloppy kisses along her shoulder, still pulling at her hair to make an angle for him to reach her neck. He bit gently into the soft flesh there, a sharp contrast to the movements of his lower body.

“Y--yours, Kylo! Ben! Fuck! It’s yours, all yours,” Rey mumbled uselessly in reply, cohesive thoughts slipping away from her. “Please fuck me harder. Please fuck my cunt, the cunt only you can fuck. It's yours. Just yours. Always yours.”

She knew she was babbling like an idiot, but she couldn't stop. His breath at her ear, teeth so gentle in her skin, while this new angle drove him in even further was making her lose her mind. She used all her strength to tilt her pelvis just so, and…

“Oh FUCK! Right there! Please keep pounding me right there. Please Kylo, please fuck me harder right there. It's all yours, I swear. Only yours forever. Please. God, please,” she sobbed, hands fisted in the sheets so hard she was worried she may puncture them even with her dull nails. But that was a distant thought, somewhere on the same plain as knowing that there were people on the other side of the world sleeping: so insignificant to what was happening between her thighs that she didn't care.

His muscles strained with the effort of fighting off his own orgasm as he mentally chanted to himself. Not until she comes, not until she comes. Fuck, it sounded like she was close. He closed his eyes, concentrating, just letting his body feel that one spot that she wanted him to hit. It felt fantastic to him, too. Suddenly, he wished he could see her face again as she came, never tiring of that sight. He couldn’t stop, not now, not when she was begging him. He pounded harder, his grip on her bruising as he rode her, giving her everything he had, using every bit of his frame to propel him further. He was panting heavily, sweat breaking out along his body as he tried to give her what she asked for. He hit that spot head-on with every stroke, hissing between his teeth as his balls began to tighten. “Shiiiiiiit, I’m gonna….” he gasped, rolling his hips against hers again and again, finally unable to hold back anymore as he spilled himself as deeply into her as he could with a ragged moan.

Rey only thought orgasms happened simultaneously in ridiculous fiction, but timing was on their side as she felt herself clench down on him, greedily pulling his spend further inside her quivering walls. This time her orgasm was louder, having caught her in the middle of a throaty moan and forcing it to come out more like a scream, her high pitched noise blending in beautiful harmony with his low, guttural moan. She felt her own juices seep down his cock, sighing pleasantly at his last few pumps, enjoying the weight of him against her. It was real. It had happened. And she finally, finally had the come dripping down her thighs to prove it.

When he slipped out of her, Rey allowed herself to fall forward, weight finally off her arms and elbows that she hadn't even noticed were beginning to ache. Still, one shaking hand reached back and swiped between her thighs, gathering the sticky substance up on her fingers and bringing them
to her face to admire. It was both of them, their juices mixed together so prettily inside of her. Without a moment of hesitation she licked her fingers, closing her eyes and moaning at the taste of them blended together.

He’d collapsed next to her on the bed, his breath coming in sharp inhales. What a workout. He turned his head to watch her, nearly coming again just from the sight of her licking their combined spend from her fingers. Fuck, she was going to be the death of him. He turned his head away to stare up at the ceiling as his heartbeat slowed, fully aware that he had a giddy-looking blissed out smile on his face. After a few moments, he managed to get out a rough-sounding whisper of, “Wow.”

Wow, indeed. Was there any way for that to come out without sounding like a teenage boy that’d just had sex for the first time? Whatever, he’d take it. He rolled over onto his side facing her and put his arm around her waist, pulling her into his chest. Suddenly very serious again, he tipped her face up to his and searched her eyes for a long moment. “You’re beautiful. Do you know that?”

Rey smiled up at him, satisfaction coursing through her veins. She hadn't gotten off this many times in one day since...well, she had been snowed in and had a brand new vibrator, what else would you do? Besides, doing this with Ben was absolutely more preferable. She would take his flesh and blood cock, plus all of the amazing things it was attached to, over a million vibrators any day.

“So are you,” Rey whispered back. She brought a hand up to brush a sweaty strand of hair off his face, tucking it tenderly behind his ears. She let her fingers trail down it, gently caressing the thin shell. His ears were beautiful, his hair was beautiful, and his eyes, those deep, velvet pools were so, so beautiful. Plus there were his plush lips and his wonderfully useful nose and all those gorgeous beauty marks that she wanted to kiss individually. How was a man ever allowed to be this beautiful? No wonder she'd been drawn to him from the moment she first saw him.

“You're like a siren,” Rey said quietly, fingers trailing now down his thick neck to his broad shoulders. “You lured me in with a tale I couldn't resist and a beauty I couldn't deny.”

He knew the look he was wearing as she finished speaking. He only hoped she hadn’t recognized it for what it was. Or if she had, that it didn’t scare her. He’d guarded his heart so well for so many years, and now that he was finally allowed to be with Rey--his Rey, whether she wanted to belong to anyone or not--he was falling. He was falling hard and fast, and only hoped she’d be there to catch him. Or at least make the landing a little softer when she left him. Because, she would. Eventually, she’d learn all about him, about the things he hadn’t spoken about in years, and she would pack her things and leave.

It would break him, and probably finish turning his heart to stone, but here, in this moment, none of that mattered. He kissed her then, soft and gentle, a yearning of his soul reaching out to hers. It was nice. “You can stay the night if you want to,” he murmured against her lips, hoping she would.

There was a loud knock on the door, authoritative and insistent. He frowned at the door to the bedroom. He wasn’t expecting anyone. The pizza (probably cold by now) had been delivered. He slid a glance at her, serious. “Stay here,” he said sternly as he left the bed and grabbed his pants, sliding them on as he left the room. He didn’t know who it was, or what they wanted. His neighbors were drug addicts--maybe one was trying to break in? Why bother knocking, though?

Rey frowned, suddenly very aware of her nakedness but unwilling to put on any clothing just yet. Whoever was at the door didn't matter, Ben would send them away quickly enough. She turned and crawled up the bed, pulling the unfortunate comforter down and curling up underneath it. Once more she thought of how apt Ben’s nickname for her was, Rey curling up in a small ball like a tiny
kitten as she inhaled the intoxicating smell of him all around.

She half considered taking a quick cat nap (Haha, she was so funny, she told herself). She had a healthy sexual appetite but even she was tired after everything they had done, sexually and emotionally. She was glad they were past all of that, though, glad they’d spilled all their feelings. Well, not all. Rey wasn't sure she was dumb enough to just blurt out that she loved him. Because she didn't. Not at all. Nope. She didn't love how he was as filthy as she was, she didn't love how he was so shy and tender, helping her with her necklace with the utmost care, she didn't love how he looked at her like he was contemplating swallowing her whole, and she definitely didn't like how he seemed to know exactly how she wanted to be fucked and then cooed to afterwards like some precious thing.

No. Rey Niima did not love Ben Solo.

That much.

Okay, maybe a bit more than that. But not that much more.

Whatever. She knew she was fucked from the moment she opened that notebook and she would never, ever regret where it led her, no matter what Ben decided he wanted.

Now what was taking him so long?
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

ANOTHER CHAPTER. Enjoy!

Ben grabbed the bat he kept beside the front door, his grip on it hard as he checked the peephole. Shit. Unlocking it, he set the bat back down, swinging the door open to reveal a police officer. His uniform was black, the patch on his shoulder indicating he was from the city Ben lived in. He had darker skin, but he didn't look quite Hispanic. Maybe Guatemalan?

Clearing his voice, Ben asked, “Can I help you with something, officer?”

The man introduced himself as Lieutenant Dameron, and his gaze shifted around behind Ben like he was looking for something as he added, “We got a call about a disturbance, maybe domestic violence due to some screaming. Everything okay here? Is there anyone else in here with you?” He narrowed his eyes at Ben, taking in his lack of shirt and the fuck me hair he'd been rocking.

“Yeah, my...girlfriend,” Ben said, pointing to the bedroom. He didn't know if she was actually his girlfriend yet, or if she wanted to be (it sounded like it?) called that, but it was better than calling her a fuck buddy, lover, or any other casual name. Rey was definitely not a casual thing for him.

Officer Dameron pushed his way into the apartment, saying, “I just need to make sure she's all right. That okay?” He sounded suspicious of Ben, like he'd try and quickly sneak back there and actually hurt Rey.

Ben nodded, shrugging, also really hoping she was covered when the officer went back there. It was mostly for Rey’s own embarrassment, but some part of him (a very reasonable part, he thought) didn't want some other man to see his girl naked. Call him old fashioned.

“Rey, an officer is coming to check on you!” He called to her, hoping it was enough of a warning.

A what? Rey scrambled around the bed, looking for something to throw on. She saw her skirt but not her blouse, and she didn't think it would be believable as a very tiny dress. So she grabbed the next thing she saw: the dark gray dress shirt Ben had been wearing to work today. Her nimble fingers served her well as she hastily buttoned it up, glad it exceeded the length of her torso and fell down her thighs. She would observe how massive his frame was compared to her later, how much it thrilled her to feel so small in his clothing. There was something more important happening.

Rey was rolling the sleeves back as she heard the firm knock that confirmed Ben’s words. She cleared her throat and tried to sound nonchalant as she called for the officer to enter.

Officer Dameron entered the bedroom after he’d been given permission, his eyes immediately drawn to the expanse of leg showing off to him. He took in her extremely fucked out expression, the way her hair was starting to come loose from her buns. It took way longer than was professional for him to clear his throat and ask, “You alright, ma’am?”

Rey tried to smile brightly at the officer, a kind-looking man with his curly dark hair and soft brown eyes. She swept some of her hair away from her face, giving it a passing chuckle. “Perfect,
officer. Is there something wrong?” oh god she hoped she didn't look too thoroughly fucked.

He shook his head, shrugging, “Doesn't appear so. Got a noise complaint from a concerned neighbor, is all. Just making sure your boyfriend wasn't hitting you or anything.” He stepped a little closer to her and dug in his belt for a second, finally retrieving what looked like a business card. He handed it to her, adding, “If you need anything, let me know.” *If he's hurting you and you can't say anything in front of him, call me.*

Ben appeared in the door to the bedroom, leaning against the frame with his arms crossed over his chest, watching the officer with an angry glint to his eyes. Slowly, his attention shifted to Rey, wearing one of his shirts, and he'd be damned if he didn't admit the sight straight up did it for him. He bit his bottom lip, already making plans for their next round.

Rey accepted the card, giving his name a quick read and him another smile. It faltered for a moment as she shivered, a thick line of come running between her thighs. She fought the urge to bite her lip and moan. She saw Ben leaning in the doorway, just over and and beyond the shorter officer's shoulders. For one *horribly inappropriate* second, she imagined being between them.

Rey had to chastise herself mentally, annoyed at the dirty thoughts in her brain so soon after finally being so wonderfully sexed up. Three orgasms were still not enough to make up for a 2 year drought, apparently. Guess that meant she would have to stay in Ben’s bed all night...or weekend...

“Th--thank you, Lieutenant Dameron.”

The Lieutenant nodded once at her, giving her a funny look when she shivered. Was she cold? He turned on his heel and left, meeting Ben’s eyes on the way out.

Something jumped between them, some unspoken male code of saying *you better hang onto that or someone else will.*

Ben followed the Lieutenant to the door, waving in goodbye before he shut it, locking it again. Slowly, he turned back to her, able to see her from his place in the entryway. His eyes trailed over her, absorbing the fact yet again that she was wearing his shirt. God, that was so sexy. There was something on her inner thigh, and from this distance, it took him a moment to process what it was. Oh, so that's what the shiver was for.

Smirking, he walked back over to her, looking down from his height, starting at her face, moving slowly down her body with an appreciative look, “You’re such a naughty kitten.”

Rey peered up at him innocently, hazel eyes doe large, lips pouting sweetly. “What do you mean, Kylo? I'm always a good girl.”

He couldn't help but smile at that. “I think you know exactly what I mean.” He cupped her face in one large hand, stroking her cheek softly with his thumb before he pressed a light kiss to her mouth. “If this is going to be a marathon, we both need to eat something,” he said as he withdrew, taking her hand as he pulled her from the bedroom.

His pizza was still sitting on the coffee table, right where he'd left it. Moving over to it, he settled himself down onto the couch, tugging her into his lap. He readjusted her slightly until it was comfortable, and then it was perfect. Alternating between finishing his pizza and nuzzling against her shoulder, kissing softly through the fabric of his shirt, he looked up at her. “Do you have any hard limits? Things you're not comfortable with?”

Her mind briefly flew back to the thought of a threesome with the cop and she knew that that
wasn't a no, although she wasn't in the sharing mood quite yet. Later, maybe. She’d never done it before but she would be open if Ben also was.

“Extreme debasing. Scat play. I would have normally said water sports,” she blushed hard at that, “so, um, let’s just keep it to unintentional, and only from me. And I’ve never have something as big as this,” she wriggled her arse in his lap, “in my arse, or anyone’s real dick, either, so I have a feeling that it will take a little bit of work to get me to that point. But I’m fine with other, um, arse...things.” She looked down at her hands, feeling embarrassed. Would he think she was weird for putting a vibrator up her own ass? Hey, a girl had to do something new and exciting to herself after two years going solo. “You?”

He raised his eyebrows at her, but nodded along, finding it cute how she said arse instead of ass in her pretty accent. “Pretty much the same things. No scat, debasing, or watersports. Other than that, you can do whatever you want to me.” Yes, he would even let her stick something up his ass if it made her happy. And who knew, maybe he'd enjoy it too.

With her wrapped up like this, he felt like he could finally breathe, his heart unclenching after so long. He snuggled more deeply against her, eventually just content to rest his chin on her shoulder. The sex had been fantastic, but this, right here, was what he'd really been craving.

Rey leaned into his embrace, so happy to finally be in his arms. “So I take it that you do this...more? More than just past tonight?” she asked. She’d been fooled once before, by boys who simply wanted someone to fuck for a while and then would send her away in the morning. That’s how’d she’d learned the cruelty of believing in whispered words during passions. She didn’t believe Ben would be like this, but she had to know, she needed to be sure. They didn’t really know each other more than what was necessary to be coworkers and now recent...fuck buddies? She wanted to trust him. She was positive that she already did. But it was so much easier to trust him with her body rather than her heart.

He turned his head toward her, brushing his nose along the edge of her ear. “Mmmm,” he hummed softly, trying to think of a way to word exactly what he wanted without it being too much too soon. He’d never been so sure of something in his life. Honesty was the best policy, though, and he didn't want to keep his feelings from her. Not that make up sex wasn't great, but he didn't enjoy the actual act of arguing and fighting. “I want...” he started slowly, choosing his words carefully. “…to date you, to show you off, to come home after a long day and binge watch the latest episodes of our favorite show.” He paused, flicking his eyes over to read her face before continuing. “I want to make you dinner, and wake up with you every morning. I want to spoil you.

Rey pulled him to her, kissing him with all the passion she had inside of her. She ran her tongue along his bottom lip and delved inside when he allowed her entry, trying to consume him, allowing him to consume her. She turned her body so that she could drape her legs on either side of his hips, surging up on her knees so she could attempt to gain the upperhand for once. Her hands bracketed his face, the beginnings of stubble at the end of a long work day scratching lightly on her palms, but she wanted more.

“I want that, too. All of it. All of you. God, Ben, I--,” she cut herself off, settling back onto his lap. He had spilled his heart but he hadn’t said that and she wasn’t going to be the first, especially if he wasn’t quite there yet. But she could wait. She would happily wait. She was used to waiting and for once, the wait wouldn’t be that bad.

He nodded his head encouragingly for her to continue when she broke off. What had she been about to say? He needed to know. When it didn’t look like she was going to, he let it go. For now. “Maybe next weekend we can go back to your place?” he suggested, lifting his hand to run his
fingers lightly over the expanse of collar bone peeking out of his shirt. “Won't have to deal with weird neighbors and hopefully the police won't come again.”

Rey let out a laugh, shaking her head. “No, no. Not yet. You’re not ready to meet the terrible terrors that are my roommates. They’re my favorite people in the entire world, my only family.” Damnit, why had she revealed that? “But they’re a little much to handle at first. I’ll need to make sure that you’re not going to run screaming first.” She leaned forward and nuzzled into his shoulder, sighing happily. “But they’ll love you. I know it.”

His arms tightened around her, keeping her against him as he stroked lightly along her back. “Define ‘a little much’,” he chuckled softly, turning his head to bury his nose in her hair. She smelled so fucking good, even if they both stank a bit of sweat and other things.

He could hear his phone ringing from his pants in the bedroom. Whoever it was, they could wait. The sound died away, going completely silent for about ten seconds before it started ringing again, somehow more shrilly. Sighing, heavily, he nudged her onto the couch, playfully smacking her rear before muttering something about probably having to get that. “Be right back,” he told her and disappeared into the room.

He was in there for about ten minutes, nodding along and giving a few 'uh-huh's as he listened to the voice on the other end. He froze at a particular question, biting his lip as he considered. “Yeah, I'll be there. I might bring someone too,” he replied, wincing at the shriek of happiness on the other side.

Finally, he went back out to the living room, looking to Rey. “I’m sorry about that. It was my mother. She wants me to make an appearance at an event she’s hosting.” He looked down to the phone in his hands, twirling it around nervously. “I was hoping you’d like to come with?”

Rey’s eyes went wide. “You...you want me to meet your mum?” she bounced up, suddenly full of nervous energy. “You want me to meet your mum, who is hosting an event? What kind of event? Are we talking a chill Sunday dinner or like a cocktail party? What do I wear? What do I say?”

Glancing up at her, he took a deep breath. Where did he even begin to explain what kind of event it was? “It’s formal...more formal than a cocktail party. Full suit and gown kind of thing. My mother’s running for senator again, so she has to throw some benefits together. Dinner, mingling, and there’s usually a speech; that kind of thing. You wouldn’t have to say much, honestly. Just answer a few questions from other politicians.” He shrugged, looking back down to the phone in his hands. “You don’t have to, if you don’t want to, but I have to be there.”

“Are you sure you’d want to bring me? I’m not exactly the most glamorous person in the world, I always say whatever is on my mind even when it’s not appropriate, and I don't even own anything that anyone would consider formal. My only slight accomplishment is that I can walk in heels, but even then I've got a limit of like two hours. I...I would make you both look bad,” Rey said, frowning.

She thought about the money in her savings, wondering how much she could spare to a formal dress when she was preparing to leave her job. Maybe she’d get lucky and find something on clearance.

“Why wouldn’t I want to bring you?” he asked, raising an eyebrow at her. “Remember, these are politicians--they’re sneaky bastards. Having you there would be a breath of fresh air.” He stepped in close to her, eyes shining with some unknown secret. “Trust me, you’re going to be the most glamorous person in the room. Just let me take care of the details. Please?”
“What do you mean, the details?” Rey challenged, narrowing her eyes at him.

He didn’t give her any answer other than a wink, reaching down to take her hand. “Is that a yes? My mother about died when I told her I might be bringing someone.”

Rey sighed. Why did he have to have such puppy dog eyes? “I...yes. But can I ask for one concession?”

“What’s that, sweetheart?” He lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed her fingers softly. He hoped he wasn’t coming across as too pushy, goading her into going if she really didn’t want to.

She shivered, a pleasant thrill chasing through her at the tender nickname. She hoped he would say the “I” word soon. Screw whatever the rational world thought about ‘too soon’, they’d known each other for three years and if today was any indication, they were as perfect for each other as anyone could be.

“I want to meet your mother first, beforehand. I can't have the first time I meet my,” she swallowed, hoping her next word wasn't wrong, “boyfriend’s mother be when we are surrounded by a couple hundred of her closest friends and I'm feeling uncomfortable in whatever dress you're sure to coerce me into buying.”

“We’ll see,” he muttered in response to her dress comment, feeling his heart pick up at the sound of his new formal title. While he loved it, he hoped that wasn’t all he’d ever be to her. “Of course you can meet her before then. I’ll have to see when she’s free, since the event’s Sunday night, but I’m sure she’ll make room for you. Be warned though...she’s a little forward, too.”

Immediately, he pulled out his phone and started typing, sending a message to Leia about Rey’s request to meet her beforehand. It was Friday evening, so only two days before the event. Hopefully his mom would have time in there somewhere, right? She pinged back within two minutes, and he read the message aloud to Rey. “She says that tonight is her only free time, so if you want to meet her, now is the only time beforehand,” He raised his eyes to hers. Damn, they were moving rather quickly, weren’t they? Just today they’d acknowledged their feelings, had sex, and if Rey still wanted to, she was going to meet his mother--his only living parent. The thought made him frown, his chest aching. His dad would’ve loved Rey and all her quirkiness.

Rey set her chin, taking a breath before nodding. Rey Niima never backed down from a challenge and meet her boyfriend's mother in the same day he became her boyfriend was a challenge she would meet and succeed.

“Okay. Okay, yes. Let’s meet your mother for drinks somewhere. Just let me take a quick shower. I have some talk pervert’s come dripping down my legs, doesn't make a great first impression.”

She threw him a playful wink before heading into the bathroom, snapping up her clothes from where they’d been tossed (somehow her blouse ended up wedged between his dresser and the wall. Who knew she had such a great arm?) She grabbed her panties from her purse and her duffle bag, proud of her foresight. She only had foundation and mascara in her purse, maybe her lipstick if she was lucky, so she hoped Ben picked a dark bar where his mother couldn't judge her too hard.

“Did you want to join me?” Rey asked, pausing at the door to his bathroom. “I could really use some advice on getting my hair as soft as yours.”

Already texting Leia again as Rey agreed, he shot her a wide smirk, “Keep it up and there will be more of that pervert’s come replacing it.” Message sent, he set the phone on the coffee table before wandering over to her. “I knew it,” he teased, feigning heartbreak as he clutched his chest. “You
just wanted me to bring you home so that I’d share my hair care secrets.”

It was a simple routine, really, but he'd show her. The main reason why his hair was so soft was just the line of shampoo and conditioner he used. Bumble and Bumble, by the way. It was a higher-end brand, but the price was worth the result. He let her open the door, then slipped by her to turn on the shower. It was a boring bathroom, with a tiny tub. Maybe soon, he'd convince her to let him take her to the other apartment he owned, the nicer one that didn't reside in the crappiest part of town. The one with a huge bathroom and a tub big enough for her to submerge herself fully if she wanted.

With her in this apartment, he suddenly realized he didn't want to live here anymore. She was too good for this dump, her light shining too brightly. And so, he promised himself that he'd lavish her with attention and gifts—everything she deserved. It wasn't like price was an issue. He’d just had no reason to spend the money before now.

He blinked after a few moments, realizing he'd been staring at the wall while he was lost in thought.

Rey unbuttoned his shirt, sad to see it go. She half considered wearing it out, styling it in a more feminine manner, but she knew that the dark gray wouldn't match her beige skirt. She would just have to borrow a white shirt that was clean, having observed that her own blouse was far too wrinkled for meeting someone’s mother. Glancing down at her pile of clothes, she wondered if she should even both putting her soiled panties back on, confident that they reeked of her own arousal from a day of dripping into them. Then again, her skirt probably did, too.

“You okay, Ben?” Rey asked, waving a hand in front of his face at his glazed over expression. They had had a rough day, but surely he was feeling better now? Maybe he was nervous about her meeting his mother. Should she be more nervous about that?

Stirring further, he turned his attention back to her, nodding. “Yeah, just...thinking.” he mumbled, glancing back to the spot on the wall that had captured his attention so fully. He took the shirt from her and couldn’t help himself as he lifted it to his nose to smell their combined scent. He had this fantasy in his head of his sheets always smelling like her, with her always wearing his shirts and jackets when they were out doing mundane things.

Knowing she'd probably ask about what, he leaned heavily against the wall, dropping his arm back down to his side, still clutching the shirt. “I'm thinking about moving. Back to my old apartment on the other side of town. It’s a lot nicer than this one...and if you're going to be here more, I'd like to get away from this place so you don't have to deal with the bullshit it comes with.” He shrugged slightly, looking back to the tub to glare at it glumly.

“You own two apartments?” Rey squeaked. “Holy shit. I can’t even afford one of my own, let alone two. Why do you even live here at all? I wasn’t going to say anything because, again, no room to talk, and you've honestly done a great job making this place look nice, but why on earth do you live in this section of town? I’m pretty sure I’ve heard sirens more than once since I’ve been here, not even counting when it was for us.”

Fuck. Was he...rich? Not that she begrudged him his riches, of course, but it seemed insane to picture someone having so much wealth that they could just frivolously own two apartments. She supposed that it might have made sense since he was a senator’s son, but that was his mother’s money, not his. She didn’t even know how money worked in families, never really having one of her own to base it off of, with both of her best friends either a fellow orphan (Finn) or pretty much so (Rose only had her older sister, their parents having surrendered them to the state when they were ten and twelve due to a drug habit). Now his comment about taking care of the details began
to make more sense, and she spared a thought to picture his big, broad frame looking so trim and
sexy in a beautifully tailored black suit. But still, how did a person date someone who was rich
when they weren’t? She knew she couldn’t stomach him paying for *everything*, that wasn’t who
she was. She had always been independent and she was convinced that would always remain that
way.

He had the grace to look sheepish, ducking his head slightly as he spoke, “I do, yeah. I stay here
because it’s closer to work, and because it makes me feel like me, and not just some senator’s son.”
He paused, tilting his head as he thought. “Or…” He flicked his eyes back over to hers. “you could
stay there. It’s empty right now, just sitting there. Just an option.”

“What? No! No, no, no, no, no!” Rey slipped past him to get into the shower, tugging her hair-ties
out and slipping them around her wrist before she got under the water, still saying, “no, no, no, no,
no! Absolutely not, Ben Solo! I will *not* be a burden on you or take advantage of you in any way.”
She paused thoughtfully and then shook her head. “*Any way!*” She spit some water from her
mouth, scowling. “Besides, I have roommates! Roommates who depend on me for rent money and
bills money! And they’re my...my...” she sighed. “I appreciate the offer, but I think it’s a little
much. I’m perfectly happy where I live, at least for now.”

He tried to hide his disappointment, but he understood where she was coming from. “Well, the
option is there, if you ever want it.” Moving to the sink now that there was room in the bathroom,
he washed his hands and leaned forward in the mirror to take his contacts out, blinking quickly
after each one. He set them into the solution cases and snapped them closed before undressing and
joining her under the water. She looked really different with her hair down, the locks darker when
wet. He liked it. A lot.

For a moment, he didn't know what to do with his hands, and finally settled on grabbing the body
wash he kept in the stall along with a fresh washcloth from the towel rack just outside. He wet the
fabric and then squirted some of the body wash into it. He hoped she didn't mind the scent--it was
all he had.

“It wouldn't be a burden, though,” he added softly, his words nearly lost to the sound of the water
pounding down. Gently, he turned her around and moved her hair out of the way, rubbing the
washcloth in circles along the tops of her shoulders and back.

“It’s a really sweet offer, Ben, and I do appreciate it. But like I said, I couldn’t leave Finn and Rose
by themselves. For one, they couldn’t afford it without my income added in. And two, I don’t think
they could live without me as a constant buffer.” She then shrugged. “Of course, without me there,
they may finally just shag each other like they’ve both been dying to do for the last eight years and
finally get at it.” She smiled up at him, sheepish. “I guess we all have that in common, huh?”

She sighed into his ministrations, enjoying the feeling of the slightly rough cloth down her back.
She’d never taken a shower with someone else before, not at least as an adult, and she was
delighted at the feeling of parts of her body that she could barely reach getting a gentle scrubbing,
like the middle of her shoulder blades. Maybe when she found a new job, she could help Finn or
Rose get one, too, and they could be fine without her income and she could move in *with* Ben and
he could wash her back all the time and they would be happy and in lov--she needed to slow down.
He wasn’t there yet. He hadn’t even offered to move in with her, just to let her use his empty
apartment.

Again, Rey reassured herself that she was good at waiting.

He concentrated on his work, intently focused on making sure he reached every portion of her
back. He found himself going over the same spots again and again, a deep frown set into his face.
“Yeah, maybe,” he agreed, his thoughts running about a million miles a minute. “Where do you live?” he asked after a moment, moving the washcloth to trail over her hips, bringing it to drift along her lower belly as he waited, slowly sliding his hand lower until he was just at the spot between her legs.

She’d bewitched him; that was the only logical reason why his body was already hard again, pressing insistently against her backside as he circled the cloth slowly, bringing his head down to graze against the top of her ear.

“Ben,” she whined, pressing back against him, “we don’t have time for this. We have to meet with your mum.” She moaned, slowly swiveling her hips back into his, one wet hand coming up to cup the back of his head. “This was an information-only shower. Haircare and go.” Her actions betrayed her words, her other hand drifting behind to claw at his strong thigh, her grip hard as she dragged it up his muscle. She’d probably leave welts, but she couldn’t seem to care.

He smirked against her skin, sliding the cloth between her legs to rub over her clit as he whispered, “Well, I guess we’d better be quick, then.”

He worried slightly about the fabric of the cloth being too much stimulation, too irritating on her already abused pussy, but he trusted her to tell him if it was painful. He ran his tongue along the side of her neck, his eyes sliding shut as he tasted her. The faint tang of sweat was still there, not yet washed away by the water, and he savored it, savored the way her natural smell drove him crazy. He loved the pain her nails brought him, and he found himself even more turned on by the idea of wearing her marks. “Tell me to stop,” he said roughly in her ear, working his fingers faster against her. “Tell me to go so you can finish showering.”

“Don’t--don’t stop. Oh fuck, Ben, please don’t stop,” Rey whimpered, her weight falling helplessly against his chest as the delightfully rough fabric assaulted her skin. It should have felt bad, it should have given her some degree of pain, especially given all the abuse her poor clit had taken today, but it seemed that the blood in her body wanted to only live there and she welcomed the stimulation. However, it wasn’t exactly what she wanted.

She pulled his head forward so she could get at his ear, rasping heatedly into it, “Pick me up and fuck me, right now.”

Raising his head back, he dropped the washcloth and whirled her around, settling his hands beneath her thighs. He dragged her up his body easily, loving the way her legs fit so well around his waist. He didn't bother moving yet, knowing he could fuck her without the support of a wall for now.

“Slide down on me, sweetheart,” he grunted, leaning forward to capture her lips again, immediately plunging deep into her mouth to claim it for his own. He knew he was possessive, demanding her body, but he wanted what was inside it, and his kiss showed that, commanding more of her. He wanted Rey, everything that made her, and the need for her was so bad it damn near consumed him. He pulled away from her mouth, staring deep into those lovely hazel eyes he loved so much as he tried to convey without words what he was feeling. The urge to say it was on the tip of his tongue, but saying it right here, with her in his arms like this didn't feel right. It felt like she wouldn't believe him, that the words would hold little meaning in the throes of passion. And so he clamped his mouth shut, set to wait for the opportune time to tell her he loved her, that he wanted her for her mind, body, and soul.

Rey didn’t need to be told twice, loving the way he ordered her around in bed. Well, in shower. She locked her ankles at the small of his back and slowly lowered herself down onto him, moaning loudly as he filled her up.
“Oh my god,” she panted, “you’re--fuck--you’re so big.” He had felt big inside of her earlier, plowing her from behind to full hilt, but knowing that her entire body was settled upon simply his dick was impressive. How the hell had she hit the jackpot? She didn’t deserve him and she was terrified for when he figured that out. In the meantime…

Rey bounced on him as best she could, thighs holding so tightly, hands gripping into his massive shoulders for leverage. It was sexy as hell knowing that this was happening without any other support, knowing that this tree of a man could simply support both of their weight, plus movement, and still be fine. She purred in the back of her throat as she slammed herself down, looking down in wonder as her body swallowed all of him. It was addictive to watch, seeing how long and thick he was, knowing that her body, so tiny in comparison, was accepting him. In fact, from this angle, she noticed--

“Holy shit, Ben, I can see you,” Rey gasped. Right there, when she was sitting completely on top of him, there was a bulge in her stomach. She almost came from that realization alone.

His gaze was drawn down to where she was looking, and sure enough, there was the outline of his cock beneath her flesh. It stunned him, and his face softened in wonder. Taking a step, he pressed her against the wall, removing one of his large hands from her thighs to touch along the bulge in her stomach as he fucked up into her, watching it disappear as he slid out, appearing again as he thrust forward.

Experimentally, he pushed against that spot, lifting his eyes to look up at her for a moment to see how it felt. For once, he was actually speechless during sex, unable to wrap his mind around how easily her body took his, and the effect it had. Finally, he opted for, “I know, I know, but you take it so well, don't you?”

The steam from the shower was curling around them now, filling the bathroom as it faintly muffled their noises like a wet blanket, his pace hard and unyielding.

“So good, so good,” Rey agreed in a sharp moan. She clung to him as she was fucked into the cold, wet wall, feeling unbelievably close to coming so soon.

Remembering that they were actually on a real timeline, that his mother was waiting to meet her, Rey’s hand drifted down between them so she could flick at her clit. She needed to come, fast, confident her pussy could milk him into completion as well. She didn't want this to end, not ever, but she also needed to make a good impression on his mom and lateness would not allow for that.

Besides, now that they were (dating? Did grown adults call each other boyfriend and girlfriend? She hoped he knew the proper terminology) she had plenty of time to be fucked in the shower again.

Letting out a groan, he pressed his forehead against her shoulder, feeling her fingers brush against him with each stroke. He tilted her pelvis down, twisting his hips slightly in an effort to search for that one spot from this angle.

“Yeah, that's it. Make yourself come on my cock, baby,” he ground out, looking down between them to watch her hand work. He wasn't going to last much longer himself. This angle was perfect for him, more pressure added in all the right spots.

The muscles along his back and shoulders were starting to twitch with the combined effort of holding her up and fighting off his own orgasm. He was convinced that if her sexual appetite stayed this hungry, he was going to be shooting dust instead of come in no time. And he was totally okay with that.
Rey cried out at the shift in the angle and doubled her efforts on her clit, working with single
minded determination. She hoped he didn't mind that she wasn't participating in the thrusting
anymore, but it was all she could to focus on the pleasure between her thighs and chase her
orgasm, the rest of the world nothing but a distant memory. There was only Ben and Rey and this
shower and this sensation.

When at last the head of his penis hit the home of her g-spot, she threw her head back, smacking it
into the wall of the shower but not caring at all about the pain. She could see stars and felt a rush of
endorphins that helped mask her new pain. She tightened her legs around his hips, her fingernails
digging hard into his back. Her screams were dampened by the sound of the shower but she was
sure he would be hearing the echo in his ear for a while.

“Good girl,” he moaned, feeling her tighten around him. Her nails in his back was everything he
had hoped for, bringing a special kind of pain as he drove himself as far into her as he could, giving
her a few more hard thrusts before he hilted himself into her, stilling as he poured his seed deep
into her cunt. He held her in that same position for a few moments, head pressed into the curve of
her neck. Slowly, he pulled out of her, his skin tingling everywhere the water hit from
overstimulation as he lowered her to her feet, making sure she had her balance before he stopped
supporting her weight.

He felt boneless, like he'd turned into jelly, and he leaned heavily against the wall with his eyes
half closed before saying, “Jesus Christ, I'm getting old.”

He was thirty-five, after all. Part of him was kicking himself for waiting so long to act on his
feelings with her. They'd lost precious time with each other, and while she was still young and in
her child-bearing years, when he looked in the mirror, he was starting to see a few gray hairs. Just a
few, but doubt filled him, lifting a sigh from his chest. She really did deserve someone her own age
and not someone that was at an increased risk of dropping dead during sex. Did she even know
how old he was? Did it bother her? Thoughts of all the wasted years came flashing before him; he
hadn't truly done anything with his life. He pushed his wet hair away from his face and reached for
the shampoo bottle, making sure her own hair was wet before he squeezed some out into his palm,
rubbed his hands together, and set to massaging it into her scalp.

Rey moaned in appreciation and then winced as his fingers rubbed at the spot where she’d hit her
head. She hoped it wasn't bleeding, although she supposed if she needed stitches, now was the
time; before she lost her health insurance.

“You’re not old, Ben,” she muttered, still too blissed out to speak at anything louder. “There is only
ten years between us, it’s not that big of a deal. What you really are is sexy as fuck.”

He smiled faintly, not really believing her words as he worked his hands through her hair. “Hm,
you've got a pretty good knot on your head. I can get you an ice pack once we're done.”

Rey gave a snort of laughter, a completely indelicate sound. “Gee, wonder where I got that from.”
She sighed. “But thank you.”

Rey lazily washed the front of her body as he worked in the shampoo, making sure to scrub
between her thighs extra hard. She hated losing his come, that tangible proof that not only was he
inside of her, but he liked it, but, again, not appropriate for meeting mothers.

Suddenly, she remembered.

“A townhouse. I live in a townhouse, about fifteen minutes from work the opposite way.”
He blinked at the back of her head, confused about why she was bringing up a townhouse. Oh, right. He had asked her about where she lived. Look at that, he had Alzheimer's already. Nodding slowly, he said, “I’ll need to get the address, if that's okay. To pick you up on Sunday.”

Why did he feel like he was fifteen again? Mainly for the awkwardness of the situation. He didn't even know where his girlfriend lived, had never met her friends, never taken her on a proper date.

Gingerly, he rinsed her hair out, carefully avoiding the bump on her head before he grabbed the conditioner. Holding it up, he told her, “It says just apply and rinse, but I usually leave it in for a few minutes. It seems to really help.” He lathered up his own hair with the shampoo after applying the conditioner to hers, rinsing it out before his ears could become too prominent.

“The plan is to meet my mom at a bar that's close-by. So if you're still hungry, order whatever you want. I've already worked off that pizza again,” he chuckled, adding a tiny bit of conditioner to his own hair.

Rey echoed his laugh, nodding. “Possibly. Besides that pizza and some fruit this morning, all I've had to eat today was some pudding I purloined from someone's lunch. I had to spend my lunch cleaning the break room.”

He froze, his hands on his hair going still. So. She was the pudding thief. He placed his hands on her shoulders and turned her around, frowning heavily at her. “You know, your little pudding thievery is why I had that outburst in your office. I enjoy my pudding very much, thank you.”

“That was yours? Oh my god, Ben, I'm so sorry! I was going to replace it on Monday, I swear! I just...I really love pudding, too, and I needed something quick and I was desperate and so I grabbed it and...I'm so so sorry!” She nibbled at her lip, peering up at him through her lashes. “Is there any way I can make it up to you when we get back tonight?”

She’d had to stop herself from saying “home”, already embarrassingly close to referring to where he was as her home. She supposed that was what happened when you imagined fucking someone for three years: you just sort of assume your relationship is already that far along. She was grateful that she had enough of a handle on her tongue for once to refrain from any mortifying slip ups.

“Yes, it was mine! The bag does have my name on it!” He was trying to give her the impression that he was angry, but he really wasn't--she could steal his pudding anytime she wanted. He was just happy it had been her and not Brenda two cubicles over. Finally, he slipped and let out a laugh, unable to keep the charade up any longer. He pulled her into his chest and hugged her, still chuckling at the ridiculousness of the situation.

Smirking, he met her eyes and said very seriously, “See that you do make it up to me. I don't take theft lightly, Kitten.”

Rey nodded enthusiastically, doing her best to ignore the slight stab of pain. “Anything for you, Kylo.”

He gave a deep growl that promised things to come later and released her. “All right, hurry up or you're going to make us late.” Winking slyly at her, knowing their earlier delay was entirely his fault, he rinsed the conditioner out of his hair before quickly sudsing up his body, making sure to get it all cleaned off before he turned the water off and pulled the curtain back. He reached out and grabbed two huge, fluffy towels (standard sized towels didn't fit around his frame), handing one to her.

He dried off quickly, running the fabric over his hair before he moved to the bedroom, grabbing a
pair of boxers. He slid them on, then opened the door to his closet, searching for some fresh clothing.

Rey dried herself off, taking stock once more of her clothing situation as she used his toilet, wanting to be double-sure that she was going to prevent a UTI. The spare panties she had in her duffle bag were not cute, so she didn’t want Ben to see them. It was far too early in the relationship for him to see her lazy underwear. She wanted him to live in the fantasy that she wore nothing but her lacy boyshorts and silk thongs, a matching bra for them all. He’d learn eventually, of course, but for now, she’d like to project an air of sexiness and allure. No underwear it was, then. Maybe his mother wouldn’t notice the lack of panty lines? After all, she shouldn’t exactly be looking...

The clothing inside her bag were just standard things: a pair of leggings and a T-shirt, a tank top and a pair of cotton shorts, and a zip-up hoodie. She supposed she could wear the tank top, a soft sand color that may be too close to the beige of her skirt, but it was late September and she didn’t want to go into a bar in something as flimsy as a tank top and no panties underneath her skirt, even with the protection of her coat. She supposed she would have to go with her original plan of borrowing one of Ben’s shirts.

Rey slid on the available clothing, her skirt, tank top, and bra, and brushed her hair. Damn, she already noticed a difference in the condition of her hair. She would really need to look into buying some of that stuff. She pondered how she would style her hair before finally deciding on her usual style, figuring it was best to meet him mother how she was the most comfortable. She brushed her teeth and applied what little makeup she had (not that she often wore a lot, but she wanted to make a good impression). She stuffed everything back in her bag and zipped it up, tucking it between the toilet and sink so that it was available but out the the way, before heading into his bedroom.

“Ben, can I borrow a white shirt, please?” Rey asked, toeing her heels on. Thanks goodness for the added height, she only barely had to crane her neck to look up at him now.

Hearing her from where he was in the closet, he found another of his button-ups, white like she’d asked. He grabbed it by the hangar and came out, his own clothes slung over one arm. He handed her the shirt, taking a moment to admire the view of her in a tank top. Her shoulders were really nice. Was that weird to think? Shaking his head, he headed back to the bathroom to grab his glasses. Once he had them on, able to see a bit more clearly, he pulled some dark wash jeans on, then began to button up the pale blue shirt.

Fiddling with his hair, he spread some product through it, content to let it settle into its usual waves. Something on the back of the toilet caught his eye, and he smiled widely when he recognized it as Rey’s. He could get used to finding her things scattered around his place (not this one, of course).

He hoped Rey would like his mother; he wasn't concerned about Leia liking her at all. He knew she would. Ben walked back over to the bedside table and slipped his watch back on, also grabbing her necklace. Holding it up, he raised an eyebrow at her, “Do you want to wear this again?”

Rey smiled to see him in glasses, her heart going fuzzy at the unbelievably adorable and sexy sight of big, broad Ben in glasses. This man was going to be the death of her, she wasn’t sure her body could produce enough fluids to fully convey her amount of sexual attraction.

Oh wait, nope, it could. She bit her lip and clenched her thighs. They didn’t have time.

“It’s probably for the best,” Rey nodded. “Besides, now I know a very handsome gentleman who will help me when that massive clasp tries to eat my hair again.”
Rey had only done up two of the buttons on the shirt, leaving her tank top and some tasteful cleavage exposed. The rest she tied off at her waist, the knot large and surprisingly fashionable looking, the tails of it draping down to frame the high waist of her skirt with her tank top tucked in. She was an expert at rolling up sleeves, a built in action from years of working on cars when she needed extra money, and she’d cuffed them right above her elbows. She slipped the necklace between the open collar of the shirt, the collar hiding the gold chain and just showing off the white crystals that glittered against her tan chest. She’d have to double check the outfit in the bathroom mirror, but she was massively impressed at her ability to make this outfit work.

“Not that I mind helping, but let’s hope that doesn’t happen again. I don’t like seeing you hurt,” he told her, grabbing his wallet and car keys from the work pants he’d worn earlier. He bent down to gather up the dirty clothes, and turned to her, “Do you have anything you want me to wash?”

Rey blushed. “Um. Yeah. Hold on.”

She made her way into the bathroom and crouched down, unzipping her bag and pulling out her blouse and well-soiled underwear. She wished her skirt could also get a wash, but she would survive. Having given a perfunctory sniff before slipping it on, she realized that the smell wasn’t too potent and it wouldn’t be noticeable. Of course, now that she was already beginning to moisten at the sight of him in glasses...well, his mother shouldn’t be anywhere near that area, anyway. She really needed to stop overthinking her underclothing situation, she’d develop a complex like this.

Rey came back into Ben’s bedroom and handed over the blouse first, her balled up underwear following.

Taking her clothing without comment, not wanting to embarrass her further, he headed to the kitchen. The stacking washer and dryer were tucked into the corner, the apartment itself not big enough for a separate laundry room.

Ugh, he needed to get out of this place. Maybe he’d go to the other apartment and convince her to move in with him when she was ready. How would he know when that was, though? Deftly, he threw their combined clothing into the washer, making sure the water was set to cold to prevent any color bleeding. He threw in the detergent before hitting start, the little green light indicating it was running.

He checked his watch again, noting it was about time to get going. Walking back to where she was, he asked, “Are you ready?” Remembering that it was September, he disappeared into the closet one last time and grabbed one of his jackets for her.

Coming to a stop, he held it out for her to put on with a shy shrug of, “It’s chilly out.”

Rey smiled at him and grabbed her coat from the ground, having been tossed alongside her purse during her...little fit. She’d already put her purse back together when she’d grabbed her duffle bag, having dug through it for her pale pink lipstick. She knew a darker color was more appropriate for a night out, but she owned so little makeup to begin with. She was doing her best not to think about everything she was going to have to buy between tomorrow and Sunday for the event.

“That would be massive on me, I think I’ll stick to mine.” Rey slipped on her light fall jacket, a white nylon trench coat with a double row of pleating at her hips, a very complementing detail over her pert arse. It was one of the nicest things she owned and she was glad that this is what she would be wearing when she first met his mother.

“I’m ready to go when you are.”
Turning his head away when she declined the jacket, he hoped she didn't see the way his face fell. If there was one thing about Ben, it was that he wanted there to be no question that he and Rey were together. He didn't want to see some other guys drooling over here, because he had before at work. He'd heard some of the comments his co-workers had made about some of Rey’s curve-hugging outfits. If anyone made an advance toward her tonight, he was not averse to the idea of fighting them off.

“All right, let's go,” he said, heading to the front door and holding it open for her. He closed it behind them, locking it securely. His hands weren't shaking nearly as bad now (go him), and he sent up a silent prayer of thanks that his nerves seemed to be disappearing.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

It's time to meet the mom, ya'll!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He walked with her down the stairs, staying close in case she stumbled, finally reaching his car. It was probably one of the nicer cars in the parking lot, if he was honest. Sleek, black, moderate in price. His truly nice car was in the parking garage of the other apartment.

He unlocked it, holding the passenger door for her to slide in.

“Such a perfect gentleman,” Rey purred, purposefully sliding her body along his chest as she moved to step down into his car, throwing him a flirtatious smile as he slowly closed her door.

Settling inside, she took note of it: very nondescript, but, like his apartment, relatively clean. It didn’t look like the type of car that a person who owned two apartments would own, but maybe he was more interested in investing in real estate than automobiles? She wondered if she should mention that she was actually incredibly adept at fixing cars, just in case he needed it. But would that be insulting? He didn’t seem like the type to have that fragile of masculinity, scared of a woman fixing his car, but...it wouldn’t be the first time.

“So, what do I need to know before meeting your mother?” Rey asked when he settled into his side of the car. She settled her purse below her legs, twisting to buckle her seatbelt before looking back at him expectantly.

Clicking his own seatbelt, he looked behind them as he pulled out (it really was the only thing that had pulled out). “Well, she's brutally honest, but classy. So she'll tell you if you're a fuck up, but in a nice way.” The bar wasn't too far, but walking at night in this neighborhood, especially looking as good as Rey did, was probably not the best idea.

He cleared his throat, drumming his fingers on the gearshift as he thought. “I wouldn't bring up my dad unless she does first. She can be a bit touchy about that. But mainly, just be yourself--she’s going to love you.”

He flashed her a smile, reaching over to take her hand with a reassuring squeeze. “Oh, and obviously if she asks you something you aren't comfortable answering, just say so.”

“Ben, there is something I should probably tell you,” Rey muttered, looking down into her lap. “I mean, I sort of already did, but...you should know. Especially before your mom asks me. I don’t know if I can handle two people I want to like me looking at me the way people always do when I…” she trailed off, wringing her hands.

There were only three people in her life who knew and she liked to keep it that way, but if she was going to be creating something that she hoped lasted with Ben, he needed to know. He needed to understand.

He glanced at her out of the corner of his eye, hating the fact he couldn't focus fully on her and
instead had to drive. “When you…?” he asked curiously. There was nothing she could say that would make him think any less of her or feel any different.

“Tell them I’m an orphan,” Rey finished. She couldn’t look at him, she hated the looks in people’s eyes. She didn’t need their pity, she’d gotten along just fine on their own. “My parents—whoever they are, were—abandoned me when I was five. I found out later that they had...they...they traded me. To a man. For...for drugs.”

Ben’s jaw clenched tightly, rage flaring through his veins. What the fuck kind of person trades another human, much less their own child?! “Oh,” he growled out, his grip on the steering wheel hard enough for his knuckles to turn white. While she'd mentioned it before in passing, the details of it made him want to pull her into his lap and snuggle into her neck. Of course, he couldn't exactly do that while driving, so he settled with squeezing her hand and running his thumb gently along her skin.

Finally arriving at the bar, he saw his mother’s car parked a few spots over. He killed the engine and turned to look at Rey, giving her his undivided attention. Cupping her face, he leaned in and kissed her softly, pulling away after a moment to look in her eyes. “If she asks, just let me know if you want me to answer for you. Just pinch me under the table or something. You’ve got this, though. You are the strongest person I’ve ever met. Those...parents,” oh how he hated even calling them that, “of yours don't know how great you are and that's their loss.”

Rey nodded stiffly, willing away those stupid tears that threatened to spill from her eyes. “Thank you for understanding, Ben. Being with Finn and with Rose have really helped me with coping with it. We’re a sort of little colony of orphans. That’s why they’re my only family. Well, them and Rose’s sister Paige. But she’s happily married and started a family of her own, so it’s just the three of us now.”

Rey debated just dropping the issue there, but she had his attention and she wanted to make things right. “I just hope you understand that that’s where my anger from earlier came from. I’m not trying to make excuses for acting like a bitch, but I am trying to give you a bit of insight. You know, before you make this really big decision and let me meet your mother.” She looked down again, forcing the next words out of her mouth, “I absolutely understand if you can’t handle that, if you can’t handle me. I try not to act out so much, but I really freak out when people try to show that they care about me. I couldn’t trust anyone when I was a kid so it sort of left a sour taste in my mouth when anyone shows me affection. My first thought is they’re trying to trick me, to get me to do something I don’t want to do. I know that’s absolutely silly, that I’m an adult who can easily assert myself and figure out what I think is right and wrong, but when it happened as long as you can remember it just sort of...messes with you.”

Holding his breath while she spoke, he finally let out a shaky exhale when she was done. “Rey…” he said softly, feeling his eyes brimming with tears. Damn it, he would not cry. He wiped at his eyes, pushing his glasses out of the way before resettling them back into place. “You're not alone in this. My parents weren't really there for me, either. They were always too busy, so they weren't around much. Things got better after I grew up and moved out, but...I know it isn't quite the same as your situation.”

He brought her hand back up to his mouth to kiss softly and as he lowered it back down, he finally admitted, “My intentions, as filthy as they may be, are pure. I want to take care of you, Rey. I want to show you that I care about you. I lo--” he broke off quickly at a knock on the window. Eyes wide, he turned to see who it was. “Oh...it’s my mom,” he finally muttered, cursing her timing.

Leia tapped on the window a second time, waving her hand into the window. “Benny, open up!
C’mon, I have a lovely young woman to meet and a benefit to plan and some wine to drink! Let’s go!”

Rey bit back a giggle, leaning forward to attempt to make out Ben’s mother underneath the parking lot lights. It was an unfortunate lighting set up and most of her was cast into shadow. The only thing she could really see, however, was--

“You came out of that?” Rey gasped. Ben’s mother was impossibly tiny! How in the world had she given birth to someone as big as him?

He groaned loudly--he hated being called Benny. “Yeah,” he sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I’m going to need more than one drink to deal with her, I think.” He got out, walking around the car to open the door for her. When Rey stepped out, he offered her his hand. He honestly wouldn’t be offended if she didn’t take it. She’d opened up a lot and he couldn’t blame her if it would’ve been too much. Glancing over at Leia, who waved again, he bit his lip. If she embarrassed Rey, he was going to have words.

Rey accepted his hand, so warm and strong. She was so grateful he hadn’t run screaming, although she had a feeling their conversation wasn’t exactly over. For now, she was just happy to be in his presence and to meet his mother.

Leia came around to the other side of the car the moment Rey stepped out, already moving in for a hug.

“Wow, look at you! You’re gorgeous! Benny, you didn’t tell me she would be so gorgeous!” Leia said, squeezing Rey tightly. She leaned up to Rey’s ear, stage-whispering, “What is such a beautiful girl like you doing with my son?”

Rey laughed. Ben had warned her she was direct, after all. “I more have to wonder what he’s doing with me.”

Leia’s expression was positively aghast, giving Rey a quick once-over before glancing over to Ben and back at Rey. “Nonsense, dear. You have to have more confidence in yourself. You’re a beautiful girl.” She reached up and gave Rey’s cheek a kind pat, smiling at her so sincerely. “It’s such a true pleasure to meet you, my dear. I’m Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo, but you can just call me Leia. Or Mom. Whichever you’re comfortable with.”

Rey swallowed past an unexpected lump in her throat. She’d met this woman all of five seconds ago and she was already looking at her with more kindness than anyone had ever thought to bestow upon her and asking her to call her a name she never thought she’d get the chance to call someone.

“It’s wonderful to meet you, Mrs. Or--Leia. My name is Rey Niima,” Rey found enough voice to say confidently.

Leia smiled up at Rey. She hadn’t missed the misty look in the girl’s eyes and she had to file that away to question Ben about later. She held both of Rey’s hands in her own, giving them a quick squeeze. She really did wonder where Ben had gotten this girl from, she seemed like such a gem compared to all of the others she’d met in the past (not that it had been extensive…), and a sharp dresser, too. And, of course, she really admired the adorable way she wore her hair. Buns were always fashionable.

Leia then turned cross, looking at her son. “Well, are you going to give your mother a kiss or not?”

Ben rolled his eyes at Leia. “If you’d get off my girlfriend long enough for me to, I would.” He
leaned down--quite far, nearly bending in half--and placed a gentle kiss against her cheek.

“I don't know where you get your sass from, but it certainly wasn't from me,” she quipped back, smacking him lightly in the shoulder. Of course he got it from her.

She turned back to Rey, and very bluntly asked, “So when’s the wedding?”

Rey’s eyes were about ready to pop out of her head, her jaw losing all of its strength. “Oh! Oh. Uh...um...” she looked up at Ben, desperate for some help.

He was pretty sure he'd turned into a ghost at his mother’s comment. “Jesus, Mom. I'm just introducing you today, not letting you start badgering us with a million questions.” He wrapped his arm around Rey’s shoulders and shot a glare at the tiny woman before them. “Can we go inside? It’s freezing out here.”

Leia threw her hands up in exasperation, rolling her eyes as she came around to Ben’s other side and looped arms with him. “Oh alright, Benny. I promise to remain good, for now.”

Leia was glad that neither Ben nor Rey could see her smirk. She knew her son was getting on in his age, which meant she wasn’t getting any younger. And Han...well, it would be nice to have a big family again. She knew that it was presumptuous to tease them like that, but she prided herself in reading people's energy, in her ability to pick out the good from the bad. That’s how she had built such a successful political career, always knowing how to align herself with and who to avoid. Just looking at the beautiful young woman who her son helped out of the car was enough for her to see that Rey Niima was a good girl who would do her sometimes-idiotic son some good.

“She seems nice,” Rey whispered as they entered the bar. “I like her.”

“You say that now…” he grumbled back, leading them over a table in the corner. It was busy in the bar--it was Friday night, after all. He pulled out a chair for both Leia and Rey, making sure they were both seated before he sat down next to Rey. He levelled a look at Leia before saying, “I mean it; control yourself for once.”

He looked up as a server approached them, asking what they'd like to drink. He let both women order first before getting a beer for himself. Leaning back in his chair, he sipped on it once it arrived, hoping against hope that Leia could just keep her questions civil and unobtrusive.

“So, how did you two kids meet? Ben’s told me next to nothing about you, but I can sense there is a lot of history here,” Leia asked, taking a sip of her white wine. She nearly pouted at Rey, giving a dramatic sigh. “He hardly tells me anything anymore. I’ve been hounding him for months about this benefit on Sunday and today was the first time he even answered me, let alone made a commitment to come. And you can imagine my surprise when he said that he’d be bringing someone, and then I’d like you to double that when I found out that someone was a young lady, and then you can triple it when I found out that said young lady wanted to meet me beforehand so we could have a proper introduction. That’s a very impressive move, Miss Niima. It would impress a lot of people in the political world. Or it would make them suspicious of you. They’re always suspicious of everyone, of course.”

“Oh, please, just call me Rey,” Rey insisted. She was resisting her mixed berry martini, feeling odd about drinking in front of Ben’s mother. Not that everyone else wasn’t already drinking, but she wasn’t sure about the etiquette and so she instead just pushed the little blueberries inside around with the neon swizzle stick.

“Oh, of course, dear. So, story?” Leia raised one perfectly arched eyebrow, looking between the
couple. Someone needed to spill.

“We met…” he slid a glance at Rey, silently telling her to interrupt if he said anything wrong. “At work. She's been there for three years now.” He knew Leia disapproved of his job--she’d wanted so badly to have him follow her in the political world, so he’d compromised and promised to go to all of her benefits and make an appearance. She'd have to live with that. “It sort of just happened? Apparently we’d liked each other for a long time and it just slipped out one day.” Today, actually.

“Oh?” she asked, her eyes sparkling as she took another sip of her wine. She looked back and forth between the pair of them, and Ben got the sudden suspicion his mother’s control wasn't going to last for long. “So how long have you been together, then? You two have some serious chemistry. I have a nose for these things, you know.” She raised one wrinkled hand to tap the side of her nose.

“Oh. Um. It’s still very new,” Rey answered as neutrally as possible. She didn’t want to lie to Leia, it would be disastrous if it ever got out and then she did she explain to the mother of her boyfriend that she lied during their first ever conversation?

Leia smirked, enjoying seeing the kids sweat. She was perfectly aware that the relationship was very fresh, but she knew that the feelings had been there for longer. She could tell by the way Ben had his arm draped around Rey’s chair, his fingers gently caressing her upper arm in what was sure to be an unconscious movement driven by his need to touch her, to reassure himself that she was really and truly there with him. She recognized the behavior, she knew what it was like to sit next to the person who you had pined for and be able to finally show the world that you were together.

She hoped they would have an easier time than her.

Still, she couldn’t let Ben get away with his relative silence of the past few weeks. And perhaps if she got Rey endeared to her cause…

“I would have known all of this, of course, had my one and only son bothered to pick up a phone or reply to an email or even write me a letter back.”

Rey’s attention snapped immediately to the man at her side, expression cross. “Ben! Why do you ignore your mum?”

“But you too!” he groaned, rubbing his free hand across his face. Turning to Rey, he muttered, only half-seriously, “Come on, we’re leaving.” He made to get up, glaring daggers at his mom as he answered. “Because you do this every. time. Ask a billion nosy questions about my life.”

Rey looked horrified while Leia wasn’t at all fooled by his display. Did he forget who raised him? Did he forget who his father was, who she married?

“Sit down this instant, Benjamin Solo,” Leia said, with all the master and command of a true senator.

Rey didn’t budge, ready to obey any command of Leia’s. She made the mental note to never cross this woman. She was tiny, but she was also terrifying.

He stared at her for one long moment, grinding his teeth, and if looks could kill...well, Leia would probably still be standing. Finally, he slumped back down into the seat, staring resolutely at his beer, his hands on the arms of the chair in defeat.

Honestly, his mother was the only one able to boss him around without him putting up too much of a fight. He had the sneaking suspicion that Rey would soon be able to do that too, if she couldn't already. He fell silent, keeping his mouth shut to prevent himself from saying anything that might
actually come out as offensive. Things like *this is why dad left, this is why I turned out such a fuck up.*

“I’m just trying to stay in touch with my only son. Is that so much to ask? We’re all we have left now, Ben,” Leia said, eyes going soft as she reached across the table to grab one of her son’s massive hands between two of her much tinier ones.

Rey let out the tiniest little squeak, a sad and sweet sound at the tender display. It made her heart ache to see Leia trying so hard to stay current in her son’s life. She had always wanted a mother who loved her that much, and it seemed insane that Ben was just as happy not contacting her at all. So what if she was nosy, that meant that she cared. Rey could learn a lot about trusting people and caring about them from Leia, she knew.

He chewed on the inside of his cheek to keep from saying something stupid. He would not fuck up this meeting. Sighing heavily, he squeezed his mother’s hand softly, nodding once, though he still kept his mouth shut. Maybe it would be easier to forgive and forget after he'd had a bit more to drink.

Reaching for his beer, he took a large gulp, frowning as he set it down. He didn't want to get knock-out drunk, but tipsy was good. Tipsy was great. “Rey’s my supervisor,” he blurted out suddenly, wanting to get the topic away from his dad. That one was still too painful.

Leia’s eyes snapped to Rey’s, a wicked glint in them. “A woman in charge, eh? I applaud that. Men often won’t admit it, but they’re crazy for a woman who can take command.”

Rey blushed. If only Leia knew who took command in the bedroom...then again, it was definitely best that she didn’t.

“Of course, I have to ask what you kids are going to do about that, then? I’m sure it’s not exactly encouraged. You know I know your bosses, right, Rey? Ben’s actually named for Ben Kenobi. He was one of my parents closest friends, and a real mentor to myself and my brother in our young adult years,” Leia said.

She took a sip of wine, pursing her lips in thought. “In fact, I think they promised to make an appearance at my benefit on Sunday. I had hoped to use that as an opportunity to feel them out for finally giving my Benny his due, but I will make sure they are disinvited if it would spoil any yet-announced things.” She waved a hand at the matter, taking another sip of her wine. Almost time for another. “That’s why they’ve always been so hard on him. No one wants any undue favoritism to cloud their judgement, but I’ve become worried in these last few years that they’ve allowed that to cloud it in the opposite direction and they’ve become convinced that anything my Benny does just isn’t going to be good enough.”

Rey turned to look at Ben, eyes swimming with sudden tears. Now everything made so much more sense; his rage about nothing being good enough, why he stuck it out for so long. It was more than just her, it was a need to prove himself to these men who were important in his family. She reached under the table and gave his thigh a reassuring squeeze. Nothing reaffirmed her decision to leave more than hearing that her bosses, who had always been kind to her, had not treated Ben fairly. She couldn’t look at them the same way.

He didn't say anything, avoiding both of their gazes as he swirled his beer in the bottle. What could he say, really? He agreed with his mom, but she'd pretty much covered all the bases. “I think we’re both quitting soon anyway,” he finally muttered, taking another drink. “Maybe I'll start my own business, invest in stocks or something.”
Ben knew he was withdrawing from the conversation, tucking himself into that one part of himself that didn't feel anything. Rey’s touch helped, but being in a public setting, he couldn't exactly drag her into his lap like he wanted to. “I’m also going to move back to my other apartment. It’ll be closer to you, then. Maybe you could see Rey more, too, provided she still wants to deal with my bullshit during that time.”

“Ben!” Rey gasped, swatting at his arm. Still, she knew she wasn’t supposed to be taking that comment to heart. He was clearly upset about the turn in the conversation and she could practically see his walls going up. So she leaned against him, hoping her presence would help. God, she hoped she could help him.

“Oh, you’re going back to the penthouse? Thank goodness for that! I’ve been an anxious wreck knowing that you lived next to those meth dealers. I know you wanted to try the humble way of life, sweetie, but you may have taken it too far. And what was with that car? I haven’t seen you drive that in forever. You have so many better ones to choose from,” Leia ranted, signaling the bartender for another wine.

Rey stiffened against him. Did his mother say penthouse? And did she just refer to multiple cars? When she imagined Ben owning another apartment, she figured it was something of a similar size, but in a safer neighborhood that was too far from work. But a penthouse?

He felt Rey stiffen and automatically started running his hand along her arm, feeling his own eyes drift shut in exasperation. “Mom, are you sure you need more wine? Don't you think you've said enough?”

The cat was out of the bag now, and he inhaled deeply as he explained. “I’ve got a trust from my dad. The apartment,” he refused to call it a penthouse, “is completely paid for, so that's why I was offering it for you to live in. The utilities are paid up for a year, too. But since you don't want to, I'm going to move back in, myself. You're welcome to join me,” he finished hopefully, his free hand reaching for his beer again.

Leia looked pleased. Good, he was hurrying the process along. Maybe this time next year she'd be helping plan a wedding, or a baby shower. The press would have a field day if it was done in the reverse order, but she knew she wouldn't mind. As long as Ben was happy, and a grandchild was on the way (provided that they wanted kids, which Leia knew Ben did) then she was a happy woman.

“Ben, please. We talked about this already. Finn and Rose, remember?” Rey muttered under her breath. Okay now she could use that drink.

“Right, Finn and Rose,” he said quietly, his mind turning. A sudden plan occurred to him, and he bit his lip as he looked to Leia, giving her a silent plea of help me out here. He didn't want to piss her off by nagging her about it, so he would let it drop and just hope she was comfortable enough to bring some pairs of clothes over or something. Also...who said she needed to live with him full time? What if she lived with her friends just enough to justify paying enough toward the bills for them to be okay, but she spent the rest of the time with him?

Okay, he needed to halt that train of thought right there. She was not his fucking pet, and he was not about to start making her life decisions for her. That was the kind of thing overbearing and jealous boyfriends did. “Sorry, sweetheart,” he whispered against her temple, unable to control himself from touching her just a little bit more.

Leia hid her smirk of pleasure behind her new glass of wine. Ben was so obviously smitten with this girl, he was even using Han’s pet name for her. And from what she could see, Rey cared a great deal for him, too. Yes, she was positive that wedding bells were in the air in the
not-too-distant future.

Rey sighed into his kiss, his touch. She had always hated public displays of affection and she should have been horrified to do it in front of her boyfriends mom, but nothing about this seemed wrong. Leia looked at them like they were the greatest gift she’d ever received and she was finally in Ben Solo’s arms, his beautiful lips ghosting over temple. This was the type of domestic bliss she only read about.

“It's alright, Ben. I know you were just trying to help,” Rey reassured him. She looked up at Leia. “I don't want you to miss out on time with Mr. Jinn and Mr. Kenobi. I was going to be emailing them tomorrow morning anyway.”

Leia waved her hand, shaking her head sternly. “Nonsense. I see those two old bags of wind often enough.”

Ben just shook his head. Once his mom’s mind was made up, there really was no chance to sway her. Much like him, he supposed. Taking a moment, he glanced around the bar, fully looking at it for the first time since arriving. It was dimly lit, with accent lanterns hanging down over each table to provide--what was it, again?--ambiance. In other words, get people in the mood to fuck. Around Rey, that was not an issue at all.

“Do what you want to do, Mom,” he shrugged, his fingers still trailing lightly over Rey’s arm. He felt better with her pressed against him. More grounded, his fear of having her float away somewhat taken care of.

“I always do, Benny,” Leia replied with a confident wink. “Rey, will you have any trouble finding an outfit to wear on such short notice? As Ben only confirmed with me hours ago, I have a feeling he was his usual self and asked you at the very last moment.” She shook her head, a weary sigh escaping her lips. “He’s such an impulsive kid. Something he got from his father.”

“Oh, please don’t worry about me, Leia. I’ll figure something out,” Rey said, hoping to sound more confident than she actually felt about the situation. She thought once more to her savings, mentally adding up how much her last paycheck would be, plus her vacation time payout, and subtracting all of the bills due for the month. The townhouse wasn’t exactly cheap, even split three ways, but they’d all agreed that they deserved some measure of luxury after their hard lives.

Ben slid wink over to Leia. He was going to take care of it. He just had to weasel Rey’s address from her first. Ordering another round of beer, he sipped at it, a bit more slowly now that Leia was being a bit more reasonable. If he could just somehow convince Rey that he wasn't going to take no for an answer in this one thing. He knew she'd probably throw a fit about him buying her anything, but that was a chance he was willing to take.

He had asked her to this benefit event after all. It would be rude to make her go out and buy her own clothing on top of it. That, and he really wanted to see her in an expensive dress, looking like the queen she was.

His new order of beer arrived, and as he drank, another thought occurred to him. “Mom, why don't you tell Rey the story of how you and Dad met.”

Leia smiled fondly, leaning back into her chair. She looked into her wine glass, gently rolling it between two fingers. “We were young, but of course we were. I was about your age, Rey, and Han, well Han was about Ben’s.” She smirked at that realization, wondering if Ben had noticed it as well. “My family has always been in politics and I was at an event with them. A stuffy sort of affair, I was in this horrible white dress I couldn’t even wear a bra, just the last place I wanted to be
doing the last thing I wanted to do. I was at an age where I wasn’t sure if I wanted to follow in their footsteps or not so I was looking for a chance to be rebellious. But my stupid twin brother, Luke, had already been rebelling so I felt trapped by our family’s expectations. That night, though, I got my chance.

“Luke hadn’t RSVP’d to the event, but that was apparently his plan all along. He crashed the party with his absolutely annoying drag-racer friend, this cocky little asshole named Han Solo. They were absolutely smashed, which horrified my parents because we were still underage. They tried to press charges against Han, so determined to believe that he was the awful influence on their once-perfectly obedient son,” she snorted at that, “as if that was at all true, but I knew it wasn’t so I had to help them fight the accusation.” She sighed, smiling at the far-off memory. “Han was a roguish sort of man. And here I was, feeling stifled by my parents and their expectations. I’m sure you can imagine what happened.”

Rey was so transfixed by Leia’s story. “So it wasn’t love at first sight?” she whispered.

Leia smiled at that, looking between the two across from her. She knew it in her bones that Ben had probably been drawn to Rey’s light the moment he met her, and she could only wonder about Rey. But judging by the way the young woman seemed to know exactly how to comfort her son, her emotions were the same.

“No, it wasn’t. Sometimes you fall in love where you least expect to,” Leia said honestly and sagely.

“And then Dad went and fucked everything up,” Ben added cheekily. “He got arrested...how many times? I lost count after twelve.”

“Benjamin Solo, how dare you ruin a perfectly good story with semantics,” Leia glared, before turning back to Rey, her gentle smile immediately working its way back to her mouth. “Han never could give up his life in the fast lane. We had our issues, yes. But what couple doesn't?” She reached one graceful hand out to take Rey’s, squeezing softly. “We never stopped loving each other, though.”

Rey returned the squeeze. She burned to know more, clearly there was a lot more to Ben’s dad then they were letting on, especially the arrests. How in the world had Leia maintained a successful political career married to a criminal? How did a person even get arrested that many times?

Of course, she was sure that if she had ever meet her parents again, their records would be similar...if they were even alive. Rey pulled her hand from Leia’s grasp, banishing away thoughts of her parents. She didn’t want to think of them right now.

“So, Rey, what do your parents do?” Leia asked.

Rey froze. Fuck.

Ben tightened his arm around Rey, shooting his mother a warning look. Rey hadn’t given him any sort of signal that said she wanted him to speak, so he kept his mouth shut, letting the awkward silence fill the space. Finally, he leaned in to whisper to her, “Are you okay? Do you want me to say something?’

Rey shook her head. “N--no. I’m fine.” She looked up at him and smiled weakly. “I’m fine.”

“Oh my, wrong subject? I’m sorry, my dear. We don’t have to discuss that,” Leia hastened to amend, noting the intimate exchange.
“It’s fine. I--I just don’t know who they are. I’ve been an orphan since I was five,” Rey answered as vaguely as possible. There was no need to give her the long version of the story, that should suffice.

“I’m very sorry to hear that, Rey. I know it can’t be easy. I hope it’s not too forward of me to offer, but if you’d like, I’d be happy to use any of the resources at my disposal to help you find out more,” Leia offered.

Rey’s breath caught in her throat. “Oh! I couldn’t--I--I wouldn’t want to impose or anything. You must be so busy running for reelection.”

“I insist! There is nothing more important to me than the happiness of my children,” Leia said, sitting up straighter with resolution and determination on her face.

Rey blushed at that declaration. “But Leia--I’m not…”

He didn't miss the comment Leia had made about her children. Obviously she saw Rey as another child already, which warmed Ben’s heart immensely. “If you want to know, then let her do it, Rey,” he murmured softly to her. He could feel her anxiety radiating off of her, helpless to ease it.

Finally, he sighed and gave in to his impulses, wrapping his large hands around her waist and hauling her into his lap where he could wind his arms around her waist and rest his chin against her shoulder.

He dared anyone to say something about indecent displays of affection. Rey was upset and he needed to help her. Of course, he wasn't so much of a pervert to start anything sexual in front of Leia, but the idea did cross his mind.

He glanced at the time, thinking how quickly this night was flying by already.

Leia smiled at the display in front of her. It had been years since she had seen Ben looking so happy, so content. It was an incredibly intimate sight, and she was forced to reckon with the knowledge of how much her son dwarfed his girlfriend. No mother wanted to picture her son having sex but...god she hoped he was gentle with this girl. She had a quick flashback of her first time with Han, and...Leia took a generous gulp of her wine.

