This Way Lies Ruin

by Lilia_ula

Summary

An exploratory sampling of the Death and the Maiden theme.

Kylo resolves to kidnap and seduce Rey. An exquisitely long, drawn-out affair...by calculated design.

“The months to come found him haunting her, studying her life as if his depended on it. The girl was exquisite. In her innocence, she beckoned to him from across the galaxy, her own heady blend of dark and light inescapably fascinating. It was a dichotomy he was intimately familiar with, though her balance opposed his own; she cast a myriad wholesome light, with only a touch of shadow trailing in her wake. Observing her only served to inflame him, stoking his desire to possess her.”
To set the table, my fic makes the following assumptions:

-Kylo is Renperor. He killed Snoke long ago, or there was no Snoke...I dunno, you decide:-)

-Rey lives alone on Jakku as we see her at the start of TFA. She has not met any other characters in canon...yet.

-I couldn’t help myself. I stole cookies from the friggen awesome Star Wars canon cookie jar. I munched and crunched, and you’ll find the crumbs sprinkled throughout my pathetic attempt at a plot. All I can say in defense is...it was FUN!

Ok, housekeeping done. Now for warnings.

If you don’t like ghosts, don’t come to my house. It’s clearly HAUNTED. In case the tags above weren’t enough, see below.

404 Ben Solo Not Found
This Way Lies Triggers
Dead Dove. Do Not Eat.
Go back! Go back! Or to Mordor I’ll take you!
No Light-No Fluff-No Problem!
Bite down....This is gonna hurt.
“Hey! It’s Me!” (Insert Leia’s next line)

In conclusion, if you like yourself a heart-torn Kylo, or an unflinching roll-model Rey, or stories filled with sweet pining angst, or happy endings where good shall surely triumph, close this page and go watch the movies. They’re great!

LOVE! From the bottom of my sooty heart.
Prologue

Chapter Summary

Buckle up buttercups. Here we go, into the fray...

Chapter Notes

A note on inspiration for this fic. I can't begin to explain how much music plays into my creative process. We all respond differently to it, but I gotta say--it whips my imagination like nothing else. Such an aptly named thing!

The songs listed for each chapter were as the building blocks of their conception. So if any particular portion of this wickedness resonates, do check out the corresponding track. They're some of my fav's. xo

Prologue

Songspiration: Fragments, Thievery Corporation

Kylo glided through the void, free of the encumbering weight of his body, a dark star piercing the expanse of space. Over the years he had made these lonely quests; combing the ethers at random, searching with calm persistence for any others like him. Occasionally, he'd see the faint glow of Force-sensitives, their higher concentration of energy making them appear as brighter pinpoints within the web of life that was the Force.

This time was different: an awakening had occurred.

He had dreamt of it; staring in wonder at the birth of a sun, its blinding magnetic streams soaring inward, fortifying its dense, energetic core. Sitting bolt upright in bed, he’d stared wide-eyed into the darkness of his quarters as he felt the reality of his dream, sensing for the first time the living existence of another powerful being. Without a second thought, he had risen half-dressed to pad barefoot through the unlit rooms, settling into a straight-backed pose on his meditation pallet and channeling the Force. He moved with sole intent toward the blaze of light that had flared to life, drawing him like a magnetic field.
Approaching cautiously, he hovered outside the being’s brilliant corona, maintaining a respectful distance and merely observing, dazzled by the display of latent power. Unable to resist, he probed cautiously, the need to know more exceeding his desire to remain undiscovered. He flitted in, ghosting along the periphery of blazing incandescence, sampling its nuances before drawing back in astonishment.

It was a she; a young human female whose energy burned the bright white of guileless innocence.

Far across the thrumming expanse of space, Kylo’s empty shell exhaled forcefully, winded by the shock of his discovery. His consciousness retreated further, still dazzled as he pondered the odds of such an auspicious occasion. Noting her location in the physical, he willed his corporeal self back through the void, retracing his path to settle back into his body. His eyes snapped opened, every cell in his body alight with energy, charged by the wild excitement of his mind.

Now began his watch.

Over the course of the next several months, he haunted her, studying her life as if his depended on it.

The girl was exquisite.

In her innocence, she beckoned to him from across the galaxy, her own heady blend of dark and light inescapably fascinating. A dichotomy he was intimately familiar with, though her balance opposed his own; she cast a myriad wholesome light, with only a touch of shadow trailing in her wake. Observing her only served to inflame him, stoking his desire to possess her.

He’d come to find eerie similarities between them. The richness and depth of her loneliness were so nuanced and familiar, they called him by name. Isolation had been his constant companion both before and after his ascendancy to Emperor; the cost of his prodigal power. Now armed with the knowledge of her existence, the hard edges of his isolation had softened, becoming optional.

The longer he watched her, the greater became his fascination.

She was always in his thoughts, distracting him from his rule. What was once intrigue became an obsession. Thoughts of her began to color the edges of his vision, tainting everything with his need to have her. Kylo brooded day and night, stewing in a dark cloud of want. It slowly dawned that the time of passive observation must needs conclude if he was to continue his rule with any semblance of efficiency. His will hardened as he resolved to visit her while she slept.

The time to act had come.
The Chase

Chapter Summary

Shit gets real.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this eroticism self-gratuitously to give myself DatM over and over and over again. I’ve also been whipped into a lather by all the stupefyingly awesome Dark Reylo fiction and art out there.

The Muses made me do it.

The Chase

Songspiration: I Will Possess Your Heart

Courtesy of the beloved and faithfully dark Death Cab for Cutie.

How I wish you could see the potential
The potential of you and me
It's like a book elegantly bound
But in a language that you can't read just yet

The day had started like any other; the cold mantle of night fleeing before the suns baking ascent into the colorless atmosphere. Rey awoke at dawn, blinking sleepily before registering how well rested she felt. Sighing with relief, she stretched catlike amongst her worn bedding before rolling out of her sleeping nook. She smiled to herself, her spirits high as she prepared her meager ration and readied for the days work.

Yesterday marked seven nights of sleep free from the disturbing nightmares that had haunted her incessantly. They had descended with all the sympathy of a plague, returning to her as if she were their homing beacon. For weeks, she had spent her nights tossing amidst her bedding; waking to the dying echoes of her moans; her trembling, weakened muscles a testament to the way she’d fought
him.

It always was the same man, ravishing her, subjecting her to increasingly carnal acts, his face still unclear when she tried to recall it.

The things he did were so illicit, she couldn’t believe she had the capacity or even imagination for such vulgarity.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing was the disconnect between her body and mind; her body responding to his touch, melting in pleasure while her brain back-peddled, tripping over itself with horror. It had felt like being torn in two, night after night. She’d wake in the mornings feeling unreasonably exhausted as if she’d been fighting that fight. As the days passed and the nightmares persisted, Rey had truly begun to worry about her sanity. The intense relief she’d felt upon waking from a dreamless sleep a week ago had felt like nothing else.

Rey had actually cried, overwhelmed by a flood of emotion.

With each consecutive night of peaceful rest, her concerns over the health of her subconscious had dwindled. She couldn’t afford to dwell over the worries of yesterday. The present was demanding enough without wasting precious energy on anything outside the scope of survival. Still, she shuddered when she thought about it, praying fervently that her innocent stretch of sleep continue.

She had just finished breaking her fast and was cleaning a salvage when she heard the unmistakable lowering whine of decelerating engines. The ship was close; so close, she could hear the light percussion of sand whipping against the metal hull of her AT-AT as it landed. Heart thudding in her breast, she leaped to the starboard escape hatch and inched it open, peering out carefully to assess the situation.

Her amber eyes widened in horror at the ill-omened sight outside.

The huge matte-black shuttle seemed to drink the light as it descended from the sky like a great metal bat, its wings folding up defensively. Easily the most expensive ship she’d ever seen aloft, it was sleek, well-equipped and almost certainly of First Order issue. Had she seen it in a different context, she would have looked on the shuttle in wonder, appreciating it as only one with mechanical inclinations could. The fact that it was landing mere meters from her home with unknown intentions dashed that possibility.

For several terrible moments, everything seemed to freeze; her heart, muscles, ability to think, all of it.

Time started with a hurled expletive and a flurry of sweaty muscles as she located the two main necessities required for survival in these parts: water and weapons.

Hastily tucking her stolen blaster into its holster, she grabbed her drinking skin and quarterstaff before bolting for the escape hatch. By now, the shuttle had touched down, the smooth drone of its engines quieting. She breathed a sigh of relief that the speeder was fueled and ready to go. Focused purely on escape, she launched herself atop her metal steed, not even pausing to don her protective goggles. Some things could be done on the fly. She hit the switch, hunching forward to brace for the acceleration of the souped-up engine she’d designed. Yanking back the throttle, she pushed it to the height of its speed and hightailed it the hell out of there. It was only when she’d reached a healthy distance that the luxury of reason returned.

What in god’s name was an Imperial shuttle doing touching down near her own desolate wreckage, let alone on Jakku?
She’d run from him of course, kicking up the burning sand astride her piecemeal speeder, racing without a backward glance for the only real cover amongst the shifting dunes: the Starship Graveyard. Standing at the helm of his command shuttle, his dark eyes followed her trajectory until she merged with the shimmering waves of heat above the sand. Kylo inhaled deeply, savoring the moment. Having her actual person within his sights was beyond gratifying. Issuing stand-by orders to his crew, he descended alone to the umber dunes, cautiously approaching the unobtrusive wreckage she’d made a home out of.

Once inside, he took his time; methodically combing through the body of the fallen AT-AT, examining with five senses that which he’d only observed from afar. Confirming all he’d learned about his scavenger girl through her incongruous collection of belongings. Nipping at his glove, he peeled a hand free from its leather sheath to run bare fingers over her things, silently bridging the Force to heighten his sensitivity.

The act of caressing each item evoked the lingering traces of her daily interactions. The dented chair and table where she took her meager meals. A sketchy looking cook stove and several ship parts repurposed into eating utensils. A battered, ancient tome detailing the planets of the Core. A collection of mechanical tools, each one meticulously honed and oiled. The wall of etchings that neatly documented her time here, recording her loneliness. Put together, all of these things painted a detailed picture, and he was keen to know everything about her.

He’d saved the best for last, finally turning his attention to the place most inherently personal. Closing his eyes, he ran his fingers lightly over the threadbare nest where she slept, feeling the tight weave of despondency and neglect that lay over her bed. These emotions were familiar from his lengthy inquiry of her, but nothing could compare to the lush intimacy of sampling them in person. He stroked her gossamer nightshirt, thin with age and thoroughly saturated with the smell of her skin. Crushing it to his face, he closed his eyes and inhaled. The animalistic act of scenting his prey triggered the heat that accompanied thoughts of her. Sparks of desire flared through his blood, the heavy length between his thighs responding as he savored her unique fragrance for the first time. His mind stirred in recognition. Under the hard mineral scent of sand was an undercurrent of something familiar...he knew that clean note. Inhaled again, her scent conjured visions; shifting patterns of green and gold.

Bowing his head, he opened up the floodgates, allowing the oppressed memories of his youth to flow through his mind. He found it, the familiar thread; part of a rare journey he’d taken with his father to Mandalore in the Outer Rim. Han had been absorbed in negotiations with trade officials, and he’d been left to his own devices. Wandering away from the outpost, he obeyed the spell of childlike curiosity, drawn down into sun-dappled groves bedecked with golden fruit.

He’d walked with his eyes closed beneath the living canopy, beguiled by the crisp sweet-tangy fragrance of nearly-ripe apricots. The air had been so saturated, he could actually taste the sweet-tart nectar just by breathing. Returning to himself, he inhaled again drunkenly. Yes. Her skin was redolent of that sun-kissed orchard. He groaned into the garment that had draped about her soft curves, anticipating burying his face in her neck to drink draught after draught of her sweet, fresh skin. His eyes opened halfway to gaze heavy-lidded at the place she’d lain.
He fondly resurrected the memories; her untouched body writhing so beautifully for him all those nights.

Her delicate brows had been drawn together, fists pulling desperately at the sheets as she endured the heated barrage of eroticism he’d subjected her sleeping mind to. Across the galaxy, he too had faced the repercussions of his own seductive whiles. Night after night, his own personal form of torture had been delivered in a soft voice. Her pleas for mercy had resonated over and over through his head, sleepy murmured refrains of “No...please...oh please, no.”

The sound of her begging so sweetly drove him to something like madness, going down in his memory as the most erotic thing he’d ever heard.

He’d even found the aftermath of his nocturnal visitations pleasurable. Watching in black-hearted amusement as she’d sit bolt upright in bed, heart slowing as reality returned, only to pitch forward, clutching her head in shaking hands, awash in mortified disbelief that such dark thoughts lurked in her head. He admitted to himself that enjoying her distress was surely a nod to his baser side, but he was under no illusions of guilt. He had long ago abandoned that useless emotion. Tilting his head up, he let his eyes fall shut, sending his will rippling out through the Force to her.

Soon, my angel. I'll have you soon.

Sliding his fingers under her makeshift pillow, he felt a sharp sting, quickly withdrawing his hand to see a duo of scarlet beads welling up on his index finger. A grim smile tugged at his lips as he lifted the pillow, discovering the ungodly two-pronged shiv she kept like a lover. Examining it with his sixth sense, he felt that it had been christened more than once. She hadn’t made it alone and intact this long for nothing.

Kylo had watched her for months and knew well the costs of preserving her dignity. Living in this seething hive of scum and villainy required she defend herself without flinching. He’d beheld her pragmatic capacity for violence, approving in the way of a proud teacher fawning over an exceptional student. When threatened, she’d mete out punishment, feeling no remorse afterward for perpetrators. This pleased him immensely, for though she acted in self-preservation, violence was a proven avenue to the Dark and held much exploitive promise.

Aside from that all-important fact, watching her lithe grace in combat was enchanting.

She was so deceptively small, yet her agile footwork and well-placed strikes delivered spectacular results. Without any formal training or exposure to the precision of swordplay, she managed a dangerous offense with her quarterstaff. She was also clever, using her own circumstance to her advantage, picking up the dirty forms of street fighting found in backwaters like Jakku; random, unscrupulous and deadly effective.

He’d observed her methods several times; the way she’d fool the assailant with her size, inviting them to assume she’d be easy prey, only to whirl through the air with the speed of a cat, raining down blows with unexpected strength. Her wildness was a joy to watch—guileless and fierce, focused only on the needs of the present. It only inflamed his need to tame her, to harness her fire and make it his alone. Soon, he’d give her a richer reason to live, replacing existence with grander purpose...spiriting her away from this unforgiving planet to a place of exultation by his side.

He drew his musings to a close and made to depart. As he turned to go, a flash of green caught his eye, so out of place in the landscape of sand and metal. It was a wilted plant, barely clinging to life in the sandy loam of an empty canister. He picked it up and examined it, once again reaching out with the Force to feel for her connection to it. He saw how she’d picked up the discarded seed and struggled to cultivate it, sharing the precious little water she had and shielding it from the punishing
midday sun. Trying desperately to care for it and make it live. The significance of this effort wasn’t
lost on him, and he carried it out as he exited through the side hatch, being careful to avoid the
multitude of traps she’d so cleverly set beneath the sand.

Returning to his shuttle, he left the sagging plant in the hands of his second officer with explicit
instructions. His crew was well-trained enough not to so much as blink at his odd request, intimately
familiar as they were with their masters’ telepathic ability and reputation for intolerance. Descending
the ramp, he scanned the baking desolation spread before him, his chest alive with anticipation. An
elite speeder idled in the shade beneath his shuttle. Kylo paused beside it, his eyes slipping closed as
he drew a deep breath, filling his chest, and exhaled his restless energy into the currents of the Force.
Unfurling across the baking sands he searched for the beacon of her bright aura.

It never failed, betraying her location to him as clearly as a point on a map.

Ahhh, there you are.

His eyes whipped open, sharp with focus. Donning his mask, he mounted the speeder with fluid
grace. His blood stirred as he kicked in the throttle, shooting out across the dunes with the eerie
shriek of rent air. So began the first primordial chase.

The hunter in him purred, flexing its claws.

He’d followed her trail across the dunes, winding through the ghostly debris that made up the
Graveyard.

She had chosen the largest ship to disappear into, confident in her ability to hide on her own turf.
That he would claim her here, of all places, pleased him to no end. As he followed her movement
deeper into the tangle of the Ravager, he smirked at fate’s sick sense of humor. The name of the Star
Dreadnought lent itself artfully to the dynamic soon to commence. His eyes sharpened in the gloom
as he followed her trail, moving stealthily amidst the ruins of the most powerful Imperial starship of
its day. With her intimate knowledge of the wreckage and grace of movement, she would have
evaded a more common adversary with ease. If she had known how easy it was for him to track her,
she’d surely have kept moving rather then hide.

His heart sang a dirge as he closed in on her hiding place in the shield engineering bay.

Rey had selected her location with care; deep within the bowels of the destroyer, an avenue of
escape at the ready. She had hidden so well, she hadn’t actually expected to see a pursuer emerge
from the shadows; a masked apparition cloaked in black. He moved in her direction with bold
strides, not bothering with any sort of stealth. Her muscles electrified instantly, preparing to fight or
flee. Tall and broad-shouldered, he looked formidable, his excellent physique outfitted in fine combat
gear that suggested some higher affiliation. She cursed inwardly, doing her best to banish her shock
and dismay, knowing the emotions for a sure handicap.

Noting how he advanced with complete confidence, she suddenly had the distinct feeling she was in
for a mismatched fight. But that wouldn’t stop her from trying...she bared her teeth and leveled her
blaster at his chest, firing off a volley of emerald beams.
She watched the lasers rip through the dimness toward her tormentor, saw him raise his hand as if to shield himself...before they seized in place a meter from their target.

She gaped in fascinated horror as he stepped around the spitting bolts of energy, halted in their trajectory and lighting the hull an eerie green. They buzzed furiously in place behind him as he moved forward. Her throat constricted as her earlier feeling was confirmed. She was far outclassed.

He spoke, his voice a modulated growl that sent shivers up her spine.

“*Playtime’s over I fear.*”

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**NOTES:**

A bit about my subtext: Movies like Legend and Labyrinth have captivated with their overt referencing from Day 1, so I’ve always had it bad for the Death and the Maiden trope...I just didn’t know it until I read Ozte’s Tumblr post. If you haven’t had the pleasure see below.

DatM Meta of Awesomeness
Ah yes. I get nostalgic posting this chapter. The one that sealed my fate, chaining me late night to my computer like one of those hypnotized Gelflings from the Dark Crystal.

I sincerely hope my downfall translates as enjoyable:-)

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Songspiration: Three Seed, Silver Sun Pickups

_Cool like the ocean_
_Burned like a summer home_
_Foiled by the notion_
_That the sums don’t add up at all_

She’d been reaching for her quarterstaff when his black-gloved fingers shot toward her, a pulse of low pressure thrumming through her limbs, locking her in place. Her lovely features froze in a mask of dismay as her muscles twitched against his hold. Apparently satisfied, he continued his advance on her, wraithlike. With a casual beckon, the laser gun wrenched from her grip, shooting across the distance, smacking with finality into the leather of his palm.

Her face drained of color as he closed the distance between them, causing her fight or flight response to silently scream and drowning all rational thought. The feeling of immobility was painful, her body drawn taught as a bow, aching to fly.

“My, my, what have we here?”

His mask distorted the words into hard mechanical things, but the ring of satisfaction couldn’t be mistaken. Her heart thundered against her ribs; so loud, she wondered if it could be heard reverberating through the cavernous metal hull. Though her mouth was dry as the desert, she swallowed reflexively, steeling herself, and tried to speak but found her voice taken as well.

Behind his mask he gloated, relishing the moment he’d waited so very long for. Watching her from
afar had been a truly miserable exercise in patience. Finally, he had her. Good and caught and at his mercy.

Of which there’d be none.

Drawing up a foot away, his nostrils flared as he drank in the sight of her; almond-shaped eyes of smoky gold, dark chestnut hair dulled by a layer of fine dust, slender muscles sculpted by years of hard work. She was proud even in capture, the fierce will to endure written on her face. In that moment, he wanted nothing more than to rip off his mask and sink his teeth into each lovely straining muscle, wanted to hear and ignore her cries for mercy, wanted to break her ever so thoroughly.

Silently coaching restraint, his fingers imperceptibly stroked the air, loosening her invisible bindings just enough to allow speech and a bit of a struggle. He wasn’t one to miss her futile attempts at escape. Suddenly aware that her bonds had relaxed, she humored him, her fury sparking as she labored delectably against the unseen restraints.

“Monster!” she spat at him fiercely, “unhand me at once!”

“Now why would I do that,” he drawled, the vocoder distorting his words, “when I’ve waited years to find you...Rey.”

Her brows knit further together, alarmed that he knew her name.

“Who are you?” she ground out angrily.

“You have the pleasure of meeting the Emperor of the Galactic Regime and Master of the Knights of Ren,” he paused a moment, letting it sink in before continuing, “from you, however, Kylo will suffice.”

She faltered at the pretentious titles before recovering herself. Her mouth opened, ready with a snarky remark about how she would’ve dressed better had she known she’d be meeting a royal. The words died instantly as his hand reached out, a single finger clad in dark leather tipping her face up for his inspection. Her tawny eyes were bright with defiance, fiercely attempting to project a skin-deep composure. Tilting her chin up a touch higher, he memorized the lines of her face before trailing his finger down the column of her neck, soft as a raindrop. She exhaled, suddenly aware of her held breath. Unhurried, he began to stalk around her, drunk with their physical proximity, circling lazily like a carnivore eyeing its next meal.

“So fierce...so strong,” he mused from behind her. She could just see him rounding into her peripheral vision, feel the brush of his dark cloak on her body as he prowled, crowding her with his size and touch.

“Isn’t it ironic...that these very virtues will make breaking you such a pleasing endeavor?” His taunt, delivered so conversationally, pierced through her armor as he’d intended.

White hot anger blinded Rey, her indignation choking off a retort in her throat.

“Yesss...?” He purred, mocking her with false concern. Drawing up uncomfortably close to face her again.

With excruciating effort, she compartmentalized her fury, locking it away for later and fixing him with a poisonous stare. “If you think I’m so easy to break, you don’t know me,” she spat. “I’ve survived worse than you could ever dish out.”
“I am pleased to hear that...I do so love a challenge.”

He ceased his ominous stalking, voice sounding smug as he raked her body with his gaze, taking her measure. Then he laughed, his vocoder rendering it a mockery. “Sit upon that high horse as long as you can, my dear. I’ll be there to comfort you when you fall.”

She had stopped struggling, sensing his enjoyment, wanting to rob him where she could. Caught in the vise of helplessness, she grit her teeth, needing him to hurt, and her eyes slipped shut as survival instinct took over. She conjured the storm inside, her fear and rage and defiance, condensing, honing it into something nasty and sharp. Her eyes snapped open, locking on her tormentor, and she hurled the spike at him with the strength of her pent-up animosity.

Her weapon, meant to injure, had unintended consequences. She watched with baited breath as he staggered, reeling. For a moment, she felt her hope flare like a spot of sunshine through the gloom.

He was stunned by her latent ability, incredulous that she had managed a rudimentary form of Darkshear on instinct alone. Even unschooled, her attack was dizzying, and he breathed through it, offhandedly pleased. Her rage and frustration were a potent draught, and he inhaled it for the fuel it was, his strength expanding like a lightless nebula filling the void.

In her innocence, she hadn’t a clue the advantage he wielded through the Dark Side; how the hot tangle of her emotion only fed his power. He smirked inwardly. Her lack of training was an incalculable asset. He straightened, rising back up to loom over her, his heightened senses finally brought to heel. One word echoed through his mind as he refocused on her hungrily.

More.

Reaching up, he touched the catch near his jaw, smoothly removing his mask. Unease shot through her as he unveiled himself to be human— the ivory of his skin a sharp contrast with the darkness of his eyes and tousled raven hair. Her throat constricted as she beheld him for the first time. She’d never in all her years seen anyone like him. The young men she’d chanced to encounter were vastly different—traders and thieves and worse—ragged with ground-in dirt, shifty and quick, and certainly not half as tall. She stubbornly clenched her jaw, unwilling to admit how attractive he was, imposing and regal in his dark raiment.

The gesture of removing his mask filled her with unease for more reasons than one. There was something so discomfiting about it; a reminder ripe with implications that she dealt with a man and not a machine. That, and the fact that she now contended with the molten intensity of his eyes. Meeting his burning stare took its own brand of courage, and she felt something liquify in her chest under the heat of his steady regard. She blinked several times before tearing her eyes away, unable to hide her response. He gave her a sly, knowing smile, pleased with her reaction.

“Not what you were expecting, hmm?”

Looming ever closer, underscoring their size difference. His lurid stare captured her gaze again, beguiling her with promises of the forbidden unknown.

His body met hers, that first touch sending electricity darting through her nerves. Rey jolted, her breath seized in its tracks by the unfamiliarity of intimate body contact. What was this? Had he done something to her? The feeling tingled as if corporeal energy had invaded her skin, lighting sparks along the points where they touched. He had drawn terribly close, his lips hovering just over hers, warm breath whispering over her skin.
“Don’t be afraid,” he murmured, soft as a lover. “I feel it too.”

She felt his hands drift leisurely around her hips, one remaining firmly pressed to her lower back while the other haunted the path of her spine to caress the back of her neck. She trembled as his gloved palm slid up further to cradle her head before tightening into a fist in her hair. Slowly, deliberately, he drew her back, punctuating her utter captivity. Her breath stopped, eyelids instinctively falling shut in fear.

Leaning over, he descended upon her bared throat to finally taste her. Heghosted warm lips over shivering skin, savoring her racing pulse and delectable scent. Drinking in the wine of her helplessness.

The hand at the small of her back pressed her hips closer while the fist in her hair pulled, locking her into an exaggerated arch against him. His voice lowered, becoming a growl.

“Lovely feral girl. I’m going to make of you a masterpiece,” he promised. “When my work is done, you’ll rise from the ashes of your own weakness — a tempest, irresistible and merciless. Reborn in the power of the Dark, you’ll grace us, a living affirmation of our testament.”

Loosening his cruel grip, he unbowed her spine, straightening her body as he angled her head to face him. His lightless stare never left her eyes as he tenderly brushed his mouth along her cheekbone and back to her lips, letting her feel the spark between them while refraining from actually kissing her. She didn’t, couldn’t fight. The caress of his gentle lips contrasted with the unyielding fist in her hair and knifelike words he ground out against her parted mouth.

“Peace is a lie. There is only passion.”

The low fanaticism of his voice and the finality of his promise filled her with bone-deep foreboding. She swallowed weakly, disarmed by his words and the cocksure way he handled her.

Desperate panic arose, threatening to black out her vision. Casting about frantically with her mind, she searched for something, anything to use as an anchor. Diving down, she reached for her hidden well of strength, the tenacity built of her years of survival and drew from it, steeling her resolve.

Her voice was low as she met his eyes. “I’ll never obey you. Never...” she trailed off. “I’ll die before I cater to your whims.”

His smile was cryptic as he arched a dark brow. “So you’ve said.”

His hands moved in a whisper of supple leather as they slid from her body, releasing her, if only to let her fall a moment later. Yet another demonstration of her helplessness. The timbre of his voice dripped with promise. “We shall see.”

And with that, his hand stroked the air, bringing down the night, erasing her ability to stand, her thoughts, her need to flee. The last thing she perceived was the sensation of falling and strong arms that swept her up.
Rey struggled, fighting her way up through the sticky cobwebs of a terrible dream. Her eyes shuttered open, and she flinched, her dilated pupils shrinking rapidly at the harsh brightness above. She blinked as her surroundings settled into place. Panic swelled like a sickness as she took in the sight of her near-naked form awash in the blinding lights of a medbay, her ankles and wrists tethered to a gurney. The cold grey sterility of the room was foreign, her eyes accustomed to the organic desert landscape and ramshackle buildings of Jakku. Her clothes were gone, and she realized with a jolt of nausea that her body had been washed while she was out.

She was dressed--if you could call it that--in sheer white wrappings that did little to conceal her breasts and sex.

Fearfully scanning the room for signs of life and finding none, she forced herself to relax, letting her head fall back against the durasteel.

*C'mon, Rey. Cool your jets and think for a minute. Logic will help you through this.*

Taking some deep breaths, she tried to retrace her steps. Where was she before waking? What had she been doing? Her mind was uncooperative; it felt as if she were wading through a thick fog, chasing after memories that were insubstantial and vague. Dismayed, her brows knit together and she concentrated, redoubling her efforts to cut through the haze, searching for any clue to help understand her current predicament. She recalled having taken urgent flight on her speeder...and sheltering within the Ravager because of some threat...but try as she might she couldn’t piece it
together. There were only fragments of memory scattered in disarray and the nagging feeling that the most crucial one was missing.

_Fuck._

She started as a spindly med droid whirred to life in the corner, it’s back to her, busy with some task. Anger dripped from her voice as she addressed it.

“Where am I? What am I doing here? Free me immediately.”

It didn’t answer or even acknowledge that she’d spoken and as the silence stretched on, the tiny hope she’d had guttered out as the truth dawned.

She was a captive in hostile territory.

With alarming quickness, the machine turned and sidled up to her, spider-like, seizing her upper arm in its cold metal grip and rolling it inward towards her chest. She heard the punch of compressed air and felt the sharp sting as a needle breached her skin. She gasped in horror, but the unsettling machine wasn’t through. It clicked and chirped, darting under the gurney where she felt a searing at the back of her neck, accompanied by the hiss of steam. A scream of pain tore from her, the agony sharp and terrible. The smell of burnt flesh suffused the room before being sucked out through the ventilated ceiling. She dissolved into soft sobs as terror overcame her.

The droid applied something cool to her damaged skin, and within seconds the intense burn subsided. Reemerging from beneath her restraint, it tapped at a screen with mindless efficiency, causing her gurney to hum into a semi-vertical position before retreating smoothly back to a corner of the room, whirring lowly as it entered standby mode.

She hadn’t the time to gather her wits before the double doors whooshed open, admitting her nightmare. She stilled, her eyes widening in disbelief, her present ordeal momentarily eclipsed by her mind screaming to _run_. Her mind stumbled as the missing pieces fell into place.

“You,” she whispered in horror. “You’re real.”

Another tear slipped down her cheek as she shook her head, still stunned by the backslap of reality.

“The Ravager...it wasn’t a nightmare,” she choked, her throat constricting with fear.

Moving to her side with smooth, unhurried grace, he examined her, a small smile tugging at the corner of his generous mouth.

“Alas, no. I am real.”

His dark, intense gaze burned her even as it froze her limbs. It was all too familiar.

“Perhaps you’d benefit from a demonstration... _Rey._”

She shivered miserably, hating the quiet intimacy of her name on his lips.

“No! No, I believe you,” she managed, the panic in her voice plain to hear.

He let his eyes travel her body, biting at his lower lip while lazily taking in the sight of her exposed skin. His blatant appraisal woke a spark of resistance in her, and she focused on it, willing it to ignite into real courage. Even so, her voice cracked with strain.

“What have you done to me?”
His dark gaze affixed her. “The real question is, what am I going to do to you, but we’ll get to that soon enough.”

He continued in a tone of authority that belied his custom to complete obedience. “I’ve brought you aboard my flagship, Finalizer. Its location doesn’t matter. The medical unit has assessed the state of your health and determined you malnourished. They administered a rehydrator and nutrient booster...I also ensured you receive a contraceptive implant...”

He paused to appreciate her widening eyes before continuing, “And a brand that will be instrumental in your later training.”

Contraceptive implant? Rey felt herself grow cold as the blood left her face. Even knowing little about such interactions between men and women, his intentions were plain. She couldn’t bring herself to address it.

“What later training?” she managed weakly, “and why me?”

Hiding a smile, he quirked an eyebrow questioningly. “Have you never wondered how you are able to read and speak languages without effort? The way you so easily read intentions, or how you’ve excelled at combat without any formal training? Why you’ve managed to beat or outthink every hardened thug who’s ever come at you with less than noble intent?”

He paused, eyes sparkling with an odd pride. “You, a mere slip of a girl.”

She blinked, frowning slightly. In truth, she hadn’t wondered about these things. Perhaps it was due to the harshness of living moment to moment, her attention preoccupied with the daily priority of survival. She’d never had the luxury of pondering trivial things and had chalked it all up to luck, nothing more.

His watchful gaze never erred, always assessing, measuring her. “You’re rarified air, Rey,” he murmured, almost warningly.

“I’ve spanned the galaxy for years looking for a protégé of your caliber. The degree of your force sensitivity is most unusual, and with proper training your potential is great.” He cut off abruptly, and Rey waited for the catch.

“But first...you must be relieved of the burden of your innocence.” He paused again, appreciating her wide, golden eyes before continuing. “Although I find it most becoming, it bars your ability to progress, and you must be stripped of it.”

His dusky gaze lingered on her face, drinking her dismay. Now he allowed himself to smile. Cold dread began a steady drip through her veins. She felt her throat constrict at the cruel way he so casually stated her future, allowing no room for dissent. She exhaled a half-sob, a single bitter tear escaping as helplessness took over.

He continued to watch her with quiet fascination.

“Oh my dear girl,” he murmured soothingly, “save your tears. It is but a small price to pay for the awakening that follows. What I give you is a gift.”

She looked up slowly, in the manner of one shellshocked, and locked eyes with him.

“A gift...?”

Her despair fled, momentarily eclipsed by something hotter.
“Spare me your falsities!” she spat, “monsters like you are incapable of compassion.”

“Monsters like me?” He tsked at her like an errant child, bemused.

“You have me mistaken. Though you are right about one thing,” he mused, “compassion has naught to do with me. And if you’re honest, it hasn’t positively impacted your life either. No, your initiation has nothing to do with compassion, or a lack thereof. It is merely a bridge that must be crossed before you may fulfill your destiny.”

His gaze darkened as he took her in.

“You will come to enjoy being...introduced...to the pleasures the Dark Side can offer.”

She shook her head in miserable confusion, unable to keep up with his intentions. Falling back against the gurney with a thump, she locked in a weakly venomous stare, projecting the variety of ways she’d like to murder him.

His eyes were bottomless as he inhaled deeply, drinking in the energy, treasuring the toxicity of her emotions. She continued to deliver these lovely little favors, breeding the storm of his power and electrifying his need for more of her.

Disbelief filled her at the obvious pleasure he took, and it wrenched her from her state of inertia. She lost it, her voice cracking with outrage.

“I don’t fucking care who you are—how dare you speak of my destiny like it’s something you own! You’ve made my life a living hell,” she spat, her fury climbing the scales with her tone, “and now you want me to come heel, just like that?! You’re bantha-shit nuts if you think I’d willingly cooperate with you, in this life or the next! I’d kill myself before that happens,” she thundered, chest heaving with fury.

A stillness had come over him as he listened to her tirade, his expression unreadable. When he spoke, his voice was quiet and calm.

“Fear not. I don’t require your cooperation, and your training can’t begin for quite some time. You may consider what’s to come as a time of transition...”

The mildness in his voice faded like a sun enveloped by storm clouds, his eyes growing distant and cold.

Watching the sea-change, the fire in her blood sputtered out.

His stare was ominous; the darkness coalescing around him as a sense of malice in the room grew. When he spoke, the words were hollow and sonorous, as if delivered from a great distance.

“The light is strong in you, Rey.”

In his voice was the peel of warning bells.

Before she could begin to fathom his meaning, his gloved hand swept down her temple bringing with it merciful darkness. Rey obeyed its pull, allowing her tormented thoughts to wash away into oblivion.
Plots and Plans

Chapter Summary

This chapter is brought to you by the letter “V”

“V” is for violets. “V” is for vibrant, volley, viola, violation...and some other things...

In this case, V is for *Violence*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Plots and Plans

Songspiration: Paradise Circus, Massive Attack

It's unfortunate that when we feel a stone
We can roll ourselves over 'cause we're uncomfortable
Oh well, the devil makes us sin
But we like it when we're spinning in his grip

He watched her eyes close as he pulled her conscious mind under, relishing the sight of her succumbing to him. How could the fates have been so kind as to deliver him such perfection? A force sensitive of her caliber and an eligible-aged female of the same species? His brows knit as he smiled slightly, shaking his head in disbelief. The odds were infinitesimal. But here she was, lying before him. An angel of light locked within the grasp of his Force sleep.

Sensing the approach of a living soul, Kylo tore his attention from her, turning to face the intruder. His eyes darkened with anger as the doors swept aside, admitting a textile officer. He had explicitly scheduled a droid to complete the delivery. The young man wheeled a garment rack before him, unable to see the menace that waited quietly. At the sight of his Emperor staring him down, he froze, cold horror flooding his veins like ice water.

He bowed a hasty apology, voice shaking as he spoke. “Your l-ordship, please. F-forgive the intrusion. I didn’t expect you h-here.”

Straightening, he continued, his eyes averted as he rolled the rack aside. “Pardon my f-forwardness, but I wanted to deliver the requested items in p-person. They’ve been tailored to h-her exact specifica —”
He broke off, eyes widening as he caught sight of Rey’s exposed form, so peaceful in her state of repose.

Kylo rounded the gurney, commanding the man’s attention as he stalked forward with a black expression.

He could easily have force-choked him from across the room, but this insubordination called for something more... visceral. The terrified officer had begun to plead when he was seized in an iron grasp and lifted by his throat, eyeballs bulging as his face reddened. Kylo’s eyes burned with quiet hostility as he walked the flailing man toward the wall, slamming him against it. Ruthlessly entering his mind, he ransacked about until he found the motivation for overriding orders.

His voice was deadly calm as he spoke.

“I see. You wondered who the items were for. You simply had to know...”