“I appreciate the offer, Leia. But please, let that be secondary to everything else you have going on. I’ve been without them for twenty years, I can...wait,” Rey said. Waiting was her speciality.

She looked around the bar, checking for any other couple that was in such an intimate pose, and was dismayed to see that the only ones who were were...well...that was a thought for later. After they were very far away from his very forward and too-kind mother. Rey liked Leia.

Leia looked at her son, catching his eye and hoping that they could speak with each other through their eyes. She’d get the information she needed from him and start searching as soon as possible. She was being earnest when she said that she wanted to take care of her children, and she knew that Rey would be her daughter one day. If she had to handpick a daughter, she could already tell that Rey would be her.

Meeting the older woman’s eyes, he nodded imperceptibly. Leia was a fantastic mom, when she wasn't consumed by her work. Over the years, she’d made a valiant effort to compartmentalize the struggles and political drama of always being in the public eye. It was a nice gesture, but one childhood too late.

To Rey, he said, “You're going to be so amazing on Sunday. Everyone is going to love you.” I love
When would be the right moment? He chewed on his lip, nuzzling himself closer into Rey’s hair. She smelled like his body wash, and the very male part of him preened at that. “We didn't want to keep you too long, Mom. I know it’s getting late and you need your rest.” She did have a lot of work to do in the coming days, as well.

Leia rolled her eyes, downing the rest of her wine. “Yeah, yeah, yeah. I can tell when I’m being shooed away so two youngsters can get back to doing what the young do.” She looked pointedly in Ben’s eyes and then Rey’s before piercing Ben’s eyes again. “Just don’t do any of that at my benefit. I’m all for celebrating love, but the press is all for twisting that. And I’m sure Ben’s told you how much the press loves to twist him.”

Rey’s brow furrowed as she looked up at him, immediately noting the grim line his lips were set in. What was Leia referring to?

Heaving a sigh, he leaned back against the chair, arms still around Rey's waist. He really hadn't wanted to bring this up so soon and scare her away. “Just search my name,” he muttered under his breath. Article upon article would pop up, showing all pictures of him with various people, questioning his love life, if he was married, or if he was gay. Those were the nicer ones. Idly, he pulled his phone out and brought up the browser. He typed in his name in the search bar and handed her the phone when the results popped up. The more ruthless stories were trying to link him to some global-crimes that were committed, but had no proof other than theories.

Not to say Ben Solo hadn't been privy to his fair share of breaking the law, but those crimes had been handled by Leia, swept under the rug as a favor for her being the friend of the District Attorney.

“If...you want to be with me, this is something you'll have to get used to, as well,” he rumbled darkly, the anger at not being able to keep his private life, well, private, rising. “They'll take pictures of you too, post them online with god awful stories.”

Rey looked down at his phone, eyes widening the more she scrolled. She saw the name Han Solo several times in conjunction with his sons name, so many crime articles mixed in with gossip columns about who the “sexy, scandalous son of prominent senator, Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo” was dating this week. One such column was posted last week and glancing at the blurb underneath the words, she saw mention of a pale red-headed man who was seen having an “intimate dinner” with “politics favorite bad-boy son”.

She cleared her throat, handing the phone back. “It’s--it’s not all true, is it?” Rey whispered.

Leia scoffed. “Hardly a word of it.” She opened her purse and took out some money, slipping a crisp $50 underneath her wine glass. “And anything that was wasn’t written properly, anyway.” She came around to their side and gave Ben’s cheek a kiss, a kiss on Rey’s following immediately after without any hesitation. “It was wonderful meeting you, Rey. I look forward to see you kids on Sunday.” She gave Ben’s shoulder a quick pinch. “Arrive early enough to help or fashionably late enough to be made notice of. Nothing in between.”

“Thank you for taking time out of you night to meet me,” Rey chirped, scrambling out of Ben’s hold to stand up and properly thank Leia.

Leia’s eyes crinkled at the corners as she looked up at Rey. She gave her cheek a gentle pat. “You’re such a wonderful young woman, Rey. I hope to see a lot more of you in the future.” She peeked around the girl to look at Ben. “Don’t screw this up.”
He scoffed, getting to his own feet. “I don't plan to.” Giving Leia another hug, he kissed her cheek before letting go. Taking Rey’s hand, he followed Leia outside, reaching around her smaller stature to get the door for her. If there was one thing he'd taken away from his childhood, it was etiquette. He held every door open, let everyone go through first, and walked his mother back to her car.

Just as he was about to close the car door, Leia leaned forward and whispered to him, “I’m serious, Ben. I like her and I want grandbabies. Don't screw this up.” She pointed one finger at him sternly before she settled against the seat.

Rolling his eyes, he gave her a mock salute and shut the door, going back to the sidewalk where he’d left Rey. “Shall we?” he asked, offering her his arm like an idiot.

Rey smiled up at him, accepting him arm. He was such a big goof, god did she love him.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for no smut, but we figured a heavy dose of Leia being Leia was a worthy substitute. Poaxath and I had field day going back and forth with writing Leia. Please let us know how you felt about Leia!
“I really do like your mother. She’s incredible. I almost feel bad that I don’t know more about her politics or anything. Should I study up before Sunday?” Rey asked once they were settled finally in his car.

Rey thought about Leia’s comment about Ben’s car, and then the history of his father as a drag racer. She was positive that one of the articles she had scrolled past had been a speculation that Ben and Han had been caught having involvement in a drag racing ring three years ago, although there was no proof. She wondered if the other cars Leia had referred to belong to his father?

He shrugged nonchalantly, getting them back on the road to head home. There he was again, thinking she already lived with him. She’d been adamant about not wanting to leave her roommates and he still couldn’t get the idea out of his head. “You can, if you want. I’m sure she’d appreciate that, but you don’t have to. You don’t have to try and impress her at all. She adores you.”

He was silent for the rest of the short ride, drumming his fingers along to the soft music playing. So much had happened today, and he was still struggling to wrap his mind around it. “I...I was wondering what you wanted, Rey,” he said as he parked back in his usual spot at the apartment. He stared at his hands on the wheel, unable to bring himself to look at her. “What do you want for this...relationship?”

Rey’s heart fluttered and she felt her stomach drop. Oh, so they were doing this here, now? She smiled into her lap, that happy warmth flooding her chest. If only she could just say that she loved him right now, if only they could just skip forward to when he loved her, too.

“I would like it if we were exclusive. Is that...are you okay with that? I mean if you still want to keep dating others that’s perfectly fine!” She thought of the red-headed man from the article and knew she was lying. She didn’t mind if Ben was bi, of course, but she really didn’t want to share him with anyone. Not yet (damn those thoughts about that cop). But if it was what he wanted, she wasn’t...she didn’t know how long she could wait that out. She wanted all of Ben, all of his time and love. She knew it was terribly selfish but she was so used to not being wanted that she was already feeling the desperate need to cling with all of the affection and attention he’d shown her today. Plus, she already loved his mom. She’d met his mom. Wasn’t that enough to warrant her the ability to be his one and only?

But if Ben wanted to remain fluid, then she’d...she’d do what she could.

He let a smile slip at her words. She had to have found an article or something that made her believe he didn't want to be monogamous. “I’d like that,” he finally admitted back, turning his gaze over to her direction. “To be exclusive, I mean. I don't want anyone else. Just you.”

Slowly, almost hesitantly, he leaned over, giving her time to pull away if she wanted before he kissed her softly. “I’m just so fucking...happy. For the first time in my life, it feels like.” Please tell him she felt the same and this wasn't just all in his head. He needed constant reassurance that he
was still wanted, that it wasn't just some passing fling that would fade in a month or two.

Rey let out a breath she hadn’t realized she was holding. She reached across the center counsel and grabbed his hand, holding it in hers. “Oh, good. Good. I feel the same way. I’m really happy. Even with everything we’ve done today, even after all of those fights and just, just everything, I’m happy. Stupidly, so.” She laughed. “But I guess that’s what happens when you finally get what you’ve dreamt about for years.”

He chuckled, hearing the sound fill the otherwise quiet car. “I guess that’s true,” he let go of her hand and hopped out. Once she was out of the car, he picked her up easily, holding her against his chest as he walked them up the stairs. He was worried she’d slip on the stairs in those heels. Yeah, that was it. “You never did answer me,” he finally said softly as they approached his door. “Were you wanting to stay the night?”

Rey smirked at him, eyes darkening as she pulled herself up straighter in his warm hold and pulled his ear to her mouth. “I think I’d like to spend the night with my boyfriend.” She pulled away, fixing him with an innocent stare as he started to fuss for his keys beneath her. How in the world was he holding her up with one arm? “Have you seen him? His name is Kylo and he’s this incredibly tall, dark, and sexy man, not old at all, and completely insatiable. You can’t miss him.”

He raised his eyebrows at her, eyes darkening as he absorbed her words. “Oh really?” Damn, he was already hard again. He’d like to try and act like her words didn’t affect him, but all the blood in his brain just rushed south, completely giving him away. “I don’t think I’ve seen him...maybe you can lure him out somehow,” he suggested, equally as innocent as he threw the door open and stepped inside with her.

It didn’t last long before he threw her up against the wall, pinning her there with his hips pressed tightly against hers. He grabbed her wrists in one hand and pulled them over her head, securing them there as he raked his eyes hungrily over her face. “What did you have in mind, Kitten?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I was thinking that I’d pin him down and ride him until the sun breaks. Maybe sit on his face for a while. You know, just, little things,” Rey said, doing everything in her power to keep her voice nonchalant even as her bare pussy began to throb. She could feel how hard he had gotten and she was aching for more. It had been almost two hours without his cock inside of her, that was entirely too long.

He narrowed his eyes at her before reaching up and grabbing her chin, forcing her to look at him, “I don’t think I like your attitude.” In a swift movement, he pulled her from the wall and tossed her over one shoulder, bearing her weight easily as he stalked back to the bedroom. He reached one hand up and smacked her ass, letting his hand linger to rub soothing circles over it. Once he reached the bed, he dropped her down onto it, standing over her with a purely predatory look to his eyes.

“You should probably stop right there or else my boyfriend is going to come in here and be mad at you. And he’d probably kick your arse, he doesn’t like sharing. He’s very protective of his favorite little Kitten,” Rey teased boldly, pushing herself up on her elbows. Her skirt had ridden high up her thighs from all of Ben’s carrying and it allowed her to lewdly spread open her legs, her dripping cunt on full display to him as she bit her lip up at him.

His gaze shifted lower on her, right to the heart between her legs, and he felt his mouth water at the sight of her so wet already for him. “What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him,” he growled, disappearing into the closet for a moment before he came back, one hand hiding behind his back as he slunk onto the bed towards her. He knelt between her legs and gripped her knees, making sure she kept them spread wide for him. “Maybe I want you to be my favorite little Kitten.” He lifted
his hand to show what he was holding--a tie along with another wider piece of silk--and then grabbed her arms, holding them over her head as he secured her to the headboard. He checked each knot, making sure it was tight, but she’d still have enough room so that her circulation didn’t get cut off.

Rey shivered, feeling another wave of wetness at being tied up in such a submissive position. God she loved this man. The only boyfriend who she had ever asked to tie her up had looked at her with such a look of disgust, as if she were some dirty thing for suggesting something that she thought was pretty mild. It wasn’t like she’d asked to be gagged (she made the mental note to let Ben know that that made her uncomfortable) she just wanted to be tied up!

She gave an experimental tug at the silk, delighted to find that she still had a sense of movement but was otherwise very much at his complete whims.

“I could never lie to my boyfriend. I obey my Kylo and he always rewards me,” Rey said, tilting her chin up at him defiantly. She set her eyes in a mock glare. “I could never be persuaded by someone like you. But,” she sighed dramatically, “I suppose you can do what you’d like with my body. I’ll just imagine it’s him.”

“You do that,” he said roughly, pulling back enough to kiss along the tops of her knees, settling down between her legs. He needed to shave, feeling the faint stubble when he rubbed his cheek lightly against the inner part of her thighs. He paused, looking up at her with a shy smile as he broke character for a second, asking, “Would the stubble bother you when I eat you out?”

“You’re going to leave me here, tied up, while you shave?” Rey exclaimed. She snapped her jaw shut. Damnit, she really really wanted him to eat her out again, that sounded so amazing, but her brain was ahead of her pussy for once and she knew the stubble would distract from the sensation. Stupid reality, always here to ruin a perfectly sexy moment.

“Mmmhmmm,” he answered, grabbing the second scrap of silk he’d brought out. He folded it once and then fitted it over her eyes, carefully tying it around the back of her head, beneath her middle bun to prevent it from slipping free as she shook her head against the cotton pillows. Satisfied, he braced one hand on the bed by her head, his other snaking down between them to slip between her legs, dragging the pads of his fingers through that delicious warmth. “After I get you panting for me, Kitten.” He circled her clit, his pace torturously slow as he stared down into the fabric of the blindfold, watching the shifts in her expressions as his hair hung around him.

“Ben,” Rey gasped, canting her hips into his hand. “That’s--that’s not nice.” She purred as his rough finger played with her clit, giving the tiniest mewl. Not being able to see what he was doing was making the pressure build quicker inside of her, loving how on fire she felt. “Ben, please. I--unf--I need more.” She tugged uselessly as her restraints. She dug her heels into the bed, lifting her hips insistently. It wasn’t enough and she shook her head against his soft pillows, feeling her hair trying to escape from their knots but the blindfold hold firm. “Baby, please.”

“Since you asked so sweetly,” he murmured, driving two fingers deep into her perfect little cunt. Immediately, he curled them up and stroked against that spongy spot, fucking her hard and fast with his fingers, the heel of his palm rubbing harshly against her clit with every plunge. “I want you to tell me when you’re about to come, Rey,” he told her, loving the way the sounds her body made around his hand filled up the room. It was wet and obscene, but he loved every second of it.

“Oh fuck, oh god, Ben!” Rey babbled incoherently. It usually made her so much hotter to watch when a man was between her legs, but being forced to just feel it was on a level of its own. “Holy shit. Fuck, baby, just like that. Please!” Rey whined. She leaned her head up, searching for his mouth, needing to feel another point of contact with him. She could feeling nothing but his hand...
between her pussy and his weight on the bed between her legs. She didn’t know where he was looking. Was he looking at her face or her cunt? Or was he just checking his phone? She had no way of knowing.

Seeing her face move upwards, he thought about denying her silent request, wanting her to focus on the way his fingers moved. The way he could sense the desperation rolling off of her made him give in--he would always give in to her, he realized. Lowering his mouth down to hers, he kissed her deeply, exploring her mouth as his fingers explored her body.

Rey moaned gratefully into his mouth, kissing him with as much vigor as humanly possible. She bucked her hips into his hand as her tongue slid along his, purring deep in her throat like the kitten he wanted her to be at the sensation of being penetrated twice. As his fingers pressed into her g-spot more insistently, she broke away from his mouth, screaming into his bedroom. Vaguely she realized that she should probably try to be a bit more silent; his neighbors were sure to call the cops again if they heard her being too vocal again. But she wanted to scream, she wanted him to know how his touch was driving her wild.

“Fuck, Ben, I’m gonna come. Please keep doing that, I’m going to come all over your hand. I’ll even squirt again if you want me to. Please baby, fuck!” Rey cried, rolling her hips in time with his hand. She was going to burst, it was amazing. It felt so good. It felt too good.

Grinning, he abruptly pulled his hand away, pressing a soft kiss against her mouth before he got off the bed and went to the bathroom. “Just be a minute,” he called over to her, quickly lathering his cheeks with shave cream before swiping the razor over his skin with smooth strokes. Occasionally, he’d glance out of the bathroom and admire her on the bed before remembering he was supposed to be in here getting the stubble off his face so that he could go bury it in her cunt.

“GET THE FUCK BACK IN HERE AND FINISH WHAT THE FUCK YOU WERE DOING, BENJAMIN SOLO!” Rey screamed, tugging furiously at her restraints. She liked edging, she always loved that feeling of coming so close to a high and then being forced off of it rudely, only to be brought back up again on as long of a loop as she could handle, until a powerful orgasm rocked her world, but this, this was positively cruel. She was so close, and the added sensation of being blindfolded had driven her insane.

Rey squeezed her thighs together impatiently, hoping for some sort of relief, and even contemplated attempting to stimulate herself with her heels, before realizing that that was both insane and unsanitary. Instead, she was left tugging at her wrists and wriggling her hips, thrusting up to nothing. She was a miserable, whimpering mess, her head thrown back as she looked for some sense of pleasure.

“Ben, please!” Rey moaned pitifully. She hoped he was at least doing what he said and not just standing beside the bed, watching her dissolve into a pathetic creature, wailing like a cat in heat.

Wiping the last of the shave cream from his face, he ran a hand along the skin, feeling how soft and smooth it was now that the coarse hair had been stripped away.

He stepped out of the bathroom and stared at her on the bed, tilting his head at her distressful whines. It broke something inside him to see her very nearly breaking down with need. Slipping his pants and shirt off silently, he made his way back onto the bed, taking pity on her. He suddenly swirled his thumb back around her clit, resuming the punishing pace inside her that he’d had earlier. “I’m sorry, baby, I’m sorry,” he murmured, “I’m going to take care of you.” He bent down to kiss her cheek softly, turning her face back to his to capture her lips again.

Rey growled at him, biting at his plump bottom lip. “If you don’t make me come in the next
minute, you’re going to be a dead man, Ben Solo.” She maintained her hold on his lip, giving it one last tug before she finally released it. She gave it a quick lick before he could pull too far away, hoping he knew that she was loving this.

Well, he had felt bad. Not so much now though. He lifted his fingers from her cunt up to his mouth and sucked, making a soft sound at how good she tasted. Jesus Christ, he was definitely going to need to bottle that. He settled his weight on the bed, draping her legs over his shoulders and across his back. He dove in, tasting her for everything she was worth, his lips wrapping tightly around her clit as he sucked, hard, his hand pummeling into her until he was satisfied that she was spent.

Rey tugged at her restraints again, needing so badly to thread her hands into his hair and push him harder against him. Instead she settled for applying the press with her heels, pressing down onto his back to encourage him to get closer, eat her deeper. She no longer cared when she came, she just wanted to drown in the feeling of his mouth wrapped around her aching clit, his wonderfully thick fingers slamming into her heated flesh. She pressed against him, thrusting her hips against that plush mouth, those punishing fingers. She wished she could see him but not being able to was amazingly sexy.

“Ben, please, just like that. I’m gonna come so hard just for you,” Rey moaned. She could feel the pressure building again, trying its hardest to pick up where it had been so rudely pushed off.

He groaned against her, loving the way she fell apart and begged for him. It ignited that carnal side of him, needing to reduce his mate down to a withering, spluttering bundle of nerves. “Come for me, Kitten,” he commanded, reaching one hand up to slide under both of their shirts, pulling her bra down to roll her nipple between his fingers. His own need was forgotten for now, driven by the insane desire to just make her come.

He rolled his tongue along her, flicking it back and forth across her clit, alternating again between licking and sucking at it. He was honestly torn, wanting to keep fucking her with his mouth until she finally went boneless, or to crawl over her body and fuck her with his cock while she was bound. Maybe he'd leave it up to her. So he laid out the two options, waiting for her to make her own decision.

“I want to come around your tongue,” Rey whimpered, pressing into his face with urgency. “I want to soak you, I want to be the only thing you taste for a week.” When had she become so filthy outside of her own mind, she didn't know, but she couldn't prevent the smut from slipping through her panting lips. The rational part of her mind hoped he wasn’t turned off by it, although the other half of her snorted at the notion that she could say anything that turned him off that much, short of calling him the wrong name.

Humming against her, he nuzzled deeply, adding yet another finger to his brutal assault on her pussy. “Then do it,” he groaned, twisting harder at her breast as he used his teeth between her legs to nibble on that sensitive bundle. “Fuck, you taste so good, baby. Need more of you...please.”

How was she the one that was tied up and yet he was begging her?

He felt half-crazed, rutting his cock against the bed as he pulled her further into his mouth, his eyes glassy from her heady arousal. She was close, so close, he could feel it, could feel the way her walls fluttered around him, bearing down as he drove her further, higher. He growled against her, slightly grateful for the blindfold across her eyes so that she wouldn't see how he must have looked, like a madman gnawing at her.

“Oh god, oh god,” Rey panted, feeling it building, building, building. She’d never felt it coming this strongly before, although it felt familiar, so similar to how she had felt only hours before on his bed. Her coherent mind tried to help her out, tried to supply what was happening. It was going to
happen again, she was going to do it again. How was he doing this to her? She was ruined.

“Fuck, fuck, fuuuuuuuuuuck. Ben!” Rey screamed out. Her thighs locked around his ears and she nearly dislocated her shoulder she pulled so hard on her restraints, digging into the cool silk as her body exploded. She was more conscious of it happening this time, she could feel the rush of come eject out of her at full force.

She mewled helplessly, loosening her thighs around his head as he licked her through it. Her body convulsed at intermittent intervals, her arms jerking alright with her legs, her abs suddenly sore. She wished she could see the look on his face, hoped he was fine with having her squirt on him...again.

Knowing she couldn't see his reaction, he gave a heady moan of approval as he ran his tongue along her, savoring the sweet taste of her. When her tremors had slowed, he lifted himself up, even though he hadn't quite finished cleaning her up down there yet. He had to release her hands, though. She was spent, and keeping her tied to the bed was borderline cruel at this point. Undoing the knot quickly, he pulled the silk from her wrists, holding her arms up to inspect the skin for damage as he gently rubbed his thumbs across the area where a slight welt was left. “You did so well, Kitten,” he murmured softly, praising her again and again as he kissed the marks left on her.

“Are you okay? I didn't hurt you, did I?”

Rey had opened her mouth to reassure him that he could never hurt her, before remembering all of the very obvious ways he totally could. Instead, she shook her head, humming softly at the sensation of his lips so sweetly brushing the spots that were a little sore. Her body was still giving a few twitches in the aftermath, but her limbs were finally calming down.

“I’m perfect. Did I...was that okay?” Rey asked. He had told her she had done well, but she wasn’t entirely trusting that. She couldn’t see his face and even though he had moaned like he’d enjoyed it, she knew she was perfectly capable of making those noises while not meaning it. She had the sexual history to back that up. She laughed breathlessly, adding, “I really do swear I had never done that before today.”

Chuckling softly, he held both of her hands in one of his, leaning forward to undo the blindfold from around her head. He pulled it away and placed it on the nightstand, turning his attention back to her. Honestly, he didn't even care if he got off right now. This was all about her and her well-being since she'd been tied up to his bed. He pulled her gently into his chest, curling his body around hers. “That was better than okay,” he smiled into her hair, running his hand up and down her spine. “I’m glad you've never done that before. I admit I'd be a bit jealous.”

“Oh trust me, there is nothing in my sexual history for you to be jealous of, except maybe a toy or two.” Rey frowned, her mind again going to those damn search results. “I think I should be the jealous one,” she mumbled into his chest, saying her words to his navel rather than his face.

He pulled his head away to look down at her, one eyebrow raised in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“C’mon, Ben. Something on the internet had to be true,” Rey replied, mouth set in a grim line.

Frowning, he blinked slowly. “Like what, exactly? I can tell you're thinking of something specific, so spit it out.”

Rey blushed and nuzzled her head back into his chest, trying to hide her embarrassment. “There was one about you...and a ginger man…from last week.”
He gave a huff of exasperation, rolling onto his back as he dragged her with him, pulling her onto his chest. Adjusting his head against the pillows, he stared up at the ceiling, “The lunch with Hux was just that...lunch. Nothing more.”

“And all of the others? Your mom wasn't kidding, people seem to love to take creepy photos of you and wax poetic about your exploits. I didn't even know places cared that much about the son of a senator,” Rey said. She wriggled on top of him for a moment, setting so she was lying entirely on top of him. She rested her chin on his chest, hands folded underneath to provide padding.

“They don't--care about me, I mean. They care about what I do, how much money they can make from my life. It’s stupid.” He wrapped his arms around her and settled this hands on her lower back, fingers interlaced to keep them from sliding down. “The others...some of them have a shred of truth to them. Not a lot, but some.” He knew he'd have to elaborate, but some part of him wanted her to just drop it. If they were truly going to do this whole relationship thing, though, she needed to know. He took a deep breath, feeling the way her body rose and fell with his. She was so light.

“Back in my college days, Hux and I used to screw around. A bunch of experimentation, if you will. He’s a total ass, but he is capable of being a decent human every now and then. So those rumors were partially true. Remember, this was like fifteen years ago.” Had it really been that long? God, he was old.

“I'll answer any other questions you have,” he added after a long moment of silence, counting the cracks in the ceiling. What if she didn't like the answers? Would it send her bolting from his arms? Subconsciously, he tightened his hold on her just a little, fear spiking through him.

Rey loved the the feeling of his strong arms holding her to him. She felt safe. Protected. Loved? But she also saw that little bit of fear, felt him tightening his hold on her as if she would run away at any moment. She wanted to laugh, it was insane to think that she would run from him.

She considered his answer. It wasn't odd to think he'd done some experimenting in college as she could only imagine what kind of a sex drive he had had back then if this was what he had now. She was curious exactly how far he had gone, not that it mattered much beyond her own curiosity. She knew if asked she would give the same answers in kind (she'd kissed a few girls in college: twice on drunken dares dates to impress boys they wanted to sleep with, once to genuinely see, which had yielded nothing except a closer friendship) but she had a feeling this wasn't the type of question he was waiting for her to ask.

“And the stuff about your dad?” Rey asked quietly, making tiny patterns on his chest.

God, he hoped she wasn't a spy or anything with a voice recorder in her pocket or purse somewhere. “All true,” he muttered. “Dad was into drag racing and other illegal activities. He persuaded me to go on a few trips with him, and news got out. Leia about tore my head off with cleaning up that publicity mess.” He smiled faintly at the memory.

“Don’t you smile about that, Ben Solo!” Rey snapped, pushing up so she could swat at his chest. “That stuff is really dangerous! Leia could have lost you both to any of that stupidity!” She frowned, settling back down. “I would know. A couple of kids who I lived with...it just didn't end up well.”

Rey chewed her lip for a moment. Well, if he was being honest, so could she:

“When I lived with my...guardian, the ordous man named Unkar Plutt who my parents traded me to for drugs, I had an option of things to do: run drugs, prostitution, or participate in his drag race syndicate. I did the drug mule thing when I was little, accompanying one of the older kids with a bright backpack full of drugs. They told me my innocence shielding them from notice or
questioning.

“When I got too old for that to sell, I knew I needed to do something useful with the cars in order to avoid the third option. Since I was a relatively tiny thing with nimble fingers, I began to learn how to scavenge useful parts out of junk yards and how to fix and put together an engine. And I was good at it, too. Better than everyone else, in fact. Plutt was so impressed by my skills that he even laid off on hitting me too much, and I had been able to fend off his sexual advances with tools always in my reach.”

She hoped that Ben and his father never had any run-ins with Plutt. He wasn’t the type of man you wanted on your bad side, which Rey was only too well aware of. But she couldn’t help the passing thought that they must have intersected at some point. Maybe she’d even seen one of them when she had come to be the onhand mechanic? She found herself wishing that they’d noticed each other in such a crazed scenario, that Ben would have taken one look at her and decided that she was worthy of saving, of protecting from the horrible world she lived in. That was ridiculous, of course. She would have been nothing but a gawky teenager, covered in layers of grease and grime, not at all worthy of looking upon the beauty that was Ben Solo.

She peered up at him, trying to read his expression to gauge his reaction. It isn't every day that you learn the girl who you've just slept with used to be a baby drug mule and then modified cars for drag racing to avoid being forced into prostitution.

Lifting his head up, he pressed his lips to her forehead before settling back, his brow furrowing in thought, “Wait a minute...that was you?”

There was some memory trying to poke at him, forcing him to remember. He remembered driving up with Han, getting out of their car to get some work done on it, and seeing an extremely dirty girl walk up to him, covered in grease, reeking of exhaust. He tried to examine the memory further, but felt it slip through his grasp, lost to the void.

He refocused on the woman in front of him again, eyes wide in wonder. “You couldn't have been more than fifteen at the time.” She'd said Unkar Plutt had been the man caring for her; unfortunately, he knew just how awful the guy was, had occasionally seen him smack around some of the younger workers. Which meant… “I’m going to kill him,” he said quietly, his tone absolutely devoid of any emotion. He meant every word he’d said, too.

“Ben, no!” Rey gasped. She knew he was serious, and she was ashamed of how the idea if him harming someone in vengeance for her...aroused her. Unconsciously, she wriggled her hips on top of his. “If you get caught, you go to jail. And if you go to jail, we have to stop fucking.”

“If I get caught,” he muttered, his hand resuming a steady up and down stroke across her lower back. “How many other people do you think he's doing that to? It’s not okay. I can't, in good conscience, allow that sort of thing to go on, Rey. I can't. How many other fucked up kids are out there? How many have been under his care and never grown up.” How many kids had he killed with his abuse?

Rey purred at his gentle caress. “I--I can’t pretend that I haven’t pictured driving a hammer through his brain.” She grimaced. “Fuck, I’ve even come close, once, after...”

“...after?” he prompted gently. He needed to know. Needed to know what sort of atrocities that creature had done to her. Plutt wasn't even worthy of being called a man, truthfully. Already, he was working it out in his head, going over various scenarios as he fantasized about watching the life leech out of his eyes.
Ben’s jaw clenched, his teeth grinding together as his brain suddenly switched from imagining killing Plutt to picturing what he could have possibly done to Rey. If he had touched her…

Rey sighed, rolling off of him and onto her side, hugging her arms around her torso. “He...he didn’t get too far, don’t worry. I wasn’t kidding when I said I always had tools nearby. It was...effective.” She gave an empty laugh, shrugging. “I think I broke all the fingers on one hand, though. One of the others had to restrain me from going further.”

“Good,” he sighed. “I’m glad you were able to keep him away.” Turning onto his side, he watched the back of her head, admiring the buns there. Time for a lighter topic: “Why that hairstyle? I’ve never seen it before.” Carefully, he brushed his fingers over the back of them, feeling how soft her hair was with his conditioner. Smiling smugly to himself, he added, “It suits you. Unique.”

“It’s how my mom did my hair. I used to think that if I kept it the same way, she’d recognize me and tell me how sorry she was and how much she still loved me,” Rey said, sniffling sadly. She brushed away a tear, glad he couldn’t see her. “I know it’s stupid. I mean, she probably doesn’t remember me at all.”

Wow, good job, Ben. Way to go. Mentally kicking himself, he wrapped his arm around her waist, scooting closer to press against her back. “It isn’t stupid. I’m sorry, I didn’t know, sweetheart.” He pressed a light kiss to the back of her neck where it was exposed. Did she even want him touching her? She had rolled away. “Is this okay?” he asked. “I can go sleep on the couch if you want.”

“What?” Rey gasped, turning back to look at him. She turned in his arms, looking up at him with unshed tears. “I’m--I’m so sorry. I’ve ruined everything. God, you give me an orgasm and I give you my horrible backstory. I should have warned you that I’m terrible at this.” She shook her head. “I’m the one who should go.”

“Hey, stop,” he murmured, looking down into her eyes. Bringing one hand up, he cupped her cheek and pressed his lips to her forehead, lingering before he moved down to one eye, kissing it softly, then moving to the other. “You have nothing to be sorry about--I want to know. That comes with being my girlfriend.” Giving her a small, shy smile, he nestled his head into the pillow, still watching her. “You should sleep, though. I’ll still be here.”

Rey sighed sleepily. “No, I was going to ride you,” she yawned, snuggling in closer to him. “I’m still in clothes. In heels. I gotta change,” she muttered into his chest. “Wash my face.” She yawned again. “At least blow you.”

Chuckling, he pried himself away from her and set to taking her heels off, leaning down to press his mouth against each ankle as he removed them, setting them on the floor by the bed. “I’ll take a raincheck on all of those,” he smirked, trailing his hands from her ankles to her calves, up to the hem of her skirt. He found the zipper easily this time, sliding it down with care to avoid breaking it. Working the skirt over her hips, he set it on the edge of the bed to be washed along with the comforter.

With a little finagling, he managed to get the blanket out from under her, carrying it out to the washing machine to get the next load started.

When he came back, it was with a fresh blanket and he draped it around her before he shirked off his clothes down to his boxers and crawled back in with her, pulling her against his chest again.

“Are you sure?” Rey asked sleepily. She wrapped an arm around his waist, cuddling her head into his broad chest. “I feel bad. You sure I can’t just give you a sleepy blowjob?” She drifted her hand across his hip, trailing it across his abdomen every few strokes, moving lower and lower. She
smiled sleepily into his chest as she felt him twitch to life below her hand. She stroked him over his boxers, fingers confident as she worked him from a chubby to an almost full hardon.

He had been sure, wanting to just let her rest after he had to go and make her all emotional. “That’s not fair,” he protested weakly, his hips already jerking forward slightly, searching for more of her touch. A small sound escaped him as he let his eyes shut, basking in the feeling of her fingers drifting over him.

Rey kissed across his chest as she slipped her hand underneath his boxers, moaning as she felt the heat and weight of him in her hand. “God, Ben, you have the most amazing dick ever.” She wrapped her hand around him, pumping his shaft with vigor, her thumb gliding over the precome that had accumulated at the top of him. His skin was so soft, she wanted to touch him forever.

She looked up at him, hazel eyes glinting wickedly. “It’s so beautiful. It would be a shame not to see it.” She tugged his boxers down with both hands and kissed down his chest, sliding her tongue across his hot skin as he began to pant beneath her. She was definitely not sleepy anymore. She dipped her tongue into his navel as she pumped him faster, twisting her wrist along the way.

Letting out a groan, he rolled onto his back, parting his legs for her. He glanced down, watching how small her hand was around him as it slid up and down. “Rey…” he breathed, placing his hand over hers, stilling her for just a moment. “Take your hair down for me.” he said, though it came out as more of a question, a plea. He wanted to run his fingers through her long tresses, hold her close for when she finally put his cock in her mouth.

He took the brief halt in movement to center himself, not wanting to come too fast from her skilled fingers.

Rey sat up, taking the time to remove his shirt, unbuttoning it slowly as she looked down at him. God, he was gorgeous. What right did any man have being as beautiful as he was? It really wasn’t fair, she felt like she had nothing to bring to the relationship when compared to him. What did he even see in her?

She set his shirt beside her on the bed, removing her tank top and bra with little fanfare before sliding the shirt back on. She only buttoned it once, right below her breasts, so it would hide them but also leave them easily accessible. Finally, she reached up and carefully undid her hair, starting from the bottom and letting her chocolate tresses fall down her shoulders. She sat kneeling between his knees with her hair down and nothing but his shirt on. Maybe she brought something to this relationship after all, if his erect member was anything to go off.

His heart sped up even more at watching her slowly reveal herself for him. Somehow, he knew that this was the real Rey, the one hidden behind a composed exterior. His lips parted, and he knew he was looking at her like a dying man. Shit, he was so gone on her already. Fuck blowing him--she was too good for that. “Come here,” he murmured, propping himself up on one elbow as he reached for her. He wanted to see her ride him, wanted to watch the way her body moved above him in the dim moonlight streaming in from the window.

She looked like a goddess, far too beautiful for this world. And she was here with him. Pulling her up onto him, he held her by her hips, hovering her over his cock as he looked up at her with hooded eyes. “You are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” he told her earnestly, his voice barely above a whisper. It was quiet in the room, the world holding its breath--waiting on them, it seemed. He let his gaze roam hungrily over her body for a moment, settling on the flesh of her stomach that was exposed. It was soft, flat, igniting some sort of need within him to see her swollen and round with his child.
Rey cocked her head at his tender expression, following his gaze down. Was he thinking about...about...

Rey impaled herself on his waiting cock, moaning loudly as she felt him fill her up. She wondered what it would feel like when his seed took root, when she was swollen with a child. Ben’s child. She cried out into the dark room, bouncing on him to a thought she dared not speak aloud. She didn't want to face reality if she’d misinterpreted his gaze. Maybe he was just gazing so fondly at his own glorious cock, or he was looking at her pussy? It didn't matter to Rey’s horribly filthy mind, though, and she fucked him thinking about how he would get her pregnant and give her a family. About how much that would make him love her. About how much more should would love him.

“Oh god, Ben!” Rey moaned, gripping his chest for dear life as she worked her thighs hard, moving up and down his impressive length at as fast a pace as she could.

Gasping as she settled onto him and began to rock her hips, he slid his hands along her stomach, up to her breasts. He palmed each one, squeezing the mounds before the fingers of one hand wrapped around her nipple, twisting and pulling the hard bud. She was so fucking wet around him.

His breath came in harsh pants, watching the way his cock disappeared into her body between his arms. From this angle, he could still see the bulge he created in her stomach with each rise and fall of her hips. Her body held him snugly, and each time she lifted herself up, he could feel the way it clung to him, begging for more.

Dropping his hands, he gripped her waist tightly, his fingers digging in bruisingly. He began to help her, lifting her up to help save her thighs, and then yanking her back down on top of him to sheath himself fully. His brain was still settled on the idea of impregnating her and before he could stop himself, words started to fall from mouth, “I’m gonna fill you up so full with my come, sweetheart. Gonna pump you full and make sure it stays in that perfect cunt where it belongs.”

He thrusted back up into her, his hips raising off the bed with each movement before dropping back down, his head pushing back into the pillow.

His words sent a thrill right through her, sealing the deal on the imagery in her mind. She wished she wasn’t on birth control, she wished she really could become pregnant from the way he was drilling up into her. She wanted his come so badly. She wanted his child so badly.

So much so that she wasn’t really focused on the words that spilled from her mouth as she rode him, bucking against him in a merciless pace.

“Fuck me, Daddy. Fill up my sweet cunt with your hot come. Fuck me so hard.”

He moaned loudly, loving the way that word fell from her mouth so beautifully. It triggered that possessive side of him, and before he really realized he’d even done it, she was on her back, with his hands on her wrists, holding them on either side of her head as he pressed down, using the leverage to drive into her harder, staring down at her intensely as he fucked her like she'd asked. His pace was brutal, his thighs slapping against the backs of hers with each thrust. “Daddy’s going to take such good care of you, Kitten,” he whispered huskily, feeling the head of his cock bump into the wall inside her. Perfect. “Fill you to the brim,” he pulled back and shoved inside once more, his strokes long and ruthless, “Make you keep my come inside you until I say.”

Her hair was fanned out against the bed, haloing her, making his heart clench again in wonder. He leaned down and ghosted his lips over her jaw, still keeping his hard rhythm. His teeth bit into her earlobe, pulling it into his mouth to nibble and lick as he pounded his cock into her, the thought of
her calling him *Daddy* for real driving his fantasy.

Rey could hardly keep up with his brutal pace, being pounded so thoroughly that she had no choice but to lay back and accept it. She tried to tilt her hips to help him angle correctly; not that he needed the help. He seemed to have a homing missile attached to the end of his dick, zoning in on her most pleasurable spots with laser focus. She could never fuck another again, this was too perfect. He did everything the way she liked it: fucking her hard, talking dirty to her, filling her up so perfectly with his come. And he said he was going to take *care* of her. She knew he meant sexually (and boy did he ever), but her mind couldn’t help but expand on that. She didn’t want to admit how much that meant to her, keeping her mouth focused on pants and moans rather than declarations of love and the need for a family, for him to be the one to give it to her.

Rey gave a sharp gasp as she felt her earlobe pulled, the pleasure shooting down her spine and joining the rest between her legs. She tilted her head back, giving him access to her neck as she moaned, “Mark me, Ben. Show everyone who I belong to. *Please,* I want them to see.”

What could she say, she had a thing for hickies.

He gave a deep growl of approval, turning his head into her neck as his lips sought the sensitive skin along her throat. He latched on and sucked deeply, intent to give her a huge purple bruise in the shape of his mouth. “You're mine,” he hissed against her, nipping roughly before he soothed it with his tongue.

Jesus, she was perfect. He’d come...what?—three or four times today and they were already going again? She was absolutely flawless. “I need you to come for me, baby,” he whispered encouragingly. “Need to feel you.”

Rey whimpered at the sensation of her throbbing neck, pulsating in time with the throbbing between her legs. He was pounding into her so hard that she didn’t even need to stimulate her clit on her own, she knew she was going to come soon. How had he gotten her worked up so fast? But she needed just a bit more, she wanted him deeper, needed him to be harder.

“Lift my legs up to your shoulders, Ben. Bend me in half,” she encouraged. He would get so much deeper that way, and he could still be intimately close. She was flexible, he wouldn’t have to worry about hurting her with such a stretch.

Moving off of her, he leaned back, still hammering into her wildly. He gripped her legs, slung them over his shoulders and pushed back down, angling his head between them to claim her mouth with a groan. “Look at you, my filthy Kitten. Taking my cock like such a good girl,” he hissed, placing his hands down on the bed to add more force behind his thrusts. Maybe she wouldn't be able to walk straight tomorrow. Part of him seriously hoped so.

She hissed pleasurably at the new feeling, of the delicious stretch at the backs of her thighs combined with how deep he was hammering inside of her. “I fucking love your cock, Ben. I love to feel you inside of me.”

She pulled him in for another kiss, full of want and need and far too much passion for her body to contain. When she gasped for air, she leaned into his ear. God she was so close, she just needed one last thing. “Come for me, baby. Fill me up. I need your come.”

He made a noise somewhere between a curse and a groan, his body responding to her command without giving him time to think. He shoved himself in as far as he could go and came with a strangled cry. It was too much, how was this even possible? He filled her, dumping out so much of his come that it eventually had nowhere to go but out, spilling down onto the new blanket.
Growling again, still overcome by lust, he pulled away from her and used his fingers to scoop it up, shoving it back into her cunt where it belonged. “That,” he snarled, “stays in there.”

Rey laid panting below him, slowly lowering her legs back down as she trembled in the aftershocks of her own orgasm, having met completion as she felt the first of his milky come coat her walls. “Always, always,” she agreed with a moan, closing her thighs to keep it all in.

Logically, she knew she would need to use the bathroom soon to properly clean up, but for now...she wrapped her arms around one of his bulging biceps and snuggled up close. “Now I'm sleepy.”

Ben knew that they’d need to discuss the topic of bedroom conversation at some point, but for now, he was content to let it go as he watched the way Rey’s eyes started to drift closed. Poor girl had been worn out today. He smiled to himself, already mentally calculating all of the various places they needed to mark with their combined fluids.

He rolled onto his back, tugging the blankets back as he pulled Rey close so that her head was nestled into the area between his chest and shoulder. Wrapping his arm tightly around her, he pressed his nose to her hair and pulled the sheets back up around them, making sure her back was covered to shield against the cool autumn air. It hadn't gotten to the point of turning on the heat yet, since the blankets held body heat in well. “Go to sleep, sweetheart,” he murmured softly, feeling his own eyes already starting to slide shut. He was spent, physically and emotionally, and he had Rey in his arms. Life was good.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Mmm, no smut this chapter (how did that happen?) But there's lots of fluff!

Rey frowned at the warm and heavy thing on top of her. Sometimes Finn or Rose would sneak into her bed in the middle of the night for a cuddle after a nightmare, it was one the best things about living with other orphans. But they usually woke her up first to inform her and she could not remember anything like that. She could only remember...oh. Oh. She smiled, snuggling further into the warmth she now recognized.

He had fallen asleep first, the picture of sweet innocence written on his handsome face as he snoozed against her. Like a darling little boy. So soft, so sweet. She thought about how sweet their son or daughter would be as they slept...she had sighed at that thought, warmth filling her. What kind of a person imagined that type of stuff the first night they slept with someone? She was getting too far ahead of herself.

She hated extracting herself from his hold, but she hated UTI’s more, so she’d slowly peeled away from him to get washed up and brushed her teeth. She decided to slip on her cotton shorts underneath his shirt, hoping to catch anything that continued to leak out as they slept. She didn't need to ruin his bedding any further.

He had flipped onto his stomach in her absence, taking up the entirety of his queen sized bed. She’d had to shoulder him onto his side so she could fit and as she snuggled in, she spared a passing thought to hoping that his bed in his penthouse was bigger. Her own bed was only full sized, there was no way they would ever try sleeping there.

Sometime in the middle of the night he had become wrapped around her, leg tucked between hers, arms tight around her waist, and breath hot on the back of her neck. She winced to think of her bedhead, passingly annoyed that he had convinced her to leave her hair down. But she had felt like a goddess when he’d stared up at her so she supposed she didn't mind too much.

When Ben woke up the following morning, his arm was aching from being tucked underneath Rey all night as he'd spooned her. It was tingly and numb at the same time, pinpoints dancing along his nerve endings like wildfire.

He slowly opened his eyes, wincing against the bright morning sun that streamed in. Immediately, he shut his eyes again and burrowed his face back into Rey’s hair, hiding from the light. It was entirely too early and he obviously hadn't had any coffee yet to deal with it.

While hiding his face, he had the brief moment to get hit with a blast of his own morning breath as it bounced off her hair. Shit, he should probably go brush his teeth.

He crawled out of the bed, making a quick beeline for the kitchen to get the coffee started. While it was brewing, he rushed into the bathroom, trying not to wake up the beautiful woman in his bed. He brushed his teeth over the sink quickly, then shut the bathroom door and jumped in the shower, not wanting the water to wake her when she looked so adorable.
He was going to have to take her shopping for a dress for tomorrow’s event, and he could already picture the fight that would be taking place with her. She was so damn stubborn.

Hopping out of the shower, he towelled off his hair, then slid it over his body to wipe at any excess water. Satisfied, he slung it over a shoulder as he left the bathroom, heading to the dresser for a clean set of boxers.

“Why did you leave?” Rey asked, giving a languid stretch. She kicked the covers down with her legs, exposing the breast that had come free from his shirt and the shorts ridden high up her arse, evident when she gave a twist of the hips with her stretch.

Throwing a glance over his shoulder at her, he immediately did a double take, eyes glued to all of the exposed skin she was offering. “I, uh…” the moment trailed out for probably longer than strictly necessary, “…morning breath. And coffee.”

Why did she have the ability to make his IQ dip so low? “Want some? It smells ready,” he said after a moment, slipping his boxers on then heading to the bed. He tipped her face up to him as he leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to her lips. He didn't care about her morning breath at all, and it was probably silly to think she'd mind his after the vast exchange of fluids they'd had the day before, but he was still a little self-conscious. “I also didn't want to wake you,” he said softly, hoping she wouldn't be too upset with him. “You just looked entirely too comfortable.”

“I was up before you. I was just enjoying the sensation of waking up in bed with you,” Rey said, cheeks pinking as she lightly caressed his arm. Sun peaking through his blinds, his dripping hair shined around his head like a heavenly halo. Her own personal dark angel. How did she get this lucky?

She supposed she was overdue. She’d had such a rough life, she deserved to have this man looking at her so tenderly. She could only hope he would fall as in love with her as she was with him. One day.

“I'm actually not a huge fan of coffee. But if you have some hot tea, I'd love some,” Rey finally answered. She didn't bother adjusting the shirt.

“Yeah,” he nodded, “I have tea. Hang on.” He went back to the kitchen and rummaged around through the cabinets for a while, finally finding some tea in the back. It was a brand of the same flavor he’d seen her drink before, on one of their rare run-ins in the break room. He’d remembered and bought a box at the supermarket. Why, he had no idea. It had just sat on the counter for about a week afterward, until he'd finally chucked it in the back of a cabinet.

He heated up some water (in a kettle, not microwaved, thank you), and put the little tea bag into the mug, pouring the hot water over it. It felt so domestic, bringing his girlfriend her morning cup of tea. He wouldn't have it any other way, though.

Rey was sitting up in bed when he returned, cross-legged in the middle of it as she absent-mindedly scrolled through her phone. She had given up on the button so his shirt just hung loosely on either side of her chest, exposing a wide expanse of her tan and freckled skin. She smiled as he handed over her tea before letting out a giggle as she took note of the tag. “How did...Ben, how did you know my brand?” Rey asked. It made her happy while some rational part of her brain (that sounded strangely like Finn) said that it was an odd coincidence that he somehow had her tea, almost as if he had been watching her. The other part of her (with a romantic sigh sounding like Rose) said that that was the sweetest thing ever, that he cared enough about her to be prepared. Her Finn-mind grumbled that it was pervy of him to just assume that he would have the chance to serve it to her. Rey and Rose-mind told him to shove it.
Flushing a bright red that reached the tops of his ears, he ducked his head, biting his lip. “I happened to notice it when we were in the break room together one day. I’d been thinking about bringing you some coffee or something, but I didn't know how or if you liked it. And then I saw you're a tea drinker instead and it just kind of...stuck with me, I guess.” He sounded like such a fucking stalker, holy shit. “I bought it one day, hoping for...I don't know what I'd hoped for. But it reminded me of you.”

Okay, time to shut up now, Ben. Clearing his throat, he finally turned to her and said, “Did you have any plans for today? Because I was hoping to take you shopping to get a dress for tomorrow.” He avoided her eyes, keeping his own firmly on his own cup of coffee, his body tensing as he readied for an argument.

“Ben.” Rey blew on her tea to cool it down. “Are you sure you want to go through all of that? Shopping with a woman is a big commitment. You'll have to deal with me picking apart every piece of my body as I cry about trying to shove myself into a dress size that I think I am to make myself feel better, effectively doing the opposite the whole time before breaking completely down and attempting to buy a mumu.” She shrugged. “Rose would happily go with me.”

He snorted, smirking into his cup as he raised it to his lips, “Rose also isn't paying for it, either.”

Rey glared at him, slowly lowering her cup to sit between her legs. “Neither. Are. You.”

“You really think I'm going to invite you to an event and then make you pay for the clothing to go with it? I think not.” He sipped his coffee before setting it down on the dresser, turning to look at her as he leaned back against it, arms crossed over his chest.

Rey glowered. “Ben, I’m not some helpless little damsel in distress; I can pay for my own clothes. You shouldn’t have to pay for something just because you invited me. That’s like saying you’ll pay for my wedding dress just because you proposed.”

Rey’s eyes went wide and she quickly took a sip of her tea, hoping he would just ignore that last bit. It was way too early to be talking about him proposing, even though she knew that she would say yes should he ask in that very moment. (Her Rose-brain squealed in delight). But she knew that that type of talk tended to scare off men so she hoped he’d just sweep it under the rug and chalk it up to...the morning?

“And I would, too,” he frowned heavily at her, huffing. “If I'm doing the proposing, and you better believe I will be, I'm paying for the dress.” He pointed one finger at her as he stepped closer, his face serious. “It would make me happy,” he finally muttered.

Rey huffed right back at him, glaring as she lifted her tea for another sip. “Fine.”

He didn’t have to know how that part in her heart that had warmed last night, when he had said he would take care of her, had flared to life again.

She smirked up at him then, leaning across the bed to set her tea down before crawling over to him. Without much more warning, she yanked his boxers down and began to pump him, delighted to find him already partially hard.

“Fine. But you have to let me suck your cock before. And after.”

While normally he would've let her get away with it, he managed a frown down at her, wrapping his hand around hers, forcing her to stop. “Rey,” he ordered, finally reaching down to make her to look up at him. “I’m not going to make you,” he swallowed hard. “exchange sexual favors for
anything.” He had a sudden flashback of what she'd said, about what her options were when working for Plutt. He hadn't forgotten his promise to kill the man--he still meant it.

Rey sighed, sitting back on her heels. “I knew I shouldn’t have told you that story.” She looked at her hands, muttering a quiet, “I’m sorry.”

Managing to tuck himself back into his pants quickly, he crouched down before her, looking up into her eyes. “Hey, don't be sorry. I don't pity you or anything, if that's what you're thinking. It’s just...taking care of you really makes me happy, and you really don't need to feel like you need to make it up to me.”

Sighing heavily, he bowed his head to stare down at his hands, which were resting between his knees. “I just...it isn’t something that does it for me. It feels like a form of debasement.” Shrugging, he kept looking down, hoping that she could kind of see where he was coming from. He didn't want to fight about this, didn't want to fight at all. He just wanted to take her shopping and have her pick out something she genuinely enjoyed rather than just something based on a price tag.

Rey leaned forward and grabbed his head, threading her fingers through the wet strands to pull his forehead to hers. “I told you I’m difficult, remember? My brain is just sort of messed up and I don’t—I don’t react to things correctly sometimes. I was basically raised with the knowledge that nothing is free, and that you always have to give to get.” She pressed her lips to his forehead for a long moment, enjoying the feeling of his warm skin on her lips. “But you should know that I offered that because I wanted to do it. I like sucking your cock, Ben, and I would do it whether or not you were buying me what I’m sure is going to be a far-too-expensive dress. Even if you let me simply walk away after this and go shopping on my own, I would have still done it. I love--doing it.” She winced, glad he couldn’t see her face. Nice save, Rey.

This was definitely going to take some getting used to. “Fine,” he finally conceded, lifting himself up, pushing her back against the bed as he rose. He leaned over and kissed her roughly, exploring her mouth for several long moments, tasting the remnants of tea on her tongue.

He pulled away after an entirely too short amount of time had passed, slowly opening his eyes to stare down at her as he smirked for a moment. “Not today, though. We’ve got a lot to do, so you’d better hurry up.” Winking, he pulled away, leaving her breathless on his bed as he disappeared into the closet to grab some clothing for himself. Her own clothing should be done in the dryer by now, and once he was dressed, he headed over to the appliance and grabbed her things out of them, bringing them back for her to put on.

“I’m going to have to go home and get some clothing to wear. Everything in my duffle is not at all appropriate for going shopping for a nice gown,” Rey said as she stripped out of Ben’s shirt and her shorts, slipping on her freshly clean underwear and locating her bra on the floor. She frowned as she looked at her skirt. “I can’t wear that anymore.”

She walked out of the room and headed into the bathroom, snagging her leggings and t-shirt out of her bag before settling her clean clothing inside, sure to set her dirty skirt apart from them. She pulled a brush through her hair, surprised that it wasn’t as tangled as she would have figured. Must be his amazing hair products, she reasoned. Giving her teeth a brush and gliding on some deodorant, Rey zipped up her bag and made her way back out to the living room.

“I can meet you at the mall, if you want. There’s a Saks Fifth Avenue at the one nearest to here,” Rey said. She would need different shoes, too. She couldn’t put on the flip flops she had stored in her duffle, she knew it would be a cold morning. She’d have to wear her heels home.

Also, she needed to talk to Rose. Finn was the only one of them who worked weekends, stuck
doing security detail for a massive office building, so she would have Rose’s undivided attention.

He made a small face at the store she'd mentioned. He'd had something a little...higher class in mind. “We’ll see what they have,” he nodded, pleased that she'd given in somewhat. He gave her a time that worked best for him (he did have some details to take care of first, as well), and then they could meet up at the mall.

She rolled her eyes at his expression. What, did he want to take her someplace where mice would custom make her gown in the matter of a cheerful diddy? Still, she smiled up at him, going onto her tiptoes to give him a sound kiss on the mouth. “I'll see you soon, then?”

“Mmm,” he agreed, leaning down to kiss her again, hands going to span her waist, holding her against him. He was suddenly having a hard time simply letting her out the door. He was so fucking smitten. Finally, he pulled away and smiled. “Yeah, see you soon.”

When she'd gone, he'd taken a long moment to stare around his apartment. It was almost exactly the same as it had been the day prior, before she'd set foot inside, and now it felt completely different. Sighing, he pulled out his cell phone and began to dial numbers he hadn't used in quite a long time, taking care of the details like he'd promised he would.

Rey drove home in relative silence, too busy thinking about everything that had happened to focus on finding any music to listen to. She tried to make a mental note of how long it took to get from his apartment to hers, but she knew it was sort of pointless if he wasn’t going to be staying there for much longer. When she at last made it back to her townhouse, she parked on her side of the driveway, gathered her things, and made her way inside.

“Rose? Are you home?” Rey called out upon entry. She hung up her jacket in the closet by the front door, setting her purse on the shelf above after retrieving her phone from it. She slipped off her heels and settled into her waiting slippers, scooping the shoes up so she could deposit them in her own room.

“In here!” Rose called from the living room, where she was currently splayed out on the couch, arm over her eyes. She'd been working on call as part of the emergency staff at the veterinary clinic, staying up all night with a dog that’d been brought in with Parvo Virus. “How was your night?” she asked, sitting up slowly, looking at the entryway to the front door.

Rey blushed, chewing on her lip. “Oh. Um. It…it was intense.” She folded herself onto the couch beside Rose, pulling her legs up under her.

She stared at Rey for a long moment, cocking her head to the side, eyes glinting with amusement. “Intense good, or intense bad?”

Rey shrugged. “Um. Both?”

“Oh, do tell,” she smiled, sitting up straighter, gaze narrowing in like a hawk. “Was the sex good?”

A smile bloomed across Rey’s face and she nodded enthusiastically. “Oh my god, Rose. I’ve never…it’s never…I can’t even begin to describe the sex. He made me do...something. Something I’ve never done before. Twice.” She took a breath, deciding to just tell Rose before she had to pry it out of her. “Rose, I squirted for him.”
“Oh my god. Twice?! How many times did you have sex?” Lord knew that she was going through a dry spell herself, and she wanted details. *Copious* details. “So he’s, like, a god in bed or something?”

Rey sighed happily, falling into the back of the couch. “Yes. My god, yes.” She considered the first question, ticking the instances off on her hand. “First, he fingered me in my office. I know, I know, bad Rey, but I found out that he’s the author of all of that smut I’ve been reading on Ao3, you know, the stuff I sent you? Anyway, I found some of his writing in the break room, and then I sort of couldn’t help myself, but then he came in and...well, he finished me off. It was incredible.

“And then we went to his place and first I gave him a blowjob in the bathroom before he ate me out in the bedroom, which resulted in squirt episode number one. And, Rose, he *liked* that. I couldn’t believe it. I was mortified and he was telling me it was hot, so,” she shrugged. “And then we *finally* shagged and it was, god, just incredible. I know it’s cliche to say, but I feel like every sexual experience I had before this was a waste of my time. And we were so loud that the *cops* were called. And I may or may not have briefly entertained a fantasy I never once considered before...

“Then things took a turn for the serious and he wanted me to meet his mum, so I had to take a shower. I mean, I wasn’t going to meet his *mum* with his come dripping out of me, right? So I enticed him to shower with me and we fucked in there. Then we had a lovely meeting with his mum and went back to his place again.” Rey shivered pleasantly at the next memory. “He tied me up and blindfolded me as he fingered me and ate me out again, and thus was squirting episode number two, and then I finally rode him for a bit before he flipped us and *really* drove it home.”

One of the best things about Rose was that they were completely unedited with each other. Rey’s dirty details were Rose’s dirty details, and it would be a crime to their friendship should she not share every single one of them. Plus, she sympathized with her predicament: dry spell induced by pining for someone for way too long, so she wanted to offer some encouragement that that porn stuff really did happen and it could happen to her, too.

Rose was quiet for a long while, staring at Rey with something akin to adoration. “You know you’re my best friend, right? I fucking hate you *so* much right now!” She swatted Rey’s arm playfully. “So this guy, the one you’ve been pining over for soooo long, finally makes his move and he’s everything you’ve ever wanted. He makes you squirt--*twice*, which is amazing in and of itself. Any downsides? Sounds too perfect.” She sighed dreamily, looking off into blank space. If only she could get Finn to finally fuck her like that. Giggling after a minute, she added, “And I’ll never get over how you Brits call it shagging instead of fucking.”

Rey frowned. “Well, the downsides are pretty...down. For one, his mum? She’s a senator. I’ve actually been invited to a benefit thing she’s hosting tomorrow night to raise funds for her reelection. Which means, of course, he’s absolutely loaded. He takes me to this completely humble apartment, bad side of town and everything, only for me to find out that he has a penthouse uptown and apparently a small armada of cars. Which brings me to the third thing, which is that his father used to run in the drag racing circuit. Apparently he did it, too, from time to time. He even thinks he...he thinks he remembers seeing me once, when I was just a teen.”

Rose had been a fellow female mechanic prodigy, the two girls meeting one evening when they tried to rob the same junkyard. They’d giggled as they were chased out by the dogs, hardly bothered by the precious parts they were smuggling out. Rose was at least slightly more legitimate than Rey, having been taken in by a man who was a real mechanic, although he still ran a dirty business on the side that relied on his adopted daughters stealing. But Rose, like Rey, was able to leave that all behind to pursue her real passion for helping out animals.
Rose let out a long whistle, eyes going wide. “You must’ve made a real impression on him, then. That’s so romantic, that he’d remember you after all this time!” She was practically clapping her hands and bouncing on the couch. “And if it doesn't work out, then maybe you can convince him to be a sugar daddy or something.” She was joking, of course; she truly hoped everything went well for her best friend.

“So you're going to this event thing with him, right? Right?” Leaning in close, she placed her hands on Rey’s shoulders, giving her a little shake. “You have to! It’ll be just like a ball from those old Disney movies!”

Rey groaned into her hands. “But that’s the problem, Rose! He wants to buy me a dress! And when I mentioned Saks, which we can’t even afford on our combined incomes, he sniffled like a little rich boy and said we’d have to make do! I can’t handle someone spending that kind of money on me! What if he realizes I’m too fucked up to be bothered with anymore? I’ll owe him thousands for some ridiculous dress!”

“Did he say anything about paying him back? Did you guys go out and get eloped or something that would make you obligated to pay him back?” she prodded, twisting on the couch to get a better look at Rey.

“God I wish. I’m so fucked, Rose. Here I was all this time, thinking I would just fuck his brains out and move on, and now I’ve realized that I’m so absolutely ridiculously in love with him and I would literally do anything he asked.” She rolled her eyes as she added, “except, you know, let him spend several thousand dollars on me.” She moved to cuddle into her bestie, laying her head on Rose’s chest. “What am I going to do if he doesn’t love me back? How do I even know it’s real love? How do I go about any of this? I’m too much of a mess of a human to even attempt to have a real relationship. They always end up so badly, but now I feel like I would absolutely die if we didn’t work out. How did this happen?”

Rose sucked in a breath, stroking her hand over Rey’s loose hair. “Sounds like you’ve got it bad, hun. You went in expecting the porn and got the plot instead.” Lifting up a strand of Rey’s hair, she inspected it. “Your hair looks really good down. You should keep it like that more often. And it’s so soft.”

“He has this incredible shampoo! Maybe I’ll let that be one present I let him buy me,” Rey jokes. She sighs into Rose’s petting. Rose is the closest thing she’s ever gotten to a sister and she has always been eternally grateful that their brief attempt at kissing hadn’t ruined their friendship. “I really do have it bad. Rose, I was picturing our children last night when I was riding him. Oh my god, I called him “Daddy” because of it!” Rey groaned at the memory. “And I think he might have liked it.”

“This just keeps getting better and better,” Rose laughed, shaking her head. She really felt for Rey’s plight, she really did. But at least she was getting some. “You think he liked it? That seems like something either they are or aren't into.”

“I mean, he reacted to it pretty positively. But now that I’ve said it, I don’t know if I can explain to him that it was absolutely an accident brought on by a far too inappropriate thought to be had during sex, involving my shirking any birth control methods so I can become laden with his offspring. Like, I don’t think he’s going to like that. It’s too...much for someone he’s just started fucking,” Rey said. “I know that it’s not even one of my own kinks so I can’t do it again willingly. So if he likes it, I’ve sort of fucked myself into a corner by letting my stupid mouth say ridiculous things.”

“Well, there's only one way around that, then. Rey, you have to make him want kids with you. It
sounds like he already feels something for you. From what I know of this guy, and everything you've said about him before today, he's been giving off vibes for a while that he wants you.” She shrugged, braiding her hair while she thought. “So when do we get to meet him? You know how we have to give our parental approval and all. But from what it sounds like, he's amazing. I'm so happy for you, Rey.”

The tv had been playing some car show, where they stripped down old cars to the frame and rebuilt them with modern engines and paint jobs. It was one of their favorite shows.

“Oh no, no way! I am not letting him meet the two of you until you can promise to behave!” She exclaimed, pushing away from Rose’s chest to glare at her. “You will do nothing but grill him for hours for his stance on every possible subject, and that’s not even including what Finn will do! Everyone always misinterprets Finn’s affection for me to be so much more.” Rey winced, her expression melting into one of remorse as she added a quick, “Which you know isn’t true. But how many boyfriends have I lost because they’re convinced I’m secretly shagging Finn the whole time or because you’re too obsessed with making sure they aren’t a serial killer and thus end up looking like one yourself!”

Rey sighed, settling back against the back of the couch. “No offense, of course. I would do nothing less for anyone you wanted to date. You’re lucky that person is Finn and I don’t have to, but if you wanted to date someone else while we wait for his head to come out of his arse, I’d do the same.” She plucked at the hem of her t-shirt, making a mental note to make sure that she replaced her emergency clothes with something more weather appropriate. “As for your other point, how do I even do that? I don’t know how to be someone who a person would want to marry and have kids with.”

Rose sighed wistfully, groaning. “It’s been nearly eight years, hun. I'm starting to think that Finn's never going to come around.” She'd been waiting on him to make a move for years now, and every time she'd been close to doing something, Finn suddenly had something that he needed to do, damn near bolting from the room. “As for you...you just need to be yourself, love. It sounds like you're doing just fine so far.”

She felt something vibrate against her hip and she shifted slightly. “Your phone just went off,” she said, her eyes drooping. “I've been up all night, so I might snooze on the couch for a bit. Snooze with me?” she asked, moving to curl up against the back, making enough room for Rey to lay down fully.

Rey snuggled into Rose’s waiting arms, pulling her phone out of her pocket in the process.

“He’ll come around, sweetie. I know it. And if he doesn’t soon, I’ll hit him until he does. You have my solemn word,” Rey promised. She checked the notification on her phone.

It was Ben!

_What’s your address? I figured I should pick you up so it’s easier._

Rey smiled, having to bite her lip to keep a giggle from breaking out.

_1977 May Street. The brick townhouse with the bright blue door, can’t miss it._

“Hey Rose?” Rey whispered.

“Hmmm?” she replied sleepily, opening one eye to peer over at her. “What is it?”

“If you promise to be good, I’ll let you meet Ben in a few hours,” Rey whispered back.
Okay, so Finn was really the one she was worried about Ben meeting. He was also one of Plutt’s kids, having come in later than her despite his older age. They’d been inseparable ever since, and he’d been the one to get her out of there. There was a time when she thought they might be some grand romantic love story, but from the moment she introduced Rose to him, she would never want to get in the way of that happiness and she’d banished those thoughts forever. That didn’t stop him from being an amazing friend and a staunch protector, though. He thought of her as his true love, though purely platonic, and he did everything to keep her safe and happy. Although Ben was sweet and soft, she had a feeling it would not go well if the two men met. Finn was sure to feel threatened by a new man trying to be a prominent figure in her life and Ben was sure to feel threatened that there already was a man who had protected her from the evils of her past. She just needed time to convince them both that the other meant no harm to the relationship she had with them individually and that they could all happily coexist.

It would be easier if she could get Finn to finally admit his love for Rose out loud, but she had to focus on one thing at a time.

“What?! That soon?” she asked, her other eye popping open to stare. “Oh god, what do I wear? If I’m meeting your Prince Charming, I need to look worthy of being his future princesses’ friend.” She snickered to herself, knowing Rey knew her well enough to understand the joke. No way in hell was Rose going to get out of her pajamas unless the occasion truly called for it. “Wait, why? Is he coming here? Are you two going somewhere?”

“He’s taking me dress shopping, remember? I guess he wants to pick me up. Now shhh...I didn’t get that much sleep last night either,” Rey said, pulling a blanket over them both and hunkering down. She set a quick alarm on her phone so she could take a quick rinse in the shower and look fancy enough for a fancy store. She’d seen Pretty Woman. She knew how this worked.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Not so much Pretty Woman...lots of smut ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Rose woke up, it was to the shrill alarm going off on Rey’s phone. “Hey,” she grunted, pushing at the other woman, groaning when her attempts to wake her up went unphased. “Rey,” she grumbled again, pushing harder. Why was her arm all wet? Was Rey drooling again? “Rey!” she finally shouted, pushing her harder until she dumped her on the floor. “Oops, sorry. Your alarm’s going.”

Rey bolted up once she hit the ground, confused for a moment how she had ended up there. Then she heard the shrill trill of her alarm and she grabbed for the offending device, switching it off. “Sorry,” she muttered. She sat up and pressed a quick kiss to Rose’s forehead in apology, shuffling upstairs to her bathroom, grabbing her duffle bag and heels along the way to deposit them in her bedroom.

She washed her body quickly, hair twisted in a knot on the top of her hair to prevent it from getting wet and undoing all of the good Ben’s shampoo and conditioner had done. She ran a razor over her body quickly, cleaning up any areas that had become prickly. Once out of the shower, she lotioned up her arms and legs, wanting to look and smell her best, now that someone was actually going to be appreciating these parts of her.

When Rey padded into her bedroom, she frowned at her closet. What the heck did somewhere wear to go shopping for extravagant gowns? Why did she even have to wear a gown? She wished it was a daytime event so she could get away with something a bit more casual, she wished it was the warmer months so she could wear something light and flirty, but it was near fall and an evening black tie event, so she needed to look flawless. Knowing it was silly to dress too grandiose when you were just going to be undressing, she slipped on a simple beige sweater dress, cowl necked and long sleeved, the tight skirt falling down to just above her knees. She slipped on a pair of dark brown wooden-heeled suede booties, her puffin socks concealed from view.

Slipping back into the bathroom, she decided to take Rose’s advice to heart and left her hair down, although she still pulled back some of the top portion and held it back in a small light brown clip to keep her hair out of her face. She did her face simply, just foundation, blush, and mascara, swiping on some matte mauve lipstick as an afterthought. She attempted to color correct the gorgeous splotch on her neck on the shape of Ben’s mouth, but all she managed to do was make it look a little muted. She wanted to show it off, but she had a feeling the store was an inappropriate place for that. She grabbed a pair of black heels from her closet before heading back downstairs, figuring she should be prepared with footwear so she could discern the types of gowns she could properly walk in.

Rubbing the sleep from her face, Rose wandered upstairs, passing Rey on the way. “Well, don't you just look perfect. And awake,” she muttered, storming her tiny figure off into her own bedroom. She needed to finish her nap before she had to run back to the clinic this evening. She hadn't even bothered changing out of her scrubs or anything before passing out on the couch.
“Are you sure you don’t want to stay up to meet him? He should be here any minute,” Rey
tempted, checking her phone to be sure she hadn’t missed his arrival message.

“Ah, shit,” Rose groaned, rubbing at her face. “I want to, you know I do. I'm just so tired. We had
to shut down one of the entire wings of kennels last night due to the Parvo outbreak, so I've been
cleaning them all night. I'm beat. I'm sorry,” she frowned, wishing she had the physical and mental
energy to stay up longer. “My bed is calling me, though. Just make sure you shoot me a text if
you're going to stay out again tonight, okay? And use a condom!” she called as she disappeared into
her room.

Ben pulled up in front of the address Rey had texted him a little after 2:00. It was a nice little
neighborhood, homey and a good place to raise a family in, if the dozens of moms with strollers
walking down the sidewalks were any indication.

He parked on the curb, then pulled out his phone to let her know he was here. She'd been adamant
that she didn't want him to meet her friends yet, so he stayed in the car, fighting off every instinct
to get out and walk her back to it.

Hey, I'm out front. Got everything?

Be out in a moment!

You're late ;P

Fashionably late, thank you.

He typed back, a smirk pulling at his mouth as he remembered what his mother said about either
being early enough to help tomorrow or to be fashionably late. He'd have to ask Rey. Drumming
his fingers on the wheel again, he tapped along to the beat, nodding along when the music
switched from some classic rock to some modern pop music. Hey, some songs were catchy.

Rey did one last check to make sure she had what she needed, frowning slightly at the fact that she
had neglected to charge her phone save for the short amount of time she’d been in the shower. She
wondered if her portable charger had any battery in it, but then again she wasn’t anticipating
spending the night with him again. She couldn’t... right? You don’t just sleep with a guy once and
move in forever...even after he offers you the opportunity and you absolutely want to take it, right?

She tied the belt of her coat a notched too tight and winced, annoyed at how distracting her
thoughts were. She corrected her form and considered calling out a goodbye to Rose, but decided
against waking her friend up. It was rotten luck that she’d been called in on a Saturday, but at least
she was getting to sleep now.

Rey locked her house up and turned around, feeling a thrill chase through her to see Ben Solo
waiting at her curb. She couldn’t suppress her smile as she practically bounced across her lawn,
hastening to the passenger side. She let her happiness loose in a bubble of laughter at the music
“I didn’t take you for a pop fan?” Rey teased sweetly as she slid her seatbelt on.

Giving her a wide grin, he nodded, making a slight show of singing along to the lyrics before turning to her, “Hey, Katy Perry’s really onto something here.” He couldn't help but just stare at her for a moment, captivated by her beauty and the way his heart thundered every time he saw her. She really was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, and she was just as gorgeous in the daylight, with the way the sun kissed her golden skin and highlighted the dusting of freckles across her cheeks.

Wondering if it was too crass to start kissing her in front of her house, like a boy afraid his girlfriend's dad was going to come out and stop them, he smiled again. Ah, to hell with it. He leaned across the console, one hand cupping her face softly as he kissed her in greeting. It had only been a few hours, honestly, but it had felt like a lifetime had already flown by and he was able to breathe again with her there. Was it too early in the relationship to be developing codependency issues?