The officer’s choking sounds became frantic as his face turned purple, and Kylo set him down, releasing his hand while maintaining a Force hold strong enough to prevent speech. He paced, his blackened eyes never leaving the wheezing man pinned to the wall.

“Now, what punishment would best fit the crime, hmm?”

He tapped a gloved finger against his bottom lip; so casual, as if he were deciding something as mundane as what dish to order from a menu. Ceasing his pacing, he returned to Rey’s gurney, gazing thoughtfully down at her a moment before swiveling to fix the officer with a baleful stare. His taut hand reached out to summon the man, the tips of his shoes catching on the polished floor as he sailed over to teeter before the gurney. Kylo’s index finger tapped once on the durasteel bed, forcing his head to look down on Rey’s undressed body.

“Well, here she is. Best take your fill....” At this, his voice devolved, betraying his fury.

“She’ll be the last thing you see.”

The man squeaked pleadingly through the chokehold, trying in vain to turn his face from the unconscious girl. Ignoring him, Kylo curled his gloved hand into a loose fist, fine-tuning his delivery. The sudden tight squeeze he gave corresponded with a wet pop as the officer’s eyes burst in his skull. His scream was otherworldly as he slumped to the floor, blood streaming from his mangled eye sockets, spattering the floor.

Kylo’s lip curled in derision as he reached down to grab the blind man by the back of his collar, hauling him up and dragging him from the room to deposit him in the corridor. Silently, he summoned a commanding officer to bear him away before stooping down, preparing to wipe the memory of Rey from the gibbering man’s mind.

Lieutenant Mitaka arrived with several stormtroopers to the distressing sight of their Emperor crouched over an eyeless, bleeding officer; his massive hand curled into a claw near the unfortunate man’s temple. Straightening, he fixed them with an ominous stare, quietly issuing orders to repurpose the offender. There were jobs that one could perform blind, and it always served to keep a few made examples around.

Dismissing his underlings, he returned to the medbay and examined the clothing that had been tailored to her measure. The items were superbly wrought, and he was slightly mollified. By calculated design, he’d commissioned garments akin to her usual fare. There were few things he could use to bridge her old life to the present, seeing as her existence on Jakku was one of toil and
hardship. Her clothes were one of the familiarities he could duplicate to increase a sense of belonging.

Easing her into her new life was in line with achieving his goals, and no aspect of her person was above this consideration. He selected an outfit and began to dress her with a tenderness that would have been shocking, had she been aware.

All the while a cleaning droid chirped below, cleaning the streaks and spatters at his feet, erasing all evidence of violence from the floor.

After she’d been outfitted, he moved her from the medbay to his private quarters.

They made a ghostly sight as they navigated the corridors of the Star Destroyer; the sleeping girl atop her metal gurney, its weight moving smoothly through the air as if it were light as a feather. He stalked in her wake, black robes billowing as she levitated before him, the very vision of death ascended from the netherworlds.

The personnel who chanced upon the eerie procession paled, averting their eyes; the disquieting image branded into memory. Having no idea what the girl had done, they still felt a varying degree of human sympathy, the implication of her fate chilling to the last man.

Crystallizing what was already bedrock among the ranks of his subordinates.

The Emperor was not one to be trifled with.

In the privacy of his quarters, he stared down at her, fingertips tracing the lines of her slender throat, the gentle rise of her breasts, her slight waist and the feminine flare of her hips. Her nipples hardened through the thin fabric, unconsciously reacting to the brush of his light touch.

No one was there to see what he did. Nothing to stop him from sweeping her into his arms and waking her with hedonistic violence, taking what he wanted in a storm of force.

Swallowing, he took a step back. It was painful not to touch her. She was magnetic; a thing of purity and light, so out of place amongst the hard black angles and chilly durasteel surfaces of his quarters. The darkness in him ached to despoil her. With effort, he restricted himself to visual caresses. Her face was free of emotion and her limbs relaxed, so peaceful in sleep.

*Enjoy it while you can, my sweet.*

Considering the place she came from, it astounded him that she retained her maidenhood. The fact pleased him for reasons selfish and practical. On a narrow front, it catered to the entrenched sense of possessiveness he felt for her. She was all his, never having belonged to another.

As if it couldn’t get any better, her inexperience extended itself light years beyond virginity. Rey had never known arousal. She’d never so much as been kissed, leaving solely to him the task of breaking her in—in *every* arena. It thrilled him, stirring the darkest part of his soul, rousing a profound, gloating wickedness. The host of delights that awaited were a garden so fertile; the possibilities made his head spin with want.
For practical purposes, her virginity and overall inexperience were keen tools for turning her to the
Dark. The Light that defined all souls was conditional, and very much tethered to the purity of the
body and mind. As she was made to experience the emotions and thoughts that accompanied
carnality, her connection to the Light would begin to fray by default.

Through measured seduction and great care, he could change the color of her wings.

And though she possessed a healthy capacity for fear and anger, those traditional tools of conversion
were only so useful in inspiring what he truly sought—devotion.

The power to bind her corresponded with the banishing of her loneliness and in the introduction to
erotic intimacy. Making it clear how much he wanted her—as both apprentice and consort—would
play flawlessly into her unacknowledged need to belong.

He only needed to convince her just who it was she belonged to...

Anticipation coiled through his gut, slithering like a living thing, demanding action. The time was
nigh to cement his plan.

Sith lore had well-documented the seduction of innocents and the history of such processes dated
back prior to the Hundred Year Darkness.

She was to be his first, and failure was not an option. He took a deep, cleansing breath, needing to
hone his focus; much of what was to come required him keeping a surgical rein on his wants, if it
was to be done correctly.

Like the tactician he was, he reviewed her points of weakness, those exploitive tenets that would
prove susceptible to his actions.

Loneliness. Curiosity. Lack of exposure to previous training. A propensity for violent defensive
action. Innocence. An ignored need to belong. Her attraction to him.

He allowed himself a moment of satisfaction at that last chink in her armor. If her thinly veiled
response during their first meeting was any indication, he was off to a good start.

He hummed, eyes lingering on her peaceful face, distracted yet again by future temptations. She had
no idea how fulfilling it would be to belong to him.

His lip quirked with amusement as he thought of how fiery she was, the intensity with which she
denied him. He fucking loved it. Her strength in the Force, the magnitude of her innocence, her fierce
will to fight all conspired to offer him unparalleled sport.

The tip of his tongue slipped down a canine, testing its sharpness. All the while his dark gaze
judiciously explored her form, singling out every sweet spot he’d soon allow himself to bite.

With a final hungry glance, he tore away from her, stalking to his pallet and sinking down, folding
his long limbs into a meditation pose. Breathing deeply, he exhaled each irrelevant thought, emptying
his mind of all pursuits, save one. He focused the storm of his desire around this one penultimate
goal, fueling a blaze about it, coaxing the flames until it raged within him, a conflagration around an
eye of singular intent.

How best to seduce her?

He unfurled his blazing will into the Force, sending violent ripples out through the currents of
energy. He knew not how long he waited, feeling the shockwaves he’d created resounding outward
into the galaxy. But return something did, raising the fine hairs on his neck as his skin was caressed by whispers in the old languages, their attention captivated by the premise of his summons. He felt the tendrils of the Dark moving through him, the presence of long-dead Sith twining about his living spark in the Force.

Silently he opened himself to their guidance and the enduring wisdom of their experience. Their amorphous mandates echoed through his consciousness. The path to his goal sharpened as darkness swirled about him, strengthening his spirit and filling him with resolve. His playbook solidified, its foundation built from every exploitable weakness. Snapping back into his own body, he slowly opened his eyes. They were sightless to all but the vision of Rey, ablaze in the power of the Dark, her energy twining about him.

The room sharpened.

It was time to begin.

I know not what I've done. But I went and got me a Tumblr. Gimme a shout anytime. Lilia_ula@Den of Sin

Chapter End Notes

Good things come to those who wait and all that jazz. You get sexiness in the next chapter. Promise.
Chapter Summary

I land my “E” rating and you tigers finally earn your stripes. Thanks for sticking around. I hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Singing Forest

Songspiration: “The Difference Between Us” The Dead Weathers

I'm not the way that you found me
I'm never here or there
One day I'm happy and healthy
Next I ain't doing so well

Rey awoke, her conscious thoughts gelling with instinctive panic. Her eyes wrenched open; breath caught as she registered the curvature of the solo traveler arching over her. Her fumbling hands located the exit lever and depressed it, springing forth in a flurry of nerves. She landed in a protective crouch and quickly scanned her surroundings. The first thing that registered was that she was dressed, unshackled and not aboard a star destroyer.

Feeling the weight of a familiar something at her back, she dared to hope. Reaching behind her, she brushed the length of her trusty quarterstaff, its weight balanced across her shoulder by its leather thong. After enduring sickening levels of helplessness, its presence flooded her with relief, much like the sight of an old friend.

Looking around, she found herself kneeling atop the low rise of hilly grassland, its smoothness marred by the occasional outcrop of pale grey stone. The slope she stood upon retreated into a smattering of tall trees that deepened to a forest. She paused wide-eyed, taking in the sight she’d only ever read about, wonder softening the hard edges of her wariness. Glancing down, she brushed her fingers curiously over the soft blades at her feet. Never in waking memory had she been off Jakku, with its arid horizons of endless dunes and sun-baked sandstone.

The landscape that spread before her was lush and teeming with life. Her mind paused to absorb the unfamiliar colors; the soft spring green of the grass and lofty heather grey trees, their expansive canopies unfolding beneath the blue expanse overhead. She blinked, bringing her curiosity to heel and forcing herself to focus.
For all of her nightmarish ordeal, she felt...rested. Strong, even. Maybe the nutrition-thing they'd forced on her had done some good. Glancing down, she noted with surprise that she was dressed in clothes that mirrored her familiar desert garb; fitted undershirt, cropped sage leggings, pale gauze sash that crossed her breast, secured by a doubled leather belt. Each item fits perfectly, the details all exacting, right down to her bootlets and arm bindings. She marveled for a moment at the quality; these clothes were a far cry from her original threadbare garments. They felt sturdy and supple under her questing fingers. Her moment of discovery was shattered by the sound of a low, masculine voice.

“I trust the new garb meets with your approval.”

Her heart did overtime as she spun toward the sound of his voice, simultaneously freeing her quarterstaff and leveling it outward in a protective sweep. Her eyes narrowed, teeth bared as she spotted him, blending in with the shadows of a nearby rocky outcrop. The scoundrel had been watching her the whole time, lounging casually with his back against the granite.

“You unimaginable bastard!” she hissed through clenched teeth, taking several steps downhill in the direction of the trees, instinctively wanting as much space between them as possible.

Kylo bowed his head with a little smirk, acknowledging she had him placed correctly. A brief admission before focusing his laser-hot attention on her yet again. She squirmed, fighting the urge to run, his casual voice making her even more nervous.

“I took the liberty of enhancing your weapon. Mostly for sport, but also to assess your combative form.” Now a little mocking smile played at his lips, suggesting he rather enjoyed needling her.

She glowered ferociously, glancing down to find her quarterstaff coated in some sort of dark swirled metal that gleamed with the sheen of oil. It wasn’t cool to the touch like other metals, and she hadn’t noticed any difference. He was far enough away, so she gave it an investigative twirl, her eyes never wavering from his location. The modification hadn’t affected its weight or heft at all, and its traction was unchanged. Frowning, she returned to her defensive position, eying him warily as he pushed himself idly off of the rock, paralleling her movements from uphill.

“The Mandalorians call it *beskar*. It is highly durable, extremely costly, and the only known substance able to resist damage from a lightsaber.”

She ignored his explanation, knowing that none of it boded well. “Damn you! I don’t like you meddling with my...everything! She yelled furiously. “Now where the hell have you brought me?” She kept facing him, taking measured steps away in time with his natural approach.

He flashed another humoring smile, only this time, some of the casual mask slipped, his gaze sharpening with the first hint of danger. “We are on the planet Gacerian, and the woodland you appear to be heading for is the Singing Forest...” His dark eyes glittered with black amusement. "Have a care, _little girl_. There are beasts afoot that like to eat sweet things like you. I fear you’ll find no refuge there.”

She marked his advance with frustration, her throat constricting as anxiety began a stranglehold. _Damn! Why wouldn’t he just leave her alone?!_ But she knew. Even if she'd been blind, his hunger for her would still be hot enough to feel. Her mind would still recognize the hazard that emanated from him like smoke.

And the liberties he’d taken with her...it all flashed through her mind's eye—how she’d been hunted down and captured, the way he’d restrained her, her body subjected to invasive medical procedures at his directive...the contraceptive somewhere in her body. It left little to the imagination when it came to his designs. The first strains of desperation rooted themselves within her core, causing her...
stomach to knot.

“What do you want with me?” She hated the pleading edge she heard in her tone. Now halfway downslope, she neared the first sentinel trees.

He had crested the hill and stopped, gazing down at her retreat with calculated cunning. "You know what I want, Rey."

She clutched at her animosity like a cloak, using it keep the despair underneath from sabotaging her escape. Her voice shook with conviction. “All you’ll get is a fight. I’ll never cooperate with you.” She lifted her chin, golden eyes sparkling defiantly.

He had become ominously motionless there at the top of the crest, standing still as a statue, the only movement his eyes as he marked her progress. The tight smile had slipped from his face at her words, replaced by a look far darker and more threatening.

His voice was low and deceptively silky. “I don’t require your cooperation at all. And if I’m honest, nor do I want it. I like your resistance. I want you to show me your fight.” He licked his lips, his voice devolving into a predatory growl. “All you need to do for me...is run.”

Her eyes widened as the last foolish vestiges of her anger fled, replaced by the need to fly. She spun toward the shelter of the forest, breaking into a sprint, not bothering to look back and see if he was chasing her. She didn’t need to. She knew he would come.

Kylo watched her turn and spring for the edge of the forest, racing through the first s’ae trees with the fluidity of water. Like any red-blooded predator, the vision of her running away made his muscles tense, screaming their need to chase. His nostrils flared as he paced, keeping his sights on her retreating form, thinking of nothing but catching her. In a semblance of fairness, he took his time, silently counting to ten, allowing her lead before launching downhill. His stride ate up the distance, the coiled energy in his body finally freed from the grip of his mind. The tall gray trunks were a blur in his periphery as he tore over the mossy forest floor.

Gacerian has been his pick for a host of reasons; the clean, efficient lay of the forest growth notwithstanding. The stately s’ae spread themselves out methodically and created an orderly, open woodland. Far above, their branching canopies interlocked, stealing the light, discouraging any undergrowth from cropping up. Other than the trees, the only plant life was a delicate chartreuse moss that carpeted the forest floor. There were no places to hide, by calculated design.

He could see the pale gauze of her sash fluttering as her nimble feet flew over the spongy ground. She glanced back without breaking pace, eyes shining with fear. He was gaining on her, his superior height and strength making short work of her initial lead as his massive strides closed the distance. He could almost see her deliberating when to make her stand, and as she tore into the light of an open meadow, she skid to a stop. Breathing hard, she spun around to face him.

He followed her lead, halting at the edge of the forest. Watching his quarry with dark eyes, he caught his breath while awaiting her first move. She brandished her quarterstaff, spinning it once in the air before whipping it parallel to the ground, extended toward him in invitation. Her eyes spit molten gold as she glared hatefully at him.

“Well?” She hissed, still breathing hard. “Come on then, you beast.”

He smiled as if charmed, stalking into the light to meet her.

With a purposeful motion that was almost sensual, he smoothly drew forth a metal hilt from his belt.
She watched as his thumb stroked it, igniting it into a hellish blade that he twirled languidly. The crimson saber spit and hissed as if it too were an unwilling subject to his whims. To her credit, she didn’t even flinch at his showy weapon, circling with metered steps as he approached, always keeping the open space at her back.

“There’s my girl,” he growled, drawing into his opening stance with practiced ease, staring her down over the sizzling blade. “Let’s have a taste, shall we?”

Advancing suddenly, his saber blurred the air in a downward arc, connecting with her quarterstaff in a flurry of sparks. He landed two more angled strikes, testing her quickness. She was fast. While not shying away from the meet of their weapons, her evasion was, at least for now, her strong suit. He kept his attacks single-handed to keep up with her shiftiness and hamper the strength of his hits, careful to match her pace. The long game he played was all about drawing out their battle and wearing her down. They whirled about each other, the dark and light of their raiment mirroring their energy in the Force, both lit by the primal red clash of his angry saber.

Dancing with her was exhilarating; finally being the cause of her exertion, making her pant with effort, watching as her pulse raced and bare skin began to gleam with a sheen of sweat. All of it made his blood sing. He let his enjoyment show, goading her at every opportunity. She scowled in return, her hatred lending her strength. Pivoting suddenly, she swept low while aiming a strike at his knees. His defensive leap was unnaturally high, giving her extra time to dodge his follow through. Descending, his wicked blade rent the air, crashing where she’d crouched a moment before and leaving a ruinous scar in the grass. His hard landing sent a reverberation through the earth. He rose slowly from his crouch, waiting.

Rey started, eyes widening as the trees responded, beginning to chime. Each one was a slightly different pitch, and she gasped as she realized the chorus filling her ears could also be felt. Instead of using her momentary lapse to his advantage, he kept his weapon lowered, his passive stance indicating neutrality. She swayed a little at the sensation resonating through her body. Even in the heat of their fight, the melodic canticle hit a nerve, its eerie beauty stealing her concentration. Keeping his impassioned blade in check, he absorbed her apparent wonderment. His lips were parted, something like indulgence on his face. “This is how the forest earned its name,” he said, circling slowly, purposely stirring the waters of her innate curiosity. “The trees have a crystalline core that responds to vibration, or any seismic disturbance.” He ignored the spectacle entirely, his eyes only for her.

Watching her child-like expression, he almost felt regret having to end it. Ceasing his pacing, he redirected her attention, turning his body to face off yet again. There’d be time aplenty to delight her with the many wonders of the galaxy...once her persuasion was remedied. The unspoken truce was broken by a lazy twirl of his saber, her focus redirected by the crimson flash as she braced for another bruising collision.

The beskar of her staff glowed where it blocked his blade, but showed no signs of damage. It was holding up to the punishment better than she was. Rey felt her will being beaten out of her with each crushing blow. Her clothing was now plastered to her body like a second skin and her lungs were on fire. She noted through her exhaustion that he always aimed his attacks front and center, making her blocks more manageable as her agility dwindled. The shaking of her arms increased with each impact, and he made it worse by pressing into the join of their weapons.

He marked her deepening exhaustion with predatory interest. It would have been easy, so easy to disarm her, but he didn’t want that. He wanted her utterly exhausted and practically unable to stand. She was close, having ceased her attacks long ago in a failed effort to conserve energy. Her blocks
were clumsy and halfhearted, fatigue evident in muscles that trembled hard even in repose. He made a final slow swing, halting his blade inches from her throat, but she couldn’t move to block it, her body literally unable to obey. Chest heaving for breath, her eyes closed as she folded to her knees before him, bowing her head in defeat as her staff tumbled from her shaking grasp.

Her submission filled his chest with pleasure. “That’s my good girl,” he soothed.

Thumbing his weapon, he sheathed it and reached down to gently take her quarterstaff, tucking it behind him before gathering up her limp form. He gazed down at her with a triumphant smile, practically purring. “Look at you, all gentled down.”

Her head rolled weakly over his bicep as she struggled for breath. She couldn’t think, let alone fight as he carried her back to the edge of the forest. Dazed, she gazed half-lidded up at the sky, passively watching the blue above became a verdant canopy.

As her heart rate began to recover and breathing normalized, her attention shifted to her captor, her brows slowly furrowing as awareness returned. The intimate press of their bodies began to resurrect her defiance. Their fight had left her body spent, and her usual hot anger was tempered by bone-deep exhaustion. Still, she managed a watery proximation of fierce as she glowered up at him. Bracing shaking hands against him, she pushed as she began to struggle, protesting hoarsely.

“Put me down, now!”

“But, of course.” He smiled down roguishly, setting her atop trembling legs, walking her back a few steps to collide with a large s’ae tree. “I thought you’d never ask.”

His knee snuck between her shaking thighs, trapping her lower body against the trunk while his solid arms caged her shoulders. It all happened so fast; she’d barely had a chance to cry out when his teeth found her throat, stealing her breath away.

He growled like an animal as he captured her, biting deep, drawing skin and muscle between his teeth and sucking hard. He claimed her as he’d wanted to for so long, branding her tender skin with sharp kisses. Rey had never felt anything like it and it frightened her in ways that were foreign. She gasped in shock, the exquisite pleasure-pain stealing what little strength she had, as if it was designed solely for that purpose. Every time his hungry mouth settled on virgin skin, she’d keen like an animal caught, devolving into soft moans as he succeeded again and again.

Falling back against his onslaught, she began to sob in confusion, beating weakly at him, raining blows upon the impervious muscle of his arms and broad shoulders. Rising from her neck, he locked eyes with her, and she quieted at the wildness she saw there. He was aflame.

“Yesss,” he hissed, “Hit me. Give me any reason to restrain you.” Seizing both wrists, he crossed them above her head and focused the Force, bending it to lock her in place.

The indignity of it was too much, and she threw her head against the tree at her back, screaming in panicked frustration. Staring up at the canopy, her eyes widened as she felt it respond, resonating through her with a vibrant hum. He took advantage of her distraction, ripping open her tunic with a sharp jerk. Her head whipped down in disbelief as she felt the cool air against her bare chest.

Fury settled on her features yet again, hot and glittering. “You fucking bastard,” she hissed, twisting at his immovable hold on her wrists, trying desperately to free herself so she could gouge out his eyes.

He only smirked.
Standing at arm’s length, Kylo took in the captured girl before him with pleasure, bathing in the heady wash of her rage. Meeting her murderous stare with open pleasure, he closed the distance, looming over her before curling both hands lightly around her ribcage, so petite against the span of his palms. He let one hand slip slowly down her side, pausing to squeeze the swell of her hip before continuing purposefully down over her groin, cupping her sensitive apex, pinning her with his eyes all the while, challenging her to look away.

A hairline crack formed in her fierce veneer as he touched her in that vulnerable place, the one she’d always defended from the advances of others. Applying unceasing pressure to her pubic bone with his palm, he began to undulate lazily, massaging her softness as a cat kneads a pillow. She gasped, the crack in her imperviousness widening to a fault as confusion returned to muddle her fury.

The sensation was maddening, stealing the strength from her bones, causing her legs to give under her, unwittingly applying more pressure to his assault. Her arms strained again, testing his hold as she softly chanted, “no, no, no, oh, no,” more to herself than to him.

Gazing down at her youthful face frozen in a mask of distress, he smiled. He’d never have enough of this; it was simply too fine. Ignoring the obscene erection between his legs, he continued to massage her sex, returning his lips to her neck to inhale deeply. She ceased to move, perhaps afraid of the proximity of his teeth to her throat. He drank in the addictive scent he’d first sampled on her nightshirt back on Jakku, groaning softly into her hair.

This time he kissed her gently, ghosting his soft lips down the bruised slope of her throat, relishing her frantic pulse. As his mouth moved over her collarbone, the hand at her rib cage slid upwards, drawing a soft moan from her as he began caressing the underside of her breast, splaying his fingertips against her skin, raising chills. His lips reached the top of her breast where he paused, repositioning himself to kneel before her, forcing her legs apart and leaning in to keep them spread. She stirred at her bindings, whimpering a little, looking down with diluted panic as his hands slid up to her waist.

Now level with her breasts, he returned his attention with a surge of passion, drawing her cries where he sucked at the lush underside of her mound. She writhed and struggled at her immobile bindings, entirely trapped between her wrists above and his massive body keeping her legs widened, unable to land a proper kick. His kiss was cruel, painting her pale skin a lurid palette of sanguine blooms. The hand at her ribs slid to her back, pulling her chest forward into an arch as he paused to look up through his lashes at her, building the tension.

Looking down at him, she felt a profound, unnamed thing stirring at the sight of his plush red lips parted just above her nipple. It felt like air being drawn from a room. The way he was looking at her, almost beseeching, bidding her to want it, making her picture what he was about to do. Her eyes dilated as something inside melted.

Not breaking eye contact, he lowered his lips to her envelope her hardened nipple, moving slow so she could really feel it, sucking her softly into his warm, wet mouth.

She keened as he did, shocked to find her body arching toward him instead of shrinking away. He didn’t miss it, responding with his teeth, growling as he bit down on her areola before drawing the puckered skin into his mouth, gently licking the pain away. Switching to her other breast, he gave it the same treatment, lapping at the stiff peak, suckling and biting and eating at her, his ego swelling to the chorus of her cries and breathless moans.

Rey began to feel like she was floating. As it was, skin-to-skin contact was new, but being touched in all of her erogenous zones was an epiphany. It was a one-two punch of the like she could never have prepared for.
And now he was back on his feet, kissing along her jawline, one hand caressing her breast while the other returned to slip under the hem of her pants. He growled, apparently dissatisfied with the constricting garment. Pulling away from her, he stilled for a moment, fingertips hovering lightly over her hips, concentrating on something unseen. She felt currents of energy drifting over her skin before her leggings whispered to the forest floor in pieces, their displaced threads and her belt following suit. Even the seams of her leather bootlets sagged, undone by his black magic.

She sucked in a deep breath, staring down the expanse of her unveiled body to the pool of fabric at her feet with wide eyes, the specter of fear returning full grown. Trapped against the tree, unable to cover her nakedness, she whimpered, feeling more vulnerable than she could ever remember.

His eyes smoldered as, for the second time, he took in the sinful vision before him—her small, perfect body bound and just fucking begging to be touched, her luminous eyes full of unshed tears, silently pleading for the opposite.

*Just like in the dreams he’d plied her with.*

Drawing near, he pressed his clothed body against her naked skin, compounding her vulnerability, lifting her chin so she could see what lurked in his eyes. He was horribly tempted. She was a diamond in the rough, just begging to be cut and finished. He wanted nothing more than cave to his lust, lift her lovely thighs about him and impale her. He put it all into the look he gave her, the danger implicit in his burning gaze and the twitch of his jaw. In desperate need of an outlet, he settled on ravaging her mind instead, beastial as he growled into her ear.

“Today is not the day I’ll have you. But mark my words, Rey — I’m going to storm your defenses and break you down. And when you’re all out of denials, I’m gonna fuck you again and again, until your body feels wrong without me inside of it.”

Her breath fled as his words vaporized all comprehensive thought, sending shockwaves reeling through her mind.

She felt so small, so incapable of fighting this fight. He was a fiery tempest made flesh, and she knew not how to counter him without getting burned. She succumbed, head falling back in submission, allowing his lips to advance their dizzying crusade under her jaw. His hand slid down her lithe form to its destination between her thighs, parting her soft curls to rub lazily at her throbbing peak. Her eyes flew open, staring in sightless shock.

She wasn’t ready for the intense pleasure that radiated from his clever fingers. She heard herself cry his name in desperation, though her mind couldn’t discern if it was for him to stop or keep it up. He had blurred the line between passion and distress, and she dallied there, moaning softly, lost in undeniable pleasure while he stroked her.

His questing fingers slipped lower, sliding through her soaking folds to press teasingly at her entrance, dipping gently, testing the pool of wetness he found there. He groaned, a deep throaty growl of pure need, and she shivered at the masculine sound, her traitorous body debasing her further by favoring him with another surge of moisture.

His teeth froze mid-bite, releasing her flushed skin to sigh in wonderment.

“Oh my...Feel how wet you are for me.” He drew back to assess her blown out eyes, their luminous gold all but eclipsed.

On impulse, he took a gamble, leaning in to press his pillowy mouth to hers. Her lips quivered like they wanted--were on the verge of caving for him, but he saw the distant kindle of violence in her,
pulling back just in time to avoid the snap of her sharp teeth.

“Ah, ah, ahh.” He chided, smiling grimly, taking a fistful of hair. He leaned in, yanking her head back to expose her vulnerable neck. Dipping his head, he licked a stripe up it to bite below her ear, scolding her in a husky voice. “You’re not listening to your body, Rey.”

He smoothed the flat of his palm over her out-thrust breasts, causing her nipples to tingle wildly. “Feel that, hmm?”

She mewed pathetically, bent back into an uncomfortable arch. He was merciless, his hand smoothing down her flat stomach to roughly grip her sex, his fingers slipping up through her folds without any effort on his part. “How about this? Feel this? So soft and wet....”

He stroked two fingers back and forth along her slit, slipping like a hot knife through butter. “This is your body crying for me. Begging for it.”

He tilted her head back up to meet his stare, stormy and unyielding. “Should we give it what it wants, hmm?”

She squeezed her eyes shut, tears leaking out now, shaking her head in denial as best she could with her hair caught in his vise.

“Oh, no?” His dark expressive eyes widened with concern that looked deceptively real. Studying her face, he admired her strength; fighting still while succumbing. He inhaled. The provocative dram of her turbulent emotions was getting to him, and he needed to regain control. He softened the fist in her hair, now cradling her head, brushing the plastered strands from her face.

His voice mellowed. “My beautiful girl.” His lips grazed her cheek as he continued to analyze her. “So strong, defying me even now. And all of this so new for you.”

Gently tilting her head sideways, he kissed her upturned cheekbone, brushing his lips over the tracks of her tears. She let out a half-sob, and he could sense that she had reached the limits of her physical and emotional tether.

“Hush now, sweet. I’m going to give you what you need.” His fingers ceased their cruel slide, moving up to press at her throbbing nub, tracing firm, methodical circles. His head bowed low, soft hair tickling her chin as she felt the hot wetness of his mouth sucking at her nipple. She cried aloud, feeling the electricity move like magic between his mouth at her breast and his fingers working at her clit.

He crossed to her other breast, sucking softly, so tenderly at her aching nipple, setting her nerves alight with dizzying pleasure. Rising back up, he pressed his body to hers, palming her jaw and gently lavat at her pulse while increasing the speed of his fingers, coaxing the rapture from her.

The pressure in her had built to an unbearable level, and he felt it as she began to scale the heights to her release. He pulled back to look her in the eye, wanting to see her every emotion as she succumbed to him.

Her frantic breathing hitched into a cry as every muscle in her body tensed.

His smile was black as sin. “Hand on, angel. Heaven’s gonna burn your eyes...” he murmured, supporting her lower back as she arched against him.

Her eyelids were shut tight, head thrown back in a silent cry as she exploded into pure blinding ecstasy, hips undulating to the throbbing meltdown in her core. The waves of bliss spread out
through her limbs, disabling her, theifing the final reserves of her energy. Panting raggedly, her muscles gave out, a lengthy, emotive sigh leading her down into darkness. Her body sagged bonelessly, the press of his body the only thing preventing her from dangling limply from her trapped wrists.

Her eyes never opened to see him raise his soaked fingers to his mouth, licking them fastidiously. Never heard his low, masculine groans of appreciation as he tasted her for the first time. Didn’t see him wave his hand before her wrists, releasing her finally, gathering her limp form to hold her tight against him.

Never recovered to witness how he tenderly wrapped her within his cloak, bearing her in his strong embrace back through the deepening shadows of the forest and away with him.

Safe in the arms of the beast.

P.S>

My fellow smut-loving Reylo's unite! Lilia_ula@Den of Sin

Chapter End Notes

Sooo...just wanna say that last bit of filth was the MOST Non/Con you’ll see going forward. In case you found it uncomfortable...

Then there’s us demons, frolicking around the fire all like, “don’t feel sorry for Rey. Instead, try being happy for her.”
Interlude #1

Chapter Summary

The first of two interludes. Mandatory housekeeping stuff. If I had (not) thought it through better, it’d be *all smut* all ways* all the time*

Alas!

Chapter Notes

Writing this was like taking an extended vacation in the bog of eternal stench.

This! This is the travesty that occurs when you’re an amateur and you write sexy stuff with no plot...and then attempt to tie it all up cohesively.

It isn’t meant to be terribly detailed, just a bare bones glimpse of happenings in between HAPPENINGS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Interlude #1

Songspiration: "Blindfold" Morcheeba

I feel out of place
Just look at my face
Stuck in the mud
Knee-deep in blood girl
Eyes, blindfold
You never said I'm growing old

Rey awoke clean and dressed, lying amidst the surreal softness of a cloud-like bed. She blinked at the pale gray metal overhead and made herself sit up, clenching her teeth against the deep ache of every muscle.

He was there, sitting quietly in a sleekly-designed chair across from where she lay.
One look into those dark eyes brought it all back, her mind having no trouble recollecting this time around. She folded in despair, attempting to scramble backward, her heart sinking further at the pathetic response of her shaking limbs. Her body was in worse shape then she’d thought, getting her only as far as the headboard.

Given she’d so recently been on the receiving end of his abilities, she knew she hadn’t a prayer in all the galaxy to fight him. Resistance was all there was left, and she found herself clinging to the bed frame, as far away as she could get. Her amber eyes were wet as she implored silently for mercy, fervently wishing she could just melt away and disappear.

He remained motionless, watching her with a neutral expression, his steepled fingers crossed over his lips. When she had stilled, he lowered his hands and spoke in an easy tone, his dark eyes bereft of the heat and intensity she’d so recently been acquainted with.

“You may relax, Rey, you’re in no danger here.”

Her throat felt tight and she swallowed, only able to shake her head faintly in horrified disbelief.

She was utterly beaten, her usual fire extinguished by their altercation in the forest. With no recourse, she remained still, trying to think over the hammering of her blood. His posture and behavior were non-threatening, and it brought her fear down a notch, just enough for her to grasp what was being said. His voice was low and soothing, even if she didn’t believe him. At all. Whatever.

He began detailing his plan for her, and she recognized the authoritarian tone she’d first heard during her capture. “You will be returning to the Finalizer where you will be received as my most treasured guest.”

Her brows shot up and somehow she managed to keep her mouth from falling open. The reach and breadth of his cruelty still managed to surprise her. She blinked rapidly, trying to clear the blur of tears enough to focus.

“Once aboard, you will receive your own personal quarters and be treated with respect and courtesy. With continued good behavior, you’ll be allowed increasing freedoms. I will provide you with everything you need to flourish.”

She swallowed, remaining silent, repressing her emotions for a time when she wasn’t in mortal peril. His next statement dashed the fragile silence she’d managed to keep.

“Our planetary interactions will remain just that. While in the air and aboard Finalizer, I’ll not lay a hand upon you.”

Unable to stop herself, she snorted loudly in disbelief.

He allowed a little smile at the skepticism that momentarily exceeded her fear, his gaze never wavering.

“If you haven’t figured it out by now, you’ll soon come to find I mean every word I say.” His dark
eyes held her, not unkindly, as he added, “most especially to you.”

Then he’d made for the door, pausing pointedly at the threshold. He turned his head in profile and delivered his final address in a low, resonant voice that brooked no argument.

“I feel you, Rey. I know your presence at all times, everywhere you go. Understand that any attempt at escape will end in failure...and great sorrow.”

Rey had beheld him in threatening-mode and she’d also heard him speak at leisure. She was beginning to be able to tell the difference, and there had been no threat in his words, only cold hard fact.

Somehow, they seemed to command her all the more.

The pneumatic doors swept shut, leaving her to slide down into a puddle of incredulous shock. She was blind-sided and emotionally drained, not knowing what to make of any of it.

A droid had come shortly afterward, delivering a platter of food fit for a king. Ravenous as she was, she had torn into the offerings, unable to care about duplicity.

Over the next day of travel, she was given total privacy, broken only by the droid’s visits, delivering meals and detailing the use of the bacta-enhanced rinse in her private shower. The food and medicinal treatment had sped her physical recuperation, leaving her to pick apart the things he’d said; a trend that was to become her mainstay in the days and weeks to come.

To her unending surprise, he’d kept his promise, keeping a respectful distance from the moment they took to the air. During their brief interactions, her angry distrust was met with a forthright courtesy that infuriated and baffled her at turns.

She was tempted sorely but made no attempt to escape, plagued by the small, insistent voice of her intuition, whispering that his words had been true.

Loathe as she was to admit it, she felt it too: a faint awareness of his presence that grew in her mind right before he announced himself. It was so ghostly, she couldn’t be sure it was real, but her gut told her that, should she actually pull off an escape, he’d hunt her to the far reaches of the galaxy.

Outclassed in combat and unwilling to flee, she’d used the only option left; bide her time, watch and do what she did best: remain vertical.

Her time aboard the Finalizer had passed as peacefully as it could have, considering her imposed captivity. Everything was as he’d said it would be.

Initially, Rey hadn’t trusted any of it, taking everything in with deep abiding wariness. When she’d been escorted to her personal quarters and left to settle in, her first order of business was a thorough sweep. She was out of her element, and the instincts that had kept her alive this long were all she had
to guide her, so she obeyed them.

After she’d found that all furniture was attached securely to the floor, she scavenged the room, finding it devoid of any tools that could be purposed into weapons. Multiple searches later, she was forced to relax, having found no signs of hidden cameras or other such trickery. And of course, being who she was, her curiosity soon took over.

She’d reluctantly marveled at the little touches that had been attended to. It was obvious that thought that had gone into preparations on her behalf. It’d aroused an unhappy mix of emotion; three parts surly and resentful, one traitorous part oddly flattered.

Her “cell” was more luxurious than anything she could have dreamed up. She had gaped at the large bed with its dreamy linens of midnight blue, wanting to hate it but unable to save herself from succumbing nightly with increasing delight.

A private fresher adjoined the bedroom, and a droid had instructed her on its operation. The lavishness of an actual hot water shower had blown her mind. It hadn’t taken her long to abandon her stubbornness and give in, taking several that first day, thrilled by the novelty of it all. Though she’d initially scoffed at the colorful bathing gels, shampoos and fragrant soaps that had been supplied for her, the days that followed found her judiciously singling out preferences, led by her endless inquiry.

She’d discovered her closet supplied with several ensembles that closely mirrored her desert garb; a small variety of tunics and leggings in shades of cream and gray, and several simple night slips. Everything was superbly tailored to her exact specifications, and the fabrics were luxurious.

A living space with a sitting area and table were located adjacent to the bedroom. To her everlasting delight, she’d been supplied with an impressive library of tomes and holovids in a variety of subjects.

Rey had always craved information. During her time on Jakku, she’d only been able to scavenge or trade for tomes on a rare handful of occasions, and she’d never been able to afford the luxury of a holopad. In the offer of endless knowledge, he had her. The proffered extravagance could not be snubbed.

She’d spent days on days absorbing holovids, stimulated by the flow of intellect and drunk on the limitless availability of it.

The meals brought to her room were substantial, delivered three times a day and laden with more variety than she’d known existed. Her lofty intention to refuse everything lasted all of one meal, trounced by her pragmatic nature. She reasoned that he wouldn’t have gone to all this trouble just to poison her, and if her future was uncertain, she may as well keep up her strength while enjoying small pleasures.

Kylo had visited her daily, confusing her with unfailing courtesy. It was as if he was another person entirely, the man she’d met before some sort of evil twin. He’d asked after her needs, what foods or media she’d enjoyed, whether she might like to explore the ship with him.

At first, she’d ignored him; refusing to acknowledge him or even converse at all. The silent treatment had morphed into indignant glares. Even so, he persisted. He was unsinkable, backing off politely when it was clear he’d get no response, only to return again the next day. Every offer he’d made to escort her to various destinations aboard was pointedly refused.

Being so used to solitude, she’d held out for quite awhile, but some treacherous combination of
curiosity and loneliness undid her. Several weeks into her surreal, glorified captivity, he managed the unthinkable, getting her to engage with him.

It happened after her evening meal. He’d stopped in for what had become his nightly visit with an unusual twinkle in his eyes. Rey was immediately leery, unsure about his high spirits and what they might mean. She remained curled on her couch with a tome on ancient civilizations, hawking him as he settled at her table.

His face was animated and open as he spoke. “Please,” he gestured to the chair across from him, “I have something special for you.”

She slowly arose, paddling barefoot to sink into the seat, watching suspiciously as he produced a decanter of deep blue liquid and two ornate glass chalices.

“You’ll like this, I promise.”

He carefully poured the highly colored liquid into their glasses, smiling boyishly at her.

Having seen him daily over the past few weeks, she’d become used to his open approachability, but she’d never seen him like this. It disarmed her, and she watched with blossoming curiosity as he slid one of the delicate stemmed glasses toward her.

Lifting his, he swirled the liquid expertly, inhaling at the rim before deferentially inclining his head toward her and taking the first sip. She watched, unable to stifle her growing fascination as his eyes closed and his brows furrowed in obvious enjoyment.

“Oh. Truly exquisite.”

Those dark, expressive eyes opened to gaze half-lidded at her with a look of frank appreciation.

“A vintage of the rarest kind, only obtainable once a century.”

That did it. Unable to resist, she lifted the dainty chalice, holding it up, the light refracting cerulean shards on the table.

Bringing it to her nose, she inhaled and was met with a crisp, fruity aroma that made the corners of her jaw suddenly ache. She felt her mouth flood with saliva. Lowering her glass a little, she met his eyes over the rim with a startled look. He chuckled, amused by her reactions.

“Go on, taste it.”

Still frowning, she acquiesced, lifting the glass to her lips and sipping cautiously.

The icy liquid rang over her tongue like a bell, sharp and clear, its taste perfectly balanced between sweet and tart. Her tawny eyes widened in surprise.

“Oh!” She re-examined the astounding blue elixir in wonder before staring at him.

She sipped again, wanting to ascertain it was really that good.

“What is this stuff?” she asked appreciatively, unaware of the way his fingers tightened on the stem of his glass as he watched her lick the taste from her lips.

His voice was a bit gruff as he answered, “It’s ice wine, attained during the centennial autumn in the Hanging Valley on Hoth.”
He paused, sipping with an appreciative hum before continuing, “You can see why it is called ‘nectar of the gods’.”

Her eyes were closed in reverence as she answered, “Oh...Yes. It’s like...every sip is more intricate than the last. I can’t...mm.”

The flavors were a symphony on her tongue, and she made small sounds of pleasure as she savored the lurid elixir.

His gaze was more intense than usual as he watched her sway slightly in place, lost in enjoyment. Seeing like this, with her guard down, was a greater treat than even the wine itself. When she finished her glass, he poured her a second serving, albeit smaller.

“I am pleased to see you like it,” he said, his voice darkly bemused. “However, I should warn you that its alcohol content is well masked. Have a care; it packs more of a punch that you’d think.”

Indeed, she could feel her muscles melting into relaxation, her mind discarding the cautionary restraint she normally used in his presence. She hummed, feeling happier than she had in a very great while.

”I’ve always wondered what wine tastes like,” she murmured.

Her face was stunning as she smiled at him, barriers lowered and genuinely tickled by the experience.

“It’s...just incredible,” she enthused, ”Every sip is like...I don’t even know! I wouldn’t have dreamed anything could taste so utterly...perfect.”

His eyes glittered as he cocked an eyebrow, smiling slyly before looking down, keeping whatever was amusing to himself.

“Yes, it is a...memorable...delectation.”

Even with the pleasant buzzing in her head, she didn’t miss his disguised deviousness. It slipped like a needle through the seamless demeanor of his chivalry, and though she didn’t understand the why of it, it pricked her. To be fair, it was his first offense from the moment they’d taken flight from Gacerian...for that, she noticed it all the more, having been on the lookout for any sign of the man who’d originally taken her hostage.

The discrepancy in his behavior resurrected her innate fire, so long repressed. Her eyes narrowed and, feeling suddenly spicy, Rey determined to respond in kind. He watched her as she demurely finished her glass, noting the change that had clouded over her enthusiasm.

“So. When might I persuade you to come and have a tour of the training facilities?”

It was her chance. She raised her head imperiously, eyes flashing in rebellion.

“The only thing I want a tour of is the escape pod dock.”

He glanced up sideways from where his finger had been meditatively tracing the stem of his chalice. His eyes fixed on her, roaming over her features with interest before speaking in a low, measured tone.

“Getting a little restless, are we?”
Her finer senses were dulled to the subtle change in him and she glared back with arched brows, arms crossed over her chest, emboldened. He stared back, meeting her challenging look without blinking. Something stirred in his depths.

“I think we can arrange a little something to stir the monotony.”

He didn’t allow for a reply, sweeping away the empty glassware with a gentlemanly flourish, smiling rakishly at her.

“I look forward to seeing you on the morrow.”

He departed in a swirl of black, and Rey harrumphed, still sulking, having no idea what she’d gotten herself into.

Chapter End Notes

I shall reward you.
The Nexus of Mimban

Chapter Summary

We’ve touched down. Time to say hello to the devil.

And if you're bad at reading between the lines, let me help you: SMUT and VIOLENCE ahoy!

With aftercare. ’Cause I care;-)

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a monster. I thought you road warriors deserved a feast...plus I was too lazy to divvy it up:-)

Also, my gloves tag earns its street cred.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Something was very wrong. She felt it intuitively, lingering in the realm between sleep and awareness, not wanting to wake. Caving, she opened her eyes, gazing out the duraglass window overhead with a start. Her brow furrowed, heart racing, knowing he had delivered her yet again to
some alien place.

Exhaling in a deep sigh, the weight of responsibility settled heavily as she recalled how she had goaded him the night before. *Shit.* She peered outside. The sky above was profoundly dark. No stars or constellations in sight. She frowned, releasing the catch and peeking out, scanning her immediate surroundings before opening the window to sit up.

The planet looked to be in the middle of its night cycle, possessing either a dense, opaque atmosphere or storm clouds that blotted out the light of the stars.

A chill wind arose from the darkness, gently buffeting loose strands of her hair, spinning the glistening dust that coated the land into lazy devils. Heart beating nervously, she reached back, reassured by the presence of her quarterstaff.

Stepping out of the pod, she stared down, startled by a gritty crunching. Looking closer, she saw that what covered the ground wasn’t dust – it was a tangle of fine glass-like shards.

Rey cringed at the sound of each conspicuous footfall, the glass underfoot loudly announcing her progress. *So much for stealth.* The night was inky and featureless, but she could make out an even darker silhouette against the sky.

The jagged outline appeared like looming cliffs upslope from her landing site. There at the base, she saw a nebulous purple incandescence marking an opening in the rock face. It was the only muted beacon in this stygian world, and she felt drawn to it by default. She grimaced. *By his design no doubt.* Faced with her limited options, she began the trek towards it, stepping as lightly as she could and scanning for threatening movements.

As she approached, the wind began to pick up, and she froze as she felt a little jab on her shoulder, then another at the back of her leg. Looking wildly for the source, she was struck by more tiny missiles. Melodic tinkling noises began to *ping* all about her, and she realized the sky had begun to shed those little glassine needles that littered the earth. Sucking in a breath, she raced for cover, dashing into the vast glowing cavern before her as the hellish rain became a downpour.

The cave overhead was lowly lit with a disembodied violet glow and her eyes, already dilated to allow in more light, picked out the details. The chamber around her was vast and fairly symmetrical, the oval of its maw crowded with the teeth of stalactites and stalagmites, some of which joined forming crude columns. Crystals glittered blackly in the dimness, and Rey picked up the faint sound of moving water rushing underground. There were no signs of life, other than a smattering of pale wet mushrooms sprouting from the cave floor. She shivered in the cool, moist air, wishing she had a cloak.

Sensing no immediate threats, she turned back to the mouth of the cave. The glass storm raged, wicked spines pouring in torrents so thick, they obliterated the sight of her travel pod downslope. The sound was deafening, and she backed further into the shelter to escape the violent ricochet of their impact. She had no choice but to wait it out.

Frustration simmered up in her chest, threatening to boil over. *Damn him. Damn him to hell for putting her through this!* She began to pace, feeling caged. *Cool your jets, Rey. Being angry won’t change anything.* Closing her eyes, she breathed, trying to center herself and think logically about how to proceed when she faced him, for it would undoubtedly be soon. This cat and mouse game they played was about seduction, and in a warped twist, she was both player and prize. But he’d insisted there was more to it than that.

Rey had heard tales about the Force, and magicians called Jedi or Sith, but she’d always written them
off as stories meant to amuse children. She’d never encountered anything magical in her lifetime, and her bedrock was defined by things she could see and touch. Until him.

Kylo had not only abducted her; he’d rearranged her understanding of reality.

He’d proven her assumptions wrong with logic-defying shows of Force ability, of powers she never dreamed a human could possess. And he asserted these astounding capabilities lie within her.

Her brow furrowed as she puzzled his words yet again. *He claimed I was strong in the Light.* What did that mean, and why was it said so ominously, like it meant trouble. Trouble for him? Trouble for her? Rey tsked in irritation, throwing her arms up in frustration as she continued to maraud the cave entrance.

It was maddening, made worse by the strange way he made her feel when he touched her – so weak, like he had subjected her to some insidious sorcery. Maybe he had...and if so, how could she ever hope to combat what she didn’t understand?

She wondered briefly what would happen if she didn’t fight. Would such a tactic thwart his plans, or just play into them? Her teeth worried at her bottom lip as she imagined going to him willingly, like a lamb to the slaughter. *No fucking way.* She didn’t have it in her.

Her stomach turned over as she recalled their last planetary encounter.

*Evil bastard,* she thought, trying to hold on to anger amidst the cage of her nervousness. She bit her lip anxiously, wondering when he’d make himself known and what he had planned for her. Swallowing involuntarily, she took a deep, stabilizing breath. She felt it, buried beneath her fear and pride. A tiny, forbidden flame of excitement, one tied to her abysmal curiosity. One that resisted all of her threatening bluster, continuing its burn unabated. She hated it, doing her damnedest to rebrand it as nervous energy.

While he puzzled, infuriated and frightened her in equal measure, she’d also caught him looking at her reverently, his spellbinding eyes making her heart stutter. This same man who saw fit to hunt and overpower her, to break her like a wild thing he wanted to tame.

Attempting to make sense of the whole fucked-up situation was like enduring repeated emotional whiplash.

Thinking of her predicament while looking about this god-forsaken place set her right back to fuming in a cloud of resentment. Here she was, *again* deposited on a battlefield of ill advantage; a plaything for his twisted entertainment. Her teeth gnashed together as she cursed him for a cheating, black-hearted villain.

Frustrated she hadn’t come up with any logical course of action, she turned her restless gaze from the violent storm to investigate the cave interior further. Moving cautiously through the columns of glittering stalactites, she made out a passageway emitting that vague purple glow that permeated the whole cavern. She approached it, bidden by inquiry and the tide of nervous energy within her.

As she neared the mouth of the tunnel, a skittering sounded low behind her, raising chills along her skin. She whipped around in a flurry of tensed muscles, scanning in alarm, her staff held tight in a defensive position.

Light reflected from a pair of hot silver discs skulking forth from the shadows.

A reptilian creature emerged from the stalagmites, flicking its forked tongue and greeti
row of pale, bony spikes protruding from a spine that ended in a long, whip-like tail.

It began stalking her parallel, skinning back its lips to flash a rictus of translucent teeth, its thick black saliva dripping like oil.

She made a sound of revulsion, the thought of being bitten by the hideous thing all the motivation she needed. Baring her teeth back at it, she pounded the end of her quarterstaff into the floor to emphasize she wasn’t easy prey. It lashed its tail in rising agitation, continuing to prowl, drawing Rey in a half circle to keep facing it. She didn’t notice the ledge now behind her until it was too late.

The only warning was the *swoosh* of parting air before she felt the scaly body hit the back of her shoulders.

She instinctively moved with the impact, bending at the waist, using its forward momentum to wrench the thing off her, swinging her staff forward to thwart the frontal attack she felt coming. Sure enough, she felt her weapon connect with the initial attacker even as the assailant on her back flew off in a flurry of scrabbling claws and snapping teeth, rending her flesh as it went.

Her abrupt cry of fury cut the air, echoing through the cavern.

The searing pain of freshly-cut skin electrified her with rage, and she felt her focus sharpen to a razor’s edge. With both enemies in her sights, she began an onslaught born of pain and hate, connecting blow after merciless blow.

They hissed and snapped, black spittle flying from their nightmarish jaws, unable to flank her as she took swift revenge on their thrashing bodies. Their hides were incredibly thick, her blows seeming to dissuade rather than injure.

The creatures were slow-moving, their strength lying in numbers and ambush rather than frontal assault. Now robbed of the element of surprise, they began to fall back, fangs bared in malice, drops of inky, viscous saliva marking their retreat.

Kylo crouched high above, unseen, watching her fight with keen interest. Even injured, she moved like a dream, her svelt form a perfection of fluid rage, meting out punishment upon her targets. Were the hssiss not so impermeable, they’d be in bad shape.

The pain had brought high emotion in her, triggering her Force abilities and bringing them into play. He took in the demonstration with growing excitement, pleased to finally observe in person the reason she’d survived so successfully on her own.

This occasion marked the first time he’d seen her fight injured, and the difference was astounding. She’d become a live wire. Opening up his Force sensitivities, he felt a giddy sort of shock. The light of her Force signature had darkened in correlation with the quality of her emotions. And the hssiss venom hadn’t even kicked in yet. His heart swelled in anticipation at the thought of training her in combat.
He’d been summoning the energy to send a warning when he saw the dragons begin to slink back. Having decided enough was enough, they retreated in unison, fangs bared and shrieking at the abuse. He stayed his command, watching to make sure they continued their measured exit.

Assessing her wound from above, he noted the inky toxins that mingled with her blood. The Dark dragons had done their job. Already, the light of her Force signature was showing signs of impairment, guttering low around her like a candle on a drafty windowsill.

He nipped impatiently at his thumb as he waited, smiling blackly. She’d been a tough nut to crack, resisting all of his kindnesses and efforts thus far. His patience was at its end, and if she hadn’t provoked him last night, he would've had to impose another off-ship visit on his own. Soon, soon, so soon. His nostrils flared like a predator scented its prey, and he settled deeper into the shadows to wait.

Rey kept her attention focused on the area she’d last seen her assailants, her quarterstaff quivering slightly as the drug of high emotion faded. Swiping a shaking hand across the back of her neck, she cautiously touched at her injuries, and though her fingers came away dripping blood and the black of her attacker’s foul saliva, the wound felt superficial enough.

Gritting her teeth, she removed the gauze sash that crossed her breast, dabbing gingerly before winding it tight around her neck and shoulders to staunch the blood. Her stomach was a tightening knot of worry as she pondered the odds of poison and infection. She needed to clean the wound as soon as possible. Noticing again the sound of subterranean water flowing, she picked her way to the luminous passage at the back of the cavern.

Slinking forward cautiously, she followed the twisted corridor down further underground, keeping an eye out for followers. Its rock walls shone with moisture, and subterranean fungi began to appear, growing from the walls and floor of the cave with equal opportunity. They glowed, casting a soft green light, their tops dusted by vivid orange spores.

The growths were now joined by phosphorescent tentacle-like clusters that hung limply against the rock walls. The effect was beautiful in a strange, alien sort of way. As the tunnel narrowed, she had to crouch now and then to avoid them brushing at her shoulders as she passed.

A looseness had begun to spread through her, suffusing her muscles with warmth, sapping her tension and gentling her sense of urgency. Her brain sounded alarm bells, but the languidness in her body spread, winding sinuous roots through her logic. Even with the stinging of her wound, her mind began to relax, abandoning her rightful sense of fear. With each step forward, the venom in her blood circulated, furthering the spell of complacency.

Looking ahead, she could see the passageway end, opening up into a second large cave. Its bright glow drew her like a beacon.

Passing into it, her mouth fell open in wonderment. The source of the incandescence lay before her: a spring bubbling up from a crystal-lined crack to flow along in a luminous river, winding serpentine through the cave before disappearing underground.
The dark water gave off that violet effulgence that marked the entirety of the cavern, and she wandered closer, oblivious to all else, mesmerized by the beauty and lulling sound so unfamiliar to her desert-honed senses.

Kylo stood aside, silently watching her profile as she stared at the Dark vergence before her, her sense of danger hampered by the sissis toxins circulating through her veins. She was startlingly beautiful, her serene face lit by the violet essence that suffused the air.

She slowly unwound the gauze sash from her shoulders, letting it slink from loose hands to the floor. Succumbing to the seductive energy, she glided toward the water’s edge, never once scanning the cavern for threats.

He watched her sink gracefully to her knees and lean over, dipping her fingers unhesitatingly into the river. She brought her cupped hands up to gaze into them, examining the water with an expression of wonder before splashing it against the injury at the back of her neck. She repeated the motion several times, her movements relaxed and unhurried. He watched entranced as the luminous rivulets dripped down her body, leaving her light top transparent and soaking the ends of her hair.

Patiently, he waited, letting the Dark envelop her. Watching until she registered the vanishing pain before unfolding from the darkness like a shadow come to life.

“The phenomena before you is the Nexus of Mimban,” he murmured quietly.

She startled, turning wide eyes upon him but making no move to get up.

“This place is rare...a vergence in the Force. Only a few like it exist in the charted regions.”

Now she rose to face him, settling her dripping limbs into a defensive position, more out of habit then fear of him. He marked her body’s lack of tension with a knowing smile.

“Stay away,” she said, trying to sound threatening, but her voice lacked its usual fierce conviction. She gave her head a little shake, frowning as she fought the double hampering effect of venom and dark energy, her staff pointed toward him in a loose grip.

He continued his slow approach, keeping his gloved hands away from the hilt of his saber.

“I wanted you to experience the power that resides within the Dark. Do you not feel it? The raw energy flowing through you, the way your pain melts away, leaving you unaffected and strong?”

“It isn’t strength I feel.” She murmured, vaguely shocked at her honesty.

“That’s because you fight the Dark. Embrace it. Let it flow through you as it was meant to.”

His words were like the slide of velvet in her mind, smoothing over her ingrained distrust of him.

Again she shook her head, trying to break the spell as he neared striking range. Gaining an edge of clarity, her eyes narrowed, sparking in the ethereal glow.

“No,” she said lowly, remembering herself. “I do nothing at your bidding!”

She advanced, twirling to strike diagonally at his side. He leapt back, nimbly evading her blow, still making no move for his blade. His voice was soft, as though trying to soothe a wild thing.

“Rey. Put down your weapon. We’re not here to fight.”

She snorted skeptically, taking an empty fade, aiming her strike for his neck. For a split second, his
eyes caught hers, the dangerous change reflected in them.

“Okay, we’ll do it your way...” he growled, capturing her staff with one gloved fist — wrenching it from her grip with frightening ease and sweeping it under her knees. Rey hit the floor with barely enough time to suck in a breath before he was over her, her sight filled with his massive frame as he trapped her beneath him.

Black gloved claws assailed her as the sound of tearing fabric filled the cavern, her body jerking under the violence of his motions. She couldn’t seem to move fast enough. He was so strong, straddling her with iron thighs, preventing her from bucking him off or placing a good kick. Her fingernails dug into his forearms, trying desperately to penetrate his arm guards and break his skin.

He laughed lightly, seizing her wrists and holding them single-handed above her.

“Oh? You like being restrained? Why Rey...all you had to do was ask.”

His jovial tone was a twisting knife, and she vented her rage with a scream.

“How I HATE you! You don’t play FAIR!”

She breathed hard, her bare breasts rising and falling with exertion, wreathed in shredded tatters of material. The fire left her as she felt cold air flowing over exposed skin, causing her nipples to pebble, making her fully aware of her nakedness. She stared up into dark burning eyes, feeling the atmosphere thicken around them as their dynamic grew charged. Her voice was small under the heat of his gaze.

“It’s not fair,” she said, childlike.

“No...it isn’t. In so many ways...” his voice was soft and mournful, sounding halfway sympathetic before dashing the notion with a lazy smirk.

He lowered himself over her slowly, turning to watch her expression as he spoke gently, lovingly into her ear, sending chills racing the length of her spine.

“And if I have it my way, it never will be.”

Hope hastened it's departure as her heart began to pound.

Still smiling, he reached up with his other hand, now grasping a delicate wrist in each leather fist, giving them a meaningful press to the ground. Feeling his iron grip release, she tried to retract her arms only to find them immobile.

Her eyes, defiant mere seconds ago, slipped closed in defeat as she felt the smooth, supple leather of his touch caressing her, sliding slowly down her forearms, whispering against her triceps before moving agonizingly over her exposed ribs.

She felt his hot breath at her throat, the tickle of his hair under her chin as he gently nudged her head up for better access.

His lips brushed over her pulse, testing his effect.

“Oh, Rey. Your poor heart.”

The taunt barely registered as she continued trying to breathe.

His mouth was soft, so soft after the violence with which he’d removed her clothes, his lips ghosting
along her collarbone as leather fingertips followed the curvature of her rib cage. Chills overran her, racing the length of her body and raising goosebumps.

His lips returned to the hollow of her throat, pressing light, pillowy kisses up her neck and over her chin, whispering to the corner of her lips to test her resolve.

Eyes still firmly shut, she turned her face away, but he only smiled, continuing his strategy of tender caresses. As he brushed her jawline with questing lips, his gloved fingertips traced her breasts, moving in light, sensuous strokes.

Unable to keep still, she reacted to the sinful touch of leather, little gasps escaping as she fought to deny the spidery pleasure evoked by his caress. He moved lower, hovering, his lips and fingers now brushing over her slight cleavage, applying virtually no pressure, grazing her skin with agonizing, feather-light touches. Keeping his mouth slack, he ran loose lips across her pebbled nipples, flicking them ever so slightly, savoring her helpless little twitches. Restraining himself was a painful endeavor; his cock straining against his pants willfully, lips trailing along bare flesh he so longed to bite.

She has no fucking idea.

Inhaling deeply against her skin, he refocused on his task, sliding himself even lower, stroking her slight waist, dragging his mouth over the flare of her hips, positioning himself tellingly between her legs. She was breathing hard now, good and caught in the web of suspense he’d woven, her sensitivity heightened by his gentle caresses. Against her will, he made her feel the tempest, this storm that carried her away from all she knew to be right and proper.

She was delivered to his shore, stripped of her ability to reason, robbed of her will and ever so vulnerable to his ministrations. Now he did bite, sinking his teeth into her inner thigh just to hear her tense cry rend the air, craving her screams. The dark energy glowed around them, reacting to her charged emotion.

“Shh,” he hushed wickedly, sucking at her indented skin, “this won’t hurt a bit.”

Dark gloved fingers splayed across the pale skin of her sleek thighs, pulling them wide. She writhed in panic as his mouth descended to taste that which he’d dreamed of for months.

Her whole body jerked with a sharp gasp at the intimate contact of his plush lips moving against her dew-drenched folds. Closing his eyes in bliss, he hummed as he sucked ravenously at her most tender area. Rey suddenly couldn’t get enough air into her lungs, gasping at the assault of his mouth.

Crying out, she strained feebly against the force hold binding her wrists above her, half-heartedly trying to break free. He continued, watching her struggles begin to falter as she caved under the assault of his mouth.

“Oh, no,” she pleaded, her voice trailing off as her mind regulated to autopilot, “no, no, no.”

It was too much, the sweet agony of what he was doing to her, and falling mute, she shook her head back and forth, broken tears smarting from her eyelids. But no. This was happening.

He savored her weakening denial at the pleasure he inflicted upon her body; pausing his ruinous work to gaze up, a black-hearted smile playing upon his lips. Her conflict electrified his mind and body, and he feasted upon her as she struggled to reconcile her distrust of him with the pleasure he wrought.

Struggled and failed.
He gave himself over to enjoying her, not focusing on technique, laving and sucking where he pleased. It occurred that her taste was akin to her scent; fresh and sweet with an undercurrent of tart. He remembered the anticipation he’d felt that first time he’d sampled her enticing fragrance while exploring her home on Jakku. Recalled the things he’d vowed to do to her. The memory had him slowing down, kissing at her ponderously to savor her nuance and this delectable moment of triumph.

He murmured soft praises while his mouth wandered lovingly where it would, winding down through her tender folds to tap teasingly at her entrance, calling forth another wet surge of moisture. Groaning appreciatively, he sucked at her nectar, taking his fill. The feeling of being consumed so entirely had her moaning breathily, her body overrun as she shivered with illicit pleasure. Giving her a final fiendish lick, he stalked back up, dragging his head against her body, rubbing her like a monstrous, affectionate cat.

Tucking his body against her side, his mouth sought the undercurve of her breast, sucking it deep into his mouth, rolling her soft skin between his teeth. She keened, writhing at the intense pleasure-pain, his mouth releasing her to examine the red blossoming on her luscious curve.

He purred deep in his throat, his instinctive desire to mark her sated. His gloved hand had been prowling the length of her body, the supple black leather roaming over her skin in an erotic whisper. Now it ceased its questing as he locked in a gaze.

She watched with dilated eyes, frozen in suspense as he brought it to his mouth, white teeth flashing as he bit the tip of his index and pulled, moving languidly to his middle fingertip, loosening the glove until it released with a sigh.

The leather sheath fell from his lips, and his fingers alighted between her breasts, meandering teasingly down her body. She jumped, the skin contact sparking along his path, electrifying her nerves. They settled on a thigh, tracing circles higher and higher until his fingers found their goal. He paused, applying light pressure to her sensitive bud, causing it to throb incessantly, raising his eyebrows in expectation. Her teeth ground together in an attempt to stifle her moans.

“Re-ey,” he said warningly, “are you trying to hold back? Hmmm?”

He watched her, drinking in her struggle as he lowered his mouth to growl against her breast.

”That just won’t do. Not when I so love to hear you sing.”

Her whimper accelerated into a scream as she felt his teeth flash, the pain startling, fading as he sucked at the bite, causing her to arch against him, obeying the voltage connecting his touches. Her traitorous body had become an instrument that bowed to his demands, his soft mouth above and deft fingers below drawing from her feminine chords of pure, unadulterated pleasure.

He could hear it in the lilt of her voice. The glorious sound of walls crumbling, her will to fight dissolving under the onslaught of physical sensation. Her breath caught as the pleasure began to build, the bewilderment clear in her wavering voice.

“Wha-what are you d-doing to me?”

He’d propped himself up to better savor the reaction to come, his smoldering eyes fixing her with a hungry, merciless stare.

“Delicious girl” he purred against her ear, “I’m going to ruin you.”

Without warning, he thrust a deft finger deep into her sex, riding on her slickness.
He watched with satisfaction as her spine arched, a sharp hitching gasp tore from her at his sudden advance and the unfamiliar feeling of him inside her.

“Just like that....”

For a moment, he didn’t move, just savoring the feel of liquid pressure encircling him, allowing her throbbing muscles a moment to adjust.

Finding her voice, she keened softly in disbelief.

His reply was a growl of affirmation.

Kissing along the rim of her ear, he curled his finger upwards against her inner wall, firmly rubbing the spongy flesh he felt there in a come-hither motion. Her eyes, squeezed tight in denial, flew open at the new sensation, blinking rapidly as she registered the first irresistible strains of a whole new pleasure. She now gasped for breath, light-headed with her need to exhale, but he wouldn’t allow it, beginning to stroke in and out with a rhythm that threatened oxygen deprivation.

His sharp teeth nipped as he spoke, his low voice the sound of seduction itself.

“This is how I’m going to fuck you, Rey.”

Her body writhed beautifully, struggling to accept the newness of being penetrated.

“Just like this.”

She moaned brokenly, feeling how wet she had become for him; how his large finger stroked her interior muscles with such authority, like it was a part of her she didn’t even know she was missing.

“Over, and over and again,” he rumbled, punctuating each word with a sure thrust, rocking deep into her sheath.

He was relentless, now adding the lushness of his mouth, working gently at the tender skin of her throat. A helpless little moan escaped her lips as the tempest of his stroking, sucking and illicit words overcame her completely, her body caving to the electric storm building within her. Sensing weakness, he seized the opportunity, sealing his lips over her mouth to swallow her breathy moans, relishing the tight wetness of her cunt as he added a second finger to his assault.

He kissed her deeply, giving himself what he’d desperately wanted since first he’d beheld her sweet little mouth. Tasting her lawlessly, exulting in the way she couldn’t even think to resist or turn away.

So fucking good.

Soaking in the myriad of her absolute perfection, his heart soared, stuttering to life with a richness of feeling he’d rarely known. He licked his lips with a groan, savoring it. She was sensational in defeat; delicate brows drawn together in passionate distress, the warm light of her eyes nearly obliterated to black, slender biceps flexing uselessly against his force hold. He felt it then; the start of her undoing, hot muscles tightening around the friction of his fingers.

“This.” He fucked into her harder.

“This pussy is mine” he ground out, picking up the tempo, each connection sending a delicious jolt through her whole torso. The sight of her lithe body stretched out like an offering before him, high breasts bouncing as he rocked her.
Ravishing.

“I feel you starting to melt,” he whispered, knowing the devastation his words would cause, ratcheting up the heat a thousandfold.

“Give in. Let it take you.”

His name tore from her in a near-scream as she thrashed her head to the side, exposing her throat. It was an arrow through his black heart, instantaneously addictive. Never had he heard his name spoken so beautifully, and he groaned, sinking his teeth into her neck as she throbbed wildly around his stroking fingers. He felt her delicate muscles clench hard into a final vise before launching into sugar-coated spasms, her back arching as blinding pleasure rocketed from deep inside. The sounds of her wordless cries echoed through the cavern, mirroring the devastating waves that rolled through her limbs.

Sucking at the tender skin of her throat, he moaned in wonder feeling the powerful clenching of her body, the way it milked the movements of his fingers, drawing them deeper. Releasing her flushed skin, he raised his head to gaze lustily at her, drinking in her rapture.

“Oh angel,” he breathed in wonderment, “feel you go.”

Stroking sure and deep, he drew the climax out, coaxing inhuman levels of ecstasy from her fluttering sheath. The sensation was so incredible, she was blinded by it; pleasure exploding like the death of a star behind her eyelids. Everything was darkness and falling sparks, and she turned her head toward his, lips parted as she instinctively sought him in her moment of vulnerability.

He rewarded her, his dulcet voice reverberating through her mind. Yes. Let me love you. He kissed her slow as she descended from the heights, ever so tenderly asserting this new privilege over her. Enshrouded in the golden cocoon of afterglow, she moaned against his soft lips, opening the wet seam of her mouth to give him entrance.

So soft, and so slow, she moved her lips against his, the tip of her tongue lazily engaging in a sensual dance. She made little feminine sounds of pleasure as she explored the seductive act, discovering how delicious it was to participate.

Kylo hid well the flood of victorious accomplishment that washed through him at her divine concession, taking it as though it belonged to him all along. As he kissed her, he gently, reluctantly retreated from the heavenly pressure of her sheath, slipping in the flood of inviting moisture he’d created. She shivered under him, moaning softly as she stretched delicately against his Force hold. The corner of his lip curled up, amusement revealing sharp white teeth as he continued to love gently on her mouth.

Her fall from the Light would be taken one sweet step at a time.

Obeying his instincts, he decided the time had come to test her. With a casual gesture, he freed her wrists. They came down over him like absolution, the sound of her sweet sigh driving him crazy as her fingers wound through his hair. She cradled his fierce leonine head, pulling him closer as his mouth worked lazy magic on her.

There was something so entrancing about giving up the fight and just letting herself enjoy him. She could feel the raw, electric power under his skin, could feel how deadly and formidable he was. It was warmer than she’d thought, tucked into the arms of her monster. Instead of pushing away, she pulled him closer, bidding him take more, flirting with the dark excitement of tangling with him willfully. Stretching languidly against him, she reveled in the dangerous thrill of his attention.
He responded in kind, basking in the darkening glow of her seductive energy and the feel of her warm curves pressed against him. Inhaling deeply, he could smell the endorphins in her blood, knowing how boneless and blissed out she was.

The effects of the hssiss venom and her proximity to a nexus of Dark energy notwithstanding.

He smiled a secret smile, pulling back to cradle her cheek, brushing his thumb down her lower lip before diving back in for a possessive kiss. *Mine.*

The feeling of her thighs rising invitingly about his hips set off warning sirens in his mind. He sighed against her regretfully, rueing the need for this agonizingly slow process. His jaw twitched with tension as he again felt his cock strain against the thin barrier of his pants, reminding him of his own suppressed desires.

Pulling away from the sweetness of her mouth, he growled in frustration. Her face was still awash with the lovely afterglow of pleasure, and she searched his face with her eyes. Exhaling, he stroked her cheekbone fondly, forcing himself not to return to the temptation of her parted lips.

“The time is come, and we must go.”

With a smooth motion, he pulled them both to their feet. Drawing away slightly, he took in the vision before him, gazing at her worshipfully. She was goddess-like; her naked body bathed in violet radiance as she stood perilously amidst a pool of ruined fabric.

He watched her blink dazedly at him, saw how her sculpted limbs trembled with the effort of standing. Her weakness and vulnerability charmed him, and he was overcome with the need to care for her. With a swift, smooth motion, he removed his cloak, draping it across her shoulders and pulling it about her, shielding her bare skin from his hungry gaze.

She looked up through wet lashes, a curious duet of relief and conflict upon her face.

Sweeping her up once more, he held her against his broad chest, his firm grasp insistent. Rey couldn’t do anything but tuck her head against him, listening to the steady beat of his heart, that mortal rhythm betraying his humanity. She had the strange thought that the sound was oddly below him — he with his inhuman power and capabilities.

Her eyes slipped closed as she gave herself over to his designs, the pleasant feeling of being carried securely through space lulling her overwhelmed mind.

Focusing on his surroundings, he bore her silently through twisting corridors; a wraith moving in the dark unseen places beneath the ground. His enhanced awareness went before them as he felt for the presence of the hssiss, locating them by the low spark of their energy. He sent forth his will, and they responded, linked as they were to Dark users of the Force.

Their forked tongues flicked at the air, tasting the energetic signatures of the pair passing by, claws flexing instinctively as they detected Rey’s waning light. Sensing their brewing hostility, he fixed one with a black stare, his fingers releasing Rey’s shoulder to curl into a claw. The creature’s flat silvery eyes began to bulge as its claws splayed open, sparking across the stone, shaking violently as a slick of dark blood fell from its nostril. The warning was clear and other dragons froze as one, heads dipping in a show of deference.

Rey stirred against him, her growing sense of attunement picking up the flurry of energetic activity in the Force. She tilted her head back to gaze up at him, her slurred words incredulous.

“Are you...defending me?”
He glanced down at her, unreadable, not pausing as he moved surefooted through the dark. When it became clear he wasn’t going to give her an answer, she snorted mirthlessly, laying her cheek back against his chest, her voice sulky.

“Because the only thing I need protection from is you.”

He chuckled, lifting her higher and stroking her thigh where he held her.

“Don't hold your breath, little one.”

Emerging from the cave in a different area, he strode for the personal shuttle awaiting close at hand. It’s ramp descended at his bidding, and he carried her aboard. Feeling her tense up with worry, he brushed his lips over her forehead.

“My crew has gone. It’s just us now.”

Her muscles relaxed with palpable relief, eyes glazed as he laid her across the luxurious bed in his quarters. Reaching out, he paused before touching her, and his hesitancy struck her as odd after the way he'd courted her so aggressively.

“I need to assess your injury.”

She nodded once, allowing him to turn her head aside. Sitting beside her, he absently lifted one hand toward the fresher, twisting his wrist subtly while the other brushed her hair up to inspect the injured skin on the back of her neck and shoulders.

She spoke, still facing away from him, her voice mild.

“So is this the part where you get all gentlemanly again?”

He chuckled, rolling her back to face him and bending low over her. Trouble brewed in his darkening stare as he stroked her cheek, the leather whispering its black promises against her skin.

“Is that regret I hear in your voice?” He purred seductively. “We’re not off-planet yet, my dear. Tell me your desire, and I’ll grant it.”