Settling back into his seat, he checked all of the mirrors before he pulled away from her house, heading to the mall she'd mentioned. Maybe he could get her to visit one of the other stores in there, as well. Part of him flashed over to the jewelry counters in one of the diamond stores, where he’d adorn her with tons of glamorous jewels, the best one being the rock attached to her ring finger.

Woah, where had that thought come from? Focus, Solo. You're just getting her a dress. She isn't ready for any of that yet.

Rey smiled as he drove, a silly, lovesick expression stuck on her face after he’d kissed her like that. He had such wonderful command of those gorgeous lips, as she knew first hand on several parts of her body. But she really loved kissing him. She could do it for hours, even if it didn’t lead to sex. Not that she wanted to forgo sex, of course. She was already feeling the familiar ache of wanting to lay with him again and had to chastise herself. Slow down, Rey, you’ve only just started dating him.

For someone who was so apprehensive about this whole adventure, Rey found herself giddy as he pulled up to the mall, parking right outside the aforementioned department store. She was near bouncing as she hopped out of the car, rushing around to his side to encourage him on. It had dawned on her that she’d missed out on all of this in high school, that she’d been too poor to afford going to any homecomings or proms, and she’d finally be getting to try on all of the sleek cocktail dresses and fluffy ballgowns she used to drool over. Even if she hated the idea of Ben spending anything more than $20 on her so early in their relationship, she was elated at the chance to feel like something beautiful.

Watching her bounce around like a puppy was perhaps the highlight of his day so far. She was so full of energy and life that it was contagious. He let her pull him along, laughing as they practically fell into the door, earning some dirty looks from some very snobbish employees. He ignored them, though, instead favoring to lean down and whisper at her, “Try on anything you want. Enjoy yourself.”

He still needed to do the final fitting of his tux, as well, so once she'd found something she loved--loved, not liked--he was going to drag her off to do that, too. All of that could wait, though. This was her moment, and he wanted her to have fun. Feeling like he'd just unleashed a child into a candy store without adult supervision, he just followed along behind her, watching her with what he knew was a certain look.
Rey flitted around the gowns, running her hands over the different luxurious materials, bouncing from color to color. She glanced back at Ben and thought about what would best suit him. She turned away from the bright colors and the pastels, knowing that they would be inappropriate for an evening event on the arm of someone already so dark. She did check out a few red ones, something inside of her insisting that it was his favorite color (besides the black she always saw him favoring). There was one in particular that looked absolutely stunning and fairly sexy with a slit up the leg, but she had a feeling that was also inappropriate for an event for a senator, especially when that senator was your boyfriend’s mother. Maybe for another time, she thought wistfully as she turned away from it.

She gingerly pulled gowns off their racks, loading them into her tiny arms. She made sure to look at every design, not wanting to miss a single thing. A sales associate approached to help remove her of her burden, Rey’s excitement catching through her as she explained what she was shopping for. The woman flew off in a flurry to match Rey’s own and she began pulling gown after gown, throwing a knowing look over Rey’s shoulder at Ben when she noticed the barely concealed hickey. The woman insisted that she’d help Rey find the perfect thing before whisking away the dresses and then the girl to a fitting room, urging Rey to let her take care of everything.

“Are you coming, Ben?” Rey asked as she followed the associate. When she looked back at him, she saw a twinkle in his eyes and it made her heart leap to her throat. How could a man that large look so sweet and tender?

“I’ll sit in the waiting area back there and you can come model for me,” he said, following along behind her. They were lead to a large room with several platforms on it, much like a wedding dress fitting area. There were chairs scattered against one wall, leaving room for her to walk out and get a good feel for how it fit her when she moved. He took up his spot, leaning back and placing his hands behind his head as he waited.

“Oh, alright,” Rey agreed before slipping into the room. She looked at the wide array of gowns, trying to decide which to try on first. She took a note of the most simple one and decided that was the easiest to behind with.

Rey slipped off her dress and slipped on the gown. It was a simple black Zac Posen gown, short cap sleeves with a sweetheart neckline, a sleek and plain silhouette that led to a gentle flowing skirt. Sleek and simple, understated and classy. She stepped out of the fitting room, offering her back to Ben first.

“Can you help with the last bit here? I can't quite reach,” she asked.

Sweeping his eyes over the gown, he pursed his lips in thought. She was beautiful, of course. Standing, he walked behind her, once more aware of their size difference. He had to bend over quite far to reach the zipper, slowly sliding it up, fingers barely brushing the nape of her neck when he was done. He stepped back and crossed his arms, bringing one fist up to his mouth as he took her in. Raising a finger, he motioned for her to circle slowly. “Do you like it?”

Rey shrugged. “It’s pretty, but I don't know if it’s nice enough? I'm not exactly sure what I am looking for, I guess. Do you like it?” she ran her hands over her hips and cocked her head at her reflection. She looked adult, at least.

“I do like it, a lot,” he admitted. It hugged her hips and rear perfectly, giving a nice curve to both areas. “The neckline is beautiful, too. Let’s try something else, though and maybe keep this one in mind.” He unzipped the back for her, giving her an encouraging smile as he went back to waiting, standing rather than sitting since he had the feeling he'd be helping with the backs on all of them.
Rey slipped off the black dress and grabbed for a white one. It was a bit more elegant than the first, a long sleeved white column dress by Robert Cavalli with a beaded keyhole cutout to expose what little cleavage she had, beaded cutouts at the back dipping around to reveal some of her waist as well. The lower back of this dress allowed her to zip it on her own, so she stepped out ready to go.

“How about this?” she asked, giving a quick twirl.

This one made him cringe internally. It wasn't that she wasn't stunning or anything, because she was. The dress itself just wasn't one that worked for the occasion or for him, personally. “No, not that one. The sleeves are too much, I think.” He ran a hand through his hair, tilting his head as he gave it a second look just to make sure. “Yeah, not that one. Next?”

Rey sighed, wishing she had something to go off of. She tried on a few more dresses in varying lengths and colors, Ben dissuading her from anything short (even if the look in his eyes as he swept them along her exposed legs said he liked them) and Rey wrinkled her nose at anything that too overly embellished (who put feathers on a dress?). There was a beaded pale pink one that Ben had liked a lot, and Rey had, too, until she realized the skirt was nearly see through. There was a breathtaking white and black gown, full tulle skirt with a sweeping train, but the extravagance of it terrified Rey and she didn't even show Ben that one. She felt too much like a little girl playing dress up. But maybe one day...one day.

“This is the last one, Ben,” Rey announced before she stepped out. “You’ll need to get the zipper again.”

Rey held the skirts in her hands as she stepped out and onto the dais, waiting patiently as Ben finished the zipper. It was a strapless gown of midnight blue by Monique Lhuillier, a tight bodice leading to a full ballgown skirt. Black sequin accents dripped down the gown, catching the lights of the fitting room like falling stars on the evening sky. It was...beautiful. Rey felt beautiful.

“Well?” she asked, throwing a nervous glance at him through the mirror.

From his place behind her, he met her eyes in the mirror, letting them slowly travel down the dress, taking in every detail. She was positively stunning, and he had a moment to see how blown out his pupils were as he looked back to her face. “Yes,” he breathed softly, placing his hands on her hips as he kept staring at the gown, lifting his eyes to hers again as he said, “This is the one.” He knew he was talking about more than just the dress, and idly, he wondered if she realized it, as well.

“You look...wow.” Please tell him she liked it, too.

“Really?” Rey gasped, eyes shining with excitement. “Ben, I didn't even look at the price tag. I have no idea how much it is. If it's too much, we can just get the first one.” She hated herself for getting so excited about a dress, but her adolescent sense of missing out was too strong and she wanted to cling to this dress like a lifeline.

“And how is the happy coup--oh! Wow, look at you! She’s a real stunner, Mr. Solo. I don't know how anyone is going to notice the senator when she’ll be the star of the show,” the saleswoman gushed as she peeked into the room.

To Rey, he said, “I don't care about the pricetag. This is the one.” Turning to the saleswoman, he nodded in agreement. “She is, isn't she? She could wear a trash bag and still make it look amazing.” He beamed with pride, his hand stroking lightly over her hip. Yes, this was definitely the perfect dress for the occasion. “Pick out some shoes, too,” he told Rey, kissing her cheek.

Rey rolled her eyes, pulling back the skirts to kick out her foot. “I have shoes, Ben. I am not going
to an event in shoes that aren't even broken in. That’s irresponsible.”

“Might I suggest some jewelry? We have a lovely diamond necklace that would really flatter that gown, and her slender neck,” the saleswoman chimed in with a smile.

Ben perked up at that, flashing a knowing look over at Rey. “Fine, no shoes. How about a necklace?”

Rey looked from the saleswoman to Ben and back again. She sighed, knowing in her heart of hearts that she was outnumbered here. “I guess it won’t hurt to look.”

“Excellent!” the saleswoman pulled a velvet box from behind her back, using a key to open it and show an array of pendants and necklaces. She pulled out the necklace, round diamonds set in white gold to rest gently around Rey’s neck, barely draping over her collarbones. “This is what I had in mind, but please, feel free to try them all. It’s three and a half carats, all F in color and very slightly included.”

Already drifting closer to the little box, Ben plucked one gently between his fingers and brought it back to Rey, stepping behind her as he lifted the necklace over her head and settled it against her neck. He fastened the clasp and looked at it in the mirror, moving subtly behind her to rearrange himself in his pants. He was enjoying doting on her entirely too much. “Well?” he asked, one hand settled on her lower back as he leaned around her to get a better look.

Rey gaped at the opulence around her neck, bringing a hand up to brush at the cool precious stones. “This isn’t...these aren’t real, are they?”

He tried to hide a smirk, but failed slightly. “Yes, they’re real. And you make them look even better.” He was seriously about to pull out his wallet and fork his credit card over right there, but he wanted to know what she thought before he did anything too rash.

“Ben, when in the world am I going to have the opportunity to wear any of this again? Are you sure it’s not too much? I don’t want to...I can't ask you spend this kind of money on me.”

“You aren't asking me to do anything, Rey. I want to,” he said seriously, trying to convey with his eyes how much this meant to him. “You never have to wear them again if you don't want to, but let me do it anyway? Please?”

Rey felt a smile light up her face. She couldn't deny him anything, even if that was him spending way, way, way too much money on her.

“Yes. I will,” Rey breathed quietly. She sucked in a breath to think of another time she'd be saying those words.

He was damn near giddy at her acceptance, kissing her soundly for a long moment before he went to go pay for her items while she changed out of them. It made his heart flutter to know that he could go out and buy these kinds of things for her, wanting to shower her with everything he could give her. It was more than just buying some fancy items for her, though. Not that he didn't enjoy that immensely, but it was knowing that he had the means to provide for her, to make himself worthy of her.

He tucked the receipt into his wallet before sticking it into his back pocket as he went to wait for her. When she finally emerged, the saleswoman brought out a large clothing bag for the gown to prevent it from getting dirty and a small box for the necklace. He took the gown when it was all wrapped up and smiled down at Rey, saying, “All right, I've got to get fitted for my tux. Did you
want to go to that, or? I mean, I can drop you off if you've made plans already…”

Rey brightened at those words. “And miss the chance to see my sexy boyfriend transform into a secret agent before my own eyes? Never!” She twined both of her arms around one of his, one hand trailing down to clasp with his. She then frowned up at him, hoping she wasn't misreading the situation. “Unless you didn't want me to come?”

(Of course I wanted you to come. I didn't want to make any assumptions, is all.” He ran his thumb up along her hand, smiling down at her, before leading them out of the store.

They walked past the food court area, and he glanced down at her before raising an eyebrow and jerking his head toward one of the many different food stalls. “Hungry?” It was one of his goals in life to make sure she was well-fed, never wanting for anything.

Rey let out a laugh. “One thing you should probably learn now is that the answer to that question is never no.” She glanced at all of the choices, weighing being ladylike and getting a salad over being her true self and getting way too much Chinese food. Well, she had just admitted she was always hungry, and he had heard her mouth-gasm over pizza last night...so she supposed being ladylike was sort of out the window.

Laughing, he wrapped his arms around her waist and lead her towards the little mini-restaurants. “I’ll keep that in mind. Pick whatever you want,” he said, handing her his credit card. “I’ll be right back, need to run to the bathroom,” he explained quickly, handing her the dress before slipping away from her to where there was a sign labeled restrooms.

Rey rolled her eyes as he handed her his card, slipping it into her back pocket before pulling out her own from her bag. She could buy her own overpriced food court Chinese food. Especially after he spent so much on everything else. She was grateful he spared her to mortification of hearing the total at the register.

She wished she knew what kind of food he liked and remembered his penchant for noodles, so she ordered him some lo mein and hoped he liked it. Grabbing a bottle of green tea for her and a water for him (she would have to find out his drink preferences) she settled at a table. She set his card next to her plate, determined not to lose track of the black piece of plastic, draping her heavy dress over the chair next to her. She sat patiently, resisting the temptation to dig in to her food before he arrived. She hoped he would easily spot her when he came back.

Coming back out, he sat down across from her, smiling at the lo mein she'd ordered for him. “This is one of my favorite foods,” he commented, sliding his card back into his wallet. He wasn't stupid; he had his credit card set up to send a text for every transaction, so he knew she'd used her own. He didn't mention it, though. He had just spent about twenty grand on her--the least he could do was let her buy lunch if she really wanted to.

He dug into his food, trying his best not to slurp the noodles like he really wanted to. They were damn good, nearly this side of too salty.

“So, you know all about my horrid, sordid past. Tell me something about yours? What was it like being a senator's son with a side of lawless rogue for a father?” Rey asked as she speared some orange chicken in her plastic fork.

Caught off guard by her question, he dropped his fork. Cursing, he picked it back up and wiped it off with a napkin, his mouth set in a tight line as he worked. “Lonely,” he finally replied, looking down at his plate before twirling more noodles onto the utensil. “Things may seem okay with my mom now, but when I was a kid, she was never around. Dad couldn't really connect with me at all,
and then they'd fight and he'd leave for months at a time. He'd come around after a while and everything would be fine, but then the cycle would repeat itself.” He shrugged, “I was left alone a lot. Never really got a chance to socialize with other kids.”

Rey reached across the table and grabbed one of his hands, so massive, especially as she curled her own around it. She had always thought that having parents would make things easier, but it appeared that having them and them actually being there were two separate ideas. “You’re not alone, Ben.”

Looking up at her, he hoped his eyes didn't show how close he'd been to crying. He never cried, and he'd hate for her to see him so vulnerable; at least in a public setting like this. Twisting his hand on hers, he laced their fingers together and gave a small smile, “Neither are you.”

It felt good to say it, to admit they were both two lonely individuals looking for their place in life. Maybe they'd find it in each other. Turning back to his noodles, he finished quickly, then looked around the food court. There were a few couples hunched close together, sharing their food. Others were studiously making out in the corner. He raised his eyebrows, but didn't say anything as he waited for Rey to finish.

There it was, the perfect opportunity for Rey to finally blurt out that she loved him. And she let it pass. She finished off her orange chicken and rice, taking a generous sip of her green tea to wash down the sticky food. Waiting wasn’t so bad. At least she got to enjoy Ben and his company all the while.

“Do you have any other plans today?” Rey asked as she got up to throw away their trash.

Getting up to help her with the trash, he stepped behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist as he leaned down to press his mouth against her ear, “Well, after we’re done here...I'm going to take you back to my place and fuck you on my kitchen counter.”

Smiling deviously, he let her go like nothing had happened and went to go pick up her dress from their table, slinging it casually over one shoulder.

Rey stood there, mouth agape as her stupid boyfriend left her speechless. She clenched her thighs, heart beginning to pound. Great, now she was going to have a hard time focusing the rest of the afternoon. She glared up at him as she scampered to catch up, holding tight to the little bag that held her diamond necklace. He was radiating smugness and she was going to have to make him pay. Later.

Taking her hand, he lead her along through the stores until he found the one he'd be doing the fitting in. They walked in, almost immediately assaulted by a salesman with a tape measure around his neck.

"Ah, yes. You must be Mr. Solo. We've been expecting you. Right this way," the short man said, gesturing to the back of the store.

Rey smirked. Maybe she would make him pay...now. She plastered on a sweet smile, following behind the men as Ben was led through the overly fancy store. She just needed to find the right time and she'd have her revenge.

The man brought them to the dressing rooms, leaving them for a moment as he browsed through a rack outside the doors. He found a bag that’d been hanging up with a little tag attached to it, and he brought it over to Ben, handing it to him. “We’ll just need you to do a final fitting to make sure everything sits where it should. You're...much broader than our usual clientele, so if you would,
just go try it on and come out.”

Taking the bag, he handed Rey’s dress over to her. “There are some chairs here if you want to wait. I’ll just be a few minutes.”

He disappeared into a door, clicking it shut softly behind him and set out getting the suit out of the bag before he undressed, hanging his old clothes up to wait until he was done.

Another customer came in, an exasperated mother with two sons who were in a wedding next weekend and Rey watched as the associate was caught up in her angry flurry, the other two associates rushing over to help calm her down and attempting to reign the teen boys in. Rey smirked. This was too perfect.

Double checking for cameras, Rey set her dress and purse on the chair and tiptoed to Ben’s fitting room door. She listened to the sounds, hearing him remove him shoes and the click of his belt. She waited a moment after that, trying to time it perfectly. She counted in her head, down from five, and then quietly opened the door and slipped inside.

His back to the door, he stepped out of his pants and slung them over the chair in the fitting room. Turning to grab the first item to put on, he startled when he saw Rey, thinking she was someone else until it registered that it was okay for her to be here. His eyes had gone wide eyes and he’d stepped forward automatically, hands curling into fists.

Instantly stopping, he blinked for a moment. “Well, hey there,” he finally said, his cheeks flushing a slight pink. “Have you come to help me?” he asked innocently, turning around to stare at himself in the mirror. Under this lighting, rather than his home shower’s, it was easier to see the numerous scars that traced over his body, raising in some places like welts, while others were smooth and silvery. He wasn't ashamed of them at all, but he didn't want Rey’s pity, just the same way she didn't want his.

He sighed and plucked the white dress shirt from the outfit, undoing the buttons on it before he could put it on.

Rey took in the sight of his naked torso under the harsh fitting room lights, her heart first aching and then lighting with a fire of fury to wonder who had hurt him so much. It seemed odd that a son of privilege was still as marked up as one of poverty would be and she wondered how many years he used fighting with others to let out his rage towards his parents.

“I heard these things are complicated. A lot of parts and all. Figured I could help,” Rey murmured lowly, stepping forward to kiss him. She kissed his chest, lips gliding over ever scar and every lovely beauty mark, paying homage to the stories his skin told. “You're so beautiful, Ben,” she whispered against a scar at his side, sinking slowly to her knees on her descent.

She looked up at him, hoping he knew how much she desired him, she loved him. She slid down his boxers to the tops of his thighs, giving a soft gasp to behold him even at this lower level of arousal. She had to wonder how he fit inside of her, his length and girth were impressive.

“And here I thought someone wanted to wait until we got home,” she purred at him. She hoped he didn't think she was too presumptuous for referring to his home like that, as if she also lived there. He had offered, after all.

She worked him with her hand, only needing to pump for a moment until he was hard enough for her to slide her mouth down. She licked and sucked him, feeling him harden even more in her mouth. It gave her a rush of power, pleased she could affect him so, and she began to move in
earnest.

“My plan from earlier...still stands,” he panted softly, trying to keep somewhat quiet in the fitting room. Didn't need anyone to hear them and then get kicked out for being indecent (he really did need that suit). His head fell back, one hand seeking out her hair, stroking it absently as she sucked him.

One particular slide of her tongue against him made his hand on her freeze, his breath catching in his throat. It was trying to work its way out of him in a loud moan, but they couldn't let that happen, not here. It was an unspoken game they were playing now, one that was very cruel indeed. She already knew exactly where and how he liked being touched, and when he opened his eyes and tilted his head back down to look at her, he tried to read the emotion that danced in her eyes. She was so ethereal, looking like a goddess as she worked her mouth and hand over him. One particular twist of her tongue against his tip had his sucking in a sharp breath, whispering softly under his breath, “Shit, that feels…” It broke off with a groan, his hips moving toward slightly, trying to get more.

“I wanna make you feel so good, baby. Will you come for me? Will you come down in my pretty mouth and make me swallow it all? Will you make me talk to the sales associates with the taste of your come in my mouth?” Rey rasped, allowing her jaw a temporary break as she slid her hand up and down the full length of him, giving a twist of her wrist at each ascent and descent.

Her eyes up bore into his, drunk on the blissed out expression on his face. She loved the way his lips were parted, the soft pants coming from between them while his pupils were blown so wide his eyes were positively black. She’d imagined doing this for years, how had she gotten so lucky to make that fantasy a reality?

His mouth fell open, a groan coming from deep in his chest as he nodded at her words. “Yeah,” he gasped softly. “I want you to swallow it all--don’t let anything spill. If you do, I'll punish you.” Fuck, her hand felt so good. It had been a struggle to speak even that much, but he loved her idea, loved the thought of her talking to someone else with his taste still coating her tongue. He fist ed a hand into her hair, pulling so that he could see her face better. She was so pretty on her knees, her hazel eyes glowing. Wisps of hair fell around her face, and he had to fight the urge to brush them back. “I mean it. Not a drop.”

He pulled her back down onto his cock, sliding past her gorgeous lips with ease. He had a moment to wonder if she could take him all the way down her throat, but he didn't want to gag her.

Rey sucked him greedily, loving how he filled her mouth so completely. She clenched her thumb in her fist, willing her gag reflex to relax as she did her best to swallow him down completely. She worked with patience, undulating her tongue along him as she swallowed him millimeter by millimeter, getting so close to burying her nose in the nearly trimmed curls at the base of him. She got as much as she could, just barely leaving half an inch unenveloped, and started back at bobbing her head, slowly building her tempo as she got comfortable with the intrusion inside of her. Once her pace was set, she went at it with all the determination possible to get him to completion.

“Mr. Solo, how are things in there?” the associate asked from outside the door, sounding harried from his exasperated mother. “It would appear that your...wife,” he sounded uncertain, “has departed briefly. Would you like us to hold her things behind the counter?”

He could have killed someone for interrupting them, and he hissed as Rey’s mouth kept moving up and down along him, never stopping even as they were in danger of being caught. Cheeky little Kitten. He took a second to try and compose his voice, looking down into Rey’s eyes as he spoke, “Yeah--yes. Hold onto them. I'm sure my wife will be right back. She had some things to take care
of for me.”

Rey purred, her throat vibrating around the thickness filling it. She was glad her mouth was too full, she would have said something about Ben calling her his wife. God, she only wished. And she liked his comment about her taking care of something for him. She would take care of this for the rest of her life. She wanted to take care of him forever.

“Very good, Mr. Solo. I will be back in a moment to check your fit,” the associate said.

Shit, he’d be coming back in no time. Ben shut his eyes around the vibration coming from her throat, pulling back and pushing forward again, loving the feeling of her wrapped around him. It was nearly as good as being buried elsewhere in her.

Her steady pace combined with the need to come before the salesman got back had his cock twitching, already threatening to spill into her mouth. He kept his hand in her hair, moving it in time with her head bobs. Admittedly, now that the thought was in his head, he couldn't keep from voicing it out loud to her, keeping his tone low, “I'm so close, gonna come in my wife’s pretty mouth.”

Welp, that was all Rey needed. She was so glad she chose to wear a dress today, it was only too easy to dive a hand between her legs and shove aside her underwear. She dipped two fingers inside of her dripping cunt, gathering up the viscous liquid for an easier glide over her throbbing clit, pumping at him with her other hand. She licked up and down his length, managing to get out, “Give me your come, baby. I want my husband’s come all down my fucking throat.”

They were really fucking doing this, his brain screamed at him. They were really calling each other husband and wife; maybe he could convince Rey to keep up the charade once they were done. If you were already in a relationship with someone but kept calling them something they weren't, was that still a fake relationship?

Choking on holding a moan back, he thrusted forward into her mouth, painting the insides of her throat with his spend. It was semi-funny to him how quickly he responded to her commands, how she seemed to be the only able to boss him around (aside from his mother, which he didn't really want to think about right now).

He could see her hand moving quickly beneath her dress, and he dropped to his knees, reaching down to help get her off as quickly as possible before they were interrupted again. He still had to get his suit on, too. He pressed his mouth against her neck, sucking on the already bruised flesh as he thrusted his fingers up inside her, pumping quickly. Apparently the idea of them being married did things for her as well, even if it was just in the heat of the moment, and he ran with it, whispering against her ear, “You're going to be so fucking sore on our wedding night when I'm done with you. I promise.”

Rey’s moan was perhaps a bit too loud, a throaty sound that escaped from her lips the moment she felt his thick fingers penetrate her, his come was still sliding down her throat, thick and delicious. God, this was the hottest thing she’d ever done. How was every sexual experience with Ben the best? Wasn’t he capable of being a miserable lay ever once. He even fingered her like a god, not to mention the way he ate her out. And this was definitely not the type of dirty talk she was used to, but fuck if it wasn’t exactly what she wanted to hear. Needed to hear. She could get used to this.

She knew she should be embarrassed by how close she already was to coming, but she had gotten so worked out while she was blowing him, and the combination of his fingers pumping into her while she rubbed at her clit making her orgasm escalate at a shocking pace. She was able to mutter something along the lines of being so close as she panted into the crook of his neck, coherent
words leaving her. She was barely conscious of the rough carpet beneath her knees, of the sounds of everyday life happening just on the outside of the door. Somewhere her brain supplied the fact that if she came on his fingers, she’d have to actually help him get dressed so he wouldn’t risk ruining the suit before he even bought it.

He crooked his fingers within her, stroking her in a come hither motion he knew she enjoyed. “Do it, Rey,” he encouraged, kissing her temple. If he strained his ears, he could hear the sounds of footsteps approaching. Fuuuuuck, they were running out of time. Shifting his body, he managed to keep fingering her as he pushed his shoed feet against the door, preventing it from being opened until they were damn good and ready. “Hurry, sweetheart,” he coaxed, leaning forward to push his mouth roughly against hers, sliding his tongue in to dance with hers and swallow any sounds she made.

The sassy and independent part of Rey wanted to argue with him, tell him that she would come when she was good and ready, but fuck if she wasn’t good and ready right now. She moaned into his mouth, trying as hard as she could to keep herself quiet. She wanted to scream out for him like she had every other time, she wanted the world to know what was happening in that fitting room. Again, however, the rational part of her brain reminded her that what they were doing was a crime and she should probably just come already so that she could help him get dressed and they could attempt to sell this charade.

Her orgasm caught her almost entirely off guard, crashing down on her so hard that she had to bring her hand up to hold his head, keeping his lips sealed on hers so that there was at least a remote chance that no one would hear. She shuddered against him, mewling as she laid her head on his chest while she came down from it.

Feeling utterly content to just lay there and bask in their combined orgasms, he stroked her hair softly, hugging her against him with his free arm.

There was a knock on the door, and a voice on the other side that sounded like he was completely oblivious to what had just happened. “Mr. Solo? Are you ready yet? It’s been quite a while.”

He called back some answer about being fine--he really wasn’t paying attention, to be honest--and smirked as the smaller man made himself scarce with a grumble under his breath.

To Rey, he said, “I guess I should probably put the damned thing on, huh?”

Rey laughed. “I think I have some hand sanitizer in my purse? Although I have no idea how I’m going to get that back now that he has my purse.”

He thought for a long moment before finally chuckling as he said, “Just...use the inside of my old pants or something.” Stains wouldn’t show if they were wiped on the inside. He, however, had a better idea for his own fingers. He slipped each one into his mouth and sucked the remainder of her juices off, winking at her as he removed them with a pop.

Finally standing, he pulled his boxers back up, having been too lost in the moment to realize they were still settled around his thighs. Oops.

He reached for the suit, carefully unbuttoning the front as he slid the inner pieces out to examine and put on. It even came with a tie designed specifically for this occasion, which he was rather delighted by. He’d be saving that for later uses.

As he buttoned up the white shirt, he looked to Rey in the mirror, raising an eyebrow at her, “Are you okay?” Something about her (or maybe it was just him seeing things) looked off.
What kind of a question was that? How did she even begin to respond? She had just gotten off to the fantasy that she was Ben Solo’s new wife. Last night, she got off to the idea that she was pregnant with his kid. Yesterday...yesterday she’d woken up to her usual everyday, thinking she would go to work, come home, read some fanfiction, make generous use of her vibrator, and maybe watch a movie with Finn and Rose.

“T’m--fine. How about you?” Rey finally said.

Hearing the hitch in her voice, he turned around fully, stepping closer with a frown on his face. “I’m great. But I don't believe you. Did I do something wrong?” Fuck, way to go, Solo. Turning out just like your father.

Rey rolled her eyes. “You’re perfect, Ben. I just think too much.” She placed her hands gingerly on his chest and pushed up on her tiptoes, kissing him quickly on the mouth. “I’m going to go back out there. Best not raise suspicion.”

Chapter End Notes

SIDE NOTE: DO NOT FUCK IN DRESSING ROOMS!!! It's illegal and...ya'll...we know you're doing it. So...don't <3

Links to Rey's dresses!!
The first one
The white one
The see-thru one
The dress she picks
The necklace...but with better stones, lol
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Oh, look! Another update! Enjoy~

Rey looked exited the dressing room, moving slowly so she could be as quiet as possible. She slipped out onto the main floor, making a quick lap, careful to avoid detection from any of the sales associates. They were all still so focused on that poor unfortunate mother, they barely noticed her walking out of the store and then back in. By the time she was halfway through the store, their sales associate blinked at her in surprise.

“Oh! Mrs. Solo! I took the liberty of taking your things behind the cash wrap for safety. Your husband said that you’d left to take care of some things for him?” he asked. He could have sworn he heard something suspicious coming from the senator’s sons room, but seeing as his wife was right in front of him...well, he must have been wrong.

“Thank you so much! Is my husband done yet?” Rey asked, smiling sweetly. God she loved saying that word.

“Oh, I, uh, do believe so?” the associate replied, rushing out to hand her her things before accompanying her back to the fitting rooms.

“Ben, darling? I’m back,” Rey cooed sweetly.

He'd just finished putting on the last piece of the tux and was currently adjusting the cuffs to make sure they fit well. He took one long look at himself in the mirror, barely seeing himself. There was a man there looking entirely too happy to be him, dressed in a two-button jacket, trouser pants, and a matching tie that dipped down to rest against his chest. He rolled his shoulders to make everything sit right and ran a hand nervously through his hair, only stopping when he heard Rey approach. God, she'd been gone for all of two minutes and he had already started to fall apart.

Opening the fitting room door, he stepped out, giving her a tender smile when he saw her. “Hey, honey.” It was soft, almost shy when he said it, and he bent down low to kiss her cheek, straightening before his outfit touched anything it shouldn't. “Get everything done?”

Rey’s heart fluttered. He looked so sexy in his suit, it was unfair. And the way he looked at her, that look in his eyes...she was buying into their little marriage charade almost too much. She wanted be his wife so badly. Would he think she was insane if she tried to steer him towards a jewelry store on their way out? If she maybe wanted to look at engagement rings?

“Yes, I did, dearest,” Rey replied. “You look amazing, sweetie. This suit fits you so well. Almost as great as your wedding tuxedo did.”

He smirked, doing a slight flourish as he spun in place, looking down at himself again. “Almost, hmm? Well, I mean, maybe I've gained a little weight.” Everything seemed to be perfect with the clothing. He'd just have them rebag it and then they could be on their way.

“You know you're going to steal everyone’s attention tomorrow, right?” He asked as he took her
hand, bringing it up to his mouth to kiss her fingers softly. She still tasted like herself and he had to visibly try to restrain his smile against her skin as his tongue darted out to lick lightly.

Rey smirked, knowing he could taste her on her fingers. She half considered shoving one inside of his mouth, but the sales associate was right next to her and it would look pretty suspicious.

“How can anyone look at me when you’re going to be looking like that?” Rey giggled. She stood on her tiptoes and placed a sweet kiss on his cheek, trailing a hand down the front of the suit to pat at his stomach. “And hey, baby, you can get that eight pack in tight shape again. I’ll help you.”

“Promise?” He laughed, wiggling his eyebrows at her, scooping one arm around her waist as he tugged her close, purposely leaving sloppy kisses all over her face.

The click of a camera shutter made him freeze, the happy smile being leached from his face as he turned toward the sound. There, with the measuring tape still around his neck, was the salesman, literally taking a picture on his phone.

Ben straightened instantly, going rigid as he glowered. The other man quickly tucked his phone back into his pocket, mumbling some half-assed sorry as he scuttled off.

He pinched the bridge of his nose in between his thumb and forefinger, inhaling deeply to prevent throwing the man into the nearest wall.

“Wow. I didn’t even think that actually happened,” Rey gasped. “You don’t think he’s going to do anything, do you? If our bosses find out before we get the chance to say anything…”

“Shit,” he hissed, groaning. “All right, give me a minute. Stay here, please?” He touched her elbow once as he stormed off after the man, immediately planning to confiscate the phone and delete any and all photos of himself or Rey. Actually…an employee had just taken a photo of customers against their will in the fitting room area of the store. That was definitely illegal.

He found the man and spun him around by his collar quickly, snarling something about him giving the phone over. “Is this the only one?” he barked, staring at the photo, seeing how happy they looked in it. Damn, was this how they always looked around each other? Rey’s eyes were twinkling brightly, her face screwed up with laughter as he rained kisses on her cheek. Ben still had a smile plastered on his own face, looking at Rey like she was the greatest thing in the world. And she was.

He was half tempted to send a copy of the picture to his own phone, but he was also torn between just deleting it, as well. Fuck it. He sent a picture message, hearing the beep of his phone back in the dressing room with his casual clothes. Once it was sent, he deleted the text and the gallery photo, dropping the other man’s phone very unceremoniously onto the ground, then stomping on it with his dress shoe.

Rey was torn between feeling bad that Ben had broken that man’s phone, with no doubt countless priceless photos on it, maybe even videos of any kids he might have…but she was also glad. She didn’t like feeling like they were being made a spectacle of, especially when they were doing something so simple as shopping. She would be fine with photos tomorrow, knowing she would be speaking to her bosses first thing Monday morning (she had decided an email was a bit too impersonal), but the chance of them seeing anything between today and Monday…it wouldn’t be good. Rey decided to focus on the rush of happiness she felt when Ben ran off to defend them, rather than the misfortune of a person who should have known better.

Turning on his heel, he shook his head as he stalked back over to her, taking her hand as he led her
back into the dressing room. “Sorry about that,” he muttered, already stripping the tux off. Right now he just wanted to get out of these clothes, and go home. They'd be stared at enough tomorrow. Just let them have one day out in public together alone. He bagged up the suit, taking it and her dress as he draped them both over his arm, bringing them up to the counter.

Everyone was fairly scarce now, only one person working the counter as he paid, ignoring any attempt at conversation.

Rey held his hand firmly, fingers laced together so she could send him her strength. She thought about the lonely little boy he had said he was, thought about all of those news article he had pulled up on his phone last night. She wondered what it must have been like, to be so lonely and yet so sought out. She wondered how he had grown to be so...normal? No, that wasn’t the quite the right word. Perhaps, well-adjusted? Maybe. He wasn’t the ‘potential workplace shooter’ that everyone at work always whispered about behind the thin walls of their cubicles. He was everything: strong, sexy, intelligent, hilarious, giving, nurturing, understanding, forgiving...everything she could possibly ever want from a husband or a lover. She could only hope she could be enough for him.

Sighing as they left, he squeezed her hand, already feeling a bit better with her touch. “Anywhere in particular you'd like to go?” They passed several stores on the way out, though one caught his eye. A jewelry store with dazzling displays of diamonds scattered around their glass cases. He tilted his head at her, then pointedly glanced at the store. “Did you...want to look?” Suddenly feeling sheepish again, he shrugged, looking away as he bit his lip. “Or not. It’s stupid. Forget I said anything.”

Rey blushed. “Oh! Um.” She pondered what to say, wondering if he would think her spoiled for wanting to look at diamonds twice today. Not that she had wanted to look at the diamonds in the department store, of course, but she didn’t really put it past Ben to not buy her anything she even as much as blinked at in a jewelry store. Maybe even an engagement ring? No, no! Slow down, Rey! He would buy it for her without it even meaning what she wanted it to, just happy to buy her more diamonds. She couldn't deal with that.

Another store caught her eyes. Lingerie. The pretty, lacy kind that cost way too much money for how little time it spent on the body. There was no way she was going to let him buy her that, although it was only because that would spoil the surprise of it. She made a mental note to return tomorrow morning with Rose to come pick out something to wear beneath her new gown.

Realizing she had been silent perhaps a bit too long, she brought Ben’s hand up to her lips and pressed a gentle kiss to it, rubbing her cheek against it for a moment before she dropped their hands.

“I think I’m ready to go home,” Rey decided.

“Okay,” he nodded, his chest feeling tight, like he couldn't breathe correctly. He was rushing things, and he knew it. God damn it, he just needed to stop. Just enjoy one day at a time and stop trying to take more than she was willing to give right now.

He looked down at his feet as he walked, finally making it back to their car. Opening the rear door, he hung up their garments on either side, then got the front passenger for her, too. He was so close to saying it, to just letting everything spill out when it didn't need to. Yet, she had carefully avoided his question about the jewelry store, and it had hurt him for reasons beyond those he could explain. And so, he carried himself around to the driver's side, slid in, and started the car without saying anything, letting his mind wander as he started to drive, not even realizing he was headed to the more upscale apartment clear across the other side of town, rather than his quaint little thing behind them.
Rey watched in rapt fascination as they left behind the mall and headed towards the part of town she barely ever saw, far too rich for her blood. There were craft breweries and stores that only sold fixie’s, a trust-fund hipster’s paradise. She was too distracted to feel like making conversation, although she knew that was an excuse, that she’d been almost overreacting to the sights to avoid what they probably should discuss. They had gone too easily with the marriage fantasy, which was beginning to worry Rey.

Was it just a game to Ben? After all, his parents marriage hadn’t sounded too happy, so she could only wonder what he thought of the institution. But he had seemed so reverent when he’d called her his wife...but she had to admit that perhaps she was just seeing what she wanted to see. She had just blown him, after all. Most men tended to look at you like you were some mystical creature after that, as if they forgot that their bodies reacted to such a stimulus with or without her mouth.

She did notice the way he seemed to be upset that she’d declined the jewelry store, but how did she explain her reasoning to him? Hadn’t she been good and allowed him to lavish her with two very expensive presents? Why couldn’t he see that she already knew that he had no sense of self control when it came to spending money on her and that she wanted to avoid an awkward conversation. Kind of like what she was doing right now...

The stores on either side of them flashed by quickly, and every so often and Ben’s head would follow one as they passed by. “I used to eat there,” he said quietly, pointing at a little taco stand that looked extremely out of place amongst the chic restaurants that adorned the sidewalks. The parking garage loomed over them, and he fished inside the center console for a minute, accidentally bumping into Rey as he dug for the yearly pass he kept there.

“Sorry,” he said quickly, snatching his hand back. Finally reaching forward, he grabbed the piece of plastic, then leaned out of the window and swiped it over the little access pad. The light turned green and the arm lifted to allow them access. He followed the twists and turns of the passage inside the garage all the way up to the very top, where he parked in one single spot set in between many very sleek, very expensive cars. There was a Camaro, a Corvette, an old restored Mustang, and then several luxury cars like a Lamborghini, Aston Martin, McLaren, and more.

He got out, hands shoved deep in his pockets as he waited for her, glancing around. Part of him was nervous, part of him was petty. He didn't take rejection well, and he knew it. Maybe it was something dumb to be upset about, or maybe he'd been reading too far into their little game from earlier, thinking she felt something the way he did.

Leading her over to the elevator, he punched button that would take them to the top floor of the attached building. The elevator ride itself was awkward. Probably the most awkward moment either of them had experienced with each other in any capacity.

Finally, the doors pinged and opened, revealing his penthouse suite. He stepped inside, vaguely gesturing for her to follow as he immediately made his way over to the thermostat above the couch, turning the heat on. The furniture itself was very tasteful, all done in black, with a very modern, almost futuristic feel to them. There were no pictures on the walls, nothing that showed any sense of personalization in the space. It was really pretty, and the view was to die for, but it still reminded him of a cage.

Rey looked around the apartment in amazement, unable to believe that anyone could live like this. It was too pretty, far too perfect for a real human to inhabit. It looked like the type of apartments you saw on TV shows, perfectly cultivated to tell the story of a character without needing to worry about the functionality of it.

“This is...wow,” Rey breathed. She made her way over to the wall of windows, staring out at the
city spread around them. It was nearly sunset and everything was cast in the last attempts at a warm glow, existing in that dreamlike twilight state. “Wow, Ben. How could you ever leave here?”

She winced a moment afterwards, hoping she hadn’t been insulting. “I mean...um...no, what I meant was--”

He moved to stand beside her, gazing down at the city below. “It isn't home,” he answered quietly, cutting her off. *It could be, though.* He really just needed to stop thinking now. He glanced at her, then, taking in the way the setting sun hit her eyes just right, making them glow from within like she held the sun behind the hazel.

Rey looked up at him, concern crossing her features as she beheld his gaze. “Hey. Are you alright?”

He swallowed, his jaw working in a half attempt to clench. “No,” he told her honestly, turning back to the window. “I think too much, feel too much. I guess it comes from being left alone with my thoughts as a kid. I find something I really like--in this case, you--and I cling to it. I go way overboard. You don't want someone to smother you, and I'm realizing that's exactly what I'm doing. It'll just end up...pushing you away.”

“Ben, you could never, *never* push me away,” Rey said fiercely. She grabbed his chin gently, turning his face towards her as she used all her courage to whisper, “Don’t worry. I feel it, too.” She hoped he would accept that, hoped he wouldn’t push the issue any further. He said he had feelings, he said he liked he a lot. But that *didn’t* mean he loved her. But this was good, this was a nice medium. It was honesty and transparency and maybe the right amount of emotional intimacy for so early in their relationship.

It sounded like he was just going to have to settle for saying about half of how he really felt, not until she was ready to hear it. He looked down into her face for a heartbeat that lasted an eternity, searching her eyes. Slowly, he nodded, his hands coming up to rest against her waist as he took a step forward. “You're entirely too good for me.”

Before she had a chance to answer, he bent down low, pressing her flush against his chest as he ghosted his mouth across hers, taking his time to explore every part of her lips before delving inside, lightly caressing across her body as he deepened their kiss further, going slow, savoring the moment.

Rey moaned softly into his kiss, molding her body against his. This was a different sort of kiss than any they had shared so far, something soft and slow and sweet. It spoke of adoration, of intimacy and familiarity. It had passion without being overpowering, a slow building type that ended up erupting the sweetest at the end. She knew she would have to keep the fiery passion inside of her properly expelled, determine not to ruin this in a rush to get to something a bit more...naked. This was beautiful, this was peaceful…

*This* was home.

Rey’s arms came up to wrap around his shoulders, still having to press up onto her toes to kiss him properly. She moved her mouth along with his, her tongue slowly caressing his, softly licking at every crevice inside of him. She moaned again, the sound near to a whimper of need. The fire in her belly was set to simmer, a little more kindling thrown on with every brush of his lips, every gentle swipe of his tongue.

His fingers kneaded the soft skin of her waist through her clothing, just admiring the feeling of her beneath his hands—so small. But not fragile, never anything less than the strong woman she was.
His skin was buzzing everywhere they touched, slowly lighting his nerves on fire. He felt drunk, light-headed and dazed, but also calm and comforted, like he'd come home after a rough day and collapsed against her with a heavy sigh.

Wrapping one arm tightly around her waist, he lifted his free hand to grasp her chin, sliding to cup her cheek and bury his fingers into her gorgeous waves. He ached to take this slow, rather than to just fuck her as he had over the past twenty-four hours. He wanted to spend time learning about each little freckle along her body, wanted to memorize their exact location and shape, the taste of them on his tongue as he sampled her.

He made a soft noise, something like a begging plea as he pulled away for air, staring into her eyes as he began to slowly work her sweater up her body, fingers lightly caressing across the smooth skin of her stomach as he lifted. As every precious bare inch of skin was revealed to him, he let his gaze linger, simply content to watch and learn. Helping to pull the sweater off of her, he flung it onto the couch and fell to his knees before her, a knight bowing to his queen. Leaning forward, he ran his lips and tongue along her skin, starting just above the line of her underwear and moving upwards, feeling goosebumps rise under his mouth. His eyes drifted shut, lost in his own world of sensation as he breathed her in. She smelled like light, warm and homey, like sunflowers after a rare summer rain.

And her taste, don't even get him started on her fucking taste. He could kneel here all day, simply basking in this moment as he never wished for it to end. Moving his fingers lightly up her sides, he opened his eyes to watch the small, downy hairs part under his touch. His large hands slid slowly over her breasts, concealed by her bra. He didn't mind—that would come later. Very gently, he began to massage both soft mounds, his hands lifting enough over his head for it to look like he was giving her some sort of offering.

If anyone were to see them this high up in front of the window, he half wondered what it would look like, but it didn't really matter. Nothing else mattered except for this moment.

“Oh, Ben,” Rey sighed into his gentle caress. Her hands came up to thread through his luxurious hair, giving a gentle petting of her own doing. His lips were like heaven across her skin, and his gently kneading hands were applying the perfect amount of pleasure to be sensual, nothing hurried about his pace.

She moved her hands to his shoulders, giving a gentle tug on his shirt. “Please take this off,” she asked softly, eyes hooded as she gazed down into his. “I want to feel your skin against mine.”

Letting his arms drop, he unbuttoned the front of his shirt slowly, eyes flickering between hers and the front of his shirt to watch what he was doing. He slid it off of his shoulders, letting it pool on the ground before removing his undershirt as well, leaving him bare from the waist up.

He got to his feet, then, reaching up behind her for the clasp to her bra. Unhooking it, he stepped back and peeled it gently from her shoulders, sliding the straps down until it fell away from her body to join his clothing. He kept his eyes on her face as he stepped in again, returning his mouth to hers before he began to trail it along her jaw and to her neck and shoulders, going up and down an invisible path along her soft skin.

This time, her moan was louder, more insistent and encouraging. She was feeling drunk on their slow pace, her head swimming and her body feeling light as air. She should feel embarrassed, standing in his living room in front of a massive window in nothing but her underwear, but...but it made her feel more beautiful. As his tongue slid over one erect nipple, she whispered his name into the comfortable silence, sliding her hands through his hair and down his naked back.
He looked so beautiful bathed in the light of the setting sun. His pale skin glowed, his scars lined in a brilliant stripe of pink, highlighting his every moment. They proved he had overcome something, proved that nothing was stronger than he was. Nothing was going to take down Ben Solo and that pleased and thrilled her. He could protect her, as so many others had failed to do. And she would protect him. With every fiber of her being, Rey Niima was going to protect Ben Solo as long as she lived.

Flicking his tongue over her nipple, he rolled his eyes up to look at her, capturing her gaze as he let his teeth grazed over the pebbled bud. He took more into his mouth, his hand coming up to lightly squeeze the flesh that wouldn't fit. He hoped she wasn't self-conscious about their size at all--they were perfect to him. Everything about her was absolutely flawless.

He stood suddenly, releasing her from his mouth with a lingering kiss against the side of her breast. Scooping her into his arms, he walked through the the penthouse, to the bedroom. Inside was a massive bed, larger than a king size, adorned in a mixture of red silk sheets and a large black downy comforter. It was a strangely intimate choice of colors, and he couldn't wait for her to help warm the sheets, to leave her scent on the pillows as they slept. The room itself was dark, the blinds drawn shut. He wanted to see her, though, wanted to see the way she was laid out so prettily across his bed.

He moved around to the side and turned on a lamp with adjustable light settings, making it dim enough that it almost cast a fireplace type glow through the room. His lips parted as he looked back to her, eyes trailing over her body, drinking in every detail. Ignoring the strain of his cock in his pants, he crawled onto the bed by her feet, running his hands over her legs, fingers caressing in all the areas where the skin was the thinnest. “So beautiful,” he murmured softly, eyes on his work.

Rey couldn't believe the opulence of his bedroom, and she was surprised he had willing slept in that tiny queen sized bed when he had this surely custom made masterpiece here to sleep on. It was so comfortable, she sunk happily into it. The soft comforter was so inviting that she was positive that she could sleep like a baby once beneath it.

She should probably text Rose that it didn't appear as though she would be coming home tonight. “Ben,” she whimpered, twitching up to his caress. Goosebumps rose up all along her body, her dusky pink nipples turning pebble hard as he stimulated her with the softest of touches. “Please.”

He smiled faintly at her pleading, but shook his head at her. “I want to take my time with you, sweetheart.” Bending down, he placed light kisses along her inner ankle, moving up her leg until he reached her thigh, where he pulled his head back, slipping his fingers under the waistband of her panties.

Dragging them down, he smiled as he bent to kiss her stomach, purposely avoiding that particular spot. When they were completely removed from her body, he leaned back, simply admiring her and the way her hair fell across the bed. “Can I…” he hesitated, not wanting his next question to come across as awkward or wrong. “Can I make love to you?”

Rey was pretty sure she had fainted or died. There was no way those words actually came out of his mouth. Him calling her his wife in the heat of passion was easy enough to explain, but this...did he mean this? No, no he didn't mean it like that. He was just well raised and was asking her permission to have sex with her slowly. That was all. No reason to look into it any further. Lest her heart get broken...

Rey could only nod, not trusting herself to say anything. Who knew what unwise words she could utter in such a moment? She was able to think of one true and coherent thing, however:
“You, too,” she said, nodding down at his pants. Maybe she would feel less insecure if he was also naked? Although his eyes were currently undressing her on a far deeper level...damnit. She wanted this so much, she could only wish he wanted it the same way she did.

Letting out a breath of relief, he got off the bed, working the belt out of his pants with fumbling fingers. She’d said he could make love to her. He felt flushed, his face hot. God, he felt awkward and very young all of a sudden. He stepped out of the pants and pushed his boxers down, not meeting her eyes for fear that she’d see how nervous he suddenly was. He’d never really gone slow with anyone before, always going hard and fast. He didn't want Rey to just know that side of him, didn't want her to think he was just using her as a fuck toy that he'd toss away when he was done. She meant so much more than that.

Crawling back up the bed, he nestled himself between her legs and kissed her deeply, needing to distract himself from the blush that still crept up his neck.

Rey kissed him back with equal passion, her body surging up to melt together with his. She wanted to feel his skin against every inch of hers, wanting it to be hard to tell where he ended and she began. And for the first time in her life, she didn't need to be penetrated for that feeling. It was simply enough for him to be kissing her and touching her...although she was also beginning to throb for the penetration part. However, if Ben suddenly made the decision to lay on top of her and make out all evening, she would be just fine with that, too. Or even if he wanted to just hold her all night long. It didn't matter, Rey just wanted to be lying in a bed with Ben and she knew she'd be overjoyed.

Holding himself above her, mouths still tied together, he reached down between them to stroke her slowly, his attention divided between kissing her and pleasuring her. He honestly couldn't think of anything to say, so he kept his mouth figuratively closed, letting his body and movements do the speaking for him.

He broke off for just a moment, reaching up over her head to grab one of the pillows. Bringing it back down, he lifted her hips up and slid the pillow under, lowering himself back down. This was a better angle, one more suited to get them both the feelings they wanted during the act. “Are you all right?” He asked softly, watching the way the lamp painted her face and hair into a deep golden hue. “Let me know if any of this isn't okay.”

“It’s--it’s perfect,” Rey moaned softly, her head falling to the side as she squirmed underneath him in pleasure. She was glad his hand was no longer at an awkward, cramped angle, and she could feel his own relief in the way he stroked her, in the ease and fluidity of his movements. How was a person this good at something like this? He touched her better than she touched herself, his wider, longer fingers satisfying in a way her own never could be.

She loved their size difference, but in a moment like this it annoyed her that she couldn’t reach him. He was just barely out of her touch, or else she’d have to awkwardly tilt her shoulders and cramp up herself. She was sure he was aching just as much as she was, although he was going at such a languid pace, allowing the pleasure to build so slowly, that she wondered if he didn’t really mind not also being stimulated. Perhaps it was enough for him to give her pleasure just this moment.

He could watch her writhe in bliss beneath him all night, he really could. Finally satisfied that she was wet enough, he withdrew his fingers, licking them clean like he loved doing. She really did have a unique taste, one that left him wanting more.

Unfortunately, his own need was growing a bit more, as well, throbbing where it was pressed hard to her leg. Every little movement she made, every twitch, caused delicious friction. Already the tip
was leaking, his excitement catching up with him. He’d ignored it as best he could until it
demanded attention now. He groaned as he pulled himself up her body a bit to line himself up, then
wrapped her legs around his waist. He laced the fingers of both hands through hers, dragging their
hands up beside her head as he slowly pushed into her, claiming her mouth at the same time,
penetrating in two different ways until her body enveloped him fully. He paused for a long moment
to allow her to adjust, waiting until she’d given him some sort of signal before he pulled his hips
away, setting a slow, deliberate pace that allowed them to feel everything.

“Oh god,” Rey moaned, head tilting back and eyes closing in pleasure. While she loved being
fucked good and hard, it had been since...never that someone slid into her this slowly, since
someone wanted to take their time with her. It was an amazing sensation, the drag of him through
her wet heat, feeling every inch of him as he filled her up again. Her walls clenched to him, pulling
him in, trying to hold him tightly inside.

“Oh Ben, oh my god,” she praised, squeezing his hands as she felt him bottom out, their bodies as
close as humanly possible.

She could say it. Right now, with him pushing so slowly in and out of her, his face inches from
hers, his eyes shining with such sincere intimacy. Instead, she pressed forward and kissed him. It
always seemed like a good alternative to admitting the true depth of her feelings and risk getting
her heart broken.

He let her kiss him, returning in earnest as he rolled his hips against hers, the muscles in his back
bunching over and over as he moved. He broke from her mouth with a low groan, sliding his lips
lower to her neck and collarbone instead. This was so different than just sex. It wasn't nearly as fast
or as rough as he normally liked, and while it wasn't his preferred style, he was enjoying this just as
much, because it was with Rey. The woman he loved and was too much of a coward to admit it to.

His breath started coming a little faster, little pants against her skin as his body started to become
damp, the strain of holding himself up starting to catch up with him. It wasn't hard to keep himself
above her, as his arms weren't shaking yet. Pushing her hand further against the bed, he squeezed
more tightly, his eyes locked on hers. He needed to see her, to stare into the windows of her soul as
he made love to her. He let his defenses drop, letting her see him in his entirety, how he felt when
words failed him.

She shuddered beneath the intensity of his gaze, his need feeding her own. She was making the
tiniest of noises, little pants and soft moans as she clutched him with her legs, keeping him locked
in place and as close to her as possible. She could get used to this “making love” stuff. It was
heaven. It was nirvana. It was exactly what she always wanted but never thought she deserved.
She’d been so convinced that she was only worth the quick fucks she’d always had, so sure that she
would never mean more to anyone than a fun weekend.

Her heart clenched to think that tomorrow was Sunday and then...Monday. Reality. Quitting their
jobs or not, they still had to go to those jobs and, what? Pretend they weren't together? Pretend they
didn't know how the other felt wrapped around them, how they tasted in their mouths, the face they
made as they came undone from pleasure? She didn't know how she was going to handle that and it
made her place her feet back on the bed, canting her hips up to meet his every thrust, needing to
have some sense of control in that moment. Even if she couldn’t tell the whole world that she was
Ben Solo’s girlfriend come Monday, for now...for now she had this.

He moved a little faster, a little harder, stroking more deeply as he twisted to get the right angle. He
was close, so close, and he felt split down to the bone, his emotions on full display. He could quit
his job and let Rey continue on as normal until she found something better. No one could say shit if
he was no longer under her supervision. It was tempting, very tempting. He could pick her up
everyday and take her home--to their home.

He let himself indulge in the fantasy, very carefully keeping his thoughts to himself, dropping his
forehead down to rest against her chest as he pumped in and out, losing himself in the rhythm of
her heart beating frantically and the sounds dripping from her mouth like honey.

Rey unwound her hands from his, drifting them down his shoulders and across his back. She could
feel his scars beneath her fingertips and she traced them, giving each one the same amount of
reverent attention. She felt dizzy in her pleasure, her body on fire as she thrusted in rhythm with
him. She could feel a thin layer of perspiration building across her body, met by his own. How was
that even possible given their slow pace? But the burning pleasure building between them was
becoming almost too much to bear and she tilted her hips up further, easier given the pillows
beneath her.

“F--fuck, baby. Please do it like that,” she gasped out, feeling him finally hit home inside of her. It
wouldn’t be long now. “Are you close?”

He actually had to take a mental moment to assess how close he was--she felt too good and he had
been focused on the feeling like a man with tunnel vision. “Yeah,” he gritted out, squeezing his
eyes shut as he kept sliding in and out of her, feeling the way the sweat on their bodies mixed
together where they touched, somehow seeming even more sensual than it would be under any
other circumstance.

His body kept driving into her, and he was so close now, but he needed to make her come first. He
needed her to fall apart so that he could follow. Lifting his head, he crushed his mouth against hers
as his tempo increased a bit more, still on the side of gentle compared to their past couplings, but
definitely with more power behind his thrusts as he sought relief.

In a flash of white, he slammed home, his body stilling as he came hard, probably harder than he
had in recent memory. He sucked in a huge breath of air, eyes opening to stare down at Rey. Shit,
had she come? He could have sworn she did, right? What a way to ruin it by asking. But he had to
make sure. “D-did you…?” he asked, flushing a brilliant red. He'd been so caught up in his own
orgasm, he couldn't even tell if she’d had her own. Wow, way to be selfish, Ben.

Rey smiled fondly and closed the gap between them, kissing him softly. “I don’t have to every
time, Ben. It’s fine.” She snuggled up into him, nuzzling into his neck. She felt so content, even
though the pressure inside of her was aching. She’d come down quick enough and be fine, it
wasn’t a big deal. She couldn’t be lucky enough to come every time and she was just happy enough
knowing that he had.

He frowned deeply, shaking his head. “No, it isn't. I wasn't trying to be selfish.” Letting out a sigh,
he withdrew from her, knowing that he'd have to be quick while she was still a bit worked up rather
than waiting for the fire to die down.

Rolling her onto her back, he walked his fingers down her stomach, sliding lower and lower until
he was at the entrance to her wet heat. He rubbed his thumb along her clit, bringing his index
finger down to roll the nub, still looking at her intensely, even as embarrassed as he was about not
getting her off. He'd be sure not to let it happen again.

Rey gasped as he hit the overly sensitive bundle of nerves, her hips twitching into his hand. “B--
Ben! It’s not neces--” her own moan cut her off, her eyes squeezing shut in pleasure. Her thighs
came to a close around his hand, holding him there and adding a pressure of their own. She was
still alight with the fire of their lovemaking and her orgasm was building fast, for once happy to
It is absolutely necessary,” he told her sternly, though he knew his eyes were glinting mischievously. He dipped first one, then two fingers into her, sliding past the evidence of his own climax in favor of searching for hers. He quickly found her g spot, dragging his fingers along the textured wall, his thumb still working outside her body. He loved the way her thighs clenched around his hand, her body betraying her words.

Leaning down, he nuzzled the side of her hair, “I want you to come, Kitten. I won't let it happen again, I’m sorry.”

Rey tried to open her mouth to respond, to say anything at all, but instead it was frozen in a silent scream as her walls clamped down on him, her orgasm rocking her whole body in a sudden, violent wave. She had been so close before, after all, so it was a true godsend that she was able to come as quickly as she just had. Damn him and his hands and his words, that incredibly sexy voice of his telling her what to do while he played her like a well-studied instrument. She both hated and loved that her body just simply obeyed. He really was perfect for her.

She laughed as she came down from her orgasm, a shaky and disbelieving sound. “You--you didn’t have to. I’m just as happy to know that you got off,” she said. She sighed, melting into his incredible bed, and rolled onto her side, curling up into him. “But thank you.”

I love you. There it was again. Her traitorous brain screaming at her to admit the true depths of her feelings. She was grateful that she wasn’t too lost in her post-coital bliss to simply blurt out something so inadvisable. She needed to really cool it with these thoughts. It was frankly getting annoying, like a needy, whiny broken record. She’d tell him when he told her, she promised it, so stop reminding her!

He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her even closer as his fingers lazily spelled out I love you on her back, over and over again until there was no pause between one sentence and the next. He kissed her forehead, pulling back to look at her, “I don't want to be a typical couple in all things, Rey. If I leave you unsatisfied in some way, be it in the bedroom or not, I want you to tell me, okay?”

Rey snorted, giving him a little shove. “Oh, sure. I’m your boss, Ben. I know how you take criticism.” She then gave him a kiss on the nose to take the sting out of her words. “But I promise to communicate with you if I ever feel like my needs are not being met.”

He grumbled under his breath, knowing she was right. He didn't take criticism well. And he'd honestly forgotten for a little bit that she was his boss. At her words, it all came rushing back to him, leaving him to huff loudly as he rolled onto his back, pulling her with him until she was almost draped over his chest.

“What are you thinking?” he asked softly after several quiet moments, tilting his head down to look at her.

“That we’re going to have to deal with everything on Monday,” Rey muttered quietly. She traced her fingertips across his chest, drawing tiny hearts so seamlessly one right after the other that he surely wouldn’t notice. “That I don’t have a single clue what I’m going to move on to. That I don’t want to pretend that we’re not together.” She snuggled up closer to him, loving the sound of his heartbeat beneath her ear. “That I’m excited to be your date tomorrow night and looking fancy together.”

His arm tightened around her as he looked up at the ceiling, thinking about how tomorrow was
going to go. He knew Rey would probably be nervous, but he wouldn't leave her alone unless she wanted him to. “You're going to be the best date,” he chuckled softly, pulling the blankets up around her. He was still a little too warm to bundle up yet. “Maybe I should quit Monday, that way we don't have to keep it a secret…” he suggested quietly.

Rey frowned at him. “Ben, I thought we discussed this? I'm not going to stay at some place that doesn't value my boyfriend’s work ethic simply out of spite. The fact that they’ve known your mother her whole life should have never affected you! They should have seen what I’ve always seen: an incredibly dedicated and hard worker who is a cut above the rest and deserves to be where he wants.” She huffed a moment, annoyed. “We’ll put our two weeks in and it will be fine. Even if someone finds out about us, which I’m sure they will given how much I would be loathe to keep my hands off of you at this point, it won't matter.”

There was a mischievous glint in her eyes and she looked up at him, smirking. “Besides, I’ve had quite a few fantasies involving shagging you on every available surface in that place. I’d hate to let those go unexplored.”

“Well, I was still meaning for you to quit, just to wait until you found something you liked more in the meantime,” he laughed, mind already turning with all of his own ideas that he wanted to do to her. “I've got a few fantasies of my own. You'll just have to find out what they are.” Smirking to himself, he added, “I do plan to do a couple of them, though.”

She felt giddy at the possibilities of their fantasies overlapping and wondered what ones he had that she hadn't thought about yet. Spurned on by this, she couldn't resist asking the next question.

“Was coming into my office to find me knuckle deep in my own pussy one of them?”

“I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about it on more than one occasion.” He paused, his fingers tracing patterns along her arm. “I think maybe there's one we should probably talk about.”

She cocked her head at him, brows furrowed. “Oh? And which would that be?”

He inhaled deeply, biting the inside of his cheek before finally saying, “I liked it when you called me Daddy. Really liked it.”

Rey’s hazel eyes went wide and she slipped off of him, suddenly feeling far too warm. Lying on her back beside him now, she chewed her lip, staring at the ceiling as she fiddled uselessly with her hands.

“Oh, that. It, um, it just sort of slipped out. I was...I don't know what I was thinking.” Yes you do, her mean brain chided, already conjuring an image of her swollen with child, Ben on his knees kissing her belly while a child with dark curls hung onto his arm. “I...I don’t actually have a kink for that. It honestly kind of creeps me out. I'm sorry if it...if it might have bothered you. I know we both sort of have...um...father issues.”

Oh. Well this was awkward. “Oh, okay. Uhm. Nevermind, I guess. It doesn't bother me, though. So if it slips out again, don't worry about it.” He kissed the top of her head before settling back against the bed, thinking it over. There a lot of views on the Daddy kink, he knew. Most of the time it was about an older man taking care of a younger woman, but that didn't really strike him as the source of her thoughts when she'd said it. What if...no, she hadn't been thinking of the other aspect, had she?

He couldn't help the thought from popping into his own head when he'd seen her stomach. It had just triggered something inside him, some need he didn't know he'd had; maybe it was his own
biological clock yelling at him, ticking faster because he had a beautiful, probably very fertile woman in front of him, or maybe because it was Rey. Who knew?

“I'm...I'm gonna go clean up. UTI's and all of...that,” Rey said. She leaned over to give his cheek a quick kiss, hoping he didn't think she was running away...even though she was.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

You guys are seriously fabulous. We love running into you in the Reylo groups on Facebook. Don't stop being awesome, and have an update. <3

As Rey relieved herself in the attached bathroom, she thought about that little pack of pills in her purse. She was too young to be a mother, right? Twenty-five was just the start of her life still, she still had so much more she wanted to do, so many adventures, and yet...she’d never had her own family. That sounded like the best kind of adventure. And who said you couldn’t take your children on those adventures? She could go to Disneyland with a child, or even EuroDisney if Ben was feeling like spending an even more exorbitant amount of money...maybe Tokyo Disney? She would make sure her kids got every experience she had ever been denied, and with Ben as their father, they’d get all of the love they had both been denied. Although maybe that would be a mistake; two broken, needy children having kids of their own that they would no doubt smother with affection...although that was the dream to Rey.

Of course, it was incredibly irresponsible to consider going off her birth control just because she had one (not one, dozens by now, her cruel brain reminded her) thought about kids. And who was to say Ben even wanted kids? It would probably freak him out if she walked back into the bedroom and brought it up. How did a person even actually mention that?

“Oh hey, great sex just then. This penthouse is so big and empty. Why not fuck me until I'm pregnant so we can fill it with some kids? Maybe get married?”

Rey snorted at her muttered hypothetical. Yeah, right.

He’d laid there in the bed a few moments, listening to the heater blowing, rustling the curtains, lost in thought. Why did the idea of them having kids not bother him in the least bit? They didn't really know a whole lot about each other. Sure, they'd kind of bared some of their deeper secrets, but he didn't even know the little things about her. Like, what was her favorite food, where did she go to school, did she want to marry him? That sort of thing. Little things.

Noticing that she'd been gone for a little longer than normal, he wondered if he'd scared her away. Climbing out of the bed, he rummaged around in one of the dressers for a pair of sleep pants before he pulled them on and padded over to the bathroom. He raised his hand to knock, to ask if she was okay, when he heard her talking inside. Was she on the phone? He shouldn't listen, and he actually started to leave her alone when he heard something that made him go still.

Why not fuck me until I'm pregnant so we can fill it with some kids? Maybe get married?

Oh, oh. He backed away from the door quickly, not wanting to get caught snooping, especially when he hadn't even meant to. Shit, okay, uh. Clearly, if she had wanted him to hear that, she would've said to his face. He turned away, going out to the kitchen to find something to do now that his mind was fixated on the idea and how good it sounded. He set to cleaning the already impeccable kitchen, spraying down the glistening counters with some solution and aggressively wiping it down with a cloth.
Rey stared at herself in the mirror, noting her sexed up hair. She tried combing her fingers through it but it was no good, she need a brush, or at least a comb. And she wanted to brush her teeth. And put on her pajamas. As she looked around his impossibly large bathroom (she could swim in that bathtub, she was certain) she realized she had absolutely none of her things with her. She was somehow foolish enough to think that she would be going back home tonight, to think she wouldn't be so easily lured into his bed where she would never want to leave. It was a heavenly bed and she really didn't want to leave it, but...she needed her things.

ELECTING to wrap an impossibly large and fluffy black towel around her body for some sense of coverage, she finally left the bathroom. She looked around the bedroom, dismayed to find him missing.

“Ben?”

Fuck. She hoped he hadn't overheard her. That bathroom was massive and it did have an echo...shit, what if she had scared him off? What if he heard and bolted? What if he heard and kicked her out and kept working with her but never spoke to her again until her heart was so broken that she simply died?

His hand froze in its furious scrubbing when he heard his name. What if she knew he knew? Shit. “In here!” he finally called, resuming his ministrations on the poor counter. He was lucky it was granite or he'd have probably rubbed off the top later by now.

Rey padded into his kitchen, momentarily stunned by how massive it was. How could one single person need this big of a kitchen? Unbidden, the image of three children with mops of dark curls sprung before her eyes, chasing each other around the island and giggling. A hand drifted to her abdomen and she found herself wishing, wishing her always-failsafe birth control would fail. She shook her head. No, that was the thought of crazy stalker girlfriends, not perfectly adjusted young women who were only in the second day of dating a person. What the hell was Ben doing to her?

“Is there any room of this penthouse that isn’t wow?” Rey asked.

“It’s all pretty much the same,” he shrugged, finally turning to look at her. He leaned back against the counter, one hand shoved deep into the pocket of his sweats. His other was rubbing the back of his head, wondering if he should bring up what he'd heard. He hated secrets, but if he were to just pour all of his thoughts and feelings out right now, she'd definitely go screaming. She did run into the bathroom at the mention of him enjoying being called Daddy. “Are you okay? You look a little…” What was the word he was searching for? “Lost in thought, I guess.”

Rey chewed the inside of her cheek, glancing everywhere but at him as she tried to say what she needed to say. “Oh, no, I’m perfectly fine. It’s just that...well...I wasn’t prepared to stay here tonight, I sort of thought we would just shop and you’d take me home, and I sort of need to...to go home.” She saw the hurt cross his expression before he could mask it and she stepped forward, reaching out to him. “To get my stuff, Ben! I need my toothbrush and pajamas and all of that stuff.” She blushed, dropping her hand awkwardly. “I wouldn’t mind spending another night with you, is what I’m saying. But I sort of need some of my stuff.”

He chewed on his lip, nodding absently. She'd only said that because he could hide his emotions around her. He knew she was just feeling like she was obligated somehow. “I...it’s okay,” he mumbled. “I don’t want to keep you from your friends or anything if you need to get back.”

“That isn’t what I said, Ben. I said I needed to just get my things so I could come back here to spend the night with you.” She gulped. “Why? Did you...do you not want me to? I know it’s moving sort of fast, staying together two nights in a row...especially after I, um, sort of shot you
down for moving in together.”

God they were a mess. Who was allowing them to make adult decisions? Perhaps it was best that they not procreate just yet.

He was getting some serious mixed signals here. She wanted to stay with him more than one night in a row, and yet she didn't want to move in with him. Sure, it made sense, to some part of his brain. People did that all the time, right? He needed to make everything crystal clear, to her and to himself. They still hadn't gone over any boundaries, really, aside from those in the bedroom. “No, no, no,” he said quickly, cupping her face in his massive hands. “I want you to stay...with me. I shouldn't have mentioned anything about moving in. That was too far, too soon, and I'm sorry. I would love to have you here as often as you want to be, though.”

He cleared his throat and dropped his hands from her face, leaning back against the counter again, “I just don't want you to feel trapped, like I'm forcing you to do something.”

Rey smiled reassuringly up at him, reaching out to run her hand along his arm. “You could never.” She stepped closer, leaning her forehead onto his chest. “I think we need to talk about boundaries and expectations. I know it’s sort of an awkward conversation, but I think we kind of need to. We’re kind of all over the place with pacing, here.”

Wrapping an arm around her, he nodded above her head, realizing she couldn't see a moment later. “Yeah, we probably should. I’m sorry. I haven't wanted anything as much as this and I don't know what to do with myself.”

He sighed, looking at some place over her head. It was easier to talk about this kind of stuff when they didn’t have to look each other in the eye. “Where do you want to start?”

“Well, for starters, maybe I should go get dressed?” Rey laughed, gesturing down to the towel. “I don’t think we can have a very adult discussion if I’m pretty much naked.” She brought her hands up to where the towel was tucked at her chest, almost choosing that moment to drop it but deciding that she needed to be practical and stick to her word.

She moved into the living room, plucking her dress up from where it had been tossed. She considered whether or not she should grab her bra or underwear, but decided that just putting the dress back on was coverage enough. She slipped the soft knit over her skin, dropping the towel once it was settled onto her, and turned to sit on the couch, waiting for Ben to join her.

It was a fantastic couch, a massive black sectional of soft microfiber suede, the cushions wide and soft. It was the perfect place to cuddle up to watch a movie on the flat screen situated across from it, the perfect thickness for them to both cuddle up comfortably without fear of the other falling off. Still, she saw the sterile quality of the area: no blankets or pillows, no pictures or personal touches. Although she wasn't a decorator by any means, she could already imagine ways of making this space feel more like a home for them both.