Her golden eyes had grown wide. “N-no, I didn’t mean, I mean, I —” she broke off, flustered for a moment before her startled expression clouded over. She scowled in frustration.

“Damn you, Kylo! Don’t you dare take advantage of my honest attempt to understand this royally fucked-up game you are subjecting me to! I’ll not have it.”

He’d slowly smiled as he listened to her vent, looking down with amusement and something like pride. Being stood up to was a novel experience. He wondered if she had a clue how he usually dealt with insubordination, and if she knew she was the only one in the galaxy he’d permit it from. Likely not.
“Very well.” Still smiling, he straightened up, extending a hand to help her stand.

“You’re safe; I give you my word. Come. Let me see to your wound.”

She continued to glare at him for a moment, studying his face and trying to read him. Making her decision, she reached for his hand, the other clutching a handful of his cloak to her breast. Leading her over the threshold of the refresher and into the room, he motioned to the tub of steamy pale blue water that awaited. Her golden eyes were now wide, and she dropped the cloak without hesitation, all modesty forgotten.

Slipping gracefully into the water, she let out a small gasp at the feeling of immersion. Her eyes lit up, and she met his eyes with a guileless smile.

"Oh! It tingles!"

Her childlike delight was contagious, and he smirked a little to himself.

"The water contains an enhanced form of bacta that speeds the healing of your injuries. Be sure to submerge yourself fully."

Brusquely removing his gloves, he retrieved a pitcher, porous sponge and a bottle of pearlescent liquid.

She’d forgotten him, most of her attention absorbed in the obvious joy of the first bath in waking memory. She dunked her head under, emerging with childlike delight. With her shining wet skin and sleek dark hair, she appeared an exotic sea creature that had up and infiltrated his cabin.

Returning to her side, he knelt outside the rim of the basin, pouring some of the shimmering gel onto the sponge and rubbing it into a luxurious lather. She watched with luminous eyes, allowing him to steady her with one massive hand while the other applied the sponge to her skin in deft circular strokes.

He spoke to her in low tones, informing her what body part he was approaching before he touched her there. It was lulling, and she responded to his efforts, eyes falling closed to languish in the undeniable comfort of human touch.

His manner was slow and methodical, even as he lathered her breasts, and she relaxed further under the movements of his hands, presenting her limbs when prompted.

Sighing in pleasure, she basked in his attention like a flower opening to receive the sun.

He watched her, hiding his awe at her level of acceptance. Lowering his eyes, he reached out to take the temperature of her Force energy. Its previous white was now tinted pale gold, a concession of unknown permanency.

Stroking her skin, he could detect only the faintest touch of venom remaining; its exit hastened by the bacta bath. So...this level of trust might, just might be a lasting change. Only time would tell. When he’d finished with her upper body, he tapped her shoulder.

"Up you go."

She stood slowly, the water streaming from her svelte limbs as she complied. He lathered the sponge with more of the sudsy gel, reaching out to wrap a large hand about her waist, stabilizing her. Still, he touched her efficiently, maintaining a sober demeanor, attempting to prove himself with each honest pass of the sponge.
She tensed at once when he slid a soapy hand between her thighs, her hand shooting down to lock onto his wrist, halting his progress. He paused, his dark eyes locking with her own, breath baited.

“Please, Rey. Trust me,” he breathed.

She swallowed, squeezing his wrist tighter before hesitantly letting go, her hand moving to hover over her hip, at the ready.

Determined to build the fragile thing between them, he continued to look her in the eye as his hand slid between her folds, lathering her without lingering. The only sign he was affected by his motions was a faint softening in his eyes, as of one wanting.

The combination of his gaze and touch had her breathing harder, stirring the unfamiliar waters of passion. She knew he saw it, knew that if he wanted to, he could pull her trigger, sending her off like a shot to chase the temptation.

For reasons that escaped her, he shakily bowed his head, the hand between her thighs finishing its task and sliding across her abdomen to grip her other hip, guiding her back down into the water.

As she slipped back amongst the waters, he felt her relax again, and he breathed an inward sigh of relief as his panic began to ebb.

She'd never know just how difficult it was for him to see her skirt the line of true willingness...and not act. Not seize her dripping body and seduce her until she could do nothing but comply with his wants, fulfilling every fantasy he had of her and to hell with the plan.

He felt a chill as he realized how close he'd come to breaking.

This carefully orchestrated seduction was taxing him sorely, and he'd only be tempted further as he continued to awaken her. Going forward, he had to find a way to contain his powerful desires. The stakes were too high. He had to persevere and continue to build off of his success. He resolved to devote more time to meditation, to focus on the vision of his ultimate goal, keeping it at the forefront of his mind at all times.

Curbing his emotion was something he was unused to; it ran counter to the fundamentals of being a user of the Dark. There was irony aplenty in this situation. The unusual method he subscribed to required he suppress his passions; a hallmark attributed wholly to those who embrace the Light.

But then, the outcome he sought was itself unusual, rendering the standard Sith method of cultivating hate obsolete in the conversion process. This was the price: he had to suffer through the unpleasant methodologies of the Light to incline her toward the Dark.

Looking down at his prize, he smiled.

Filling the pitcher, he gently poured the effervescent water over her, the creamy lather rinsing from her skin in streams.

She was, from the very first, worth all the pain and effort.
Chapter End Notes

Confession time. His gloves do things to me...sleek and black and sooo bad to the bone. Downright villainous. Sheathing all that power so lovingly. Rian gave us national treasure with those close-ups in TLJ. Whether it's his thumb flexing on/releasing the trigger of his fighter’s guns or the shot of his gloved hand reaching down to grasp his saber with the sexy red backlight of the throne room...watching those simple shots gives me butterflies. I could print, frame and hang that on my wall...wonder what my hubbs would think *cackles*
Interlude #2

Chapter Summary

Fight it or embrace it. It matters not...change comes to us all.

Final housekeeping bits. Rey continues her slide, while Kylo continues his...you decide;-)

Chapter Notes

GUYS! Allow me to implore you! If you don't know Jeff Buckley, LISTEN TO THE TRACK BELOW!!!

NOTHING drops panties like those lyrics! That VOICE. Ugh! He freaking SLAYS me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Interlude #2


And our eyes locked in downcast love, I sit here proud,
Even now you're undressed in your dreams with me.
I'm only here for this moment.
I know everybody here wants you.
I know everybody here thinks he needs you.
I'll be waiting right here just to show you
How our love will blow it all away.

Several weeks had passed since their return from Mimban, and each consecutive day found Rey shrinking less from the perimeters of her new life. The margin of her resistance continued its yield inch by inch, supplanted by her increasing levels of comfort. She had begun to thrive, slowly embracing the many benefits that were unobtrusively offered her.
A week ago she’d surprised herself by accepting his company over dinner. Even more surprising, she’d taken to it, dining with him in the evenings every day since. She felt drawn to the hidden intensity she knew was contained just beneath his surface. When unengaged, her thoughts would wander to him, circling back like an aimless child meandering home. His tall, muscular body held an animal magnetism that she wasn’t exempt from, and she restrained the urge to flirt capriciously about its edges. He’d been making the offer for well past a month now, and last night over dinner she’d finally taken him up on it, asking if she might observe his training. He’d acquiesced, and the pleased look in his eyes had flooded her with warm, unexpected pleasure.

The day had come and he’d escorted her, leading them through lit durasteel corridors to a sprawling bay ringed with turbo lifts. On occasions when they’d crossed paths with Kylo’s subjects, Rey had observed the quiet and somewhat fearful deference that greeted them. Today had been no different, the officers and workers parting courteously before their passage, some with downcast eyes. The consensus of their behavior only served to underline the separateness with which he treated her, causing a fluttering within the pit of her stomach. He’d guided them to a door that opened onto a closed balcony above the training room floor. Before departing, he’d lingered closer than was his habit, staring down with a heavy gaze that had made her heart accelerate.

“Will I see you later?”

Captivated by the stir in his dark eyes, she’d merely nodded, her breath in check. He had reached for her hand before stopping himself, a small, playful smile tugging at the corner of his lips, saying only, “I look forward to it.”

She’d watched him depart in a swirl of black, exhaling only when the doors had whooshed closed.

Sitting upon the chair provided, she now found herself gazing down at the empty room below, privy to a growing sense of anticipation. She didn’t have to wait long before he emerged with his Knights of Ren, all of them outfitted in their training garb. After several languid warm-up stretches, they approached a display of weapons and made their selections before pairing off. The deadly dance began almost lazily as they tested each other, sampling their opponents' moves. They advanced and withdrew, slowly picking up speed to whirl like violent molecules that brutally clashed. She observed their engagement in rapt silence, studying the uses of their unfamiliar weapons and the forms they used.

The Knights were formidable, each possessing an individual style of combat that was mesmerizing. She watched as, with each wicked parry and clever sweep, they strove to outdo one another. There was no answer, however, for their Master. His inhuman reflexes and the merciless brilliance of his tactic went unmatched. Combat appeared second-nature to him; landing blows with crisp precision, his weapon a seamless extension of his body. Watching him practice full-strength brought her back to their battle in the Singing Forest, and it dawned now how carefully he’d handled her. The implication should have been annoying, but she found herself warming to the epiphany, melting at the thought...if only a little.

As the time ticked by she noticed less of the fight play and more of his physique and movements; the gorgeous spread of his chest and the V of his back, the sinuous flex of his bare shoulders and powerful arms, the strength in his thighs...all of it was suddenly distracting, dredging up vivid memories of their physical interactions.

In that moment, she grew tired of fighting it, suddenly aware of her own imposition. She wondered what would happen if she just let herself feel that which was coming on naturally. Taking a deep breath, she effectively gave herself permission to see where the feelings led.

As she drank in the visual intoxicant of his body in motion, her breathing became unsteady, lips
parted and tingling. She moistened them, her tongue lingering, allowing herself to recall the ways he’d kissed her...all the places he’d used his mouth, awakening her to the possibilities....

As if summoned, his head shot up to fix her with a warning glare. He took a blow to the side for his distraction, immediately returning his attention back to his opponent with a volley of hits.

Startled, she tore her eyes away from him, looking down and breathing out hard. A nervous, surprised smile formed on her parted lips. Her heart thudded against her rib cage. What had just happened there? Warmth flowered in her core, and she tried to stifle it by squeezing her thighs together.

Gripping her head with both hands, she willed control back with deep breaths, releasing the tension in her body. She focused on mundane things, clearing her mind of him, thinking about the mechanical engineering tome she’d been reading earlier. It worked and she relaxed, able to re-examine her foray into illicit mental territory.

She mused that it had been...okay. It marked the first time she’d allowed herself permission to explore the feelings her mind had stamped with a scarlet letter. As she openly acknowledged the effect he was having on her, she became lost in thought, musing over the effect their on and off-ship meetings were having.

Of one thing she was certain. She had come away from Mimban changed.

The events in the cave and later aboard his shuttle had triggered something. It was as if her fear was growing a callous, or she had been granted some half-immunity to his brand of poison.

She sighed, wondering at how his touch made everything go soft; bones, muscles, boundaries, ideals, vows, all of it. He was getting to her, all of her edge destroyed by the enticements he offered. So many little considerations on her behalf. He’d taken pains to clothe her in familiar garb. He cared for her needs and fed both her body and mind, always inquiring after her preferences. He offered her training and friendship. And when he did take her off-ship, his forceful advances were solely centered on the claiming of her pleasure, not his own.

Her lips parted as, watching him, she felt the heat suffuse her sex once more. Stronger this time, accompanied by a surge of wetness that made her blush. Again, he reacted, glaring up at her, his attention split, barely dodging the hit leveled at his head.

She looked away a second time, an odd feeling of power stroking along the periphery of her mind. Could he tell what she was thinking? Or maybe just sense her feelings in the moment? She’d noticed the odd connection that continued to grow, but seeing him react in real-time to her thoughts?

Well, that was just....Her ponderings were interrupted by the pneumatic doors opening behind her. A lieutenant appeared, begging her pardon but insisting she come with him. It seemed the Emperor himself had requested she be escorted back to her chambers, with a thousand pardons. She blinked in surprise and hastened to follow, leaving Kylo with a curious side-glance and a reproachful smile.
Delivered to her quarters, she continued the honest, non-persecutory dialogue she’d begun earlier, chewing on the puzzle of his behaviors and her changing feelings.

Trying to understand her tangled emotions for Kylo had thus far been like navigating a minefield. For all her tumult, that small seed of excitement she had done her dammedest to stomp out had grown roots. The sight of him still caused her heart to pound, but the driving emotion was morphing from fear to something forbidden.

And she couldn’t help but be impressed by the integrity with which he upheld his word. Their planetary visits remained the only time he laid hands on her. As soon as they were in the air, and at all times aboard the Finalizer, the power of contact was hers. He persisted in cultivating an atmosphere of trust—every interaction a study in reliable behavior. Off-ship, however, he was reliably wicked, hunting her down with pent-up desire, taking as he wanted and proving that his wants were her pleasure.

Time after time, her mind had screamed itself hoarse, reminding her of how she’d been abducted, of the terror and uncertainty she’d felt. Each time he had handled her, her brain had hurled profanities, ringing all alarms. But that voice dimmed, overwhelmed by the tide of each passionate encounter.

He was starting to convince her in other arenas as well. The unfailing consideration he showed her aboard the Finalizer had begun to make her believe him. That he meant what he’d said. That she was important to him.

Rey had utilized logic and her intuition, and she couldn’t find a reason he’d be going to such trouble just to trick her. After all, the man had everything. She could only guess then that his restraint and courtesy were signs of his resolution to win her over. She hated to admit it, but the idea was more appealing than anything. In all her life, she had never been pursued, let alone revered. It was addictive and she found herself craving his presence.

Rey tried hard not to let it show, still puzzling the change coming over her. It frightened her, not knowing how real her perceptions of his aims were, not wanting to be hurt.

That night, she’d joined Kylo for dinner as was her wont, quietly soaking in his attention. The time they spent in the evenings was something she looked forward to. He came alive for her, discarding the intimidation that cloaked him during the day. Rey savored the stimulating conversations they had, and found him a wealth of endlessly fascinating subjects. He was open and approachable, never making her feel like any question was beneath him, gamely discussing whatever topic interested her.

She had begun to slow down around him, able to really savor the foods that were offered now that she’d adjusted to the surety of regular meals. He seemed to like indulging her, taking their meals as an opportunity to introduce her to new foods and rare delicacies. He would present her with the item, speaking casually of its origin, variants and flavor profile or the manner in which it was cultivated, stroking her insatiable desire to learn.

He’d then watch with warm eyes as she delicately tasted it, awaiting her synopsis with an expression of checked amusement. His attention delighted her as much as her reactions entertained him. The few
times she’d tried something she considered abhorrent, her grimace of distaste drew rich, resonant laughter from him, a sound she could only guess few had ever heard.

The strange connection they shared hummed benevolently when they were together, and she again wondered at it, thinking on his reactions during the day’s training session. She didn’t feel ready to ask him about it, having thus far avoided all topics that touched on the intimacy between them.

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After dinner, he escorted her back to her quarters as he did every night they dined together.

That evening, she was unusually quiet as she walked beside him. If he noticed, he gave no indication, taking his cue from her as he matched her pace. The dichotomy of her earlier feelings and thoughts had returned to buzz about in her brain, plaguing her with indecisive angst.

And now she was thinking of how she’d pause on her threshold to say goodnight, and he’d take his leave of her, and she’d lock herself in and be alone yet again with her conflicted feelings. As they slowed before her doors, she was suddenly overwhelmed by a need to break through her own stasis.

She didn’t allow herself to think about it.

Turning to face him, she met his eyes and stepped closer, placing one palm lightly on his chest while rising on tiptoes to place a soft, hesitant kiss upon his mouth.

Her eyes slipped shut as she stilled, lingering against the soft press of his lips, reveling in the electrical tingle between them and the heat of his solid body. She exhaled in a soft sigh, her eyes opening as she retreated.

Heart pounding, she stared at up him, sinking back on the balls of her feet, trying to read his reaction. He was still, not smiling, not moving a muscle, giving nothing away with his dark glittering stare. She saw a muscle in his jaw twitch and she looked down in fear, hearing the tense exhale of his breath.

Then a huge black hand was sliding under her chin, cupping her gently and drawing her back up to meet the descent of his lips.

He kissed her gently, keeping things tame, though she could feel the tremor of power running through him, could feel the restraint that tensed his muscles. It frightened and excited her, but before she could gather her wits and decide how to proceed, he was pulling away. His eyes glowed with passionate pride as he cupped her face, marking the first time he’d touched her. His voice was low and sonorous as he searched her eyes, carefully marking her reaction.

"I’m going to take you somewhere magical, Rey. Be ready on the morrow."

Staring up at him, she swallowed nervously, her voice frozen in her throat. A look of pleading crossed her face as she backed away, taking several hesitant steps before swiping her hand over the sensor and fleeing into the safety of her quarters without another word.
Kylo sat alone, draped over a chair in the privacy his personal quarters. A snifter rested on the black marble before him, its stem flanked by two leather-clad fingers. He swirled at it absently, the dark amber spirit all but forgotten as he stared off into the distance. His head tipped back, gloating as he recalled the momentous day and its crowning event.

Her acceptance of him had been steadily growing since their return from Mimban, as did their connection through the Force. The strengthening link they shared had puzzled and pleased him, even as he wondered at its unusual nature. He and his Knights enjoyed a vague knowledge of one another’s whereabouts within a certain range, but that was the extent of it. Telepathy had always been a part of his suite of ability, and when he focused his will, he could enter the minds of others and speak or know their thoughts and memories. But this was different in that there was no effort involved. It had started with feelings and then today, her actual thoughts had come to him. Unbidden.

*And oh, what she’d been thinking about...* the timing had been bad. It had cost him a contusion—and possibly some respect. He’d had to summon a lieutenant to get her out of there before imposing a significant beat-down on his men post-distraction. Lapses in his attention during training were unheard of, and he’d felt it necessary to reemphasize their inferiority. He had departed the training session lost in thought about their increasing mental intimacy, vowing to do some research on the unfolding phenomena.

So there was that astounding development. And then, just to ice the cake, she’d kissed him after dinner, lingering against his lips invitingly.

Without any outside influence, compelled *only* by her own desire.

It was the turning point he’d waited so patiently for; the demonstration that affirmed his plan was working. It illustrated the progression he’d only been able to measure during the heat of coerced encounters, and by examining the quality of her Force energy.

She was succumbing to his advances.

He’d felt the determination that had seized her, approving of the way she had unthinkingly acted on impulse and followed the lead of her desire. Impulsiveness by definition was the demonstration of confident action fueled by instinct. The literal rejection of measured thought. It was of the Dark, and the manner of her delivery mattered as much as the act itself.

It turned him on to no end.

Even with the sharp uptick in mindful meditation, it had taken every fiber of his being to refrain from obeying his own impulse; pushing her back into her quarters and locking the door.

Bewitching her with dizzying kisses.

Licking and sucking and fucking her until she was utterly lost, unable to tell the stars from the firmament.
He'd managed to keep it together, embracing the accursed principles of the Light and adhering to restraint...even as he silently cursed the temperance of the Jedi for a miserable wasted existence. Instead of doing what he’d so desperately wanted, he had grit his teeth and breathed, waiting until he trusted himself. Restraint in place, he’d tilted her head up and reciprocated, kissing her gently, courting her further participation.

Her eyes had been huge and dark with want, but he'd felt the surge of her anxiety. He had caressed her face gently, telling her he was going to bring her somewhere extraordinary, somewhere she’d like. The timing was imperative; he needed to mobilize her show of passion, using its momentum to further her fall from the Light.

Which brought him to this moment. He'd thought of many possibilities. Rey had seen so little of the galaxy and was so naturally full of inquiry that he almost didn't have to try. But it mattered to him, so he brooded over the possibilities, searching for the right one.

Their final planetary destination was a desolate place, selected only out of necessity, and Mimban had hardly been a friendly locale...he almost owed her something delightful. Abandoning his glass, he arose to summon a projective map.

His eyes settled on the obtrusive item in the corner--its smooth, organic form so out-of-place amongst the hard lines of his quarters. Inspiration flooded in and he allowed himself a smile of satisfaction.

_How very appropriate._

P.S--->Contrary to popular belief, I'm actually friendly. Come say hey!  _Lilia_ ula@Den of Sin

Chapter End Notes

_A quick shout to stories_in_my_head, who had expressed a fervent hope that Kylo would get his comeuppance. You may not get your wish, but I wrote in that contusion just for you._
The Fruit of Salliche

Chapter Summary

Rey learns the origin of her scent.

Oh. And, um, one other thing. Armguards. *swoons*

Chapter Notes

My apologies to you who appreciate whatever plot I’ve managed to Frankenstein together...this is just pure smut, dressed up as something pretty.
Walking down, burning up
I look at you and light it up
You're a sight for sore eyes
Don't know how it gets me like it does, but
But coming up short is a sure thing
Makes me wanna run, run, run

Sunshine teased at her face and she opened her eyes, squinting at the play of light and shadow
dancing over her travel pod. Opening the hatch, she sat up to peer at the swaying green boughs that
broke the sun’s light into ever-changing patterns. Rey swiveled in her seat, taking in the peaceful,
deserted scene around her. There was no movement short of the wind stirring the branches.

So this is his ‘somewhere nice’...She had to concede. It was a charmed place, evoking a feeling of
ease almost immediately. Its clime was temperate and sunny, with a soothing breeze that stirred
amongst the trees, making the leaves rustle and sigh.

Rising to ease her legs over the pod's rim, she glanced down and noticed the light fabric that draped
about her. It was a short, loose slip of finely woven material that subtly gleamed like burnished gold.
Never having worn a dress before, she eyed it doubtfully, feeling exposed and oddly feminine. The
fabric whispered as she ran her fingers down her body, caressing her skin soft as a lover. Her hands
stopped over her hips, feeling nothing underneath. There was nothing on her back either.

Sweeping the interior of the pod, her suspicions were confirmed—no quarterstaff. She swallowed
hard, putting together what she already knew.

They weren't here to fight.

Her heart beat a little faster as she lowered her bare feet into the grass. It was lush and soft underfoot,
rising halfway up her shins. Further examining her environment, she turned slowly in a circle,
relishing the scatter of sunlight on her skin.

Her pod rested at the edge of a small clearing wreathed by fruit trees, the orderly rows marching off
into the distance. Their boughs entwined loosely, creating a low living ceiling only a few meters
from the top of her head. The canopy was adorned with heart-shaped golden fruit slightly smaller
than her fist.

She tipped her face up, appreciating the wind that stirred her hair, lifting the hem of the dress to float
airily about her thighs.

The sky was scattered with whimsical mares’ tails that sailed along the currents of the airstream.
Stepping under the trees, she took in the unfamiliar music of wind-tossed leaves, breathing in the
fragrance of the fruit overhead. She felt as though she had strayed into a dream, her senses alight
with the enchanting sights, scents, and sounds around her.
Her eyes slipped shut as she soaked in the momentary peace. She felt intuitively safe here, reasoning that the past two locations had been very different from this one, that he wouldn’t release her somewhere hazardous without a weapon. Surely, the only dangerous thing she’d encounter this day was **him**. She bit her lower lip, feeling the conflict within her begin its familiar refrain.

Even now, the drug of anticipation raced through her bloodstream. She’d been forced to admit it; he knew her body better than she did. Even without consent, he played her as if she were an instrument made expressly for his touch. His aggressive physical pursuit was like a blindfold, robbing her of the ability to see clearly, making her feel desired, needed even.

Making her want more of him.

His effect was a steady drip that was dissolving her reasons to hate him, undermining her foundation of resistance. There was also the strange matter of the increasing bond between them. While she’d been noticing it for some time now, their connection during yesterday’s training session had been...**something else**.

Seeing him respond in real time to her provocative thoughts was captivating. It had made her feel strangely powerful, as if she could affect him in as-yet unexplored ways. But more than that, it seemed to confirm that there was indeed some kind of metaphysical link between them.

Always curious, she decided to test the waters, by now aware she was playing with fire. Her heartbeat picked up. *It was only a matter of time, anyway.* Closing her eyes, she pictured him, focusing her will and projecting it outward, seeking him. *Where are you?* She felt his presence coalescing, tasted his mood. He was focused on her, and she felt his pride and bottomless, unabated need for her. His deep voice echoed in her mind.

*Very good, my dear.*

She inhaled deeply, feeling his proximity, *knowing* he watched her. For a split second, she glimpsed herself through his eyes as she stood under the trees, the lacy patterns of light playing across her bare shoulders and the dark gold slip.

*So beautiful.*

She gasped. Her eyes snapped open, and she turned slowly, lifting her gaze to meet his approach.

He moved through the trees with languid grace, his black raiment out-of-place in the natural organic setting of sun-dappled greenery. She watched, spellbound, as he undid his cloak and let it drift carelessly to the grass. Next came his tunic, pulled over his head to reveal the honed muscles of his chest and waist, his taut body marked with the scars of battle. Still, he sauntered forward, in no hurry.

His smoky eyes never left hers, weighing her reactions, measuring, testing for weakness. He pulled off each glove, now clothed only in fitted pants and armguards that hugged the build of his arms and shoulders shamelessly. The vision of him half-dressed affected her more than she would have dreamed. She stared at the sight of his pale, muscular chest crisscrossed by dark straps, her eyes beginning to dilate.

He slowed further as he closed in, his voice whispering in her mind, smooth as the fabric lapping at her thighs.

*Let me taste you, Rey....* 

She stood riveted, hypnotized by the fluid way his body moved.
Now he spoke, his deep voice raising chills on her arms and legs. “You know you want to let me.”

He stilled at arm’s length, hooded eyes gazing down, just devouring her. The pull of his lust enveloped her as he reached out to touch her collarbone, drawing his finger softly down her sternum, tracing a promise through the valley of her heaving breasts.

*Give in to your desire.*

His touch broke the spell, and she backed away slowly, her breathing speeding up. Her golden eyes were hazy, and she kept one hand outstretched, feeling for the tree at her back, seeking to avoid getting caught against it as she continued to retreat.

His hot dark gaze followed, making her knees weak. “No?” He continued to move sinuously forward, his powerful muscles on display. “Still not ready to concede...?"

Devious amusement tugged at the corner of his lips. He spoke in a gravelly voice. “Run for me then. Show me how you move.”

For a beat, she was still as stone. His advance and the feral growl in her mind brought her to life.

*When I catch you, I’ll do exactly as I please, no matter how sweetly you beg.*

His parting shot had her whirling, springing lightning-fast through the long grass, orderly rows of trees flying past in a blur.

The run, hopeless though it was, felt so incredibly good. She applied every muscle to her speed, racing swiftly through the trees, the fabric of her slip streaming from her like molten gold. She put her all into extending her lead, pounding the anxious energy from her body with each reverberating connection, leaving the tangle of uncertainty behind.

Kylo beheld her with his heart in his throat. She was stunningly gorgeous in the dappled light; dark hair gilded copper by the sun, her amber eyes alight with high emotion. His blood surged as he watched her flee, singing his love of a good hunt. It wouldn’t be much of a challenge, but that didn’t matter. Not when *she* was the quarry, and he was nearly unhinged with need for her.

He wondered if she had any clue how painful this wait was for him. He smirked wryly, thinking of how he gifted her these runs, aware of how therapeutic they were during this time of chaotic change. In a twist, they benefited him as well, giving him an outlet to discharge some of his self-imposed agony. To this end, he held back yet again, granting her a head start before giving chase. His body coiled as he focused on her, predatory instincts kicking in.

*I’m coming for you. No mercy my love.*

Pursuing her through the orchard was like passing into a reverie. The girl racing before him, the way she moved through light and shadow, the primordial scent of green growing things and the seductive tang of fruit, the beauty of the ornamented boughs overhead—all had the gild of fantasy. Magical though it was, he didn’t draw it out, seeking to avoid exhausting her completely. He caught up with a burst of energy, reaching out to wrap a strong arm about her racing body, relishing the feminine cry that tore from her throat as he suddenly halted her trajectory.

Gripping her upper arms, he spun her to face him before snaking a black-clad arm around her waist, backing her up against a tree. He smiled blackly, noting how her palms rested against his chest rather than fighting. Tangling a hand in her hair, he tilted her head to receive the fierce kiss he pressed into her panting mouth.
She submitted, her moan muffled while he bit at her lip possessively, taking his due. His fist pulled, turning her head, baring her ear to his flushed lips.

“Mmmmm. Mine at last.”

His hands repurposed themselves, slipping down to grip her waist, maintaining body contact as he lifted her higher, fitting their hips together. She felt the tingle of energy brushing against her as he summoned the Force, bidding its phantom hands lift her thighs, locking her in place against the tree.

He loved the way she blinked rapidly, struggling to register the swift turn of events.

Satisfied, he began slow, torturous pumps, the steel between his legs rubbing pointedly into her sex, letting her feel just how up her time was. Distressed arousal colored her face; brows drawn together, lips flushed and parted as she struggled to catch her breath. Capturing her hands where they splayed over his bare chest, he pressed his fingers to the pulse points at her wrists, measuring her reaction as he spoke, continuing to move rhythmically between her trembling thighs. He gazed down at her, his eyes darkly intimate.

“It’s been fun watching you lie to yourself...trying so hard to deny how you love what I do.”

His bottomless gaze searched her eyes, taking his time. He dipped as if to kiss her, instead speaking in a silky whisper against her lips. “Struggling...failing....”

He paused, cocking his head to slowly lick at the seam of her lips, eliciting a shiver.

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“I’m gonna take each lie and melt it, let all those denials drip down your thighs, sweet as honey before I lick them up.”

Her held breath fled as her mind stumbled, drunk on the imagery conjured by his obscene words. She watched his slow, knowing smile as he achieved his goal, her pulse alighting like the wings of a frightened bird under the probe of his fingertips. She could sob at the unfairness of it, the way he used words so effectively to disarm her.

How he knew to feel her heart race.

All of his rotten tricks.

It dimly occurred, and not for the first time, how woefully inadequate her defenses were against him. Just like he’d told her from the start.

Releasing her from his Force bind, he slid her down his body to set her back on her feet. His dark eyes sparkled with mirth, and he said it again, bidding her submit. “Lie down for me, Rey...let me taste you.”

She whimpered as he gripped her insistently, allowing him to draw her down into the tall grass beneath the canopy. His powerful body folded over hers, effectively trapping her. He lowered his head into the crook of her neck, his ebony hair tickling her cheek. She felt the air pull across her skin as he inhaled, his lips ghosting against her throat.

He groaned in want, thinking he’d called her scent spot on. His teeth nipped her skin, biting delicately and her breath caught in suspense. His hand came up to slide through her hair, turning her head aside to expose her to his liking. Still, he waited, speaking softly in her ear.

“How you know why I brought you here, specifically? Have you sensed it, in my mind?” He inhaled against her again, sending chills racing.
“This orchard. So fresh and sweet and pure. This is what I smell on your skin.”

She yelped as she felt his teeth sink in, lips and tongue drawing at her tender neck, sucking hard as she writhed in the cage of his arms.

He thrust his hips into the soft apex of her legs in response, rutting into her softening sex while growling his approval of how her body molded to his, bending for him as he wished.

One hand slid down to her thigh, snaking under the hem of her skirt and hiking it back up, caressing bare skin. He ducked his head, mouthing gently at her satin-covered nipples, reveling in her frantic breath.

He couldn’t wait, sliding down her body, biting her through the gilded slip. He looked up at her sweet, panicked face and smirked, his tongue wickedly caressing a sharp, white canine.

“Open,” he commanded. "I'm gonna find out if your pussy's as sweet as I remember.”

Rey found herself lying on her back in a mild state of shock, folds of golden satin pooling elegantly about her waist.

Her thighs were hitched over his broad shoulders and effectively trapped by his forearms as he held her hips down. Keeping her right where he wanted her. Having his way. Sunshine slanted down through the swaying boughs overhead, spotting their bodies with light. She was breathing hard, struggling to keep it together, unable to contain the high-pitched little whimpers that escaped. The sensations she was being made to feel had their claws in her, drugging her with pleasure. Her hands were free, and they fluttered over the dark-haired angel between her thighs, unwilling to condone the act by touching him, returning to fist themselves in the tall grass in which they lay.

He had been working at her for some time, his mouth languishing, licking, sucking the tender folds between her legs, in no hurry while he blew her mind and convinced her body it couldn’t live without him. It felt so incredibly good she wanted to weep, her coherent thoughts reduced to burning kindling by the physical sensation.

She floated, her eyes half-lidded, breath panting gently, the warm lapping sensation at her sex lulling her limbs into boneless complacency. The wet sounds of his mouth and her breathy moans carried on the breeze as he leisurely explored her triggers.

He purred low in his throat, the vibration sending a stronger wave of hot pleasure coursing through her core, earning him a high-pitched gasp and frantic wiggles. His tongue licked a firm stripe up the length of her slit. “Mine.” He rumbled, giving her hips a possessive jolt to make his point.

Pressing his swollen lips back to their task, he turned his head side-to-side, burrowing deeper into her, and finally began to strike up a rhythm, plying her throbbing peak with tactical intent.

Her hips jerked towards him, restrained by firm hands which tightened around them, drawing her down into his working mouth, giving her the pressure she instinctively craved. The soft cries falling from her lips rose in pitch, becoming more frantic as her chest heaved for breath. He glanced up through dark lashes to take in the mess of girl beneath him. Only the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Her pussy was delectable--swollen and plush against his mouth--and he mused that not a sweeter fruit existed in all the galaxy. His enthusiastic worship was rewarded when her hands wound into his hair. He smiled against her, knowing she was his as her entire body tensed, on the brink.

Rey was lost, holding him tightly as with a sharp cry she was overtaken by rapture. Shards of pleasure exploded from her core, ricocheting through her limbs with blinding intensity. All her
misgivings and inhibitions atomized into nothing as she rocked herself into the heaven of his mouth.

Her cunt throbbed deliciously against his tongue as he lapped up his victory. He hummed praises into her, murmuring about how sweet she tasted and how it devastated him, delicately licking with the fastidiousness of a cat as she descended back into her body.

She gazed brokenly down, golden eyes blown to black, and he admired the view, releasing his hold and stalking up her body, the muscles of his shoulders flexing powerfully, his insatiable mouth leaving bites in its wake. Leveling with her face, he lowered his hips to the wreckage between her thighs and began to grind into her possessively, undulating his hips with fluid insistence and staining his pants with her arousal. After the decadence of slow exploration, his patience was done, and he let her lips know it, ravaging her soft mouth with tongue and teeth, swallowing her moans as if starving.

Tasting herself on him, she melted anew, her hands drifting up to tentatively grasp his shoulders, exploring the corded muscle hidden under his armguards. He’d look on it as an act of surrender she knew but didn’t care. Nothing mattered more in that moment than touching him back. His body was magnetic, all hardness courting her soft curves.

He broke the kiss and locked in a stare, reaching down, sliding his fingers through her drenched folds. Bringing them to his lips, he sucked, searching her gaze while he tasted them guilelessly.

Her heart stuttered in her chest as she watched him. She’d never seen anything so erotic and was completely at a reactionary loss until he closed the distance and pressed his lips back to hers. She moaned into him, swept away by the perfection of the outlet, kissing his sensual mouth with abandon, smelling and tasting herself there.

Yes, Rey. He encouraged her participation, his fingers returning south to slip against her velvety skin, rubbing gorgeous imprecise circles over her swollen peak. His tongue licked gently at the wet seam of her mouth, and she opened for him, allowing him entrance even as her thighs parted willingly. His stomach dropped, grappling with the overwhelming victory of the moment and his crushing need to fuck her. He growled, inserting two fingers slowly, agonizingly into her slippery opening.

She arched, breaking the kiss, gasping for air in a long inhale before moaning deep in her throat. His hand began to move, long fingers stroking deep in her velvety sheath. She crushed her mouth back against his, whimpering in time with his insistent thrusts, her lips soft and pliant. Thighs trembling about his hand, her head fell back, totally destroyed by the torturous sensation below. Unable to continue kissing, her voice begged brokenly with newly awoken need.

“Kylo....please. Oh Kylo, please.”

She didn’t, couldn’t know what she was begging for. But with those soft words, she nearly got it, his resolve devastated by the sweet sound of his name spoken so pleadingly. He groaned against her throat.

“Goddamnit, Rey. How am I going to not fuck you?”

He punctuated his words with several sucking bites to the bridge of her shoulder; his frustration spelled out in freshly-bruising skin. With a heavy sigh, he slid his fingers free, grasping her waist and pulling, rolling them to face each other. She gazed back at him--her look of suffering a mirror of his own.

Maintaining their stare, he sought her hand, guiding it to the painfully erect shaft straining against his abdomen.
Her blown-out eyes opened wider, blinking several times in wonder before he kissed her with a growl of need, coaxing her hand up and down his hardened length. Releasing her hand, he rubbed up and down her curves, encouraging her with deep-chested rumbles of pleasure.

Aroused by curiosity, she stared down at her tiny hand exploring the rod between his legs, stroking it, testing its hardness with little squeezes. She ran her hand up its iron length, tracing the spongy tip with little circles, marveling at the contrast.

She gazed at him guilelessly, lips parted as she dipped her hand under the hem of his pants, pushing them down to free his cock. Looking down, she inhaled at the sight of his manhood, the throbbing length between his legs extending up to kiss at his navel. Wrapping it in a firm grip, she was unable to close her fingers about his girth, sliding her open fist up and down his silky skin in fascination.

She looked up at him, wide-eyed.

“Kylo. You’re so....” she trailed off, but he knew, reading the astonishment rolling off her.

He smiled slyly, the mischief in his voice plain to hear.

“It’s all yours, my sweet.”