She'd had a point; he did seem to have an awfully hard time focusing when she was naked. Walking over, he settled himself next to her on the couch, hands resting awkwardly in his lap. “So...boundaries.” He leaned forward to rest his arms on his knees as he fiddled with his fingers, watching them intently. He didn't really have any limits he wasn't comfortable with, as far as he knew. Then again, he also didn't have really anyone else in his life that he had to take into account. Hux and Phasma were good friends, but they didn't matter when it came to his relationship at all. He didn't share a townhouse with them, or worry them all night when he stayed out. Rey’s friendship life was very different than his own and he didn't want to ruin it for her.
“I think we need to establish some...space. We should make a schedule of how often I sleep over so I’m not neglecting my friends and we don’t get burnt out on each other too soon. I would hate for you to--to get bored with me if we overindulge too soon.” She gave a humorless chuckle. “You know, just get sick of me and not invite me around anymore.”

“A schedule? That sounds...very formal.” He turned his head to her, giving her a once over. “I’d never get sick of you, though. I know that sounds like something someone just says, but I mean it. I mean, I’ve seen you nearly every day for the past three years as is. But okay, we can do a schedule. Or we can just assume that anytime we’re together, I’ll take you to your house unless you tell me otherwise.” He didn't want to fall into the routine of, oh, we meet Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and those are also our planned fucking dates, as well. He liked a little spontaneity.

“But. To make it easier,” he added, thinking of something. “I would like it if you had another toothbrush and stuff that you kept here, that way you aren't forgetting anything when you do come over.” He hoped that wasn't overbearing--it sounded practical to him. Nothing extreme, just a few sets of clothes and some hygiene products. Maybe some body wash or something. It would also remind him of her when she was gone, he knew, but that was his problem, not hers.

“I didn’t mean schedule as a set thing, because that’s probably the easiest way to get us bored with each other. Not that I even could, of course. I don’t think there is anything about you that would ever bore me,” Rey hastened to explain. “But just so that it’s not overwhelming. Rose and Finn get jealous, I know they’ll be upset if I just run away with you and never come back home. And they’re my only family, so it’s important to me to keep the relationships I have with them a priority. And I want to help you keep any relationships in your life a priority, too! If your mother wants to see us for any reason, even just for Sunday brunch or a Tuesday night drink, or even if she just wants to see you, I’d like that. I want you to still see your friends, to see Hux or whoever else. I don’t want to be one of those couples who just gets so lost in each other that no one else matters.

“And I do agree, it would be easier if I were to just sort of bring some things, here. Maybe on the way back tonight I can pick up a new toothbrush and a brush or something so I don’t have to worry about that. I can either bring some of my old clothes or just...buy some new ones for here.” Underwear was what she was really referring to. Best not let Ben see the old stuff with holes that she’d absolutely been meaning to throw out. Let him believe in the fantasy that she wore only lace thongs and silk boy shorts. “And we’ll need some of my tea, of course. I doubt you doubt it for both apartments.” She gave him a wink, bumping her shoulder into his.

“I’m being serious when I ask, and it won't hurt my feelings if you say no, I promise,” he began, adopting a serious tone. “Are your friends going to be upset you’re staying two nights in a row? I'm a big boy; I can handle one night alone, if you think it'll be an issue.” He shrugged, glancing up at the flat screen, where he could see themselves reflected in it. She was so tiny next to him. He felt like a huge brute. “I mean, eventually I'm going to meet them, right? I'd like them to like me.” Actually, he didn't really care if they liked him or not, but they were her friends and meant a lot to her, so he'd do his best to stay on everyone’s good side.

“I’ll also get you your tea,” he chuckled, looking back to the expansive kitchen. All that space, and there was no kettle here. He’d remedy that, just for her. “Anything else?”

“Ben, I absolutely want to spend the night with you tonight. And I told you that I’d work on my friends. Rose isn’t as bad as Finn and I know it’s going to take some time and some convincing for him to meet you. He’s just...very protective,” Rey insisted.

“All right,” he said after he took a moment to look at her again. Reaching over, he squeezed her knee lightly, leaving it there as he mulled over her words. So Finn was protective. Like boyfriend
protective or big brother protective? He trusted Rey, but he didn't trust Finn. He didn't know the guy, didn't know what he was thinking. What if he was only being protective because he wanted to be her boyfriend and Rey wasn't interested? He guessed that was a problem for another time. Rey was with Ben, officially, not that it could be announced yet, but he'd introduced her as his girlfriend. That counted for something, right? “Were there any other boundaries we needed to go over?”

“I think we need to discuss the equality of this relationship. Ben, you have to let me pay sometimes. Otherwise I’ll just feel like I’m your little pet or something.” An image flashed in her mind of her in a leather collar, kneeling before him submissively. Her brain was really annoying today. Blushing, she pressed on. “If I buy you a present, you are under no obligation to pay me back in any way. And I will respect the same rule from you, even if it kills me.”

Groaning internally, he stared at his hand on her leg while she spoke. He'd let her finish, he wouldn't interrupt her like he so desperately wanted to. He just wanted to spoil her and pay for everything, but she had a point--a very good one, in fact. She wasn't his pet, except for maybe his Kitten in the bedroom. “Fine,” he conceded, his expression pained, like it physically hurt him to give that one to her. “You can pay for some things--details of what can be worked out later. I promise not to pay you back if you buy me anything. That dress and necklace are included in these boundaries, though. They're yours, no matter what. If...if it doesn't work out between us, you can do what you want with them. I don't want them back.”

He took a deep breath, steeling himself as he continued, “On the other hand, though, if you need any help at all, with anything--bills, car, something I haven't thought of yet, I want you to tell me. I don't want you to struggle if I can do something about it, okay?”

“Ben, I’m not going to ask you for anything like that! You're not my sugar daddy,” Rey argued, huffing. However, if he had conceded to her, maybe she could soothe this over. “But--fine. If, and that’s a pretty big if, I’m ever struggling and I feel like I can’t make things work on my own, I will come to you and we can work something out. A--a payment plan or something.”

She looked up at him. “And what about you?”

He shot her a look, rolling his eyes as he said, “I’m not looking to be your sugar daddy, Rey.” Although that was a pretty tempting thought, he wanted more than just what that entailed. “I will even agree to set up a payment plan if that would make you happy and willing to call me if you need help.”

He thought through all of his own wants and desires, finally settling on one. “My only hard, absolutely non-negotiable boundary is that if anyone by the name of Snoke contacts you, you tell me right away. No exceptions. Don't let him speak--just get away or hang up as fast as you can.”

Rey blinked, furrowing her brow at him as she leaned away to study his expression and his body language. “Wh--who is that? What exactly are you trying to have me avoid?” she pressed. “I’ve been around undesirables before, you know that. Spent my whole life fighting them down. I’m not afraid of anyone.” She stuck her chin out definitely, steeling herself for whatever response he was going to give.

He looked her right in the eye, holding her gaze with searing intensity as he said, “I know you're not. But you should be.” Unable to hold the post any longer, he turned away, staring unseeingly at some spot on the floor. “Snoke was--is--a monster. He presents himself as an old man, bald, with half of his face scarred. Most of the time, he walks with a cane, but it isn't necessary; he doesn't need it.” Inhaling shakily, he let it out slowly as memories and images presented themselves in his mind. “I’m terrified of him. He's the one that did this--” he waved vaguely to his back and the scars
that coated it. “when I was young.”

“Why isn’t he locked up then?” Rey asked, fire lighting inside of her immediately. Someone had hurt Ben and she needed to know where he lived and how she could make him pay. “Ben, if someone like that is out there with the ability to contact you, we need to do something about it! Have you told your mom? I’m sure she would help!” she was seconds away from springing up and into action, all he needed to do was give her the information she needed.

“No, Rey. No,” he pled, grabbing her hands and holding her firmly. “I’ve tried. He's been subpoena’d to court before, but he got away with it, just like he always does. Leia knows some of what happened. Not everything, but enough.” He was shaking, his shoulders trembling roughly as he withdrew his hands from hers. Standing, he paced around the room, running his fingers anxiously through his hair. “We couldn't prove anything. Nothing the courts would believe, anyway.” He didn't know if he could bring himself to tell her the full story but she deserved to know if she was going to be put at risk.

“He’s dangerous and manipulative,” he said, clenching his hands into fists over and over as he moved, avoiding her eyes. “He...when I was really young, he managed to get me away from my nanny one day while Mom and Dad were off working. He kept me locked up in his basement for a long time, coming down to talk about how he was going to bring the government to its knees, how he knew every single loophole imaginable.” He shuddered, remembering the way those hands had felt on his skin. “Hux was there too, and Phasma.”

He stopped suddenly, fixing his eyes on the mantle of the fireplace, fighting back tears. He couldn't cry over this--it’d been years and years ago.

Rey stood up and came behind him, trailing her hands up and down his arms as she pressed gentle kisses across his back and shoulders. “I’m sorry all of that happened to you, Ben. I--I know what it’s like.” She sighed, pressing herself against him. “I promise to avoid him, if that ever came up. But know that if you want help fighting this, I’m here for you. I would do anything for you.”

It was as close as she could get to an “I love you” as she could get for now. It was beginning to get easier, bearing her soul without saying the words. Maybe he would pick up on the hint and it would help him along, eventually. But that was a selfish thought for such a moment and she needed to focus her attention on Ben and his pains rather than her stupid, needy heart.

He hadn't heard her get up, and her sudden touch had him flinching away before he realized who it was. Forcing his body to relax inch by inch, he leaned into her caresses, bowing his head low. He didn't need to bombard her with all this information, didn't need to turn it into a pity party, when he knew her background was just as bad. He just didn't want her to be caught off guard and follow Snoke, thinking he was a kind old man, when he really wanted nothing more than to get more pawns for his outlandish plans.

The downside was that Ben wasn't very good at voicing his emotions, preferring action over words. He turned in her embrace, wrapping his arms tightly around her, dragging her in close. Burying his face against the top of her head, he breathed those three little words, knowing they were too quiet for her to hear. But he’d said them, and he knew; for now, that was enough.

He held her for a long time until the tremors in his body subsided and he felt somewhat normal again, and only then did he pull away, kissing her forehead softly. “Come on, let’s go get your things.”
Ben had taken her home, waiting patiently in the car as she gathered up some clothing to sleep in and some she would be alright with leaving behind at his place. She’d grabbed some work clothing as well as, for times she wanted to sleep over on a weekday. They’d then stopped at a convenience store so she could get some extra toiletries, and her tea, of course. They spent a relaxed evening together, eating some greasy fast food on his massive couch while watching some action movie Rey had never seen before they went to the kitchen to clean up, where Ben made good on his threat to fuck her, hard and fast, on his counters. Afterwards, they made their way to his massive bed, where they made love slower, taking the time once again to explore one another’s bodies.

It had been hard saying goodbye the next morning, but Rey had insisted that she needed all of her bathroom accoutrements to get prepared for the evening, so he took her back home after they had a pleasant breakfast out (Rey paid). The reality was that she was rushing home so she could spend the afternoon with Rose, who had been kind enough to sets up a few appointments for her. Their first stop was to a salon, where Rey got her hair and eyebrows done, finding out at the last minute that Rose had also made another waxing session for her as well. This made their second stop to look at lingerie a bit more painful than she had anticipated, stinging as she was, but it faded quickly enough and they were able to have a fun afternoon with Rose shoving literally every piece possible into Rey’s fitting room while she tried to argue back.

In the end, Rose had strong armed her into buying a true plethora of naughty under things, but Rey was glad. She wanted to please Ben in every single way possible, and she knew that this would make him happy.

When it finally came time for her to get ready, Rose was kind enough to offer her assistance on hair and makeup. She was dressed in a black strapless piece of lingerie, breasts pushed up and any semblance of fat sucked in. There were garter straps dangling off the nylon stretched over her ass, Rose helping her attach nude thigh highs with a black backseam. She wondered how she was supposed to use the restroom like this, her black thong trapped beneath it all, and Rose only offered her a snort and suggested she either didn’t, or just moved it aside.

Bathrobe over the lingerie, Rey sat on a stool in her and Rose’s shared bathroom, Rose holding a curling iron to her hair while Rey dabbed concealer on her face. Finn, walking by, seemed less than amused by the whole affair.

“Must be some event,” he grumbled, stopping to lean against the door with his arms crossed as he assessed her shrewdly. “What do you even do at those things?”

Finn did have to admit, Rey looked great normally, but with her hair and makeup done, she was stunning. Not that he minded spending time with Rose, but their trio hadn't had a whole lot of time together with everyone’s busy schedules. Someone was always at work or too exhausted to do anything, except for Rey, it seemed. She’d spent the past two nights over at some guy’s place that he hadn't even gotten to meet.
“It’s a political thing, so I’m assuming talk about politics?” Rey replied with a shrug.

“Don’t move!” Rose hissed, pulling the curling iron away from her friend’s shoulder just at the right time. She glared at Finn through the mirror. “Don’t distract her!”

He held his hands up in defense, feigning surrender as he moved further into the room. “When else am I going to get to talk to my peanut? She’s never around anymore. And this guy is taking her to this extravagant event where she’s going to be his arm candy. I don’t like it.”

“Arm candy? As if I’d ever make anyone a good piece of arm candy,” Rey scoffed, rolling her eyes. She finished blending her concealer and began to work on her eyes, keeping one eye focused on the YouTube tutorial on her phone. She had never quite gotten the hang of the whole “smoky eye” thing and she was hoping she could do it passably well tonight. “Stop that! You’re gorgeous, Rey,” Rose insisted. She glared at Finn. “Tell her she’s gorgeous, Finn!”

“You're gorgeous, Rey,” he said, restraining the urge to roll his eyes. “Everyone knows you’re gorgeous.” He shot a look at Rose before continuing. “What time are you coming home? Do I need to wait up?”

Rey screwed her mouth up for a moment, trying so hard to focus on blending the dark and light shadows on her eyes. “I’m...I’m not sure. But I should probably come home tonight, right? Sleep in my own bed before work tomorrow?”

“You have to give him some sort of a break. And you. I don’t think the human body is capable of producing that much come this many days in a row,” Rose said dismissively, pinning up some of the curls in an experimental manner.

“Oh for the love of--NO ONE WANTS TO HEAR THIS!” He threw his hands up in the air, making a disgusted look at them both. “Can we keep Rey’s bedroom exploits out of my earshot? Please.”

“It’s the human body, Finn! There’s nothing weird or gross about any of this!” Rose snapped. “Just because you’re not getting laid doesn’t mean you have to hate on her for getting sexed up six ways to Sunday.”

“Yeah, well maybe I’ll keep you apprised of the dates me and good old Lefty have,” he muttered under his breath as he raised his hand in a wave.

“Gross, Finn!” Rey shrieked.

“It’s the human body!” he retorted, throwing Rose’s words back at them. ”I bet your guy--Ben--is at his place doing the very deed right now!”

Rose was too busy focusing on Rey’s hair, suddenly too distracted to respond to the very thing she had provoked. She didn’t want to show how obvious it was that she was pleased that Finn wasn’t seeing someone. Ever since yesterday she’d been fantasizing about nights when Rey would be gone off at Ben’s house, only her and Finn home to do their usual couch snuggling and binge watching. Maybe Finn would wrap his arms around her completely, not just the one arm he usually did, both girls tucked into his side. Maybe he would kiss her head, or her cheek, or her lips…

“Rose!” Rey shrieked in pain, a pin poking her too hard.

“Ooh? Sorry!” Rose apologized, dropping the pin on the floor.

Shaking his head at how much of a mess his two girls were, Finn leaned down to pick up the pin,
handing it back to Rose. “You two are just...I don’t even have words. Rose is over here trying to
stab Rey and Rey’s just over here taking it. What am I going to do with you?” He frowned as he
inspected Rey’s hairstyle, giving out a low whistle. “That does look good on you, though. What do
you call that one?”

Rose shrugged. “I call it: pin into my best friend’s head and hope it works.” She leaned forward
and squeezed Rey’s shoulders. “I’m sorry, sweetie. I didn’t mean to do it literally.”

Rey gave her a reassuring smile. “It’s okay, I forgive you.” she resumed working on her eyes, glad
that Rose had offered to do the cateye for her as she knew she’d be useless at it. She glanced at
Finn through the mirror. “You’ve done security detail at these types of events before, right? Is it
usually...good? Like...people can’t get in who aren’t supposed to be there, right?”

Finn thought about it for a moment before nodding and shrugging, “Yeah, pretty good. I’ve had a
couple instances where someone snuck through, but they caught the woman pretty quickly. She
was trying to stalk her ex or something. I didn’t ask for details. Why?”

Rey tried to look nonchalant. “No--um, well, wait. Have you ever heard of a man named Snoke?”
Finn worked all sorts of events for all sorts of reasons. There was an off chance that
maybe...maybe.

“Snoke? Who told you about Snoke?!” he asked, eyes shooting wide with fear.

“You do?” She turned around to look at him full on, Rose giving a little yelp of protest. “What do
you know about him?”

“He’s a really old creepy guy. I don’t know an awful lot about him, but I’ve seen him a couple
times. Had to work some of his events. I hate doing it, but he pays really well. One of the better
jobs I’ve had, actually. Why?” Finn didn’t like the way his friend was asking all of these questions,
much less how she knew about the guy in the first place. “Rumor is that he’s got some kind of cult
or something. It sort of looked like it the last time. Everyone was wearing all white and black.
Maybe it was the dress code, I don’t know.” He shrugged again, helplessly. “Why do you need to
know about Snoke?”

“My boyfriend--Ben--he, he knows him,” Rey muttered, letting Finn’s information sink in. “He
was involved with him once.”

“Shit, peanut. That’s serious stuff. If what I’ve heard about Snoke is true, then I don’t really feel
comfortable with you going to this benefit thing with Ben. I know you don’t want to hear it, but
what if he’s still working with him? Do you know what he did?” he asked, curiosity piquing.

“There’s no possible way. I’ve seen what that horrid old man did to Ben and I don’t think he’d ever
have anything to do with him again. He asked me to avoid him at all costs and to never speak with
him if I’m contacted,” Rey replied.

“What are you talking about?” Rose demanded. “Who is this Snoke and what did he do to Ben?”

“Ben has scars all over his body because of him,” Rey supplied, cheeks hot as anger shot through
her again.

“Again, I’m going to ignore the fact of how you know that, but I still don’t like this at all, Rey.
Something isn’t right.” Finn said. He meant well--Rey was practically his sister, after all, but
without meeting Ben, and not really being able to get to know him before this bomb was dropped,
he felt his stomach roll a little. “Do you want me to check and see if he’s supposed to be at this
"I don’t think he was invited. His mother...she would want to keep him protected. And it’s her event, so I’d imagine they’re all aware of who to look out for. But if he could possibly slip in,” Rey cut herself off with a sigh. “But thanks, Finn. I appreciate the concern. Maybe I’ll even let you meet Ben soon as a reward."

Shifting his weight to his other foot, he gave her a pointed look. “That would be nice. But I do think you should listen to your boyfriend and not talk to Snoke if he reaches out. Nothing but bad news and heeby-jeeby vibes.” Giving her another once over, he nodded in approval. “So when are you putting that dress on? I haven’t actually gotten a chance to see it.”

“Yes!” Rose agreed. “Let’s get you ready. He’s having you picked up at six, right? It’s nearly 5:30!”

Rose finished Rey’s hair and applied her cateye for her, Rey giving her eyes a quick swipe with mascara. She slipped into her bedroom then, shedding her robe. The dress was hanging on her closet door, still wrapped in the protective plastic. She took great care to slide the dress out, letting it pool onto the floor evenly so that she could step into it. Once she got it as zipped up as she could, she called Rose for assistance to get it the rest of the way, but made her promise to keep her eyes shut.

“It’s like you’re going to prom, oh my god,” Rose gushed excitedly, eyes squeezed shut tightly as she blindly grappled for the zipper of Rey’s dress.

“Alright, alright, get out. I’m almost ready!” Rey said when she felt her dress was finally secured. Rose gone, she stepped into her almond toe black platform pumps and leaned over her dresser, opening the small bag with the necklace inside. She slid the necklace on gingerly, careful with the delicate clasp. She had a pair of half carat diamond stud earrings, a gift she’d bought herself for college graduation. Slipping them on, she noticed that they didn’t have the same level of clarity as the diamonds around her neck, but she hoped nobody would notice.

“Okay, I’m coming out!” Rey announced.

Finn’s eyes damn near bugged out of his head at the same time his jaw dropped. “Wow. Holy shit, Rey. You look like something straight out of a fashion magazine. Only much prettier, and you look like you’ve eaten a burger.” He walked around her slowly, nearly tripping on Rose, who was bouncing with barely contained enthusiasm. “Where’d this even come from? It had to have cost a fortune.” He reached a hand out and touched the skirt of the dress, feeling the expensive fabric between his fingers. His eyes slid over the sparkles on the bodice, following them up to the diamonds at her neck. “And those! What about those?!” He was trying to be nice, but the whole outfit just screamed sugar daddy to him, though she was gorgeous.

Rose was squealing quietly with joy, waiting for Finn to shut his trap. “Oh. My. Gooooooooooooooooood! Rey! You’re like a princess! Holy shit! Why can’t I find a man to treat me this good?” She slapped Finn’s arm. “Why don’t you ever buy me something like...like any of that?”

“We’re poor, Rose, that’s why!” he cried out, flinching away from her slap. Something out of the corner of his eye caught his attention, thankfully saving him from having to answer her question further. He looked out the window in the living room, seeing a limousine pull into their townhouse’s little driveway. “Uh, Rey? I think your ride is here.” He whistled again, backing up from the window with a slight shake of his head. “I hope this guy treats you well. Would be a shame for my future brother-in-law to stop buying us--I mean you--all of these nice things.”
Rey rolled her eyes, smirking at her friends. She gave them both a kiss on the cheek, mindful of the bright red lipstick she’d applied so carefully.

“I’ll see you guys later tonight,” Rey promised. She grabbed a little black silk purse, only her phone, lipstick, house key, and drivers license inside.

“Have fun, sweetie! Send me Snaps!” Rose cheered. “Use protection!” Finn called after her, snickering under his breath as he waved her out the door. There was a driver waiting just outside, giving Rey a nod in greeting.

“Good evening, ma’am. Allow me,” he said, moving to the door in the very back of the car, opening it for her, then gesturing her inside with a flourish of his hand. “You look lovely.”

“Oh, um, thank you,” Rey said, blushing as she accepted his hand and his help inside. She settled into the lush leather interior, mindful of the mass of skirts, and nervously waited for their arrival.

Ben would never quite get used to the flashing cameras, the sheer opulence of it all. He’d escorted Leia to the benefit, getting lots of endearing looks from the senator’s friends and colleagues. He’d smiled, played his part, and even waved at a few cameras. He checked his watch, noting that Rey was due to arrive in a few moments. The driver he’d hired was his normal one whenever the need arose, always trustworthy and reliable. Ben had done extensive background checks on the man, just in case, making sure that everything was up to date and correct.

The gala itself was an indoor outdoor event, with tables set up on the veranda for one last dinner before it got too cold to eat anywhere but inside. The building itself was an old convention center, remodelled to look like something out of a previous century. There was crown molding lining every wall, the walls themselves painted a light beige color with swirls of gold throughout it. There were hand-painted murals spread throughout the main room where the speech was to be held, candles adorning the walls, mixed with more modern fixtures. The one thing that captured his attention the most was the massive chandelier in the middle of the room, suspended in time, with every light glistening off of the glass pieces, throwing the light back so that it looked like a miniature sun.

It truly was beautiful, if that had been Ben’s tastes. The ostentatiousness of it all was too much for him, and he found himself much preferring that humble little apartment on the wrong side of town over this, meth head neighbors be damned.

Leia was on the veranda, speaking animatedly with a few friends, her hands flying about in a flurry of gestures. She looked happy, like this setting was her home, and in many ways, it was. This was the life that Leia Organa had grown up in, and she thrived in it. She’d shown him her chances of re-election on the way over, and from what he’d seen, it looked like she’d be winning with a landslide victory.

He touched the woman’s arm, leaning down to murmur in her ear that he was going to go wait for Rey. She nodded enthusiastically at him, practically shooing him away with a few words of Wait until you see this gorgeous girl Ben snagged to the other people she was speaking with.

Making his way to the entrance, he stepped outside into the brisk evening air, stopping at the top of
the stairs that led inside. He leaned against the railing, checking his tie to make sure that it was straight—it was, the tie pin doing its job wonderfully. There were cars pulling up at the bottom of the steps, many dazzling women stepping out with their dates for the evening. None of them caught his eye, though. He was waiting for one car in particular.

The car came to a stop and Rey chewed the inside of her cheek nervously as she waited for the driver to come open her door. She thanked him as she accepted his hand, moving to standing easily on her reliable black heels, hardly bothered by the four inches of heel with the one inch platform helping to cheat the way. She smoothed out her midnight skirts, running her hands down the soft fabric and then up to her hair to make sure the curls were still pinned in place. She looked at the gathered crowd, looking for Ben amongst them. She felt silly for feeling so nervous, Ben was obviously here, right?

Finally, blissfully, she spotted him, spying him leaning against the railing at the top of the steps. She felt her heart catch in her throat, taking in the full brevity of him in his black tuxedo, his beautiful hair tamed into place and his eyes smoldering. He looked like a sex god, wrapped up in a delicious, formal package. How had she gotten so lucky to have him to hold her these last two nights?

He was idly watching a couple make their way up the steps, the woman clad in a mixture of gold and ivory. She had honey blonde hair, done into some sort of updo that he had no name for. It looked nice. Then again, everyone here looked nice—that was kind of the point. He hated these damn things; they were too full of fake smiles and faux friendship, usually people looking for the next big gossip to cause a stir about.

Turning his head away, he glanced down at the bottom of the stairs, having to do a double take when he saw a woman standing there in a midnight-colored dress, the glimmer of the sparkles on the bodice shimmering as she moved slightly. He lifted his eyes to her face, and there she was. His Rey, looking as perfect and as gorgeous as ever. He gave her a small smile, pushing away from the railing to meet her at the bottom of the stairs. Closer now, he could see how her makeup was done, the cateye highlighting the green and gold in her eyes. It made his heart seize, his mouth go dry, and he was pretty sure he was staring even more with his mouth open slightly, his eyes blown wide. “You look…” he breathed, unable to really form a coherent thought. “Magnificent.” There was no other word, really, no word in the spoken language that could truly describe what he thought of her. Her neck was adorned with the diamond necklace they’d gotten, her ears decorated with another pair.

He offered his arm to her, prepared to help her up the stairs to avoid tripping in her heels. She was taller, but still didn’t quite reach his height, which he was thankful for. He liked bending down to kiss her, but with the heels, he wouldn’t have to do it quite as far, hurting his back or craning his neck.

As they made their way up the steps, he kept glancing over at her, unable to keep his eyes away. She was definitely more beautiful than anyone else in the room, and should this event devolve down into something like a beauty pageant or anything else similar, she would win, hands down.

“You look incredible,” Rey said as they moved up the stairs. “I know I was kidding yesterday about the whole secret agent thing, but now…damned, Ben Solo, you clean up good.” She bit her lip and leaned up to his ear, whispering. “I have no idea how I’m going to keep my hands in appropriate places all night. I just want to rip that off you.”

Smiling at her words, he ducked his head to hide the blush she’d ignited. “I have my moments,” he replied, running his eyes down the dress again. “When this is over, I want you to leave that on. I’m
They reached the top of the stairs and were greeted by several faces that he recognized. More friends of his mother’s. He leaned down to whisper their names in Rey’s ear, nodding at them with another smile as they walked into the building. “Mom’s out on the veranda mingling, so until she’s done, we can find somewhere to hopefully avoid everyone,” he smirked, already leading her across the room, weaving through people and avoiding servers with plates full of champagne.

“Why are we avoiding everyone?” Rey asked, reaching out to pluck one of the flutes of champagne as a waiter passed them.

She was so interested in this aspect of his world, wanting to see how he fit into the opulence that surrounded them. It was distracting in its dizziness, the twinkling of the crystal chandelier casting everything in a dreamlike haze of prisms and gold. Everything was so beautiful and everyone was dressed so nicely, looking like celebrities. Actually, as she glanced around, she saw that quite a few of them were celebrities, from local news to big time movie stars. It was astounding to think that this many people supported Ben’s mother. At the same time, however, she wholly believed it, having fallen in love with the senator the moment they met, taken in by her tenacity and seemingly endless heart.

“I figured you might want to get away from being in the middle of the crowd,” he shrugged, instantly stopping them in their—well, his—desperate escape attempt. There was a constant hum coming from around them, growing steadily louder as more and more people arrived. He grabbed his own flute of champagne, sipping it as he took her hand, tucking it under his arm. He was having a hard time figuring out if he was trying to comfort her or himself. “What do you think so far?” he asked, looking down at her, again stunned by how graceful she looked.

“It’s...incredible. It’s a bit much, but still, it’s breathtaking. Like something out of a fairy tale,” she said. She openly gaped at those around her, taking in the elegance of dress and class of decorations. The music was soft but upbeat, and the murmur of voices all around them was a near-pleasant buzz. “Besides, no one has even noticed us,” she pointed out. She looked at them but no one seemed to be looking back. It was like watching this whole world through a two-way mirror, safe on their side while they had unlimited access to the other.

“They’re planning to serve dinner, so I hope you're hungry. We’ll be sitting with Leia.” He motioned with his chin over to where the woman in question was currently making her way towards them, her eyes twinkling.

She greeted Rey first, kissing her on both cheeks before pulling back to say, “Wow, look at you! You look fantastic. I would’ve chosen a dress similar, but I don’t think that style would suit me anymore without scarring people for life.”

“Leia! You look stunning,” Rey said sincerely, holding the shorter woman at arm’s length to get a good look at the gown.

Leia was dressed in a bronze gown, a simple metallic dress with three quarter sleeves and an illusion neckline that led to a soft lace bodice, the lace trailing down her right hip in a hidden pleat. Her gray hair was done up in a simple but elegant chignon, no jewelry save her golden earrings and her first wedding ring, a dazzling sapphire. She had toyed with the idea of having Han’s wedding ring resized for her wear, but she’d been holding out hope that Ben would want it for his one day, even despite their rocky history.

“You picked a good one, Benny. She looks like she belongs here,” Leia praised, giving Ben a none-too-sly wink.
“She does, doesn’t she?” he agreed, smiling at Rey again. His heart just kept beating faster and faster the more he watched her. She handled the heels well, not that it surprised him. Rey was a master at many things, and if she wasn’t, he knew she learned quickly. How else would she have been able to compete with a supervisor position for as long as she had? He patted her arm affectionately, finally relaxing now that Leia was there to help him get into the swing of politics and mingling. It had been a while since he’d last come to one of these things. “I think she easily outshines anyone else in the room.” Had he said that out loud? Oops.

Leia feigned a wince, giving Rey a playfully wounded look. “See how quickly he tosses aside his mother in favor of someone far more beautiful? When he was a little boy, he used to look up at me and say, “Mama, you’re the most beautiful woman in the entire universe!” and, I swear, Rey, it would make my heart swell so much that I thought it would surely burst. And what a way to die, I would think, holding my precious son in my arms as he looked at me with such love.” She smiled at Rey, giving her arm a pat. “If you happen to want children, my dear, let me reassure you now that it is worth every moment of pain and heartache, just to hear them say something like that. It’s such pure innocence, that look of love in their sweet little eyes. The only other look I found myself preferring over that was the one Han would give me when he thought I wasn’t looking.”

“I--I would like children a great deal, Leia. I hope to have some, someday,” Rey muttered shyly, glancing up at Ben out of the corner of her eye. She pictured their kids again, all masses of dark, curly hair and eyes a mix of his soft brown and her gentle hazel. Boys or girls, she didn’t care which. But her heart squeezed for them, her ovaries yelping for the chance to release the egg that would take root and grow.

Rolling his eyes at the memory she’d relayed aloud for Rey, he fixed his mistake, “Mom, you know just as well as I do, that you’re always stunning.” He leaned down to kiss her cheek, having to bend to what would’ve have been Rey’s normal height without heels.

“Thank you, dear,” Leia said, making a show of being fawned over by her son. “You two really do make a smart pair. It’s rare to see two people who seem so utterly made for each other, standing side by side like this. You’re lucky you found each other.”

Rey blushed. Oh god, Leia really didn’t hold anything back, did she? But she knew there was so much truth in the senator’s words. Ben was her perfect match in nearly every way and she’d been counting her blessings since Friday afternoon that her dreams had come to fruition. And the fact that they had started out fighting with one another seemed to be the best thing, as she already knew his method of argument and he saw hers. Now it wouldn’t be a surprise when the inevitable thing came up that wasn’t a perfect match between them, nothing having to be sacrificed to the confusion of not understanding why the other was behaving the way they were. Ben knew that Rey was fucked up and broken and Rey knew that Ben was pretty much the same. She only hoped that this meant that they were exactly the people to put each other back together.

Ben said nothing, simply winding his arm around Rey’s waist as he pulled her close. He’d let her pay at their breakfast earlier, making Rey happy, it seemed. It wasn’t without some negotiating that he’d at least take care of the tip, though. He agreed with Leia wholeheartedly, taking another sip of his drink. Glancing around, he could see that a few people were watching them now, probably having seen Leia come over to them. Suddenly they were a spectacle, and he saw a few lean in to whisper to the person next to them, eyes still trained on their trio. This was the part he hated the most. He tightened his arm subconsciously, seeming to try and pull Rey closer to protect her. Damn those natural instincts.

Rey’s brow furrowed as she felt Ben squeezing her tighter, wondering why he was feeling the sudden need to hold her so close? It bordered on being painful, his grip on her waist near bruising
beneath her layers of dress. Looking up at him, she saw his jaw tighten and his eyes narrow, slowly sweeping the room. She looked around, too, and noticed that suddenly, their mirror had been shattered and people were beginning to look. It was a strange feeling, knowing that you were suddenly the center of attention, and all of Rey’s admiration for the dreamlike haze of the room evaporated when she realized that not even a dream would save her from the scrutiny of those surrounding them. She clutched gratefully at Ben, the unease inside of her being soothed by his calming presence.

Leia, who had grown up in this atmosphere and allowed it to shape her into the woman she was today, reached out to grab both of their hands, giving the nervous-looking kids a loving squeeze. “C’mon, you two. Let’s go sit down to eat. They can’t do anything until I say and I say it’s time for dinner.”

Thankful for the distraction, Ben reluctantly let his grip on Rey’s waist loosen, sliding his hand around to rest lightly on her lower back as they followed Leia outside. He pulled Leia’s chair out for her at the head of the table, pushing her in before doing the same thing for Rey at the side of the table, leaving one spot open for himself beside his mother. There were name tags on each plate, indicating who sat where.

The table itself was impressive. Deep mahogany wood handcrafted into intricate designs shaped like vines that crawled up the legs. There was a long centerpiece, dedicated to hosting an array of flowers, candles and some type of ivy. Part of him wished that Rey’s dress was just a little shorter so that he’d be able to have some fun with her during dinner. Unfortunately, it looked like that would have to wait. Not that it would stop him from leaning over to whisper dirty things in her ear. Rey was entranced once again by the beauty of the table settings, letting her earlier nerves fall away and she traced the elegant gold script spelling out her name on her placecard. She wondered who Leia had to displace last minute in order to assure that her son and his new girlfriend would be seated beside her, having the fleeting thought that it might have been her very own bosses. She was glad, though, as this ensured that they had an ally with them, and there was no stronger ally to have than the guest-of-honor herself.

Dinner was served only a short while later, a multitude of choices almost overwhelming for a girl who was so used to making due with whatever she was given. Rey felt slightly embarrassed that she had chosen the chicken smothered in a delectable cream sauce after realizing that both Ben and Leia had chosen steak, but after Leia asked for a bite and Ben just straight up stole one, she felt better. Rey, meanwhile, made a large chunk of Ben’s steak disappear the moment he wasn’t looking, smiling innocently and pretending like he simply didn’t remember cutting it up that way. She was so happy in their little world, content to believe that it was just the three of them, that she barely noticed the camera’s flashing in their direction every once in a while.

When dessert was wheeled around, Rey drooled over the choices, too many to choose. Leia, bless her, noticed Rey’s dilemma and simply ordered that they serve one of each to both her and the girl, allowing Ben the same when he looked put out by that. Rey moaned in appreciation as she bit into the first thing, a chocolate creation so rich and creamy that she could feel herself melting.

Fork halfway to his mouth, Ben stopped and looked over at her, raising his eyebrow at her moan. A slow smirk spread across his face as he set the fork down and pressed his lips to her ear, “Are you going to moan like that for me later?”

Rey closed her eyes and leaned into his lips, humming lowly up at him. “Only if you make me.”

Keeping one hand on the table, perfectly innocent, her other drifted below and began to trail up and down his muscled thigh, getting closer and closer to his cock with each stroke. All the while she
smiled sweetly and took a sip of her wine, the picture of innocence.

Closing his eyes for a brief moment, he basked in her touch, opening them to half-mast as he leaned back in, noting the way his mother was watching them curiously. “Careful, Kitten. There are people present--wouldn't want to make a scene.”

Her hand drifted all the way up, lightly massaging his hardening member. She bit her lip, looking up at him with doe eyes. “Whatever do you mean, Kylo?”

Rey Niima never thought she was one for public sex but here she was, less than ten feet from her boyfriend's mother and surrounded by some of the most powerful politicians in the state, even more so the country, sweetly gliding her small hand over his dick like it was nothing at all. She was glad her dress had so many layers, no one would ever know how dripping wet she was.

Ben made a show of wiping his mouth with a napkin before setting it on the table and excusing himself, giving Rey a very pointed look as he beckoned with his finger to her, completely ignoring the eyes on them at his sudden rise from the table. Dessert wasn't over yet, after all. She wanted a scene? He'd make a scene.

Waiting until she stood up, he placed his hand on her back and led her further into the convention center’s rooms, looking for the perfect secluded spot.

Rey’s heart hammered as she was led about, her blood singing in her veins at the wild look she had seen in Ben’s eyes at her cruel provocation. She hadn't been trying to torture him, just to get him back for what he had said in her ears. Not that she hadn't started all of this, of course...it was a good thing he was as much of a sex fiend as she was or else she was sure he would have run screaming by now.

He marched her down an empty hallway, looking at all of the passing doors until a specific one called him. It was unmarked, and also unlocked, luckily. He opened the door, leaving her for a moment as he went in to inspect it. It was a small room that looked like it held storage. There was a desk shoved up against one corner, surrounded by boxes and a rolling computer chair. Pleased, he stepped back out, pointing into the room. “Get in,” he commanded, his voice brooking no room for argument.

Rey glanced back at him nervously, both thrilled and a little scared at being in a secluded room when she could hear a party going on just outside the room and down the hall. This room had been unlocked, which suggested it might not have one, which meant that someone, anyone could walk in at any moment. She wondered how far he had planned this, or if he was just going on pure lust and instinct.

He watched her go, eyes narrowed, closing the door behind them. He leaned against it for a moment, pursing his lips as he debated on what to do. “Bend over the desk. Now.” His tone was low, dark and deep. He was hard, and the anticipation of walking from the table to this room had only increased his arousal. He couldn't let her antics slide; she wanted to tease him? He was going to teach her that that behavior wasn't acceptable.

Rey licked her lips in anticipation. She walked slowly to the desk, feeling his eyes on her back the whole time. She leaned over the desk, having to brace herself on her forearms due to the added height her heels gave her arse. She felt so lewd leaning over a questionable desk in a dress worth nearly $12,000, her ass up in the air like some wanton creature. A creature that she absolutely was.

Moving in behind her, he ran his hands over the swell of her hips, dragging against the fabric of her dress before he dipped lower, crouching down to grip the hem of her skirts, careful that he caught
every layer. He stood, taking them with him and flung them over her back, keeping her hair untouched.

He stepped back to admire the way her ass was exposed to the air, noticing the lace she was wearing, the way the back seam of her thigh highs forced the eye to look at every curve. He brushed his fingers across the edge where it rounded over her ass, moving slowly, almost reverently. Leaning over her body, he pressed his chest to her back and ran his hand over one cheek, stroking softly as he whispered, “I’m going to punish you for teasing me, Rey.”

Rey whimpered below him, the thrill of those words shooting down to her already too-damp panties. “Yes, Kylo,” she said obediently, pressing back against him in the search of some sort of friction.

He stood straight again, considering her. “What do you think, Kitten? Is five enough?”

Rey moaned. “Y-yes, Kylo.” Oh god, they were seriously going to do this.

“Hmmm, I'm not so sure,” he said after a moment, tilting his head thoughtfully at her. “Try again.”

“S--six?” Rey attempted. She was shivering with anticipation, she just wanted him to touch her.

“No,” he shook his head, curving his hand back over the shape of her ass, palming gently as he looked down at the back of her head. “I think ten is a more appropriate number. And I want you to count them. Is that understood?”

The way he moved his hand over her rear was a method of priming it rather than just diving in without any sort of prior stimulation--a warm up, if you will. While he waited for her to answer, he took another moment to take in her thigh highs and the way they hugged her body. Those were definitely his favorites--she was such a naughty girl.

“Yes Kylo,” she whispered, a barely perceptible sound. She was already quivering from this alone, not to mention how massaging him had already made her wet. This was sublime torture and she never wanted it to end.

“Good,” he murmured, removing his hand from her and returning it with a sharp smack, the sound echoing slightly against the bare walls. He rubbed the spot soothingly, already feeling the heat rise to the area.

Rey let out a little yelp, partially of pain, mostly of pleasure. She hadn't expected to feel the smack radiate against her aching cunt and she’d shuddered after the wave of it passed.

“One,” she breathed.

He alternated sides, landing another on her other cheek, waiting for her to continue counting as he massaged each spot in turn. Every time she announced the count, he would continue in the same way, never in the same spot. His hand stung slightly, but it was nothing compared to the ache of his cock.

They were on stroke six now, and he leaned forward to encourage her, “Almost done, Kitten. You're doing so well.” He could tell she was wet, could practically taste it on his tongue as her scent hit him, bared to the room as she was.

“Mmhmm,” came her muffled response into the table. She had become too weak to hold herself up, her forehead perspiring as it was nestled into her collapsed arms. Her legs were beginning to shake, although she wasn't sure if it was from pain, pleasure, or strain. Mostly likely a mix of it all, but
god how she didn't want it to stop.

He looked at her hungrily, eager to take her, but they weren't done yet. Soon. “Are you supposed to tease me like that, Kitten?” he asked huskily, his next one coming close to that spot between her thighs. He allowed himself to swipe his fingers through her wetness once, bringing it up to inspect. “Someone’s enjoying this,” he commented softly, almost in awe.

“Seven! ‘m not,” she lied pathetically. What did he expect her to say? He heard how her voice was becoming weaker with each count, he surely saw how she was shaking. She knew punishments weren’t supposed to be pleasurable, but how could she ever view this was anything but?

If her hair hadn't been done up so elaborately, he'd have yanked her head back for lying to him. They did theoretically, still have to finish at this gala, though. Instead, he landed another blow to her ass, a little harder this time. “Don’t lie to me,” he hissed. “Count.”

“Eight!” she nearly screamed. She didn't care who heard her anymore.

Smirking, he leaned down to place a soft kiss on her lower back. “Answer me. Are you supposed to tease me?” Another landed.

“No! NINE!”

The final one met her flesh, and immediately, he soothed the red areas as best he could with gentle rubs, praising her in a soft whisper, “Ten. Good girl.” He moved around her until he could see her face, tipping it up to his as he kissed her gently. “Now that punishment is out of the way, it’s time for a reward.”

He let her go and slid around behind her again, reaching down to rub her through her panties, his other hand undoing the front of his trousers, pushing them along with his boxers out of the way until his cock sprang free, thick and hard, already wet with his own pre-come.

With the way her panties were covered, he couldn't exactly pull them down, not that that would deter him at all. He tugged them aside and pushed into her roughly, feeling her stretch around him until he was hilted deep. He stilled, content to simply stroke her back softly, leaning down to kiss her bare shoulders. “Now you get to come for me, Kitten. Come all over my cock.” Moving his hands down to her hips, he withdrew slowly, until it was just the tip of him held inside of her. He stayed that way for a heartbeat before ramming his hips against her backside, immediately pulling away and repeating it, picking up a punishing rhythm.

Rey was a bit of a horny mess, clutching at the sides of the desk as she accepted his pace. She wanted to participate, she wanted to push back against him at the least, but he had turned her into this useless puddle of lust and thus she was rendered a miserable thing, whimpering and screaming for him. An endless stream of oh fuck, yes, Ben, oh god slipped past lips too smeared to be truly red anymore, ruined by his kiss and her own biting and drooling. She would come for him, come so nicely, if she could just get him to get her…

“YES!” Rey screamed out, arching so splendidly when he finally slammed into her g-spot.

He was panting behind her, his thrusts long, deep, and rough against her g-spot. His head was lowered, watching himself slide in and out of her cunt, listening to the wet sounds their bodies made as they met and parted. Fuck, she was tight. Groaning, he dug his fingers more deeply into her hips, struggling for breath as her body spasmed around his, clenching him tightly. He moaned her name as he came, spurting hot streams of come into her, his body trembling just as much as hers was. “Fuck, that was good,” he laughed under his breath, sucking in air like he'd just run a
“Fuck--you--Ben--Solo,” Rey panted, forehead pressed to the desk. Her body was so absolutely spent, she gratefully leaned the entirety of her weight on the desk, her legs dangling useless off the edges at odd angles.

“Again? I don’t know if I have more in me right now, sweetheart.” Smirking, he very, very lightly smacked her ass, rubbing her skin soothingly as he pulled his pants back up, taking a cloth out of his tux for her to use to wipe up before they returned back to the masses.

“This is not big enough to clean up the mess you just made of me, Ben!” Rey said, snapping the cloth from him. While she loved the reminder, usually, this time it was mortifying. She was in a ballgown, at a political benefit for his mother. How in the world was she supposed to face her now, knowing that her son had just pounded her into the next dimension?

Again, she dismissed the fact that her actions were the catalyst for this whole thing.

Trying his best not to snicker--this was serious business--he looked around the room for something to clean her up with. Not finding anything, he sighed and asked, “Would you like me to find a bathroom and bring you a towel or something?” If all else failed, he could clean her up the old fashioned way…

Rey huffed, still too weak to offer much of an argument one way or the other. Did he have to look so smug about the whole situation? If she didn’t love him so much, she would have been convinced that he was an arsehole. A sexy one, mind you. Who was amazing in bed. And in shower. And on desk. Okay, fine, he wasn’t an arsehole. He was just great at sex and he knew it.

His heart squeezed a bit at how utterly done she looked, his brows furrowing as he stepped closer to her, caressing her cheek softly with his thumb. “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up,” he found himself saying as he settled her skirts back over her butt. He picked her up in his arms bridal-style, opening the door of their little closet to find the nearest bathroom. Thankfully the hallway was still empty, the murmur of voices coming from off in the distance. Maybe they were lucky and no one had heard her screaming. Or maybe they had. He couldn't decide which one he preferred more.

He kicked open the door to a family restroom, locking it securely behind him as he set her on her shaky feet. She looked an absolute mess--her lipstick smeared everywhere, the pins in her hair looking just a bit loose. But she was still beautiful. He grabbed some paper towels and wet them, carefully wiping the red away from the places it wasn't supposed to be.

She swatted his hand away. “I can do it myself, baby,” she murmured. She took the towels from him and leaned over to the mirror, gazing into it to fix her makeup and her hair. “My lipstick is in my purse at the table. I guess I can fix it when I get back outside...and avoid looking your mother in the eye for basically the rest of my life. You know she knows, Ben.” She threw him a pointed look through the mirror, before it quickly dissolved into a sweet expression, one full of love and longing. She couldn’t stay mad at him for very long. It should worry her, but she currently couldn’t be arsed to care enough.

He snorted, eyes sparkling as he looked back at her in the mirror. “Of course she knows. And she has no room to talk; I can tell you for a fact that I was not conceived in a bed.” He pressed his chest against her back, fingers trailing lightly up and down her arms as he watched her fix the last traces of her smeared lips in the mirror. He was quiet as she worked, and he was careful not to bump into her arm or anything. “You really are amazing,” he said quietly. He had no idea what expression was on his face, but he had a feeling it matched the one she had given him.
“Oh please, I didn’t do anything.” Rey straightened up and tipped her head back, giving him a soft kiss on his neck. “You’re the amazing one.” She turned back to the mirror and continued to fix the pins in her hair. She threw him one more little smile, heart pitter-patterering at the expression on his face. She could get used to a life like this.

Hair properly pinned, she glanced nervously at him. “So...um...I have to...” she looked pointedly at the door, eyebrows raised in expectation.

He stared at her for a moment, eyebrow raised. “You're serious? Oh for fuck’s sake,” he laughed, rolling his eyes as he opened the door and slipped out, but not without a few parting words. “You know, I've seen pretty much everything on you at this point.” Closing the door behind him, he waited outside, running his hand through his hair to try and tame it.

In the distance, he could see Leia leaving the dining room, storming towards them as quickly as her short legs could carry her. Her expression was hard to decipher, though.

Rey cleaned up quickly, too embarrassed by Ben’s comment for it to take any longer. They’d been together for all of three days and he was already that comfortable with her? Maybe his feelings did run a bit deeper than she already guessed. Of course, it was also possible that he was just one of those people who just didn’t really care at all. After all, Rey could care less about doing literally with Rose in the bathroom. Rey shook her head. This was getting ridiculous.

Giving herself one last look in the mirror, deciding that all she needed to fix herself was a refreshers on her lipstick, Rey left the bathroom.

And came face to face with the fact that Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo was glaring up at her own son.

Ben was glaring right back at his mother, though the anger was tinted with mild amusement. Having a woman who was heads shorter than him yell at him about the indecency of fucking in public was making him have to bite his cheek to keep from laughing.

“Benjamin Solo, you are just like your father, I swear on his grave,” she yelled, poking him hard in the stomach. “And I explicitly told you not to do that at this benefit!” She threw her hands up in exasperation before turning to Rey. “And you.” she said sternly, eyes glinting. “You’re just as guilty as he is, but I'll let you slide because I haven't had to put up with your bullshit your entire life.”

She turned back to Ben again, huffing loudly as she sighed at the two of them. “I hope you know that there are photos everywhere of you two leaving the table like two horny teenagers. I won't be able to cover that up. I know I said I wanted grandkids, but I didn’t mean make them right now!”

Rey felt about ready to cry. She’d disappointed Leia, her absolute worst fear (besides Ben leaving, of course). Her lip wobbled as she looked down at Leia, floundering for something, anything to say.

“Mrs. Orga--So--Leia, I’m so, so sorry. I didn’t--we didn’t plan--oh god,” Rey brought a hand up to cover her mouth, a few tears slipping free. Could she bury herself in the ground now? How had she allowed everything to get so fucked up?

Leia sighed heavily, resting her hands on her hips as she inhaled, calming down considerably. She patted Rey’s arm, taking her hand from her mouth to hold between her own. “I’m not mad at you, dear. I'm mad at this idiot over here for dragging you into this mess. He knows better.” She shot Ben a look, which he returned in kind.
“Oh, spare me. You know how many times I had to hear uncle Luke talk about how much he heard you and Dad fucking? I’ve heard every story.” He shoved his hands deep in his pockets, having the feeling that Rey probably wanted nothing to do with him right now, though he did look at her, eyes soft. He itched to hold her, to comfort her, but he was also the one that had gotten them into this mess.

“Leia, what Ben means to say is that we are so sorry if we have embarrassed you in any way,” Rey said, looking up at Ben and waiting expectantly for him to agree.

Normally, he would've fought tooth and nail to keep from apologizing to his mother. The way Rey was looking at him actually made him hesitate, made him melt into some kind of lovestruck puppy that would do anything for its master. He sighed heavily, matching Leia’s from moments ago. “We’re sorry if we’ve embarrassed you.” But I'm not sorry I did it. I'll probably do it again, too.

Leia narrowed her eyes, clearly not buying the apology, but seemed to accept that was the best she was going to get. “Come on,” she muttered, turning on her heel as she stormed off, knowing without a doubt her two troublemaking children were in tow.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the late night post!!! We were stuck at work all day >. < We hoooooope this makes up for it...;)

Leia’s dress
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

So I know we just gave ya'll some smut but...here...have some more ;) Please note the update to the tags if you do not like!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rey had had to sit in the backseat of his car on the ride home, her voluminous skirts threatening to overtake his center council if she had sat in the passenger seat like they both wanted. She was feeling better, the embarrassment of the night having passed. Leia had been incredibly gracious once they returned to the party, not allowing any of the more clever-eyed attendants make knowing comments at them. One man in particular, who Ben had referred to as “Uncle Lando” had simply low-fived Ben, out of the sight of his mother, and whispered something in his ear that had Ben chuckling and then looking at Rey with a look that reminded her of before, of when they were simply coworkers and he had wanted her from afar. Except this look said that he already had her, and he wasn’t letting her go. She liked that look. A lot.

“Driver, oh driver, I would like to be taken home now,” Rey teased as Ben pulled away from the event.

“Oh really?” He chuckled in the rearview mirror at her, reaching between the seats behind him to find her leg, dropping his hand down to her ankle. He pulled her foot so that it rested on the console, stroking his fingers lightly across the tendons. He tried to play it off that her feet might be sorry from walking in heels, but really, he just wanted a reason to touch her. “Are Finn and...Rose going to be awake when you get back?” She was a bit drunk and he wanted to make sure that she had someone to help her if she needed to throw up or anything.

Rey rolled her eyes. “Yes. Rose and Finn are going to be home when I get home.” She kicked at him a tiny bit, more of a sweet nudging than a real kick. “Stop being so jealous. Finn is like my brother.” She giggled. “We’ve only kissed like...like...” she ticked a few numbers off on her hands. “I dunno. A few times? Maybe it was more? Do you count kisses in the cheek? Oh, but I’ve kissed Rose loads more!”

His jaw tightened, eyes narrowing as he watched the road. Anger was swirling through his chest, hot and acidic with the urge to start yelling. He had no reason to, though, he knew. Rey had been free to date and kiss whoever she wanted, but he definitely didn't want to hear that she'd kissed a guy (or girl) she was still living with. He opted to stay silent, lest he say something that would piss her off. He dropped his hand from her ankle to the gear shift, fingers curling around it as he headed back to her house.

It was well after midnight by now, the streets dark as the car ghosted through them, the low purring of the engine the only sound.

“Beeeeeeeeeen! What's wrong? Why are you so silent? Did that bother you? I don't know why it should. It's just kisses on the cheek or the forehead. It's not like we sit on the couch at night and make out or something! Ew!” Rey screwed up her face, sticking her tongue out in disgust. “Not that there is anything wrong with polyamory, of course, but they're like literally my brother and sister. Except that they aren't brother and sister to each other, they're only like that to me. Does that
make sense?"

It didn't really make him feel better, but that was just him being selfish, and he knew it. She
deserved to have friends and family, and they'd been in her life a lot longer than he had, so if
someone had to go, it would be him. He hated to accept that reality, but those were the cold, hard
facts of life. "Yeah, I guess so," he finally replied, keeping his tone neutral like he'd learned from
Leia. "I know they're your friends, Rey, and I'm happy you have them. I just... I can't help it." He
glanced down at the time on the dash before he flicked his eyes up to meet hers briefly in the
mirror.

"Well, I mean, to be fair, I've made out with Rose before. Just to kinda see. And Finn has kissed
me, like, a real, real kiss, just to also see. But that was a different time. Before Rose." She pouted
up at him in the mirror, crossing her arms over her breasts. "Not like you have room to talk, Mr.
Solo! You topped your bestie in college and you still get to hang out with him."

"Did you seriously just refer to Hux as my bestie?" He asked, trying hard to hide a snicker.

"Really? That's the part you want to comment on?" Rey shot back, glaring through the mirror.

"What, do you want me to go off about how insanely jealous I am? How I sort of hate a guy I don't
even know because he has more history with you than I do?" He was back to being serious, his
hands kept tightening around the wheel, knuckles turning white.

"I'm trying to control my jealousy, because you don't deserve that, but I'm having a hard time,
especially when you go off telling me that he's kissed you." He kept his eyes on the road, avoiding
her gaze. He didn't want to fight; never with her. But it was hard for him to tolerate the idea that he
was second-best. Which is why he hadn't brought it up in the first place. He'd been hoping to just
ignore the topic all together for as long as possible.

Rey rolled her eyes. "Jeez, Ben, I was just referring to my joke about you topping Hux, but clearly
it wasn't."

"Well, you're not wrong," he muttered under his breath, looking out the window as he changed
lanes.

That sent Rey into a fit of giggles, which she tried so hard to hide in her hands before they simply
got too much to contain. Now safely nearing her house, she took off her seatbelt and leaned
forward, wrapping her arms around Ben's shoulders and pressing her lips up to his ear.

"Ben, sweetie, there's no reason at all for you to feel jealous of Finn, okay? I'm not jealous of Hux,
and I should have more of a right to that than you! I just accept that as your past, something that
makes you who you are, and I really, really like who you are. And if you even sort of like who I am,
you'll have to learn to accept the fact that Finn is a part of that. He's been my friend since we
were kids, he helped save me from Plutt. He's incredibly important to me. But he's still my
brother. And you, sir," she gave his ear a little nibble, tugging it with her teeth, "you are not my
brother. And I intend to drag you into my house where we will shag like silent little rabbits so we
don't wake up my brother and sister. 'Kay?"

They approached her driveway, and he pulled in, immediately killing the headlights so that the
beams didn't wake up anyone inside. Leaning back against the leather seat, he placed his hand over
hers on his chest, tilting his head back to look up at her. "I'm trying, I am. Though I don't know if I
should take advantage of you while you're drunk, sweetheart." He reached up to stroke the side of
her face, smiling faintly. "If your offer still stands when you're sober, then definitely."
He bent his head back a little further, leaning up at the same time to push his lips to hers lovingly. The thought of sneaking around like a teen again made him nostalgic, and he had a brief moment to remember the nights he and Hux had spent together. The guy was definitely an ass, but they had helped each other heal after their time together with Snoke. On rare occasions, Phasma would even join in, though she had taken quite the liking to the redheaded man. Ben had stopped sleeping with them after that, preferring to let them drift closer.

Rey hummed softly out of his kiss, her eyes stayed glued to his soft lips. “I’m not _that_ drunk, Ben. I am perfectly in control of my body and my decisions. And my body and decisions both pick you.” She leaned forward to give him a nuzzle, her lips ghosting down his throat in the temptation of a kiss. God, he smelled good.

She trailed her hands down his chest, slowly unknotting his tie. That out of her way, she began to unbutton his tuxedo shirt, going down as far as she could reach, leaving an expanse of his broad chest open for her fingers to glide across. She pressed her lips more insistently to the spot where his shoulder and neck met, gently sucking the flesh and grazing it with her teeth.

Closing his eyes, he moved his head further out of the way to give her more room, even as he said, “Insistent little minx, aren’t you?” A shudder rolled through him, and he had enough common sense to ask, “Are we even going to make it inside?” Her lips at his skin, skimming across his pulse and going to that one spot he enjoyed so much had him melting beneath her, thankful for the strong seat or he might’ve fallen over.

She reached down and unclipped his seatbelt. “C’mon, Solo.”

Getting out of the car was a tiny bit harder for Rey, with the skirts and the fact that his car was two-door. Damn sports cars. Ben finally helped pull her free and she giggled again, careful to keep it quiet in the sleeping neighborhood.

She unlocked her front door and paused to listen. Sometimes Finn was still awake this late, due to the erratic nature of his job. But all was silent, so she motion Ben to follow her in. Heels long since disposed of, she waited for Ben to take off his shoes by the front door so they could creep as silently upstairs as possible.

Rey’s room was right in the middle of Finn and Rose’s, her headboard sharing a wall with Finn’s, and her heart began to hammer at the possibility of waking either up. Thinking quickly, she grabbed a spare blanket from the end of her bed and stuffed it between the headboard and wall. Leaning around her nightstand, she plugged in the string of white lights above her bed, tacked into the wall in a wave pattern. It cast the room in a soft glow and she finally turned back to look at him, admiring the beauty of him standing in her simple bedroom.

The first thing Ben noticed was the size of her bed. Did she want him to sneakily stay the night or leave after the sex? Because if she wanted him to stay...no way would he fit in that bed. But maybe he was getting too far ahead of himself. First things first. He glanced at the lights above her bed, stepping closer until he was right beneath the soft glow so that he could inspect them. “These are really neat,” he whispered softly before turning back to her.

He met her eyes and gave that same smile of longing that they’d shared in the bathroom as he reached up to pull his tie from around his neck, setting it at the end of her bed. “Are you sure about this?” he asked, tilting his head. “I don’t really want to have to flee naked if we get caught.” He finished unbuttoning the shirt, slowly stripping it away along with his blazer to lie with his tie.

“The most they will do is be annoyed we woke them up. I have to wake up earlier than they do, anyway,” Rey said. She tried not to think of her alarm that was set for less than six hours from
now. Maybe she'd skip breakfast and have Jessika go grab her something instead.

Rey turned around, presenting her back to Ben. “I need some help, please.”

He shifted closer, brushing his fingers over the contours of her bare shoulders before bending to kiss along the same path as he dragged the zipper down. The dress loosened considerably and he worked it over her hips, letting it pool on the ground. Somewhere in the back of his head, someone was screaming at him for letting a dress that expensive lay on the floor, but he really couldn't be bothered to pick it up right now. Rey was much more valuable to him, and he was intensely focused on her. He knew that if he looked in a mirror, his eyes would be nearly black, the irises nearly drowned out with his desire for her.

He would never tire of her, of her personality, or her body, he realized as he nuzzled into the crook of her neck, parting his lips against her to suck lightly. The previous mark he'd made had been covered well with concealer, but now he wanted to see a new one on her; he wanted another visible claim on her, and since a giant rock on her finger wasn't an option right now...this would do.

His arms wrapped around her, one tracing soft patterns against the flesh of her stomach while the other crept up to wrap loosely around her throat, holding her still as he began to nip and lick at the side of her neck with just a little more ferocity.

"Ben, the necklace. Don't hurt it,” Rey whispered, shivering as the cool gold pressed into her hot throat by his ministrations. She wasn’t used to caring for a necklace that was nearly $8,000, but she had a feeling that saliva wasn’t the best for it.

Huffing, he let go of her and reached for the necklace, half tempted to just yank it off of her and toss it somewhere. She’d probably kill him at that point, so he unclasped it and pulled it from her neck gently, reaching around to hand it to her. “I don’t know where the box is.” He said gruffly, his voice already dropping lower.

Rey groaned to extract herself from him, but she quickly padded over to her dresser, slipping the precious stones into the velvet lined box and closing it a loud snap.

When she turned back to him, it only took one look into his dark eyes to decide to launch herself at him, throwing her legs around his waist and clinging around his shoulders, her mouth hungry on his. She could feel the strain on the garters and her thigh highs but she’d happily rip the nylon off it if meant she could grind onto him without resistance.

His hands found their way to her ass, smoothing over the fabric still there. He wanted them off. Turning towards the bed, he let her slip from his grasp to the mattress, immediately moving between her legs again. Practically ripping the garters off, he kept the thigh highs on for a moment, caressing his fingers over them. “I love these,” he ground out, slowly peeling them down, tossing one to the floor before doing the same to the other.

Moving to hover over her, he kissed her again roughly, slipping his tongue into her mouth to dance alongside hers, only pulling back enough to ask, “You’ll need to be quiet, Kitten. Think you can do that for me?”

“I know one way I could be,” Rey said. She bit her lip for a moment, unsure, but decided that they’d already gone past the point if no return...and he hadn't mentioned bondage and the like on his “no go” list. She rolled onto her stomach and opened her nightstand, shoving past her vibrators and extracting something fresh from the package. When she handed it over to him, she tried her hardest to look confident, even if her insides were aflame from a mixture of desire and embarrassment.
To be fair, she’d bought the black and red ball gag with Rose as a joke. They’d originally intended to give it to Finn to rib at him for his...enthusiasm when servicing himself. But the moment hadn’t ever been right and so Rey just sort of...had it.

Raising his eyebrows in surprise, he blinked at her once, taking the gag from her to inspect. “Are you sure?” This was...unexpected, but not unwelcome.

Rey nodded. “Yeah. I...trust you and all of that.” She took it back from him and began loosening it, avoiding his eyes as she asked, “Are you okay with it?”

Flashing her a small smile, he nodded back, “Yeah. I’m glad you trust me enough to do this. If it gets to be too much and you want to stop, just tap hard on my arm twice, okay? I’ll stop immediately.” He kissed her forehead softly, reaching up to help her get it fitted properly.

She nodded and leaned forward to make it easier on him. She wanted to argue that it could never be too much from him, but she figured that now wasn’t the right time for her to be defiant just because. When she was finally all set, she crawled off her bed for a moment to divulge herself of the lingerie, stepping out of the body piece before slipping off her underwear. And so she stood, stark naked and unable to speak, and waited for him to take this in whatever direction he decided.

He’d followed her up, standing at the foot of her bed, watching her with heated eyes. He’d have to be very careful, making sure to keep an eye out for her signal if she wanted to stop. That was part of being a dom--making sure your sub was all right, even when the reality was the sub held all the power. And seeing her there with a gag in her mouth, waiting for instruction, made him impossibly hard.

His own pants were still on, and as he thought about how he wanted her, he undid them, sliding them and his boxers down until he could step out of them. They stood there for a long moment, two people completely bared to each other, drinking the other in with their eyes.

Looking her up and down, he let his gaze linger over her throat, down to her breasts, then over her stomach and to the swell of her hips. “On the bed,” he murmured, so quietly his voice was nearly lost in the room. “On your stomach.” He didn’t like not being able to see her face this way, but he’d keep a close eye on her all the same.

Rey obeyed with a short nod, making a show of crawling onto her bed, keeping her arse in his view at all times. She laid down on her stomach slowly. She wasn’t sure if he wanted her legs opened or closed so, without a way to ask, she just settled for something vaguely in the middle. She rested her chin on her hands, settled into a posture near to that of receiving a massage. Except that you didn’t usually get a massage wearing a ball gag.

His eyes were fixed firmly on her ass, able to see the slight red marks of his hand from earlier in the day; they looked good on her. Kneeling on the bed behind her, his legs on either side of hers, he stared down at the expanse of her smooth back. Why did he have the sudden urge to just lick her all over? He already knew she tasted amazing. Instead, he leaned forward until he hovered over her, his hands firmly planted on either side of of her torso, his thumbs brushing the sides of her breasts with a feather-light touch.

With him caging her in like this, she wasn’t able to move very well until he allowed it, and he lowered himself down until he could kiss along the back of her shoulders and down her spine, eyes sliding closed as he revelled in the taste of her body, tainted slightly from whatever body wash she’d used earlier in the day. Her skin was warm under his mouth, intoxicating, making him feel like he was under some sort of spell. A sudden idea struck him, then, remembering that he’d seen a few toys in the same spot she’d pulled the gag out of.
Moving away from her suddenly, he went over to the nightstand, opening it before glancing over at her. “Which ones have been in your ass?” he asked seriously, looking back to all the toys and vibrators in the drawer.

Rey pushed herself up a bit and glanced into the drawer before nodding to a blue one with a remote control. There was also the option to use an app on her phone, but she always had trouble pairing it, and she knew the remote worked just as well. The soft silicone toy was specifically made for anal stimulation and therefore had a proper stopper base, although she also had a few changeable stoppers if ever she wanted to use one of her other vibrators anally (although she preferred not to, as she never felt like they were clean enough afterwards to go back to being vaginal. She knew it was silly, she cleaned her toys thoroughly, but she could never shake the thought). She liked that there was a remote for it, especially when she was doing dual stimulation on herself.

She really hoped he wasn’t judging her for being so aghast at him spending money like it didn’t mean anything when almost everything in her drawer was rechargeable and more than $120 each. Although she’d always reasoned that it made more sense to spend the money on the more expensive ones, as not having to change out batteries was great and most rechargeable ones came with a warranty, when all you could hope for with the little $20 ones was a few good weeks and not getting battery acid on anything else.

He plucked the little blue toy, holding it up and twisting it for inspection, giving it a brief nod of approval. Grabbing the little remote that went with it, he pushed the button experimentally, feeling the toy give a jolt of vibration.

Making a face that said *not bad,* he looked back into the drawer for a little bottle of lube with the brand name *Pjur* on it. Holding the items up, he raised his eyebrow, tilting his head, “Are you ready to start, Kitten?”

He dropped the plug onto the bed, where it seemed to lurk ominously as he slunk around, back onto the bed. Crawling back over her and placing one hand on her back between her shoulder blades, he pushed her back down against the bed softly. “Remember to tap if it's too much,” he reminded her softly, skimming his fingers down her back to delve between her legs from behind, seeking the wet warmth of her cunt to start prepping her body.

Rey parted her legs more, pressing up onto her knees just the tiniest bit so she could arch herself up more for him without disobeying his soft command. She moaned at the feeling on him touching her, giving her hips a wriggle to encourage him on. Maybe she would just call in sick tomorrow? Spending all night fucking sounded far nicer than spending all day on conference calls for a job she was positive her heart was no longer in.

He chuckled softly, smiling at how loud her moan was around the ball gag. Clearly, it wasn't going to muffle her cries nearly as much as they'd thought. “Seems like that thing isn't doing its job. Maybe I should use my cock instead,” he told her nonchalantly, even as his fingers slipped into her, immediately curling downward to press against her g-spot instantly, know that was one way to get her coming hard and fast. He needed her body pliant and loose.

Withdrawing his fingers all the way out, he circled her clit twice, passing over it with teasing strokes before plunging back inside.

She whimpered, forehead pressed into her bed as she did her best to keep her sounds muffled. And did he really have to make a reference to her sucking him off right now? She only wished she were that lucky.

She moaned again, a lower noise this time, to feel his fingers working her in the exact right way.
She knew the soulmates were imaginary and not at all real, but the way he had learned her body so quickly over the course of the weekend surely wasn’t a coincidence. Or else he was just an extremely skilled lover and she’d been lucky enough to catch him when he was single. Well, he caught her, masturbating in her own office, but that was irrelevant. What was most important was that he was here, in her bedroom, right now, with those wonderfully thick, skilled fingers doing--

Rey was quick to grab a pillow, throwing it over her head to muffle the sound more as she bucked back against him, riding out the waves of an orgasm that took her completely by surprise. It was such a pleasant release, one that left her body feeling warm but not too spent. She was still hot and ready for more.

He moved with her through her orgasm, clicking his tongue in approval at her. “Are you ready for more?” he asked once her waves had dwindled down a little, his fingers lazily stroking in and out of her as he waited, reaching over her body to grab the bottle of lube.

From beneath her pillow, she nodded, issuing another soft, pleading whimper.

Smiling, he pulled his hand away from her, popping open the bottle of lube and generously applying some to his finger. He knew the motto: when in doubt, add more lube. There was no such thing as too much when it came to this. Fingers sufficiently saturated, he moved back to her and patted her lightly on her hips to get her to raise her rear up to him.

What he really wanted to do was tie her back up to the headboard, but she needed her hands free to tap if needed, so he'd make do for now. There would always be next time; he still shuddered to think that he even got a next time with this woman.

If there was one thing he had learned from being with Hux, it was that anal play had to go slow, waiting on the body to adjust to an intrusion in an unconventional place. He lightly rubbed his finger against the ring of muscle on the outside, before barely slipping the tip of his finger in, working it in and out softly, whispering for her to relax. It seemed to work, and he was able to gradually add more of his finger (and gratuitous amounts of lubricant) until one digit was sheathed completely inside her. She was tighter back here, and he had the passing thought of how it would feel around his cock, but he was going to wait for another day for that. He had other plans for right now; namely inserting that toy into her ass, turning it on, and then fucking her sweet cunt while her ass was full.

As her body began to melt around him, he added another finger, pushing it in and out, spreading them wide within her to help accommodate her for the plug. It was fascinating what the sex industry was able to come up with these days, really. “How does it feel?” he questioned, looking down to where her head was stuffed under the pillow.

With his free hand, he grasped it and pulled it away from her face with a yank. “I want to see you.”

Rey twisted her torso so that she could look back at him, eyes shining with lust and adoration. She nodded to his previous question, shutting her eyes in bliss as he slowly pumped his fingers in and out. Maybe they would be able to work up to anal sooner than she thought. Her body was definitely singing for it.

She realized in that moment that she wanted to try everything, nearly anything with the man between her legs. If he asked, she would say yes. And she knew now that she would get the same response in kind. She no longer had to be scared or embarrassed if she wanted to attempt something “taboo” in the bedroom, as her unfortunate past had forced her to contend with. As she pressed her arse up just a bit more for him, she knew that she was correct in letting her heart fall far too hard for this one.
Nodding, he turned back to watch his fingers work, feeling his breath catch at the look he’d seen on her face. He slowly added another finger, and then a third one after she’d adjusted, finally reaching for the toy. He slicked it up before placing it at her entrance, raising his eyes to hers fleetingly to make sure she was all right with this. Pleased by what he found, he started to work it inside, giving a triumphant smile when it was fully in.

He reached for the remote to it, turning it on to a lower setting. Sliding his other hand down to her clt, he rubbed it teasingly (didn't want any cross contamination and risk a UTI--he’d never hear the end of it). His cock was straining hard against her thigh, so hot it was nearly burning. “Can I fuck that pretty pussy of yours at the same time, Kitten?” he asked, leaning down to kiss up and down her spine.