Her hand tightened as she looked back down, exploring him with ever emboldened strokes. He groaned, her innocent touch sending thrills up his spine. His fingers returned to slip between her nether lips, teasing at her entrance, dipping shallowly in and out. She began to pant, wiggling her hips in a bid to get him to stroke more of her. He smiled down at her, wise to her moves.

“You like that, hmm?”

Forgetting herself completely, she nodded, moaning softly as he continued his shallow teasing strokes while she squeezed at his rock hard shaft. Having come this far, he resolved to push his luck.

“Tell me what you need, Rey.” His fingers lapped at her entrance, mimicking his tongue, pressing lightly, barely penetrating her slick opening.

He nipped her neck. “Say it.”

She let out a sob, the torture becoming unbearable, her voice a broken whisper. “Please, I need you deeper.”

His chest swelled with triumph as he smirked, pushing her onto her back. “Oh, do you now...?”

He kissed her fiercely while giving her what she wanted with one firm thrust, driving two fingers in all the way.

“You want this, don’t you.” He struck up a rhythm, fucking her with deep resounding strokes. “My cock right where it belongs, deep inside this wet pussy.”

She cried her assent wordlessly against his lips, and he swallowed her frantic sounds of pleasure, pumping his throbbing shaft into the O of her hand.

“You’re gonna love how I feel inside you, gonna beg me for it.”

She instinctively stilled, locking her hand as he took over the motion. Her skin burned with heat, and he added a third finger with ease, sliding up into her soaking wet core, curling his fingers up, stroking at the place of her undoing. Her cries began to take on that edge of panic, and his eyes
slipped closed to better savor the sound and feel of her, speeding his thrusts in answer to the call of her body.

Her free hand had a death grip on his bicep as it flexed, his fingers ruthless within her, drawing the rapture forth. Feeling it build, she bit into the solid muscle of his pectoral, needing something to anchor herself from the storm on her threshold.

She heard a voice calling out, begging for more as the maelstrom seized her, casting her heavenward.

“Yes...yes...Kylo...yes...” It couldn’t hold her, and she screamed against his chest, blinded as the meltdown in her core spread shockwaves of pleasure outward, atomizing time and space and everything but him and the way he moved within her.

The heavenly duo of her tight little hand squeezing his cock and the feel of her delicate muscles clenching and fluttering around his thrusting fingers bore him to his own place of sweet demise. He groaned her name raggedy, thrusting into her hand and savoring the ecstasy of letting go, his guard down as he succumbed to the sharp spikes of pleasure that accompanied each forceful spurt of milky seed.

Shuddering with her aftershocks, she watched him through a heavy veil of passion, fascinated by the erotic spectacle of him coming apart, licking her lips unconsciously as his powerful body shook with obvious rapture. His eyes were pools of molten black, and she stretched her neck up to meet his flushed lips, needing to feel him against her mouth.

She rubbed her lips against his, continuing to stroke up and down his slick length, wondering at the way he shivered at her touch.

Kylo slipped his fingers out of her with a groan of satisfaction, bringing them up to interrupt their kiss. She stilled a moment, reading the challenge in his dark eyes before realizing what he wanted.

Her lips parted to taste her juices, and he met her with his tongue, kissing her around the barrier of his slick fingertips, keeping them between the warm wet meeting of their mouths. She moaned, tightening her fist at his base, and his cock responded, a final trickle of come sliding down between her fingers.

She'd tried to get up but he wouldn't let her, and the pleasurably relaxing that wafted from him infiltrated her as well. They lay entangled, gazing up at the swaying boughs above. Her eyes were half closed and she hummed with pleasure, just soaking in the moment; feeling the warmth of the sun moving over her skin in idle patterns. She watched as he lazily reached toward the canopy and opened his palm. One of the golden fruits above detached itself and floated down into his hand, drawing a gasp of delight from her.

He brought it to his lips, inhaling its scent appreciatively before turning his dusky eyes on her, reaching over to softly trace her lips with the velvety skin of the sunrise-hued fruit. The fragrance was so clean, it promised the taste of nectar balanced by the fresh green notes of leaves. His sultry
voice urged her on.

"Open for me."

Her heart skipped at his innuendo and she complied, seduced by him again; captured by word and deed and the temptation he offered. Her lips parted over the tender curve, teeth sinking into the sweet flesh with ease.

The taste made her moan as she savored the bite, relishing the divine tartness that balanced the sweet perfectly. He watched her, enraptured, before darting down to taste her mouth, coaxing her lips apart with his tongue, licking and sucking softly at the sticky nectar that coated her.

She moaned low in her throat, taken by surprise at the erotic turn to what had seemed so innocent. Breaking the kiss, she pulled back to search his face, her hand coming up to cautiously touch his cheek, wandering down over his sensual lips. She repeated the familiar refrain, though this time in a tone of spellbound wonder.

"What are you doing to me?"

His teeth bit gently at her errant finger with a slow smile. He didn't answer but pushed her back to kiss her again, stealing her breath with the sweep of his tongue. His gravelly voice echoed in her head; it's hard truth impossible to deny.

Making you mine.

P.S—> I'm on Tumblr! Gimme a shout anytime. Lilia_ula@Den of Sin
The Temple of Korriban Part 1

Chapter Summary

This chapter ran away with itself, and I couldn't bear to post a 17 page chapter, so wahlah! More chapters shall there be!
Big love to stories_in_my_head for giving me feedback on this chapter, and helping me clean it up some.

In the end tho, the *Filth* triumphed.

Chapter Notes

I drew from the honeypot of many inspiring works to envision (what was to be) this ultimate chapter.

*I borrowed an excellent quote from England's famous bard. "The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief." ~William Shakespear

*Rey's run through the ruins inspired by Lily's flight through the castle of Darkness. Legend, 1986

*Korriban, and all planets used in my fic courtesy of Wookiepedia, a bottomless ice cream cone of Star Wars lore.

The insanely hot manip you see is courtesy of the shamefully talented and really fricken nice boomdafunk. Check out her many swoon-worthy pieces of art on society6.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
The Temple of Korriban

Songspiration: New Year's Prayer, by the Luminous, Talented, Exulted Jeff Buckley

Feel no shame for what you are
As you now are in your heart
Fall in light
He came to her in the night, stalking silently through the corridors of the Finalizer. She’d awoken, roused by the hiss of the pneumatic doors and the clear awareness of his presence that was now a permanent fixture in her mind. Rolling over in the dark with her legs tangled in sheets, she looked up at him with bleary curiosity. He stood at the edge of her bed; a pitch-black phantom silhouetted against the dimness. Her senses gathered as she gazed at him, mind opening to read his mood. He stood still as stone. She detected...nothing as if he truly had become the perfect statue of a man. Now crept the first stirrings of misgiving, stealing in like a thief in the night. “Kylo?” She called, her voice tentative.

The breath left his body in a compressed hiss as he let his guard down, unleashing the anguished tension he’d withheld so long. It washed over her like a wave, knocking her back off of her elbow to lie flat on the bed. Rey gasped in shock, physically and mentally bowled over by the full unveiling of his inner turmoil. Her mind staggered as she felt the epic battle he waged; fighting to keep his Darkness at bay even as he grappled with the Light that beckoned. And there, at the last, she perceived the edge he teetered on, barely able to resist the temptation to plunge into her abyss. In that moment, she felt his long-suffering need for her. It chafed, like steel scraping on skin, grating his soul raw. She saw him visibly shudder as part of the weight of his burden lifted, born by their shared connection. His pain was alive within her as she reached out in the darkness, overwhelmed by a desire to soothe him, to give him what he so desperately needed.

The warmth of his bare hand engulfed hers as he sank to the edge of her bed, pulling her up against his broad chest. She shivered at the sudden press of their bodies, taken by the intimate feeling of being held tight in his arms. He gazed down at her, one hand rising to stroke her jaw tenderly while the other held her fast. Her nerves sparked, aroused by the insistence of his mind and touch. Finally, she heard his voice rumble sonorously through her thoughts. Rey. The robbed has stolen something from the thief. Her brows furrowed, not understanding his apologetic tone or his words.

She tensed in his arms, drawing a breath to disagree, to tell him it wasn’t so, but his finger pressed gently to her mouth, stilling her. I can bear no more. Truly, I cannot. Her overwhelming desire to console him was halted in its tracks along with her breath as his hand swept down her temple. One last time, my love. She whimpered quietly as the darkness in her room began to grow deeper, knowing what he did but unable to stop him. Her conscious thought was overtaken as she succumbed to his command, swooning in his arms. He held her to his chest as her head fell back, delicate eyes closing as she relaxed into the hold of his Force sleep. One word resonated through her fading mind, spoken with all the finality of an emperor’s sentence. Tomorrow.

Her eyes fluttered open, instantly alert as she recalled their nocturnal exchange. Breathing slowly, she relived the moment of their combined consciousness with something like awe. The limits of their developing bond continued to expand, shocking her with their manifestations. She had been given the most intimate of glimpses into his mind, knowing him as he knew himself. He wanted her to know how she’d affected him, to feel the breadth of his struggle to withhold himself. “Tomorrow,” he’d said, before sweeping her under, robbing her of her ability to question him further. Her eyes narrowed at that. Damn him, the cryptic bastard. He had a propensity for knocking her out. For spiriting her sleeping form through the unknown to awaken on a far shore, entirely at the mercy of his whims. A portentous shiver rippled up her spine. She knew what today’s design would bring. Trembling fingers pressed a blinking lever and the hatch of the coffin-like pod opened with a click and a hiss. She arose quietly and examined her surroundings. Still sitting, her
hands gripping the rim of the exit, Rey surveyed the horizon, taking in the remarkably similar colors of land and sky. No clouds marred the oppressive burnt orange atmosphere, nor was there a hint of breeze to temper the stagnancy of the cursed planet she found herself on.

Unfolding before her was a labyrinth of parched xanthous canyons. The stone had been carved eons ago into what looked to have been a once-great city. It was now a desolate ruin, large pieces of broken structure lying in forgotten repose. The lifeless air pressed heavy on the land, motion yielding the faint sensation of resistance, as if her limbs moved through water. There were no signs of anything living. Indeed, the very thought of life existing here made Jakku seem welcoming. As she surveyed the desolation, she thought of the orchard and it’s lush vibrancy, bursting with life. There was always a method to his madness, but she couldn’t help but wonder what possessed him to bring her to such a forbidding, inhospitable place.

Stepping gingerly out of the pod, she saw that he had dressed her in nothing but a silken slip of virginal white. A premonitory jolt rocked her as her feet touched the ground. She knew this day was the culmination of all that had come before; the crown jewel in his conquest of her. Her heart stirred, it’s rhythmic beat beginning a march of apprehension. His face swam before her, eyes dark with passion as she recalled the words that had threaded through her waking dream, his deep voice leaving behind a seductive echo.

“Run swift and fleet, my love. For this day, when I catch you, I’ll take no less than everything.”

Exhaling nervously, her eyes slipped shut as the now-familiar tide of weakness swept through her. She could no longer deny herself, or him. With her acceptance in the orchard, she admitted that this man who’d claimed her made her want to be owned. Her fiery resistance and initial hatred of him had been snuffed out. There wasn’t enough left of her former untamed self to even feel ashamed about it. Her fears of falsehood were absolved when he’d opened his mind, letting her feel his bone-deep need for her. How could she deny the reverence in his eyes, or the way he so thoroughly saw to her needs? How could she hope to fight him when his touch brought the stars down to light inside her? She could only respond to his bidding, giving herself over to the irresistible tide that was his orchestra.

Why then did she feel so anxious? Her brows furrowed, heart beginning to pound. Why was it so hard to let old things die…?

With a sharp steadying breath, she launched herself into a run, anxious to exhaust the nervous anticipation that threatened to drown her. Little puffs of sweet-tasting dust fanned out from each footfall as she raced nimbly down a ruined thoroughfare, weaving between the crumbling behemoths that littered the colonnade. The gleaming silk of her gown streamed like water from her racing form, spotlighting her movements and sabotaging any ability to blend in. Towering above on both sides were crumbling statues, their likenesses consumed by time and the elements. Even without faces, the faceless deities imposed a weighty presence, filling her mind with foreboding.

As she passed, she fancied they craved the living moisture of her body, watching her with parched, withered eyes, their undying souls shriveled with preternatural thirst. Shuddering, she moved faster, glad to distance herself from their omnipresent stares. Whatever this primordial place was, its power was unmistakable in the heavy air that barely stirred as she cut through it, daring to disturb the nameless spirits that lurked among the ruins.

Her clear awareness of his presence increased as he closed the distance, their joining as preventable as the march of time. She tentatively reached out with her burgeoning ability, seeking his mood with her intuition, finding only energetic silence. He was cloaking his feelings from her. Her sense of nervousness sprouted roots, spurring her on. Even with the knowledge that he’d find her no matter
where she ran, she couldn’t yet bring herself to search him out, clinging to the physical act of fleeing like a drowning soul. It was the final hold-out of her former self, soon to belong to him along with her remaining innocence. Her heart pounding, she searched, scanning for something, anything to break the monotony of the umber desolation through which she moved.

A towering dark shape shimmered into view as she rounded a bend. Slowing her pace, she saw that the avenue terminated at the nexus of multiple colonnades, where stood a conspicuous, dark structure. Approaching it’s imposing form, she was captivated by the display of elaborate architecture, somehow still intact amidst the crumbling metropolis. Its black stone was shot through with veins of garnet, and it stood out, overtly seductive against the burnt sandstone of its surroundings. She paused, perceiving a lull that fell in time with her approach, feeling a growing sense of wonder. Her amber eyes widened as a welcoming breath traced over her skin, sighing her name. She breathed in, feeling her anxiety begin to ebb like an outbound tide. The dead air parted as unseen entities surrounded her, coaxing her forward, refreshing as a cool breeze. It marked the first time she’d felt something other than the vague malice that permeated this haunted planet, and she unconsciously relaxed.

The temple was magnetic, drawing her unthinkingly toward it’s open portal. She climbed the wide, dusty stairs to a sprawling mezzanine, her eyes dazzled with the majesty and sheer size of the structure. Its height loomed, fading into the hazy air overhead. The stone before her gleamed enticingly, and she reached out to trace a delicate vein of dark garnet. Its bloody red hue picked up the muted light, and she was surprised to find how warm it felt under her questing fingertip, as if it carried the lifesblood of the temple within it. She gave the florid crystal a final curious glance before passing beneath the threshold of the ornately carved portal. Finally within the shadowy embrace of the temple, she heard herself sigh as if from a distance, the sound of sweetest resignation.

Her movements were graceful and unafraid as she passed through an antechamber into a cavernous octagonal sanctuary, its lofty ceiling supported with elaborately carved pillars of the same veined black stone. The centerpiece was a tall dais crowned with a time-worn altar. It was to this carved monument that she glided, ghost-like in her pale gown, drawn as if called by name. Nearing the ancient pedestal, she felt the pressure change and stopped in her tracks, remaining facing the altar. His entrance into the temple was a dead giveaway in the buzzing of every cell of her body, his sudden proximity bringing her blood to a warm simmer.

Her breath ceased with the rest of her, attuned to his languid, unhurried approach. Heat radiated against her back, and before long her skin raised, reacting to the fascinating static that sizzled between them when they were close. His voice was insufferably smug as it resonated through her head, still not touching her. *I found you.* She exhaled, her tense wait over as strong hands engulfed her hips, following her curves to caress her waist, moving up her sides and then back down again, smoothing the silk against her skin. Her eyes closed, head falling back against his chest, twitching as she felt his lips and the quick flash of teeth upon the bridge of her shoulder. Leaning back into his embrace, she sighed, her voice resigned. “Of course....You always do. You cheat. And you’re evil.”

He chuckled quietly as his ever-restless hands roamed, one sliding up her side, wrapping easily about her slender throat as if to prove her right, pinning her against his broad chest. The other hand slipped down to engulf her sex, rubbing her through the gown, drawing a gasp. “If I’m evil, it’s because of you,” he growled, "you've bewitched me." His deep rumble dropped into a seductive whisper. “I’m obsessed.”

She could feel the hunger rolling off of his thoughts and her insides dissolved, along with the remaining vestiges of her willpower. Abruptly, his strong hands seized her upper arms, spinning her around to face him. Her eyes travelled dazedly up the muscled expanse of his abs to the broad, sculpted chest that was her meet in height, the stately column of his neck and then...those lips.
Curling in a subdued smirk. She swallowed, at last finding the courage to meet his stare, melting under its dark intensity. His obsidian eyes were alive with anticipation, and she bit back the whimper that threatened by merely beholding his fierce expression. Looking up into his face, she swallowed, daunted by the triumph she saw there. He was so much bigger than she, so imposing, and she felt like a child’s plaything in his grasp, lightweight and entirely at the mercy of his whims. Her hands clung to the thick muscles of his forearms as she nervously allowed him to walk her backwards up the axis, gazing up at him with a look that pleaded for reassurance. He had none to give.

Colliding with the dais, he used his body as he had so many times, caging her against the oddly warm stone at her back. Looking up at him through the fringe of her dark lashes, she trembled, truly afraid of her need for him. Sensing her fear, he responded, the fire in his eyes subduing to a glow. Maintaining eye contact, he reached for her hand, raising it to his temple and holding her splayed fingertips there. Her look of curiosity was met with solemn resolution.

Staring into his eyes, she gasped lightly as he again opened his mind to her, letting her see all of him. Letting her feel the truth, more reassuring than any words. His voice was low and emotional, and she blinked in surprise as she heard the tremor in his speech. “Rey. Can’t you feel by now how I need you too? From the moment I found you, I saw it—clear as day. You were made for me, my love. Our destiny is a shared one.” She swallowed, pausing as if there was still room to consider before the onslaught of his breathtaking gaze, sweeping up her soul, owning her already. “We are two parts of a whole, only complete when together. I am yours. Forever. Please, say yes to me.”

His play had done it; it was so clever she could weep. In opening himself, he all but lay his heart upon the ground for her to judge, severing the final thread of her doubt with one neat slice. It was absolution whispered against the forehead of her fevered soul. Seized by emotion, unable to speak, she nodded. Through a blur of tears, she saw his hands come up, felt fingertips gently tipping her jaw upward. “Say it.” Blinking the water from her eyes, she focused, managing in a small voice, “Yes, Kylo. I am yours.” His face lowered and she unconsciously raised on her toes to receive his lips, their kiss slow and reverent. She unfolded, giving herself over in an act of pure trust, melting against the tenderness he offered. When his lips drifted away, her eyes opened, following him questioningly.

Kylo pulled back, winded, to stare at the heavenly vision before him. The auspiciousness of the moment hit him like a destroyer going to light speed. His angel. Willingly entrusting herself to him. He hadn’t thought she could be more alluring than when she’d been caught in the grips of denial, fiercely resisting the pleasure he meted out...but this. This was a whole new realm of divinity, with its profound depth of feeling and the blessing of her trust. The delicious battles he’d fought to win her acquiescence paled in comparison to this moment and all of its premise.

He kissed her again, his mouth flowing softly over hers like water, trying to translate the tide of his emotion into a physical act. The effect was trancelike, and he felt in that moment he could stay there all day loving on her pliant, exquisite lips. He slowed for a beat as he detected the familiar drawing at his spark in the Force. It was the insuperable pull of the Dark, insistently whispering, urging him to finish what he’d started. There was just the one thing left now. Still, he took his time, lingering there, sipping at her sweetness, pulling away then returning for more, slowly wrapping up the most profound and meaningful of kisses.

Lifting her into his arms, he marveled at her slight weight, how petite she was against him. He maintained eye contact as he moved them up the stairs, attuned to the gravity of the moment. As he lay her reverently upon the altar, the white silk hugged her svelte curves, dripping down the onyx like milky tears. He stepped back, the warm light of his eyes beginning to eclipse to the dreamy sight of her lying prone before him, willingly , astride the ancient altar in the Valley of the Dark Lords. He heard the sinister whisper of the ancients in his mind, dripping their black influence all over his psyche. Like a sacrifice begging to be made . He breathed in deeply, steeling himself to toe the line.
Tendrils of the Dark wrapped themselves catlike about his legs, slinking higher to engulf him, demanding their due. He gazed into her trusting eyes, locating the spark of Light she’d awoken in him, keeping it close even as he opened to embrace the Dark, letting it’s guidance flood through him.

She had been spellbound, drugged by the pace of his thorough, lazy kisses. As he had laid her gently to lie before him, she’d remained enchanted, gazing up at him with half-lidded golden eyes that flashed with adoration. Her awareness slowly returned as she perceived the change coming over him, the pervasive feeling that something was about to happen. She sensed it in him; a low hum of tension in his muscles, and she felt it in the increasingly charged air; static snapping like a gathering storm. It broke the spell of her sensuous torpor, awareness crystallizing as she gazed at him, her brows knitting together in worry.

Her fear and uncertainty had returned and he could feel the effort she was making to still her limbs from bolting. He reached out, smoothing his hand gently over her forehead as he bent down to kiss her softly, soothingly. You know I’d come for you if you did. His smile was genuine, but she saw sharpness in his dark eyes as he stared at her, his penetrating gaze causing her insides to liquify. She inhaled deeply, trying to breath through her tension. Her efforts were suddenly blown to the edge of panic as she watched a glittering silver blade materialize in his hand.

Her eyes flicked to his in alarm. He didn’t smile, his expression unreadable as he looked down toward the foot of the altar. He knelt, dropping below the edge and passing from sight. Anxiety ate at her until she couldn’t bear it, sitting up to see him on his knees, his face hidden behind the ebony curtain of his hair. He gazed down unseeingly at a rough hewn chalice carved into the base of the chantry. She grew still as unseen forces begin to gather, whispers through the shadowy air that coalesced about him, becoming visible. The hair on the back of her neck stood up, chills raising her flesh as she perceived the amorphous waves of power that convoluted, pooling purposefully above the altar. Her breath caught in her throat as she looked up in wonder, blinking several times, making sure the violet opaline dome that had condensed overhead was real.

Time seemed to slow down as she looked down to see him still kneeling, the dagger poised against his open palm, ready to bite. He looked slowly up at her, his eyes wide and bottomless, expression blank. The knife flashed, bright crimson spilling in its wake to spatter the ancient chalice.

The blade’s cut seemed to bring him back, animation returning to his eyes as he placed the christened dagger down and arose to meet her. Reading her face, he answered the unspoken question. “We are both to shed blood this day.” His cryptic statement did nothing to soothe her, worry clouding her brow as he crouched low to stalk up over her, his powerful muscles flexing as he forced her to lie back beneath him.

His bloodied hand left tracks upon the altars porous stone as he went, and Rey’s eyes were drawn to the surge in the lazily swirling dome above them. Those vibrant prismatic colors glowed vividly for a moment before dimming to their former milky translucency. She stared up at the enigma above, unafraid. “Kylo,” she said in a small voice, “What is it?”

“You see the energy of the Dark Side. In all the galaxy, it is strongest here on the planet Korriban.” Gazing down at her, his gorgeous chest bared and wreathed by the auras above, he looked like a god come down to hover over her. “It calls for you, Rey. Open yourself and feel it. Let the power in.” His enormous hand reached up, and he drew his fingers lightly down her face, forcing her eyes to close.

With a deep breath, she did as he bid her, disbanding her fear and opening herself to the enticing energy that stroked beckoningly at her mind. Eyes still shut, she gasped as it entered her with a sudden intoxicating rush, filling the entirety of her being as wine fills a cup. Her inner sight
expanded, ballooning outwards, seeing and feeling everything invisible, buoyed by the heady richness of power in her veins. She saw his energy in the Force and it called her; a burning star that pulsed with raw, scintillating power. She felt her nerves tingling with newly woken ability, and she languidly stretched her limbs, basking in the powerful energy that electrified her. Slowly, her eyes opened, finding and meeting his, and the brilliance he saw there stole his breath.

The swirl of galaxies in her darkening eyes, powerful and violent, marked the transition within her. A single tear rolled down her face as she gazed up in stunned silence at him. She sensed his exultant pride as she searched his expressive eyes, and adoration flooded into her heart. Her savior. Teacher. Lover. Her lips parted softly in invitation, and he smiled.

Lowering his body flush against hers, he settled between her legs, sliding easily against the silk that draped her. Never taking his stare from her spellbinding eyes, he slowly, painstakingly met her lips, the barest brush, so as to feel the spark of tension jump between them. She gasped and he lunged, capturing it, devouring her like a man starved. Tasting the Dark energy flowing through her, he groaned, exploring her mouth leisurely, licking at her, sampling the forbidding and exotic change in her blood. She responded with all of her pent-up desire, withheld so fiercely, now unleashed and emboldened. It washed over them, bathing him in her powerful need and sweeping forever away her rebellion. He kissed her, breaking against her mouth in deep sensuous waves, sweeping her up in a crest of agonizing want.

Pausing, he raised himself up to hover over her, noting her lovely writhing at his absence. He stalked down her body, brushing lips across her breasts to each pebbled nipple, teasing through the thin fabric. She moaned as he began worrying at her with his teeth. “Do you have any idea,” he paused, biting a little harder, “what the sight of you in a dress does to me?” She shook her head, whimpering at the vulnerability of her sensitive nipple between his teeth. Bracing herself, her hands tensed on his shoulders. He looked up from her breasts with a dangerous smirk, his voice electric as he murmured, “Let me show you.”

One huge hand came up to hover above her breast. His eyes narrowed minutely as he focused, and she felt the stir of power against her skin as his fingertips twitched. With a sharp ripping sound, the thin fabric barrier between them rent itself down to her navel. She gasped, blinking at the feel, looking down worriedly as his teeth caught the abused material and drew it aside, baring her breast to him. He repeated the motion with the other side, her heaving chest now exposed for his attentions. He studied her for a moment, humming with satisfaction before licking at her creamy skin, tracing his tongue along the undersides of her sensitive curves. She was truly perfect. His patience snapped and he descended with kisses full of teeth, drawing hungry mouthfuls of her as if she were edible. She writhed, panting as he gripped his shoulders, drawing her knees up the outside of his massive thighs and squeezing him in a bid for more. He loved the innocent responses of her body, how it begged for that which it had never known. He groaned, so close to remedying that, sliding his hand down to grab her dress hem, yanking the fabric up her skin impatiently. The pronounced muscles of his shoulders and biceps flexed as his purposeful motions bared her to his touch.

When the ruined gown pooled at her waist, he slid lower, his hands easing her thighs apart. As he kissed and bit a path up the sensitive skin of her inner thigh, he wrapped his massive hands about her hips, one thumb sliding through her curls to rub gently at her clit. Her soft moans began to spiral upward in pitch as he centered himself, his lips hovering just below his lazily circling thumb. He crooned softly, more to himself than to her. “My sweet, untouched girl.” He extended his tongue, licking her opening in tiny strokes, delicately tasting the indent with just his tip. She whimpered loudly, thighs trembling about his cheeks. This is the last time I’ll taste you as a virgin, my love. She gasped loud as his fingers tightened on her hips, pulling her down as he thrust the spear of his tongue deep inside her. Her loud cry rent the air as she writhed, his tongue sliding in her sheath as his thumb
pressed at her bundle of nerves, now moving with firm conviction.

She squirmed within the cage of his hands as he continued to fuck her with his tongue, crying out at the feel of him rubbing her clit while he penetrated her. Her body began to stiffen, the vibrant pleasure building to a crescendo within her. He felt it and moved up, latching his mouth over her throbbing bud and sucking. She arched hard at the suddenness of his long fingers plunging like a diver into water, lodging themselves deep inside of her and rubbing gently in and out. Her scream echoed in the vastness as she came violently, her voice spiraling into moans as the waves of ecstasy rolled outward from her core, muscles shivering with mind-numbing pleasure. Rey panted, gripping the muscular shoulders coiled at her hips, trying to steady herself as delicious aftershocks rolled through her nerves. Withdrawing his fingers, he resisted licking up the fresh surge of moisture he’d caused, prowling back up, pausing to rub his mouth against the silk at her waist. His look of haughty satisfaction made her shake her head weakly, incredulous at his ability to do such things to her.

Claiming her lips again, he began a slow, tempestuous onslaught, the scent of her arousal adding kindling to her fire with each devilish tease of lips and tongue. He waited until she was breathless, her arms pulling at him desperately as she whimpered with newly awoken need. He met her blown-out eyes with a small smile, his dulcet voice flowing over her like honey, warm and golden. “I’m going to take you. This act will bind us as one, forever.” He carefully searched her eyes, looking for understanding. “Do you consent?”

Meeting his stare, she felt the weight of his words, the scale of their profound meaning. Her voice resonated with honesty as she replied but one word, the depths of her soul carried with it.

“Yes.”

Come say holy hell or whatever! I'm at Lilia_ula@Den of Sin

Chapter End Notes

Writing this story has been unbelievably gratifying, and you guys have been SO good to me!

Your encouragement and compliments are manna from heaven, and I'm BEYOND grateful, with a special shout-out to those of you who've given feedback. Every time you've read an Ao3 author telling you how much your comments mean, they tell it like it is--commenting outfits our toolbox and fuels our confidence to continue writing.

Thank you, from the bottom of my (albeit black) heart.
The Temple of Korriban Part 2

Chapter Summary

Rey has given herself over, granting consent, and Kylo has his wicked way. We continue directly with the altar scene in the temple on Korriban.

Chapter Notes

Ao3 really ought to grant us an E+ category.

I'm about to make them regret their rating cap.

Lots of love to Storiesinmyhead for her feedback and unfailing sense of humor, and a hat tip to the ladies of The Writing Den for their support.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
THE TEMPLE OF KORRIBAN Part II

Musical Inspiration:
"Gooey" by Glass Animals

***Picking up directly from Part I***

"Yes," she breathed.
Kylo closed his eyes, the word falling from her lips sizzling through his veins and into his groin. His lips found hers and he lingered, woozy with the consequence born of that small three-letter word. Rising a little unsteadily, he knelt before her, lips parted, eyes simmering as he reached down to remove his breeches. The dark garment slid down, revealing him fully to her.

She beheld him naked for the second time and tried to breathe, tried and failed with a little sob that caught in her throat. He was magnificent and terrifying at the same time; a study in formidability. Her eyes slipped shut, overwhelmed for a moment at the thought of calling such a powerful thing hers.

*Shit, Rey! Get yourself together!*

Gathering her courage, she opened her eyes, finding her attention drawn to his intimidating erection. He watched with growing amusement as her barely-contained worry flared back to life, her brows furrowing in that expression he'd come to know so well.

“How...are we...um, how ever will I...I mean...you’re not gonna...” she trailed off, at a loss for words.

Tearing her eyes away from his resplendent shaft, she looked up at him pleadingly. He suppressed a smirk, unable to resist playing innocent. “Hmmm?” She huffed, looking down, her doubt plain to see as she tentatively brushed her fingers along his length. He remained silent, withholding reassurance, enjoying this way too much.

She tore her eyes away from his twitching cock, meeting his dark stare with genuine concern. “Kylo,” she breathed, “I won’t live through this.”

That did it, and his hands came up to caress her upturned face. “Shhh.” He bent to kiss the corner of her eye tenderly, finally consoling in a husky voice. “Let go of your fears, my love. Our bodies were made to fit perfectly together. Hush now, and let me show you.”

Positioning himself before her, he angled his erect shaft to meet her sex, his mind slipping as the tip of his cock touched her that first time. His eyes closed in wonderment at the slick, hot perfection he met with, shivering as he dipped himself in the luxurious moisture that flowed from her. *Only for me.*

Opening his eyes, he looked down to see her brows drawn together, her beautiful face reflecting the nervous desire he could feel through their bond. It fed his hunger, as did the soft whimpers she couldn’t restrain as he continued to rub his spongy tip through her delicate folds.

He hushed her moan with a reassuring kiss before sitting up, continuing to beguile her with his slide. She blinked up at him, biting into the plushness of her lower lip as he teased her, so heavy and warm against her sensitive flesh. A nervous thrill coursed through her when she realized her hips were rocking slightly, instinctively moving in waves to the meet of their sex. She watched as his eyes closed again, muscles tensing as he reacted to her new-found pleasure in participating. These infrequent little hints at the power she wielded over him hadn't gone unnoticed. His eyes snapped open, focusing on her with dark promise.

He’d heard her, and the look he leveled put her right back in her place. At his mercy. She whimpered as she felt him slip forward, testing in and out.

Fighting to control himself, Kylo breathed hard, affected by the dizzying sight of his throbbing tip pressing into her slight opening. He looked up from under his brow, feeling her tension. Reaching inward, he sought for that newly forged spark of Light, holding it close as he grappled with his very nature, repressing his urge to rush into the act.

“This is going to hurt at first, my love,” he warned, his voice gravelly. “Trust me to make it better.”
He slid a hand over her pelvis, while the other firmly grasped her hip.

His eyes slipped shut as he felt his sensitive tip submerge fully into her liquid heat.

Opening, he met her pleading, half-lidded stare and inhaled as he drove his hips forward, thrusting his cock into her resistive body with a forceful stroke. She arched against him with a short scream that rent the still air, her nails sunk deep into his taut forearms. The purple nimbus around them shivered, little sparks trailing off it to linger in the dimness.

Her eyes were squeezed tight as she trembled against him. Kylo gasped, remaining perfectly still as her inner walls squeezed in agony around the hardness of his organ. His eyes slipped closed, caught by the warring dichotomy of wanting to lessen her pain and the ecstasy of being inside her at last.

Opening them, he met her teary stare, rubbing his palm in light circles on her pelvis, gently stroking over the place where he impaled her. “Try to relax, my love. Don’t fight me,” he soothed. Ever-so-gently, he eased out a few inches before returning with a groan he couldn’t stifle.

She arched again, tossing her head aside as a broken sob escaped her clenched teeth. Glancing down, he saw that his length wasn’t fully seated, but he certainly wasn’t about to subject her to any more of him. He carefully pulled out to the head of his cock, seeing the light streaks of blood on his shaft.

Mine. All mine. Only mine.

His eyes closed as he shivered with dark, gluttonous pleasure. Sliding back in gently, he insistently coaxed her muscles, bidding them to relax.

Lowering over her, he cupped her face in his hands, licking at her tears before covering her quivering lips, kissing her softly. He flooded her mind with the ecstatic sensation of being inside her, distracting her with his perception as he began to pump deep inside.

She moaned and huffed against his skin, struggling to accept him. Humming a rich baritone, he felt it when the pain began to ebb, its exit hastened by the warming friction of his strokes and the plying of her mind. Her sheath softened minutely around his hardness; the first sign of her acceptance.

He groaned at the same time as she did, both of them feeling her body respond to the foreign stirrings of pleasure.

An electric joy flooded his veins.

She was his.

With the sweet, merciful blessing of her body secured, he began to stroke her lusciously, riding on a surge of wetness, intensifying the rapture of their joining. Her breath was his to manipulate, and he did with it what he pleased, speeding it then slowing it down in time with the pace of his hips.

The sensation of him moving inside of her was transcendent. She clung to him, lost in the incredible fullness. His cock sliding up so deep inside her was everything animalistic, making her feel like it was the only thing that mattered, like she’d never lived before this moment.

Her mind was gone, and she cried his name over and over into the violet cocoon that blazed about their locked bodies. Pleading for more without actually saying it. But he knew--like he knew everything else about her body--and he gave it to her, his thrusts getting deeper as her body relaxed under his advance, allowing him full entrance. Her eyes rolled back as he hilted himself with a deep groan, her cries becoming wordless as she drowned in the hedonistic pleasure of her initiation.
He grit his teeth as his tenuous hold on control began to fray. The sounds she was making—high-pitched feminine cries—were waking something bestial in him, compelling him to fuck her harder. His eyes slipped shut as his only focus became the slick velveteen grip around him as he pushed in, imposing his will upon her resistive muscles, barely able to take all of him, and the blissful sucking sensation around his cock as he withdrew.

Dear god, the ecstasy was too much, and he turned his face into her hair with a tortured groan. If he didn’t get a handle on himself he’d fuck her senseless. He forced himself to still on his next forward thrust, pinning her in place, panting hard with the exertion it took to stop.

Raising his head, he met her blown-out eyes and let his guard down, allowing her to feel his worshipful awe, better than a thousand words of flattery. She responded with a needy whimper, her brows knit together with emotion. In the stillness of their joining, her thighs wrapped around him, bidding him to move. The corner of his lip quirked up, pleased by her little expressions of urgency. From here, it was a slippery slope to the kind of begging he wanted.

All in good time, my love.

Shifting his weight to his elbows, he slipped both hands through her hair, cradling her head to begin a firm, sensual kiss. He held her in place as he devoured her, gliding his tongue sinuously against hers. She whined softly as he licked and sucked at her mouth; slow and ponderous, like she was covered in a sweet he’d never tasted before.

His painfully hard cock twitched within its silken prison, demanding he fuck her in earnest.

He ignored the temptation, embracing the throbbing below in stillness as he intensified the assault on her mouth. The torture became too much, and with a throaty moan, she broke the kiss, wrapping her trembling limbs about him in desperation. Nudging her head aside, he bit designs on her neck, smiling at her vain attempts to incline her hips, knowing perfectly well what her body wanted. Holding out for her downfall.

“What do you need, angel?” He murmured tenderly, his voice the slide of velvet.

The words he’d been waiting to hear, spoken in her soft, lilting voice, fell upon him like salvation. He drew back to better savor the moment, his brows lifting slightly, as if he couldn’t imagine what it was she pleaded for.

“What do you need, angel?” He murmured tenderly, his voice the slide of velvet.

Passion and distress merged across her lovely features, her flushed lips parted slightly, eyes bright with unshed tears. She knew what the barely restrained plea on the tip of her tongue meant. She knew. The moment of his triumph at hand as she skated the line of complete subjugation. The Darkness beckoned sensuously.

Drawing a breath, she cast herself off the edge, murmuring brokenly, “Please, Kylo. I need you to...” She broke off with a shudder, voice becoming a whisper. “Please fuck me.”

Her submission was a conflagration in his veins. His eyes sparked with victory, but he didn’t rub it in, rewarding her with a deep-throated groan and a quick possessive roll of his hips that nearly undid her.

He lowered his mouth to her ear. “You’re mine now, Rey,” he growled, explaining it with his hips, owning her with strokes that pounded deep into her core. “This pussy is mine.”
Releasing her head, one hand slid to the back of her neck, forcefully turning her head to the side, exposing her creamy neck. The other stroked down the side of her body, sliding under a thigh, lifting it flush against his hip and holding it in place. His mouth descended on her throat, marauding with lips and teeth while his clever hips began to undulate, his cock sliding hard and deliberate into her soaking cunt.

Her eyes rolled back as her body went limp, succumbing completely. “Oh. God,” she breathed, “Kyl--,” his name cut off, halted by a deep stroke, “what are you doing-- unhh! -- doing--” she panted in between each pump of him, voice hitching as he slid home again, “uhh--to me?”

He smiled wickedly, hands sliding under her ass to lift her hips, his low voice a purr of sin in her ear as he continued his onslaught.

“I’m fucking you, sweetheart.”

Her eyes squeezed shut and she wailed, weakened by his words and desperately seeking an anchor amidst the storm working between her legs. Sinking her nails into his back, she bit into the temptation of his rounded bicep, attempting to muffle her cries. He hissed and began to take her harder, the pain turning him on, provoking his baser instincts. Locking his elbows, he raised up, grasping her wrists and pinning them next to her shoulders. Spying his blood on her clawed hands, riveted her with a wicked look that made her freeze. Dusky eyes never leaving hers, he brought one of her fingers to his mouth, sucking at it obscenely while his restless hips worked her slowly, as if on autopilot.

Her eyes slipped shut and the breath in her lungs fled, unable to take the heat of his...everything...She wondered hazily if he’d be the death of her. Her eyes flew open with a gasp as he pulled out without warning, kneeling while grasping her slight waist and sliding her up into the cradle of his lap. He reclaimed her with a swift, sharp plunge.

She gasped, shocked eyes meeting his. He smiled roguishly, knowing full well why. He did it again, aiming for her navel, reacquainting her with the sweet spot that was her one-way ticket to bliss.

“You like that?” He growled, devouring the surprised panic in her eyes. She could only moan brokenly, her ability to speak robbed.

Reverent fingers traced the line of her arched back and he stared, entranced by the way each of his hard thrusts impacted her whole body, causing her firm breasts to bounce alluringly. Pausing to grip the sides of her rib cage, he curled over her, taking a mouthful of creamy breast and sucking at it obscenely.

Ceasing to thrust, he hilted his throbbing cock into her and began to rub his hips up and down, massaging her from inside. She whimpered at the restless sensation building inside, anchoring her fingers in his raven locks. He continued grinding upward, never letting the pressure against her inner walls falter. He felt it when her muscles began to tighten, and he silently encouraged her.

“Thats my baby. Theres my good girl.”

She looked so beautiful writhing on his cock, making him proud.

Give in to it, let yourself go.

She moaned, the pitch of her cries climbing the scales as she felt her body leave the ground. Releasing her nipple with a long wet lick, he looked up to watch her, his eager cock straining to get even deeper into her taut throbbing muscles. Reaching up, he grasped her chin, forcing her to look
down into his blackened gaze, a roguish smile on his lips as his husky farewell echoed in her mind. *Say hello to heaven, angel.*

She tossed her head aside, eyes slamming shut with a final cry, her back arching sharply as violent ecstasy roared outward from where his cock stroked her. It rippled through her limbs and left her blind to all but the exploding stars behind her eyes.

*Oh, Rey. Oh, so good, my baby.*

She heard his words within her blown mind but was only able to register that he praised her. All else was lost to the dismantling of her very being, caught in the maelstrom of pleasure inside her.

He exhaled in victory, marking the glorious sight of her coming apart over him. Throwing back his head, he arched his body, at last swept into the pulsing vise of her sheath, responding to the serenade of her cries with a heartfelt groan and a sharp buck of his hips. His cock strained spastically before coming undone within her. Time and space were obliterated as her cunt pulsed rapturously around him, milking hot jets of spend from his shaft.

He groaned emotively, emptying himself of the pent-up need he’d endured for so long, the pleasure rocking through his taut form with each forceful spurt. Looking down at her in awe, he pumped unsteadily, lips parted with the high emotion of claiming her at last, filling her still as he descended back to earth.

Eyes closing as he savored the ocean he slipped in, her heavenly body awash with the flood of their combined juices. Groaning blissfully, he continued to languidly rut between her shaking thighs, instinctively pushing his seed as deep into her as he could get it.

Wanting her thoroughly marked.

Claiming her in the most physical sense of the word.

Biting his lip, he looked down upon her through the haze of his euphoria and saw her watching him with a half-lidded expression of passionate awe. “Oh, Rey,” he breathed, gathering her into his arms and humming exultations, dropping light kisses all about her face and throat, finally drawing up to her mouth and locking in an earnest questioning stare.

*Are you alright, my love?*

Meeting his eyes, seeing the tenderness in those bottomless depths, she melted bonelessly, answering him with the ardent press of her mouth. *Kylo, I—that was—* her voice shuddered in his mind, fumbling with words that paled, so she flooded him with her feelings, giving him her perspective in the way he’d taught her.

He hummed appreciatively into her mouth, entirely taken with the intimacy they shared. Responding with soft kisses, he dallied, cradled in the blissful heat of her body, unwilling to move. Finally, he roused, prodded by the growing hardness in his loins, sensitive to the condition of her newly-christened body.

She made a small sound of protest when he slowly pulled out, leaving her feeling strangely bereft. The hot gush of their juices flooded down her buttocks, pooling beneath her on the altar. She blushed but was immediately distracted as the ephemeral violet dome that had encircled their joining responded, blazing to life and growing nearly opaque before blinking out, leaving only tiny sparks to trail off into the gloom.

He cupped her face gently, smiling down at her, stealing her breath with a fierce, triumphant joy she hadn’t thought him capable of. His kiss was earnest, and he spoke silently as he loved on her mouth,
voice resonating through her thoughts with high elation.

*It is done, my love! We are one, and never shall either be alone again.*

The quality of his mood was contagious, and the corner of her lips curled in a smile as she was kissed over and over. With a final whisper of skin, he pulled away, easing off of the platform to stand beside her. He gazed down in adoration at her naked form; her lips were flushed crimson and eyes halfway closed, her graceful body sprawled sinfully amidst a ruin of white silk astride the onyx alter.

He groaned at the tantalizing vision, projecting it back at her, letting her feel the stirring in his loins.

Her eyes clouded with doubt but he disbanded her concerns with a playful smile. *Don’t worry so, my darling. There’s always tomorrow.*

She had tried valiantly to stand but her legs wouldn’t carry her, much to his quiet satisfaction.

In the end, he carried her back to their waiting shuttle, her naked body pressed against his bare chest, arms lightly encircling his shoulders. He stalked through the ruined streets, silent and deadly, with his prize held possessively close, her sleek thighs stained with his seed and her virgin blood. Their bond blazed with energy, so fortified by the physical act of their joining she could see it at the edge of her peripherals if she narrowed her eyes; a vibrating spectrum of lurid color.

She felt...different.

Connected to him and aware somehow, as if their union had opened something in her, tapping into the energy all around them. She basked in the newfound feeling of the Dark within her, purring like a seductive current through her veins, silently inviting her to try it on. Her body hummed, and she brushed an impulsive kiss upon his bare chest.

Gazing up at him through her lashes, she smiled coyly, recalling the many other times he’d borne her away in the cage of his arms. Kylo felt her amusement and looked down at his ravishing girl, arching a dark brow in question.

“I’m beginning to think you rather enjoy carrying me,” she murmured, her eyes flashing.

Keeping his face straight, he gave her a sideways glance. “Oh?”

“And if I didn’t know any better, I might think you make me too weak to walk, for that very purpose.”

His lips curled up a little as he looked down, quietly mulling his options. He had promised to be frank with her... Her heart began to speed as his dark gaze leveled her.

“If I had it my way, you’d always be too weak to walk,” he murmured silkily.

She gasped in weak outrage, batting at him half-heartedly. “Oh! You are...without a doubt...just the most rotten, depraved...hmm,” she trailed off, at a loss for words. Her mouth twitched in annoyance
as she stared over his shoulder, fighting to ignore how his smirk took *everything* and melted it.

He, meanwhile, was fixated on her pout. Soon he was kissing her cheeks and temples, winning her back with that lethal combination of tenderness and sex appeal, working to finally achieve the goal of her lips.

When she gave in, it was her dulcet voice that resonated, it's burgeoning strength echoing down their bond like a golden arrow through the Darkness of his heart.

_Mine._

Chapter End Notes

To my faithful readers: thank you for sticking with me and for all of your lovely kudos and comments. No one should ever have to be so wicked alone, and your companionship has been my delight. You've made a newbie writer feel loved, and I appreciate each and every one of you.

The Epilogue to come wraps up a loose end or two, and contains some bad-to-the-bone E++ Smut.

Why, you ask? Because you (and our fav Dark Emporer) waited sooooo long and patient-like ;-)
Chapter Summary

Rey has given in and the ritual is complete. She is as one reborn; exploring the myriad cascade of changes that have accompanied her acceptance, testing the waters of her newfound sexuality and power.

Kylo has achieved his ultimate goal and glories in Rey's embrace of him and the Dark. The scale and scope of his affection for her is revealed.

And sex. Soooo much of it. Gotta make up for lost time, right?!

Chapter Notes

I've really gone and done it this time. This BEAST of a chapter had me blushing the WHOLE TIME. Oh dearie me. It would take a baptism in a bath of holy water to clean my head out...

Then there's the angsty fluff I threw in there. I swore I'd never write such things but here I am. Perhaps an exorcism? I dunno, but I hope you like it.

A freakin LANDSLIDE of LOVE to my endlessly supportive beta and fellow smutaholic LoveofEscapism. Thanks for putting up with my fussassedness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Ch. 12: Aftercare

The burnt sky loomed heavily overhead as Kylo bore his prize through the rubble-strewn thoroughfares of the wasted metropolis. His gait was smooth and unhurried as he lazily navigated the ruins, his mind purring with a contentment he’d never known. Black smoke-like wisps of pride trailed in his wake, visible only to the hungry gaze of Korriban’s ghosts. He felt their covetous stares, envious of the girl within his grasp and the lurid draw of their combined energy in the Force. Looking down at her, his chest flooded with a heady mix of triumph and possessive adoration. He repressed a smirk, thinking they were right to want her, to crave the lustrous blend of darkness and light that colored her aura.

Rey swayed with the fluid movement of his steps, her body and mind host to a languid complacency.
His own state of surety bled through their bond, its effect like a tranquilizer. Even exposed as she was, she was not uncomfortable; the merit of his relaxed stance cloaked her as did the still, heavy air.

Her gaze swept guilelessly down the expanse of her nakedness and she felt the deep, warm throb of her sex, so freshly initiated. Thinking of their coupling woke the flutter of wings within her breast, and she drew her lip lightly between her teeth. The carnal pleasures they’d shared, the elicit knowledge she was now privy to had changed her somehow, and she felt it. It was as if her understanding of the possibilities of everything had lifted; a whole new realm awaited, tempting her with its beguiling potential.

Keeping her eyelids lowered, a tiny smile tugged at the corners of her lips as a devious pleasure coiled within her mind. There was something terribly arousing in the manner of their voyage; her unveiled body pressed up against his bare chest, born under the surly sky for all and none to see how he’d claimed her, body and soul.

As they wound through the ochre canyonlands, another feeling of differentness availed itself. Her initial approach to the temple had been haunted by an oppression that kept pace with Korriban’s energy. Only now, its gravity was lifted. The ominous sense of maleficence was still there, but it had taken on a translucency, like the ring of a hollow threat. A quiet voice in her head whispered that, should she desire it, these resentful spirits could be tamed, harnessed even by the hot flare of her will.

She reclined her head upon the swell of his bicep, her amber eyes lit with something like defiance as they neared the crumbling idols that had sped her flight to the temple. As they passed, she studied them fearlessly, imbued as she was with the Darkness that lent them their daunting presence. He read her mood and caved to the urge, lowering his head to kiss her exposed neck, mocking the nameless deities with the vitality of their passion.

“You feel the whisper of their hostility, their puzzlement,” he murmured huskily, his mouth still flush with her skin. “Ignore them. They are displeased with the changes in me, even as they are drawn to the shift in you.”

She would have asked him to explain further, but words failed as his teeth sank into the muscle of her throat and he sucked deeply, raising chills over her skin and banishing all thoughts. Her hands wound through the night-black strands of his hair, fists relaxing to cradle him gently when he returned his mouth to her lips, tender with her all over again.

Their progression lulled her like a child; the cadence of his steps and aftermath of their union conspiring to leave her winded. He didn’t help matters with his vertigo-inducing kisses, which he plied her with at leisure as they continued through the wasted metropolis. Even the minute movements of her lips sliding harmoniously beneath his served to sap her fading strength, and each kiss depleted her until she had nearly nothing left. She found her eyes non-compliant, her mind abuzz with the need for rest, quieting only when she allowed her eyelids to flutter closed.

Sensing a honing in his focus, she roused to spy the menacing bat-like form of his shuttle parked upon a rock-strewn plateau. It gleamed dully in the hazy light, conspicuously sleek amidst the rocky desolation. For the first time, the sight of it induced a feeling of comfortable familiarity, and she tucked her head against the crook of his shoulder, closing her eyes as they approached. Rey was semi-aware of the matte black ramp unfolding and their ascent into the durasteel maw. His voice reverberated beautifully through her mind, reassuring her that no one alive would have the pleasure of viewing her naked form.

With eyes closed, she smiled against the pillow of his chest, tickled by the possessiveness that colored his statement and its unspoken addendum.
None but he, that is.

She felt his kiss upon her crown affirming her thoughts, and without warning, her heart suddenly opened, filling to the brim with unexpected feeling.

Her emotional response to this small, seemingly inconsequential gesture constricted about her with alarming speed. She stared sightlessly at his collarbone as her vision began to swim, corresponding with the rising tide that threatened in her breast. Never had she been so wanted, much less revered. It was wonderous, and it was utterly terrifying. He felt the dueling emotions that swamped her, felt it as she was overcome. Pausing, he gazed down at her, his eyes soft as he mirrored her feelings with his own.

She opened her mouth to speak but found she couldn’t. His affection nurtured something deep within her; a place whose prayers for rain had long ago fallen silent. The quality of his attention was as life-giving water on the dry desolate plain of her soul, and she was left blind and speechless as a neglected part of her inner being resurrected. Kylo’s throat constricted as he beheld the large salty tears that fell from her luminous eyes, so exquisite with their depth of emotion, and his heart responded in turn.

Summoning the Force, he wrapped phantom hands about her, pressing her slight form gently to his body, freeing his hands to slide up the back of her trembling shoulders. His brows were furrowed as he touched his forehead to hers, now cradling her head in both massive hands with a gentleness she hadn’t known possible.

Not trusting his voice, he spoke into her mind.

_Rey. I know the fright you’re feeling, I know it’s terrifying to need someone when you’ve been alone your whole life. Please don’t be afraid. I feel it too, my love. And I will always be here for you. I’ll never abandon you. Ever. _His eyes searched hers, earnest in his attempts to convey the breadth of his devotion. _I am flawed and have no claims on perfection, but you have all of me, and ever will._

A sob tore from her throat as she wrapped around him, holding as to banish her fright with the very strength of her embrace. He enfolded her, tucking her secure into his chest, reassuring her as she endured the reawakening of her desiccated heart.

_I meant everything I said. We are bound, never to be alone again. I am yours and you are mine, my love. Let me in..._

At that, she pulled back, her face awash with tears and high emotion as she gripped him firmly in both hands, giving him a little shake. “Damn you, Kylo Ren!” She choked out, her eyes wild. “You already are” ... _You already are..._

Her lips met his fiercely, almost accusingly, but she soon gentled, met only with softness and the nurturing flood of adoration that poured across their bond, enveloping her.

He kissed her up from the depths, tightening the weave of their bond, cradling her with the dedication of one whose heart was fully vested.

Rey sighed deeply against his cheek, releasing with her breath the heavy mix of her emotions, feeling
their connection deepen and taking comfort in that thing she couldn’t see or touch, yet was more real than anything she’d ever held dear.

A heaviness overcame her eyes, and she let him support all of her, melting bonelessly in his embrace. She felt the soft graze of his lips on her own, and she kissed him blindly, delicately, perceiving that they were moving again.

Where, she cared not, so long as she was with him.

«« «

She was in a daze, every part of her from the hips down weak and sore, but she had stayed awake through the bath he’d insisted on; softly sighing as he’d washed her with sensual lingering strokes that would have been provocative had she not been so spent. His hands worked her over with a rich lather, lovingly mapping her svelte musculature. Sighing contentedly, she relaxed into his hands, offhandedly noting how very different this was from the chaste bath he’d given her on Mimban.

My sweet angel. So brave, so strong.

The dulcet reverberation of his silent voice relaxed her further, rendering her boneless and docile. He finished his care of each limb with a lingering kiss that sometimes included teeth, as if he just couldn’t regulate his affection to something so demure.

When satisfied with his handiwork, he lifted her streaming from the fragrant waters and held her close, uncaring of how she soaked his skin. After toweling the water from her swaying body, he lifted her arms like he would a child, dressing her in a minimalistic slate-gray satin gown that barely reached the middle of her trembling thighs. His fingers slid down her sides like rain, finishing his care of her with a whisper of touch. She gazed up at him, lips parted with exhaustion, blearily registering his look of intense satisfaction before she was lifted and carried willingly off to bed.

Laying her down, he made eye contact, his voice a murmur in her mind. Lie still now. I’m going to take care of you.

She half paid-attention as he produced a small canister and dipped in a finger to retrieve its contents. Looking up from it, he fixed her with a half-lidded stare, his hand snaking between her boneless thighs. She blinked in surprise, starting a little as he gently slipped his fingers through her folds, easing a single digit in and out a few times, working the ointment into her tender sex. He shushed her when she whimpered, soothing her with assurances that the medicinal gel would help her mend.

Tucking her under a blood-red coverlet, he departed briefly, returning with a tall glass and decanter of water, both of which he placed within arms reach on a bedside stand. He handed her a full pour, prompting her gently when she didn’t immediately partake.

“Drink, my love. You must keep up your strength.” She obeyed, eyes widening when she caught his mental follow-up.

You’ll need it, for what I’m gonna do to you later.

His eyes flashed with fleeting mischief, but his soothing touch across her brow spoke of quietude.
When she’d drank to his satisfaction, he hovered over her; a warm, dark cloud of masculinity. Soft-lipped kisses rained upon her upturned face as he reached out with his mind and searched, making sure she wanted for nothing. He silently promised to return after handling affairs with his crew, whom she’d not seen at all. She watched him go, wondering if he spoke telepathically with them as well before the sound of his voice silenced that last sleepy thought.

Rest now, love. You are safer here than anywhere in the known galaxy. Just rest.

She succumbed with ease, falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Rey awoke to find herself still alone. She blinked up at the ovaloid durasteel arching overhead, feeling content as her hands strayed mindlessly over the soft-textured fabrics, enjoying the comforts provided her. At some point he’d thrown a blanket over the ruby coverlet while she slept, and the thought made her smile. She stretched her limbs beneath the covers before sitting up with a yawn, surprised to find how refreshed she felt.

There on the bedside table was a rectangular metal tray awaiting her pleasure. It was laden with fruits and bread, a soft pale wedge of something unfamiliar and little jars filled with colorful gels, some of which she recognized with pleasure from her meals aboard the Finalizer. A tumbler of dark liquid steamed, filling the air with a promising aroma.

Reaching for it, she paused, her fingers hesitating as she spied the scroll of parchment that had been tucked amongst the offerings. Her honey-colored eyes lit with surprise as she picked it up, examining the unusual item with mounting curiosity. Paper records were scarce in the galaxy, and she’d dearly cherished the few ancient tomes she’d managed to trade for or pilfer back on Jakku.

Rey had loved the feel of parchment beneath her fingers as she reread them over and over. There was something so personal about it; the thought of an author sitting before a tome, carefully recording its contents with individual thought and care, in one’s own unique handwriting. Turning the scroll over, she began to unroll it carefully, savoring the crisp crinkling sounds it made as it straightened in her hands.

Revealed within was a short note written in black ink. Her eyes widened at the sight of what had to be his extraordinary penmanship; the bold, sinuous strokes of his words marched purposefully across the paper in an elegant scrawl.

Writing with pen and ink was a long-abandoned expressive form, and Rey was taken wholly off-guard. She would never have guessed that he, hardened warrior and emperor of the known galaxy, would devote time to the perfection of an archaic art. There was so much about him she didn’t know, his nuances and interests. He was an intricate maze begging to be explored, and he had granted admission to her alone. Her fascination quickened at the thought of unlocking his complexities.

She re-read the simple note in stunned silence.

“Good morning, my sleepy love. When you’ve supped and are ready, come and find me.”

Come find me, huh?

Her brow shot up in dark amusement even as her heartbeat skipped a little faster. How devious of
him, to beckon her lead on a sport he’d invented. She smiled, slowly warming to the thought, thinking it would be interesting to be the one tracking him for a change. His prompt also offered the opportunity to test the connectivity of their bond, and she was very much up to the task. But...it wouldn't hurt to let him dangle a bit.

Setting the scroll of parchment aside, she pulled the tray into her lap, examining the repast left her. Just like her fare aboard the Finalizer, the food was exquisite, and she took her time, sampling everything with gusto, making a mental note to ask him about the sticky golden syrup in one of the jars. With her hunger sated and left to the privacy of her thoughts, she took a moment to digest the surreal events of the past few days.

He’d awakened her is a myriad of ways, stunning her with the intensity and depth of his emotion. In a twist she could never follow, he’d managed to be both assailant and savior. He rescued her from endless loneliness and toil while simultaneously arousing a hunger she’d never imagined. He’d made her fall apart before putting her back together, stronger and more fulfilled than she’d ever been. Her need of him was terrifying, and yet, his devotion was on full display, revealed by the Force that bound them ever tighter. She knew how he felt for her as she knew her own heart, and the truth was sublime.

There was no going back. He’d breathed himself in, distilling his passionate will into each cell of her body, making her want something new; to be with him, to belong to him.

He was...irresistible.

Lost in thought, her hand unconsciously wound its way down her slender body, finding her sex. Her eyes widened, blinking in surprise to find that most of the deep ache of yesterday had dissipated. She began to touch herself, curiously exploring what felt like a whole new body part. That place he had claimed for his own.

She began to warm, thinking of the erotic manner of her initiation, how his body had moved, the pleasure that had replaced the initial pain of his entrance. When she tried to recall the very height of the blinding ecstasy he’d brought her to, it seemed nothing short of impossible. As had the feeling of his explosion inside her. It had been otherworldly, and she swore that in that moment, she’d felt his rapture as if it were her own. It gave her chills to think of it. The sheer perfection of their bodies response to one another was blinding; how they worked in perfect sync to scale heights of unthinkable pleasure.

She recalled the low timbre of his voice, so possessive.

“You’re mine now, Rey. Always and only mine.”

Her insides melted with want, and she responded, the innocent exploration of her fingers becoming more focused, tracing the circles she’d learned. She hummed, her eyes slipping closed, and she called silently to him, delighting in the immediate answer of his voice sounding her mind, commanding her with all the authority of a ruler.

Come to me.

Rey obeyed, sliding out of bed to pad barefoot across the polished black floor, tracing the energy of his signature in the Force. Her hand waved over a sensor and the door opened, admitting her. Breezing through without pause, she suddenly froze, eyes widening in shock as the door closed behind her. She heard the latching sound of a lock sliding into place. Her heart began to pound and her mouth went dry as she took in the salacious sight before her.
Kylo stood naked in profile, the steam shrouding the refresher, adding heat to an already scalding sight.

He bowed his head under the stream, jet strands plastered over his forehead. Water silvered the corded muscles of his glorious body as he braced one powerful forearm against the tile. His hips tensed and drew back, rocking sensuously as he thrust his resplendent cock through his fist. Without looking up, he tilted his head sideways to watch her watching him, staring her down over his bicep, eyes narrowed with calculated wickedness.

She stood riveted, mesmerized by the sight of his manhood thrusting in and out of his curled grip. Her lips parted as she felt lust distill into liquid reality between her thighs, fixated on the way he mimicked their sex.

Her eyes went molten with want.

“Come here, my love,” he bid, his voice quiet as he continued to stroke himself lazily. “Let me slide into you and show you again...how your body was made to sheath me.”

He straightened, releasing himself as his intense gaze locked on her. She swallowed, still frozen as he stalked a wet path to where she stood, his manhood jutting for her like an executioner's blade.

Her knees felt weak and she couldn’t look him in the eye, her focus wavering somewhere around his collarbone. A wet finger tipped her head up to meet his smoldering stare, the other reaching to capture her hand, drawing it down and curling it around the massive column between his legs. Her mind briefly surfaced, wondering at how inhumanly hard his flesh had become before blanking out again at the deep growl of his filthy words.

“Come Rey, come and open for me.” He kept her hand captured, guiding it up and down his length, stroking himself.

Making sure she knew the fate that awaited her.

“Let me put this inside you,” he whispered, his other hand sliding up the back of her thigh, curving up under her buttock to rub at her sex from behind. His bottomless stare swallowed her whole as he dipped his head to growl against her lips, “Let me set your pussy to rights.”

She exhaled sharply against his pillowy mouth as all sanity fled the scene.

Both hands came up to cradle her face as his hungry mouth overtook her, wet lips sliding, creating friction and making her mouth throb. His tongue licked coyly, coaxing hers forth in a sensuous dance.

He groaned his appreciation, sliding his hands down her sides to lift her thighs about his hips, splitting her perfectly over his throbbing shaft and walking them back into the shower. Positioning her under the spray, he soaked her while devouring her ravenously, erasing all but the way his mouth moved over hers. Her nightgown molded to her body like a second skin, revealing her every curve pressed tight against him.

Setting her down, he pivoted them, pushing her back against the tile. She gasped as he grasped the front of her slip in each hand and ripped it down the middle as if it were made of paper, throwing it to the floor with a wet slap. He wasted no time. Dipping his head against her chest, his mouth moved slickly against her wet breast, sucking and licking at her nipple. A moan escaped her as his hand slid between her thighs, the pad of his middle finger sliding into place to press insistently on the throbbing bundle of nerves that hid there.
She arched into his mouth, crying out in arousal. Rey could already feel the nectar of her body threatening to drip down her thighs. How did he do this to her?! He hummed his amusement, the deep sound vibrating over sensitive skin deep within his working mouth, and she began to feel a building sense of desperation, needing him, needing more of him. Now. Yesterday.

“Kylo. Oh, please .”

A thrill zipped up his spine at the pout in her voice, and he smiled against her breast, savoring the lovely sound of her desire.

He dallied now, wryly musing at the cruel reality of her desperation giving him more patience. His hot kiss roamed from her nipple to bite into the soft undercurve of her breast, taking mouthfuls of her sensitive flesh and sucking hard. He stoked her cries, flexing his shoulders when her nails sank into them, desperate to convey the excruciating level of her need.

Finally, he released her from his merciless attentions, rising to lock his eternally dark stare on her woozy, half-lidded eyes. She was breathing hard as huge hands slid around her hips to palm her ass, rubbing and kneading at her pert buttocks before lifting her up high against the tile.

His limber hips arched back, settling his blunt head at her entrance, rubbing his tip in the flood of her arousal, testing, teasing. Holding her there a moment, he glori ed in her hitched breath, soaking up the way she swooned already. Mine. His forearms flexed gorgeously with the effort, a small devious smile on his lips as he built the suspense he so loved.

His eyes sparkled as he toyed with her seductively.

“I know your want…” he purred, his smoldering gaze never wavering. “I’ve got what you’re missing.”

With a slow release, he allowed gravity to work, sliding her down upon him. The only sounds were of falling water and her long, broken intake of breath. Rey’s mind blanked as his cock slipped deep into her, barely registering the words that accompanied his penetration.

Theeere. Right back where it belongs.

She keened, a long high-pitched moan as the delicate muscles of her sheath quivered around the introduction of his immense, ungiving length. His head fell forward as he groaned, lost in the wonderment of being inside her again and apparently robbed of his wit.

“Goddamn, Rey. You’re so fucking tight for me.”

She was just a skip away from hyperventilating, unable to kiss him while her body tripped over itself, spasming around the hard length in its core. He cautiously pulled out all the way, resting the head of his cock in the cradle of her entrance before gliding smoothly back into place, groaning at the perfection of their fit. She cried out again, lost in the feeling of being filled so completely.

His lips found hers and he kissed her tenderly, sensuously, loving how she moaned and whimpered into his mouth, entirely distracted by the way he pulsed inside her.

Remaining still, he let her adjust to the feeling while savoring the throb that could be felt in the embrace of their loins.

Momentarily allowed to think, she gathered the muscles of her sheath experimentally around his hardness, feeling him in that new way. Her skin prickled as she felt the pressure drop in the room. Pulling away from his mouth, she saw his eyes deepen to true black as something primal took over.
The storm gathered, and he shifted her higher, wrapping her thighs about him and securing her in place. He rejoiced in letting the darkness he’d spent months staving off wash over him as he caved to the urge. With a sharp buck, his hips unleashed their power, fucking her like he’d wanted to for ages now.

Her cries increased in pitch as he jackknifed into her, her nails tearing at his sides, desperately seeking an outlet for the intensity he subjected her to. His eyes closed as he rutted animalistically into his mate, claiming her as his with each possessive thrust. Groaning with deep, hedonistic pleasure, he took her—the culmination of all of his patience and restraint, all of the torturous waiting to have her like this.

His eyes snapped open, drinking in the sight of her against him; her eyes tightly shut, head thrown aside in passion, her nails buried in his shoulders, breasts bouncing as his glistening cock disappeared into her relentlessly.

He groaned, a deep sound of the best sort of agony.

“Fuck, Rey. How am I ever going to get enough of you?”

His thrusts finally slowed to let her feel the buzzing sensation created by their furious coupling. He began to kiss her in the most sensual way, his mouth warm and soft as it plundered her own with gentle insistence, his hips matching the exquisite movements of his mouth.

_I want my cock in you every minute of every hour._

She moaned into his mouth as his words worked her in time with his body. With each connection, he strained upward at her hips, ever greedy for more of her.

“God, but you take it so nicely. I want to fuck you for weeks,” he panted, “never wanna stop. I’m gonna give it to you all day and all night.”

He rewarded her with a tempo of pure unadulterated sin, sliding smoothly into her above and below, never pausing for even a second, convincing her mind that nothing mattered but the unceasing movement of their joining.

_Just like this, angel._

She couldn’t handle it, crying out louder, clawing at her talkative lover while yanking him down for a hard, desperate kiss. Mashing her lips against his, she bit at his lower lip, making him smile, pleased by her demonstration of need. She moaned, dissatisfied, sinking her teeth into the curve of his neck, sucking and biting at the firm bridge of muscle.

He groaned in bliss, clearly affected by her violence, his pace picking up in response as she carved into his back.

_“Unnh, Rey...yessss.”_

Her high whimpers combined with his throaty groans, all underscored by the percussive beat of skin slapping wetly. The sound of their sex filled the room; its carnal rhythmic beat alchemizing all remaining sanity and turning it red.

His hands slipped up the sides of her throat, fingers tilting her head up to make eye contact. His forehead met hers, and she heard him speak into her mind.

_Rey, oh god baby you feel too good. You have to know..._
And suddenly, she did.

She felt herself exactly as he did—felt the tight vise that hugged him. Experienced the gentle suction he felt when he withdrew. Knew the heaven of sliding all the way into her and savored the sweet pressure against his head when he could penetrate her no further. Her mouth fell open as she perceived how addicting she was, how he wanted to fuck her in every conceivable way...it was too, too much and without warning, the sky fell around her with a sharp cry.

Helpless to stop it, her head fell forward against him, weeping with the overwhelming pleasure that exploded from where they joined. It was as if he’d taken her body and replaced it with pure sensation. There was nothing left but blinding streams of radiance that shot outward from where he stroked within what had been her body.

Unthinkingly, she projected her ecstasy back at him, swamping his mind with the sensation of his hardness impaled so sweetly within her, making him understand how his tiniest movements brought about a rapture so illicit, she knew not who or where she was.

In the end, it was his own trick that brought him down. His control slipped, undone by the incredibly intimate perspective of her receiving him. His thighs tensed, the building pressure in his cock drawing him up onto tiptoe as his hips bucked up with the first mind-bending explosion.

Holding her tight, his throbbing shaft rocketed deep inside her, succumbing to the way her muscles tightened in waves, giving her everything he had. Blinded, his mouth found hers and he moaned helplessly against her lips, kissing her as his cock fountained, each spurt a wave of near-agonizing pleasure.

She had returned to her blissed-out body in time to register his climax. A powerful hunger came over her as she felt how he filled her with sweet sticky warmth. She licked her lips, pumping instinctively to meet his thrusts. His undoing was exhilarating, and she obeyed her impulse, writhing lustily on his shaft, wanting more. Kissing him authoritatively, she licked at his softened mouth, relishing this rare state of weakness.

His eyes were still closed as he lowered her slightly, still rutting gently, ponderously, as if he couldn't, wasn’t able to bring himself to conclude the act. She clung to him, unable to stop staring at the sight before her: Kylo, eyes closed, his sleek wet head tipped back against the tile. So affected. His upturned face was reverent, as though she’d divulged the most transcendent knowledge in the giving over of herself.

She murmured softly to him, telling him how good it was, oh baby so good, as she kissed the water from his throat. When his eyes still didn’t open, she prompted him with a gentle nudge.

*Kylo?*

Finally, he lowered his head to lock in a soft-eyed stare, and her heart stuttered at the high emotion that flooded their bond.

*Oh, Rey. Angel.*

His mouth slanted over hers, and she sucked gently at him, drinking at the water that continued to saturate their still-entwined bodies.

She felt his cock twitch inside her, and suddenly, she had to know.

“Kylo, put me down,” she murmured, pulling away and sliding her wet thighs down his hips. He frowned slightly but complied, his half-stiff member slipping from her with a rush of hot juices that
still brought a lovely blush to her cheeks. Gaining her balance, she stared up at him, her luminous eyes still blown wide with want.

Her hands traveled purposefully up the wet muscles of his body, pivoting them in a light dance, coaxing him into the place she’d occupied up against the tile.

Ever so stealthily, she reversed their roles.

The sweet bow of her lips turned up in a ghost of a smile as she pinned him with a direct gaze that glittered with... Oh. Was that...?

He shivered, tasting the foreign dram she served, suddenly reduced to prey in the hot wash of her darkened gaze.

Her hands were small, so delicate as they pressed against the washboard of his stomach, but the force that came with them channeled inhuman strength. Her ability continued to develop, demonstrating itself when she was most passionate.

His eyes narrowed as he responded, using the Force to resist. Meeting her with a low swell of energy, he halted her push, failing to overwhelm her burgeoning power while making it perfectly clear that he could, at any time.

She perceived his instinctive resistance to it, felt the fear and unfamiliarity that came with letting his guard down. The meet of their wills was intoxicating, and she found herself wanting very much to win this battle. If he was superior in strength and training, she’d just have to utilize a different sort of weapon...

Her lips parted as she gazed at him, opening her mind, plying him with all the wonder and lust and curiosity he’d orchestrated in her.

“Kylo, please,” she murmured, feeling his resistance waver, “it was you who awoke this in me...”

With a move that drove a flaming spear right through his defenses, she slid wetly down his body, sinking gracefully to her knees before him. Her stare was bottomless, and it spoke beguilingly of the worship her lips wanted to do...

Still, her dainty palms applied the Force to his body, the Darkness enhancing her newly-awakened ability. When she gave him a meaningful push, the phantom pressure remained, locking his upper body against the tile. Give in to me, came her silent whisper, weaving like a silvery needle through his mind.

He groaned, recognizing his words, and ceased to resist with a shudder. She heard the sound of true weakness, relishing the shiver that wracked through his gorgeous body. It only fed her hungry fixation as she wrapped her hand about his already hard member and drew it down to her parted lips.

Head tipped back, wet hair streaming down her back, she gazed up at him with a mix of wonder and amusement in her golden eyes. He had ceased to breathe, and she noticed, smirking a little as she extended the tip of her tongue to meet the soft plushness of his head.

He stiffled a groan as she licked him. Once, then again. From the base. Swirling around his velvety tip with a flourish. Salty drops beaded for her, and she tasted them with open curiosity, her eyes flicking up to gauge him as she licked her lips, smiling mischievously. You know this is only fair... after all the things you’ve done to me...

His hands were locked into vises that shook with the effort of relinquishing his carefully guarded
control. His jaw twitched, nostrils flaring as he fought the urge to pin her down and fuck her ‘till she pleaded for mercy.

*Remember what I said about fair,* came the growl in her mind.

She only smiled, undeterred, her lips parting to suckle delicately, sampling him with a ladylike daintiness that had him transfixed.

The air left his body in a hiss as he felt his sensitive tip drawn into the warm haven of her mouth and *pulled.* A strangled groan escaped him as his fingernails began to cut into his palms, his fight draining away with each tender draw on his cock. Reaching out, he felt how badly she wanted to pleasure him in this way, and the last of his resistance and trepidation fled as he let her take charge.