Rey nodded enthusiastically, pressing herself up fully onto her knees, keeping her shoulders in contact with the bed. She moaned lowly around the gag, eyes fluttering shut at the feeling of the vibrations in her body. She couldn’t wait to be full, to have Ben inside of her at the same time. Knowing that he was about to penetrate her while there was already something going on...she’d never doubly penetrated herself, usually only opting to stimulate her citoris while she had something up her arse, so this was a new and thrilling experience for her.

She tried not to worry about being able to fit both at the same time. Ben was quite a lot bigger than anything she’d ever had...ever.

Eyes dark, he stared down at her for a long second, admiring how lovely she was while waiting for him, her ass perked up in the air, face down. He slid one hand along his shaft, giving a few slow pumps before he lined himself up. She was positively dripping, coating her own thighs with her arousal. Fuck, that was hot. To have clear evidence that she was enjoying this spurned him on, made him shift closer, pushing the head of his cock into her, pausing at the sensation of the vibrations coming through that thin wall that separated him from that toy inside her.

He sucked in a deep breath, almost a gasp, and kept moving, eyes wandering down to watch as her body took his in inch by glorious inch. “Mmm fuck, you feel so good,” he grunted, stopping only when she held his entire length. “Tell me when you're ready.” His hands rubbed either side of her ass, ghosting over the marks he'd left on her earlier, feeling the last traces of lingering heat come off them.

Knowing she couldn’t really use her words, she undulated her body against him, pulling back only to slam herself into his hips again. She did it a second time, wanting to start a hard and fast pace. She had been teetering towards her end since the last time they had finished and she was desperate to be fucked.

Growling softly in the back of his throat, he tightened his grip on her hips, forcing her into stillness as he pulled back and thrusted roughly, sinking himself as deeply as he could. He hissed between his teeth at the snug fit, watching the way her back arched. “I love fucking your cunt, sweetheart,” he told her, punctuating his words by pounding into her harder, deeper, the vibrations on the toy stimulating him as much as her. He reached for the remote and turned the setting up another notch, a shiver running through him. “Next time, I'm going to fuck your ass, though. Hard and deep, just the way you like it.”

Rey’s moan was even louder than the gag could contain, and she knew she was drooling on her bed. But fuck if this wasn’t the most amazing thing she’d ever felt. And for him to imply that the next it would be him in her arse? She gave a shudder, the motion vibrating through her whole body, joining in the motions happening behind her. Ben’s hold on her hips was nearly bruising, joining the marks he’d made before. She loved bearing the marks of his attentions, loved being able to
look down at her body and know that it wasn’t all a horribly cruel dream. Even if tomorrow would bring a crude dose of reality, at least she knew that this had happened.

Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her body was pounded into, the vibrations in her arse shooting up her spine and making her dizzy. When he kicked the vibrations up another notch, she threw her head back and moaned even louder, a sound near a scream. She wished he would pull her hair, at the least, knowing that the pins that had been holding the curls in place were beginning to litter the bed.

At the noise she made, he had the fleeting thought that there was no way her roommates weren’t awake. Rey Niima just was not quiet in bed, and he was all for it. It made him feel like he was doing something right, especially because he could tell that her moans were genuine and not faked. His hand slid up her back, and he found himself wanting to see her face again, wanted to watch as her expressions contorted in pleasure. He twisted his hand into her hair and yanked, turning her head to the side so that he could see her. There was saliva dripping around the red ball in her mouth, her face flushed, the whites of her eyes huge. She wasn't tapping, so he was assuming she was okay.

With his free hand, he reached around her body and rolled her clit between his thumb and forefinger, the weight of his body resting against her back, his cock slamming home with every thrust. If he could just angle his hips a little bit, annnnd there. He hit that spot over and over, rubbing her roughly as the vibrations screamed through her body.

It was almost too much for her. The vibrations and the thrusting and his fingers on her clit and the hand twisted into her hair...dear lord. She came and came hard, not caring in the slightest that she most definitely woke up Finn and Rose. Hell, she probably woke up the neighbors. Of course, it wasn’t like Ben was trying too hard to be quiet, himself. He seemed unaware of the volume of his grunting, of his moans of pleasure. She wanted to hear him make those sounds forever.

Panting and gasping behind her, he finally stilled, having reached his own orgasm mere seconds behind hers. Vaguely, he heard something thump against the other side of the wall by the headboard, and he registered it was probably her friend smacking it or something.

Pulling away from her gently, he slid the toy out of her and immediately reached up to undo the gag, slipping it out of her mouth to deposit on the bed. He’d worry about cleaning it later. Wrapping her up in his arms, he pulled her close and kissed her hair, kneeling on her tiny bed.

“You're so amazing,” he murmured. “And not just in bed, though that is pretty fantastic too.” He was unsure if he should put her to bed and leave now, but cuddling a little seemed to be the best option. She was so warm and boneless against him and he loved being able to touch her.

“You, too,” she managed to murmur back.

She kind of hated that he seemed so unaffected by everything, but as she rested her head against his chest, she felt his heart pounding frantically and the sheen of his sweat on her face. He was just better at hiding it, she reasoned. It almost broke her heart thinking that he was so used to being strong all the time that he couldn’t just give himself over to that blissed out, just finished fucking feeling.

She flexed her jaw a bit, regaining the motion in it. She nuzzled up the column of his throat, pressing soft kisses there.

“Sleep over?” she asked against his pulsepoint. She could feel the fluids leaking out of her, his come and hers sliding down her legs, feeling his softening penis against her belly slowly dripping out the last of him. Neither one of them should sleep in this bed, but at the moment, she cared more
about making sure he didn't leave than she did about cleaning up all of their mess.

Mentally groaning at the idea of sleeping in such a small bed, he flopped onto it as he pulled her down next to him, immediately resuming his position of wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close. He lifted her face up to his and kissed her softly, letting it deepen into something more than just a passion-fueled thing when they were tearing off clothes. This one was tender, loving, and probably most of all, slow. He lingered everywhere on and within her mouth, tasting her, committing it to memory as he held her. “Anything for you,” he breathed against her lips in regards to her question for him to stay. He was starting to realize that maybe he wasn't showing her enough how much she meant to him and that maybe she thought he was just using her as a fuck toy; he intended to change that.

“M’kay. Let’s get cleaned up,” Rey said, hating her own practicality. She gave him a quick kiss and rolled away, leaning over to her nightstand to fish for her toy cleaner. “I would hate to bother you, but do you mind...changing the sheets? I’ve got more in that drawer down there,” she nodded to the bottom drawer of her dresser. “My hamper is just over there.” Another nod to her wicker hamper in the corner of her room.

She gingerly plucked up the toy and made her way into her bathroom, using the facilities before cleaning off the toy, wrapped up in her tiny silk robe. She plucked the remaining pins out of her hair, quickly tying the curls up into a ponytail at the top of her head. The curls would brush out pretty in the morning, so there was no sense in attempting to tame them down now. As she began to scrub at her face, there was a knock on the bathroom door.

“Rey, that better be you!” Finn grumbled from the other side of the door. “You and your boyfriend woke up the entire fucking neighborhood. SOME OF US HAVE TO SLEEP, REY.” He pounded harder on the door, eyes bleary with a distinct lack of the sleep he so desperately desired.

Rey threw open the door and glared at Finn, face half-covered in facewash. “Finn! Shut up! Rose is trying to sleep!”

“No I’m not!” Rose called out from her bedroom.

Rey groaned. “I’m sorry!” she glared at Finn. “I’m sorry, okay? Just...hush. Some of us have to work in the morning, kay?” She washed off the rest of her facewash and brushed her teeth, giving him a cheeky grin. “I’m sorry I’m getting laid and you’re not.” Spitting out the toothpaste, she gave Finn a pat on the cheek as she shut off the light. “Maybe you’d get some if you just looked a little harder. I bet the perfect girl for you is riitiight under your nose. Night, sweetie.”

Finn gaped after her, muttering under his breath about how they could be at least a little quieter before he rubbed his eyes and called loudly enough for Ben to hear, “Hey, Rey’s boyfriend! Nice to meet you!”

Ben called back something similar, making a valiant attempt to hide his laughter in the crook of his arm as he finished replacing the sheets on Rey’s bed.

Rey shuffled back into her bedroom, giving Ben a kiss on the shoulder as she stepped around the bed to put her things back into her nightstand. She dropped her robe at the foot of her bed, wanting to sleep with him naked. After all, there was not a lot of space on her bed and surely clothes would just...take some of it up. She hoped he wasn’t just saying he would sleep over to appease her out of some obligation after sex. It wasn’t like like they weren’t in an official relationship or anything, which was all the more reason for him to be honest with her. He probably hadn’t slept on a full-sized bed since he was a toddler, the giant he was.
“What time do you want me to set an alarm for you? You’re going to have to go home and get
dressed,” Rey asked, picking up her phone. She groaned to look at the time, nearly 1AM, and the
fact that her alarm was set to go off at 6:30. Maybe she could sleep later, since her hair was
basically done?

Shrugging, he sat on the edge of her bed, watching her set the alarm. “6:00 is fine. I'll need enough
time to go shower and everything, too.” Once she'd taken care of it, he scooted over on the bed to
give her some more room. “I don't know where you normally sleep in bed, so…” he shrugged
helplessly, not knowing if she preferred a specific side of the bed or usually took up the middle of
it. And it was her bed to begin with so he didn't want to just sprawl out and make her work around
him.

Rey turned on a fan in the corner of her room. It was another quirk she’d taken with her from
childhood, needing the white noise to drown out whatever yelling or screaming that was happening
outside her doors so that she could sleep. When she made her way back over to him, she nibbled on
her lip. He really was massive and she thought for a moment to ask him if he wanted to go home
instead, if he would be more comfortable sleeping in literally any other bed he owned rather than
her tiny one.

“I'll just...um...do you mind if I sort of just sleep on your chest?” Rey asked. “My bed is just so
small and you’re definitely not so…” she trailed off with a helpless shrug.

Feeling his face soften at how small and nervous she sounded, he nodded and pulled the blankets
back on the bed, laying down and extending a hand out to her. He pulled her up onto his chest, one
hand winding around her waist, the other settling lightly on the back of her head where he pressed
it to his heart. Her bed was a little lumpy, but otherwise comfortable, and as he pulled the blankets
up around her, he tightened his free hand along her waist, nuzzling into the top of her head. In that
moment, he almost said it. Almost said out loud that he loved her, and that he wanted to spend
every night for the rest of his life like this.

Chapter End Notes

Surprise, Eskay used to work at a romance store and has STRONG opinions about sex
toys and lubes.

The toy WeVibe has great warranties and excellent customer service.
The lube Pjur makes the best lubricant ever, it mimics the body's natural lubrication
the most. If you have the means, I suggest getting some <3
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Strap yourselves in! IT'S A DOOZY.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Rey’s alarm sounded at 6AM, her first instinct was to chuck it across the room. But the warm, slowly moving thing beneath her seemed better disciplined. She felt him shift slowly beneath her, so gently depositing her onto the bed as he slid out. She made a small whimpering sound, sad to lose his comfortable warmth, but she wasted no time in snuggling into the warm space he had left behind. She’d set a second alarm for 7:30AM, still considering setting it later and having Jessika get her breakfast for her.

She opened one bleary eye, watching as Ben slipped on his pants and shirt and gathered the rest of his clothing. She hummed softly as he pressed his lips to her temple, whispering in her ear that he would see her at work. As he closed the door, she muttered quietly that she loved him, rolling away from the door and wrapping herself up in his phantom warmth.

The next time her alarm went off, she obediently turned it off and set about to getting ready. Finn and Rose wouldn’t awake for a few more hours, so the house was still sleepy and silent as she groomed and dressed for work. She noticed that at some point last night, Ben had hung her gown up for her. That touch of sweetness made her heart melt as she gently slid past it in her closet, pulling out a black pencil skirt and a crisp white blouse, her black blazer following. Feeling bold, she reached for the thigh highs from her hamper, wanting a piece of their weekend with her on what was sure to be a trying day.

She’d have to go to work and pretend like she hadn’t been in Ben’s arms all weekend. That very thought made her heart ache, especially as she applied liberal amounts of concealer onto her neck to cover up the evidence of their lovemaking. She wanted more than anything to show them off, she wanted everyone to know that she’d finally snagged Ben Solo after years of pining, but she knew that was still inappropriate for the time being. Soon, she reassured herself. Soon.

She finished her hair, the gentle curls bouncing against her shoulders, and then worked on her face. She kept it simple but made sure to curl her eyelashes after her mascara and swipe some red lipstick along her lips.

Unsure of what the time after work would bring, she slipped on a pair of black and white lace underwear and the matching bra, leaving her blouse unbuttoned just the slightest bit so that a person could see the bra if they had enough height. A person like Ben. Thankfully, her black garterbelt matched the bra and panty set, so the aesthetic was not wasted as she slid the thigh highs up and clipped them on. She tucked her white blouse into her black skirt and slid on her blazer, settling a white pearl necklace around her neck. She yearned to wear the diamonds, but she knew that was slightly suspicious. Everyone knew she couldn’t afford a necklace that expensive, they would surely ask where it came from.

Grabbing her black heels from last night, she made her way downstairs to eat her breakfast. As she waited for her tea and oatmeal, she scrolled through her phone, searching for Ben’s name. The very first article that popped up was posted just this morning. Rey wrinkled her nose that it was from
that trash gossip website, *Starkiller*, but she couldn’t help but read it.

**Senator’s Son Seen Sneaking Sex**

*Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo’s* fundraising benefit this past Sunday was a stunning affair, full of the practical opulence one could expect from the well-received senator. But her newest bid was not the talk of the evening, rather instead it was the talk of her son, the infamous “Bad Boy of Politics” Benjamin Solo (35), seen stealing away his date in a hurried fashion. Sources were unable to gain the name of the young woman, but it is agreed upon that she is possibly either Mr. Solo’s newest lady lover, or else a well-dressed escort. Readers will remember that just last week, Mr. Solo was seen dining with his confirmed past lover, Armitage Hux (34), son of Admiral Brendol Hux and Senator Organa-Solo’s known political enemy.

Sources say that Mr. Solo and the unnamed young woman were seen disappearing down a hallway, where sounds of sex were heard from the outside. When Mr. Solo and his guest returned a “great length of time later”, they were ushered back with Senator Organa-Solo, who seemed loathe to let them out of her sight for another moment more.

Rey blushed to see the images, featuring herself and Ben entering the benefit, them sitting with Leia during dinner (with her hand suspiciously below the table), and then with them walking away. She swallowed around her oatmeal to see the look in Ben’s eyes in that picture, eyes that were full of pride, lust, and something near obsession. Her head was turned away from the camera, but she could only wonder how she’d returned that look. The final picture featured them standing with Ben’s Uncle Lando, Leia dutifully at their side as she spoke to someone else while Ben and Lando smirked at something Rey couldn’t hear.

She had been warned, after all. And it was just a stupid gossip website. No one took those things seriously. She rinsed away her breakfast things and grabbed her purse and keys, setting out for her morning drive. She wouldn’t let that article get to her. After all, none of it was untrue.

Arriving at work, Rey couldn’t help but look for his car in the garage. She spotted it instantly and felt her heart race, giddy with the thought that her lover was already here. He was such a great employee, she hoped that wherever he moved on to finally appreciated that. She walked into the building trying her hardest to project an air of not caring, that nothing at all had changed in her life since Friday at lunch. She kept her eyes trained on her office as she moved across her floor, willing herself not to search out his eyes. The floor was still silent, everyone just now coming in, so it was a little hard to not allow her eyes to be immediately drawn to where Ben was looming over his cubicle, seeming deep in thought at something he was staring down at.

He looked up just before she disappeared into her office and she shot him a quick smile, her heart twittering when he returned it. Oh god, this was going to be harder than she thought.

“Morning, Rey!” Jessika chirped happily.

“Hey, Jess,” Rey replied just as happily.

“Oh, wow, don’t you seem chipper this morning,” Jessika said. A knowing smile crossed her lips. “Did you...have a good weekend?”

Rey narrowed her eyes at her secretary. “…yeah, you could say that.”
Jessika shot up and moved to close the door of her office, practically bursting. “Oh my god, Rey, you so cannot lie to me! I know!” she said in a whisper-yell.

Rey blanched. “You--you what?”

“I know! You know I subscribe to Starkiller. And girl, you would not believe the sound I made when I saw that article this morning! I mean, you and,” she lowered her voice again, “Ben Solo!!!! Please tell me what it was like to climb that man! Oh god, I heard those strong and silent types are absolute gods in bed!”

“Jessika! Shut up!” Rey hissed, surging forward to cover Jessika’s mouth with her hand.

Jessika moved out of Rey’s grasp and smirked. “Oh, come on. This is so exciting! I mean, you’ve wanted to bang him for years now!”

Rey blushed. “N--no I haven’t!”

Jessika raised an eyebrow at her, her expression incredulous. “Oh please, you can’t lie to me. I’ve seen the way you look at him. You’ve been dreaming of fucking him forever.” She approached Rey, grabbing onto her arms. “Please tell me it was heaven!”

“Jessika, I will not discuss my sex life with you!” Rey protested. “Pleeeeeeaaaaaaase!”

“No!”

Jessika rolled her eyes. “Fine. Well. Just so you know, I am totally in support of this and I think it’s hot as hell. So, as your secretary, please know that I will do anything in my power to rearrange your schedule so that you two can keep fucking and you will maybe finally tell me what it was like. Because, honey, I’d be so lying if I said I hadn’t thought of it and I’m incredibly jealous. But supportive! Very supportive!”

“Enough, Jess!” Rey snapped. She sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “I just--can you please call Ms. Tahno for me? I need to talk to the Mr’s.”

Jessika frowned. “Oh no, Rey! You’re not going to quit, are you?”

“What else am I supposed to do?”

Jessika could only offer a shrug. “I’ll call Ms. Tahno.”

Rey offered her a small smile. “Thanks, Jess.” She walked into her office and sighed, slinking down into her chair. She stared anxiously at her phone, waiting for it to light up with the notification that Jessika had reached her boss’ secretary. She could hardly focus on the persistent emails already clogging up her inbox, already mentally checked out of her job.

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Upon arriving at work, he’d been dodging Jessika's sly smiles, a glint in her eyes that said she knew every dirty thing he’d done over the weekend. There was an article laid out on his desk that he’d been frowning at when Rey arrived. He'd watched her stealthily, smiling at her blatant attempt not
to look over at him. That was okay. He'd seen her while she slept, had felt her body in the most intimate of ways. They could do this. They could pretend they hadn't spent the entire weekend exploring every inch of each other. Right?

As she disappeared into her office--the one he had very fond memories of from what seemed like a lifetime ago already--he sat down in his chair. The fucking thing was still too small, creaking when it moved. He rolled up the sleeves of his black dress shirt, immediately diving in to his work. Hey, if they were keeping up the charade, he was going to do his part for as long as necessary.

Picking up where he'd left off on Friday, he opened the textbook and pulled out his highlighter, holding it between his lips as he flicked through the pages, only moving it when he found an error. He adjusted his glasses, not really having enough time to throw a new set of contacts in, and ignored the sounds of people coming, greeting each other with friendly smiles. Except for Ben. They never said hi to him, and he never said it back, so that was okay with him.

“Rey, I have Ms. Tahno on line 1 for you,” Jessika’s voice said through her intercom, making Rey almost jump.

“Thanks, Jess.” Rey took a deep breath before lifting up her phone and pressing the blinking red light. “This is Rey Niima.”

“Miss Niima, what can I help you with? You know it’s Monday morning, right? I’ve got a lot to do here,” Ahsoka Tahno said from her end of the line. She was a kind woman, dedicated to her work, but she was also all about business and getting things done.

“I was just wondering if there was even a moment of time today when I could talk to the Mr.’s? It’s a bit urgent,” Rey asked.

There was some silence for a moment, a barely perceptible clicking sound on Ahsoka’s end. Finally, she spoke. “I can squeeze you in between their 10AM meeting and the 11AM conference call, if you can promise to keep it short. You can use the conference call line.”

Rey sighed. Since deciding on doing the right thing and telling them in person, she was disappointed to hear that it would have to be on the phone. But at least it was more personal than an email.

“I’ll take it,” Rey replied.

“Fantastic. Have a good morning, Miss Niima.”

“You, too.”

Not but a moment later, Rey saw the update on the scheduler on her computer. It was a little red sliver crammed between her own conference calls. Sighing, she opened up the office messaging system and scrolled until she saw Ben’s name.

Rey Niima

*I have a call with the bosses at about 10:45ish.*
She chewed on her lip, waiting for his response. Why did she feel so nervous? It wasn’t like he was going to message back and say that the weekend had been great and that they were done. Why was her brain being so mean to even think something like that?

Hearing his computer ping, he turned his attention to it and read Rey’s message. He smirked slowly to himself, glancing over his shoulder to make sure that no one was reading.

**Benjamin Solo**

*You're really adorable when you sleep.*

So maybe it wasn't the most appropriate thing to send through the office messaging system, but it wasn't exactly explicit, either. The people monitoring it could take it how they wanted.

He made a mental note to keep track of the time and visit her after the call was over to see how it went. He glanced at the clock, finding it hard to believe that he'd been buried deep in her body not but eight hours ago.

“Hey, Ben.”

Looking up, he raised an eyebrow when he saw Jessika there, peering over the top of his cubicle with her chin resting on her hands.

“Hey,” he replied, raising an eyebrow at her. “Everything okay?”

She smiled and nodded. She had a pretty smile, but it didn't affect him at all, not when he had Rey’s to compare it to.

“Yeah, everything is good. You have a good weekend?”

He nodded, though his expression shifted to one of suspicion.

“Good, just making sure,” she smiled again before flitting off without another word or backward glance.

Rey smiled at the message, debating on whether or not she wanted to answer it. She knew that they would look at her message logs once they knew that she was leaving, so she knew that she needed to keep it as neutral sounding as possible.

**Rey Niima**

*We need to talk about that this afternoon. Please report to my office at 12:50PM.*

The tailend of lunch time, right before she had another conference call. No one would be on the
floor, too eager to suck out every last minute of lunch, and they’d be able to do...whatever in peace. She looked up at her settee, squeezing her thighs together as she thought about what had transpired there only three days ago. Had it really been only that long? It really did feel like she and Ben had lived in a world all their own this weekend, time that felt like it stretched on forever, but in a good way.

She knew that she needed to at least prepare for her myrage of calls, so she began to open her email and pull her reports. Time seemed to go by quickly enough as she sorted through the information, plugging it into her spreadsheets for ease of access during the calls. Wow, Ben really was the only one doing a good job. He was incredibly ahead on his projects, and she could even tell which ones he’d taken on from his coworkers. It burned her blood to know that he was being taken advantage of so greatly, and she felt embarrassed at letting it happen for so long.

No matter. It wouldn’t mean anything to either one of them soon, anyway.

____________________

Eyeing the clock, he got up and stretched, casually looking around the office. Everyone else was working, or pretending to work, ignoring him. It was about time for Rey’s meeting with the bosses, and he wanted to at least be in the room to listen. He made his way to the bathroom to give the facade that he actually needed to go, even going through the motions of washing his hands upon leaving.

Instead of going back to his desk, however, he slipped into Rey’s office, once again taking in the desk, the floor to ceiling windows, and his newly favorite piece of furniture--the settee. He shut the door behind him silently, seeing Rey was already on the call, and he met her eyes as he locked the door, giving a very devious smile as he walked over to her, coming around to the side of the desk she was sitting on and perching himself on the corner, hands clasped in his lap as he listened for a minute.

Rey brought her finger up in a shushing motion, her brow furrowed in confusion. He was almost two hours too early for their...conversation, and he was looking positively devilish as he sat on her desk.

“You needed to speak with us, Miss Niima?” rasped the old voice of Mr. Jinn.

How was he still alive, everyone always wondered.

“Yes! Yes, Mr. Jinn, Mr. Kenobi, I was hoping to have a serious talk with you this morning,” Rey replied. She pushed away from her desk, feeling the need to move, to expel some of her nervous energy. Having Ben there was making her suddenly more nervous than she expected to be, and she didn’t trust that expression on his face. What was he doing?

While the old men on the other line were talking, he reached over and pressed the mute button on her phone, turning to her again, “I didn't get to have breakfast this morning. And I'm hungry.”

Standing, he pulled her up to stand for a second as he pulled her skirt up over her hips, making a pained expression at her lingerie. She was trying to kill him. She knew he loved those thigh highs and here she was wearing them again. She knew damn well what she was doing. Unclipping her
garters, he pushed them out of the way and pulled her panties down in one swift movement, dropping down to his knees as he did. He urged her to sit back down and by now, she had to have put two and two together.

Rey’s eyes widened. She’d fantasized about this exact thing forever, she’d imagined it during so many blathering conference calls, during so many long days staring at her computer. But for him to actually do this? It wasn’t a luxury she ever thought she’d get. Oh god, and while she was supposed to be resigning from her job? He was too mean. He knew she couldn’t be quiet, no matter how hard she tried. But she also knew she would be insane to pass this moment up, so she sat down and allowed her legs to fall completely open, baring herself completely to him as she reached over and unmuted her phone.

“Yes, I was hoping to discuss my future with the company,” Rey began. “Or, I suppose, a lack thereof.”

Gripping her hips, he pulled her butt to the edge of the chair and moved her legs so that they were draped over his shoulders. He hovered his mouth over her, already able to see how willing her body was for him. He smiled up at her and leaned down to lick a long, wet stripe from her center all the way up to her clit, his eyes closing in bliss.

Honestly, if he could spend most of his days on his knees before her, worshipping her like this, he would. He loved her taste, and the way her body twitched when her pleasure started building. He was half listening to the call, more focused on the task at hand (or mouth).

She barely heard what the response of her bosses was. She was too distracted by the holy moment happening between her thighs, having to shove the heel of her hand into her mouth to muffle the sounds of her pleasure. Her free hand was buried into his hair, holding him to her in near desperation. She was distantly aware that Mr. Kenobi had asked her a question and she tried to answer.

“My--my two weeks notice, M--Mr. Ken--OH!-obi,” Rey sputtered out. Ben had added a finger and it was far too good.

“Are you alright, Miss Niima?” Mr. Kenobi asked.

“Ju--just stubbed my toe,” Rey replied.

“Two weeks notice?” Old man Jinn repeated, sounding confused.

“Yes, Qui, she’s resigning,” Mr. Kenobi seemed to be sighing. “Miss Niima, I am frankly shocked to hear this. You worked so hard to get where you are, I’m surprised to hear that you’re simply--what? Walking away? Whatever for?”

Rey swallowed around a louder moan as Ben sucked at her clit, adding a second finger.

“I’ve--it’s a--ahh--personal decision. I need to--to move--oh!--on,” Rey panted. She was fucked in more ways than one. Surely the old men knew what was happening. Even with their poor hearing, they knew something was up.

“You should ice your toe, Miss Niima,” Mr. Kenobi said gravely. “Now then, unfortunately, we cannot accept the terms of your notice. We will need you to train your replacement before you can move on. Will your new job understand that?”

“Uh-huh,” was all she could get out.
Ben growled softly against her at their words. How dare they not accept her resignation. He muttered something under his breath that sounded vaguely along the lines of how much of a stingy bastard they both were. He kept it low, muffled against her folds of her cunt as he swirled his tongue against her clit, his fingers finding a nice, heavy pace within her, dragging at her walls with every thrust and pull.

Sucking her clit into his mouth again, he backed off with his ministrations only when she was in danger of giving herself away.

“Miss Niima, we sincerely hope that you will reconsider this. You’re the only one who can keep those on your floor in line. It’s a great tragedy that we should lose you. Is this a matter of pay? I’m sure we can find some room in the budget to increase your incentive,” Mr. Kenobi attempted to leverage.

Rey shuddered, threading her fingers through Ben’s hair and encouraging him to continue. Why hadn’t they done this sooner? Would anyone notice if he didn’t go back to his desk, if he just was under here all day while she suffered through endless calls about numbers and projections and corrections. Of course, she’d be only too happy to return the favor. She didn’t need to speak on every call, and if she just kept her phone muted, she could suck him off, maybe ride him for a while.

“I’m--I’ve made up my--ah!--my mind,” Rey panted weakly. “I’m sorry.”

He loved the way her hand felt in his hair, and he nuzzled more deeply into her, pounding his hand a little faster, twisting it to search as he made a small sound at a particularly hard tug. He rolled his eyes up to look at her, to watch the look on her face. God, she was gorgeous. His free hand was gripping her thigh, alternating between running along the length of the nylon covering it and squeezing in time when her legs tightened around him. “Just a little more,” he whispered encouragingly, using his teeth to nibble at that sensitive bundle.

If the people on the other end of her phone had any suspicions about what was happening, they hid it well. But if they asked, he had a good cover story ready for it.

“Well, Miss Niima, I wish I knew what to say to change your mind, but you sound very--well--Miss Niima, what is going on in there?” Mr. Kenobi asked, clearly exasperated.

Smirking, Ben perked up and called up to the phone, “Hello, Mr. Kenobi--Ben Solo here. Miss Niima seems to have done more than just stub her toe. It looks like she broke it, so I'm attempting to set it for her. Shouldn't take too much longer, I don't think. Right, Miss Niima?” he asked, sliding a look up at her as he dove back between her legs, increasing the strength of his hand against her pussy. He twisted his hand and pushed his fingers against a textured spot, imitating his cock hitting that same place as he stared up at her, waiting for her to come undone on the phone.

“Oh. How...chivalrous of you, Mr. Solo,” Mr. Kenobi said, clearing his throat. “As I was saying, Miss Niima, we wish you nothing but the best in your future and we hope you know that you will always have a place with us and Jinn & Kenobi Publishing. We will get on finding your replacement as soon as possible so that we do not hold you up too long.”

Rey gasped as Ben crooked his finger against her g-spot, his mouth so relentless on her poor cunt, and she finally found her release.

“Oh, yes!” Rey called out.

“What great enthusiasm! We should promote this one, Ben!” Mr. Jinn chimed in cheerily.
Mr. Kenobi sighed heavily. He was not as stupid as those two kids clearly thought he was. He’d already received Ben Solo’s resignation email and Leia had sent him a message reminding him to be patient and kind. Now he knew why. He wished he could reach out to Rey on a more...paternal level, to attempt to dissuade her from chasing after someone as volatile and hostile as Ben Solo, throwing away her very bright future simply because he lured her in with some sordid seduction or another. Poor child had no idea what she was really getting into.

“Yes. Well. We will be in contact soon, Miss Niima. We will speak to you in a few moments. I hope you are in sound enough mind for this next conference call,” Mr. Kenobi said.

Rey panted meekly, her whole body shaking from her orgasm. All the while Ben was still lapping at her, languid strokes as he cleaned her up.

“Th--thank you,” Rey replied.

Hearing the call disconnect, at least for the time being, Ben stayed on his knees to finish taking care of his Kitten, making sure he’d gotten every trace of her from between her thighs. He pulled back after a moment, slowly dropping each leg from his shoulders. Working her skirt back over her hips until it was settled into place, he heaved a sigh and rested his head on her lap, thoroughly enjoying the way her fingers were lazily carding through his hair. “I've daydreamed about doing that so many times,” he chuckled, eyes closed. He wanted to ask if she was sure this was the right decision, but she seemed like her mind was made up.

That, and Mr. Kenobi had already said that if she wanted to come back, there would be a place for her. Rey was invaluable to the company and losing her would probably be a hit on their numbers. Oh well. He hummed contentedly, snuggling his face against the fabric. What he really wanted was to go home and just lay down with her for a nice, comfortable nap, using her breasts as pillows. He knew she was just as exhausted as he was from little sleep, not that he normally slept much anyway. But sleeping with Rey, even if it was in a bed much too small for him had made his slumber deep and dreamless for once. He'd been able to finally relax knowing that she was in his arms and her presence was a balm to his overworked mind.

That would have to wait, though. They still had the rest of the work day to get through without making their relationship too obvious. Did it really matter now, though, now that both of their resignations were in place?

“Me, too,” Rey said with a breathless laugh.

She glanced at her schedule and saw that her next conference call was in just a minute. She dialed in on deft fingers, used to dialing the number, and set the phone back on speaker and mute.

“I wish you could stay in here with me all day,” she sighed, resuming her lazy strokes of his hair. “Maybe after you leave, I can sneak you into the building and keep you hidden under my desk?” she smirked at her joke, although some part of her mind reminded her that Ben probably would absolutely do that. She shuddered at the thought, a gentle moan escaping from the back of her throat.

As the next call began, and leaned across her desk for a tissue and lovingly cleaned Ben’s face off, offering him a sip of her tea afterwards. She knew he’d probably want to savor the taste and whatnot, but it wouldn't do to have him walking back out onto the floor with her juices smeared across his lips and chin, his breath carrying the telltale scent. They had to maintain a level of professionalism, after all.

Just before Rey suggested he probably head back to work, a message pinged on her computer.
Rey stifled a giggle, closing it before Ben could turn and see.

Slowly getting to his feet, he straightened his tie and ran his fingers through his hair, smoothing it back out. “I may just take you up on that offer.” He leaned down to kiss her cheek softly. “See you at lunch,” he promised before turning and slipping out of her office, not even bothering to look around and see if anyone saw him. That would only raise suspicion.

He headed back to his desk to get back to work, figuring he'd spent too much time as it was messing around. While he was going over the textbooks, he had a moment to actually wonder what he was going to do with his life after he quit. He was still thinking about investing in stocks, especially since he was pretty good with numbers and had a sense of when was the time to buy and sell.

Idly, he opened up the browser on his computer and looked through various charities. As it was, he had enough money to last for a long time, and if he was going to invest in something, he'd be making more.

He found one charity that caught his interest--a struggling orphanage. He'd have to make sure to research it a bit more to make sure it was legitimate and that the funds they received actually went toward the kids and didn't just line the pockets of those running it.

Rey participated as she was expected to during her conference call, chiming in with her teams numbers when appropriate, but otherwise, she wasn't listening. Instead, she was searching for what she wanted to do after all of this.

She clicked various links on Indeed, poked around on Monster, and even checked out every “recommended for you” on LinkedIn. Nothing really piqued her interest. She had double majored in college in history and english literature with a minor in journalism. All she really was suited for was another job in publishing or teaching.

She spared a thought to being a teacher. Immediately, she thought about being an elementary school teacher, perhaps kindergarten or first grade. Maybe she would teach in one of the less fortunate districts. If she married Ben, she wouldn't have to worry about her pay and could instead focus on enriching the lives of children who didn't have much. Maybe she could even use some of Ben’s money to invest in the school, and surely Leia would want to, especially if it was her daughter-in-law working there. She could buy school supplies and help kids with their lunches and make a real difference.

She spent the rest of the call researching how much schooling she would need to get a teaching certificate. She had her savings, after all. And...and she could live with Ben, rent and utilities free. She’d make sure Finn and Rose were still good, of course, make sure that they weren't hurting for her portion of bills, but she could pour her heart into this and maybe, if she was lucky, land a teaching gig when the next school year began.

But first she would have to talk to Ben. Sure, he had asked her to move in and he had offered her financial assistance, but what would he do if she actually asked? She wouldn't bring up her whole
plan, of course, the whole marriage thing and all of that, but she’d explain the beginnings at the very least.

Feeling confident, she began applying for substitute positions.

A reminder pinged on his computer that he had a meeting with Rey. Locking the desktop, he stood and rolled his shoulders, looking around the office. A couple people were watching him curiously, and as he walked by, he saw the reason why. There was a copy of Starkiller sitting on their desk; the very same magazine he'd seen earlier that day before Rey had come in.

A few of the women were giving him an odd look, one he was only starting to get used to from Rey—like they wanted to jump him. He averted his eyes quickly, slipping into her office. He shut the door, but left it unlocked, his gaze already zeroing in on her where she sat behind her desk.

He stepped forward and folded himself into the chair on the other side, leaning forward to place his elbows on his knees. “How'd your second conference go?”

“How? Oh. I...fine I think?” she replied, looking up at him. She’d been getting so involved in her fantasy as a do-gooder teacher that she almost forgot that she’d made this appointment with Ben. To shag. In her office. Oh yeah.

“Oh! How’s, uh, how’s it going out on the floor? Did anyone notice you've come in here twice today?” Rey asked, giving him her total attention now.

He shrugged, looking down at his hands. “A few. Women, mostly. I think they saw that article.” He didn't really know what else to say other than the facts. “I can leave before it gets to be suspicious for me to be in here so long. Just let me know.”

“What? No! No!” Rey cried out. She then connected what he said first and groaned. “Oh god, they’ve seen it? Why does everyone read that trash?” She rubbed her temples with her hands, stinging heavily. “Do you think we can just pretend that it wasn't me? I mean, I never look at glamorous at work. It can just be a girl who looked like me.”

She sighed again and rose from her desk, gesturing for him to come to her. When he was standing before her, she gently pushing him to sitting in her chair and she climbed onto his lap, laying her head on his chest as she curled up. “What are we going to do, Ben?”

Wrapping one arm around her to keep her from falling, he rested his cheek against her hair. “I can think of a few things,” he murmured quietly, curving his other hand around her ass and giving a light squeeze. “As for everything else, we’ll figure it out. Have you thought about where you might go?”

“I had a sort of...crazy idea,” she replied quietly, tracing little hearts over his chest. “But it’s...it’s sort of dependent on, um, you. Not that you have to agree with it, or anything. I won't be crushed. It’s just a fledgling idea and honestly it will probably be awful and not work out the way I want it to at all and then I’ll feel awful for the inconvenience I’ve put everyone through and then I’ll sort of be back to square one but if you did agree.” She finally took a breath. “If you did agree, that would be...amazing.” She looked up at him. “But absolutely no pressure! Like I said, it was just an idea.”

Raising his eyebrows, he pulled his head back to look at her head, noticing that she wasn't looking
“What's your idea, sweetheart? I'll help you any way that I can. I’d love to.” He was a little worried about whatever she had planned for her to be this nervous, but he was immensely pleased that she was including him in her plan.

“I was thinking I could...um...be a, um, a teacher. Maybe in the inner city?” Rey mumbled quietly. “I know, I know, it's stupid. I would be awful at it. Just because I love children and want to help them it doesn't mean I'd be good at being a teacher but I sort of had the idea and I just really want to...to do it.”

He was quiet as he thought, gently swiveling the chair back and forth. She was perfect for a teaching job, she really was. “I think,” he said slowly. “That that is a fantastic idea. You'd be great at it. And if you love kids, what better job is there?” He traced the shape of her spine lightly, using his other hand to tip her face up so that he could see her. “What do you need from me?”

“Really?” She gasped, her smile bright as she looked up at him for a moment.

She then blushed and buried her head in his chest again. “I sort of need...help. Financially. I would need to get certified and that takes some time and a lot of effort so I wouldn't really be able to work. I mean, I could do something part time, but I kind of want to get this done as soon as possible.”

“...really?” he finally croaked out, realizing that she probably thought he was hesitant about it. Hurrying to correct his reaction, he rushed out the next words, “I would love that. I'll give you whatever you need. I'll help your friends too if you want.”

“Really?” She gasped, her smile bright as she looked up at him for a moment.

His heart nearly stopped, mouth opening and closing as he struggled to say something, anything. Was she really agreeing to come live with him after one weekend? After all those times she'd already shot him down? “...really?” he finally croaked out, realizing that she probably thought he was hesitant about it. Hurrying to correct his reaction, he rushed out the next words, “I would love that. I'll give you whatever you need. I'll help your friends too if you want.”

“When did you want to...move in?” he asked shyly, still unable to quite comprehend that this was a real conversation they were having. “I mean, you can have your own room and everything if you want. I know you were worried about us spending so much time together and everything. I understand if you still want to be...separate at times.”

“It wouldn't be until I leave here, and maybe not until I can find a program. So a month from now, maybe more? I’ve been researching for the last hour or so, but I still don't have it planned out completely.” She smiled up at him. “And you’re insane to think that I’d want to be separate from you, ever. Although, a room for studying in would be nice. That way I wouldn’t disturb you with all of my teaching...things.”

He shook his head at her, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. “You wouldn't disturb me, not even a little. But we’ll make a space for you either way.” Already he was fantasizing about evenings when she'd come home--to their home--and tell him about her day. He’d smile over something one of her kids had done and he'd make her dinner and then afterwards, he'd take her to bed to destress. “Just let me know when you're ready,” he told her, beaming with happiness. She really did want him the way he wanted her. Wait, didn't couples normally tell each other they loved the other first before moving in? He guessed they weren’t a typical couple. They were talking about her moving in with him after being together for just one weekend.

“What about you?” she asked, peering up at him through her lashes. She was so glad he hadn’t tossed her off his lap and run screaming. Maybe he did want the same things she did? The mean part of her brain that she loathed reminded her to stop taking her birth control. She ignored that.

He shrugged again, her body shifting with the movement, “I was going to invest in stocks again. I
had done it a little before I started working here, so I might get back into it. I'd have my own office to work out of at home. And there are a couple businesses I've been eyeing, too. I think I could make it work. I'm only here for two more weeks, so I have some planning to do and portfolios to look at.” He shifted in the chair, adjusting her body on his so that her legs were dangling over one side, her back tucked into the crook of his arm. He looked down at her, a smile playing on his lips at the thought that he'd get to wake up to her everyday.

“Ben. It’s all...legal stuff, right? Not that I think you would but...you know...Plutt dabbled in a lot of business. I wouldn’t be surprised if your dad did some of that stuff along with him. He liked to involve his favorite racing buddies in all his best...schemes,” she said quietly. She really hated how much of her world view was fucked up by her rough upbringing, but she had to make sure.

He nodded at her, just the faintest stirrings of anger rising in his chest. “Yes, it’s all legal. I'm not going to be so stupid to mess with any of that shit and get thrown in prison. It would kill me to be away from you.” He tilted his head as a second thought crossed his mind. “As far as I know, my dad didn't do any direct business with Plutt. Like, he stopped at his garage every now and then, but that was it. If he did, I had no idea.”

His jaw clenched as he looked over her head to stare at the wall. He knew she meant the question innocently, just being truly curious, but it bothered him that she might consider he was going back to his old ways. He was reformed, thank you.

“Good. I’m glad. I never really imagine I’d end up with someone so...so good.” she blushed, hoping he wasn’t too freaked out by her implication for their future. “I sort of used to figure that I’d get knocked up by some loser who stopped by the shop and just continue living my life like that. Of course, Finn got me out as soon as he could. But I couldn't help thinking that something terrible would happen to him and I’d be stuck going back there. Even when I was in college I was so sure that the other shoe would drop and I’d end up right underneath Plutt again.”

“Plutt is never going to bother you again,” he muttered under his breath. He'd made a few calls and made good on a few favors people had owed him. He'd been absolutely serious when he'd said he'd kill Plutt. Maybe not with his own hands, but…

Changing the topic, he asked, “How many kids do you want, Rey?” The idea of her pregnant with some loser’s kid that would leave her the first chance he got got under his skin, his teeth grinding together as he envisioned it. No, when she got pregnant, it would definitely be with his child, and he would be the father his own never was. Or so he hoped.

“Four,” she replied instantly. “Two girls and two boys. I used to think two, and then three sounded ideal, but then that's an odd number and odd numbers are so difficult to plan around, like for vacations and rollercoasters. So four.”

She didn't have to confess that she’d only changed that number from “none, no one wants me” to “as many as humanly possible with Ben Solo” in about three days time.

“You?” she asked.

He thought about it before finally saying, “I’d always thought about one so that I didn't have to answer who was my favorite child. But then I figured two would be good. At least a boy and a girl. But if we have two boys, I'd be willing to keep trying until we get a girl.” He clamped his mouth shut, going paler than normal. He'd just switched to we instead of I. Shit. “I mean I,” he amended quickly, not wanting to scare her off by having her know he was already definitely thinking about kids with her. He was so fucked.
Rey’s heart dropped a bit. She’d been so excited when she heard him say “we” but he ruined that by fixing his phrasing. Okay, so maybe he didn't want *everything* she wanted...yet. But he would get there, right? It was at least a good sign that he wanted kids in the first place.

She frowned suddenly. “You’re lucky, at least. You can have kids at any age. I’m...I'm on a timeline. I have until x age to make all the beautiful kids I want, or else there goes my chances.”

“Well, I’d prefer not to be forty-five years old and picking up my oldest kid from Kindergarten. You’re not the only one on a timeline,” he laughed. It was true, though. He was thirty-five. If he had kids in the next five years, he was already looking at forty being his minimum age to picking his kid up. “Maybe something will happen and we'll both be parents sooner,” he threw out casually, getting a feel for the topic. “You're still on your birth control, right?”

Rey felt her face heat up. Oh god. Was he serious? Did he really want…?

She kissed him, hard and insistent. She pulled herself up straight in his lap, both hands pulling on the collar of his shirt as she tried to bring him closer. She moaned eagerly into his mouth, forcing his lips apart with hers. Fuck she loved him. And fuck was she going to love trying to make a baby with him...or four.

Taken completely by surprise by her sudden assault, he froze momentarily before he responded, sliding a hand up to cup the side of her face as he returned her kiss and demanded more. He tangled his tongue with hers, already grinding her down against him where his body was rapidly awakening.

Finally breaking apart for air, he drifted his mouth to her ear and murmured darkly, “I was thinking about it that night after you met my mom. I know I shouldn't, but I couldn't help it. To see you, pregnant with *my* child--” He broke off with a groan, moving back to her mouth again as he bit her lip and then soothed it with a quick kiss.

“Me--me too!” Rey moaned. “That’s why I said...it. I was thinking about it, thinking about you and our child, our kids. God Ben, I want you to get me pregnant so badly. I want to carry your baby, I want to raise your kids.”

This was insane, right? The rational part of her was screaming that this was absolutely nuts, that they had been dating for not even *four full fuckin days* and she was already whimpering for him to get her pregnant. And what was worse, Ben LIKED it! He wanted it, too! Her rational-Finn-brain shouted and hollered for her to *slow the fuck down*. Barring that, it reminded her that she had taken her birth control today and it was still in her system for at least a month. It seemed to give a sigh of relief, knowing that these two morons couldn't reproduce without some divine intervention for at least that long.

His blood was pounding in his ears and he was sure he’d been hallucinating this past week. He *definitely* was now, though. If by some miracle, Rey truly was sitting on his lap in her office, grinding down into him as she practically sucked his face off, begging him to knock her up, then he didn't even know what to do with himself. All he knew was that he wanted to hear her call him *that* again. But she’d said she wasn't into it, so maybe if he was actually a father it would work.

He couldn't take it anymore. Standing, he set her down for a moment before he moved to her desk and swept every item off onto the floor with his hand. He grasped her by the hips and set her on the edge, laying her back against the sturdy mahogany. Ripping her undergarments off, he dropped the shredded pieces to the floor and spread her wide.

Hastening to undo his belt, he slid his own pants down and instantly sheathed himself inside of her
in one firm thrust.

“Oh fuck, Ben!” Rey gasped. She hadn't even noticed she was dripping wet, his cock sliding so easily inside of her. She moaned at the sensation of being so full (and that she got to check two items off her fantasy wishlist today).

There was a wild sort of look in his eyes that promised that he really would keep fucking her until she was pregnant and it made a shiver race up her spine. It was such a primal look, an ancient way of laying claim on a lover. She was his forever, she knew it. Nothing was ever going to take her away from him, lest they wanted to face his wrath. When he pulled back and pounded into her just as hard, she knew that she’d never be with another again. Ben Solo owned her now. And by god did she welcome it.

Hands gripping her ass tightly, supporting her lower half as it dangled off the edge, he watched the way his cock slid in and out of her, slowly milking him for his come, that part of him that could create life when joined with hers. He knew he looked feral, like an animal rutting into her with one thing on its mind. And he didn't care, because he knew that in this moment, she felt the same. He was going to claim her in every way possible; body, mind, and soul. He wanted her to remember this, the way he felt between her legs as he gave her the family she never had.

His eyes traveled slightly up her body to rest on her stomach again, and he let his gaze linger, as if mentally willing it to fill with their child. The act itself would cement them together more than any paper ever could. Should something happen and they not work out, Rey Niima would always be the mother of his child. He couldn't think of anyone better suited for the job.

Jaw slack, his breath coming in harsh pants, he angled his hips, trying to get as deep as he could so that when he came, it would be right up against her cervix, exactly where his seed needed to go. Rey bit down on her knuckle, trying so hard to swallow her screams. So what if everyone was at lunch right now, someone was bound to hear them fucking. Even if they couldn't hear her breathy moans and his primal grunts, she was sure they could hear the wet slap of skin on skin as he fucked into her at a relentless pace. It was near cruel that this wouldn't be the act that secured them a child, that the child could never be conceived here. It would have been poetic if it could have happened that way, but she was a smart girl and had taken her birth control with the lunch she’d eaten during her conference call, as she always did.

Perhaps her first orgasm came so easily to her because Ben had eaten her out so wonderfully just hours ago. Or maybe the gods were smiling upon her and she was granted this wonderfully earth-shattering orgasm for her plans to make the world a better place for underprivileged kids. Whatever the reason, Rey felt herself clamp around his cock and felt the rush of endorphins that signaled her first orgasm.

“Ben! Oh fuck baby, make me come again,” she keened.

His pace faltered only slightly when her body seized around his, but he fought through it, set on doing what she’d asked. He was stuck on the idea that making her squirt again would somehow help their chances of conceiving, and he was going to try.

He gripped her calves and pulled them up before pushing them against her chest to create an angle he felt would make it easier for her. “Yeah, just like that,” he mumbled to himself, shifting his angle yet again to try and get at her g-spot. She needed to come with his spend inside of her, something told him. The contracting of her body would pull it in more deeply, keep it more securely within her.
He groaned as he felt her flutter around him, though he knew she wasn't quite there yet. She needed
more from him, and he needed to hear her scream. He reached down around her leg and rubbed
brutally at her clit with his thumb, his hips pumping into her with almost alarming force. He'd
never fucked anyone—even her—this hard before, driven by an instinctual urge to claim what was
his and keep everyone else away by impregnating her.

Rey whimpered and moaned beneath him, too dazed in their fucking to remember where they were
anymore, what they were supposed to be doing. She'd never been fucked so hard and it was an
incredible feeling, something akin to an out of body experience. There was nothing anymore but
the feeling of him pumping inside of her, his fingers on her clit, the relentless pressure building
inside of her again as he changed the angle and aimed for home.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she babbled incoherently. “Please. Right there. Please fill me up. Fuck, Ben.”

She wondered if he would be disappointed to realize that this wouldn't result in a pregnancy, but
something inside of her said that he might not mind doing this again and again. She shuddered all
the more to think of being fucked like this more than once in her life.

“Only if you come for me,” he hissed back at her, his pace still brutal and relentless as he slammed
into her over and over again. Already, his own orgasm was building, brought on by his thoughts
and fantasies and the exceptionally tight fit of her today. Or maybe the stimulating topic he was
thinking about had just made him slightly bigger than normal. Who knew.

He moaned, long and low, his rhythm becoming frantic as he got closer, finally spilling himself as
deeply as he could in her snug little cunt. He continued to lazily thrust as his hard on died away,
rolling her clit tightly between his thumb and forefinger until she came, too.

Her second orgasm was quieter, although no less intense. She could feel her body pulling his come
deeper, useless against the medication inside of her. But it was at least good practice, right? As she
shivered and spasmed below him, she brought a hand between her legs, swiping some their spend
up and giving her fingers a suck.

“We taste good together,” she said with a shaky laugh. “But now I have to disinfect my desk.”

Pulling her hand from her mouth, he brought it up to his face and gave her fingers a taste, nodding
in agreement. “Mmmm, yeah, we do,” he glanced at the mess he'd made with all of her office
things scattered across the floor and bit his lip. “Sorry about the mess…I’m not, really, but you
know. I'll help you clean it up.”

As they put their clothing back into place, he frowned faintly. Had she just said all of that in the
heat of the moment? Sure she'd meant some of it since they'd talk about it before the sex had even
begun. “Did you...mean all that?” he asked quietly, watching his belt intently as he refastened it.

“I...yeah. I really did.” Rey looked forlornly down at her ripped undergarments. Well, it wouldn't
be the first time she had to go commando, although she would miss those particular panties.
“Did...you?”

“I did,” he said as he moved to stand beside her, looking down at her panties with her. He rubbed
the back of his neck as he shrugged, torn somewhere between shyness and pride. “I'll replace
those. I'm sorry for ripping them.”

She chose not to comment. She didn't want to admit that she wanted him to replace them. She’d
already offered to make herself dependent on him once today, it seemed to be a bit of overkill to do
it again. Her pride couldn't take the hit.
“You know I...I wouldn't be pregnant now, right? I took my pill about an hour ago,” she asked quietly. Her nerves set in. This was an awkward conversation to have. Why were they doing things so out of order? They hadn't even said that they loved each other yet, and here they were, confessing that they wanted to start a family together.

But that must mean that his emotions had some great level of depth, right? He must at least care a lot about her if he was picturing her as the mother of his children? Or else he just thought she was pretty and would make good-looking kids with him. Some guys really only looked for that in the mother of their children. And he was rich and had some lowkey level of fame, or at least notoriety. He probably wanted his kids to be attractive. She guessed it was a compliment.

He looked over at her then, trying to keep his emotions from being so blatantly obvious. His expression seemed to settle on something between a mixture of love and disappointment. Turning his body to her fully, he wrapped his arms around her and drew her in against his chest, noting again just how tiny she was in comparison. He hoped that when she finally did get pregnant that their baby wasn't a monster and it wouldn't be hard on her small frame. “Well,” he said slowly, “I guess we'll just have to keep trying.”

Idly, he'd known this wouldn't be the session to get her pregnant, and while some part of him wailed in despair, the other looked forward to trying again, and again.

“Are we going too fast?” she asked. “Normal people don’t do...all of this in the span of four days. I should be mad at you for not texting me back after a wild night of amazing sex, not thinking of moving my things into your place and decorating a nursery.”

She then laughed. “But I think your mum would be pleased. Although she’d probably insist that you marry me, first.” She settled her pens and pencils back in the cup, leaning over for a moment to make sure they hadn't knocked any of her computer cords loose. She couldn't remember if she saved her spreadsheets.

There was a blinking message from Jessika. Great, she'd heard all of that, too.

He swallowed hard, staring at her back she set her things back where they went. Now was his chance, to admit that he loved her and he wanted to be with her until he died. He bit his lip, his nerves suddenly overcoming him. He hadn't picked out a ring, hadn't even thought he'd be going from single to potentially engaged within the span of four days. “Do you want to?” he asked softly. “Marry me, I mean.”

Rey stiffened, freezing as she gathered some papers up. How was this really happening? Her heart fluttered in her chest and her knees felt weak. Had he just proposed or was that more of a hypothetical? Well, considering how over the top he’d been so far, she had to figure that it was clearly just a hypothetical. He wouldn't just throw it out there like he hadn't put a moment of thought into it. He was too romantically inclined, he would probably take her to a fancy dinner and make a big show of it. Probably pop the question with a ring the cost of a new car, if the amount of money he was willing to spend on just a dress was any indication.

If he really was serious about them getting engaged somewhere down the line, she would have to drop hints at the type of ring she wanted. She never wanted a big diamond, it seemed too ostentatious to want as an orphan. When she allowed herself to imagine her wedding ring, it was always something unique, maybe an unusual stone like a natural emerald or a moonstone. Maybe the band would be more intricate, but the stone was left simple, not too much flare, not too many tiny stones surrounding it. It could be mistaken as a piece of fashion jewelry for all she cared, because she’d know the significance. She’d have his kids to show off that she was his, have his last name and maybe a hickey or two from time to time. But her ring, the symbol of her solemn vow to
be his and only his...that would be something intimate just between them.

“Yeah, I would like that. One day,” she said softly, dreamily. She looked over her shoulder at him with a gentle smile, imaging that day. It would be incredible. He was incredible.

He gave her a smile in return, both of them seeming to understand the unspoken words hidden beneath the conversation. “One day,” he repeated, glancing at the time. They'd been in here well after lunch had ended. There was no fucking way somebody hadn't heard. “I guess I...should probably get back to work,” he mumbled half-heartedly, bending his frame down to kiss her softly.

As he slipped out of her office, he ran into Jessika, who was hovering outside of the door, looking very guilty. Had she been fucking listening? He shot her a glare and then rolled his eyes, saying nothing as he pushed past her to go back to his desk. He kept his eyes on the ground as he walked, but he felt the stares. They knew.

Chapter End Notes

Happy May the Fourth! We thought we'd spoil you guys with dual smut <3
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Weeeeee, have another long chapter! :D

Rey didn’t know why she was surprised, but Jessika actually made good on her promise to find room in Rey’s schedule to keep them fucking. She knew she should probably look into that a bit further, maybe suggest some sex-addict counseling for the girl, but it was keeping her happy at work, so she figured it wasn’t too terrible. And she was nice enough to give Jessika some details (even though she was still determined to keep some things just between the two of them...and whatever she told Rose), but the tradeoff was that Jessika be away from her desk while they fucked. Even though everyone knew what was happening in her office, she liked to pretend that maybe they didn’t.

The next day, she’d fulfilled the fantasy of being fucked against the wall. They picked the one between her office and Jessika’s, as they didn’t want to let everyone else in the office know the specifics of their fucking were they to fuck along the wall that had the rest of the office on the other side. The day after that, they fucked in the copier room, frantic and laughing all the while at the thought of getting caught. Two days after that, she finally returned the favor to Ben and hid underneath his desk, sucking him off while he sucked on the tip of his highlighter, working that much harder to keep his moans in control as there were three people within a five foot radius of him. Rey was thankful that Brenda listened to the radio while she worked, otherwise everyone would have heard her gratuitous sucking noises. Not that the two men in his pod didn’t know, judging by the looks they shot her when she finally came away, mascara running just a bit under her eyes and pale pink lipstick smeared.

That was the unexpected side of this. Even worse than risking an HR nightmare should someone snitch, she saw the way the men were looking at her now. She wasn’t blind, she knew that they looked before. She’d walked into the room at more than one conversation focusing on fucking her, only to have them blush and stammer and offer to make tea for her. She’d been mildly flattered by this in the past, even if she thought it was inappropriate and rude. After all, none of them even asked her on a date. So what if they were all trying to respect the office policy of not dating their superiors, they could have at least asked. Then she wouldn’t feel like such a piece of meat, some sex doll there to provide fapping material.

But now it was worse. Those who knew, knew. And for whatever reason, these men seemed to forget their fear of Ben in favor of seeing her as open season, receptive to any and all flirtations. She watched the way their eyes seemed to glaze over with lust when she walked by their cubicles, and she even caught one of them sniffing her hair when she’d leaned over his desk to answer a question he had about a section. One man even had the audacity to grunt in her ear when he reached over her in the breakroom, feigning reaching for a high up mug in favor of brushing himself against her arse. She’d dropped what she was doing and practically ran back to her office, heart hammering.

Just a few more weeks, she chanted to herself. She was part of the interviewing process for her replacement and the Mr.’s were moving through applications quickly, hoping to find someone good, soon. But as Ben’s last day grew closer, she grew more nervous. What would happen when
the threat of him wasn’t looming over the heads of the less-daring ones? Maybe she could get the Mr.’s to agree to let her hire Finn as temporary security.

Ben was tired of being nice. He’d been forced to watch on more than one occasion as the men fawned over Rey, doing ridiculous things only seen in pornos to try and get her attention. Ben had asked her what she’d thought of him punching at least one of those creeps, but she always managed to talk him out of it. He thundered across the floor after one spectacular display that had Rey running back to her office, his footsteps loud as his agitation made itself known. Everyone already knew they were fucking, so it should come as no surprise when he let himself into her office and let the door slam closed behind him.

“This is fucking bullshit, Rey,” he growled, pacing anxiously across the empty space in her office. He raked his hand through his hair several times, a habit he picked up when he was furious or nervous. “I have two days left here, and you really think this shit is going to stop when I leave? I can't fucking leave!” How could he in good conscience leave when they were drooling over her like she was a piece of meat. They were already borderline sexual harassment, and he knew that probably more than one would take the challenge of trying to get into her pants for real without him around. He leveled a finger at her, pointing fiercely as he said, “I’m going to fucking kill them if they try anything, I swear to god. If they touch you…”

He dropped his finger, hands clenched into fists, his jaw tight. Regardless of who she was seeing, she was taken by someone and that should have been that.

“Ben, there’s--there’s nothing we can do. I can hide in my office if it gets to that point, but I don’t think it will. They’re probably just showing off because men are stupid creatures driven by some primal need to mark their territory and prove who is alpha. Maybe they’ll stop when you leave?” She attempted weakly.

She wrapped her arms around him, feeling her shaking subside as his familiar warmth surrounded her. She honestly believed, deep in her heart, that he really would kill one of those morons if she made the mistake of telling him what else they had tried. The near-grinding today hadn’t been the worst of it.

It was earlier this week, after a particularly fun round of him bending her over her desk, fucking her in nothing but her heels. She’d had a meeting with one of the guys on her schedule to discuss his future options with the company. His performance had been piss-poor for a while and the Mr.’s wanted her to deliver a write-up. The room still smelled of sex as she gave Ben one last kiss, giggle as he left her. She tried turning on her wax melting lamp, but she knew the gentle smell of that wouldn’t be enough.

When the guy, this arsehole Mike, came strutting into her office, he noticed, immediately. She barely launched into an explanation of why he needed to talk to her when he started making blatant sexual advances. He threw some shade at Ben, saying that the “lumbering moron” couldn’t possibly be satisfying her, and offered his own services. He’d managed to back her up against her desk, a hand groping at her breast, before she kicked him, spiked heel first, in the balls and told him to fuck off and not breathe a word of this if he wanted to keep his pathetic job and his even more pathetic pecker. She’d spent the rest of the time slot shaking and crying a bit, but Rose had been a tremendous help in calming her down and giving her praise for defending herself. So Rey decided it was best to not tell Ben.

“You know they won’t,” he said, words clipped. “And you shouldn't have to hide in your office because someone can't keep their fucking comments and grubby paws to themselves.” Nevermind the fact that that was exactly how they’d gotten together in the first place. “If anyone is harassing
you, please report it. Or tell me. Something, don't just...endure because you feel like you have to.
When you leave, they'll move on to some other woman and do the same thing to her.”

He heaved a sigh, calming only slightly to feel her body pressed to his. Her presence was soothing,
though his blood was still boiling. Wrapping his arms around her, he pressed his face to her hair
and inhaled deeply, letting the scent of her shampoo mixed with her own natural smell relax him a
bit more.

“I...I will,” Rey replied softly. She knew she didn't want to let these jerks get away with their
behavior, especially with someone as pretty as Jessika still around even after her exit, and she had
every intention of telling the Mr.'s. She just knew she shouldn't tell Ben. Something about the way
that he’d said that Plutt wouldn't be bothering her the other week had really struck her. It sounded
so sure, as if he knew that for a certainty. She didn't want to think about why.

“You should get back to work, Ben,” Rey said. She pressed up onto her toes and gave him a quick
kiss. “See you at 5, yeah? I was thinking we could get Italian tonight, maybe watch a movie?”

In the last two weeks, they traded on and off with getting dinner together or going home separately.
On the days when they could manage to shag in office, they typically only got dinner together and
then parted ways, feeling sated with the amount of time they spent together. On days when they
couldn’t, they would go back to his place until around 9, when she would return home to spend the
evening cuddling with Finn and Rose. Only rarely did she spend the night, but that was mostly so
that they could keep up the useless pretense that they weren't sleeping together, just in case the
Mr.'s became suspicious. Mr. Kenobi nearly called her out on it just earlier this week, his old eyes
somehow sharp enough to hone in on her covered up hickey. But he said nothing.

Releasing her reluctantly, he nodded and turned to the door, “Sounds good to me.” Snuggling
together on the couch was probably one of his favorite things to do. She'd tuck up under his arm,
legs drawn up to her chest, or sometimes she'd lay against the couch with her feet in his lap. He
didn't mind either way, and he'd recently discovered how ticklish the bottoms of her feet were,
which he liked to remind her of on various occasions.

Feeling only slightly better about the situation of her being seen as a piece of ass with legs, he
excused himself, wishing there was more he could do. But there wasn't, because she didn't want
him to do anything. He made his way back to his cubicle and began the task of boxing his stuff up
to take out to his car when he left for the day.

“Hey! Hey, Ben! Can I...um...can I talk to you? In private? Like, over there?” Jessika asked,
rushing up to him. She looked nervously around at their coworkers, most of whom seemed to be
pretending that they weren't listening. She gestured to the break room, knowing she could close
that door at the least. She just couldn't do this in her office, attached to Rey's. She didn't want Rey
to know.

Raising an eyebrow at her, he nodded and followed her into the break room, feeling a little uneasy
when she closed the door. He really didn't need anyone thinking he was sleeping with Jessika too.
“Okay? What is it?” he asked, hands firmly in his pockets so that he didn't give off the wrong vibe.

“Oh. So. Um. Don't tell Rey, because I'm pretty sure she would absolutely murder me if she
knew I was doing this, but, dude, you have to know.” Jessika swallowed thickly and rubbed her
hands, trying to gather up confidence. Damn, he was big.

“You know Mike? That asshole a few cubicles...yeah. okay. So. The other day, after you two
fucked in her office again, oh stop looking at me like that! How else do you think you've been able
to do that lately? I'm trying to help! Anyway, when you left, Mike came in for a meeting with Rey.
I didn't really hear what exactly was said, I was doing some filling, but then I heard her yell at him and he sort of, um, limped out of her office. Which I thought was totally weird, so I went to sort of listen at her door. And then I heard her...crying, Ben. She was talking to her friend, that Rose girl? She was crying on the phone to her and kept saying something about how she had to kick Mike in the balls because he...he...” Jessika sighed, looking anywhere but at the intimidating man in front of her. “He touched her, Ben. I guess he tried to put a move on her and he touched her, but she made fought him off.”

Jessika finally looked at him again, noting his enraged expression. “Please don’t tell Rey I told you! I would have gone to HR but I kinda thought you should know first.”

As she spoke, he felt his nervousness gradually slide into curiosity, and then to irritation, and finally to full out fury. He pulled his hands from his pockets, curling them into fists so tight that his knuckles started popping and turning white.

Someone had touched Rey. Someone in this building had touched Rey. He may not have been able to directly do something about Plutt, but he could do something about this. Alongside the absolute blinding rage, though, was hurt. Why hadn't Rey told him? He knew that Rose was basically her sister, but still. Why not tell your boyfriend?

Maybe because of the reaction you're having right now, his brain supplied helpfully. He couldn't just...not do anything, though. He looked at Jessika with new eyes, seeing her more as a friend now than he ever had. “Forget about HR,” he snarled, pushing past her. “Call a fucking ambulance.” He was halfway out the door before he suddenly turned back to her. “And Jessika?” he asked, voice much more gentle. “Thank you.”

It didn't take him long to find Mike. As he rounded a corner, passing another break room, he heard the man talking, “...fucking bitch kicked me right in the sack. Always knew she was a prude.” Ben stopped abruptly, turning on his heel to storm into the room. Mike was talking to another co-worker, someone Ben had seen a few times, a man of equally creepy personality.

“She's gonna be in for a rude awakening when--AHGH!” Blood flew from Mike's face as he toppled to the ground, one hand raised to clutch at his nose, his other arm lifted to ward off another blow. “What the fu-- shit!”

Ben didn't say anything as he bent down, landing a few more powerful punches, a murderous expression on his face. The other man in the room had jumped back, staying out of the way as he watched with wide eyes while Mike’s face turned purple and swollen, crimson dripping from his nose, mouth, and other various cuts along his cheeks. Ben didn't really find any enjoyment in the actual act of beating someone's face in, but his body was high on adrenaline, fueling his rage until he was dangerously close to losing his precious self-control. Only when Mike's eyes were nearly sealed shut did he stop, standing up with his chest heaving as he looked at his handiwork. Mike was groaning pitifully on the ground, and the wall he was slumped against was splattered with his blood. Ben leaned in close to him and said low enough for only him to hear, his voice dark and full of promise, “If you even so much as think about touching Rey again, I will not stop the next time. Do. I. Make. Myself. Clear?”

Mike garbled out some noise but he nodded slightly in affirmation, so Ben let it go. He took a moment to inspect his hands, his knuckles split and covered in Mike's blood.

Turning, he faced the other man in the room, his own expression blank. He didn't say anything--he didn't need to; fear was written all over his face. Looking away, Ben left the break room, figuring it was probably best that he just go home before it caught up with him. He knew word would spread like wildfire, and he probably shouldn't be around to get fired when he only had two days
left. Shaking his head, he headed into the restroom to wash his hands, scrubbing hard to get the blood out from under his nails.

Maybe he was a bit too calm about the whole situation, but he didn't feel bad. Not even a little bit. As he dried his hands off, he stopped back at his desk and began tossing the rest of his stuff into the box, acting like he hadn't just beaten a man within an inch of his life. Maybe he was the office shooter, after all.

“Ben? Where are you going?” Rey asked, stepping up to his cubicle.

She’d become confused when Jessika abandoned her post for a while, only to reappear looking nervous and shifty-eyed, making a hushed phone call. She’d disappeared again, this time for longer, before returning once more with something that looked suspiciously like blood on the sleeve of her bright orange blouse. When questioned, Jessika was suddenly occupied with returning a very important phone call and gave her boss a “sorry, can’t help you right now” look. Rey wasn’t sure exactly why, but she had a feeling Ben was somehow involved in this.

She had also noticed that Mike was missing from his cubicle, as was his stupid partner in crime, Dave. Dave had been the one to sniff her hair and leer creepily at her from across the room. She couldn’t say that either of their presence were missed, but she still felt odd about it.

“I’m going home, Rey,” he said softly, still feeling his anger from before as he threw yet more stuff into his box, barely watching what he was doing. He was a bit upset at her keeping the assault from him, and he couldn’t help the fact that he couldn’t school his emotions a bit more around her.

“Home? But it’s--it’s just after 2:30.” Rey frowned, watching him violently chuck his personal things into the box. “Holy fuck, Ben, what the fuck happened to your hands?” she whispered harshly, rushing forward to grab and inspect them.

Frowning, he jerked his hands away from her, turning his back to her as he reached down into a drawer to grab the rest of his stuff—a few blank notebooks. “I heard what Mike did,” he said without turning around.

Rey froze, dropping her hands to her sides. In a voice just above a whisper, she said, “who told you?”

She could feel her heart hammering as she thought the details through. Jessika went missing. Mike went missing. Ben’s hands were fucked up. Jessika making a hushed phone call. Ben’s hands were fucked up. Jessika with blood on her sleeve. Mike was missing. Ben’s hands were fucked up.

Rey brought her hands to her mouth, her breathing becoming shallow as her eyes began to water. But she didn’t look away from Ben. She just stood there, waiting for an answer.

He shrugged and then finally turned around to face her, his eyes fierce. “It doesn't matter who told me. You should have told me.” He felt betrayed, the sting hot in his throat as he looked at her, scanning over her face.

“I didn’t tell you because I was afraid of this ,” she whispered harshly, gesturing to his hands. “Oh my god, Ben, what did you do?” She shook her head, as if willing the images to go away. She dropped her hands from her face and wrapped one around his wrist, pulling him. “Into my office, now.”

She didn’t care who was watching them move, tears shimmering in her eyes as she dragged Ben into her office. Once inside, she shut and locked her door, crumpling onto her settee with her knees
pulled up to her chest. She looked up at him, tears flowing freely from her eyes.

“What did you do?” she repeated.

He raised his hands up in the air, baring the backs of them for her to see. “What does it look like I did? I damn near killed the guy.” He dropped his hands and took several steps away, running one of the hands in question through his hair. He couldn't look at her, not while she was giving him a look like that.

She probably thought he was a monster. She was probably right. He looked everywhere but where she was sitting. Still, he couldn't make himself feel bad for doing it--the guy clearly knew what he'd done to deserve it.

“Why?” was all she could think to ask next.

It was a stupid question, she knew exactly why. But she needed to hear him say it, she needed to know what had driven him to violence at the workplace. There a small part of her, very tiny and young, that worried about this behavior. If she looked too closely, it looked like herself at age five, huddled at the back of a closet while Plutt beat one of the other kids. That tiny child-Rey needed to protect herself and make sure that she’d never--that he’d never...she hated herself for thinking like that, she hated that she couldn’t trust Ben with every bit of her. But she’d survived abuse and knew to be wary of the signs in others, so she needed to know his triggers and avoid them. She expected the same from him, honestly.

Of course, there was another part of her, this one mature and dark, who liked this. It purred at the idea that this man would cut down anyone who affronted her for any reason at all. It begged her to reward him, to offer her body up in payment for his protection and service. She hated that part of her, too. It was fine to like being protected, but to beg to get off at the idea that he may have seriously maimed someone? Maybe she was the one who needed some therapy.

He inhaled a shaky breath, feeling his lungs slowly inflate, trying to invigorate himself for what had the potential to be a huge fight. “Because…” he turned to face her, hands hidden in the pockets of his pants. He'd gotten a few drops of blood on his shirt that he'd have to soak later. “Because he touched you without permission, and that's not okay.” He took one step closer, holding her gaze as he spoke, “You aren't his to touch.”

You're mine. Granted, if someone had touched Jessika or any other person in the workplace like that, he'd have done the same thing. Maybe not to the same extent, but...