Looking down at where her mouth worked so seductively, Kylo felt delirious for a moment. Not in his wildest dreams had he dared to conjure this fantasy of her, so deliciously dark…He moaned as she experimented, testing her ability to take as much of his length into her as she could, faltering when he hit the back of her throat. She tried again, sliding down farther, and his head tipped back to the tile with a deep groan of pleasure.

*Oh, so, you like this…?*

She slid wetly back down his shaft, hollowing her cheeks, sucking as best she could with her mouth so full. The strangled groan that tore from his throat was something new. Never had she heard such a needy sound out of him, and it caused her to hum with great pride. There was pleasure even in that, she found, detecting the way he reacted to the vibration, twitching within her working mouth.

Humming again, she gripped the base of his cock in her fist, stabilizing it so she could speed up the strokes of her mouth. His groans had intensified, and the deep masculine sounds she drew from him were having the strangest effect.

She found her thighs tightening instinctively, applying pressure on the luscious warmth spreading from between her legs. She groaned around the length sliding so provocatively between her lips, the muscles of her sex tightening with want of what her mouth was receiving.

But, but…she was supposed to be seducing *him.* *How was this possible?*!

He smiled with shaky triumph, breath unsteady as he picked up on her bewilderment. His eyes were knowing as he looked down at where she suckled him. Large hands gathered her hair, fisting about it in a firm handhold.

“Is this turning you on, angel, hmm?” He asked silkly.

Now daring to flex his hips, he immobilized her, pumping gently into her mouth. The breath tumbled from his lips at the exquisite feel of controlling the action. Holding her still so as not to hurt her or venture too deep, he began to thrust slowly. He watched, misty-eyed as his shaft slid between her lips, not daring to believe for a moment this was really happening. *Or that it was turning her on.* But there it was; her untrained mind couldn’t block him from picking up on the arousal that drifted off her like smoke, and she moaned throatily over him. One of her hands strayed between her thighs, seeking the spot that throbbed incessantly.

His lips parted, brows furrowing as he watched her finger delicately tracing the circles he’d taught her.

“Does this make your sweet pussy ache? Come up here and let me fix it.” He purred enticingly, plying her mind with images of her arching for him, breasts bouncing with the impact of each
stroke...

With a final muffled whine, she conceded, her hands reaching up to seize his hips, yanking him into a seated position with his back against the tiled wall. His excitement climbed painfully as she fixed him with a hard golden stare, challenging him to defy her as she mounted him. His lips parted, dark brows drawn together with passionate need as he stared at the perfection of his lovely mate, so authoritative as she straddled his lap.

She towered before him, goddess-like; her sculpted limbs streaked with silvery beads of water. He felt her arousal drip down his shaft like hot rain as she aligned her entrance and his mind blanked, unable to cope with the reality of the situation. The inebriating reality of it all; the sheer level of her desire for him hit him hard, and his thoughts all drowned in a flood of gratuitous awe. For a moment, it crossed his mind that he might actually come right then and there.

*Oh my fucking god, Rey.*

She took him at once, plunging down with a sharp cry.

Chills pebbled her skin in defiance of the steamy heat, her body reacting to the visceral feel of his penetration. All her bravado vanished as her back arched, lips parting as her head tipped back, lost again to the intimate feeling of their joining. A broken sob of pleasure escaped her as his arms slid around waist, cradling her to his chest. She’d wanted so badly to hold on to the addictive power she’d briefly wielded over him, but the intoxication was still so new, so all-encompassing.

In the taking of him was the giving of herself, and she had yet to reconcile the difference.

Kylo groaned as she shivered, as affected as she was, his lips dancing over the exposed line of her jaw as his arms tightened about her ribs, locking her in place. Drawing back his hips, he struck up a slow rhythm, fucking her smoothly from underneath. The breath left her in a breathy whimper as she rode his thrusts, her head slumping in complete surrender, giving his mouth full access to her tender throat.

She clung to him with a tenderness that was all new, winding her fingers through his wet hair, lost in the wonderment their joining. The decadence of riding atop him while he moved beneath her was incredible, his motions causing her breasts to slide enticingly up and down his chest, pebbling her nipples and adding fuel to her blazing arousal.

He was silent for once, not troubling to further inflame their coupling, completely giving himself over to the divinity of the moment. He loved how her body flowed over his, riding his thrusts so gracefully, molding herself to him with such manner of perfection, it was hard to discern where he ended and she began. Her breathing began to hitch against his ear and she quietly whimpered his name.

Turning his head into her, his own breath sped as he felt the delicate muscles about his cock tightening. His lips were soft as they danced with hers, slanting over her mouth to probe deeper with his tongue. He greedily swallowed her mounting cries, kissing her until she couldn’t bear it. With a gasp, she tore away from his mouth as her hands tightened in his hair. Gritting his teeth, he repressed the near insurmountable urge to speed his thrusts.

Steadily working her, he orchestrated a slow demise. Opening himself to sense what she was feeling, he faltered a moment as he perceived the scintillating pleasure that had built within her. He was remotely aware of how it coexisted with the movements of his body, growing brighter, more dazzling with each stroke he gave.
He disconnected in time, regaining his sight to see her arch stiffly as the rapture crested, her lovely breasts outthrust before tumbling forward as she came violently. She was silent but for her gasps, rendered speechless by the exquisite throbbing of her body.

It was all too easy to let himself go; each climax within her one she’d had coming for months. He held her tight against his body, treasuring her as the first arrow of ecstasy shot through him. The slow cadence of his thrusts protracted each spasm, drawing them out as his cock strained, firing shots of creamy spend. Her body responded, massaging the pleasure from him, coaxing him to give more with each rhythmic clench.

He groaned, feeling the way he filled her, stroking his come deeper into her body. Each little movement he made was intensely pleasurable in thought and practice; his mind purring at the knowledge of his seed inside of her, tracers of warm sparks lingering with each small slide.

Her body was soft and pliant in his arms, and it was nothing to drape her backward into an arch, one hand supporting her spine as his lips dipped to enclose the stiff peak of her nipple. He suckled hard, coaxing the natural response, smiling when the muscles of her cunt tightened. A satisfied groan slipped his lips as her body drew at the length seated within, pulling his spend deeper inside.

“Mmmmm. It’s what I want, Rey,” he growled, his teeth grazing dangerously at her skin, making her tighten further as she tensed up.

Energized, she whipped back up, grasping his face in both hands pushing his head back with her forward momentum. Her eyes narrowed as she regarded him with playful affection. “Such a bad boy,” she admonished, "your wickedness knows no bounds."

She arched her eyebrows expectantly, eyes sparkling. “Does it...”

He cocked his head with a slight frown. “Hmm,” he mused, turning his dark gaze back upon the girl sitting astride him, naked and glorious.

“No. No bounds. Not when it comes to you, especially.”

Rey giggled, play-struggling with him when he thwarted her attempts to rise, seizing her wrists with a roguish grin. “I was right all along. You are a beast!”

“The likes of which you’ve only begun to understand,” he warned, pausing mid-smirk as they felt their bodies sway subtly, pulled by the telltale lurch of gravity as the shuttle ejected from hyperspace. “I suppose this means you’re safe for now,” he sighed regretfully, tracing a finger along her jawline.

“Come, beautiful.” Gripping her hips, he lifted her from his lap, setting her lightly on legs that trembled, letting his gaze linger upon the sumptuous rivulets that dripped down her thighs. Delicious.

She blushed to see the look of immense pleasure on his face as he stared unabashedly at the mess they’d made, quietly breathing out a cloud of nervousness. He arose to stand, and she let him lead her once again beneath the hot stream of water, tilting her head back to let it run down her face. He soaped her skin with a fragrant lather, reverting back to the objective strokes she remembered from her bath on Mimban.

"I take it we have somewhere to be? ” She queried, letting him spin her to face the stream as he soaped down her back, spending a little longer on her derriere than was absolutely necessary.

Indeed, came his answer. We are returned to the Finalizer and will be received by my contingent
with all due ceremony.

Her eyes widened, momentarily distracted as his lathered hand slipped between the cleft of her bottom. He didn’t linger, focusing exclusively on cleaning her before rinsing the soap from her body, running his long fingers over her with a deft touch. A soft kiss to her upturned cheekbone signaled the closure of his attentions, and he turned his focus on himself. She exited, wrapping a towel about herself, rubbing the plush absorptive fabric over her skin.

Making her way to the backlit mirror above the vanity, she reached for the hair tools that she’d become acquainted with in her own quarters aboard Finalizer. She began combing, savoring the warmth of the tines that detangled while drying her hair until it shone in burnished waves over her shoulders.

He’d emerged behind her, drying himself vigorously with a blood-red towel, distracting her handily with flashes of lean, rippling muscle. Wrapping the towel about his hips, he joined her at the vanity, running the glowing silver tips of the comb through his midnight-dark locks. She took in his motions with interest, thinking she could be very happy just watching him do mundane things for hours, totally captivated by this extraordinary creature going about ordinary doings.

Fixing her with a little smile in the mirror, he put the comb down and reached for her hand, taking it within his own. “Come my love, my consort.” He drew her back through the pneumatic doors and into the bedroom. Pausing before a rectangular panel, he slid a finger over a flushed catch and the panel opened with a quiet whir, revealing a rack of garments cut to her measure. Her lips twitched up at the pleasant discovery as she ran a curious hand over the sumptuous fabrics.

Looking more closely, she saw that each item was of similar style to the garb she was accustomed to; fitted trousers, vests, and tops that kept her arms bare, enabling freedom-of-motion. A multitude of gauzy sashes hung at the rear of the compartment, and a variety of boots lined the bottom of the closet. The difference lay in the clever cuts and splendid fabrics. Gone were the neutral earth tones, replaced with lush, vibrant shades of red and gold, metallic shades of gray and deepest black. Light and dark, hot and cold, each balancing the other.

She flipped through the sumptuous offerings, perusing them with growing pleasure before turning her head to regard him with a shrewd look.

He had been watching her, always watching. Tracking her gaze, absorbing every tic her face made, marking the quality of each breath that passed her rosy lips. He remained still as she turned to him, savoring the way she pressed against him of her own free will, her hands sliding up his shoulders.

Her Force signature glowed, expanding to engulf him in its dark golden nimbus, mingling beautifully with the crimson light that bled from his being, hot and swirling. As the tide of her energy enfolded him, he mused on its quality, wondering at how it had changed. It’s previous brilliant white now matched the molten amber of her eyes, so warm and alive.

“You had garments tailored to my preference,” she breathed, searching his eyes, “I’ll not be made to wear dresses like those you’ve clothed me in before...” It was a statement that still begged for clarification, and he awarded her a small, affectionate smile.

“Rey. I have that which means everything to me now.” His hand curled under her chin and he bowed his head to meet her eyes with deliberation, making sure she understood. “You will wear whatever you want from here on. All you need to do is specify your tastes and they shall be met. I’ve only made these selections based on the styles I perceived you most comfortable in, with a bit of my own color aesthetic, I’ll admit.”
“But, what about the dresses that I’ve--I mean you’ve, umm --” she broke off, flustered as she bit her lip, leaving the rest unspoken. God she was beautiful when she blushed, the vestige of her innocence revealed by memories of their sordid planetary trysts. He hummed, needing more. A slow smile spread over his generous mouth as he cocked his head in mock inquiry. “You mean the slips of silk?” She froze, her eyes large as she stared at him, speechless. His hands crept up her hips, their touch matching his lazy, devious words. “The ones that streamed so beautifully as you fled, hmm?”

She blinked rapidly, returned to her maidenhood by his avaricious gaze.

His voice gained an edge as he continued, relentless. “Those tender things I live to rip from your sweet body before I--” Her finger halted him, pressing with no small desperation to his lips.

“Kylo--hush!” She begged, her voice cracking slightly. “Hush, or we’ll never leave this room!”

A muscle twitched in his jaw as he dipped his head, inhaling her clean scent, ghosting along the curve of her throat and shoulder. Refraining from biting. Grappling with all that he still wanted to do to her. Now that she was his, the challenge had shifted. His eyebrow raised as he sighed, pondering the new-found battles he was going to have to wage not to just take her whenever he wanted.

Which was always.

He drew a deep, cleansing breath before smirking ruefully, staring down into the warmth of her eyes. Alas. Rulership might become a bit of a chore in the coming days if he didn’t get a handle on his desire.

“You’re right. I must behave and give you leave to clothe yourself in peace.”

The hunger in his eyes melted into something much softer as a hand slid under her chin, appreciatively lifting it. His dark gaze wandered, memorizing the soft planes and delicate angles of her face in a gentle mimic of his initial examination of her, eons ago in the shadows of a fallen star destroyer.

“Choose the garb of your heart’s desire, my love,” he murmured quietly, pausing as if to weigh his next words. His expressive eyes had locked onto hers, holding her a willful captive.

“Only know. When next I undress you, you’ll wear a crown.”

Everything stopped as he descended to press his lips against hers, the now-familiar electricity sizzling lightly down her spine.

She shivered, her eyes huge as she blinked up at him in surprise.

Pulling back, he beheld her with that depth of emotion that had her drowning on purpose, departing reality to slip gracefully into the star-strewn darkness of his stare.

Even the sweet parting of her rosy lips couldn't distract his gaze, blinded as he was by endless gold.

His voice was hoarse as he spoke her name.

“My Empress.”
Find me on Tumblr and I'll happily engage you in some serious Reylo fangirling.

Same bat place, same bat channel. Lilia ula@Den of Sin

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Chapter End Notes

Sooo, uh..was that good for you too? Do let me know. AND REMEMBER PEOPLE!!! This is my first fanfic so if somethings working, or not working, *please* for the luva jesus help a sister out and let me know!!

Feedback = improvement + cyber-smooches!

xoxoxo
Chapter Summary

Rey and Kylo return to the Finalizer, where she is coronated before the might of the Galactic Regime. Kylo unveils their royal quarters and in the process makes it crystal-clear that 1.) Ethan Allen got nothing on him, and 2.) Turbolifts are great places to school your Empress with a good f*ck.

The influence they have on each other continues to alchemize in an ever-tightening spiral. The table is set for the final chapter.

Chapter Notes

Do forgive me.

Yours truly doesn't know how to plot her stuff very well. I'm finding that story-telling is an organic thing, meaning I have no plot and write what comes. I apologize to those who prefer a clear expectation of chapter count etc. I'm spontaneous by nature, and so it seems, is my writing style. Next time I'll just post a nice x/? for chapters, 'kay? Deal :-)

Extra love and appreciation to LoveofEscapism, who so generously shares her time and energy to beta me. Also to Pandora_Spocks for all your TLC and exceptional grooming skills. It's all shiny thanks to my fanfic angels. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes
EPILOGUE

II

THE CORONATION

BY: LILIA_ULA
Kylo leaned against the lit wall panel that lined the durasteel wall of his shuttle, idly watching the doors across the corridor. He cut a tall silhouette of black against the ovaline pattern as he lounged, patiently waiting on his soon-to-be Empress. His mind turned over the consequential details of recent events and those of the immediate future. With subdued pleasure, he replayed her reaction to his casually-stated intention to crown her.

She had been stunned into momentary silence.

Her eyes had widened in that way he’d come to love, letting the light in to refract shards of topaz and gold. Even without the current of their connectivity, her trepidation had been plain, and he’d tracked the worries that crossed her face like swiftly moving clouds. He’d been quick to assure that her empirical duties were something they could define at a later date, going on to explain how he needed his factions to understand her role. Public awareness of her level and relationship to him was a priority, and there was no better show of his devotion than a formal coronation.

Always quick on her feet, she’d recovered and searched him reproachfully for any sign of doubt. Understanding what she needed, he’d opened his mind and invited her in, letting her weigh the substance of his conviction for herself. She’d basked in the warmth of his surety, dazzling as she discarded all doubt and embraced him. The ability to know one another’s mind continued to be of benefit, and he was immensely grateful for the windfall of their Force bond.

Hearing the spoken directive of an officer, he shifted his musings to the present as his thoughts turned to matters of security. He took a slow, measured breath, and as he exhaled, Kylo sent his energy creeping forth. It shifted ghostly fingertips over the gathering contingents, probing at energy signatures and taking stock of the prevailing mood in the receiving bay. The troops, officers, and his knights all awaited their arrival. Row upon row of his factions marched into precise military formation. He felt the low current of tension that blanketed the gathering - just the right mix of respect and fear.

He expanded further, detecting the presence of his knights and seeing where they knelt. He tasted their veiled anxieties about the change they could feel coming. With utmost stealth, he brushed against the mind of each of them in turn, testing the metal of their loyalty, feeling for hidden agendas or weaknesses. He found nothing of concern and withdrew, satisfied for the time being.

With a subtle hiss, the pneumatic doors to their quarters swept open and he straightened.

A muscle in his jaw twinged as he took in the irresistible figure she cut. Possessiveness coiled in his gut as he pictured the reaction his Empress-to-be would receive, and who could blame the hapless souls who beheld her--

--For she’d chosen red.

That lurid, primal color that defined the core energy of his being.

Red of fire, blood, and rapture; red as his saber’s blade; red that blinded in moments of passion.

The sight of her lithe body so lovingly cloaked in the sanguine color swamped his mind, erasing thoughts of preparations, security matters, and damn near everything else.
Beneath the finely-tooled weave of her half-cape was a crimson tunic that embraced each curve, revealing the high swell of her breasts and lovely taper of her slight waist. The flare of her hips beguiled with a low-slung doubled belt, studded with tiny carved medallions of silver. Supple black leather boots crept nefariously up her calves, swallowing her fitted trousers at the knee.

She'd pulled her hair back into a precise chignon, lending her a sleek, untouchable look.

Enticing to the 9th degree and deadly besides.

His eyes were a sable blaze as he grappled with himself, squashing each sordid thought before it could take shape in his mind.

Apprehension flashed from her as she registered the intensity that rolled off him, barely checked, and it made him want to pounce on her. Any weakness was a drug in his veins, quickening his pulse as the hunter in him begged to give chase.

“Red becomes you, my dear...you are ravishing,” he said, his voice low and dulcet.

She paused a beat at the threshold of their quarters, frowning as she silently admonished him and he smirked, amused that she thought he was so easily put off.

“Come to me,” he bid, still smiling dangerously. “You are safe...for the time being.”

With no choice but to believe him, she squared her shoulders and closed the distance to meet him, her vibrant cape unfurling lightly in her wake. She bravely met his stare, chin lifted high.

“I am safer here than anywhere in the known galaxy,” she said.

*But for you, my love,* she added silently, her lips turning up in a sharp little smile. He offered his hand, and she took it without hesitation, the lightness of her skin enfolded in supple black leather as she claimed her place by his side.

“Are you ready?” he asked, scanning her feelings.

The barest touch of approval played about the corners of his mouth as they paused before the Epsilon shuttle’s main exit.

“I am,” she replied with a curt nod.

His eyes sparkled as he gazed down at her. “Very good,” he said, turning to face forward as the ramp unfolded to admit them with a hiss of vapor.

They exited in time with each other, striding through a row of ranking crew members, all standing at attention.

Descending into the vast docking bay, they passed through the gleaming armored ranks of the Regime’s squadrons, all arrayed meticulously.

Kylo was aware of the memorable sight they made: he, a looming shadow of menace dripping black, and Rey, moving in sync like a veiled threat, her measured stride causing the blood-red cape she wore to swirl from her slender form. The awe that emanated his troops and officers was exceedingly pleasing, and his heart swelled with pride. She would be a flawless Empress, perfectly balancing him as a ruler, as she did in all things.

They approached the steps to a dais, passing the admirals and Knights of Ren who knelt as was
proper. Gaining the platform, the two turned as one and faced the might of their forces. With a subtle gesture, Kylo bid his knights stand, watching them rise with a flourish, each wearing his own faceless mask. He paused, taking a moment to scan the bay with a keen eye before speaking.

“Knights of Ren. Generals. Admirals. Ranks of the Galactic Regime.” His deep voice boomed over the heads of the gathered contingents as if amplified, echoing through the vast, cavernous space.

“For many years I have quested the far reaches of space in search of a prodigy, one fit to become my own pupil in the Dark arts. As fate would have it, I discovered power with unlimited potential in the most unlikely of places—an orphaned girl on the desert planet of Jakku. Be not deceived by her appearance or origins; she is fire made flesh, and a worthier consort exists not.” He paused for a moment, letting his echo die as his shrewd gaze panning the crowd, ever watchful.

“Legions of the Galactic Regime, loyal subjects and my faithful Knights of Ren, I present you your Empress, and the mistress of my heart: Rey of Jakku.”

Ten thousand arms rose in salute, ten thousand voices speaking her name as one, the cacophony filling the chamber in a deafening wave. Turning to Rey, he produced a small, exquisitely wrought pendant with parallel lines: one bejeweled with dark stones, the other with light, twining about in an ever-tightening spiral that melded into scarlet flame.

She faced him with clear, guileless eyes, her delicate shoulders straight and head high as he pinned the imperial regalia to her lapel. The speeding of her heart was known only to him. Outwardly, she was a vision of confidence.

*My glorious love. You are the paradigm of grace.*

Her golden eyes flickered as she reacted to his silent words, the hard, serious set of her face softening minutely at his praise. Staring her down, he slowly drew her hand up, bowing his head to meet it. Before the gaze of the multitudes, he pressed a kiss to the back of her hand with infinite purpose.

The roar of stunned silence rippled out from his factions as they beheld from their Emperor a never-before-witnessed gentility, a tenderness so out-of-character as to be extraordinary. It had been his intent all along to make a show of his devotion, to raise her authority with undeniable conviction. As he straightened, he perceived the revelatory acceptance that rolled back to his questing mind, assuring him of the achievement. With those simple gestures, he’d made it crystal clear what she was to him, and by default to them.

As they turned back to face their subjects, the legions erupted with a single wordless shout. Kylo remained stoic, his gaze sweeping impassively over the crowds, but he could feel Rey smile slightly, unable to be quite as removed as he. He knew they’d respond to this, her humanity by turns more apparent to them, balancing his fearful rule with a measure of relatability. He felt the now-familiar swell in his chest, the blossom of pride, and a depth of attachment that could only be called love.

He turned to her with a deferential nod before leading her down from the dais, escorting her away from the scene as General Mitaka ascended to announce that the royal enthronement would take place at eleven hundred hours on the morrow.
As the lift doors sealed with a whoosh of compressed air, he turned to her. Still not touching her, he unleashed the tide of pent-up desire and tension he’d hidden out of necessity, needing her focused on the pivotal moment of her ascendency. But, oh, how he’d make her know, acquaint her with the storm she caused when she’d emerged from their quarters, gift-wrapped in red.

Her eyes widened, collecting the light beautifully as she took a startled step back, then another as he advanced, staring her down as she was backed into the lit panel.

*Nowhere to run.*

The sound of his deep voice echoed through her head, compounded by the vertigo-inducing feeling of rising swiftly through space. Leather-clad fingers whispered up her bare arms as her half-cape drifted from her shoulders.

“Kylo?” Her voice was timid, questioning...like a spark to parched tinder.

He was on her with a choked growl, hands everywhere as he took her with punishing kisses, stealing thought and breath alike. She whimpered, high and breathy, and he felt her sag against him, robbing her strength without much effort, stunning her with the furious crush of his desire.

He paused, smiling blackly, merciless as he summoned the Force. Her wrists he seized and locked alongside her head, drawing from her a desperate whine as he bound her in place.

“Did you really think there’d be no repercussions, Rey?”

His eyes were aflame as they searched hers, his hands tightening on her hips and yanking them forward roughly. Her face beseeched him for mercy, so beautiful.

*Ahhh, but my love...*

He ground his erect cock into the cradle of her sex, making her moan.

*I am not the merciful type...*

Her breath caught as his plush, sinfully good mouth found the pulse at her throat, sucking hard at it, forcing her head back.

He continued the barrage with teeth added, not letting up for even a second as his gloved hand slipped down the front of her pants, finding its prize without preamble. With a rich hum of pleasure, he began to stroke her throbbing peak, buttery leather sliding over slick skin as her moans reached a higher pitch.

He focused his intent, humming against her racing pulse as he fine-tuned his delivery and penetrated her.

Her eyes, previously closed, flew open as she arched in shock. Her sheath quivered about his conjured manifesto as he continued to stroke at her throbbing peak. She blinked furiously, tearing her mouth away to gasp brokenly for air, completely besieged.

“Kylo, what are you--they’ll see us when--*ahhh!*” she cut off with a yelp as his phantom limb rocked forcefully into her again.

His eyes were lit and endless where they stared down, drinking every little bit of her as a man...
possessed.

He sent a telekinetic push outward, freezing the lift between floors, pausing their ascent to prioritize ravaging his new Empress. He continued to fuck her with the Force, relishing how she cried out as each stroke slid home. Without pausing, he pulled his hand from her breeches and brought his fingers up to suck them obscenely, staring at her with narrowed eyes that promised more. A flash of teeth and off came his glove.

“I need to feel you,” he growled, nipping at her jaw as his hand slipped back beneath the waist of her pants.

His questing fingers found her juicy cunt, so slick and ready for him.

He clenched his teeth, ignoring his own furious want as his fingers took the place of the phantom limb, sliding deep into her tight, hot core. A sob escaped her and she bit her lip, trying to stifle her moans.

“Oh, Rey,” he breathed, rocked by the intoxicating emotion pouring off of her. His mouth was close to hers, brows furrowing passionately as he started to stroke, gently at first, wanting to feel the delicate throb of her sheath.

He exhaled, his eyes narrowing in a failing attempt to school his urges. She made the loveliest sight pinned there against the lit panel, eyes half-lidded and face a mirror of passionate distress.

He shushed her when she moaned low in her throat. “Just relax, sweetheart,” he soothed, “I’m only gonna fuck you for a minute, that’s all…”

She cried out wordlessly as his strokes became harder, thrusting deeper as her flushed, bitten lips parted in shock. His canines flashed in a wicked smile as he continued to assault her mind with filthiness.

“That’s a good girl, so good for me,” he breathed, withholding kisses while brushing his lips against hers, speaking sensuously over her mouth.

“Oh, angel...you’re so so wet...am I making a mistake not giving you my cock, hmm?”

A sharp, broken cry tore from her lips as he sent the thoughts like barbed darts into her mind—hips pumping her in place of his forearm—her body, pounded against the lit panel mercilessly—his shaft glistening where it disappeared into her over and over—

She threw her head back with a final sob, her climax building without warning as she caved to the barrage of erotic imagery. His name was a plea on her lips as he bit down on the exposed line of her throat.

Kylo groaned into her skin, his forearm flexing repeatedly as he played to the tune of her body, coaxing the ecstasy from her fluttering sheath. Her body slumped bonelessly against the wall, and he took mercy on her, releasing her wrists with a pass of his hand. She clung weakly to him, whimpering as he stroked her gently now, riding on waves of silky moisture as his praise fell about her like rain.

He dallied there, fingers buried in the liquid heat of her body, warring with the urge to replace them with something bigger. His cock twitched and he groaned, getting the upper hand on his desires, determined to wait for the evening. He reluctantly pulled his fingers free and brought them up to show her how they dripped with her sticky, clear juices. With slow deliberation, he smeared them over her parted lips before capturing them in a searing kiss. He distilled all of his unmet need and
ravished her mouth until she couldn’t think once again.

She was weak-kneed as he put her back together, eyes soft and still dazzled by his attack.

Kylo smirked, more than pleased with himself, righting her clothing with dignified motions before languidly slipping his glove back on. The lift began its ascent as he tipped her face up for his inspection, gently wiping a tear from the corner of her eye.

“Feeling a bit...undone, are we?” he murmured.

Her eyes focused on him, regaining some of their clarity as her hand shot out to seize his tunic. He smiled, allowing himself to be yanked down for a kiss with teeth.

“My Emperor is an utter beast,” she hissed, smirking a little at the smug satisfaction that rolled off him in waves.

“I hope you know that everything you do is being avidly studied by your protege.”

Her eyes sparkled as she fully regained her footing. “Soon I’ll know all your dirty tricks, and I’ll take such joy in subjecting you to your own unscrupulous rules of engagement,” she snipped.

He gave a short bark of laughter, gazing fondly at his little firebrand. “I shall look forward to the day, my sweet, but until then…” he waggled his brows in a villainous parody, drawing a giggle from her, “there is no greater pleasure than to lead you astray.”

The lift slowed to a stop, halting her reply as the doors opened to admit them.

He’d set aside an entire level for their living quarters, seeking to give them room to spread out and enjoy solitude from the populous floors below. Her mouth fell open as she realized that the whole floor was theirs alone. He stepped into the triangular corridor, looking over his shoulder with a tiny smirk.

“That’s right,” he acknowledged, his voice soft. “And now you see...how next time, I can strip you naked and fuck you all the way to the top...without a single soul to see what I do as the doors open…”

Her lips parted in shock, hand bracing against the wall to gather herself a moment before trailing wozzily after him. There were two doors to the right and an exquisite set of double-doors at the termination of the hallway. Large viewing portholes lined the wall to the left, looking out into deep space.

He paused at the first door, waiting for her to catch up and waving his hand over a sensor. Lights flared to life as he led her into a large, open space. It was unfurnished but for several benches lining the walls.

“This is our personal training room,” he said, gesturing to the padded floor and racked sets of weapons. He watched her take in the array of available weaponry with interest, saw her smile when she noticed her beskar-enhanced quarterstaff amongst the offerings.

“We will train with my knights on the main floor as well, but you may work on your forms here anytime. The alcove off to the side is for meditating, a valuable endeavor as you begin to hone your Force abilities.”

He turned back to face her, slipping his gloves off and tucking them under his belt.
“I am very much looking forward to seeing what you can do, my love. Your instinctive use of Darkshear was extraordinary for one untrained.” He’d sauntered over while speaking, taking one of her hands within his own. “I’ll teach you the technique I used to combat you that day.”

Unable to resist, she took his bait. “What did you do?”

“I drank of your high emotion, using it as a tool to hone my power,” he replied, casually stoking her curiosity.

Her eyes widened, entranced. “Is there a name to this technique?”

The smile on his lips was dark and ripe with mystery.

“It is called Consume Essence,” he murmured smoothly, “one of many skills you will learn to use at will.” He raised her hand level with her breast, turning it palm-up. “Your powers are extraordinary, flowing like a river just beneath your skin…” he trailed off, stroking his palm in a slow circle over her outstretched hand, raising it to hover over hers by inches.

She stared in surprise at the fine dance of energy that could be seen, crackling like violet static in the space between their hands.

“You have so much unexplored potential,” he continued, his dark gaze searching her face, “and you’ve only just scratched the surface, tapping into your abilities instinctively in times of passion.”

His hand closed the distance, returning to rest on hers before sliding lightly from its surface, a wisp of violet energy trailing after it.

“Wait until you begin to apply conscious will to it. You will astound yourself, my love.”

She smiled excitedly, looking like a girl in possession of a particularly juicy secret. Then her eyes wandered up over his shoulder, and she noticed the fine latticework lining the ceiling like silvery cobwebs, interwoven and evenly spaced.

“You will no doubt recall the brand you received upon arrival,’ he said evenly.

Her face clouded over, eyes darkening before refocusing on him a dark, fiery gold. They narrowed as she relived the moment. “Yes,” she spat, “how could I forget that charming welcome.”

Watching her carefully, he reached for her hand, lifting it to slide her fingers around the back of his neck. Her stormy look melted as quickly as it had come as she felt the identical scar there.

She blinked at him. “Tell me,” she said simply.

“The brand is chipped, and the chip syncs with the virtual projector overhead, which can be programmed to mimic the setting and conditions of thousands of different locales. The chip streams information to your mind, effectively immersing you into a host of varying environments.”

“I don’t need to explain the training benefits of having such an ability...all from the safety of the base.”

A slow smile was spreading over her face as she turned in a circle, looking up at the netted ceiling. “So then, can we visit these places at the same time?”

Her delight was infectious, and he arched an eyebrow, smirking a little.

“Indeed we can.”
“To be sure I understand--what you’re saying is, we can travel anywhere in the galaxy...any time we want to, without leaving this ship?!” she all but squeaked.

He laughed spontaneously, catching her about the waist and pulling her against him.

“Almost anywhere. And for training purposes only,” he warned unconvincingly.

She beamed at him before turning coy, spinning about in his arms to press her backside against the pillar of his body, throwing a mischievous glance over her shoulder.

“Why Kylo, I can think of so many forms of training I’m in need of--”

His response was lightning fast, hands tightening around her hips, yanking them back authoritatively as he leaned down to growl in her ear.

“Tread careful now, love. I’ve had far more time and inclination to think of all the ways you need training...and you don’t know how much I yearn to begin.”

She shivered as his teeth grazed a veiled threat down her neck, his hands splaying below her navel, rubbing over her in a blatant reminder of what he could do in said regions.

“Tempt me like that on any other day and learn the consequences,” he warned, his gravelly tone softening a touch. “But this is the night of your coronation, and I’m determined to try awfully hard to maintain some gentlemanly semblance...at least through the dinner hour.”

She giggled softly, unperturbed as she spun again to face him, throwing her arms girlishly around his neck.

“I’ve seen both sides of you,” she said, her smile waning as she studied him, “and I know you.”

His hands had crept past her hips, but they froze, their downward exploration halted by the way she now looked at him, so direct and open. Her arms tightened, pulling him down from his height as she arose on tiptoes to press her forehead lightly to his. All of her playfulness had fled, replaced with a loving stare that ceased his breath.

You’re so strong, so strong, my love.

Her eyes were warm as she sent the thought into his mind, stroking his face all the while.

He felt the golden nimbus of her energy embrace him, and his eyes prickled.

The irrefutable truth of her emotion bled through their bond, so pure and unadulterated. He swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat, momentarily lost in the wonder of being so adored. He rocked on his heels before placing a tender, reverent kiss on her soft lips, sweeping her up into his arms decisively.

“You have seen both sides of me, and I am strong enough to make it through dinner without ravishing you...but only barely,” he warned, guiding her as he spoke, “so you really ought to stop tempting me with your charms, or it’s straight to bed without supper.”

He smiled crookedly as she laughed, clinging to his arm as they exited the training room and continued down the corridor.

“That is your library,” he announced, ushering her past the second door without stopping. “You’ll have plenty of time to acquaint yourself with it at a later date.”
She frowned, opening her mouth to protest.

“Ah, ah, ah!” he chided with a smirk, “It can wait, but I most certainly cannot.”

She pouted a little, brightening when he casually mentioned that the collection he’d procured was four times the size of the allowance she’d enjoyed in her former space. Reaching the elaborately carved hexagonal portal at the corridor’s finale, he paused, setting Rey lightly on her feet.

“These are our private quarters, my love.”

He extended his hand in invitation, watching her hesitate, sensing the giddy nervousness she felt. Even with the time she’d spent aboard the Finalizer, weeks in which she’d been exposed to luxury, the likes of which she’d never envisioned, it was still a massive adjustment for a girl whose daily goal had been survival. Her grit and strength of character were just another facet that drew him to her like a magnet. Looking at her in profile, he wondered for the hundredth time at his luck, still utterly stunned that fate would conspire to place all that power in so perfect a vessel.

A sudden thought gripped him, and his widened. His hand shot out just in time to stop her from brushing the sensor. She frowned, turning to ask what the hell he was doing—and stopped. He was virtually aglow.

“Forgive me,” he murmured, “I’m going about this all wrong…”

Her lips opened to question him but she didn’t get a word out before he slipped an arm around her shoulders, dipping low to sweep her smoothly off her feet. She blinked at him, clearly at a loss and totally unaware of the custom.

He smiled widely, obviously pleased with himself.

“You see, when two people are married and they return to their abode, the man always carries his wife over the threshold. In our case, the bond we have extends far beyond that of simple spoken vows...only heightening the imperative to carry my Empress into her new home,” he finished.

Her brows were slightly furrowed, and she’d opened her mouth to protest when he kissed her, a quick press meant to shut her up that turned into something languid and sensual. She was speechless when he finally stopped, lips parted as she breathed.

His dark eyes shone as he twitched a finger at the sensor.

Four ornate panels retracted into the walls with a sigh of compressed air, and he bore her over the threshold and into their personal quarters. The panels closed behind them quietly, and he set her gently on her feet. He watched her intently, smiling a little at her initial gasp of awe. With small, hesitant steps, she began to explore polished expansiveness of their private space.

The receiving room was elegant and spacious, furnished with sleek, white leather settees scattered with sumptuous velvet pillows. Cylindrical side tables of hammered gold were placed strategically, all centered around a dark stone table inlaid with the same veins of garnet she recalled from the temple on Korriban.

The walls were decorated with random panels of pale crystal and backlit, light glowing softly through the milky rock to cast shafts of light upon the ebony marble floors. A glimmer of warmth caught her eye, and she turned to see a dining alcove awaiting, the table already set with an array of decadent offerings. A host of glasslike orbs floated overhead, casting an inviting golden ambiance.

She turned to Kylo with a look of genuine delight. Her eyes were bright as she shook her head,
speechless. “Do you like it?” He smiled mildly, hands clasped behind his back.

“Kylo, it’s...so much! I--I can’t believe I’m going to live here...like this…” she faltered, looking down at the blood-red velour of a throw and stroking the sleek fabric.

He was by her side immediately, placing a kiss atop her head, his hand warm at the small of her back.

“I am pleased beyond words that you approve,” he said solicitously, “and if ever there is anything you’d like to change, all you have to do is say the word. This place is yours as much as mine, and I want you to be comfortable here, darling.”

Her face was radiant as she looked up at him.

“You’re so good to me,” she breathed, nibbling on her lip with a wistful expression that shook him.

“You, and only you,” he rumbled, voice suddenly gruff as he guided her gently toward another door.

“Come, my sweet. I thought we’d change into more comfortable clothing before we dine.”

He brushed the sensor, panels sliding open to admit them into the brightly lit room.