“And while I'm proud of you for kicking him in the dick, I caught him talking about the incident in a break room and it sounded like he was planning revenge of some sort, and I couldn't let that go.” Meeting her eyes, he stayed several paces away from her, keeping his distance from the fear in them. She was just as ruined as he was, but in her own way, and he hated the fact that her fear was directed at him.

“Ben, you can't just...you...you're not supposed to.” Rey sighed heavily, pulling her legs in tighter. She closed her eyes and took a moment to breathe, sniffling back a few tears. “I should have just called HR and been done with this whole mess. Now we're both up for some massive scrutiny if Mike tells. And he’s going to tell. He’s probably going to tell the police everything and then you’re--you’ll…” she began crying anew. “Oh god, Ben. Why didn’t you just leave it alone? I don’t want to visit you in jail.”

He shook his head, watching her, “He isn't going to tell. I guarantee that. Because then he'll have to explain exactly why it happened. He'd fuck himself over just as much as you or me. And I have a much better lawyer.” He was quiet as he tilted his head in thought. “You'd...really visit me in jail?”
he asked, trying to capture her eyes with his. “As for why I couldn’t leave it alone...I just couldn’t. Not where you're concerned.”

He inspected his knuckles again, wincing as the movement of his fingers tugged at the open skin. It was starting to sting now, the adrenaline finally wearing off.

She unfolded herself, a slow movement as she sniffled through her tears. She hated crying, it always seemed like a waste of emotion when other things were more important, but she couldn’t help it. The conflicting emotions inside of her eyes almost too much to bare, and she felt almost sick with worry about Ben’s condition. Rising from the couch, she gingerly took his hands in hers and carefully kissed his knuckles, barely making any contact with the broken skin.

“Please never do this again,” she whispered. “I--I appreciate the thought behind it, but, Ben, I don’t know what I would do if something happened to you,” she said, peering up at him.

Looking down at her thoughtfully, he bit his lip, slowly nodding. “All right, I'll do my best. But no guarantees.” He slid her a small smirk, hoping his teasing tone might get her to smile for him. The world seemed so much less bright without it. “Can I touch you?” His request was soft, not wanting to scare her. He just wanted to hold her against him, to feel her solid and clear after this shitty day.

Rey nodded, catching her lip between her teeth as her mind ran. She wasn't scared of Ben, Ben clearly cared a lot about her and wanted to keep her safe and protected. But his alpha attitude raised a few warning signs in her mind. That little girl tugged on her skirt to remind her to be careful, to make sure he never turned those powerful hands on her. Rey could only offer that little girl a reassuring smile and promise that he would never hurt her or anyone she loved.

Carefully, making sure his movements were slow and deliberate, he wound his arms around her shoulders, stepping into her rather than bringing her to him. “I’m sorry if I scared you,” he murmured gently. He was afraid that he had broken some sort of trust that they’d had, and that she would never quite think of him the same way. He'd never hurt her, though. He'd never lay a finger to her in any way that she didn't want or agree to.

“Did he get you at all?” she asked quietly, her hands curled into his chest. She could feel his heartbeat against her ear and it made her feel more calm, soothing both the little girl and that horrid dark woman.

Snorting lightly, he shook his head, “No, nothing except for my beat up hands.” He traced the line of her back, pressing closer against her before he finally moved them over to the settee, sitting down and then tugging her into his lap. He just wanted to be as close as possible to her right now, and a cuddle session sounded like a fabulous way to spend the evening. “I don't suppose our dinner and a movie date is still on?”

She sunk into his warmth, sighing heavily. “I'm upset, but I'm not...mad. You did something stupid and barbaric and brutish and terribly dangerous...but I'd be lying if I said it didn't make some part of me...pleased to know that you'd do something like that for me.” She trailed a hand down his arm, her caress light and gentle. “Besides, someone needs to help you with your hands.”

“I’d do anything for you,” he whispered softly, reverently, watching the back of her head. Just say it, Solo! She's right there! Say it! Biting his lip, he sighed heavily, decidedly not saying it. “It’s nothing some peroxide and some gauze won't fix. Are you okay? I know I'm a stupid brute that does dangerous things, but are you okay? ”

Sure, she was in his arms, worried over some cuts on his hands, but she felt different, slightly withdrawn into herself. He hated himself for making her feel that way. Could they just go back to
earlier when they had been talking about marriage? He'd gladly go back in time if it meant that he never brought this side of her out again. It killed him to witness, a heavy strain on his heart as he wrapped himself more securely around her.

“I’ll be fine. I'm a tough kid, Ben, I've survived worse than some arseholes grabbing at me and grinding on me,” Rey insisted. Nevermind that she had been so far removed from it lately that the shock made her shake and cry, her natural tough resolve would kick in and she would be fine. “Besides, I've already contacted HR about all of the incidents. Before I leave, this floor is going to be subjected to some “sensitivity training”. She hoped it helped, she really did.

“I really hate the thought of leaving Jessika behind. They look at her the same way, and I have a feeling they will just move on to her, like you said.” Rey frowned. “She has so much potential beyond being a secretary, I wish she believed in herself more. She once told me she wanted to be a pilot one day. Maybe I can help her find a flight school before I go, get her out of here?”

“If that's still what she wants, we’ll find a way to make it happen,” he pressed a kiss to the top of her head and tightened his hold on her. “Looks like I proved old man Kenobi right,” he sighed heavily, resting his chin on her shoulder. “I basically just lived up to exactly what he thinks I am.”

“What are you talking about? I know he's far too hard on you, but he seemed to esteem your mother at the very least,” Rey asked, nuzzling her head against his.

Settling his eyes on the the huge desk, he had a sudden fond memory of the other day with her spread out over it when they'd been thinking about kids. “He thinks I'm a danger. That I’m...what was the word he used once? Volatile.” It was a conversation he'd overheard Kenobi having with his mother once, when he was a bit younger. “Back when my dad was still alive. We fought all the time when he was around because he couldn't just stay away. I got tired of him always hurting my mom.”

“Ben, it's not your fault you have anger issues. Anyone who grew up like we did would have trouble.” She pressed a kiss to his temple, tightening her grip on the arms around her. She hoped Leia had never been hurt physically, but something told her that the strong woman wouldn't exactly lay down and accept a beating. She spoke too fondly about her late husband for that to have been the case. “I don’t think you're volatile, Ben. You'd never hurt anyone who didn't deserve it.”

He made a noise in half-hearted agreement, “There's that at least, I suppose.” Glancing at the clock, he sighed. “I guess I should probably go back out there and pretend like I'm working. Maybe finish packing up everything. Think of some movies you want to watch tonight.” Smiling fondly at her, he disentangled himself and stood, suddenly remembering there was blood on his shirt. “Shit, hope I didn't get blood on you,” he muttered under his breath.

Rey rolled her eyes. “Oh please. If there is one thing women are excellent at, it's getting blood out of clothes. Give me your shirt.” She held out her hand expectantly, giving him a raised eyebrow of expectation. There was some peroxide in the shelves above the curve of her desk for such an occasion. She and Jessika had made sure to keep it on hand should their menstrual cycles ever catch them unaware.

“You're serious? You want me to just take off my shirt while you do your womanly magic to it? I can't exactly go out onto the floor half clothed,” he smirked, following her over to the desk as he began unbuttoning the shirt. It got him thinking about the reason why she'd even have it on hand in the first place. “I feel like I need to make it known that I'm not averse to the idea of sex while you're on your period. It doesn't gross me out at all. Just so that’s out there.”

He shrugged and slid the shirt off, handing it to her. He was left in his undershirt, looking very out
of place in her office.

“Wow, that’s really, um, sweet of you. But it sort of grosses me out,” Rey said, focusing solely on laying out some paper towel before she laid his shirt over it and poured the chemical over it. As the gentle fizzling filled the silence between them, she thought of the numerous guys who had told her that her period was gross and disgusting and they wouldn't come near her during that time. Maybe she could work on her confidence about that with Ben in time, but for now...

“This won't take long, Ben. You can just hang out if you want. I don't really want you going out there and showing everyone what's mine to look at,” she teased, shooting him a wink.

She knew that while she was contending with an upswing in sexual harassment from the arseholes on her floor, Ben was also dealing with a rise in moony-eyed women who seemed to suddenly realize that he wasn’t just a large and intimidating man, but rather a large and intimidating man who was making their boss scream like that, try as she might to contain it. Thankfully, most of the women did nothing more than attempt to flirt a bit harder, although Ben did once laugh about one woman who had made some leering comment about his arms and how strong he was. Rey wondered if she knew that Ben could fuck her standing up, with nothing supporting her but his arms. They would have to do that again.

Chuckling, he watched her work. It was odd to have people stare at him so suddenly when those same people had looked right through him before. “I swear, if Brenda makes one more comment about my arms, I’m just going to fuck you in front of everyone. Laid out over that desk in my cubicle in view of everyone. Think maybe that would shut them up?” He was a taken man, and no amount of flattery was going to change that.

He found himself drifting closer to her, drawn by the light shining inside of her, how absolutely good she was. Looking down at his clothing, he watched as the blood basically dissolved, disappearing under the peroxide. The wonders of science and basic chemical reactions would never cease to amaze him. God, he was such a fucking nerd.

“Hmmmm, that doesn't seem like too terrible of an idea,” Rey agreed, her tone on just this side of teasing with an underlying notion of seriousness. It was a highly erotic thing to imagine, being fucked so publically, especially in front of those who seemed to think that either of them were up for stealing. “But, we might definitely be arrested for that. Public indecency and all of that junk.” She took a step to close the space between them, peering up at him through her lashes as her hands came up to gently rake down his chest. “I suppose we will just have to settle with fucking in here.”

Eyes darkening with desire, fueled by the need to reclaim what was his after defending it, he looked over her face before dipping lower down to her chest and the barely any cleavage she was showing. “There is still one more fantasy we haven't thoroughly explored yet,” he said, stepping closer to her until she was forced to back up. He kept advancing on her like a predator until her back hit the floor to ceiling windows behind the desk.

Rey shivered as she felt the cool glass against her back, her hands bracing herself against it as she moved to arch into him. “What did you have in mind?” she taunted, grinding her body into his.

Was it wrong to fuck him against the window, so soon after he pulverized someone for assaulting her? Against the window, where anyone, from the right angle, could look up and watch the torrid display. She shivered again, something primal inside of her thrilled at the idea of being made a spectacle of. They couldn't claim each other out on the floor but maybe someone would see them like this.

“I think you know exactly what I had in mind,” he whispered, crushing his mouth against hers as
his hands flew to her waist. His kiss was nearly bruising, consuming, his lips and tongue working in tandem with hers and demanding more. He was going to leave his mark on her, a reminder that should something ever happen, she was ruined by a man named Ben Solo.

Breaking for air, he spun her around until she was facing the window. He could see both of their reflections in the glass, hers much more clearly than his since she was closer. Curling his hands around hers, he drew them up to press against the sides of her breasts as he shifted his body behind her to press against her backside. “I want everyone to see you,” he murmured, ducking his head down low to kiss a long line up her neck.

He’d never been with anyone else that had made him feel this way and he’d never been so overcome with a desire to claim someone so fully. Rey was perfect, in every way. She was the sun to his moon, his grounding force and his salvation. Spanning his hands around her waist, he slid them lower over her ass until he came down to the hem of her skirt, fiddling lightly with it.

Rey dropped her head against his shoulder, opening up the access for his lips. Grateful that she’d worn a dress today, she drew her hands down her body and rucked her skirt up and over her head, breaking the contact with his hands and lips for only a moment to free herself of the garment. She was left standing in a pink lingerie set, the bra, panty, and garterbelt decorated with red floral appliques. It had cost her quite the pretty penny, but watching the way Ben’s eyes lit up and then darkened when he saw her lingerie always made her happy.

Her eyes drifted down to the parking lot, where she saw an ambulance sitting. She could see him, that fuck Mike, as the EMS attended to him. And Dave, that disgusting pervert, was standing alongside with him. She hoped they would look up and see, see that she wasn’t for them. She belonged to Ben Solo in every way a person could own another one, and she wanted them to see it.

“Look, baby,” Rey purred, drawing Ben’s attention down as well with one hand. She kept her hand cupping the side of his face as she said, “Show them. Show them who I belong to.”

His heart picked up double time at her words, his mouth falling open as his sluggish mind finally pieced together that it was Mike sitting in the ambulance. His breath escaped him in a rush, his pupils blowing wide, maybe even wider than they’d ever been. Pressing himself closer against her back, he reached up to hold her hand against his face as his other came up to wrap gently around her throat, using his thumb to turn her head to his. He leaned down and pressed his mouth to hers softly, running the tip of his tongue along the bottom of her lip before deepening the kiss, asking her for entrance.

He briefly tightened his hold around her neck, barely squeezing as he took her mouth. The thought of such a public display only turned him on even more, his body igniting with heat and anticipation. There was nothing but Rey, the feeling of her mouth against his, the soft flesh of her warm body beneath his hand. He could almost hear the way her blood was rushing at the same speed as his through her own veins.

Pulling back from her mouth he turned his head back to where the ambulance was, leaning in to murmurm against her ear without ever taking his eyes from the flashing lights, “Look at what they can't have.” His hand slipped from her throat down to her breast, massaging lightly over the fabric of her bra. His tongue flicked out to trace the shell of her ear as he added, “Look who belongs to me.”

He felt powerful, almost like a king overlooking his kingdom with his queen at his side. His body still behind hers, he slid his free hand down to unclip her garters, then snaked his hand up to pull her panties down, revealing her to anyone that dared choose this moment to look up. And he honestly hoped they did, fuck did he hope they did.
Rey moaned, a deep and primal sound. With her free hand, she grabbed his and brought it around front, dipping them between her folds. They both moaned at the feeling of her wetness, her arousal thick and evident. She guided his fingers over her clit, pressing down hard enough to make her cry out just a little. She encouraged him to rub at the hard bundle, her body already twitching and her knees already feeling weak. She leaned gratefully against his massive body, mewling sweetly as they both stimulated her needy body.

Knowing he really didn't need her guidance, she brought her hand back up to her breast, plucking at the hard nipple through her lace bra. “Fuck, Ben,” she whispered. She always said his name like a prayer. He was her salvation.

Increasing the pressure of his thumb against her, he leaned back down to drag his mouth across her shoulder and up the side of her neck, sucking a deep purple bruise into the sensitive skin there. “Oh, I plan to,” he growled against her skin, his voice nearly dripping with his desire.

Releasing his hold on her for a moment just as her body started to quake, he stepped out of his pants and kicked them somewhere into the room. He snaked his fingers back to her clit, instantly rubbing with the same intensity he had before. By now, he was very familiar with the way Rey’s body started to signal that she was close, and he knew exactly when to pull away to maximize the edging effect that she loved so much.

Grasping her hips with his free hand, he adjusted her until she was where he wanted her, with her hands splayed out against the glass window, her backside sticking out a bit further for him as he reached around her to keep stroking at her clit, pressing his chest against her back, his breath hot on her neck as he murmured encouragements to her. Rey wriggled her hips against his hard cock, stimulating him as much as she could with only her soft arse. She pressed up on her toes as much as her heels could allow for, lining him up for swift entry into her dripping cunt, only to move away. If he was going to edge her, she was going to tease him right back. She knew he could handle it, he was always good at holding out as long as she could. It was one of the most beautiful ways that they’d learned in the last two weeks that they were compatible, knowing that they were always on the same level of sexual energy. Even if Ben complained about being “old” here and there, he couldn’t deny that he met her, orgasm for orgasm, every time.

Her eyes drifted down below and she saw, she knew she saw, Dave’s eyes drift over her window. And then she saw him nudge at Mike and point. They saw. They saw.

“Hurry, baby. Fuck me,” Rey whimpered.

He glanced at the pair down below and then turned his attention back to Rey with a smug smile as he gripped her hips and pulled her back to him as he thrust forward, pulling away and repeating without much time in between. Growling deeply, he circled his thumb around her harder, faster, matching the brutal pace of his thrusts.

He didn't care that people were watching them--he wasn't shy to claim something that was his in a very public setting. He didn't bother looking at the pair down below--they weren't worth his time when he had Rey bent over for him, shivers wracking up her spine as he pushed her closer with his cock and fingers. His free hand reached forward to intertwine their fingers together against the glass, his body nearly draped over the back of hers. “Show them how hard you come for me, Kitten,” he coaxed, a low groan tearing from his throat as he shifted the angle, finding exactly the one he wanted. His fingers through her wetness were relentless, equally as demanding as his cock pummeling in as far as he could go, caressing over each spot she seemed to love on the downward stroke.
Rey had gotten better at controlling the release of her orgasms, and nothing seemed to make Ben happier then when she complied with his demands. After all, she knew it gave her a heady rush of pleasure and power every time he pumped her full of his come at her request. Order given, she clamped down around him, keening loudly as she came for him. She pressed her head to the glass as she sounded her pleasure, needing the cold glass to help keep her grounded.

And Ben, bless him, didn’t let up on his relentless pounding, his fingers still torturing her clit even as she gushed around him. She’d come again very soon at this rate, or else she’d be riding out the pleasure of this orgasm for a while. Once, she was sure that she’d orgasmmed twice in as many minutes, only to realize later that it was just Ben forcing her to ride the wave of her orgasm for longer than she was used to.

She smirked to think of one of those pathetic men down below even attempting to satisfy her like Ben could. No man could even compare. When he was inside of her, it was like he was completely inside of her, able to see into her mind so that he could find every pleasurable part of her body. He always knew where to kiss, to lick and suck, to stroke and massage to make her come harder and faster. Every lover she’d had in the past just stuck it in and acted like they were God’s Gift while she laid below them and pretended to be feeling something. But not with Ben. Never with Ben. She knew she would have to laugh at Mike and Dave and all the other fucks in this building should they even attempt to make her come like this. They were little boys trying to play a man’s game, and she wasn’t settling for a little boy.

Making a noise somewhere along the lines of an approving purr as she gushed around him, he dared a glance out the window, seeing the two men looking up with slack jaws. Dave’s face was flushed red, but he couldn't seem to pull his eyes away. And Mike’s face was, well, still purple. It was hard to read any emotion on it.

“Look at them, baby,” he whispered roughly. “Look how pathetic they are. They'd never be able to make you come hard enough to squirt.” He fucked up into her again, driving for one last orgasm from her before he let himself go. “Just one more, make the image of you coming stick in their heads,” he commanded, nuzzling into the back of her neck, the tendrils of hair there damp with sweat. He bit lightly at her skin, adding just a little pressure. They'd found out she was into a little bit of biting right after coming. It seemed to help her reach the next one just a little bit more easily, but it wasn't a guarantee.

Rey whimpered obediently, shivering at the bite on her neck. She allowed herself to focus on the feeling of Ben, his lips and teeth on her neck, his fingers brutal against her clit, and his magnificent cock driving home with every thrust. She squeezed her fingers around his against the glass, feeling her walls beginning to clamp down again. Fuck, this was heaven.

“Come with me, baby. I want to feel your come inside of me. Please, baby, please fuck me so hard and fill me up,” she pled, her voice near whining in pitch. She used what little strength she had to press back against him, back arched to the point of near pain as she tried to take as much of him as possible. “Please, baby. I'm close. So fucking close. Come for me.”

Grunting, he slid home a few more times, his rhythm becoming harsh and unbalanced as he snapped his hips against hers as hard as he could. He came at her pleas, a very primal sounding shout tearing from his throat. He poured his seed into her cunt, filling her and feeling her body contract around him as it set off her second orgasm, flushing her skin a very bright shade of red.

Already, he could feel and hear his come sliding out from between her legs to drip onto the hard floor of her office. It'd be easy to clean up later, after he'd taken proper care of her. Feeling how limp she was in his arms, he scooped her up easily and cradled her to this chest as he moved to the
settee in her office, completely ignoring the people that had still been gaping at them in their nakedness. Smiling, he picked up his undershirt from where it'd been chucked earlier and used it to wipe gently between her legs, placing a tender kiss on her forehead.

Rey laid out as much as she could on her couch, a panting and weak mess as her kind and considerate boyfriend cleaned her up. She reached up to tenderly caress his face, pushing some of his sweaty hair out of his eyes and behind his ears.

“You really spoil me, Ben.” She looked down at his hands, bringing one up to gently kiss once more. “How are you feeling? I have some ibuprofen in my desk.”

“I'll be okay,” he answered with a light shrug, tossing his shirt to go sit by her desk. Finding his pants, he worked them back on, his chest heaving from exertion as he slumped down next to her on the settee, drawing her legs into his lap like they did at home.

He ran his hands over her calves and ankles before he suddenly paused, a devilish grin lighting his face. “Do you think they got the hint?”

“Sort of hard to miss,” Rey laughed. She then turned thoughtful. “I just hope they didn't take that as an invitation or a challenge or anything like that. But I'm sure they've never made a woman come that hard, twice.”

She sighed languidly as he ran his hands along her legs, feeling happy and content. She couldn't wait to move in with him, even if that day seemed far away. She hadn't had a lot of time to do much research, as she was constantly stuck between work, Ben, and making time for Finn and Rose.

Ben had been making subtle hints lately that he thought he was ready to meet her friends. Rose was ready, but Finn still needed some work. He was still wary about the Snoke thing, plus he seemed annoyed that Ben was keeping Rey away from them. He didn't approve of Rey falling so head over heels for him so quickly, confident that someone with Ben's reputation was bound to break her heart soon. Rey had snapped at him that he didn't know Ben and thus didn't know his character, but Finn insisted that someone like Ben, with his history and his sketchy connections, was nothing but trouble for a girl. Rose had argued that Ben seemed incredibly doting and kind, but Finn was suspicious suspicious that Ben was trying to buy her, to keep her some sort of a prisoner. And all hell broke loose when Finn found out that Rey was quitting her job because of Ben, ranting about how she has worked too damn hard to throw it all away for “some sketchy, moody asshole who didn't have the decency to tell Rey he loves her first, if he even does!” Rey would have been more angry with Finn about these accusations had she not known that they came from the realm of brotherly love. No, she would need to work Finn up just a bit more before Ben could meet him.

Rey hadn't told Finn her plans yet. She didn't need Finn hating Ben more because he was about to take her away permanently. She was going to abe that news for when it was an immediate reality. Maybe she'd introduce them later...like when they were helping her move.

As happy as he was to just sit there and touch her like this all night, she probably had work that she needed to get back to. He really didn't have a whole lot left to do. Maybe she wouldn't mind him just hanging out in her office for a bit. He didn't sleep well on nights she didn't stay with him, which was most of the time. It wasn't necessarily because she wasn't there (he wasn't that fucking possessive), but whenever she was around, it was easier to get some rest with the warm, soft weight of her against him, her light snoring a balm. “Do you need help with anything?” he asked, glancing over at her desk, where he saw a ton of paperwork filled into neat little stacks.

“Find my dress?” Rey replied. She worked her underwear back on and reattached her thigh highs to
her garterbelt, glancing around the room for whatever her dress has landed.

When Ben retrieved it, she slipped it back on at a slow pace. She much preferred to be in a state of relative undress when around Ben, but they *were* still at work. Once she was dressed, she went to check on his shirt. Satisfied that the blood has lifted, she washed off the peroxide with some water from her glass before handing it back to him.

“We should probably do laundry this weekend. Not that you need those clothes for anything soon. Unless you found a pet project to work on while you fuss with stocks?” Rey asked. She didn't really understand how Ben was so great at stocks, but it seemed to be making him happy this past week.

Getting a fuzzy feeling deep in his chest at her casual usage of the term *we*, he raised his head to look up at her. “I...did, actually.” He cleared his throat as he worked his jaw nervously. He'd been meaning to tell her sooner, but it never really seemed to be a good time when she was up to her neck in things to do. And it wasn't like it was a huge deal or anything, really. “Not that it's going to stop me from doing anything with you, but...I'm writing a book. Like, an *actual* book and not just some smutty stories.”

Pulling his shirt back on, he buttoned it back up, looking down to watch his fingers work. He knew she'd support him, but it was still like baring a bit of his soul to her and he didn't like feeling vulnerable, regardless of the reason.

“Ben! That's amazing!” Rey said, smiling brightly as she came forward to wrap her arms around him. “I'm so proud of you! Do you know what about yet?” She then smirked at him. “And hey, I *like* your smutty stories. That's what got us in this in the first place.”

He smiled and nodded slightly, “Yeah, I have an idea. And no, I'm not telling you what it's about, so stop giving me that look. You'll have to wait and see.” Hugging her back, he got a sudden rush of unexplainable happiness and he picked her up and twirled her around once before setting her back down. “I'm so happy to get away from this place,” he muttered. “I feel like I can finally found do something that I want to do, so I guess I should say thank you.”

Rey giggled at his sudden burst of joy. He was so handsome when he smiled, she was glad that he was doing it more often now. It helped knowing that she was the reason for it.

“I should be thanking you. Even if I don't become a teacher, at least I can still get the tools in place to help kids,” Rey said. “I'm so glad you left that notebook out in the open. It led to so much of our happiness.”
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the next couple of weeks that followed, Ben had left the company, spending his days in the office of his penthouse fiddling with stocks or working on the outline for his book. He'd taken to hiding it whenever Rey came over, simply because of the fact that her curiosity kept getting the better of her and she kept trying to get a sneak peak.

He’d gone back to his apartment on the other side of town to gather some more of his clothes and other items for the penthouse, and otherwise clean up the second place to make it okay to sit empty for a while.

Mike had taken a few sick days to recover, but then he was back at work, and from what Rey told him, he was studiously ignoring her. That pacified Ben, but he had warned Rey to stay on her toes for any sort of retaliation from the other man. He'd armed her with some pepper spray and made sure she knew how to use it.

She'd also managed to sneak him into the office after hours on days where she was absolutely swamped and would be heading straight home to be with her friends when she was done. It was a nice way to spend time together, usually with him sprawled across her little settee (the damn thing looked so tiny when he was on it), working on something of his own, just enjoying the company in mutual silence. That was not accounting for the times they cleared up any remaining office kinks, because when she got hired on as a teacher, there was no way he was having sex in an elementary school where kids could potentially see them. A high school, maybe, but an elementary school was absolutely out of the question.

There had been an off-handed comment about pudding, which prompted Ben to remember she had stolen his and she still owed him for it. Rey had made good on her promise to make it up to him, and they'd had a food fight in the break room that had escalated rather quickly into licking the food off of each other before he fucked her against a table.

He'd also bought a ring. Why, he didn't know, especially since they still hadn't said I love you. He had a feeling she must've felt the same way he did, but he stashed the ring deep within his sock drawer, one place Rey never checked. It was ironic, how it was within twenty feet of her whenever she fell asleep in his bed, and she never even knew.

The time in between, when he was alone with his thoughts and she was still at work, he spent working out in the gym on one of the lower floors of the building. His biceps were a bit more defined, his abs a little more toned, and if Rey’s comments when he was undressed were anything to go by, she really liked it.

That was, until her period came, and she absolutely refused to have sex with him. She'd explained she was self-conscious about it, not wanting to let him anywhere near what she called 'a bloody pit of despair'. He'd tried to reassure her, but it hadn't worked, and admittedly, he was dying. They'd gone from having sex several times a day for weeks to absolutely nothing, and he was incredibly sexually strung out. Not that she hadn't helped him in that department; blow job week, she'd also named it. And while he was grateful for some sort of release, it wasn't the same. To make matters worse, he knew she was horny as fuck. He'd caught her moaning that one time she'd used his shower and when he'd tried to help, she'd all but screamed at him to get out of the bathroom, that he couldn't see her like that.
He tried to be a good boyfriend. He brought her flowers, painkillers, chocolate and even made sure there were extra pads, tampons, and liners at his place, just in case. He'd rubbed her lower back where she said it had hurt the most and had even gone out to buy a heating pad to help with her cramps. Right now, she was bundled up on the couch with that very heating pad and a blanket, idly watching Netflix while he made them dinner. She’d seemed surprised the first time he'd cooked anything for her, like she didn't think he knew how. But the moan she'd made at the homemade alfredo sauce had been music to his ears.

Bringing out the plate of roasted chicken, smothered in gravy, carrots, and even homemade mashed potatoes, he set it on the coffee table for her before settling down on a cushion just in time to answer Netflix's question of are you still watching? “Yes, I'm still watching. I'll let you know when I'm finished,” he grumbled, also muttering something about how the video application reminded him of his mother.

“Hey, Ben. I have to talk to you about something,” Rey mumbled from beneath her cocoon. She pulled herself into a half-sitting position and grabbed her plate, giving a moan of appreciation at the first bite. It reminded her of the chicken she'd had at the benefit. Maybe that's why he made it?

Ben was too busy eating, so he shot her an inquisitive eyebrow. She was glad that the words “we need to talk” didn't panic him. Although that may have been because they had become comfortably domestic in the last month. She spent as much time as she could with him, without neglecting work and her friends. And it had gotten easier to ignore the urge to say “I love you”, as their actions were already proof enough of their deep connection. What type of man took this great of care for a woman on her period if he didn’t love her to some degree? It had soothed her worry and she finally felt comfortable, assured in their relationship. The words would come when they did, she knew they were happy and together.

“There’s this party that Finn’s friends throw every year, for Halloween? Rose and I are always his dates, and it's this whole production, we coordinate costumes and what not, the whole cheesy thing. I guess you could say it's our desperate attempt to hold in to our college days. Anyway, it's this Saturday, so I won’t be around in the evening. But we can spend the day together if you want, the party doesn't even start until 8,” Rey said.

She was getting Finn close, she knew it, but a Halloween party where there would be drinking and loose inhibitions because of it was not her ideal place of introduction. She had begun to plan for next week, though. Once she was officially done at Jinn & Kenobi Publishing (she was nearing the end of all she could teach the 40something man they hired to replace her) she was going to invite Ben out for lunch with Finn and it would be a nice, calm meeting on neutral grounds.

He swallowed his mouthful of food and nodded slowly. “Okay, well. I hope you enjoy yourself.” He was relaxing a bit more at the idea of Finn based on the stories Rey had told him and how happy they made her. He was still a bit wary, but for the most part he was okay. “I actually have to meet with Hux that day to go over some stuff with investments anyway, so not a big deal if you want to spend the entire day with them. It could take a while.”

His investments were going well, even better than he'd hoped, though it was still too early on in the process to really get excited about anything yet. He just had meet with Hux since the ginger man was meeting him halfway with one particular account.

“Can I sleep over tomorrow night, then? I don't want to go the whole day without you. Starting out my morning with you sounds perfect,” she asked. “Do you think Hux would want to go get breakfast with us? Or are you not ready to have me meet him yet?”

“I don't think that would be the best idea. He's pretty grouchy in the mornings. We’ll have to
schedule another time, but soon. I promise,” he said, kissing her hair.

Rey smiled and nodded. “I understand. Another time. And I’ll see you after the party, right? I’ll be playing DD for Finn and Rose so I should be raring to go.”

“Yeah, I'll be here. Wasting away,” he joked. “I want you to go have fun.”

Rey gave his chest a quick kiss. “Thanks, sweetie”

Picking costumes this year had been a task, to say the least. This was their seventh year and it was becoming hard to not repeat costume themes. They'd done the pirate thing (both as pirates and with the girls as mermaids), the gangster and flappers thing, the sexy fairy tale characters, the vampires, the werewolves, and last year they had done a Mario theme. It was Finn’s turn to pick and he had landed on a demon with his angel's. And Rose, bless her poor, lovesick heart, begged Rey to go as sexy as possible in hope of finally pulling Finn’s eye.

So that was how Rey Niima, a 25-years-old future teacher, ended up wearing the tiniest, sluttiest costume imaginable. It was really just a white bra, a white micro tutu over a pair of white ruffle panties, a gold tinsel halo, and a massive pair of white feather wings (that Rose had insisted on making herself). There was a white garterbelt underneath her tutu, holding up white thigh highs, ridiculous gold heels on her feet that she didn't know how Rose even found. She almost had to beg to switch characters with Finn, but her period finally relented and she was in the clear to be a vision of white.

She did have to admit that her skin looked luminous in all white, her freckles and tan on full display. She curled her hair and let Rose ridiculous do makeup on her, even agreeing to white feather lashes, gold and silver glitter over their cheeks and shoulders. Every protest she almost had was silenced by Rose’s glee as she dressed in equal partner, her more voluptuous curves set on display. As Rey huddled underneath a white sheer shawl, she knew it was worth it to see Rose so happy.

Finn was beyond excited for how his two girls looked, and Rey noticed with satisfaction that his gaze lingered on Rose longer than it had on her (it helped that Rose’s breasts were pushed nearly to her chin and she’d highlighted them to draw the eye more). As the lucky man, he was dressed in this horribly tacky red suit, complete with a sequin bow tie that matched his tail and horns. The girls chastised him for being more dressed than they were, but he promised to keep them warm so they let it go.

Rey sent Ben one tantalizing selfie, taken almost completely from above to maximize the cleavage, and they were off.

The party was already in full swing when they arrived, drunks whooping and hollering when they saw Finn enter with his angels. Ever the protective man, he tucked both girls under his arms (mindful of their wings) and shot a glare at any guy who looked too long. Rose was over the moon with happiness at Finn, at the way he ignored every other woman and brought her drink after drink at her request. Rey recognized that look on her own face from when she looked up at Ben. She wished he would text her back.

“Why do you insist on dragging me to these things?” Armitage Hux hissed to Phasma as she dragged him up the steps to the house. It reminded him of a college frat party--all it was missing were the Greek symbols of whatever fraternity they belonged to on the outside. There were empty red cups all over the lawn, toilet paper hanging from the trees, and a stupid looking light up
skeleton in the window. It made him physically ill to be here, surrounded by so many other people.

“Oh, come on!” Phasma insisted, clutching onto his arm so that she didn’t trip in her sandals. The woman was well over six foot, and even wearing flat-footed shoes, she still towered over Hux. “It’ll be fun! When was the last time you went out and enjoyed yourself?”

He paused to ponder the thought for a moment, only to be dragged the remainder of the way up the steps into the house by his date. “There was that time last year…” he muttered under his breath, the words swept away by the loud noise of the party inside. The music was loud, and to make matters worse, it wasn’t even a catchy toon.

“Exactly! Which is why you need to get outside and have some fun. Your skin is even whiter than normal--when was the last time you were actually out in the sun?” Phasma asked, adjusting the black wig she was wearing in a mirror in the entryway. She was dressed up as Cleopatra, her pale blue eyes lined perfectly with a thick layer of liner, swooping out to form the perfect wings. She pushed her generous cleavage back into place inside of the white gown, its deep V giving an eyeful to anyone that dared look at her. She had faux golden bands wrapped around each bicep, the epitome of royalty. She looked at Hux in the mirror behind her, giving a grin at the look of him dressed up as Mark Anthony, in full toga regalia, little olive branches placed behind each ear. His red hair was slightly slicked through with gel to give it a slight curl most Roman nobles were known for.

“This morning!” he protested, and Phasma giggled with the knowledge that he was being whiny. It seemed to suit his costume exceedingly well. “I went to brunch with Ben--it was outside!”

Rolling her eyes, she turned to him and gripped him by the shoulders, looking around suddenly, “Why don’t you go get us a drink. I’m going to go mingle. Maybe some alcohol will help you to loosen up. You’re always so fucking tense.” Pushing him in the direction of the keg, she straightened and smirked to herself. She absolutely loved giving him a hard time.

Hux glared at her over his shoulder before he pushed into the crowd of rambunctious bodies, feeling absolutely ridiculous in this stupid costume she’d forced him to wear. As he neared the keg, he saw what looked like a pimp and his two women--oh, it was a demon and his angels. Snorting under his breath, he grabbed two plastic cups and filled them with the warm, cheap beer. Maybe it would help. Already sipping on his own cup, he headed back to Phasma, tripping over a wire connected to the sound system, sloshing part of his drink onto one of the angels as they made their way over to the keg. “Shit, I am so--” he broke off, glancing down at the now wet creature that was glaring daggers at him.

Rey resisted the urge to lash out at the jerk who spilled beer on her basically her naked skin, although her glare held no mercy. “Whatever. Just go get me a towel or something,” she said through gritted teeth. Fuck she was cold now. Where was Ben and his massive, warm body when she really needed it?

As she looked up at the moron who decided she needed a new scent, something triggered at the back of her mind. Did she know this guy? She didn’t know a lot of gingers, but this one seemed vaguely familiar. Maybe she’d passed him in a Starbucks line or something. Whatever it was, he wasn’t moving any faster.

“Um, hullo, today please! I'm not wearing any more clothing underneath my underwear,” Rey hissed.

Straightening, he narrowed his eyes at her, holding his head high and looking down his nose. “Fine. Just...stay here.” Feeling only slightly embarrassed at having tripped, he stormed past her,
going in search of the bathroom. There had to be towels in there, right? He stalked through the house in search of the door that held the fucking bathroom. Finding it, he threw it open, eye twitching at the scene before him. There was someone in a giant bunny outfit, fake head and all, currently getting a blowjob from a cheerleader. They both startled in surprise, yelling out *Hey!*

Ignoring both of them, he stepped into the bathroom and rooted under the sink until he found the towel he was looking for. Tucking it under his arm, he found Phasma on the way back, handing her partially full drink. She gave him a frown, but sipped at it while Hux went to go find the slutty angel.

Approaching Rey again, he debated on just handing her the towel, but something in him (maybe it was the alcohol he’d been constantly sipping at) told him to just wipe it off of her himself. With quick, jerky movements, he ran the towel over her body, mainly her chest area before he tossed the towel at her and left with the parting words of, “Nice rack.”

“Hey!” Rey snapped. She sunk her claws into his shoulder and whipped him back around, landing a slap on his cheek in the same moment. “Fuck you! How dare you touch me!? I have a boyfriend, who would be very mad find out what you did!”

Mouth opening that she had the audacity to slap him, never minding the fact that he’d basically just felt her up, his free hand went up to rub at his stinging cheek. “Who? Your pimp over here?”

He jerked his chin over to Finn, who hadn’t been paying attention. “Not my fault you’re dressed like a cheap hooker that got lost at this party. Although,” he sidled up a little closer, eyes drifting down to her cleavage again. “I’m pretty sure I could make you forget about said boyfriend. At least for a while.”

“Finn!” Rey cried out, loud and insistent even over the music.

It didn’t take Finn more than the blink of an eye to appear at her side, a drunk Rose draped over his arm. “What's up, babe?” Finn asked, eyes narrowing up at Hux. He saw how close the man was to Rey and the fact that she was wet, and it only took him a moment to put two and two together. “Are you bothering my girlfriend?”

Phasma had seen what looked like a confrontation and had edged closer, wrapping her arm possessively around Hux’s waist. “What’s going on here, *honey*?” she asked, inspecting Rey. Suddenly, it clicked in her head and her eyes darted over to Finn. To Rey, she repeated the question, though much more kindly, “What happened?”

Rey gaped at Phasma, immediately offended on her behalf. “Your *honey* first spilled his beer on me, and then decided that he would feel me up while cleaning me off. On *purpose*, if his lewd comment was anything to go off of.”

“What the fuck, dude? You touched my girl?” Finn said, immediately moving to step between Rey and Hux.

Rose giggled.

Sensing the egos in the room rising, Phasma stepped between Finn and Hux, one hand extended out to ward off the darker man. “Hux gets like this when he’s had too much to drink, but he usually doesn’t do anything. I’m so sorry about this. I’ll make sure he stays away from you for the rest of the party. Again, I’m so sorry, please try to enjoy yourselves,” she said quickly, trying to get the words out before everyone truly lost their tempers. She didn’t want to ruin her costume trying to break up a fight.
Turning her back to the trio, she gripped Hux’s hand and dragged him away, further into the house, but not without him glaring daggers over his shoulder at them.

“I’m sorry, guys,” Rey sighed. “No one wants to be that girl at the party who causes drama.”

“Fuck that guy, Rey,” Finn replied. He turned down to Rose, gently tipping her chin up to look at him. “Rose? Baby? I gotta be Rey’s boyfriend for a while. Are you gonna be okay?” he asked.

“Nooooo, Reeeeeeeeey!” Rose whined, blinking up at her best friend through hazy drunk eyes. “Sweetieeeeeee!”

Rey sighed. “C’mon, Rose. I bet Nine’s will have a nice quiet room you can rest in.”

Finn and Rey made their way over to the host of the party, Finn’s old frat buddy inexplicably nicknamed Nine. Nine chuckled and took Rose from them, promising Finn that he’d keep his girl safe.

“What’s going in between you two?” Rey asked with a sly smile as they made their way back down to the party.

Finn smirked but tried to project an air of nonchalance as he shrugged and said, “I dunno. Stuff?”

Rey bounced up and down, not at all seeing the way a few of men nearby had their jaws go slack at the sight of her breasts bouncing so much. That bra was truly a gift from god.

“Stuff!! Oh my god, I’m going to kill Rose for not telling me!” she shrieked in excitement. She threw her arms around Finn, planting a big kiss on his cheek. “Congratulations on no longer being a blind arsehole!”

Finn rolled his eyes but wrapped his arms around her waist, holding her close as he smiled down at her. “Yeah, yeah, whatever. We just made out last night while you were gone, so it’s still pretty fresh.”

Rey squealed in glee, jumping up to kiss his cheek again in excitement. “This is the best news ever!!!”

Finn rolled his eyes but still smiled. He looked over her shoulder and his smile immediately fell, spying Hux watching them from across the room. He narrowed his eyes at the guy and drew Rey in closer, leaning his face down closer to hers to gently nuzzle at her. She read the cue and accepted the false affection, knowing it was necessary to keep up their lie. Finn would never cop a feel without it being necessary. This wasn’t the first time they played fake boyfriend and girlfriend.

When Finn saw that fuck raise his phone in their direction, he decided to give him a show. He turned Rey’s head and planted a firm kiss on her mouth, lifting his middle finger on the hand that was resting on her back while his other drifted down to grab her ass. That would show that dick.

Ben was sitting at his desk, typing away at his computer, when his phone pinged. Thinking it was a message from Rey, he picked it up and saw there were two missed texts. One was from Rey, the other from Hux. He opened the one from Rey first, seeing a selfie she had taken, the angle just right to see her breasts on nearly full display. Smirking, he replied back to her, telling her he wanted her to wear that for him sometime.

Exiting out of that thread, he opened Hux’s message, letting out a laugh.
Some bitch just slapped me.

Well, Hux had usually done something to deserve it, so Ben didn’t even bother asking what. He knew how the ginger got around alcohol.

You probably deserved it. What was she dressed in?

Another picture message came through and when he opened it, Ben leaned in to get a closer look, trying to make sense of what he was seeing in the dimly lit photo. Hux really needed to learn how to take better--

What. The. Fuck? His heart nearly stopped, and as he peered more closely at it, his mind started to put the puzzle together. He’d just seen that outfit, in the selfie Rey had sent him. And there was a man wrapped around her, hand firmly planted on her ass, kissing her, his other finger flipping the bird. Was this her way of breaking up with him? Could she not just say it to his face? Was he really that unimportant that he had to get a fucking text to show him she was done? He felt like he couldn’t breathe, his throat tightening at what his eyes were very clearly showing him. Hurt flared through every fiber of his being, hitting him like a freight train. How could she? He’d thought she had felt some semblance of what he had, that they were on the same page.

He slammed the phone down, its protective case keeping the glass from shattering. He pushed out of his chair with a screech against the hardwood. Some part of his brain was trying to whisper that Rey wasn’t like that, that she’d never do anything to hurt him, but the evidence was right fucking there and he couldn’t think over the roaring inside of his head.

He quickly picked his phone back up and texted Hux back for the address of the party, his fingers shaking. When the phone dinged again, he slipped his shoes on and hurried out to his car. He probably shouldn’t be driving when he was this upset, but he had to know. He had to see it for his own eyes.

Betrayal coated his throat, hot and thick, as he made his way to the other part of town. The street was full of cars parked along the curb, some even going so far as to park in the driveways of houses he was willing to bet they didn’t live in.

The house itself was hard to miss; it was the only one with loud music blaring out of it, the only one that looked trashed on the outside. He made his way up the steps and slipped into the crowd, getting a few stares for his lack of costume and a couple of jesting comments that asked what are you supposed to be?

Ignoring them, he kept searching until he finally saw them. There was no mistaking the way that Rey was leaning into the other man’s touch, definitely not trying to fend him off. The darker man leaned down to say something to her, and he saw the way her face lit up, laughing at whatever stupid comment it was.

Maybe...he should just go. Let her have her life with whoever it was. He’d never deserved her anyway.

He shook his head, the hurt surging up again. He needed an explanation for why. Stepping forward, he drew on his anger, letting it protect him as he stormed to her, the other people in the room completely forgotten. “What the fuck, Rey,” he growled, his hands clenching into fists.

Rey whirled around, a smile blossoming on her face as she looked up and saw Ben. “Ben!” She said excitedly, reaching out for him.
He jerked away from her, eyes darkening with anger as he glared down at her. “Really? You just want to hop from one person to the other like nothing happened? Like everything’s okay?” he snarled.

“What? What are you talking about?” Rey asked, hurt coloring her voice.

“Rey, who is this? What’s going on?” Finn asked, stepping up to her again. He laid a hand on her waist, a protective and possessive move as he looked up at the taller man. He didn’t like the way this guy was looking at her now. Maybe he shouldn’t have let his dick approve of the girls’ costumes.

“I saw the picture, Rey! Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talking about!” He pulled his phone out and shoved it at her, the picture of her and Finn right there for her to see.

Looking up as the guy in the photo started speaking, Ben didn’t even have time to really process that’d he’d moved before his fist swung out and connected with the other guy’s jaw.

“Ben!” Rey screamed. “Oh my god, Finn!” She moved around to the front of Finn, placing a hand on both of their chests as she looked in concern at her friend. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine Rey. Now move,” Finn hissed, moving her back with one arm as he wound up with the other to return Ben’s punch.

They exchanged a few blows, each one finding a target on the other as they scuffled, crashing through a table, spilling beer everywhere. By the time both Hux and Phasma came rushing up to pull the men apart, both were suffering from bloody noses and split lips.

Hux was holding onto Ben while Phasma did the same thing for Finn. Vaguely, somewhere in the middle of the fight, it registered in Ben’s mind that the guy from the photo was Finn, the same Finn that Rey was always gushing about. It had only driven him into an even deeper rage, his punches landing harder, connecting more easily.

He struggled against Hux for a moment, before finally giving up. The slightly smaller man was much stronger than he looked. Ben’s chest was heaving, and blood was dripping from his mouth. He glared at Finn, already feeling the ache in his own jaw.

Rey couldn’t believe what she had just witnessed. She was just talking to Finn about his feelings for Rose, they were just dancing like they always did, and then Ben showed up to yell at her and beat the shit out of her best friend? What the fuck? And then that arsehole from before had rushed over to pull them apart, and when she saw the redhead restrain her boyfriend…

This was Hux! The same Hux who she had seen once, so briefly, in an article about her boyfriend. The same Hux who her boyfriend used to shag in college. The same Hux who spilled his beer on her and then molested her chest while offering to help her forget her boyfriend for a while. Her boyfriend who was, in reality, his best friend.

“You! Hux! What did you do?” Rey seethed, whirling on Hux. She stormed up to him, pointing an accusing finger in his face. He was at the centre of this and damnit, she was going to figure out why.

Hux let go of Ben, watching him warily. His olive branches had fallen out, stomped somewhere on the floor in the fight. He brought himself up to his full height, “I sent him a picture.”

Ben’s adrenaline was still pounding through his body, but now that he’d gotten the fight out of his system, he was only slightly calmer. He pointed at the phone, which seemed to have fallen from her
hand. Bending down, he picked it up and turned on the screen, flipping it around to show Rey without a word.

Rey stared down at the phone, a low growl spilling from between her lips. “Fuck, Ben, are you serious right now? Do you honestly think that anything about this picture is real?”

“The finger sure as fuck was,” Finn supplied from her side as he wiped his nose with a napkin Nines had brought him.

“If you all are going to fight again, take this shit outside,” Nine warned before walking away.

“Maybe you shouldn’t be asking me what was going on in this picture, but rather why it happened, or how I seem to suddenly know your best friend here?” Rey continued, hands on her hips as she glared over at Hux again.

“What she means to say,” Phasma said, stepping out from behind Finn, “is that Hux decided he wanted to hit on--Rey, is it?--and she felt like she had to seek protection from Finn here.”

Jaw working, Ben turned his head to Hux and glowered, his shoulders tensing. “What the fuck, Hux?!” He took a step forward and the red-head had the grace to back up, hands raised.

“How was I supposed to know you guys were together? I’ve never seen her before in my life!” he said defensively.

Hux did have a point. Pinching his nose, Ben turned back to Rey, “Is that true?”

“He spilled his beer on me and then he felt me up. And when I explained that I had a boyfriend, the didn’t appear to stop him from suggesting that he’d make me forget about him for a while, so, yeah, I felt like I needed to employ my defacto fake boyfriend. Who you just attempted to beat the shit out of!” Rey snapped. She turned to Finn, checking on his face. “You shouldn’t have kissed me, you idiot.”

Finn shrugged, hissing for a moment when Rey’s hands brushed against his busted lip. “It seemed effective enough. Besides, we both know that I didn’t mean it like that,” Finn added, glaring over her shoulder at Ben. “I don’t approve of this guy for you, Rey. He’s too quick to violence. A normal guy would have at least heard you out before he threw hands.” He moved to block Rey off from Ben again, his need to protect her too large to be scared of Ben. He’d protected her through worse than some entitled asshole boyfriend.

“I tried to hear her out, and then you had to come barging in like you’re some hot shot,” Ben growled, pointing his finger accusingly at Finn, seething that the other man had stepped between him and Rey. He wanted to be more angry, but for some reason he couldn’t. Finn was right. Ben was too quick to resort to violence. But at the same time, going into the situation with the information he’d had, it was a pretty damning photograph. He turned to Hux then, “I’ll deal with you later.”

Ben knew he should probably leave, but he couldn’t leave things so questionable between him and Rey. Looking back to Finn, he said, “I could look past a casual arm around the shoulders, or something like that, but for you to grab her ass and kiss her, that’s just...unacceptable. I don’t know what else to call it.”

Finn scoffed, rolling his eyes. “Fine, I shouldn’t have macked on your girlfriend. But it wouldn’t have been necessary if your best friend learned how to respect the word of a woman. I did what I had to do to keep her safe, like I always have.” He took a step closer to Ben, his eyes slotted. “Like
I always will. Even if it crosses the line, I will do anything to keep her safe. And just know that I’m not out for the count yet. I’ve still got plenty of fight left in me.”

“Finn! You’re not helping!” Rey snapped, trying to push between them again. She huffed in frustration as they remained immobile, two rocks stubbornly holding place as their chests puffed up and their eyes turned hard.

“You’re not seeing this guy ever again, Rey. You’ve been with him for what, a month? Almost two? And he’s already laid hands on two different men? What’s going to stop him from turning on you next?” Finn asked.

“FINN!” Rey gasped.

Ben stared at Finn for a long moment, heavily weighing his options. He could swing again. Finn was close enough that a well-placed shot might knock him out. But then that would only cement the man’s words further. Everyone already thought he was a monster. “Why don’t you let Rey decide what she wants to do?” he finally said, his voice coming out strangely calm. He held Finn’s eyes for another long moment before finally turning his attention to Rey.

Rey looked from Ben to Finn, even sparing at glance at Phasma, who she imagined she would have liked and gotten along with, given the chance. She saw the blood on Finn’s face, had witnessed the rage in Ben’s eyes as he attacked her best friend with barely any provocation. If he just would have approached them calmly and asked what was up with the picture, she would have explained. She would have even begged forgiveness for letting Finn kiss her, caught unawares as she was. Why couldn’t Hux have taken the photo ten seconds afterwards, when she’d asked him to not do that, even if it cost them their lie? She hadn’t wanted Finn’s kiss, she didn’t like the feeling of his hands on her arse. Usually they played it so lowkey, it was usually just arms around the waist and kisses on the cheek, or some sensual-appearing nuzzling. But Finn had made a judgement call. It was the wrong one, but at the time, she could only be mildly annoyed with him.

“Let’s go somewhere quiet and talk,” Rey finally said.

Ben gestured to the door, “Outside?” He hadn't even realized the crowd had been watching the whole exchange. Their eyes on them, namely on him, it felt like, he headed toward the door, limping slightly from the fall on the table.

Rey spread her shawl over her arms as best she could with the massive wingspan, trying to capture some sense of warmth as they stood in the brisk autumn night air. But the anger boiling in her veins was keeping her warm, at least warm enough.

“Ben. What you did in there...it wasn’t okay.” Rey started.

He alternated between staring at some point on the ground between her heels and then to her eyes, feeling himself shrink in on himself under the fury he saw there. “I know,” he agreed with a nod. “I shouldn't have overreacted. I…'d never hurt you, though. You know that, right?” He inhaled a shaky breath and forced himself to keep her gaze. “I didn't know the whole story, but from what I saw in that picture...do you at least see where I'm coming from? I'm not saying it was the right thing to do, and if I was going to punch anyone, it should've been Hux. I was going to ask you what the hell was going on, but then Finn stepped up and I...I lost it. I had no idea it was him, at the time, and I just lost it.”

That little girl inside of Rey, the one who had hidden in closets and cried at the abuse that surrounded her, was clutching at Rey’s skirt again, whispering up at her that Ben had hurt Finn. Finn, who had protected her almost her whole life from people just like Ben. And that Finn was
right, the odds were stacked against Ben and he could very well turn on her should she do anything to upset him. That he could have hit her instead of Finn or even Hux, were he so inclined. Rey tried to soothe that little girl, she tried to reassure her that Ben was just passionate and that the situation had looked suspect. She would have been upset if the shoe was on the other foot, she reassured her. But the little girl quietly remarked that Rey wouldn’t have just smacked the girl, that Rey would have listened to the situation first.

Rey didn’t mean to do it, but she took a step back, putting herself out of his reach subconsciously. She didn’t look up at him, too scared to see his expression.

“That doesn’t excuse the fact that your first reaction was violence, Ben. Can you...do you understand how that’s...frightening?” Rey asked quietly. “And just so you know, I didn’t let Finn get away with what he’d done. I scolded him for it, probably ten seconds after Hux took that fucking picture. And if you would have actually asked me, I would have told you that. I would have told you everything. I never wanted there to be lies between us.”

Why did it feel like his heart was trying to tear itself from his chest as she spoke? He caught the way she’d said wanted instead of want, and it cut down to the bone. “Rey…” he whispered, reaching a hand out.

She took another step back. “I--Ben, I’m--you,” she sighed, her heart heavy, tears beginning to water in her eyes. “You hurt my best friend. He was just trying to protect me, and he did it in the worst possible way, but he...he didn’t mean to violate either one of us. He loves Rose. He has never been interested in me.” She sniffled, a few tears falling free. “I would have just told you. I wanted to tell you. The moment Hux touched me, all I could think about was how much I wished you were with me. But you hadn’t texted me back and I thought you were busy and I didn’t want to...to bother you. And Finn was there and he is used to helping me out with this, so I just did it. But I didn’t want him to kiss me.”

Letting his hand fall back to his side, he watched the tears spill from her eyes, helpless to go to her and hold her. “Don’t do this, Rey,” he whispered, his chest feeling like there was a knife in it. “I’m sorry. I am so sorry. Please don’t go. Stay with me...please.”

“You hurt Finn. You could have just talked to me first, but you...you hit first and asked after. Why didn’t you text me? Call me? Anything except for storming into here and throwing punches first? Why are you so threatened by another man in my life? One you know I have absolutely nothing by the most familial of feelings for? You should have known enough context clues to realize that the person in the picture with me was Finn! God, Ben! What if you seriously injured him? He’s my best friend and I couldn’t...I could never…” She brought a hand up to wipe away her tears, useless as the motion was with the steady flow. “I couldn’t forgive you for something like that. And I’m not sure...if I can now.”

Hindsight was always 20/20, they said. For Ben, everything lined up crystal clear, with all of the facts laid out as they were. Knowing the information he did now, he saw exactly how unreasonable his reaction had been. He hated knowing he was the reason why she was crying, that she’d cared enough to let him into her life, and he’d let her down. Looking down at her, hunched in her shawl as she was, his hands twitched again, aching to touch her. “If...this is your choice,” he said quietly, his voice breaking slightly. “Then I need to hear you say it. I need you to tell me.” The silence between them grew, and when it didn’t seem like she was going to answer, he took in a breath and shifted slightly closer, whispering encouragingly, “Say it.”

Rey hiccuped through her tears, shaking as the words sat on the tip of her tongue. She didn’t want to say it, she wanted to say the opposite. But then she thought of Finn, of the blood pouring from
his lips and what was sure to be a black eye forming. She thought of the wild, rage filled looked in Ben’s eyes when he’d yelled at her, that look that was so unyielding, even as she had smiled at him. He saw nothing but his own rage and it terrified her. This man, who she loved so much, had snapped and hurt Finn. She knew what she had to do, she knew what was expected of her to do, she just wished she didn’t have to. Why couldn’t they just rewind this whole night and start all over again?

One thing was for sure: she would never forgive Hux. Even if she forgave Ben on some far off day, Hux had earned her scorn forever.

“I...I think we...we,” she sniffled miserably, rolling her eyes up to the sky as she tried to avoid looking everywhere but at Ben. She tightened her hold around her body, her lip quivering uncontrollably as she sobbed. “Oh God. Ben, I think we...we need to take a break. I need time to...to think.”

He winced as she finally said the words, and not the ones he’d longed to hear. Closing his eyes, he grimaced and ducked his head, his eyes stinging as the words pierced into his soul. He didn’t say anything for a long while, struggling to process that this was his new reality, that he needed to let her go. Being possessive was exactly what had caused this, after all. “I understand,” he said quietly, feeling a tear of his own slip from his eye to roll down his cheek. Looking back up at her, he sighed. “You know where to find me if you need anything.” The words were sour in his mouth, and he hated to say them, but he needed to. “Tell Finn I’m sorry, okay?” His body felt like lead, unwilling to move, and he took in her shivering form. She was officially off-limits to him again, but he would carry with him the memory of the way her body felt against his for the rest of his life. The softness of her lips, the way her hair was mussed in the mornings, and the sparkle in her eyes as she told him about her day. That was all gone from him now. If he ever saw her again, she would probably be living an entirely different life, with someone else. Still, he’d give her what he could, and right now, that was letting her go. “You should go back inside, Rey,” he murmured. “It’s cold out.”

“That’s--that’s it?” Rey asked, finally looking up at him. “You’re just going to walk away? You’re not going to fight for this at all?”

But he looked too resolved, his jaw tight as he struggled to hold in his own tears. His eyes were hard and she knew there was no getting through to him now. He’d cut her off again. He was back to being the silent Ben from the office, back to being the quiet guy in the corner cubicle who never met her eyes and never spoke a word to her. It was like they were strangers again.

“Ben,” she whispered, hating that look in his eyes. Fresh sobs wracked her body and she felt numb to everything, including the cold. She barely registered anything else going on around her, could barely hear the sounds of the party or notice the freezing rain that had begun to fall just beyond the shelter of the back porch. “Please.” She didn’t know what she was asking for, but she pled regardless.

Steeling himself and picking up the broken pieces of his heart, he stepped toward her, his movements cautious. When she didn’t back away, he closed the distance, their chests nearly touching. Hesitantly, he reached up to tuck her hair behind one ear, and looked into those beautiful hazel eyes of hers for a long moment, his hand caressing the side of her face. Bending down, he pressed his mouth to hers, lingering as he memorized the shape of her lips beneath his, the way they slid with his at just the right pace, so soft and warm. He wanted to stay here with her like this forever, but he couldn’t. Their time had come, their story had ended. And what a great story it had been. He pulled away and gave her a small smile, tears still shining in his eyes. “Goodbye, Rey.”
Stepping back, he turned away from her and walked down the street, hands deep in his pockets, trying to ignore the way he could feel her eyes on his back, could still hear the sobs wrenching her in two.

Chapter End Notes

WE'RE NOT CRYING, YOU'RE CRYING.

No, but, we honestly cried when we wrote this. It...it hurt. You can commiserate with us in the comments below.

No ragrets

Also, please enjoy the fact that we wrote other filth to distract you.

Hard For Justice
The next day, Rey had distracted herself with nursing both a hungover Rose (who was too miserable to comprehend that Rey’s relationship had fallen apart last night) and a beaten up Finn (who at least had the decency to apologize to her about every ten seconds). Well, he apologized in half measures, still sticking to his story.

“That guy was a time bomb, Rey. I’m glad you got out of there when you did. I would have killed him if he ever touched you like that,” Finn had said, passion shining even in his swollen eye.

“Remember what I told you about that creepy old guy, Snoke? I knew that Ben was up to no good if he was associated with him.”

Rey bristled at Finn, immediately leaping to her (ex)boyfriend’s defense. “He was never with Snoke! You don’t know what he did to Ben!”

“And you don’t know what Snoke made him do. I’ve heard stories, Rey. After you asked me, I asked around and I heard some shit.” He sighed, reaching out with a cracked and bruised hand to hold hers. “You’re safer away from him. Now he can’t hurt you.” Finn’s words rang in Rey’s ear, triggering a memory. Ben had said something like that to her before, about...Plutt?

She tried to ignore that, to push any memories of Ben away as she gave Rose some crackers and cleaned up the townhouse a bit (including, but not limited to, the moving of one $12,000 dress into the basement, carefully sealed in a garment bag because she couldn't treat it unkindly). But it was niggling at the back of her mind and soon she caved under the pressure of it. Grabbing her phone, she did a quick Google for her ex-guardian, knowing nothing would come up. Nothing should come up.

Something did come up.

Local Man Slain in Drive-By Shooting

September 22

Local man, Unkar Plutt (58) was found dead in his front lawn by neighbors early this morning, with multiple gunshot wounds on various locations of his body. One neighbor remembered hearing popping sounds sometime late in the evening, but they had not investigated the incident. Plutt, who was a foster father to four children at the time of his death with several acquittals for various cases, appeared to be arriving home when the shooting occurred. None of the children were injured. The courts will be investigating each child’s case on a separate basis to determine new homes for them. A search warrant was not available at the time of the shooting to investigate Plutt’s car or home, although police did report that the children seemed relieved at the change in their homing situation. Police hope to obtain a warrant soon so that they can investigate the case further and discover a connection between Plutt and the shooting.
Rey hadn’t realized she’d shouted Finn’s name until he was standing beside her, looking panicked. She numbly handed the phone over, mind both racing and running blank as Finn read the article.

“He did it, didn’t he?” Finn asked quietly, after he took his own moment to breathe.

“I don’t know,” Rey whispered honestly.

But she felt it deep in her bones. Ben had promised that Plutt would pay, and he seemed to have made it happen. And that was within the first week of their relationship, within the earliest days. She hated Plutt, she hated everything about him, but to have a hit put out on him? She would have rather seen him suffer his life away in a jail cell, rather than the easy out of what was sure to be a painful but swift death. And what if one of the kids had been hurt? She’d been involved in some scary things as a kid, she’d seen drive-by shootings before. Whoever Ben had hired was clearly good at their jobs, but what if a stray bullet had gotten into the house and hurt one of the kids? She remembered one barely missing her once, when she’d been so innocently working on a car. It wasn’t something that you ever forgot, the horrible feeling of wishing it had hit and saved her from that lie.

“He’s a monster, Rey. Plutt should have been brought to justice, not this. Ben’s just a monster out for blood.” Finn pulled Rey in close and planted a kiss on her head, the motion soothing and protecting. “But you’re safe from him now. He can never hurt you again.”

But he was still hurting her. He hurt her every moment they were apart, why didn’t Finn see that?

As the days wore into weeks, however, the pain got easier to handle. Sure, she holed herself up in her room and sometimes refused to eat or shower, and sure, she couldn’t feel much of anything that often, but at least she wasn’t feeling pain. She lost herself in binge watching every terrible movie on Netflix, allowing herself fall into the terrible scripts and bad effects as she ignored the world around her. If she kept watching them, she wouldn’t have to face reality. She wouldn’t have to think about being in Ben’s arms or feeling his lips on hers or seeing the way the corners of his eyes crinkled when he smiled at something she said. She wouldn’t have to think about him punching Finn. She just wouldn’t think.

Life went on, one day at a time. Ben went through his routine like normal: he got up, brushed his teeth, ignoring the spare toothbrush in the cup holder, showered, ignoring the body wash that wasn’t his, jerked off (not thinking about her), got dressed, ignoring the clothing in the drawer that wasn’t his. If he just ignored it, maybe it would eventually take the sting away and he’d be able to finally do something about it. He’d have to give her her clothes back soon, he knew.

He hadn’t called her, hadn’t texted her. But he’d written. He’d subconsciously written her into his novel, and through his writing, she was still with him. It was okay for now, but it wasn’t the real thing. The character he’d created on paper wasn’t the real Rey.

One day, two weeks or so after their breakup, he was able to box up her clothing and bring it to the post office to mail it to her. He’d gotten some looks when he was out in public, to say the least. He hadn’t shaved since that night, and he barely slept. He’d put a note in the package; it didn't say...
much, not wanting to reopen wounds that might have been starting to close by now. Just something he vaguely remembered along the lines of Figured you'd want these back. He knew his own wounds weren't scabbed over yet. He was completely open, raw and bleeding from the inside out. Hux had stopped by with Phasma (probably to act as referee) to give an apology. Ben had slammed the door in his face after some choice words. He wanted to lick his wounds in peace.

He didn't talk to anyone, didn't go outside. He didn't cook, didn't clean, or do the dishes. He shut himself in his office, the one room in his huge, lonely penthouse that Rey had spent the least amount of time in. He worked on his investments, made donations to several charities, and had even hired a counselor to come visit him so that he could work through his impulsive anger issues.

Mostly, he just thought a lot. He thought about that night, and the more he thought about it, the more it replayed in his head like a horror movie. If he could just go back in time and stop himself, he absolutely would.

Occasionally, he would pull out his cell phone and stare at her contact picture. She was so beautiful in it. He'd caught her one evening on the balcony of his penthouse; the sun had been going down, her head blocking it out, and it had halo’d a brilliant golden color around her, her smile somehow shining even brighter.

Of course, after that, he'd opened up the picture taken from the fitting room, the one where he'd been raining sloppy kisses across her face. She was laughing in that one too, and the look he'd been giving her had absolutely been that of a man in love. God, he was sick. Who tortured themselves like this? He should just delete the photos, and with them, her from his life. Somehow, every time he tried, he just ended up hitting the home button on the phone instead. Maybe later; it was always later.

Before he'd mailed that package, he'd had to grab a pair of her socks from his drawer, and that's when he remembered it. It sat in the back of the dresser, its black box blending in with the other dark fabrics. He'd immediately shut the drawer, unable to stomach seeing it.

He'd paced a bit, running a hand through his unkempt hair before rushing back over to the dresser and pulling it out. Sitting on the edge of his bed, the one that was entirely too large without someone to share it with, he fiddled nervously with the box, stroking his thumb over the soft velvet. Working up his nerve, he opened it, gazing at the ring nestled inside.

The first thing that caught the eye was the London blue topaz stone, encircled by three smaller diamonds on either side. The band itself was white gold, a perfect contrast to her golden skin, he'd thought at the time. She'd dropped hints that this was the style she'd liked, mostly through open magazines, turned to a certain page.

Now, it was nothing more than a paperweight.

He'd almost considered putting it into the package to mail as well, since it had been intended to be a gift, but some masochistic part of him wanted to keep it as a reminder of what could have been, so he tucked it back into the drawer.

Rey hadn't even realized how late it had gotten in the month when she saw the phone call from an
unknown number pop up on her cell phone a few times in a row. Deciding to snap at whoever it was who was harassing her so much, she finally picked it up after the third round of ringing, pausing for just a moment in the beginning to listen to see if a recording would kick in.

“Rey? Hello?”

Leia? It was Leia!

Rey felt her heart plummet into her stomach. It was Leia. Ben’s mother, Leia. Her ex-boyfriend Ben’s wonderful mother, Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo, was calling her.

“Leia?” Rey whispered, still not believing.

“Oh thank goodness, it is you! You know, I’ve been trying to call Ben for over a week but he hasn’t answered me once. I’m so sorry to bother you dear, I didn’t want to resort to harassing you, but he did give me your number for emergencies and I think that planning my perfect Thanksgiving meal is an emergency, don’t you? You two are joining us, aren’t you?” Leia asked.

The heart in her stomach began to speed up. What in the world was Leia asking her? Didn’t she know? Hadn’t Ben told her that they had...that they were…

“What?” Rey found herself asking.

“Oh great, he hasn’t told you at all, has he? Ugh, typical Ben,” Leia scoffed. “It’s just a small dinner, don’t be too worried. It’s just Ben’s Uncle Chewie and Aunt Maz, his Uncle Lando, of course my brother Luke, and us. You met Lando at my benefit, but Chewie and Maz were off on vacation and couldn’t make it then. They’ve been so excited to meet you, you know. Chewie and Han grew up together and Maz has been a friend of my family for years. And with Luke finally back in the States for a while, this is the perfect opportunity for you to meet everyone in our little family.”

Rey was silent for a moment, weighing her options. She could tell Leia. She should tell Leia. It hurt to know that Ben hadn’t. Had their relationship really meant so little to him that he didn’t even tell his mother when it had exploded so miserably?

“I know that it’s such short notice, what with Thanksgiving being in two days and all of that, but I wanted to know for sure before I gave the cooks the final food order. You are coming, right? It’s been far too long, dear, and I was hoping I could get to know you a bit better. And the holiday’s are a time to be with family and...well...you know I already think of you as my family, Rey,” Leia said gently.

“Yes,” Rey whispered before she could stop herself.

All those emotions she had been refusing to feel for the last few weeks came crashing to the surface and she choked back a sob, covering the receiver to her phone so that Leia couldn’t hear her. She knew that it was wrong and on some level completely demented to agree to go to a family holiday dinner with your ex-boyfriend’s family, especially without confirming or denying the attendance of said ex-boyfriend, but Leia had said she was her family and she really needed family right now. She needed a mother figure in her life, especially in a moment like this. Maybe Ben would just never come around again and she could keep Leia?

“That’s wonderful, dear! I look forward to seeing you then! Give Benny my love!” Leia said excitedly.

“I’ll see you then,” Rey echoed through a tight throat.
If Leia noticed, she said nothing.

As Rey hung up the phone, she wondered what the fuck she had just done. But, oh well, there was no changing it now. Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo was expecting her at her home on Thanksgiving, and Rey would be there, dammit.

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He'd actually been sleeping for the first time in a long time, only to be rudely awoken by his phone ringing on Thursday morning. Groaning, he reached across the bed, smelling the last vestiges of Rey on his pillow. God, he was such a fucking mess. Just wash the sheets, Ben. He couldn't bring himself to, though. Fumbling blindly for the phone, he didn't even bother checking to see who it was. He didn't care. Hitting the button to answer, he brought it to his ear, rolling onto his back with an arm covering his eyes.

“Hello?” he asked gruffly.

“Benny! Oh, hope I didn't wake you!” Of course Leia would be calling him at--he checked the clock on the nightstand--six in the morning. She sounded entirely too awake.

“You did,” he replied shortly, eyes closing again.

“Oh, well, sorry about that. So, just a reminder, since you wouldn't answer my calls all week, dinner is tonight at three. Make sure you bring a pie, okay?” Her voice was obnoxiously chipper, and it grated on his nerves.

“I'm not--”

“Oh, nonsense! You say that every year, and you come every time. Just make sure the pie is anything but pumpkin. You know how Aunt Maz hates that kind,” she said, and he heard the clatter of something falling in the background.

“Everything okay?” He asked, feigning interest. She was probably fine. Probably.

“Everything is fine! Just remember the pie!”

“Okay, okay, fuck. Yeah, I'll remember the pie, Mom,” he muttered, rolling onto his side. He really didn't want to go anywhere, much less his family’s house, where everyone was sure to be in too good of a mood. Maybe he could just drink all the wine and hope the night passed quickly.

“Language!” Leia scolded. “But thank you, Benny. See you at three. All my love.” The line disconnected before he got a chance to say anything.

Tossing his phone on the empty pillow beside him, he pulled the blankets up around his head, trying to just get one more hour of sleep.

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Rey nervously paced from her bedroom to her bathroom, nearly wearing a track into their carpet. She’d gotten up at seven to take a shower and started on her hair. After blowing it dry, she parted it over her right eye and then curled it, afterwards pulling the strands into a half-up do with the longer side twisted back. She then got to work on her face, going for subtle with shades of browns on her eyes and a soft mauve lipstick. She finally picked out her outfit: a royal blue button down tunic dress with a brown belt, brown leggings and brown suede booties. She then began to second guess her hair, then her outfit, then her entire decision to go at all.

“Rey, calm down. You told the senator you were going. Plus, I’m pretty sure she still would like you, even if she knew what happened,” Rose reassured her.

She and Finn were going to Paige’s for dinner, where she was excited to love on her niece and newborn nephew. Rey had been invited, as she always was, but Paige understood when she cancelled. Finn had become nervous just last night about being there as Rose’s official boyfriend, but both girls reminded him that everyone always assumed that that was their fate and that Paige nor her husband were going to treat him any differently. Well, they may tease him a bit more than usual, but he could handle it.

“But what if Ben shows up?” Rey asked. She tried on a pearl necklace. That was too classy. Maybe the little gold one, with the tiny little diamond pendant?

“Then he shows up,” Rose shrugged. “Sweetie, I know that was a rough break up, but you made this choice and you have to stick with it.” She then nodded. “That one is better.”

Rose helped Rey clasp the necklace and then they both looked for earrings. Rey pointedly ignored the black velvet box with the diamond necklace in it. It sat untouched on the corner of her dresser, much like how the unopened box of her things from Ben’s apartment was sitting beside her desk. Best to just ignore those things.

“This is a terrible idea,” Rey groaned pitifully, finding her diamond earrings.

“It is,” Rose agreed. “But you’re a mature adult and you can handle this. Or else you can cancel on the senator and come with us. No one is forcing you to go.”

Rey sighed. Leia had texted her her address last night. At first, Rey had figured that that meant that Leia knew, but then it was followed up with a message asking Rey to remind Ben that they were to meet at the country house, not her apartment in the city, and that dinner was to be served at three. Rey had decided to try to arrive at around noon, to help Leia with anything at all. She hoped that Leia wouldn’t question her arriving without Ben. She would just think of a lie. She didn’t want to lie to the senator, but she had to.

“Do you think I’m insane for going?” Rey asked.

Rose smiled and pulled her friend in for a hug. “A little, yeah. But I can also see how this would be cathartic. You made a connection with his mom and you don’t want to let that go without saying goodbye. This is as good of a chance as you’re ever going to get for that.”

Rey sunk into Rose’s arms, grateful for her love and support. “Thanks, Rose. You’re the best.”

Rose smirked playfully. “I know.”

Encouraged by her bestie, Rey bid goodbye to the two (Finn wasn’t pleased but he had wisely decided to keep his mouth mostly shut on the matter. He was in enough trouble for what he’d done in the first place with both girls) and made her way out to Senator Organa-Solo’s country estate.
was almost an hour drive away, which gave Rey plenty of time to back out if she got too scared. But Rose was right, this was going to be cathartic and she’d be able to thank Leia in person and bid her a proper goodbye. Even if Ben happened to show up (which she highly doubted, given Leia’s groanings about him not responding) she would be fine. She hoped she would be fine. She would just have to be fine.

Ben went through the motions of getting ready. He shaved his beard off, frowning at himself in the mirror. He’d started to become slightly fond of it, if he was honest with himself. He took his shower, dressed in family formal clothing—a light blue button up and some black slacks, and his black dress shoes—and even went so far as to add a second layer of deodorant, just in case. Hair tamed back into its usual place, he glanced at himself in the mirror again. He looked like his normal self, aside from the heavy bags under his eyes, and not the broken shell that he felt like.

He stopped by the local bakery—blessedly open on Thanksgiving Day—and grabbed a pie, hardly paying attention to the one he’d picked out, only to notice when he was checking out. Pumpkin. Quickly swapping it out for a key lime one instead, he left the store and headed out to his mother’s place. It was at her country house every year, mainly because it felt more homey, she’d claimed. That and to accommodate the massive amounts of cars from the family.

As he pulled up, he took a moment to gather his bearings before he reached over to the passenger seat and grabbed the pie. He held it in both hands as he approached the front door to keep himself from fiddling. He let himself in easily, walking into the foyer, adorned with various wreaths and faux autumn leaves. His mouth watered at the scents wafting from the kitchen, and his stomach grumbled against his will. He hadn’t really been eating a whole lot these past couple of weeks and his body seemed determined to make up for it now.

No one had heard him come in yet, and if the sounds of a football game on the TV were any indication, they were probably gathered in the living room, watching it.

“Luke? Luke! Get in here and help us out! You can’t expect the women to do all the work around here!” Leia snapped, tossing a towel at her twin brother.

The men were seated in the living room, the massive TV set to football, with Chewie grumbling about having to watch the Detroit Lions play. Meanwhile, Leia, Maz, and Rey were in the kitchen, transferring the food from tinfoil to china. The open flow from the kitchen to the living room allowed Leia to keep a skeptical eye on the men, glaring at them while they pointedly ignored helping.

“What’s there to help out with? Didn’t the catering service just kinda do it all?” Luke replied, catching the towel easily before tossing it back at her. “Let us watch the game in peace!”

“There’s a table to be set and candles to be lit and wine to be poured and--Ben!”

Rey’s heart stopped and she nearly dropped the gravy boat she’d been pulling down from above the oven. Ben was here? He actually came?

“Sweetheart! I’m so glad you’re here! Rey said that you got detained in the city and that we shouldn’t be expecting you!” Leia gushed, coming forward to wrap her son up in a warm hug.
Rey stood in the corner of the kitchen, completely frozen as she caught Ben’s eye. Fuck. She couldn’t do this.

Ben did drop the pie he was holding. It landed on the floor with a sickening squelching sound, and he hurriedly bent down to pick it up and make sure it was all right after Leia hugged him. It seemed fine, but the pie seemed to have jumped a little and the whipped topping had smeared over the roof of the box it was in.

Straightening, he looked back to Rey and then quickly turned his attention away, focusing very seriously on making sure the pie made it safely to the table. Shit, she was here, too. Why was she here? Fuck, he hadn’t ever told Leia they’d broken up. He hadn’t wanted to finish shattering the illusion that it’d all just been a bad dream. And now it was coming to bite him in the ass.

“O-Oh, did she?” he stammered, not looking at Rey. He couldn't do this. The wounds were still too fresh. He very carefully maneuvered himself so that the kitchen island was always in between him and the woman who’d broken him.

He could still taste her lips on his, still recalled the way her body fit snugly against his at night. And now, seeing her in his parent’s home, looking like she belonged there, it was too much. He excused himself to the bathroom, where he quickly shut himself in and braced himself over the sink, feeling like he might actually throw up.

Rey’s heart thudded in her chest and she could feel her blood rushing in her ears. It was a miracle that she hadn’t shattered Leia’s gravy boat, either from dropping it or the nearly crushing grip with which she now held it. She had watched as Ben sidled off to where the bathroom was. This was a mistake. They couldn’t pretend. They were going to fuck this up. She should have just told him she was coming. Why hadn’t she just told him she was coming? Why had she lied to Leia? Oh god.

She wanted nothing more than to run after him...and kiss him. Her heart clenched with how much she missed him. Maybe she could just leave and no one would notice?

Maz narrowed her eyes up at the young woman, small eyes looking large as she peered up through her thick glasses.

“Are you alright, my child?” Maz asked. She reached out with one wrinkled hand and gently plucked the gravy boat out of Rey’s shaking hands. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“I’m--I should go check on Ben,” Rey whispered quietly, eyes glued to where he had run away.

“I think that’s a wonderful idea, child,” Maz agreed, those wise eyes twinkling.

“I wonder what’s gotten into Ben?” Leia was asking the men, frowning down at the ruined pie. Thank goodness she had had the catering company bring three others.

“I’ll find out. Please excuse me,” Rey announced, trying as hard as she could to keep her voice sounding light and even.

Rey forced herself to walk normally as she moved from the kitchen and down the hall to where she knew the nearest bathroom was. It was just far enough away that no one would hear them talking, especially if Ben let her into the bathroom with him. As she readied herself to knock on the door, she had a brief moment of panic that he might be genuinely using the restroom. Well, she was here now and she had to commit.

“Ben?” Rey asked softly, giving the tiniest of knocks on the door. “Can I--will you let me in?” Her heart squeezed as the irony of her words stabbed at her. She had let him in before, only for him to
completely wreck her world. “We should probably talk before we try to go through this. If you— if you want to try to go through this.”

The door cracked just enough to let her in, his body hiding behind it. He’d thought long and hard about keeping it closed, just like his heart, to tell her to go away and just let him suffer alone. But he opened the door and let her in.

He kept his own body pressed against the door, nearly clinging to it like he could disappear through it as he watched her come in. He scanned over her tunic outfit quickly, realizing that he hadn’t seen this one before, then quickly averted his gaze to instead stare at the floor.

She was here, locked inside the bathroom with him at his parents’ house out in the country on Thanksgiving. “What is there to talk about?” He asked quietly, his voice already threatening to betray him. He never should have come today. He was not ready to face her.

Rey’s breath caught in her throat, forced as she was to suddenly contend with seeing him again, hearing him again, smelling him again. Instantly, her body began to ache for him in all of the ways it used to know him. It almost hurt her just as much to realize that she still loved him, just as fiercely as before. Her body bid her to take a step closer, to reach out for him and feel his smooth skin over his hard, comfortable muscles. His face looked gaunt, his cheeks too thin and heavy bags under his eyes, and she yearned to run her hands down his cheeks, to heal him with her touch and her kiss. This was a bad idea.

“We—should we tell her?” Rey finally forced out quietly. ‘We’. They weren’t a ‘we’ anymore. That hurt her more than she ever could have thought.

“Oh,” he said softly. “Yeah, right.” He shoved one hand into his pocket and occupied the other with rubbing the back of his neck. If he didn’t do something with them, he was going to reach for her. Glancing up at her face, his breath caught. Fuck, she was just as gorgeous. It physically hurt to see her standing in front of him, looking so perfect when he felt like he was falling apart inside. “I—I’ll tell her so that you don’t have to say anything,” he whispered, looking at some point over her head.

“Wait, now? But dinner?” Rey trailed off uselessly. It was the saddest excuse she could possibly think of, but maybe he wouldn’t want to ruin everyone’s meal because of her stupidity. She didn’t belong here, she knew that, but it had been too hard to resist. She missed him too much. Maybe she could just kiss him? Would that be so bad?

“What, you want to wait? And try to keep up this charade that we’re...together? I can't pretend, Rey. It’s...it’s not fair to either one of us,” he inhaled deeply and shook his head. That had been a mistake. He’d gotten a huge lungful of whatever perfume or body wash she'd been using. Or maybe that was just how she smelled at the moment.

“But...your mother. And your family. Ben, they’re all expecting us to be a couple. We can...we can just pretend for today and you can tell Leia tomorrow that we had some big fight and we broke up,” Rey suggested. The question of why didn't you already tell her? hung in the air, but she left it unasked. That question only led to more pain. Maybe she had overestimated how much she meant to him?

Rubbing his hand over his face, dragging at his cheek, he closed his eyes. He supposed this was his fault, too. He should’ve just told Leia. But he also didn’t want to ruin his mom’s dinner, either. He opened his eyes, staring down at her while he thought, his gaze dropping lower to her lips. “Okay,” he whispered. He would always bend to her, even after she'd torn his heart out. He remembered thinking that once before in what felt like another lifetime. “Okay, we can pretend.”
She nodded eagerly, almost too excited to take him up on the deal. She needed this. She needed him. So if she only got this by pretending, she would pretend until he decided it was over. Just like he had before.

Her heart ached to remember that cold and rainy night, when he’d told her to just say it and then simply accepted it. She never meant as much to him as he meant to her. She was glad she never told him that she loved him. The pain of that rejection would have surely shattered her more. But for now...now she could pretend.

“All right. Let’s go,” Rey said.

He nodded gently, moving away from the door to open it for her. As they made their way back to the dining room, he felt that urge to touch her again, to maybe just...put his hand on her lower back to give the illusion that they were together. That was okay, right? They hadn't said anything about touching, but...

He couldn't stop himself. Placing his hand on the small of her back, barely touching, he led her over to the table and got her chair for her, looking up as the other members of his family started to trickle in under the promise of food. He took his seat next to her, and immediately reached for his wine glass. That would be the only thing that would let him get through this night.

Rey had done everything in her power to not sink into his touch, as featherlight as it had been. Sitting beside him, with the heat of his body radiating off to her, she wanted more than anything for him to put his arm around her shoulder and pull her in close, like they used to do when they would cuddle on his couch and watch TV. Instead, she reached out for the bottle of moscato. Ben was drinking red, she noticed without wanting to. Maybe that's why it didn't work out?

As the dinner started, with all of the family members chatting animatedly about the things going on in their lives, Ben was content to just sit and act like he didn't exist. He ate a few bites, his stomach rolling for the moment when he'd have to tell his mother that they weren't together. The food was good, though. He didn't say anything unless someone asked him a direct question, and even then, his answers were kept short. He saw Leia roll her eyes at him, but he didn't care. The wine was starting to make him feel a little lighter.

Rey was beginning to feel happier, a weight lifting off her shoulders now that Ben was beside her and there was good food and great wine in her body. She didn't notice how she was the solo drinker of that bottle, or how Ben was the only one for his. In fact, if she had been paying attention, she would have realized that there was almost as many alcohol options on the table as food. Damn, she would have loved life as a Skywalker Organa-Solo. These people knew how to have a good time. They were such a good time.

Rey nearly cried with joy when Ben’s arm made its way the back of her chair, only touching her with the lightest, most gentle brushes of his fingertips here and there as if not intending to, but seeking her out all the same. Leia smiled at the display and gave what was a visible sigh of relief. Had she suspected something? And then there was old Aunt Maz, sitting directly across from Rey, with this hard to decipher smirk on her face and glint in her magnified eyes. Why did it look like she had a secret? What did this old woman know that Rey didn’t?

Ben found himself stealing glances at Rey when she was otherwise occupied, either eating or answering questions with someone in the family. His heart squeezed as he took in how she'd done her makeup, the way the curls of her hair fell around her face. Fuck, she was so beautiful. He'd gotten so lost in his thoughts, in simply observing Rey being Rey, that it took entirely too long for him to realize someone had been speaking to him. “W-what?” he asked, tearing his eyes from her.
“I asked what you’re going to be doing for Christmas, Benny,” Leia said, lifting her wine glass up to her lips with a knowing smirk.

“Oh,” he replied, reaching for his own glass again. “Uhm, well…” He turned back to Rey, “What are we doing for Christmas?”

“We’re having Christmas with my roommates,” Rey replied easily, the first honest thing she’d said in a while. “We do this whole sad orphan Christmas thing every year and buy each other far too extravagant presents to make up for not having a parent's love.”

Okay, maybe too honest, Rey. In vino veritas, indeed.

Maybe his response was completely inappropriate, but But couldn’t help it. He started laughing. He knew people were probably looking at him like he’d grown a second head, but he couldn't seem to stop. He laughed until there were tears in his eyes, and only then did he realize the wine had probably gotten him just a little too drunk. Rey’s comment hadn’t really been that funny, but the way she'd basically just deadpanned such a brutally honest thing about herself had gotten him going.

Having to actually excuse himself from the table, he stumbled into his old bedroom and threw himself down on the bed, his head swimming. He'd go back out in a minute. He just needed to...to rest.

“Oh, so my childhood misery is funny to you?” Rey snapped, having stormed in after him and slamming the door shut behind her. She didn't care what the family thought. Maybe this could be the big dramatic break up? She forced herself not to look around his childhood bedroom, not to see what things he hadn't deemed important enough to bring with him in his adult life, and instead glared down at him, hands planted firmly on her hips. Well, she hoped they were. Her head was light. Was she yelling too loudly?

“Fuck you, Ben Solo!” she said with as much conviction as she could manage.

Still somewhat chuckling, he lifted his head off the pillow to look at her. “No, no, I don't think iss funny at alllll.” Was he slurring slightly? “You juss said it so perfectly.” Remembering another time when she'd said those very same words, and that they'd lead to, he propped himself up on one arm as the words fell from his mouth before he could stop, “I wish you would.”

Rey felt her face burn. Was that the wine or...something else?

“Yeah? Well. You can't so...yeah,” she said defiantly, crossing her arms underneath her breasts in a subconscious manner to push them up higher. She glared at him, the picture of a perfect petulant brat. She even stuck her tongue out at him. She was an adult, damnit. She could do what she wanted with it.

Sighing heavily, he rolled onto his back and stared up at the ceiling, letting the wine do the talking for him. The seriousness of the situation had sobered him somewhat, but he was definitely still floating. “You’re right. I can't. I fucked everything up, and now I'm in my mother’s house, pretending everything is okay, when it most certainly isn't.”

His statement took the wind out of her sails and she found herself drifting towards the bed, moving to sit on the edge of it as she reached out to touch his leg. She moved her hand back at the last minute, suddenly scared he would reject her. He’d touched her only a handful of times now but those had all been on accident or to sell their lie.
“Yeah, you did,” she agreed quietly. Her head was beginning to hurt. This was a bad idea. “But so did I. I should have called you when Hux did...that. I should have told you when Mike did it, too. I should have known I could rely on you. But I am just so used to protecting myself or letting Finn protect me when I couldn't that I didn't want to...to burden you. You have so much more happening in your life that you shouldn't have to worry about rushing to defend my honor or something.”

“Don't you see?! That's the point I had been trying to make all along,” he said, the wounds bleeding again. He couldn't keep the passion out of his voice as he turned his head to look at her. “I wanted you to rely on me. I wanted you to call me if you needed help. Rey...you're not a burden. Not at all.”

Swallowing hard past the lump in his throat, he continued. “I know that my...methods aren’t exactly ideal. I've been seeing someone. A counselor. She's been helping me sort through my violent tendencies.”

“She!?” was all Rey could get out. The wine was making her anger flow immediately back into her first place emotion and she saw red, her hands shaking. Who cared if she was overreacting? “Oh, I'm sure she has. Hate fucking a woman really has a way of taking care of your rage, I suppose. Did you fuck in her office or did you bring her back to our-- your bed?”

Eyes going wide, he jerked his head over at her. “What the fuck are you going on about? I never fucked her.” If only you knew how sad my sexual life has become without you. “It’s a purely professional relationship, Rey. She's helping me with my issues. Are you...are you fucking jealous?”

“Yes, I am! Here I've been a miserable, moping mess for the better part of a month and you just-- you just moved on to some fucking “professional” help from a fucking woman! I haven't even looked a man in the eye who wasn't Finn and you've been baring your soul and who knows what else to some random fucking woman!” Okay, she was definitely yelling now.

Jerking up on the bed into a sitting position, he frowned at her. “I was trying to get help for the issues I caused! So that maybe, just maybe, I could try and get you back. I’ve been a fucking wreck, without you, Rey! I don't eat, I don't sleep, and every waking moment, I think of you. I can't get you out of my head.” He stood then, his back to her, his hands shaking to just reach out and pull her to him, and--and then what?

“Yeah? Well neither can I!” She replied, moving to stand directly behind him. “You can't keep running away from me, Ben!”

He could feel her behind him, her heat hitting him in waves. It would be so simple, just turn around and face her. But what if she rejected him again? He didn't know how well he'd be able to handle it. Taking a deep breath, he spun around, quickly closing the distance between them. He cupped her face and dragged her towards him, bending down to kiss her with all of the intensity and longing he'd been bottling up inside for the past few weeks.

Rey moaned into his mouth and moved to deepen the kiss further, her desperation for him nearly overflowing. She leapt up and wrapped her legs around his waist, needing more of him. It wasn't an elegant kiss by any means, more of a sloppy and frantic smashing of lips and tongue. She moved her mouth down his jaw and his neck, needing to kiss every inch of the skin she loved so much, she missed so much. She didn't care if his family was less than fifty feet away, just outside the door and down the hall. It reminded her of when they’d fucked at Leia’s benefit, although this was far more inappropriate. But she didn't care. She had Ben between her legs and her lips on his body and she was happy. Finally.
Wrapping one arm tightly around her back, his other hand gripping her ass, he was simply content to just hold her close like this, feeling her lips traversing his skin. He groaned softly, his head falling to the side to give her more access. He hadn't even realized he was moving until his knees hit the edge of the bed and he fell forward with her, dumping them both onto the mattress. He didn't let that slow him, though.

It didn't matter that they were in his mother's house, that they were probably within hearing distance. He was tired of pretending and he was tired of hurting. Dragging her lips away from his neck, he kissed her again, making an effort for it to be a little more refined, but no less desperate. He needed her, with every fiber of his being.

Rey used her legs to rotate their bodies, straddling his form. She held his wrists down as she greedily took more, grinding herself against him. Good, he was hard. But she knew he could be harder. She let his wrists go so that she could divulge him of his shirt, tossing it aside before she began to work on his pants.

“I need you inside of me. Now,” she rasped, drunk hands almost useless to figure out the belt.

Looking down between them, he fumbled with the belt before finally pulling it free. “Yes, god yes,” he agreed, unbuttoning the pants as he lifted his hips with her still sitting on him to remove them. Already, he was tearing her tunic over her head, barely paying any mind as he dropped it somewhere. She'd have to get off of him to remove the leggings, which only dampened his mood slightly. Rolling her onto her back, he slid down her body, taking her pants and underwear with him.

Kissing his way back up her body, lingering on the insides of her thighs, he finally laid back on the bed and pulled her on top of him again. He wanted to watch her above him, wanted to feel the way she controlled the speed and depth.

“I'm so sorry. I missed you so much. God I need you,” Rey whimpered as she lowered herself down onto him. Her head fell back and she gave a low keen at the feeling of being filled by him, the delicious stretch as her body tried to remember what it was like to host him inside. Why had she let him walk away? Why had they ever stopped this? Her mind was too fuzzy, a mix of alcohol and lust clouding her mind of much else. But she knew that even the sober version of herself would be doing this. She couldn't blame the alcohol. Just her heart.

She braced her hands on his chest, knowing he could handle the pressure, and began to pull back, only to lower herself just as slowly. A small sob tore through her lips at the sensation, the pleasure immediate and intense after so long without.

“Fuck, Ben,” she half-cried. She fucked him slowly, needing to savor the feeling. For all her frantic kissing, she needed this to last forever. Her thrusts were slow and measured, feeling every last millimeter of him sliding in and out of her dripping wet canal. He was made for her and she had been stupid to let him go.

Ben never thought he'd be here, doing this with her again. It wasn't just the sex of it, either. It was the baring of souls as their bodies joined that heightened his senses, even through the haze of alcohol, and brought him to feel more deeply, and experience things more strongly. The way her wetness slid over and engulfed him tore a moan from his throat, followed by babbling pleas, “Please don't leave me, I missed you so much, please, please, please.” Each please was said in between each roll of her hips, his hands clinging to her waist like a lifeline.

He was a drowning man in the ocean, and Rey was the coast guard, shining her beacon of light down onto him. He kept his eyes open, staring up into her face as she rode him, and he knew in
that moment that she absolutely did feel the same. There was no mistaking the heartache she’d been suffering with, just as intense and unbearable as his. “I need you,” he whispered up to her, his eyes stinging again. Fuck, he couldn’t cry during sex, especially not the greatest sex of his life, but he didn’t care. He had her back for this one moment, and he needed her to know.

Rey felt a few tears of her own slip free as she began to pick up their pace, her release building along with it. It reminded her of the first time Ben made love to her, of when he had been so slow and gentle and they had both been so exhausted afterwards. But there was something deeper in this moment, a rejoining of their souls as their hearts attempted to mend back together. They both regretted the break up, they both missed each other.

“I’m so sorry. I forgive you. Please forgive me,” she ranted breathlessly, bouncing on top of his hips as she leaned back to gain more leverage and point him exactly where she wanted him to be. One hand was clawed into his chest while the other groped blindly at her own breast, her palm stimulating her nipple with every bounce. “I’ll never leave you again. I missed you. I need you.”

He was getting so close, just a little more and he’d be coming. Groaning deeply, he lifted his hips to meet hers, a steady string of I’m sorry escaping him. He’d never been more sorry in his entire life. That one mistake had cost him everything. Reaching up, he slid his hand to cup her other breast, squeezing as he kept eye contact with her.

“Come with me, sweetheart,” he pled, sneaking his other hand down between them to rub her hard bundle. “I’m so close, I need you to come with me.”

Her body hadn’t forgotten how to respond to him, aided by his hands stimulating her in both places she desperately needed it. She had been too depressed to touch herself since her break up with Ben and her body needed a release, and bad. She called out his name as she clamped down around him, collapsing forward onto his chest as she rode out her orgasm. She hadn’t realized she was really crying, tears streaming from her eyes as her body quivered on top of him and she clung to his chest. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” she moaned.

Her body seizing around his finally set him off, and he came hard and deep, filling her completely with a ragged curse. When she collapsed against him, he wound his arms around her back and clutched her to him, burying his face against her hair, inhaling the scent he had missed so much. He was panting, the tears drying across his cheeks as he simply held her. His family could wait. She was much more important than a dinner with family right now.

When their heartbeats had slowed down some, thudding in time with each other, he pressed a soft kiss against her temple, finally whispering, “They’re probably wondering where we’re at…”

There was a hard knock on the door, followed by a muffled: “You two better be finished get in there.”

Rey’s eyes went wide as the doorknob jiggled, unlocked. That was Ben’s actual uncle, Luke. She began panicking, although Ben was far more calm, sliding his blankets over both of their bodies as he gently deposited her onto her side.

Luke didn’t wait to make sure they were good, he just simply came in. “You two need to remember to keep yourselves a bit more quiet when there is family present.” He raised an eyebrow as he took in the sight of their clothing strewn about the room, immediately giving Ben a smirk. “Seems like you made quick work of it, though. You two done fighting, then? Leia wants to serve dessert, and you two are supposed to be on dishes duty.”

“We’re not fighting,” Ben said stubbornly, his arm wrapping around Rey’s shoulders as he glared
at his uncle. Luke didn't really mind nudity, having gone through his own hippie stage during the seventies, but he did disapprove of it at family functions. “We’ll be right out.” He made a vague shooing motion before turning back to Rey to snuggle for a few more minutes.

“Make it snappy. You know how Chewie gets when he doesn’t get his pie,” Luke grumbled, closing the door as he left.

“Well. That was embarrassing,” Rey said. She snuggled into Ben’s arms further, feeling so happy and at home. “I meant what I said, though. I missed you far too much, it was absolute agony being apart. And I do forgive you. I’m still unhappy that you went straight to violence, but I am glad to hear that you’re trying to do something about it. Even if it’s with some other woman.”

“You really made me start thinking,” he murmured, pressing his lips to her shoulder. “That was why...that night, I told you to just say it. I realized I was too possessive, and I had to let you go so that I could go work on my own issues and then maybe try again.” It was easier to talk about, now that he was able to hold her again, when his heart wasn't shattering inside his chest.

“I’d like to try again,” Rey said, looking up hopefully at him. “Please.”

“Me too,” he smiled softly, kissing the tip of her nose. “And…” he hesitated, wondering if it would be a good idea to bring up or not. “And, I need to apologize to Finn. Face to face.”

Rey nodded, feeling a weight she didn’t realize was still on her chest completely lifting. “I’d love that. And I’ll make sure he plays nice and apologizes for being an asshole, too.” She then grimaced. “But...I don’t know if I’m ready to see Hux again any time soon. I’d love to spend some more time with Phasma, she seemed really kind and...level headed. But after what Hux said and did to me, I hope you understand if it will take just a bit more healing for me to get to that point.”

“I completely understand,” he nodded. “Honestly, when he's kept away from alcohol, he isn't that bad. He wanted to send you an apology gift, but I wouldn't let him. Figured that wouldn’t be the best idea while everything was still...fresh. Phasma usually keeps him in line. He doesn't deserve her. Just like I don't deserve you.” He trailed his fingers over her arm lightly, tilting his head to watch the goosebumps on her skin rise under his touch.

Rey shivered lightly at the caress, causing her to burrow that much closer into his warm body. She missed falling asleep and waking up surrounded by his warmth (even if she did push him away in the middle of the night sometimes, whining in a half-awake voice that she was too hot and he was too big).

“Maybe we can see them for Christmas as well? Rose and Finn will probably go see Paige’s family in the afternoon, so the rest of our day will be pretty clear--that is, if that’s actually what you wanted to do. If you’d rather spend Christmas with your family, I understand. We did sort of ruin Thanksgiving,” Rey said.

“Well, maybe we could do both. I’m sure Leia would be thrilled to have them over, too. And with more people around, like Chewie and Luke, Hux is less likely to act up.” Smirking softly, he pressed one more kiss to her shoulder before sitting up. “And we can still go save Thanksgiving, now that I'm not dying because I can't touch you.”

Rey smirked and followed him up, wrapping her arms around him as she kissed along his shoulders. “I don’t know, I’m not sure if one round of some pretty excellent make up sex really satisfies the gaping hole in my chest of the last month. I may need another round or four.” She then planted a kiss on his cheek and hopped off the bed, moving to collect her clothing, glad that he had a bathroom attached to his bedroom. “But that can come later.”
“I like the sound of that,” he chuckled, watching her as she gathered her things. He could see his
come sliding down her thighs, and he was already planning the next several sessions in his head.
Slipping into the bathroom with her, he cleaned up and redressed before taking her hand and
leading her back to the dining room.

Leia looked up at them as they entered, then down to where they were holding hands and her eyes
lit up as she smiled widely, gesturing to the table where dessert was being served. For once, he was
glad he'd come to a holiday dinner.
Nothing was going to get in the way of Ben and Rey’s newfound happiness, falling into each other’s arms day after day, determined to make up for every moment of lost time.

Well, nothing but two minor things.

The first was Ben and Finn’s apology. Rey and Rose had stealthily arranged for a dual shopping trip under the guise of looking for Christmas presents for their respective friends groups. As Rey moved from shop to shop with Ben, she kept steady tabs on Rose’s progress, planning on a meetup in the food court. They almost pulled it off with a complete air of innocence, had Ben not seen Rey’s texts over her shoulder and realized her intentions early on. But he seemed resolved to play along.

“Oh, wow! Rose and Finn? What are you two doing here? This is insane! We were just buying presents for you!” Rey gushed, coming to meet Rose with a hug at the center of the food court.

“Rey! Hi! Oh wow, is this Ben? Hi, I’m Rose! It’s so wonderful to finally meet you! I’ve heard--erm--so much!” Rose said, extending a hand out to Ben with a bright and cheerful smile on her face. To Rey, very quietly, she said, “holy shit, girl, he’s fucking massive.”

Ben looked down at Rose, blinking at how fucking short she was and took her hand, shaking it gently. “Not all bad things, I hope?” he smiled nervously, looking over her shoulder as Finn approached. He dropped Rose’s hand quickly, watching as the other man came up and draped himself over her.

Finn regarded Ben for what seemed like forever, before finally nodding once at him. Ben gave him a nod back, along with a tight smile, determined not to let their egos get in the way this time. “So,” Finn said, “You guys are back together, huh?”

“We reconnected at Thanksgiving last week, remember?” Rey said, suddenly feeling nervous. She grabbed Ben’s hand, holding it tightly.

“You knew that, Finn! She told us all about it,” Rose chastised, smacking him lightly on the chest with the back of her hand. “We’re very happy that you’re back together. Our little Rey of Sunshine was an absolute mess without you,” Rose said to Ben, smiling brightly again.

“She wasn't the only one,” he replied, smiling down at Rey, giving her a reassuring squeeze. He’d promised he’d be good. Looking back to Finn, he took a deep breath, before saying, “I’m sorry, for Halloween. I shouldn't have gone that far. I’d never lay a hand on Rey, and if it makes you feel better, I've been going to counseling.”

Finn didn't look convinced, but he nodded once, glancing over to Rey as he said, “That's good, but what I said still stands. I will protect her however I need to. So make sure you remember that.”

Rose let out a groan, all but slapping herself in the face. Rey held her composure, and Ben’s hand. This was who she chose to stand by. She loved Ben, and she was willing to do that with or without Finn’s approval. She loved Finn, but if he wanted to act like a caveman, she’d have to contend with scheduled Rose visits on the weekend.
Fighting the urge to roll his eyes at Finn’s barely veiled provocation, Ben nodded. “I'm glad she has you,” he said earnestly. “To protect her. If I'm not around.”

The two men stared at each other, neither one blinking or looking away until Finn finally shook his head and held out his hand. “Truce?”

“Truce,” Ben agreed, shaking it.

Rose let out an exaggerated sigh of relief. “I’m so glad that’s over now! Now un-puff your chests and let’s go get in line for some nasty, overpriced food.” She pulled on Finn’s hand, dragging him towards the pizza chain that she was sure had gone bankrupt. It may be plastic pizza, but it was a mall staple and she wasn’t going to let the opportunity pass her up. “I’m so proud of you, sweetie. You did the right thing, even if that was the worst apology I’ve ever heard out of your mouth. Look at how happy Rey is with him.” She threw a smile over her shoulder at Rey, pleased that all was finally well in their world.

“What do you want to eat?” Ben asked Rey, strolling lazily with her around the various food stalls, pulling her hand up to tuck under his arm. He’d learned by now not to ask if she was hungry. The answer was always yes.

“You,” she purred up at him, reaching up to tug him down for a kiss on the cheek. “Thank you, Ben. I really appreciate what you just did. It means a lot to me.”

He never stopped feeling a bit giddy whenever she kissed him, but even more so when it was in public. He was growing more emboldened to say those three words every day, as time went by and their relationship became even more stable than before. He respected Rey’s space and whenever she went out with her friends, he occupied his time by either working on his novel, which was almost done by now, and hanging around with Hux and Phas, making sure the red-head was keeping himself in check.

He stopped suddenly and turned to Rey, placing a finger under her chin to lift her face up. He kept it there as he said, “I'd do anything for you.” He’d said the words before, but he hoped that maybe his actions were starting to prove it.

She smiled up at him and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips, relishing in the feeling of his pressed against her, the noise of the mall falling away for the briefest of moments. She had missed this so much and had been taking the opportunity to kiss him every moment of every day in the week since they got back together. She knew he’d do anything for her, because she’d do anything for him. Even…

“Call Hux. I'm ready,” she said when they parted.

“Are you sure?” he asked, brows furrowing together. “You don't have to, you know. What he did was awful.”

“If you and Finn can apologize after beating each other bloody, I can at least hear Hux out,” Rey said. She wasn't apologizing to him, she had no reason to. But if hearing Hux out eased the potential for a future friendship between the two couples, she would do it.

He gave her a small smile as he pulled out his phone, Hux answering on the third ring. They set up a time for them to meet him at a local coffee shop later in the week when Hux wasn’t swamped with work.
As they approached the coffee shop, Ben kept telling Rey that she really didn't have to do this. She was not obligated to forgive Hux in any way, and that was okay with him. Sure, it would make it more interesting to maybe go on group dates, but that probably wouldn't be happening in the near future. Phasma had chewed Hux out pretty well for trying to cheat on her and even threatened to leave. That had seemed to get Hux back on track, realizing what he'd been so close to losing.

Rey sucked in a breath when she spotted the ginger man. Part of her was glad it was winter, glad that she was dressed head-to-toe and could provide no lurid content for the man to comment on. If he'd said it while he was drunk, that meant he thought it while he was sober. And with Ben at her side, she couldn't help but spare a thought to Hux imagining being with both of them…

She wondered how Lt. Dameron was these days?

Shaking her head out of that forgone fantasy, she gave him a small head nod. “Hullo.”

Looking up from where he'd been stirring his coffee, Hux set the little stick down on a napkin and stood, keeping his arms behind his back. “Rey, Ben, I'm glad you both could come. Please, sit,” he said, gesturing to the chairs across from him. “Would you like anything to drink?”

“Some tea would be nice. Earl grey, preferably,” Rey said as Ben helped her take off her coat. She looked back at Hux as she added a, “thank you.”

“My pleasure,” Hux said, summoning a waitress. He ordered the tea she'd requested, before setting his hands on the table, lacing his fingers together. “Well, I wanted to take this opportunity to apologize for my behavior. It was crass and untoward, and I promise you, it will never happen again.”

Rey contemplated any number of nasty and spiteful replies, including a particularly cruel one about the state of his relationship with his girlfriend afterwards, but it was too unlike her to say. Especially on top of Ben being so good with Finn the other day. So instead, she gave him a curt nod.

“I see,” Rey said evenly. “See that it doesn't again, okay? I'm sure you heard about what happened to another man who violated me.”

“I did,” he agreed, sliding a glance at Ben’s hands. He'd known those hands well at some point in his life, but those days were long gone, and Hux didn't want to be on the receiving end of a brutal beating. “Not only that, but Phasma nearly left me that evening, and it made me realize how good she is to me. I not only disrespected you, but also her. For that, I'm sorry. Truly.”

“I'm sorry to hear that your relationship was dealt a blow, I know the pain of that.” Rey winced. She thanked the waitress for delivering her tea and began stirring in her sugar and milk. “Phasma seems wonderful.”

“She is,” he said after sipping at his coffee. “I think you two would become great friends. She has a hard time around women, you see. But she likes you.” He set his cup down and leaned back in the chair, icy blue eyes honing in on a hickey on Rey’s neck. “I’m also sorry for the strain I've put on you and Ben. I truly had no idea who you were, not that it excuses any of my actions.” He watched as Ben slipped an arm around Rey, his fingers brushing her shoulders gently.

Rey leaned into Ben’s hold, sighing contentedly as she slipped her tea. “I appreciate your apology, Armitage. We all do stupid things when we have alcohol in our systems, and to be fair, I was hardly dressed. Not that my outfit was an invitation, but you could have been more crude.” She then smirked up at Ben, a playful look in her hazel eyes that only he could see. “He did offer to
help me forget about you for a while. Do you think he could have been up to the task?”

Hearing the joke, he gave her a sly smile before assessing Hux, slowly drawing his eyes over the ginger man. “That depends. He was alright--maybe Phasma’s helped him to stop from coming too quickly by now.”

Hux flushed a bright red that reached all the way to the tops of his ears as he scowled, looking away. “Those kinds of details stay in the bedroom, Ren. Everyone knows that.”

Catching the nickname, Ben leaned down and explained to Rey, “I actually went by the name Kylo Ren in college. Hux likes to think that it’s an insult somehow.”

Rey giggled. “I'm sorry, Armitage. I'm just teasing you. I mean, we were eventually going to have to discuss the elephant in the room that we've both shagged Ben and you attempted to shag me.” She smiled at him, sweet and sincere. “I accept your apology and I hope we can become something of friends. But again, just don’t hit on me, and especially not when you’re already dating someone. And maybe don’t drink so much that you let your tongue loose?”

Hux shrugged, still blushing profusely. “What can I say? I enjoy beautiful people. That being said, you have my word, it will not happen again.” Leaning in across the table, he held his hand up to the side of his mouth like he was sharing a secret as he whispered to Rey, “But isn't he fantastic in bed?”

Rey shrugged, the picture of perfect indifference. “Eh. He’s alright.”

Ben clutched his chest, wounded. “Really? I guess three orgasms in a row last night wasn't good enough for you. I need to step it up, I suppose,” he snickered, already making plans for the next time she stayed over.

“Well the last time I had four, so, you're really losing your touch, sweetie.” She brought a hand up to pat him on the cheek. “Maybe you can practice with Armitage? If Phasma will let him play, of course.”

“I bet you'd really like to see that, wouldn't you?” Ben muttered under his breath. He slid a glance over at Hux, whose cheeks had reignited, and he was studiously staring off into the distance.

Rey pressed in to close the distance between them, her lips hovering just over Ben’s. “I would want to play, too, not watch.” She then pressed a quick kiss on his nose and laughed. “I'm so sorry, Armitage! We're being horrible. I hope you don't think we're serious. I think it's just all of that pent up sexual tension from when we were separated. We just haven't caught up with it yet. But we shouldn't tease you like that.”

Clearing his throat, Hux looked back to Rey, “Please, call me Hux. Only my father called me Armitage.” He paid the check as it was set down on the table, looking up quickly when he saw Phasma approaching.

“Oh my god, I'm so sorry I'm late. Traffic was a nightmare. I hope you don't mind,” the blonde said as she took up a spot by Hux, leaning over to kiss him quickly in greeting.

Ben blinked, coming to a sudden realization that he'd fucked every single person at this table. This was about to get interesting.

“Hi, I'm Rey. It's so nice to finally meet you on an official capacity,” Rey chirped brightly, extending a hand out to the Amazonian woman. Her other was gently caressing Ben’s thigh, happy and at ease.
“Phasma, but you can call me Phas,” she beamed back, shaking Rey’s hand, her other coming to cover it. “I'm so happy you and Ben are doing well. I don't think I've ever seen him look this happy.” She pulled her hands away and shifted in her seat, a small smile lighting her face as she reached over and stole the remainder of Hux’s coffee.

Rey smiled up at Ben. “He makes me pretty happy as well.” I love him, she added to herself. But the relationship was just barely two weeks into healing and she could wait.

“That's excellent,” Phasma nodded, her platinum hair bouncing slightly. She liked to keep it fairly short, but in the winter months she let it grow up just a little. “What are you guys doing for Christmas? Any plans? Armie and I here were thinking about inviting you guys over if you didn't have anything else going on.”

“Funny you should mention that! Ben’s mother has invited us over, and I usually spend Christmas with my roommates.” She chewed her lip for a moment, thinking. She looked up at Ben. “But I suppose I could shift Finn and Rose to Christmas Eve? And I’m sure Leia would love to have you all over on Christmas Day. If that sounds good?”

Flashing those dazzling white teeth of hers, Phasma nodded eagerly, “Yes! God, I haven't seen Leia in so long. Ben, how come you never invite us over for more stuff like that?”

Ben shrugged, replying, “Because you never showed any interest in it before. But sure, I'll run the idea by my mom. I'm sure she'd love to have everyone over. She's always talking about how lonely her house is.”

Hux slapped his hand down on the table then, “Well, now that that's all settled, I do have a conference to go to.” He side-eyed Phas as he tilted his head, “Are you staying or do you have plans?”

She looked down at her cell phone, frowning. “I guess I'd better get going, too. With traffic as bad as it is, I'll never make it to work on time. It’s supposed to start snowing later too, so you guys make sure to keep warm, okay?” She turned to Rey and came around to kiss her cheek, saying to Ben, “I like her.” She did the same to Ben before moving around to Hux, placing her kiss on his lips, lingering a little longer than strictly necessary before flitting off in the direction she'd come from.

Hux adjusted his jacket, face red as he watched the tall woman leave. “Yes, well. Goodbye for now,” he said quickly, turning on his heel.

Rey smiled up at Ben. “Well, you heard what Phas said. Come keep me warm, Ben Solo.”

Chapter End Notes

A little short, eh? I wonder what would happen if we double-posted today...
Okay, we GUESS you guys can have some more.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Having missed most of autumn together as a couple, they were determined to enjoy winter together as much as possible. Air all clear with both of their friend groups, Ben and Rey spent the rest of the month enjoying time with them in between the time they spent in bed, rediscovering each other since their month long break. Finn and Rose didn't give her too hard of a time being away from home too often, as it gave their relationship room to grow as well. Rose had had a bit of a rough time when she'd heard what Finn did but she forgave him. She knew better than to be jealous of Rey, although she did give Finn a stern talking-to about being too overprotective. Rey was allowed to grow up and have a boyfriend, she'd scolded him, and to make her own decisions about said boyfriend.

With Hux and Phasma, they did what Rey giggled as “intellectual” things. They went to an ice sculpture festival and an art gallery opening, with the occasional coffee date at that same coffee house when Hux and Phas had the time. Rey and Phasma were even able to convince the guys to buy them tickets for *The Nutcracker*, as well as the touring company of *Elf: The Musical*. The musical had been a blast and Rey was getting excited to see her first ballet the day before Christmas Eve, in box seats, no less!

With Finn and Rose, they did the fun, outdoors type stuff. They built snowmen (Rey and Rose were left unamused by the snow boobs on the one the boys did, so they retaliated with a carrot dick on their, cutting it down short when the boys noticed), went sledding down the biggest hill in the countryside, and went to the zoo to see a Christmas light exhibit. They even went ice skating at the outdoor arena, which had been a hilarious moment as both Rey and Ben assumed that the other didn't know how and had attempted to teach the other how to, tripping over one another all the while. It was Rose who pointed out that Rey was actually pretty adept at it, Ben immediately switching into disgustingly graceful. That only spurned Rey on to skate better than him and they sprinted around the ring, trying to out-trick one another. It came to an end when Rose almost became a casualty to their game, Finn grumbling about how Rey and Ben were no better than kids as he ushered his girlfriend off the ice to take a breather.

On the one and only occasion all three couples were able to get together, they had a massive snowball fight. Ben and Rey had a moment of panic to see where their loyalties laid and they attempted to keep it couples only, but it didn't take long for Rey give in to the urge to attack Ben and suddenly it was the “First Order” (Ben, Hux, and Phas) vs. “The Resistance” (Rey, Finn, and Rose). There was no way to know who won, as each set was confident it was them. Afterwards, they warmed up by the fire at Ben’s penthouse, hot chocolate all around.

On their own, they shopped for presents for everyone and cuddled on the couch watching all of their favorite Christmas movies. When Ben decided to buy a tree (a first for him), Rey was overjoyed at the opportunity to decorate it. She decided to dress it in shades of silver and black, chic and lovely, Ben allowing her to spend any amount of money she wanted on ornaments and lights.
“Ben, what do you wear to the ballet anyway?” Rey asked two days before the event. She was curled up on the end of his couch reading a book, illuminated by the Christmas tree next to her.

Coming out of the kitchen with fresh cups of hot chocolate for both of them (extra marshmallows in Rey’s because she loved them), Ben tilted his head at her question in thought as he set the mugs onto a pair of coasters on the coffee table. “Well, they're usually pretty formal. It’s a night to get all glammed up with your date, so that being said…” he smirked at her as he sat down and took his glasses off to wipe away the steam from their drinks, “You get to wear another dress. Or not, but the occasion does call for it, if you want to be within dress code.”

“How would you like me to dress?” Rey asked, smiling up at him as she reached over for her mug. “Oh, extra marshmallows! You spoil me!” She leaned further so that she could plant a kiss on his cheek before settling back against the arm of the couch.

Giving her a warm smile, he took in the way the lights from the tree danced across her skin and reflected in her eyes, giving her an ethereal glow. Leaning over, he kissed along the line of her neck and murmured against her skin, “I want you to wear as little as socially acceptable.” Pulling away, he flashed a devious grin. “But it's too cold for that, so I suppose we’ll just have to go get you something, hmm?”

“Two days before Christmas? Are you insane?” Rey asked. “I'm sure I have something that’s…” she trailed off, remembering that they were attending with Hux and Phasma. They always looked flawless and well put together. She could only imagine how beautiful Phasma would look. “Yeah, let’s go shopping.”

Patting her leg, he nodded. “Good, you better go get ready, then. There might be a few last minute people there with us, so we’d better hurry.” He went to go shower quickly, opting to leave his glasses on for the day until he was able to get his contact prescription renewed.

When both of them were ready to go, he led her out to where his other cars were parked, choosing the Aston Martin Vanquish S. It was a sleek, black vehicle, the body made of carbon fiber. He opened one of the two doors for her, gesturing inside. It had heated seats, and he tried to say that was the sole reason for his choice. He didn't want her to get cold.

“Do you know how fancy they’re gonna be?” Rey asked as they drove.

Even when they gone to the musical, Hux and Phas had looked impeccable. She’d felt horribly undressed in a simple long sleeved maroon crushed velvet dress with trumpet sleeves, a callback to the 90’s style with black tights and black mary janes. Phas, meanwhile, looked dazzling in a black sequin jumpsuit. She had called Rey cute. Rey had felt like a child compared to her. She didn't want to feel like that again.

He shrugged, able to tell why she was so anxious about this dress, “Probably pretty fancy. You could always text Phas and see if she'll send you a picture of what she's wearing. Personally, I really liked that maroon one you wore. Nice and easily accessible.” Chuckling softly at his own joke, he glanced over at her, letting it die away when he saw she wasn't giving him the look she usually did when he said things like that. Reaching over, he grasped her hand firmly, looking over at her briefly, “Hey, whatever you pick, you'll be gorgeous, as always.”

“You’re just excited that you get to buy me another fancy dress,” Rey grumbled. Although she would be lying if she said she wasn't excited for that, too. It had been fun trying on the dresses for the benefit and she looked forward to doing it again. Although this time she was determined to keep the price way down.
Nodding as he parked outside the same shop as the last time, he said, “I am. I'm not even going to lie. You don't let me take you shopping as much as I'd like to for this kind of thing.” Sticking out his lower lip in a pout, he turned to her, giving his best impression of puppy dog eyes. “Pleaaaase let me spoil you more.”

Rey laughed and rolled her eyes. “I spent an obscene amount of money on your Christmas tree,” she pointed out as he helped her out of the car.

“Okay, that's true,” he conceded, “and I will love and cherish that tree forever. Or until it dies and we get another one next year.” He had a feeling they would still be together next year--something inside of him was screaming that yes, they would. Opening the door for her, he spread his arm wide and ushered to the various displays and racks the store had. “Pick something you like.”

Rey began to make her way through the racks, wondering if he would yell at her if she went over to the clearance rack to find something she had tried on for the benefit at a new, lower price. However, there were plenty of new things that caught her eye and she did enjoy trying the new things on. It only took her a half hour to scoop up as many as Ben, patient and eager as he was, could hold.

The first dress she tried on definitely looked better on the hanger. It was a black dress, mostly simple with short sleeves. But it had too high of a slit and the metallic floral sequins along the v-neck were just too gaudy for her taste. It would have been a lovely dress...on someone else. She didn’t even bother showing that one to Ben and instead she tried on the next one. This one was also black with a v-neck, with black beading down the dress. It was....nice, she guessed. Simple and pretty enough. She walked out and gave Ben a twirl.

“Well? Does this scream The Nutcracker?” Rey asked.

Holding the other gowns she'd be trying on over one arm, he examined the one she was wearing. It was pretty, and very flattering to her figure. He especially liked the deep v-neck, but it wasn't quite right. “Mmmm, no. I do like it, however. You don't seem to feel the same. What's wrong with it?”

“It’s just...nice,” Rey shrugged. “Let me try on a few more.”

She slipped back the fitting room and tried on the next dress. It was a strapless emerald green ball gown with a bandeau style bodice and an A-line skirt. Just as she was about to go show Ben, she realized the best thing about this dress: it had pockets! But as she stepped out onto the dias in the middle of the three mirrors, she frowned. It was almost a bit too formal, wasn’t it?

“What do you think?” Rey asked, looking through the mirror at him.

Raising his eyebrows in surprise, he blinked slowly, “That's gorgeous.” Coming up behind her, he got a better look at the front of the dress, sweeping his eyes across the bodice to the skirts. “I think it’s perfect. It brings out your eyes even more.” Touching her hip lightly, he gave an encouraging nod and asked, “Do you like it?”

“It’s absolutely beautiful. But...is it a bit much? For just the ballet?” Rey asked. “This looks like something I’d go to another benefit for your mom in.” She ran her hands down the silk, frowning. “But it is gorgeous.”

“You were just worried that Phasma would out-fancy you. I don't think it’s too formal at all.” He was going to be wearing his suit again, after all. “You look beautiful, sweetheart.” He kissed her cheek and stepped back, shrugging, “But ultimately, it's your choice. If you don't feel comfortable wearing it, then find something else.”
“I’ve got just one more to try on,” Rey said. She gave him a kiss on the cheek before she stepped down and back into the fitting room.

The final dress she had to try on was a royal blue column dress with a boatneck down to cap sleeves, a blue and silver bejeweled mesh yoke with scalloped edges brushing just over her breasts. Front the front, the dress was straight and sleek, accenting her every curve, while there was a train from the behind. She made her way out to the Ben, waiting patiently as he zipped up the dress for her like usual. Seeing it as fully intended, she found her eyes glued to her own visage. Now this was a gown she could feel grown up in.

“Yeah, this one will do nicely,” he said, circling her where she stood on the dais, eyes glued to every detail on the dress. Stepping up closer to her, he whispered, “Fuck, you're giving me flashbacks.” He wanted to say something crude like how hard she was making him, but that was no talk for the middle of a store, so he held his tongue, simply nodding again and again as he kept looking at it.

“This is it!” Rey cheered with excitement. She turned around and threw her arms around Ben’s neck. “You’re looking at your date for The Nutcracker! Have you ever seen it before? I’ve always wanted to go, ever since I was a little girl. I’d see the commercials on TV and wonder what it was like to see something so magical happening right in front of me.”

“I did as a kid. I don't really remember much except for the music, so it'll be a fairly new experience for me too,” he said as he held her with one arm, lifting the other gowns away so they didn't get squished or wrinkled by her enthusiasm. “Can you be my date for more than just The Nutcracker? Can I take you home?” he asked in her ear.

“Forever,” she whispered back, suddenly serious. She pulled him in for a kiss, something passionate but not hurried. It was a melding of souls, a kiss that spoke volumes of passion without needing to be over exaggerated. When they broke apart, she pressed her forehead to his. “Take me home, Ben.”

“Gladly,” he replied, ushering her off to go take the dress off. He gave the rejected dresses back to an attendant to be put away, then paid at the counter, tucking the receipt into his wallet while he waited for Rey.

Once she came out, he brought her hand up to his mouth to kiss gently, waiting for her new dress to be bagged up. “I’m pretty sure you're going to outshine Phasma,” he told her sincerely, leading her back out to the car. “Now, we need to get back as soon as possible, so that I can take you to bed.” His eyes were darker as he looked over at her, “I do believe I promised to fuck your ass one of these days.”

Rey’s mouth fell open for a second and she glanced around to see if someone, anyone was in their vicinity as he uttered those dark and sexual words.

“Ben, I’m--you--what?” She sputtered.

She allowed Ben to assist her into his far too fancy car, noting with annoyance that he had a smug look on his face at her reaction. He was always such a fuck, loving making her flustered at any given moment. She had enjoyed it when they were both on even ground, teasing Hux (they had even managed to get Phasma in on the jest lately. Rey was beginning to suspect that Hux’s soul would eventually depart from his body if they kept this up any longer, or else he was just going to come in his pants the moment any of them decided it was a serious suggestion) but it was decidedly not as much fun when Ben did it to her.
When Ben got settled on his side of the car, the garment bag tucked safely in the back seat, she leveled him with a worried look.

“Ben, I’m sort of out of practice here. I didn’t do anything while we were broken up, no hands or toys or anything, and we haven’t done any of that since we’ve been back together,” Rey said. She worried her lip with her teeth, already imagining the stretch. It would feel amazing, she knew it would, once they worked her up to that point, but it was going to be work.

“I promise to go slow. If you don’t want to, though, just say so. I’m not going to pressure you into feeling like you have to,” he backed out of the parking space and shifted the car into drive, heading back to their penthouse. And he did see it as their penthouse; Rey stayed over more nights than not now, and had quite the collection of her clothing hanging up in his closet. She left her books there, and helped him with laundry and dishes. It was just as much her place as it was his, even if it was unofficial.

“No, I want to!” Rey leapt to protest. She cleared her throat from her shout, trying to get her voice back to a normal level. “I very much want to, but I just...I don’t want you to be disappointed if it can’t happen. You’re huge Ben, you know this. And it’s a muscle that needs to be worked out. But I’ve neglected it for a while, so I just...I don’t want you to get your hopes up and then for me to have to bitch out. But I’ll try really hard, for you.”

“If it’s too much, it’s too much. That's okay,” he smiled softly, drumming his fingers along the top of the dash over the steering wheel. Abruptly, he blurted out, “I still jerked off thinking of you.” Why had he said that? She didn’t necessarily need to know that bit of information.

Again, Rey was rendered speechless. But only for a moment. “You--you still jerked off--to thoughts of me?” A little smirk played at the corner of her mouth. “Are you saying that you sometimes jerked off and thought of me, but kept me on some sort of rotation of whatever other fantasies usually get you going, or that you exclusively jerked off and thought of me and only me, the entire time we were broken up?”

“Just you,” he breathed, looking over at her fondly. He had been embarrassed to admit it out loud like that, but it didn’t seem to bother her? Swallowing, he turned his eyes back to the road. “It was always just you.”

Rey blushed as she readied herself for her own revelation. “Well, if you’re being honest, I can be honest, too.” She took a breath, letting it out slowly before continuing. “Before we got together, from pretty much the moment I first met you, it was only you for me, too. And the only time I wasn’t thinking of you...well...I mean, I had no idea they were your stories in the first place, but the Kylo character sounded so much like you that it was easy for me to picture you in his place and myself as Kira and well...yeah. They were like my sacred texts to get off to. So. I guess it’s always just been you, too. For me.”

Feeling one corner of his mouth tug upwards, he nodded, “That's good. Because the Kira character is based on you. I don't think I ever told you that. It's kind of obvious now, but…”

“So that's why you’ve been so amazing at fucking me brainless, is it? Because you had all that mental practice? And here I was, sitting oh so innocently at home, being basically conditioned to whimper and moan beneath you because you’d written me that way. You’re a crafty, clever man, Ben Solo,” Rey teased.

“Hey, it worked, didn't it? What’s the saying? The pen is mightier than the sword?” Snickering, he got them back into the penthouse’s parking garage, hopping out to grab the dress and let her out. “Tell me something, though. If you hadn’t found that notebook, would you have ever made a
move?” He asked as they waited for the elevator to come down.

“Would you?” Rey countered, shivering in the winter air. The stupid elevator took too damn long sometimes. But at least she had Ben and his massive body to keep her warm. Even just standing next to him did wonders.

“That's hardly an answer,” he commented, giving her a squinty glare.

Rey sighed, rushing into the elevator as soon as it arrived. She had to wait for Ben to put his key in. She wondered what the policy was for getting a second one.

“Fine,” she ground out when he kept raising an eyebrow at her. “I--no. I had thought about it a few times, back when we were both proofers and all of that. You didn’t treat me like a piece of arse, which I appreciated, but then I sort of convinced myself that you were almost formal, too respectful towards me and that it meant that you weren’t interested. So I let myself live in a fantasy where you fucked me, much like you really do now, and it was almost enough. And when I became your boss and you began to act even more standoffish, I tried to write the idea off entirely. It obviously didn’t work, mind you. Rose can attest to my multiple drunken confessions that I wanted nothing more than to...to,” she winced at her own memory, “to climb you like a tree, conquer you like Everest, but I never thought it would really happen.”

They were almost to the penthouse. Good. The air was getting too thin in this stupid metal box.

“Now you,” Rey prompted, needing the attention off her.

While part of him felt disappointed that she wouldn't have done anything, he could understand. “So you would've been content to go through life wondering about what if?” He'd answer her in a second, but he wanted another answer first.

Rey closed her eyes, thinking back to her life before, during, without, and now.

“I didn’t think you wanted me, Ben. No one...no one ever wants me. My own parents didn’t want me. I couldn’t risk the rejection if you’d been put in the position to tell me that to my face,” Rey admitted quietly. “I wanted you too badly to have to live in a reality where you didn’t actually want me, too.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” he murmured, pulling her closer into his chest. “I would have made a move. I don't know when, because you were always busy and it never seemed like a good time, but I'd nearly done it on more than one occasion. I didn't because you either had a phone call you had to make, or you were rushing to get a deadline done.”

Thankfully, the elevator dinged and they stepped out, but he had a feeling this conversation wasn’t quite over yet.

“But Ben, you were so standoffish. I would have encouraged you along if I had thought that for even a moment...”

“I know. I know. I'm not exactly good with people,” he muttered. “My dad had just died when you started working there, and even though I didn't have the best relationship with him, it still fucked me up. And I kind of stayed that way for a long time.” He looked around at the decorations that had been gradually appearing on the shelves and the sudden pictures that had been appearing of them together. “That and I didn't really want to catch a sexual harassment charge on the off chance you weren't interested.”

“I’m really sorry about your dad, Ben. It’s hard, even if your relationship wasn’t perfect,” Rey
whispered, sliding her hand into his free one. She rubbed her thumb over his knuckles, trying to soothe him. “And hey, I appreciate that you didn’t want to just come on to me. But I’m honestly not sure how you didn’t know that I was interested. You think I wore all of those tight little skirts for my own health? You thought it was a coincidence that I always seemed to drop something whenever you were nearby?”

“Oh, those were for me? I thought they were for Mike,” he teased before shaking his head. “I just thought maybe you were clumsy and you kept dropping anything because your hands didn’t work.”

“Oh shut up,” Rey scoffed, swatting at his chest playfully. “I swore I was going to break my back trying to shove my arse in your direction every chance I had. It’s my only good feature, I couldn’t rely on low cut tops to help me out.”

“How’d you even know I’m an ass man? Not that your breasts aren’t perfect, because they absolutely are,” he set the dress on the counter before coming back to her, reaching around her to cup her ass in his hands, palming tightly.

“Your stories gave me the idea,” Rey said, pressing her arse back into his hands. “But thanks for lying about my breasts. I know they’re small, but they are the only ones I have.” And then, without even meaning to, she continued on with, “and who knows? Maybe when I’m pregnant they’ll get bigger and stay that way? I’m sure you’d like that.”

“When?” he choked out, eyebrows shooting up. “When.” he repeated softly, looking at her in wonder. “Want to go practice?”

“What do you think?” She asked, grinding into him again.

Truth be told, she’d thought about going off her birth control since she got back together with Ben. She’d even been worried that she’d messed up her cycle, getting so lost in her despair during their break up that she was pretty sure she had forgotten to take it for almost two weeks straight. But that seemed like the irresponsible thing to do, especially without discussing it first. However, she did think of one particular discussion they’d once had.

“Are you going to help me practice,” she pressed up on her toes, bringing her lips to his ear as she finished with, “Daddy?”

Letting out a very deep growl in the back of his throat at the way she teased him with that word, he picked her up and threw her over one shoulder in an almost barbaric fashion. “Only if you keep calling me that,” he said lowly, moving into their bedroom. He plopped her down on her feet at the foot of the bed, leaving a little bit of space and turned her so that she faced it.

Stepping in front of her, he shucked off his own clothing with ease, leaving hers on. He sat on the edge, and scooted back until he was leaning against the headboard. Wrapping a hand around his cock, already hard and throbbing, he pumped himself languidly as he watched her with dark eyes.

“Strip for me, Kitten. Slowly.”

Rey moved to an invisible beat, swaying her hips to and fro as she slid her sweater off over her head, pulling her white tank top off after. She turned around slowly as she undid her jeans, bending over as she slid them down so that Ben could get an eyeful of her arse. She straightened back up, hips still swaying, and she made a show of letting her hair down, tumbling down to just past her shoulders. She then reached back to unhook her bra, throwing a look over her shoulder at him as she slid the silk away. All that was left was her underwear and she chewed her lip, looking back at him with wide, innocent eyes.
“These too, Daddy?” she asked, fingertips following the curve of the silk garment across her arse cheeks.

His eyes roamed hungrily over every inch of exposed skin, following the line of her spine down to where her fingers were playing with the band of her panties. “Those too, Kitten,” he agreed. “You know how I like you completely naked.” His lips were parted, his body feeling hot with desire as he stroked his hand just a little faster along his shaft.

“Oh, only for you, Daddy,” Rey purred in response. She hooked her thumbs into the band and slowly, as slowly as possible, slid the underwear down, exaggerating the bend of her body as she dragged them completely down. She knew that bent in half he got an eyeful of both her arse and her glistening pussy. That was sure to make him happy, right?

When she came to standing again, she crawled onto the bed, moving parallel to him at a slow and seductive pace. Kneeling beside him, she trailed a hand up and down his arm, his leg, ghosting gently over his torso.

“Oh, are you going to fuck me, Daddy? Are you going to fuck my tight little pussy and knock your pretty little Kitten up?” she asked sweetly.

Watching her with hooded eyes, he nodded, reaching up to remove his glasses. Folding them, he leaned over to set them on the nightstand, straightening as her hand slid over his stomach.

“Daddy’s going to fuck you so well,” he said, voice low and deep. “I’m going to come deep inside you and get you pregnant, and then I’m going to watch as your stomach gets bigger with my child.”

Still running his hand over his cock, he slid it up over the tip, smearing pre-come back down his length. “I want you on your hands and knees for this, Kitten. I want to watch your perfect ass under my hands as I fuck you.” Ben didn’t know why the thought of getting her pregnant got him as hard as he was--maybe it was satisfying some primal urge to procreate with his chosen mate, but god he was hard. The times when they played out this fantasy made him the hardest he’d ever been. His cock was thick and pulsing, the vein on the underside very prominent under his fingers.

“Yes, Daddy,” Rey purred, nodding eagerly as she crawled to the center of the bed. She spread her legs apart, back arching invitingly. She peered back at him, biting her lip as she watched him pump himself. Fuck, that was hot. “I’m ready for you, Daddy. Please fill me up. I want to feel your child inside of me.”

Letting go of himself, he shifted after her, getting on his knees and moving closer. He took the time to run his hand up and down her spine a few times before he slipped his hand into her hair and pulled. With her head tilted back for him, he leaned over her and whispered against her jawline, “You always ask so sweetly for my cock and my come. Good girls get both.” Leaning back, he planted his other hand firmly on her hips and lined himself up, pulling her back to meet him as he thrust forward. Hissing, he looked down to where they were joined before murmuring, “I’ll fuck your ass some other time, Kitten. I’ll get out the plugs and have you wear one for a bit so that you’re ready for me.”

Rey felt a shiver wrack through her as he pulled at her hair, moaning softly at the promise of working up to his cock in her arse. She arched her back up just a bit more, pulling him in even deeper.

“We can start with fingers, Daddy,” she whimpered, pulling back so she could impale herself on him again. She looked over her shoulder at him, meeting his lust blown eyes. “If you want,” she added.
“We will,” he promised, pulling his hips back and then pushing forward again, more roughly this time now that she'd acclimated to him. “Right now, we have other, more important, things to do,” he growled, his pace moving from leisurely to one with a purpose. “Right now,” he grunted, fucking her hard and fast, “You need to come on my cock.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Rey keened. She fell down to her elbows, crying out loudly as the angle drove him even deeper. It didn't take more than a handful of his brutal thrusts for him to hit the home of her g-spot, brushing against it again and again as she screamed out for him. A useless stream of yes, fuck, like that, please, yes, fuck me, Daddy spilled from her lips, both into the air and into the mattress.

She reached beneath her body for her clit, missing her bullet vibrator for such a moment and she mentally added it to the list of toys she would need to bring over. But her fingers would do and she rubbed herself with the same intensity that he was pounding into her.

“So close. Are you close?” Rey whimpered, feeling her walls already threatening to clench around him. Why had she ever let him go, again?

Groaning, he gave a sharp tug on her hair, listening to the way she begged him. Oh, fuck, he loved it when she did that. “Yeah,” he hissed, feeling her start to bear down around him. He could feel the heat in his stomach, nearly vibrating with the effort to hold himself back, like a coil about to spring, “I’m going to come and fill your cunt so full, there's no way you won't be pregnant.” To make his point, he kept slamming home into her until he felt her orgasm, and only then did he allow himself to come as well, spurting thick ropes into her as he moaned into the air, eyes fluttering shut.

Rey collapsed fully onto the bed, well and thoroughly spent. She still couldn't believe that she ever uttered that word in bed, but damn if she didn't want to make him one. She remembered him talking about not wanting to be the grandfather picking up his preschooler, although she had to laugh at that and insist that, no, he wasn't too old. He was perfect.

“That was amazing,” Rey said, face down in the mattress. She pushed some of her sweaty hair away from her forehead before sitting up, smiling to see him beside her. She leaned over to kiss him soundly on the lips. “I love it when you pull my hair.”

Smiling over at her, he leaned forward to lay his head in her lap, ear pressed against her stomach. “I've got a feeling about this time,” he murmured quietly as his breathing slowed. She'd worn him out, but he wouldn't change anything for the world.

Rey giggled and shoved his head away. “Stop it, Ben! You know I’m on the pill! Besides, you have to marry me before you put a baby in me. Or else your mother will kill us. Well, mostly you, because I’ll be carrying her precious grandchild. And I'm also pretty sure I'm her favorite child soooo...” she trailed off with a playful wink.

“My mother has no room to talk, yet again. So she can just deal with it. You think I was conceived after she got married? Yeah, right,” he scoffed, instead rolling to lay across the bed, head resting on the pillows.

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Rey followed him, moving to snuggle into his chest. She knew she should be grossed out that he was sweaty, but she was sweaty, so it worked. And she would snuggle him no matter what.

“You were conceived out of wedlock? The scandal!” she cried in mock-horror. “Whatever did her parents think of a scoundrel like Han Solo knocking up their darling little princess before the wedding?” She let out a bright laugh. “Or was that why they got married?”
“I’m pretty sure my grandfather nearly killed Han because of that,” he chuckled. “I wouldn’t doubt that that was the reason why, although they did love each other.” He slid her a look.

Rey looked up at him, melting at the look in his liquid amber eyes. God, how could she possibly love a person this much? He was her everything. She had begun to resolve herself to just saying the words first, nerves and insecurities be damned. Nothing would ever change the fact that she did love him. However, when he looked down at her like that, it helped her wait. He was going to say it, she was sure of it. She just had to wait. And Rey Niima was good at waiting.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo...enjoy more Daddy!Kink, we guess?

Fun fact: This is almost over! Just a handful more to go <3
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

We've still got a few chapters to go for this story. If you've been reading along and have made it this far, Eskay and I want to thank you. You've all been awesome! :)

The evening was especially cold as Rey, Ben, Phasma, and Hux all made their way along the sidewalk to the theater a couple streets away. Parking had been a bitch, and Ben blamed Rey for making them late. She’d been stuck in front of the mirror for about two hours, fussing over how every strand of her hair laid. She’d spent an ungodly amount of time applying makeup, completely ignoring Ben's attempts to say she looked absolutely fine and that they really needed to go. Sure, they had box seats, so their spots wouldn't be taken, but the ballet itself wasn't going to wait for them before it started.

Ben walked with Rey hanging onto his arm, trying to share his body heat as much as he could. Their breaths were casting small puffs of steam as they strolled under the street lamps, casting a warm glow across the snow that’d fallen, and as Ben looked down at the beautiful woman on his arm, he thought again about just how wonderful she was, even if she had made them late.

Chewing on his lip, he turned his head away as they approached the lobby doors, Hux and Phas arguing about the class of *The Nutcracker* versus something like *Cats* or *West Side Story*.

“I cannot believe that you honestly think that the drug addled work of T. S. Elliott combined with the repetitive music of Andrew Lloyd Weber can even begin to touch on the absolute mastery that is Stephen Sondheim and Leonard Bernstein? Weber just repeats the same themes over and over throughout his shows, literally beating you over the head with them, while Sondheim’s lyrics put to Bernstein’s music in order to tell a modern Romeo and Juliet story is absolutely genius! Weber cannot even begin to touch the level of those two, let alone be on the same level as something as classic as Tchaikovsky. Tchaikovsky, Armie. Tchaikovsky!” Phasma was ranting.

“This coming from the woman who forced me to sit through the pathetic drool of *Elf: The Musical*? Seriously? The movie was hardly passable, and yet you forced me to pay for orchestra seating to something that hardly counts as entertainment, let alone theatre!” Hux shot back.

“It’s about a feeling, Armie!” Phasma defended, face going red at his digging comment. “And the feeling I get during *Cats* is that I’d rather be dead!”

“You have no appreciation for poetry!” Hux snapped.

“Hey guys!” Rey said, immediately breaking between the two to prevent the fight from going any further.

Phasma looked down at the younger woman, a smile instantly replacing the fierce scowl that had been on her face. “Well don’t you look gorgeous! No wonder you hit on her before, Armie. I’d be pleased as punch if this was the woman I had hanging on my arm!” She brought Rey in for a hug, the two women kissing each other’s cheeks on the depart. “Once again, Ben, wonderful job scoring this one. She’s stunning.”
“Oh, I know,” he agreed wholeheartedly, nodding as he beamed down at Rey. Looking back to Phasma, he said, “I definitely think she’s got you beat this year.” It didn't surprise him to stumble upon the other couple bickering; they usually were about something, but they did care deeply for each other.

Ben took Rey’s coat from her in the lobby, throwing it over his arm once they were away from the cold doors that kept opening and closing to let stragglers like themselves in. “We’ve got box seats, so we need to hurt if we’re going to make it before the show starts,” he said to Rey, slinging his arm around her.

“It’s not like we’ll be missing much,” Hux snorted, looking oddly short next to Phasma. The woman was wearing heels, and she positively towered over everyone else in the room, Ben included.

“You hush. You know she’s a ballet virgin,” Phasma snapped, stealing Rey away from Ben and tucking her protectively under her own arms. “Armie is just sour because he was a piss poor ballet dancer as a kid. They made him play one of the party guests, he wasn’t even a featured dancer.”

“Phas!” Hux snapped, face beat red as his girlfriend spilled one of his darkest secrets.

Rey laughed.

She heard more giggling behind her and she turned to see a group of little girls, all dressed in their prettiest Christmas dresses, showing off their individual Nutcracker Barbie’s. Their mothers were all holding wine and dressed to the nines in their evening gowns, smiling as their daughters shrieked with glee when the lights flickered around them, signaling the nearing of curtain up. One of the mothers bragged that her daughter was going to play Clara next year. Another said that her daughter already had. The little girls were simply excited and didn’t care that their mothers were trying to one-up each other.

As they climbed the stairs to their box, Rey spotted a father accompanying his young daughter. The father was dressed in a tuxedo, his hair gelled back and his face clean shaven, while his daughter was in a beautiful black and gold dress, her dark hair curled in tight ringlets with bows in her hair. The man was tall, almost as tall as Ben, and yet he still crouched down so that his daughter could hold onto his arm. This little girl was looking up at her father like her with her sun and her moon and Rey felt her insides melt.

“I want that,” Rey whispered to Phasma, nodding her head at the precious display.

Phasma smiled down at her and pulled her in tighter. “Don’t we all.”

Ben sat next to Rey, with Phasma on her other side. Hux was on his left, and as the lights dimmed and the curtains rose, he felt the overwhelming need to smack Hux for the snide comments he kept tossing out during the opening act of the play. Leaning over to Rey, he rolled his eyes and asked jokingly, “Would you be mad if I punched Hux? Please?”

Rey placed her hand over his and smiled sweet as could be as she said, “Not at all, dear. But do ask Phas, she’s the one who has to wake up to him.”

“Oh go for it,” Phasma said instantly.

Rey really liked Phasma.

Hux leaned over, nearly settling his chin on Ben’s shoulder as he hissed, “You really had to pick this play, didn't you? It’s so overly done, and it has no class! What is wrong with you people?
music is obnoxiously catchy. I swear, I'm going to be singing the Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies for the rest of the week."

“Oh my god, shut the fuck up, Hux!” Ben finally growled, shoving the other man back into his seat. Frowning heavily, he reached for Rey’s hands and clasped it between his two larger ones. Hux knew exactly which buttons to push to irritate him, and if he could just distract himself with Rey’s presence, he might not cause a scene.

Rey glanced over at the box next to them, spotting that father with his daughter once more. There was an older couple seated in the box with them, the old woman smiling good naturedly as the little girl knelt on her seat and made her Barbie do a facsimile of ballet for her. The woman’s husband chuckled and said something to the young father, who gesticulated with his left hand in response, Rey spying his golden wedding band instantly. She wondered how it was that this sweet father was the one who was taking his daughter to the ballet and not her mother, like so many others down below them. That somehow made her heart warm more, knowing that this father was making a special Christmas memory with his daughter, most likely of his own choice if the happy glimmer in his eye as he looked at his daughter told her anything.

Rey gripped Ben’s hand harder without meaning to, her other hand drifting up from her lap to rest on her lower abdomen. It was almost unfair how easy it was to replace those two with her own boyfriend and their potential future offspring. It was like she was getting a peek into her future, and it was sublime.

Frowning as Hux kept muttering things under his breath, Ben finally opted to swap seats with Phasma so that she could keep him under control. Now on Rey’s right side, he ran his hand soothingly over her thigh, able to tell that she was only half watching the play. With the lights dim, he was able to watch her while she was focused on something else, the way her brows furrowed as she got lost in thought, or the way her eyes sparkled and her nose crinkled adorably when something particularly funny or cute happened on stage. He followed her gaze to the father and daughter she had been watching curiously all night. He flickered his eyes between watching her and watching the little girl, wondering if they had a daughter, would she get his hair or Rey’s? Would her eyes be hazel or brown?

Glancing back down to Rey, he saw the way her hand was covering her abdomen, and he felt a loving smile grace his mouth. Benjamin Solo loved Rey Niima, and he was wearing the emotion all over his face as he simply watched Rey being Rey, his heart felt incredibly warm and fuzzy. He suddenly felt resolve take hold of him and he knew what he had to do.

When the curtain fell after the final curtain call, Rey was left standing and dazzled, tears in her eyes. “That was beautiful! I didn’t know that dancing could tell such a story!”

“Elegant, isn’t it?” Phasma agreed. She nudged Armitage. “Wake up, Armie! The ballet is through!” As Hux snorted himself awake, she rolled her eyes. “Uncultured swine.”

Rey smiled up at Ben, looping her arm with his. “What did you think of it? Wasn’t it lovely?”

“It was,” Ben nodded in agreement, pressing a tender kiss against her forehead. “I was watching something a bit more lovely, though.”

With Hux now standing, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Phasma looped her own arm through his just like Rey was with Ben. “Well, I'll tell you who isn't getting any tonight.” She pointed her thumb up at the red-head and added, “This guy. Can't even stay awake for two hours.”

Shaking his head, Ben and Rey followed the crowd of people out, getting stuck behind the man...
and his daughter as they exited, using the only stairs leading into the box seating area. The little girl tripped on her too full skirts, her face a mix of shock and fear as she fell backwards. Ben’s hand shot out quickly, catching the little girl with a hand under her back as he nearly ripped himself away from Rey to make sure the little girl didn't bust her head.

He righted the girl, crouching down to brush her hair back into place as her father turned around, giving a relieved smile that she hadn't fallen. He mouthed a thank you before leaning down to pick the girl up and hoist her against his chest. As Ben stood, the little girl waved at him over her father’s shoulder, giving a shy smile.

Ben waved back at her until she disappeared into the crowd of people and he relooped his arm with Rey’s, blushing profusely.

Rey’s heart was bursting with love and tenderness as Ben helped that sweet little girl. He was going to be an amazing father one day, he was so attuned to everything going on around him. It was just like in those videos she’d seen on the internet, where father’s saved their children from certain doom at the last possible second, acting as if it hadn’t bothered them at all. That paternal instinct was so sweet and so…

Rey bit her lip. She was going to fuck him so hard when they got home tonight.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

TODAY IS THE DAY!
You may have also noticed the chapter count has been updated. Only one more to go after this (and it's a hefty one).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They spent the night at Rey’s townhouse so that they didn’t have to drive too early in the morning. Ben complained about her tiny bed, so she tied his arms to her headboard and rode him until they were both too exhausted for him to complain any further. It didn’t help that Finn and Rose decided to challenge them, their own cries of pleasure bleeding through the walls in time with Ben and Rey’s. While it should have made her laugh, all it did was spurn Rey on, riding Ben harder and faster while he was helpless below her. She orgasmed harder than Rose, she could hear it. She fell asleep on Ben’s chest again, smirking over her victory.

The next morning, Finn and Ben refused to meet each other’s eyes, embarrassed that they had heard the other’s sex sounds. Rose and Rey didn’t have those silly hangups and just laughed and sang along to Christmas music as they cooked breakfast. Once breakfast as through, they opened presents together. Although Rey had initially been worried that her lack of job was going to hurt her gift-giving prospects this year, Ben had reassured her that any gifts given would be from them both, so he was happy to pay for at least half of them. Finn and Rose didn’t seem to mind, happily returning the usual extravagance in kind at Rey. Ben was more than shocked to find out that they had purchased gifts for him as well, one even specifically from Finn to Ben.

“It’s just a book,” Finn muttered, trying to be too distracted by the drone Rey and Ben had bought him to give Ben his full attention.

“It’s his favourite book,” Rey added, smiling as she looked down at the familiar cover. “So now you’ll have something more to talk about than just how I’m super awesome!”

“Hey, what about me?” Rose protested, pouting.

“You’re perfect too, love,” Rey replied, blowing a kiss to her bestie.

“His favorite book?” Ben asked curiously, flipping the book over to get a good look at the cover. “Never would’ve pegged you for a DaVinci Code fan. Thanks, Finn,” he said sincerely, clapping the other man on the back.

The girls beamed with pleasure. Finn looked embarrassed but somewhat pleased.

After gifting was through, they went outside to play in the snow. This time, the snowball fight was very clearly guys versus girls, and the girls obtained the upper hand by claiming the back deck as their home zone. However, they were soon done for once Ben and Finn hid behind the big tree in the backyard and made an impressive array of snowballs. Rose, ever the impressive actress, feigned being hit too hard, causing both men to drop their weapons and rush to her side, only to be pulverized by Rey. They didn’t take their defeat quietly, however, and the men retaliated by shoveling snow down their backs. In the end, everyone was wet and laughing. Finn suggested a hot
shower to Rose while Rey and Ben stripped clothes in her room and got warm the old fashioned way. The running shower kept anyone from hearing anything this time.

They had a pleasant lunch together, followed by a marathon of the claymation Rudolph movies, and some Christmas karaoke (which was mostly just Rey and Rose singing duets, although Rey was able to get Ben to sing The 12 Days Of Christmas with her, so she counted that as a win). It was nearly dark when they finally departed for Leia’s.

“Can we drive around a nice neighborhood and look at the lights?” Rey asked.

“Are you wanting to do that before or after we go to my mother’s?” He asked, throwing a glance over at her as he drove. She was bundled up in her winter jacket, shivering slightly as the car finished warming up.

“How long until we have to be at Leia’s?” Rey asked. She wanted to see the lights now, but she didn’t want to keep Leia waiting.

Even though Leia seemed loathe to hold any of their...sexual shenanigans against the girl, Rey was still desperate to prove that she wasn’t just blindly driven by her lust for Ben. Though she’d proven that enough times by now. Leia met them for brunch or dinner a handful of times over the month, sometimes alone and sometimes with Luke. Rey had loved getting to know the twins, and through them she heard more about Ben’s father. Ben didn’t offer many stories up willingly, so it was nice to hear about the man who had raised her boyfriend from two people who loved him most. But still, Rey had fucked Ben twice in Leia’s indirect presence, and on one dinner date, when she’d walked in on the two getting a bit too handsy in the women’s bathroom of the restaurant...as well as the time Leia had had to knock on the steamed up window of Ben’s car when she’d caught them near-fucking outside of her house after they’d dropped her off. So Rey was still desperate to stay on Leia’s good side, to say the least.

Checking the clock on the dash, he smiled over at her, “I think we’ve got a little bit of time.” His heart was thudding in his chest, his hands clammy on the steering wheel as he tried to hide his nervousness. Today was the day he was going to tell Rey. He just...had to find the right time. He had everything mentally planned out, where she’d be standing, the smile she’d have, the way her lips would curve right as she said it back to him…

Why was this so hard for him? He had no issue spouting out random shit in the bedroom, so why should this be so hard? Well, maybe because he really, really, really loved her and hoped she felt the same. Which was stupid, because he knew she did. He’d seen the way she'd looked at him sometimes, but there was a difference between feeling something and actually putting that feeling into words.

He pulled into Leia's extremely expensive neighborhood, some houses decorated rather obnoxiously with lights so bright he joked that the International Space Station would be able to see them from orbit.

Rey’s smile widened from house to house, excitedly pointing out the little details to Ben as she drank in the different displays. It was gaudy and superfluous and ostentatious and she loved it. It was the one bit of joy she used to have as a child, sneaking around rich neighborhoods with the other kids to imagine what it must have been like to live in one of those houses where they cared so much about something that they wanted to show the whole world.

“What was Christmas like for you as a kid?” Rey asked. She smiled as they passed a house where the Christmas tree was front and center in the bay window, red and gold and green and dazzling.
“Depends on if it was before or after Snoke,” he said softly, taking the time to drive exceptionally slow for her to get a good look at the lights. “Before, it used to be these huge events that were more for show than anything to actually do with Christmas. It was a huge party with so many people I didn't even know, just because the size of the attendance list seemed to be the only thing anyone cared about.” He let his head follow the blinking lights of a reindeer taking off before continuing, “After, it was a lot different. It was always smaller, with family I knew. I think what had happened had finally awoken my mom to how much she'd neglected me.” He hadn't meant to bring the mood down, but it just kind of seemed to happen around the topic of his childhood.

“How did you get away from him?” Rey commented quietly. “He worked security for some of his parties. Said he paid well but creeped him out. That's part of why...why he didn't want us together. But he knows you were never a willing participant in...whatever it was that happened.”

“Finn knows about Snoke,” Ben said just as quietly. Wanting to get the lighter mood back, he asked, “What was your best Christmas memory?”

Rey shrugged. “We didn't really do Christmas living with Plutt, it was more or less a day for him to make us serve him...more,” she shuddered at the memory and then soldered on. “And I don't really remember my parents at all, let alone a Christmas with them. So I guess my best Christmas memory is from when I was 16, when Finn got me out of Plutt’s. We bought this tiny plastic tree and these tiny little ornaments and lights. We only had enough money to buy each other one present each, so we chose food. We just sat on his ratty old couch and ate Chinese takeout and celebrated the fact that I was finally free.”

He squeezed her hand softly, trying to be reassuring, “That’s the best present.” He paused, thinking about orange chicken. Damn, Chinese sounded good. “Honestly, I could go for some takeout over whatever ham recipe Leia’s making. She tries out a new one every year because apparently it’s never good enough. I think I heard her mention something about a lemon glaze on this year's…” He cringed visibly—he hated lemons, though he did make a pretty good lemonade with some help from Rey after she'd caught him trying to pass off some Simply Lemonade as home made.

“We can't insult your mother like that!” Rey gasped. “We are going to eat whatever she serves us and be grateful for it.” She couldn't imagine turning food away, even if she didn’t like it. Being hungry for so much of her life had taught her that.

“Fine, fine,” he muttered. “No Chinese.” He looked over at her again, her face illuminated by the twinkling multicolored lights outside. Now could be the right time. They were alone, talking about intimate details from their past. What if they changed it to intimate details about the present...?

The car slowed to a halt in the middle of the road, and thankfully there weren't any others coming. Everyone was at home for the holiday, spreading cheer with their loved ones. “Rey, I...” he began, swallowing hard as he stared out the windshield. “I know we've had kind of a rocky start, and our pacing has been all over the place with this relationship, but I'm okay with that.” He looked over at her briefly, unable to read the expression on her face. Was that hope? Or something else? He fiddled with the logo on the steering wheel, tracing his finger over the design. Was it suddenly really hot in this turtleneck? “What I wanted to say, and it’s okay if you're not quite there yet...is that I--”

He jumped as his phone rang, shrill and demanding. “Shit,” he groaned, looking at the caller ID. “It’s Leia. Probably wondering where we are.” He gave her an apologetic smile as he answered, reassuring his mother that yes, they were on the way, and would make it for dinner.

Rey deflated. She was pretty sure that she visibly sunk into the seat of the car, ready to simply spill out the door. Was he going to--?? Had he really been about to say--??
“What were you saying, Ben? Before Leia called,” Rey prompted. She tried not to look too eager, like she was desperate for it. Except that she was. Hearing those three words was everything her life had led up to at this point. She needed it like she needed air. She needed Ben.

“Oh, uhm,” he blushed, eyes set on the road. “It’s nothing. I’m just really glad you’re here with me.” Damn it, why had he chickened out? Oh, probably because Leia seemed to know when to spoil the moment. He’d tell Rey—he would. Just...later.

“Oh,” she said quietly, turning her eyes back to the road ahead. “Me...too. I’m,” she took a breath, “I’m really happy that we can spend the holiday together.”

_I’m really happy we might spend the rest of our lives together._ God, why couldn't he just say it? He bit his lip, worrying at it as they pulled into Leia’s driveway. They’d been driving through her neighborhood to see the lights, after all. He took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. “Let’s go see the family.”

If he’d thought that Thanksgiving at his mother’s might have been overly decorated, that was nothing compared to Christmas. There were miniature trees lining the steps to the house, each adorned in a different color, but every single one of them complemented each other, so nothing looked out of place. There was a gargantuan wreath nestled on the door, trimmed with poinsettias, bright red against the white landscape. Leia was so fucking extra with holidays, but that was part of the magic.

He opened the door, knowing how his mother hated for family to knock. She insisted they just let themselves in and fuck formalities. The inside was even worse; there was garland _everywhere._ It was wrapped around the railing on the staircase, and strung up over every archway. There was another huge tree in the foyer and as he took Rey’s coat to hang up, he rolled his eyes. “How many more do you want to bet she has?”

“I think it's lovely,” Rey argued. “Do you need help with the bags?” she looked down at their overnight bags as well as the multiple large bags of presents they’d brought along. Ben had brought them all up, but she figured she should probably still offer. Seemed polite.

“You can go stick those under the tree,” he pointed to the presents he’d set down briefly. “I’m going to take our bags to our room.” _And probably beat myself up some more because I’m a chicken._

Sensing a level of distress, Rey gave him a quick peck as he leaned down for the bags. “Sounds good,” she agreed softly, smiling at him.

Coming back out after he'd had his mental meltdown, feeling only slightly better, he draped himself around her while she was speaking to Luke and Leia in the kitchen, something about the best Christmas movie out there while Leia poured out some wine for some pre-dinner drinking. He wasn't _really_ listening, too preoccupied nuzzling into the hair behind her ear.

It was sort of a game to him now, to see how much of a public display they could get away with in front of his mother before she yelled at them.

Leia, meanwhile, was wise to her son’s game and did her best not to react (save for that time she caught them in her own driveway...she didn't need to see that) Besides, it did her heart good to see Ben looking so happy. She wondered if they’d said the words yet, although she wasn’t sure what the delay was. She could see from the moment she met Rey that Ben’s heart was solely hers, and it made her happy to see that Rey looked at him the same.
“--Ireland after the new year, yeah?” Luke finished, looking expectantly at Ben as they stood around once dinner was finished. Rey and Ben had done the dishes while Luke and Leia put away any leftovers, and now they were hanging out around the island, drinking more wine.

“That would be amazing! Ben?” Rey said, gently nuzzling his head with hers. “Can we?”

“It would be great for your writing,” Luke added.

“You’re writing again?” Leia gasped, eyes wide with excitement. “You know, Rey, he was the star of his calligraphy class! Had the nicest work out of everyone, even the instructor.”

Lowering his head in embarrassment from the sudden attention on him, he muttered, “Yes, Mom. I'm writing another book.” Turning to Rey, he groaned, “You really want to go to Ireland and live in Luke’s fucking hut? He's got no shower or electricity. He gets his milk from the local cows without pasteurizing it first!”

“Another book? Benny, the last time I checked, only your poetry and short stories were published! You published a real book?” Leia asked, inching closer to her son.

“You published a book? And poetry?” Rey echoed, somewhere between surprise and hurt.

“I knew it,” Luke grumbled. “And get off your high horse, Ben. I'd let you two stay in my guest house, which does have electricity. And I'm sure you kids would live my outdoor shower. I'm sure that's a place you haven't had sex yet.”

“I don’t need to know that,” Leia said, rolling her eyes. She gave Luke a pointed look as she finished it with, “About either of you.”

“Oh, please. Should I tell Rey about the night Ben was conceived, in the excruciating detail that I was present for? Or about the time you were caught giving Han a blowjob under the table at our mother’s own gala? You can handle hearing that I've had sex in my outdoor shower, Leia,” Luke said with an eye roll of his own.

“I'm half tempted to accept the trip just to check outdoor shower sex off my bucket list,” Ben smirked, shaking his head as he turned to Rey. “But yes, I have a published book. It’s sort of the, uh, prequel, I guess, to the one I'm currently working on.” He threw a frown at Leia. “I never told you because you were always a bit too busy doing other things. It isn’t a best-seller by any means, but it’s out there.” Ben shrugged, grabbing a wine glass for himself. He poured the red into it, avoiding everyone’s eyes as he sipped.

“My shower is happy to oblige. Besides, the lady deserves to see the cliffs of Ireland,” Luke said, saluting with his own glass of red.

“Were you ever going to tell me you were published? We worked in publishing, Ben!” Rey said, turning around now to face him.

Raising an eyebrow at her, he shook his head. “No, I wasn’t. It wouldn't have made any difference.” Why did she seem so upset about this? It really wasn't that big of a deal…

Rey huffed at him before moving to stand by Leia instead, knowing that Leia was at least on her side.

“He never told me. I mean, I knew he was a writer,” she blushed, thinking of how she knew, “but I didn't know that he was published. I feel like a terrible girlfriend for not knowing.”
“It’s not your fault, dear. He's always been secretive like that. He was never as much of a show off as his father was,” Leia reassured her. “Besides, I'm his own mother and I didn't know. He must not be too proud of it if he didn’t want to share. Maybe it wasn't reviewed well?”

“He’s an amazing writer, I can't imagine him not being received well,” Rey said. She reached out for the bottle of white, only to have Leia push it out of her reach. “Leia?”

Leia smiled at her, a twinkle in her eye. “Best not start Christmas morning with a hangover, dear. You two kids should go to bed, Christmas starts at 8AM sharp.”

Smirking at Leia’s words, Ben scooped Rey up into his arms and walked her down to their bedroom, throwing a goodnight over his shoulder. It was actually his old room, but he didn't remember it for growing up there. He remembered it as the room he'd gotten back together with Rey in, where she'd rode him as they'd both cried their apologies.

Luckily, they wouldn't be doing that today. He plopped her down on the bed and sat down next to her, saying, “I think they're showing Jack Frost on TV if you want to watch that before we pass out?” He kissed her temple softly.

Rey frowned at him, crossing her arms over her chest. “Why didn’t you tell me, Ben? You know I love your writing.” No amount of his incredible sweetness was going to distract her from this betrayal. He’d been so free with sharing his other stories, why was this one any different?

“Because I wrote it before you ever came into the picture, and it’s just...not that great,” he shrugged again, feeling like he was doing that a lot lately, and then laid down, pulling her along with him. “But the main character, she reminds me a lot of you, now that I think about it. It’s like I've always had this mental awareness of you and how you'd act before I even knew you existed.”

“I dreamt you before we met,” Rey admitted. “Well, I mean, we had sort of met, but I only saw you from afar those few times. I think my subconscious latched onto you because you looked like someone who could protect me. I don't remember the dreams that well, but I do remember what he--you--would say to me.” Rey laid her head onto his chest, thinking of those dreams she’d had as a preteen. “‘I’ll come back for you’. That's what you said.”

He was quiet for a moment, looking up at the ceiling, murmuring, “I’ll always come back for you, sweetheart.” He rubbed his hand across her arm, his breath stilling, though his heart began to thunder harder. Inhaling deeply, he finally let the words slip out, let her finally hear them, even as he braced himself, “I love you, Rey.”

Rey was pretty sure her heart stopped. Or else it actually exploded into a million pieces. She gaped up at him, reaching her hand up to gently pull his chin down so that he was looking at her.

“Did you--Ben, what did you just say?” Rey whispered.

His jaw worked nervously as he slowly let her pull his head down. Meeting her eyes, he held them as his lips parted and he repeated himself, the words barely above a whisper, “I said I love you.”

She pulled his head down further, their lips meeting for a gentle, slow kiss. “I love you, too,” she whispered against his lips. “Ben Solo, I love you so much. More than I've ever loved anyone else.”

He pulled her up his body until he could search her eyes, trying to believe what she'd just said. “I've loved you for so long…this doesn't feel real,” he stroked his hand over her hair, tucking it behind her ear, again reminded of the last time he'd done that, when they'd broken up. God, he was so glad they weren't doing that tonight. Leaning forward, he kissed her gently, pulling back just enough to
repeat the words against her lips, followed by another soft, lingering kiss, “I love you more than anything.”

“I never thought the gorgeous boy I used to dream about would be mine for real. I used to lie in bed and think about you driving me away in your fancy car. I also used to want to modify that car,” she laughed at her memory. “But never, in a million years, did I ever imagine I would have been good enough for you. You were so clean and beautiful and I was this dirty little scavenger.”

“Rey, I wouldn't have you any other way. I love you for you and everything that's shaped you,” he said, tilting his head down to watch her again. “And what do you mean you wanted to modify my car?!” He was half-teasing, but also genuinely curious. Was she talking about the drag racing car or something else he'd had?

Rey’s laugh was more robust as she sat away from him, excitement sparkling in her eyes. “That car you and your dad would race in? Oh gosh, what did you call it? The...um...The Millennium Falcon! That's it! I would always sneak to watch it when I wasn't the on hand mechanic, it was amazing but I always knew I could make it go faster.” She blushed. “I once attempted to lift it, but Plutt caught me.”

“Plutt…” he frowned. She had to know by now, right? “I think Mom still has the Falcon in storage somewhere...I'm sure she'd be thrilled for you to work on it. Obviously not to race it, because that's illegal,” he snorted, his mind stuck on the idea of Plutt. She needed to know what he'd done. “Rey, I do need to say something...about Plutt.”

Rey froze. “Oh.” Why did she have to spoil the mood by bringing him up? Couldn't she just go back to pretending she didn't know? She loved him and he loved her, so why did they have to talk about something like this? But she wanted to hear him say it. She was morbidly curious how he had gone about it.

Sighing heavily, he stood up to pace the room, not looking at her as he spoke. “When I make a threat, I'm very serious about it,” he began. “I...I did have Plutt taken care of. For good. I know it was wrong for me to have had him killed, but I couldn't let him just...get away with it.” He swallowed hard, hands clenching as he started getting flashbacks about the last time they'd had a conversation like this. “This was within the first few days of being together. God, please don't...” he inhaled shakily. “Please don't go.”

Rey slowly got off of the bed and approached him, sliding her arms around his waist and laying her head on his chest. His racing heart made her own ache, knowing she needed to comfort him. Her poor, sweet love. “Oh, Ben. I--I knew. I looked him up while we were broken up. I will admit that I was a bit horrified to hear that you were even capable of having something like that done, and Finn and I were both upset that he was sort of given the easy way out instead of suffering in the justice system, rotting away in a cell somewhere, but…” she sighed. She was going to have to admit the truth. If Ben could tell her that, Rey could tell him this:

“But, it made me feel...safe. Even at that time, I felt happy and safe knowing that I was in love with someone who would actually protect me, no matter what. It maybe says more about me than you that finding that out may have...kind of...turned me on a bit.” She blushed, burying her face in his chest. His heart was still pounding.

He was still shaking slightly, trying to come to grips with what she'd just said. She wasn't leaving him...he wouldn't have to go back to pretending like he didn't know the feeling of her pressed against him at night. Wrapping his arms tightly around her, he nearly crushed her against him, burying his face against the top of her hair, breathing her in until his heart started to slow.
When he was finally okay, he pulled back and looked down at her, a faint smile on one side of his mouth, “Really? That turned you on?”

She rolled her eyes. “You know how I felt about the whole Mike thing.” She avoided his gaze as she said, “There’s something so horribly wrong and dark and primal and sexy knowing that a man would harm for you, would kill for you. Call it cavewoman instincts or something.”

Placing his fingers under her chin, he tilted her head up to look at him, “Okay, so we've established how wrong it is of me, but my offer still stands. I will literally do anything for you. You just have to give me approval first.” Smirking slightly, he kicked off his shoes and unzipped his pants, pushing them down his legs. He turned away from her and pulled the turtleneck off, left in just his boxers. He could never sleep with a lot of clothing on.

Flopping down onto the bed, on top of the sheets, he held his arms out for her to snuggle up with him. “Come here, I haven't gotten to cuddle with you all day, and I do still want to watch that movie.”

Rey shrugged out of her sweater and jeans, leaving on her white tank top and underwear as she crawled onto the bed and against his chest. She was glad that this bed was at least a king size. As much as she loved sleeping on his chest, it was a bit uncomfortable come morning. Ben needed as much space as possible to spread out and she was happy to occupy any of it that he allowed for. It was lucky that she was small enough to rest at his side. It was almost like she was made just for him.

“I love you,” she said as she felt herself drift off.

Tucking his arm snuggly around her waist, he pressed a kiss against her shoulder as he tugged the blankets up around them, making sure to keep one of his legs sticking out so that he didn't overheat. “I love you too, Rey,” he whispered quietly.

Chapter End Notes

The Simply Lemonade comment was absolutely a nod to Lemon-Hot Summer, by the way. If you've enjoyed this story so far, you should definitely check that one out! It's amazingly funny and hot and so well-written!

And obviously, having people killed is wrong, okay? Don't do it.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

This is it! This is the end of TST! Fear not, because we have a sequel in the works, and we've also just started posting our professor AU, which you can read here: An Ache In My Heart. Thank you so much from the bottom of our hearts for reading our trash-turned-feels. We hope to continue seeing you all!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Christmas had been just as magical as Rey had always imagined it could be. She woke up early enough to help Leia bake sticky buns, serving them to Luke and Ben before the rest of the gang arrived. Ever prompt, Hux and Phasma were the first to arrive, bearing gifts aplenty for the people they hadn’t seen in years, as well as receiving them in kind (never let it be said that Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo was not an excellent gift giver, even if given the most last minute of notice). Chewie and Maz arrived a little bit later, with the tiny woman complaining that Chewie was the reason for their lateness while Chewie just shrugged and grumbled something from beneath his massive beard that only Luke heard, the two older men chuckling even harder when Maz just flipped them off.

Rey had had to laugh at the apparent theme of the group: Luke, Chewie, and Maz were wearing the ugliest ugly Christmas sweaters she could have ever conjured up in her mind with their comfiest jeans, while Leia, Ben, Hux, and Phasma looked classy in sleek in the near-uniform of ribbed turtlenecks and dark pants. Luke, Chewie, and Maz shuffled around the house in equally obnoxiously decorated slippers while the others wore fashionable and sleek slippers. Rey had somehow landed in the middle, dressing in a pair of gray leggings and a light purple off-the-shoulder sweater with a white tank top underneath, her fuzzy socks matching her sweater. When Leia insisted on taking a family pictures (“Armitage Hux, Phasma, you bet your asses you are getting in this picture! Now stand there and smile!”) Rey was absolutely delighted to see how ridiculous they looked as a group.

It was like a real family.

After presents were thoroughly delivered, Ben and Luke went around cleaning up the wrapping paper, Chewie already asleep on the couch next to a phone-absorbed Hux. Leia asked Maz and Phasma to get lunch started, winking at the older woman as she asked Rey to come with her for just a moment.

“This won't take but a minute, don't worry, dear,” Leia said, patting Rey’s arm as she lead her into her personal bedroom. “I have something I wanted to give you.” The older woman disappeared into her walk-in closet for a moment before reappearing holding a pastel yellow gift bag, stuffed high with white tissue paper.

“This is for you,” she smiled as she handed the bag to Rey and leaned against the edge of her bed.

“Leia, you've already given me enough. Too much, honestly,” Rey says as she gently removes the tissue paper. It had been daunting to see the pile of presents with only her name on them, designer clothes and pieces of jewelry, books and cosmetics. The best of them, though, had been a framed picture of herself and Ben, taken at the benefit before they had...it was a candid shot, the two of
them smiling up at one another like they had never been so happy before in their life. Rey was going to put that picture on her side of the bed, so she could fall asleep and wake up to that every day.

When the tissue paper was finally through, Rey reached inside and grabbed something tiny and white. Her brows furrowed to behold it. A scarf maybe? A towel? Surely it wasn’t a--

“Oh,” Rey gasped.

It was a onesie.

“Allie, I’m not--”

“I have a nose for this kind of thing, Rey,” Leia said seriously, eyes kind. “You may not think you are, but I can sense it.” Her eyes fell to Rey’s stomach, a wistful look twisting her face. “And even if an old bird like me is wrong, and you’re not, then you’ll have it for when you finally are. Which I have a feeling might be soon, anyway, if the way my son looks at you is any indication.” She stepped forward and curled her hands over Rey’s, securing them to the onesie.

Rey was beet red, her mouth hanging open uselessly as she looked down at their hands. How was it possible that Leia could sense something like this? She was on birth control, she had just finished her period a week ago, there was no way she was pregnant. Still, the gesture was kind and Rey couldn’t stop the tears that welled into her eyes.

“You--you wouldn’t be disappointed if we weren’t married first? Or even engaged? We only just--he finally told me last night that he loves me,” Rey asked.

“Did he really? Took him long enough,” she grumbled. “At this point, dear, I just want to see you and Ben happy. I know it’s unconventional, but this is a more modern time we live in. Men don’t ask for their girlfriend’s father’s hand in marriage anymore--those days are long past. I want my family happy.” Leia wrapped her arms tightly around Rey, clinging as she added, her voice slightly choked, “I only wish Han could be here.”

“I’m sorry about your husband passing. I met him a handful of times, he always seemed...nice. I definitely could see his “roguish charm”,” Rey said, hoping her bit of humor could have possibly helped Leia’s mood.

“Oh, he was such an ass,” Leia laughed, pulling back. “But I loved him deeply. I still do; it’s been nearly three years since his death and I’ll tell you, you never get over it. The way you two are together...I have never in my life seen two people more perfect for each other. I love you like my own daughter, and hopefully, I’ll be able to call you a true daughter-in-law one day. Preferably before my own death, dear, so don’t let Ben wait too long, all right?”

Leia patted Rey’s cheek softly before she stepped over to her dresser, retrieving a folder from on top of it. “I have something else for you, as well.”

“Allie, I couldn’t possibly accept anything else,” Rey protested weakly. She knew it was useless. Whatever Senator Leia Skywalker Organa-Solo wanted to do, she did.

So Rey accepted the folder and opened it. She frowned to see that it was some sort of very official looking report, letterhead and all. She attempted to skim it when her eyes locked immediately on her own name.

“Allie, what is this?” Rey asked, a sinking feeling in her stomach.
“It isn't a whole lot of information, but I gathered what I could about your parents. I hope it helps you form a picture of who they were,” she said quietly. “Stay in here as long as you like, dear. I'm going to go make sure Luke and Ben aren't swapping sex stories in front of my guests.”

Rey sank onto Leia’s bed. Or else, she tried to. She didn’t realize that she’d missed the bed completely and was on the floor instead. Were. Leia said who they were. As in, past tense. As in…

She didn’t mean to cry, but it just sputtered out of her, a loud and miserable wail. Her parents were dead. Her mother died of a drug overdose (heroin) and her father died in a drug-related shooting, only a day after. No one had even been there for their funeral, they were just buried amongst the John and Jane Doe’s in a pauper’s grave. They died only two years after handing her over to Plutt. In a run-in with the police, they had said that their daughter was dead and not to go looking for her. They gave her away and didn’t even care.

There were photos in the file. She saw her parents throughout their lives, school photos taken from grainy yearbooks, half-blurred polaroids, and even some, Rey realized with a gasp, of her with them. A tiny little girl with three buns on her head, looking happy to be with her parents, who even then were gaunt and strung-out looking. Her mother barely had any hair, and her father any teeth. But the tiny little Rey seemed happy to be with her parents, smiling at the camera. This poor little girl, far too skinny to be healthy, had no idea what was going to happen in her life, had no idea how everything that had happened up until that point was not the right way. But she was happy because she had her parents and that seemed to be all she needed.

The poor, sad little thing just didn’t know.

Leia had come up to Ben in the middle of him joking with Luke, definitely not comparing sexcapades to whisper in his ear that Rey needed him. For what, he didn't know, and his mother hadn't answered when he'd pressed. Wandering through the hallway to the bedroom Leia had brought her to earlier, he knocked once on the door before poking his head in. He didn't see Rey anywhere, and he was about to leave when he heard a sniffle coming from the other side of the bed, invisible from where he was standing.

“Rey?” he asked softly, entering the room as he shut the door behind him. He moved to where she was and saw her sitting on the floor, clutching a folder in her hands. He looked down at it and saw the pictures strewn across it, instantly putting two and two together. Ben crouched down beside her, feeling the way her small frame was shaking when he touched her shoulder gently. “Hey,” he murmured, wrapping an arm around her as he twisted his head to get a better look at the photographs.

Rey buried her face in his neck, hoping he didn’t care about getting tears and snot on his very nice turtleneck. “They didn’t love me. I loved them so much and they just didn’t care. They didn’t love me, Ben. My parents didn’t love me,” she sobbed. “And now they’re dead. They’ll never--I can never--my parents are dead and they never loved me. Why couldn’t they love me? Why did they pick drugs over me? Why wasn’t I enough?”

His heart broke for her, seeing her so wrecked from this new information. He held her tightly, letting her cry and snot all over his shirt. It didn't bother him in the slightest--it would wash out, after all. Rey’s pain would never wash out, and he felt a near violent fury at the pain her birthgiver and sperm donor had left her with. But they were already dead, and he couldn't do anything about it, so he just held Rey more closely, letting her cry as he rubbed his hand over her back. “You are enough, sweetheart. You're the greatest person I know.” He didn't want to badmouth her parents, so he just settled on, “They didn't deserve you.”

“Why couldn’t they love me?” she hiccupped. “Your mum loves me and we barely know each
other. Why couldn’t my own parents love me like that?” She looked up at Ben, eyes puffy and red. “She--she wants us to be a family. All of us. Why didn’t they?”

“They were nobodies,” he murmured quietly. “They valued drugs over you, and that's their own fault. They were so wrapped up in it, they didn't even have time to notice how amazing you are--they were just worried about their next fix.” He kissed her head gently.

Rey sniffled, wiping her nose on her sleeve. “I can’t even visit their graves. I can never say goodbye. They didn’t love me and they didn’t treat me like they should but...but I never got to say goodbye.”

“Do you want me to try and find their graves?” he asked after a few moments of silence, save her hiccups.

“No,” she finally replied. “No, this...this is enough.” She wrapped her arms tightly around his chest, inhaling his scent for a moment. It soothed her. “I have a new family now.”

She dared to look over his shoulder at the little yellow bag, at the tiny glimmer of hope inside. A family. She could be giving them a family right now.

Rey sniffled again and extracted herself from Ben’s arms. “I’m sorry, I must look an absolute fright.”

“I don't care how you look,” Ben said as he followed her up. He gently grasped her by her shoulders and spun her to face him. “I care if you're all right. I know you aren't right now, and I want to help, if I can.” He kissed her softly, ignoring the snot falling from her nose. “I love you. Everyone here loves you. Finn and Rose love you. We’re here for you, for whatever you need.”

Rey saw some tissues on Leia’s night stand and stood up to reach for them, only then realizing how stiff her legs were. She was grateful to Ben’s help, leaning on him as she blew her nose and tossed it into the nearby basket. She picked up the file, careful of the photos inside, and went to retrieve the little yellow bag. She wondered if Ben knew, although something told her that this had all just been Leia’s idea. Well, the baby gift part. Not the crying.

“Hey, Ben?” Rey asked as she tucked the file into the yellow bag for safe keeping.

“Hmm?” he asked, then dropped his gaze to the bag. “What's that?”

Rey chewed her lip. “Your mother is very...pushy.” She thought about it before deciding that she needed to finish her question. “How would you feel if we actually...um...did the...um...thing? From the...the fantasy. You know. That one.”

“That one?” He repeated, not understanding. He looked down at the bag again, taking in the size of it and the colors. Realization dawned on him, then, and he blinked as he sucked in a breath. “Oh. That fantasy.” He watched her, raising an eyebrow before a slow smile spread over his face. “I meant every word I said. I want that.”

“Oh. Good,” Rey said, giving a small sigh of relief.

“Why? Are you...?” He asked, eyes lighting up as he stepped forward, immediately dropping his hand down to her stomach. “Are you trying to tell me in Rey-speak that you’re...pregnant?”

Rey laughed and swatted his hand away from her stomach. “No! Of course not! We literally just discussed my being on birth control!” She ignored the little voice in the back of her head that attempted to remind her about her lapse in November. That wouldn’t affect now, she knew biology.
“I just wanted to make sure that if something did happen to...um, happen, that you’d be...that you wouldn’t be mad or upset or disappointed or anything like that.”

He shook his head quickly, whipping his hair around his face and he reached up to push it back before he said, “Absolutely not! I would be so fucking happy. Rey, you don’t know how much I’ve wanted this. It would be the best thing ever, next to getting you to marry me.”

Rey felt a thrill chase through her at those words, her head going fuzzy for a moment. “Oh. Um. Well, good, then. I’ll keep that in mind.” Damnit, why was her mouth being so useless right now?

“We should, um, get back out there. Leia mentioned something about playing cards? We should go play cards.”

Rolling his eyes at her blatant avoidance of the topic, he followed her back out. “Whatever you want, sweetheart.”

A few days after Christmas, after Ben had taken Rey to grab as many decorations she wanted while on clearance, he met with Finn at a local bar while the girls were spending time together. The soft light was somewhat calming, or maybe that was just the two shots he’d had already taking effect. He needed it to be able to ask Finn what he’d brought him here for.

“I know things have been kind of up and down between us,” Ben began, messing around with his shot glass. “But you know I love Rey, right?”

Finn gave him a hard side-eye, one that practically screamed oh, do you now? “Yeah, I guess you seem like you care about her,” he replied. He knocked back another shot. The part of him that loved Rey deeply, the part that saw her as his sister no matter what blood said, was still reluctant to accept that another man was significant in her life. Why did she need more than her brother? He could protect and provide for both girls just fine...once he got a real cop job, that was. And Ben was attempting to use his mother’s connections to help with that...okay, so maybe Ben wasn’t too terrible, after all.

Yeah…” he fiddled with the glass a bit more before turning to face Finn fully on the little bar stool. “I want to marry her, Finn. I love her more than anything, and I want to make her happy. So I guess what I’m asking for...is your permission. She doesn’t exactly have a father for me to ask, and she values your opinion as the important man in her life, so I’d like your blessing for when I do ask her.” Ben exhaled sharply, chewing on his lip as he waited.

“What? But you’ve only been dating like two months! How do I know you won’t get tired of her in another two? Remember I still owe you an asskicking and I won’t hesitate to deliver if you break her heart again,” Finn said.

“I won't,” Ben said fiercely, shaking his head. “Everything with her just feels...it just feels right. If I break her heart again, I fully expect you to kick my ass.” He gave the other man a small smile as he turned back to the bar, twirling his finger around the countertop.

Finn exhaled heavily, pursing his lips as he thought. Rey seemed to love Ben a lot, she forgave him a lot of things. Not that Finn begrudged her any of that. The fist fight had been intense but if Finn was being honest, he had had a bit too much to drink himself and he was always full of a too much bravado. Plus, the whole “don’t kiss someone else’s girlfriend and grab her ass” thing. And the whole Plutt thing...well...at least the kids in his care were hopefully moving on to some place a lot
better. And Ben was incredibly generous, not in a “look-how-rich-I-am” way but in more of a “let-me-help-if-I-can” way that felt less alpha male insistent. Plus, Finn had never seen Rey *this* happy with any of her past boyfriends. She positively glowed whenever she was around Ben or talked about Ben. He knew she had a crush for a long time (Rose could be rotten at keeping her own drunk mouth shut) so he hoped her ideal of Ben wasn't clouding her reality. But, when in their presence, Finn had to admit that they...completed one another, to be as corny as possible.

“So you want to marry my little sister, huh? Are you sure you are ready for a commitment like that?” Finn asked, sitting up straighter and giving Ben what he hoped passed for a stern, brotherly stare.

Ben turned to return the stare Finn was giving him, eyes serious, “I’ve never been more ready for anything else in my life. I'm so in love with her, Finn. I can't even…” He looked off somewhere else, eyes glazing over as he replayed in his mind everything they’d been through in their extremely short relationship. But he'd meant what he'd said--things just felt *right* with Rey. And he wasn't quite sure when he'd be doing the asking, wanting to make sure Rey was ready first, but he wanted Finn’s approval before he did anything.

“Well, I know she's pretty smitten with you, too. I've honestly never seen her this...in love with a guy before. Not gonna lie, it's sort of insulting to think that I'm not her number one anymore,” Finn smirked, though, lessening the malice of his words. “We’ve taken care of each other for a long time, Ben. It will be hard for me to hand those reins over to someone else. But, if I had to trust my little sister’s happiness with someone else, I’m...I’m glad to know that it’s a guy who seems like he would stop at nothing to make things right for her.”

Ben’s breath caught as he turned the words over in his mind, and he found himself saying, “You’ll always be her number one.” And he knew somewhere that it was true. Finn and Rey had too much history together for her to just throw all that to the wayside. Ben didn't feel nearly as threatened by the other man’s presence anymore; he felt confident in his status with Rey, having seen Finn and Rose around each other, as well. “So...is that a yes?” he asked hopefully, biting at his lower lip.

Finn smiled, a full thing that lit his whole face up with joy. “Yes. I approve of you marrying Rey.” He then laughed. “I swear, she would probably *kill* us if she knew we were sitting in a bar talking about her like property. No one owns that woman. But I really do appreciate your asking. And she would, too.” He clapped the taller man on the shoulder. “Just, always make her happy Ben. She deserves it after the shit she’s lived through.”

Heaving a huge sigh of relief, he said, “I could seriously kiss you right now. Thank you.” Ben bought them both another couple of shots, and by the time they managed to stumble back into the townhouse, each going to sleep in their respective girlfriend's beds, Ben had pretty much proclaimed Finn godfather of his nonexistent first child.

Hux and Phasma had invited them out to a party for New Years Eve at some far-too-classy restaurant with Phasma’s coworkers. Rey was happy to have one of the dresses that Leia had given her for Christmas to wear, not wanting to ask Ben or dip into her savings again. It was a beautiful cocktail dress, an Oscar de la Renta with a terrifying price tag that had made Rey’s eyes bug out of her head. But Phasma had cooed over it, praising Leia for her taste. While Rey normally would not have picked out a dress sporting both lace and feathers, it had been too beautiful to reject and she was excited to wear it out tonight.
A white bodice and a black skirt, the dress had scalloped edging at the off-the-shoulder neckline and knee-grazing hem, three quarter sleeves giving the illusion of warmth. She watched a YouTube tutorial to get the hang of a french twist, adding a white feather and jeweled clip at the side of her head. She tried her best to imitate Rose’s skill at the smoky eye, adding some purple into it on a whim that ended up satisfying her, and applied her brightest shade of red lipstick. She finished the look off with a pair of black stiletto caged booties, white rhinestones glinting along them.

“Are you ready to go, sweetie?” Rey asked as she stepped out of the bathroom, adjusting her earring backs. She’d already put on the diamond necklace, glittering against her tan collarbones.

Shoving something quickly into his pocket before she had a chance to see, he turned to her, nodding. “Yeah, just a second.” Ben was wearing a casual black sport coat with a white button up underneath, the top two buttons undone, along with his normal dress slacks and black shoes. He ran a hand through his hair as he assessed her, feeling the tiny box in his pocket like a lead weight. Assuming all went well, he was going to ask her tonight.

Grabbing his wallet, he slid it into his other pocket and fastened his watch on his left wrist. He picked up the car keys and twirled them around his fingers. “You look beautiful,” he smiled, trying to calm his nerves. He wasn’t even to the part of asking her yet and already he was anxious. How was he ever going to make it through tonight? “Is that the one Leia got you?” He gestured to the gorgeous dress she was wearing. He’d never thought feathers looked good on anything, but Rey managed to pull it off.

Rey gave a playful little twirl, smiling as the skirt stiffened in its poof. “Yes! Please don’t let me forget her birthday or Mother’s Day. I feel the need to pay her back with something incredible. She’s been so kind to me.”

“I won’t,” he laughed, hand on her back as they made it out to the car. The drive to the restaurant was nice. He’d held her hand almost the entire way, thumb stroking soothing circles across her knuckles. He knew it was more for his benefit than hers; she didn't know about the turmoil that was going on inside of him, after all. He hoped he could play it cool the entire evening, but Rey knew him well enough to read his emotions even when he tried to hide them.

As they arrived, he let her out, going inside to where the party was already in full swing. There was alcohol everywhere, and most people were already pretty tipsy, laughing abnormally loudly, stumbling slightly as they tried to blame it on their heels. They weren't fooling anyone.

“Darlings, you’re here!” Phasma cheered excitedly, coming forward with kisses and hugs. “You just get more and more beautiful every day, I swear. Honestly, Ben, if you don’t snatch her up permanently I’m pretty sure someone else here will. You know Armie already put in his bid for her. Lots of men around here, Rey, with lots of money.” She shot the girl a playful wink, smirking with joy.

“Hello, Phas,” Rey greeted with a laugh, returning her hugs and kisses. “You look stunning as well. Where is Hux lurking about?” She looked around the room, searching for the ginger man amongst the group of classy drunks.

“I’m here, I’m here,” he replied, stepping out from behind two women gossiping about god only knew what. He handed a fresh drink to Phasma before he leaned down and kissed Rey on both cheeks as well. “Good to see you both, and Happy New Year’s.” Turning to Ben, the two shook hands, before Ben slipped off to to find a drink for Rey and himself.

Hux took a moment to look Rey over once, tilting his head at her. “You are absolutely glowing, my dear. How are your studies going for the teaching position?”
Rey smiled up at him. “I begin classes in two weeks. I’m getting really excited to learn to make a difference in the world. Or at least, I hope I will. You never know if you’re actually going to get to teach or not, the jobs can be so hard to come by.”

“I think you’ll be wonderful, Rey. And just think, you’ll probably get to teach out of the very textbooks you edited!” Phasma said. “Just make sure the kids know the real stories, especially in history. Gotta make sure they know that we Brit’s were bloody terrible colonizers who ruined a lot of the world with our greed.” She brightened up at that. “Speaking of, old man Skywalker mentioned to me that you kids were thinking of planning a trip out to his charming little settlement in Ireland. Honeymoon plans, perhaps?”

Hux cleared his throat, distracting himself by taking a sip of his champagne. “If only Ben would pop the question--oh, speak of the devil,” he said as the man in question came back, carrying two flutes of champagne.

Ben handed one to Rey and looked around their little group, raising an eyebrow. “What did I miss?”

Rey was bright pink and Phasma was grinning like the devil.

“Oh nothing, darling. Just silly talk. How about we head out to the veranda? There’s heat lamps everywhere so it’s nice and warm, plus a stunning view of the city. Very romantic,” Phasma suggested.

“That sounds beautiful,” Rey said, looking up hopefully at Ben.

“S-sure,” he agreed, throat bobbing nervously. He followed them outside, biting his lip. He’d just told Rey he loved her a week ago, and now, here he was, about to ask her to spend the rest of her life with him. They were moving so fast, but then again...hadn't that been their entire relationship so far?

He hoped he wasn't asking her too soon. He knew she loved him too, but...he couldn't shake the possibility of her saying no. Their group moved over to the railing, the beautiful city lights twinkling in the darkness. He saw Hux give him a slight nod before the red-head leaned into Phasma and whispered something in her ear, then led her off to stand a little ways away.

He took a breath, looking over the city again. “It’s beautiful, isn't it?”

“It’s not quite the view from our home, but it’s dazzling still,” Rey admitted. She leaned into his arm, smiling softly as she looked down at the lights below, the snow falling softly around them. “And it’s definitely not as beautiful as you are.”

“Hey, that’s my line,” he complained half-heartedly. “But no, I...uhm, I wanted to ask you something...”

“Yes?” Rey asked. She felt her heart quicken and chasited it to calm down. It could be nothing. It could be everything. At the very least, she wondered if he was going to ask her to move in again. She’d more or less made it official since they got back together, but they were doing their best to keep a balance between his house and hers that she was reluctant to move her things completely. Besides, Finn hadn’t landed that police job quite yet, even with Leia working on it diligently, so she was a bit worried to leave them behind. But Rose was finally getting the recognition she deserved at the clinic so maybe they’d be okay if she decided to move soon.

Ben turned to face her fully, forcing himself to meet her eyes. He was blushing profusely, nerves
getting him, but he was resolved and he would not chicken out in this endeavour. “Rey,” he said quietly, meant for her ears alone. He could feel everyone staring at them now, sensing something was about to happen, but they didn't matter. It was just them in this moment, the rest of the world slipping away. “I love you. I've loved you for so long that I can't even begin to fathom my life without you in it anymore.” He searched her eyes, trying to read what she was thinking.

“I love you, too, Ben.” Rey said. She looked up at him, wondering what was going on. He seemed so nervous. If she didn’t know any better, she would have thought that--”Oh my god, Ben?” she gasped, bringing a hand up to cover her mouth as she watched him reach for his pocket. If he was just pulling out his phone, this was the meanest and more embarrassing moment of her life, hands down. But as her heart sped up and butterflies filled her stomach, she knew.

Still holding her eyes, he slowly sunk down onto one knee, saying, “I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Just you.” He lifted the box, simultaneously opening the lid. Here was the moment, the one he'd been dreaming about experiencing for so long. “Rey Niima, would you do me the honor of becoming my wife? Will you marry me?”

Rey felt tears quietly streaming down her face as she looked into the little velvet box. The ring was perfect, it was everything she’d ever imagined herself having when she dared think about that. Ben was perfect.

“Please tell me this isn’t some mean joke or I’m dreaming or something. Are you serious? You actually want to marry me?” Rey whispered, laughing breathlessly. “Oh my god, Ben, yes. Of course I’ll marry you!”

The crowd around them erupted into cheers, clapping loudly as he slid the ring onto her finger. “Yes, I want to marry you,” he said as he rose to his feet, a huge grin on his face. He cupped her cheeks in his hands and kissed her deeply, passionately, not caring that everyone was watching. He was an engaged man now, after all. When they parted, he pressed his forehead against hers, lost in the sparkle of her eyes. “I’m yours forever.”

Rey looked down at her ring, hand resting on his chest, and then back at Ben, feeling light as air. “I can’t believe this is real. You’re sure want to marry me? Because I’m not letting you take it back in a minute here. Back out now or forever hold your peace.”

Smirking, he couldn't help but tease. “Actually, yeah. Give that back. You hog the blankets too much.”

Rey gave an over-exaggerated gasp and jerked her hand away, holding it defensively out of his reach. “Never! It’s mine now!” She smiled and launched herself at him, sealing her mouth over his in a quick but passionate kiss. “You’re mine now.”

He laughed against her mouth, holding her tightly as he whispered, “Always and forever, sweetheart.”

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After their engagement on New Year’s Eve, he'd brought her back home and made passionate love to her, whispering how much he loved her, how he couldn't wait to spend forever together.

Their first order of business as a newly engaged couple was telling Leia. Ben and Rey invited her over for dinner at their penthouse to break the news. It was officially their home now, though Rey
still stayed with Finn and Rose some nights. But for the most part, she was a permanent fixture in
their bed each night.

They were busy cooking dinner, going the extra mile to make this announcement special, rather
than just ordering catering. The prime rib was in the oven, as it had been all day, while Rey worked
on the side dishes. There were green beans, smothered in butter, and some homemade cornbread,
Rey’s own recipe. Apparently she could cook, too.

Ben had the wine chilling in the cooler as he set the table, making sure everything was perfect
before Leia arrived. “How do you think she's going to take the news?” he asked as he grabbed
some wine glasses out of the curio cabinet.

“Judging by how lovingly pushy she is, she’s probably going to be thrilled,” Rey reassured him.
“Although, she may be a bit angry at our wedding date. But I don’t want to wait that long. Just
until the snow is gone and it’s finally warm.”

They’d decided almost immediately on a mid-May wedding. Actually, Rey first wanted to run to
the Justice of Peace as soon as it was open, but Ben talked her into having a real wedding. She
confessed that she always imagined getting married outside so they agreed that a spring wedding
out be the best, choosing May for the promise of cooperative temperatures. They would go
scouting for a location next week with Finn and Rose, and Hux and Phasma were already on the
duty of the finer details like setting up wedding dress appointments and tux fittings. Rose was all
about flowers and picking a theme while Finn seemed happy to be of service however they
requested of him. He felt at peace with his choice and it made him happy to see how much Rey
glowed, near blinding as she was now in her glee.

“Well, she’ll just have to get over it,” he mumbled, rearranging the silverware so that everything
was straight. “It’s our wedding and we’ll do it whenever we want to.” Going into the kitchen to
help finish up with the food, he wrapped himself around her from behind, smothering kisses along
her neck. He'd have to be good for a few hours while Leia was there, and he wanted to get in as
much contact as he could that might have been deemed inappropriate in front of company.

It didn't last long, though. The buzzer rang, signalling a visitor. Ben went to open the door after
leaving Rey with one last kiss on her mouth.

“Benny!” Leia cried as the door opened, and he ushered her inside. She set her purse down and
unwrapped her scarf, handing it to Ben along with her coat. He took them both and hung them up
on the coat rack that was just slightly out of her reach.

“Hey, Mom,” he said, bending down to hug her. He never got over how fucking short she was.
“Rey’s in the kitchen, we were just finishing up.”

“Hi, Leia!” Rey called excitedly. She felt butterflies in her stomach, her hands nervous as she
mixed the salad one last time. This was it. They were going to tell his mother. There was truly no
going back once they told his mother. It somehow made it seem that much more real, even more so
than telling her friends (Phasma had been kind enough to video call Rose so that none of them
missed the proposal moment).

“Rey, sweetie!” Leia greeted, pulling her in for a hug. “You're positively glowing,” she gave her a
knowing smile and a wink before she asked, “How are you two? Do you need help with anything?”

“We’re all set, Leia. Just go ahead and sit down,” Rey said.

She and Ben set all of the dishes onto the table, Rey waiting until the last possible moment to
remove the oven mitt from her left hand. She knew that Leia had eagle eyes and she wasn’t going
to risk spoiling the surprise too soon. She hid her hand behind the skirt of her dress as she moved
past Leia to take her seat, smiling brightly up at Ben once they were all comfortable.

“How was your new year?” Rey asked.

“Oh, it was all well and good. With the new year comes new budgets and bills. You know how it
goes,” she replied, accepting a side dish and scooping some onto her plate. “How was yours?”

“Great,” Ben said, sipping his wine. “Really...great,” he smiled over at Rey and squeezed her hand
under the table. “We actually wanted to tell you something.”

Rey felt like her face would fall off, she was smiling so hard. She was almost more nervous and
excited than when Ben actually asked. But she knew that Leia loved her and would be happy for
them.

Leia narrowed her eyes, looking between the two as a slow smile blossomed on her face. “And
what would that be, Benjamin Solo?”

“Well…” He lifted their joined hands from under the table and brought them forward so she could
see the ring. “Rey and I are getting married.”

Leia clapped her hands in joy. “I knew it! Oh, congratulations, you two! I’m so thrilled!” She leapt
up from her chair and moved to first kiss Rey and then Ben. She held her son’s face in her hands as
she said, with a touch of despair, “If only your father were still around for this. He would have
adored Rey.” She smiled sadly and then pressed another kiss to Ben’s forehead before sitting back
down. “Nothing can change the past, though. Now then, have you kids given any thought to a
wedding date? A venue? My grandchild’s birthday?”

“We were thinking mid-May, like the 12th?” Rey replied. “And, if it’s not too much of an
imposition for you, I was-- we were sort of hoping that we could maybe have the wedding in your
garden at your country home? It’s just so lovely there and we don’t want a massive wedding so
having it somewhere that is already home to us all just feels more natural.” She pointedly ignored
the last question, remembering her extra Christmas gift. Her cycle was going to come around soon
enough and she’d prove Leia’s suspicions wrong.

“So soon!?” Benjamin Solo, I told you to propose to her sooner! You should have just done it from
the start and we could have skipped all that yucky nonsense in the middle!” Leia snapped, eyes
now frantic. “You’re absolutely welcome to use my house, I wouldn’t dream of it any other way.
Of course the press will expect a large wedding, you are a senator’s son and all of that. But we’ll
deal with that later. Maybe we can give them a fake date and throw the scent off? Sometime in
September, I think. Now of course we’ll have to get started right away. I’ll have my assistant,
Threepio, email you first thing in the morning so that we can begin with the plans. I’ll need to
know your preferences for everything. And don’t even give a moment’s thought to budget. You’re
my only son and she’s my only daughter-in-law and I’ve got more money than I can deal with.”

“I’ve been discussing things with Phasma and my friend Rose all morning,” Rey said, bringing an
air of calm back to the table. “We’ll get everything planned in no time. And thank you, Leia. I
really appreciate any help you’d like to give us, as well as the use of your house.”

“Oh stop that, it’s Mom now. I won’t answer to anything but. Until, of course, you give me that
grandchild,” Leia said, looking down again at Rey’s stomach.

Sensing that he was missing some secret conversation, Ben’s smile fell, slowly being replaced with
a frown as he looked from Rey to his mother and then back again. “What grandchild?”

Already, he was mentally calculating the days since Rey’s last period. No, it was too early to tell, wasn’t it? He was no expert on this stuff, but he was at least ninety-eight percent sure that Rey had to miss a cycle first, right?

Rey blushed, reaching for her water glass. “It’s nothing, sweetie. Your mother is just being hopeful.”

“More than hopeful. I know these things,” Leia argued, eyes still twinkling.

He blinked slowly, turning his attention back to his food while he thought about the conversation that had just taken place, analyzing it from every angle. What was with the pang of disappointment in his chest?

When Valentine's Day rolled around, Ben and Rey stayed holed up in the penthouse, fucking on nearly every surface that hadn't been claimed already. In the early morning hours, when the sun was just starting to rise above the skyscrapers, he'd bent her over the balcony railing, taking her from behind while the rest of the world just started to wake up. After that, it had been on the couch while they'd been watching a sappy romance movie, Ben’s hard-on constantly poking her in the back.

After a brief respite for dinner, over which Rey had brought up the idea of possibly reenacting one of the infamous smut stories he’d written, they were back in the bedroom. Rey had been wanting to get back at him for those times he'd tied her up, and she insisted it was his turn, so he stood nude in front of her at the foot of the bed, waiting for her to instruct him on what to do.

“Get on the bed and spread those arms and legs nice and wide for me, Kylo,” Rey instructed, twisting the restraints they’d bought recently in her hands.

She’d changed into a little black and red teddy, breasts covered only by three silk ribbons tying up and around her neck, the flow of the skirt just barely covering her arse. Ben had been pleased by the costume change, to say the least. He immediately recognized the outfit as it was described in one of his works, a dirty little BDSM fic wherein Kira “tortures” Kylo by being tied up in her sex dungeon. Rey figured this was close enough.

Kylo dipped his head in acknowledgement, keeping his eyes on the floor in a display of submission. “Yes, Lady Kira,” he replied quietly, crawling onto the bed. He laid on his back in the center of it and did as she asked, spread eagle across the massive bed. He tried to keep his eyes on the ceiling as he waited, though he slipped up and looked at her, mouth watering at the sight of her dressed exactly as he’d imagined when he'd written the smut. Fuck, if this wasn't even hotter. Usually, he took control in the bedroom, but he was more than happy to hand the reins over to her, as evidenced by his cock and how it stood tall and proud from his body, already leaking as it begged for her attentions.

Realizing his mistake in looking at her, he quickly looked back to the ceiling, biting his lip in anticipation as a shiver crawled up his spine. He needed this, needed her to lay her own claim on him. He wanted to please her, to do everything she asked of him and more.

“You know the punishment for disobeying,” Rey purred as she tightened the restraints on his
wrists. After securing his ankles, she went to the bedside table and took out the blindfold. “Head up, Kylo. Naughty boys don’t get to see what is happening to them.” She slipped the soft silk around his eyes and tugged tightly. “Now be good, or else you won’t be able to scream, either. And you know how badly you want to scream for me, don’t you?”

“I do,” he swallowed, feeling his heart rate quicken even more as his sight was stolen from him. Unable to look at her, he had to rely on his hearing in order to track her through the room. “I do want to scream for you,” he said again, his voice already a little breathy. Curious, he tugged lightly at each restraint, satisfied that they’d hold for now. He idly wondered if he could break them in an emergency.

Rey bit her lip as she took a step back, taking in the sight of him spread out so pretty on their bed, his beautiful cock twitching in wait. She took a quick glance at her phone, wanting to make sure she was getting everything correct from the fic before she planned on changing the direction of the evening. She set her phone down and began to trail slowly up Ben’s leg with a single ostrich feather, smirking as he shivered. She trailed it lightly across his abdomen, moving teasingly close to his pulsating member but not quite close enough.

“Are you going to be a good boy for me, Kylo?” she asked, trailing it across his chest, moving down his wonderful abs to be just close enough again.

He nodded quickly, eyes squeezed shut behind the blindfold. “Yes,” he whispered, his hips inching up just slightly to try and get her closer to where he needed that feather the most. “I’ll be so good for you, just tell me what you want me to do,” he begged, his hands tightening around the restraints, giving a slight pull.

“I just need you to lie completely still,” she said softly. She trailed the feather up and down his arms, too light to be ticklish. She could see him twitching so slightly and she clicked her tongue on dissatisfaction. “Still, Kylo.” She trailed it back down his chest, tracing a line around his cock but still not getting close enough. When his hips jolted, she sighed. “Kylo, if you can’t be still, we can’t continue. Now do as I say and be completely still.”

He took a deep breath and forced his body to go still like she’d said, his muscles relaxing inch by inch. “I’m sorry, Lady Kira,” he rasped, tongue darting out to lick at his bottom lip. “I’m sorry.”

Rey smirked and set the feather down. She got on the bed, crawling up between his knees. She trailed her hands slowly up and down his thighs, leaning down as that he could feel her breath on his heated flesh. She could see the concentrated effort he was making to remain still, even as his muscles begged him to move. She knew it was horrible to have her mouth so close but, hey, she wasn’t the one who wrote the fic, he was.

“You’re such a good boy,” Rey praised softly, her breath fanning out across him. “Do you think you’ve been good enough to deserve a reward?”

Ben wasn’t even acting anymore. He just really, desperately needed her to touch him, somewhere, anywhere, just let him know he was doing the right thing. He inhaled sharply at her praise, and it went right down to his cock, twitching that he’d pleased her somehow. “That's entirely up to you, Lady Kira,” he breathed. “I would never presume to think my opinion holds any weight.” Please, just touch me.

“Oh my sweet one, but you’re more than just a toy to me,” she said, borrowing a line directly from the fiction. She leaned down closer, her hands gripping into his thighs as her fingers raked down him, her nails digging in ever so slightly. “You’re my whole world.” She paused to wonder how Ben had predicted the future so accurately. Maybe she really had been conditioned?
God, to hear her saying a scripted line, but knowing she meant it made him groan softly, hands flexing. “I think I have. I’m doing everything you’ve said.” The wait was delicious, but it was starting to be just this side of too much. “Please,” he begged again, his head turning down towards her. “Please touch me.”

“You really are such a good boy,” she breathed softly as she finally grasped him and slowly slid her mouth down. She took her time, swallowing him inch by inch, allowing her mouth and then throat to adjust to the new intrusion. It was such a slow pace, but by his ragged groan, it wasn’t unwelcome. Once she’d swallowed down as far as she could, she slowly came back up again, her tongue tracing along the vein on the underside of him, feeling him twitching inside her mouth all the while. She came off with a wet and obscene pop, the tiniest trail of saliva connecting them still. She darted her tongue out, tracing along his slit to lick up any pre-come she may have missed.

“So sweet,” she praised softly, going down on him again. She cupped his balls gently with one hand, slowly massaging them as she took him in at a pace that was hardly any faster than before. This time when she popped off of him, she trailed her tongue down his shaft, following down to his balls to suck one into her mouth with great care for her teeth.

The moan he let out was low and deep, his head falling back to the pillows as he simply felt. The woman worked absolute magic with her mouth, and he tried his best to let her know just how much he appreciated it. He couldn't help the slight jerk of his hips, seeking something to penetrate. Neither her mouth nor her cunt was close enough, so he was left thrusting slightly into the empty air, gasps and sounds that were nearly whines slipping from his throat. His own mouth was open halfway, and his body was tingling all over from her ministrations.

She was touching him and all he could think to say was thank you, over and over, voice rough and gravelly. He tugged on the restraints again, hearing the leather creak slightly under the strain.

She sucked him down one more time, hollowing her cheeks as she bobbed her head a handful of times before coming off of him again. “You’re not staying still, Kylo. Remember the rules.”

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, trying to force his body to relax again. “I’ll be good, just please don't stop. Or fuck me, I'll be so good for you, I'll stay still, I will.” He was babbling now, he knew, but his thoughts were jumbled. She'd rendered him nearly incoherent; he just needed more. Just suck him or ride him, even use her hand, he didn't care. “I'll be good,” he groaned, wanting to watch her. But he dared not to ask. She would remove the blindfold from his eyes if she felt he deserved it. "Fuck, please!"

Rey smirked, so pleased at the desperation in his voice. She was often the one begging like a cat in heat for his cock, and it was a heady power to know that she could reduce him to the same. She crawled up further until she could move to straddle him, hooking her feet underneath his thighs as she spread herself above him, using his strong chest to keep herself up.

“You want me to fuck you? Is that what you want?” She asked, dipping her hips down so that she could glide herself along him. She shivered at the contact, his wet cock sliding so easily across her dripping slit. She wasn’t entirely sure how long she could last, either, but she was determined to see this through.

He nodded rapidly, goosebumps rising along his skin as she brushed herself over him. “Yes, please, please, please, just fuck me,” he pled urgently, tilting his face up to her, beseeching her. “Please, please, please…” He repeated it like a prayer, hoping that she would answer him and put him out of his misery. His cock ached, needing release or his body was going to combust.

She leaned over and grazed her lips so gently across his, positioning her hips to accept him into her
own aching body. “If you insist,” she said. She sealed her mouth of his in the moment she slid fully onto him, groaning into him as she felt him fill her up.

“Oh fuck me, Daddy,” she gasped out, slipping out of her Kira character as she pressed herself up so she could feel him down to the hilt.

His breath escaped him in a rush as she finally let him inside her, this haven of hers that she willingly let him have access to. His hips bucked up once and as she said *that*, any pretense he’d had of being submissive snapped, right along with the restraints as they gave under his arms. Now free, the leather still wrapped around his wrists, he planted his hands on her hips and pulled her down to meet him on the next thrust, a primal grunt escaping him. “Take this blindfold off,” he growled, unwilling to stop his own movements or move his hands as he fucked into her. “I need to see you.”

“N--no, it stays--oh--on,” she gasped as he pounded up into her. She couldn’t take it off yet. It wasn’t time. She threw her head back, keening loudly into the room as his hips snapped into hers. She could hardly hold on to him anymore, his chest beginning to shine with sweat as he worked into a frenzy. “Fuck, Daddy, just like that.”

“You like that? The way Daddy’s cock fills you up like that?” He hissed, yanking her back down onto him. Fuck, she was just as wet as he was hard. And he was already close, the foreplay she’d given him driving him near to the edge.

“Yes. Oh fuck, yes. Fuck, Daddy, fuck me harder. Make me come,” she whimpered, clutching his shoulders as she tried her best to direct him exactly where she needed him to be. “Please fuck me harder.” When the hell had the roles switched? Wasn’t she supposed to be the dominant one tonight? But she couldn’t think any more, throwing her head back with a load moan as he finally scraped along her g-spot. “Fuck!”

He rocked her against him his breath coming in pants as he shifted her slightly so that she was partially leaning back, and he angled his hips to hit that spot more directly, slamming her down onto him ruthlessly as he lifted her up again and again. “Fuck, Daddy’s gonna come! Come with me, Kitten!” He growled, the sound turning into a harsh moan as he pulsed inside of her.

Ever the good Kitten, Rey obeyed, willing her walls to clamp down around him as she met her release with a rush of endorphins. She screamed into the night, nails digging into his flesh as she tightened her thighs around his hips and tried to hold him inside. As she felt his hot streams of come shoot into her, she ground down onto him, greedy to take it all in, not wanting a single drop to escape. She whimpered and moaned as her vision came back to her, slumping down onto his chest in a pathetic, panting heap.

“Fuck, Daddy, that was *amazing,*” she panted, placing tender kisses along his collarbone.

Falling back against the bed in an exhausted heap, he smiled, the blindfold still firmly in place. He wrapped his arms around her, one hand lazily caressing her back. “Yeah...you are,” he murmured. And then he realized she was still calling him Daddy. She *never* did that after sex. One hand found her chin and pulled her up to his mouth to kiss her softly. “Everything okay?”

She pressed a quick kiss to his lips one last time before sitting up, shuffling down the bed to remove his ankle restraints. She rubbed each ankle lovingly, making sure that his blood flow was alright before she began to remove his wrist cuffs. She pressed a kiss inside of each wrist, not caring how sweaty it was. She loved everything about him.

Rey reached over him, placing the restraints back on the bedside table before grabbing the last
thing. Heart pounding, she reached out and gently undid the blindfold, moving to sit on her heels as she smiled at him, hands clasped in her lap.

“I’m perfect, daddy,” she finally replied, smiling as she chewed at her lip. Damn her nervous energy.

Ben frowned at her slightly, tilting his head as he was finally able to see her again. “What’s wrong? You never keep calling me that when we’re done,” he said, propping himself up on one elbow, face twisting into concern as he saw her nervous expression.

Rey opened up her clasped hands, revealing a white stick between them. “Nothing’s wrong at all, daddy. I’m perfect.”

Thoroughly confused by her repeated use of the term, his eyes drifted down to the stick she was holding. His lips parted, eyes widening as he asked, “Is...is that...?” Of course it was. It had to be.

Rey smiled and nodded, shifting her hands to reveal the other two underneath the first. She held them out to him, eyes shimmering. “Yes, Ben.”

He took them slowly, almost reverently, and brought them up to his face to inspect. Sure enough, there were two blue lines on each test, confirming everything. He stared at them for a long time, trying to process that this was real, and that he was actually going to be a father.

He lifted his eyes to hers, taking in the way they were glistening with unshed tears. “I’m going to be a dad,” he whispered, glancing down at the tests again. Lunging forward, he pulled her face to his again and kissed her deeply, smiling against her mouth. “I’m going to be a dad,” he repeated in wonder when they finally parted.

Rey laughed, tears flowing freely from her eyes. “I’m seven and a half weeks pregnant. I really did get pregnant that night. The...the last time we...we did that in bed.” She dipped her head down to blush, thinking of how wantonly she’d moaned for him that pre-Christmas morning, how she’d let that title slip past her lips in her desperation for that, for what she now had. “Turns out your mother was right all along. Although how she knew, I’ll never understand. By all logic, your sperm hadn’t even made it to the egg at that point.”

Grinning, he pulled her down onto the bed with him, wrapping his body around hers protectively. “I told you I had a feeling. Must be that Skywalker blood, to detect early pregnancy,” he chuckled, slipping one hand underneath the teddy to lay against her still flat stomach. He stroked the skin there softly, already wondering whether it would turn out to be a girl or a boy. “This is the best Valentine's Day present I've ever had.”

“I love you, Ben Solo,” Rey said, leaning up to kiss him softly.

He smiled lovingly down at her, pressing his lips to her forehead. “And I love you, future Mrs. Solo.”

Chapter End Notes

You can also reach us on Tumblr:
@eskayrobot and
@thewayofthesith
And psssst, here's the sequel: The Sacred Vows

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!