“This is our ‘fresher. You’ll find a garment alcove containing a trove of personal items on the right. Take your time acquainting yourself with its contents and pick something to wear...or not,” he smiled roguishly as he backed up a step, still facing her.

“I’ll be patiently waiting, my love,” he added, departing with the quiet pneumatic hiss of the doors.

Kylo strode over the black marble and through the portal of their bedroom, methodically removing his gloves, then cowled cape and tunic. He gave the room a critical sweep, performing an inventory of what she’d see when she first entered. An approving smile formed on his lips.

Everything was as specified.

Glancing up, he admired the stars through the wall of duraglass as he unbuckled the straps across his chest. His arm guards slipped off, followed by his fitted trousers. At a touch, a hidden receptacle hidden slid from the wall, revealing a laundry chute and rack of dark garments. He deposited the used clothes and selected a pair of soft black pants and tank top, dressing with quick efficient movements.

Clothed more comfortably, he admired the massive bed that was the showpiece of the room, running bare fingertips over its coverlet, soft and dark as sin.

A thrill sizzled through him when he thought of the consummation to come, the blindfold he’d hidden...he swallowed. His plan was ambitious, and he knew it. But she was well worth it, deserved
a taste of something finer...at least on this night.

He drew his musings to a close and made to return to the dining room. As he turned, his gaze settled on her coronation gift.

Making his way to where the object sat upon its elaborate, hand-carved stand, he studied its familiar shape with an uncharacteristic flutter in his core. His lips parted as he touched it, relishing the lush, organic texture, feeling the minute electrical impulses that all living things possessed.

Restoring it had required the attention of the masters, and even then, he’d had to adhere to a carefully prescribed daily regimen, but it had worked. All of his hard-fought battles had paid off.

Much as they had in his conquest of her.

He had skillfully pressed his advantage, and she had succumbed.

In truth, she had responded even better than he’d anticipated, and their union was kissed by the lips of fate in the Force bond that had blossomed unexpectedly. Even now, he could bridge it and detect her emotional state with ease, feeling her giddy happiness as if it were his own.

Though he remained impervious to the emotion of guilt, something had altered in the course of his single-minded pursuit.

She, in her innocence, had unwittingly mastered him.

With the adept touch of a seasoned conqueror, she had brought life to the barren landscape of his heart.

It floored him when he thought of it—he’d required months of planning, weeks of agonized restraint, and the cunning of the ancients to secure her...and she’d won him over wielding only the soft tenents of vulnerability and adoration.

Was it the principles of Light he’d forced upon himself during the endured weeks of courtship? Or had it started earlier...as he admired her from afar, taking the measure of her unparalleled spirit and strength? Had she found her way into his heart because he’d made a space for her there, or had it been there all along?

Perhaps it was none of those, and perhaps all. Whatever the case, it was irreversible.

The truly incredible thing was that he felt no reservations. Such deep attachments could easily be considered a real weakness, and yet, he was unafraid. His security was firmly anchored in the bedrock of understanding who she was, fused by the certainty that poured across their Force bond. She was as much his as he belonged to her, and the harmony of their need for each other was staggering.

For the third time that day, Kylo swallowed the most annoying of lumps in his throat as he contended with the unfamiliar trappings of love.

With a quiet sigh and a lightness in his chest, he padded on bare feet back to the dining room, that bottle of Fresian port calling him by name.
**SW Lore**

**Fresia = A planet in the core, part of the Agricultural Circuit**

Chapter End Notes

Hey my peeps! Sorry this has been so long in coming. I don't have much free time to write, and I keep being tempted into fic exchanges by the Writing Den<3

The upcoming chapter will complete this storyline. I've got some of it penned already but shouldn't give a timeframe (you wouldn't want to trust me anyway) :-/ BUT! I DO promise not to sign up for any other fic exchanges...unless you've read them and say otherwise :)

Hope you enjoyed! xo
Chapter Summary

Rey's journey of self-discovery continues, nurtured by all that white-hot attention she receives from her Emperor. Said Emporer struggles with temptation before coming to terms with his feelings. A truth is revealed and a gift is given.

Chapter Notes

YOU GUYS!!!! You beautiful, wonderful people, how I love you for hanging in with my unreliable ass!!!

*queues The Doors* ...This is the end, my friend...

I'm all emotional about the culmination of my first full-length fan fic! It's been a wild ride with my OTP, and more incredible than I ever would have thought because of ALL OF YOU! Your comments and feedback have melted me again and again, and I can't thank you enough for taking the time to read and leave me nice little notes. Your kindness and encouragement ROCKS.

Giant, sparkling *heaps!* of adoration to my friend, beta and fellow purveyor of Reylo filth LoveofEscapism, who has unfailingly supported me as I navigated this story. May our love for Kylo never die!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
The Vow

Songpiration: **Dark Days**, by Local Natives

*Finally what you came for*
*Finally what you hoped to find*
Rey had taken her time poking about the garment alcove and acquainting herself with the items provided on her behalf. She ran her fingers over a myriad of darker offerings before being drawn back to a gleam of pale fabric. It was a white floor-length slip--its back cut daringly low and crossed with a few delicate, silken cords.

Her lip quirked as she slipped out of her coronation reds, thinking of how much he loved seeing her wearing a dress. Very carefully, she set the bejeweled insignia pendant upon a cushioned square of black velvet and pulled the dress from its hangar. It slid over her head with ease, its silky folds cloaking her curves with a luxurious whisper.

She smiled, feeling devious as she decided to forgo panties.

The gleaming material flowed like water around her ankles as she crept through the expansive rooms that opened up onto one another. There was a massive shower tiled in stone and silvery metal, and she tiptoed over to gawk at the sunken bathing pool with its built-in benches. As far as she was concerned, he’d created a wonderland. The level of detail and thought that had gone into fitting their quarters seemed magical, and she was continually amazed by the finery that surrounded her.

She made her way to a washing basin, laying her hands on cool marble and lightly tracing a vein that arced through its smooth, polished surface. Her eyes widened a little as she looked up and caught sight of her own reflection. She stared, inhaling slowly in surprise.

The girl in the mirror was utterly captivating, with flushed, dewy lips and glowing skin, her tawny eyes possessing a depth of sensual mystery. A foreign thrill ran through her, bubbling up in her throat, manifesting in the tiniest smile about her lips. She blinked slowly, inky lashes lowering as her gaze traveled down the column of her throat to the rounded swell of her breasts just hidden beneath the deep V of pearlescent fabric.

Skimming a hand over the silk-clad curves of her body, she watched as her nipples became starkly visible through the thin fabric. Her fingers returned to brush tentatively over them and her lips parted, eyes traveling slowly up to meet her own stare of liquid gold with dawning awareness.
So this is what he saw when he touched her.

Seeing her beauty for the first time was a revelation, and she pivoted experimentally before the mirror, taking in her curves with a newfound understanding.

Spinning around, she peered over her shoulder, her eyes raking down her figure. She blinked, noting how daringly the gown plunged, showcasing the expanse of her back and barely concealing the flare of her hips. Her exhaled breath flowed warm and soft over her lips.

A giddiness seized her as the memory of their ascent in the lift came to mind. She recalled his predatory stare, the hunger he’d bathed her in before backing her against the wall and taking what he wanted.

What you wanted, her mind whispered.

Nervous excitement coursed through her veins. There was no denying it.

The memory of how he’d stalked her that morning in the shower was enough to make her wet if she gave it enough headspace. Even now, she could feel the heat gathering, her sex suddenly making itself a known part of her body as it throbbed with want of more of him.

Some small, vestigial part of her wanted to feel scandalized, but it had a minority vote that continued to dwindle in the light of her dawning sexuality. The rest of her had no qualms about desiring him, about wanting to learn more of the intense pleasures that were his sanction.

One thing continued to gnaw at her.

Since her initiation on Korriban, he’d alternated between rough and exquisitely tender, patient and that brand of merciless she’d come to crave. Now that she’d accepted a place by his side, that familiar rogue-gentleman pattern of his courtship was void, and she knew not what behavior might be his norm.

Thinking of it made her feel like the bones of her knees had gone soft as a bowl of mist pudding.
She leaned over the basin, activating the sensor and splashing cold water over her eyes, taking deep breaths in an effort to ground herself. Drying her face with a towel, she shakily pulled the pins from her chignon and shook her hair out. She had to find something to dispel her nerves before she could face him.

*Your husband...Emperor of the Galactic Regime, Master of the Knights of Ren.*

Her heart thudded against her ribs as reality arrived like a jump to hyperspace. There’d been barely a moment to digest it. A swell of panic arose in her breast and she fought it down, reaching for the inner bastion of her strength...and then, suddenly, the memory of Korriban echoed in her mind--something he’d said while she lay vulnerable upon the altar, her thighs anointed with his seed and her virgin blood.

“It is done, my love! We are one, and never shall either be alone again.”

The floodgates of her mind opened, releasing memories that poured forth to extinguish the fires of her doubts.

She thought of the blinding flare of hope that had sparked within him when he’d discovered her on Jakku. The steely determination and cunning he’d employed to break her of her wildness, to seduce her to his side, using all available resources in his considerable arsenal. How he’d laid himself bare to her the night before Korriban—confessing his inability to continue without her. The way he’d soothed her after her initiation, opening his mind as she cried within his arms, letting her feel how she filled his loneliness and isolation.

And shining there in the darkness of her thoughts like a crowning star: his pure, untainted elation when she’d agreed to be his.

He’d shown her these things just to reassure her, honest as he’d always claimed to be.

The memories enveloped her, heady and rich with emotion, and she was overcome. She stared blindly down at the marble beneath her fingers, at a loss for exactly what she was feeling. The way they complimented each other was like nothing she’d ever known.

It had triggered something. Something new; stronger than adoration.
Her throat was tight and her eyes prickled with tears that threatened, but it was *such good pain*, cleansing and pure. It took her fears and drained them to empty vessels, casting them down, useless and irrelevant.

She was left unrestrained, her shoulders light. Guileless. Wanting him.

Moments later, she emerged the picture of composure, gliding gracefully over to meet him.

He sat waiting in the dining alcove, sipping a dark red liquid from a stemmed glass. His eyes were intent as he drank in the sight she made, her pale gown reflecting from the polished marble like a shadow in reverse.

Rising, he moved to stand beside her chair, drawing it back as he always did when they dined together. His voice was rich and intimate as he greeted her. “My lady.”

Her heart sped at the casual way his eyes roamed her body, so blatant in his appreciation. Their familiarity warmed her, and inspiration struck.

She dipped low, angling to give him an eyeful of the top of her breasts as she was seated, testing her ability to wreak havoc.

A muscle in his jaw twitched and his eyes darkened a shade, but he refrained from further reaction, returning to his seat across from her and languidly settling himself.

“May I offer you a drink, my Empress? I have a very fine Sullustan port I think you’d enjoy,” he said, unstopping a rounded bottle set in a basket of copper mesh.

Her eyes sparkled as she nodded. “I’m game for anything my Emperor wishes,” she murmured, flashing him a coy smile.

His brow arched and nostrils flared a little, responding instantly to her choice of words and the way
she was so utterly fixed upon him. With some effort, he turned back to his task, pouring the claret into a stemmed glass and finishing with a flourish.

Sliding the glass across the small table, he leaned back in his chair, taking his own pour in hand and watching her with a look of keen interest.

“Now comes my delight,” he drawled. “I can’t begin to describe how much I relish the sight of you trying new things.”

She’d been examining her drink with curiosity, holding it up to the light to catch its color. The double entendre of his words clicked and she paused as her wide eyes darted to his, a light flush blooming on her cheeks.

He blinked slowly, deviously, a lazy smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as he continued to watch, lightly swirling the wine in his glass.

“Tell me,” he commanded softly. “What is its bouquet?”

She breathed through the emotion, watching him as she brought the crystal to her nose. Her eyes narrowed with obvious pleasure as she inhaled at the rim.

“Its fragrance is...juicy, sharp and something else...is there a spice?” She cocked her head slightly. “No, wait, don’t say,” she said, smiling as she tipped her glass back and sipped.

She exhaled in a whoosh, flinching a bit as a little shiver wracked through her. “Oh! It’s strong!!

Kylo chuckled as she shimmied in her seat.

“Mm-- stars, that’s good! So intense---it positively coats your mouth with flavor!” Her eyes were aglow as she sipped again, licking her lips. “And that slight hint of spice it leaves behind—what is it?”

“This particular vintage is spiced with cinnamon and star-anise. It lends a temper to the syrupy sweetness.”
While he was talking, he’d begun to take a sampling of the dishes, loading a gilded plate with a bit of everything. This he offered her before repeating the process with his own plate.

Rey frowned disapprovingly when she saw the meager serving he’d plated for himself.

“Kylo,” she admonished, “you’re twice my size, yet you’re giving me double the portion. How does that fit?”

He smiled indulgently at her tiny frown, amused by the domestic nature of the moment.

“Well, you still need to eat,” she said scoldingly.

He lowered his eyes, dabbing a square of linen to his lips to hide his smirk. He couldn’t help it. He’d meant to be civil tonight, keep things tame and sweet. But in the end, she brought out the beast within him.

Looking up at her, his focus honed itself into something that hinged on wicked.

“In truth, since I’ve made you mine, my appetites have shifted from food to a thing so much finer…”

His eyes wandered, blatantly taking in the sight of her barely concealed breasts before returning to her own. He didn’t blink as his gaze devoured, daring her to show him any weakness.

She didn’t shrink away but met him with a heat of her own, eyes flaring to life as she took him on. “The funny thing is... I too have found myself possessed of a hunger... fevered and raw.”

Every muscle in his body tensed and froze as the quality of her emotion filtered down the bond.
She continued, seamlessly taking the lead on his own game. “Almost as if I’d come to feel, to live in the skin of your promise, my love…”

Her tone had lowered into something throaty and sensuous, and Kylo found himself spellbound, mouth gone dry.

“There is no peace…”

*Oh, how she teased.* Kylo set his glass down carefully, lest he snap it as his hands curled into talons, his eyes laser-focused as she blew his smolder to a firestorm.

“You’ve replaced it with something far hotter,” she continued, coy as she turned her gaze to her wine, nonchalantly circling a dainty finger around the rim before glancing back up at him. “It *burns* within me, ever-churning, always consuming…”

He exhaled in a soft hiss as all playful pretense fled. “*Say it,*” he ground out, his voice cracking.

She leaned toward him, her back straight.

Kylo could see the aura of her Force energy wreathing her in heat.

Her eyes flashed a bright, feral amber as she stared unflinchingly into his own. “Peace…is a *lie*...there is only passion.”

His heart's desire hadn’t cooled on her lips before his form blurred the air, darkness crossing to claim her, the glass in her hands falling to shatter in a mess of wine-soaked crystal.

All was forgotten as his mouth captured hers, utterly possessed by the need for his soulmate.

She met his advance with a fury of her own, plundering his mouth in turn, arms tightening about his large shoulders to hitch herself higher.

He acquiesced, picking her up and lifting her so that his head tilted back, gifting her passionate
onslaught the weight of gravity.

His hands gathered her gown to free her thighs, cradling them about his hips amidst a froth of pearly silk as he spun them, slamming her up against the alcove wall. The action winded her for a moment and he seized it, pushing his face to her neck and sinking his teeth into the column of her throat.

She cried out, devolving into moans of pleasure as his sharp kiss turned soft, his mouth sucking at the bite. Her fingers took turns fisting in his raven locks and cradling his head, and she tipped her chin to grant further access.

A blissful sigh slipped her lips as she basked in the luxury of his mouth working on her while his hardness rode between her nether lips, separated teasingly by only the thin fabric of his pants. It was impossible not to languish a moment, savoring the darts of pleasure that came from their contact.

She hummed as it dawned that there was something she wanted of him. The desire grew and she reached down to lock her delicate hands around his wrists. Focusing on the build of her emotion, she honed it as she had earlier, her passion lending strength to her grip. She caught him off-guard and he grunted in surprise as she twisted from his grasp.

Her bare feet hit the floor, and she smiled alluringly up at his confused face before pushing him down insistently. His chair shot across the marble floor, sliding into place as he was made to sit.

Now it was he who stared up at her, proud of her burgeoning ability and the way it presented in moments of passion.

She leaned down to kiss him, keeping a firm hand on his chest when he tried to pull her down into his lap.

“Oh no,” she purred, “you went and made me Empress. Now let me take it for a spin...”

A playful smile tugged at the corners of her reddened lips. “Just relax, my love,” she murmured breathily, trying his pet name on for size.

Her fingers wound into the black fabric of his tank top, and he allowed her to gently pull it up and over his head. The sight of his muscles rippling as he settled was distracting, and she was forced to refocus.
His shirt fell from her fingers to the floor.

He smiled up at her, complacent as he tilted his head back to receive whatever she wanted to give.

By now, Rey was versed in how the relinquishing of control challenged him. She felt him struggle with it as he had earlier in the shower, and it crystalized her desire to make it worth it. To make him want to cede her control, even if it was only on occasion.

Bending gracefully, she nibbled at his mouth, stroking gentle hands over his glorious pectorals, trailing down to his breeches. Her hands plucked at the laces, and Kylo smiled when he felt the tingle of Force energy move over his skin, aiding her distracted efforts to free him.

“My Rey,” he crooned between kisses, “so strong.”

He silenced with a groan as his cock sprang free and was captured by her dainty hands.

She was spellbinding as she stroked his length, wrapping her fingers around him and squeezing curiously, testing the granite his flesh had become. Her eyes flashed to his--circlets of dark gold about endless black.

His breath departed at the sultry voice that burned through his fevered mind.

*I want you in my mouth.*

She didn’t blink, mesmerizing as she began to sink down between his thighs in an elegant whisper of silk.

He fell into the darkness of her stare, helpless as a ship caught in the heart of the Maw. His teeth were clenched together, mouth twitching as she plied his mind again.

*I want your cock sliding between my lips.*
Her knees touched the cool black marble, staring up at him with complete focus while his composure unraveled. She pulled his shaft forward, her pink tongue darting out to taste the clear droplet that welled from his tip.

He’d been a statue until then, but the sight of her licking him kittenishly was enough to elicit a hiss of expelled breath.

Her eyes were bottomless as she gazed up at him, lips parting over the velvety skin of his head. She enveloped the spongy tip and sucked lightly, coaxing forth the salty droplets she craved.

*I want to drink of your pleasure.*

His groan was tortured. “*Fuck, Rey!*”

The compromised tone in his voice was incredibly addictive to her, not only because of the near-omnipotent power he wielded. He’d been taking her for *months* now, pleasing her without thought for himself, and in doing so he’d unthinkingly instilled a desire to reciprocate.

To slip on the mantle of control and wring from him startled groans of pleasure; to feel him shiver beneath her as she’d trembled for him all those many times.

It was an urge all new, and she was guided not only by her innate curiosity but by something deeper. It coiled, sensuous and limber; a golden serpent within her mind, whispering of the glories of owning this man who’d moved heaven and earth to have her.

She hummed her pleasure, easing his shaft in, relaxing as he slid down her throat. Easing up, she laved his length with her tongue, swirling over his head before plunging him back into liquid warmth.

She devoured his broken gasps as her lips inched further down his hardened length, taking him deeper still. The thought surfaced briefly that it was all so amusing--she, on her knees, her throat bulging with his immense cock--yet it was he who knelt, showering her with choked moans and whispered adorations.

Having him in her mouth was heaven, and she dallied, entranced by the novelty of it. His skin was deceptively soft for such a formidable weapon--softer than any other place on his body. She reveled
in it, exploring his texture lovingly with lips and fingers and tongue.

Rey reached out, skirting the peripheral of his energy field, sampling the flares that lit through it in time with his physical reactions. She alternated between taking him deep and lavishing his leading half, while stroking the lower part of his shaft with her fist, noting which moves fetched the strongest response. Dipping low, she held him in place, running a tongue up his length, swirling it around his head. Her other hand slipped down his shaft, gently cupping and caressing his balls. His head snapped down, an agonized expression on his face as his hips lifted of their own accord, seeking more of her.

"Ah. So you like that?" She held his stare with innocent eyes as she submerged on his cock again, suckling sloppily. His breathing was speeding up, his hands tightening on the edge of his chair. A flash of inspiration lit through her and she fought the urge to smile around him.

"Please, Master...let me drink of you. Show me what it is to please you this way..."

Triumph was sweet as she felt him respond. A deep shudder rippled through his muscles as he conceded to the tug of her mouth, letting her pull his seed forth.

He felt it coming in an arc of white-hot pleasure, his heartfelt groan accompanying that first luscious spurt into her warm mouth. His hips strained as his cock fountained, seeking to lodge itself even deeper in her throat.

Rey swallowed over and over, struggling to keep up with the rhythmic surges that filled her mouth. It was incredibly erotic, and she felt the slickness between her legs as she got a taste of exactly what happened when he orgasmed inside of her.

She whimpered around him, noting how his fists shook with the strain it took to not grab her head and begin fucking wildly into her mouth.

Only when his body slumped in his chair did she ease up a little, still suckling him invitingly as his forceful spurts became a trickle.

Finding what he thought might be his voice, he tried it out. "R-Rey," he faltered, gazing down at her in stunned adoration.
She hummed, lips stroking back up to release him with a final lick. Turning her stare up, she took in the mess of her man with satisfaction.

His hair was tousled and he sat slumped in his chair, eyes drowsy in the aftermath of his orgasm. He looked thoroughly debauched and she smiled coquettishly, licking her lips as she thought it was a look she could get used to him wearing.

“My sweet angel, what have I done to you?” he breathed. “I’ve turned you into a minx.” His eyes twinkled as he smiled shakily, looking anything but displeased as she rose to her feet.

“You have yourself to thank,” she said jauntily, her eyes glittering down at him. Her finger shot out, so delicate as she raised his chin a little higher, appraising the state of his relaxation.

It was a mistake. His hands were on her, reeling her in as he took back control. He guided her mouth unerringly to his, intent on tasting himself on her.

Crazily, she felt abashed by it, reduced to a novice again by the hot quality of his unapologetic lust.

He took his time as she trembled in his lap, cupping her jaw as his tongue plundered her without mercy. His groans of approval were the sweetest reward, dripping like warmed honey through her mind, relaxing her as she began to kiss him back.

When he finally pulled away, the look in his eyes stole her breath as surely as his kisses.

“I hope you’re full because I’m taking you to bed,” he stated.

She managed a nod as he swept her up into his arms and stood, leaving his breeches behind as he strode toward their bedroom, naked as the day he was born. He carried her over the threshold to what would become the most intimate part of their sanctuary, careful to keep her facing the bed.

His eyes were alive with intent, riveting as he sat her down upon the gleaming, dark coverlet.
Rey felt her need to breathe pause as she looked up at him with wide eyes, utterly transfixed. The energy between them sent off occasional flares of scarlet and gold, heat to rival that of a sun.

His eyes narrowed incrementally as he stared down at the angel in his bed. *I'm still hungry.*

He didn’t blink, looking deep into tawny eyes that fluttered at his words. *I’m going to devour you slow.*

A delicious thread of nervousness unspooled from her and he picked up on it immediately. It fed his darkness, the predator in him responding with an arrogant purr.

At this stage in their relationship, he’d become an expert on muzzling his nature and giving it exercise when the time was right. Needing to know the source of her anxiety, he brought his baser side to heel as he increased his sensitivity, searching. A grim smile formed at the corners of his mouth when he found it, and he pulled her lightly to her feet.

“Oh yes, it's all true,” he murmured, searching her expressive eyes. “You’ve seen every side of me; the monster who hunts you without mercy and the man who shows you every courtesy, treating you with deference and respect. But you’ve only had the two separate from another, and now you contend with *all* of me at once.”

He didn’t smile as he tipped her head up. “Alas. I am both man and monster.”

Her pulse sped as he closed the distance, his chest brushing her nipples in a soft whisper that made them ache.

His voice was quiet with an edge that cut. “Every word I say to you is a truth. And you will know what it is, my love, to be cherished by one who only wants to find yet another way to catch you off guard and ravish you blind.”

Words stuck in her throat as she felt his hands riding low on her hips, ghosting over the silky fabric that shielded her skin. His unpredictability had her head spinning. Long enough had she known him, and she understood that he enjoyed the dichotomy of mismatched word and deed. Knew how he relished disorienting her with the elixir of rough words and a soft touch.

His head lowered, breath hot against her ear. “Is that how you want me, hmm?” Every kind of
wicked and depraved?"

She shivered as her head tipped back incrementally.

“Are you coming around to my way of thinking?” he asked, fingers coyly tracing the arc of her ribcage.

Meeting his stare through glassy eyes, she conceded. “Maybe,” she whispered.

His lip quirked in amusement, a canine flashing as he bit his lip. “That pleases me on so many levels, and every unknown desire will I grant you…”

“But, tonight calls for something else...something *reverent*.” His head dipped, jet black hair falling over his eyes as his lips brushed the corner of her mouth. “Something *soft*, a thing we’ve never done. *A commemoration.*”

He drew back and she heard the subtle whisper of skin on fabric. She looked down at the sound. He held a tailored strip of white silk. It gleamed in the low light, a delicate thing pulled taut by masculine, unforgiving fingers.

She blinked up at him, not understanding...until he placed it over her eyes.

Suddenly, her mouth was dry, heart beginning to pound as the implications registered. She felt his lips ghost over hers as the blindfold was tied into place.

His voice rang through her head. *Trust me, Empress.*

Her lips were parted as she breathed through the sudden flood of emotion, other senses scrambling to sharpen in absence of sight. She swallowed her anxiety, turning her cheek into the warmth of his hand when she felt it, taking courage from his presence.

“I trust you, my Emperor,” she said, nibbling at her lower lip unconsciously.
She couldn’t know how he stared at her with burning eyes, a muscle in his jaw clenching as he struggled. The temptation was instantaneous, sinking its fangs in as he took in the devastating sight before him.

*Now that she was his, did he really need to adhere to the principles of the Light? Was it not his sanction and sole purpose to bring her to the Dark?*

It was alive within him, slithering sensuously as it made its case. *Bend her over and fuck her raw...pound into her until she begs for mercy...bind her to you in an ecstasy of pain...awaken the empty halls with the echoes of her screams...*

His cock ached with the need to bury itself in her, to break her well and truly.

*Is she not yours now? Are you not able to mold her as you see fit?*

He felt her nervousness grow as she sensed his conflict. His stomach knotted as she spoke his name, softly, questioningly.

His heart throbbed in response and the darkness hissed, recoiling. It was her Light that drew him in, and he knew it. The pleasure he took every time he watched her face light up was unlike anything he’d ever felt in all his life. He’d rob himself of the very thing he treasured most were he to humor his baser instincts.

She’d embraced the Dark and yet she remained...grey, for lack of a better word. In his pursuit of her, he himself had changed as well, the emotions she evoked tempering the purity of his covenant with the Dark. And yet, he only felt *better* for it. She was the missing piece that completed him.

His perfect counterweight. *Mate of my soul.*

His lips brushed her jaw reassuringly, and she sighed against him, relaxing as he touched her gently. Warm hands caressed the slender column of her neck, turning her head gently to receive the gossamer kisses that brushed her skin.

Then they were sliding up into her hair, gently fisting to pull her head back.
Her stomach fluttered as his lips opened over her throat, applying a warm, wet suction that had her moaning his name.

Rey was shocked at the strength of her reactions to him in absence of sight. Everything was heightened in sensation—the slide of his mouth, the minute changes in the pressure he applied with his fingers, all of it was so much more.

Her cunt throbbed with want of him and she pressed her thighs together, feeling the slick of her arousal overflow and smear her thighs. She whimpered, her fingers sinking into the muscles of his back as she endured the torment he’d devised.

It was staggering as his hands brushed down the exposed length of her back, fingers trailing back up skin raised with goosebumps. Her nipples hurt.

“Please,” she whispered, needing so much more from him.

He hummed in response but said nothing, letting her cling to the muscles of his back as his hands slid up over her ribcage. He palmed the firm mounds of her breasts, continuing to suck lightly at her neck as his fingers passed over her nipples, smiling when she cried out.

One hand continued at her breast while the other slid over her silk-clad curves to cup a pert buttock, kneading lightly. “My beautiful girl. Always so good for me,” he husked.

Her head lolled weakly on one shoulder, lips parted as she melted to the tune of his praise.

His thumb flicked her nipple and she let out a soft sob of unmet need.

Had he any clothes on, she would have torn holes in them by now. As it stood, his shoulders bore the crescents of her frustration, their scores growing by the minute.

“Kylo, please. Oh, please, I need your sk—”

He cut her off with a soft kiss, tenderly robbing of her ability to speak.
She moaned against him, relief pouring through the bond when his fingers hooked over the dainty straps of her gown. He flicked them from her shoulders and the weight of the fabric pulled her slip to the floor in a sigh of surrender.

He stepped back from her, and one hand followed him, bracing on his chest as she swayed. The feeling of vulnerability skyrocketed as she stood before him, blind to the element of attack, her body suddenly bare and utterly at his mercy. At the sound of his appreciative groan, she felt another surge of warmth between her nether lips.

She wanted to cry for the indecency of it all, was about to, when an image flashed before her eyes: she saw herself as he did; the blindfold so white against her dark hair, lips flushed as she panted breathlessly, her nipples pebbled with rampant desire.

It wasn’t so much the vision that dismantled her. It was the voracity that accompanied it, his hunger projected for her to feel. It was only a moment, but it was enough. Her torment was nothing next to his. She swallowed and bit her tongue, preaching fortitude to herself over and over in a silent mantra.

He approached her again, touching her with only his body, letting her bask in his heat. His cock nudged against the soft plane of her belly as his hands claimed her rounded hips. His chaste kiss was nowhere near enough before he turned her around. One hand remained on her hip as the other closed lightly around the back of her neck. A breathy half-sob escaped her as he bent her over at the waist and guided her down to the bed.

When she lay on her stomach before him, he captured both wrists, leisurely drawing them over her head and crossing them with purpose. He moved slowly, making sure she understood what was happening.

“Kyl-ohhh...” she moaned, writhing decadently as she felt the tingle of Force energy bind her arms.

The bed depressed with his weight, and suddenly his lips were at the back of her neck, kissing and sucking a path down her back. Her body jerked, head arching back as what felt like shocks of electric pleasure shot down her spine. It caused her cunt to clench with want, and she ached for him to fill her emptiness.

His hands grew impatient as some of his composure finally severed. He slipped them under her, kneading her breasts as his mouth continued down her back. Her cries were unhindered, echoing through the room as his knee slipped between her thighs. She heard him swear softly when he
encountered how wet she was as he spread her legs, pulling them wide to grant him the access he desired.

He hadn’t even touched her pussy and she was already sobbing, a victim of the heightened sensation that accompanied sensory deprivation. The depth of her emotion cut through his rabid hunger, gentling him some.


The words, so soft, couldn’t prepare her.

She jumped as the flat of his tongue snaked up through her folds, tasting her gluttonously before plunging two fingers into the liquid heat of her cunt.

One stroke. Two, and she was crying out plaintively, her lips forming a shocked O as she spasmed around the rigid length in her core.

He murmured dark words of praise, stroking her through it in a show of devotion. His brows furrowed in disbelief, shaking his head a little as he watched the way her sheath milked his fingers. The tight squeeze of her muscles was exquisite—so delicate and yet so strong.

*God, how he wanted his fingers to be his cock.*

He utilized some light meditation, breathing to dispel the tension in his body as her pulses slowed.

Seized by inspiration, he pulled his fingers free and adjusted his Force hold as he flipped her over.

His eyes zeroed to black as he parted her thighs again, his cock throbbing with unadulterated lust at the tantalizing sight. Her pussy was well and truly soaked. *Had she ever been this wet for him?* He wasn’t sure, but he was about to test her body’s abilities. His lip quirked deviously as he latched his mouth to her clit and sucked *hard.*

She keened and bucked upward, her pinned hands forming claws as she twisted in his grasp.
He shut down the struggles of her lower body decisively, trapping her thighs in an unyielding vise. His lips undulated, tongue lapping through the suction and it brought her again. Her cry was sharp and startled, devolving into voiceless sobs as her pussy throbed obediently for him, pulsing against the warm, wet meet of his mouth. He suckled her like she was his lifeline, devouring her pleasure as though it were the last sustenance in the galaxy.

_Mine. All mine._

Absently, he lifted a hand, waving her free of the bind on her wrists. Her hands came down, fisting immediately into his hair in her desperation for an outlet. A light sheen of sweat covered her entire body and she panted with the need for oxygen.

He frowned slightly, chastising himself. _This was not how tonight was supposed to go._

How hard could it be to make tender, sweet love to his Empress?

He shouldn’t have turned her around. That surely was the first mistake. He’d fantasized over having her that way hundreds of times, had long-ago singled out all the places he’d bend her over and test her ability to arch when the moment presented itself...and matters weren’t helped by the aroused curiosity he’d picked up when she assumed that was what he intended.

Then he’d made the blunder of binding her arms, and the sight had been the stroke of his undoing. _Her slender body stretched out for him, pale and lovely against the black satin, the peach of her perfect ass bent over to reveal how she dripped for him--inner thighs shiny and wet ...one look and the trajectory of his good intentions took a hard one-eighty and beat a hasty retreat._

The strokes of his tongue slowed as he schooled his aims, slotting them back into the noble places they’d occupied before he’d veered from his course.

She was harmonious as always, following his lead as her breath evened out. Her writhing lost that panicked edge, matching the sensuous way his tongue moved through her swollen folds.

When he felt the tension in her fingers ebb, he sighed against her, signaling his own languid state as she fiddled with the strands of his hair. Rising, he began to move up her body with his lips to her skin, painting her curves in adoration.
She responded to his soft touch with the grace of water, her breasts lifting to receive his mouth.

There was no teasing as he met her offering, sealing his lips over her dusky areola and drawing at it gently.

A soft, surprised moan slipped her lips. His mouth, how she loved it. Lips so plush and warm, she couldn’t ever have enough of them on her.

Her hands caressed his face blindly, painting a picture with her touch. One thumb traced down to map a picture for her mind’s eye.

She felt deliriously wicked as she explored the furled line of his lip where it latched to the mound of her breast.

In the darkness of her blindfold, an oft-revisited image conjured itself—a moment of startling sensuality from their altercation in the Singing Forest. The vision was branded into her memory: the sight of his perfect lips poised over her nipple as he gazed up from where he knelt. His dark eyes had stared soulfully into hers, silently begging her to see her own arousal, to feel it, to want him like he wanted her. With the heat of a thousand suns.

She’d been utterly transfixed as his lips had parted ever-so-slow, descending to close upon her sensitive nipple, enveloping it in a warm, wet cloud. It had felt...frighteningly good, and the sight of those lips pressed to her breast, sliding over her as if she were the most delicious thing he’d ever tasted...it had marked the first real moment of her awakening. And now…

...now she needed more. All.

She summoned him by name, her voice soft and lilting.

He obeyed immediately, responding to the sound of his name on her lips and the need she projected. That very thing he’d worked so hard to achieve.

“Yes, my love. I’m here,” His voice was low and resonant with emotion.
Hands slid into her hair, causing her scalp to tingle pleasantly. Her lips parted as she mapped his shape, tracing the relief of his sculpted body.

When his mouth finally enveloped her, she emitted a sigh of ecstasy, cradling his head as he began to kiss her at long last. She drew her thighs up his hips invitingly, tensing to feel the breadth of him.

Suddenly, he was possessed by the need to touch more of her.

“Hold on to me,” he said, pulling her up to sit astride his lap.

She was so petite and yet so deceptively strong. His heart warmed as he stroked her, mapping her delicate musculature, gentling her as they sat amidst a pool of black satin.

The blindfold over her eyes was the only white in the room, short of the single flower that bloomed behind them. Anticipation filled him as he stared at the blossom, awash in the feeling of coming full circle as he caressed her, delighting in the freedom of their new position.

She whimpered at how her sex hugged the shaft of his cock. The hard press of it between her lips had her clit throbbing wildly, and she couldn’t help but slide subtly against him, spreading the slickness of her arousal.

Turning his gaze back to her, he licked his lips as she began to move, using his cock to pleasure herself. He hummed his approval, rubbing leisurely over her back, her waist, her rib cage, encouraging her to initiate their lovemaking.

At last, her hand wrapped around his shaft and pumped lazily, feeling him all the more without her sight to aid her. She leaned forward, one hand curling about the back of his neck as she pulled his ear to her lips.

“I need you, Kylo,” she said, compelling in her simplicity.

His eyes slipped closed as the unfamiliar ache in his throat returned.
“I need you too...have needed you for so long. My life has gone wanting without you, and now you’re here,” he paused, kissing her lightly before continuing, “the perfect balance to all I am.”

His lips brushed her cheek again and she swallowed, feeling the weight of his words, suddenly overwhelmed by emotion.

A tear soaked into the white silk.

Those lips were at her face again as his strong fingers slid under the blindfold and up her temples, taking it with them. Her eyes opened slowly and sought his.

She’d seen the endless night there so often, had succumbed willingly to it, giving herself over to the Dark that was his. The Light she saw there now left her staring speechlessly.

Their Force bond shivered, strengthening, setting the energy currents ablaze.

She watched his lips part through eyes that swam.

“You were what was missing all along,” he murmured, tracing a thumb down her cheekbone. “How could I have known…”

Tears spilled, hot and salty as the emotion became too much to contain. He was her outlet, and she took it out on him, pulling his cock forward and rising over it.

Her breath staggered through slackened lips as she sank down upon his glorious length. The intensity of it challenged her but she didn’t look away, wet lashes fluttering at the way he filled her so utterly. Drawing close, she cradled his face in both hands, looking from his mouth back to his eyes.

She said the words slowly, deliberately, unveiling her soul and offering that too. “I love you.”

He made a choked sound, a short sob that escaped before he could crush his lips to hers.

A torrential flood of feeling poured out of him; the teetering stack of his hopes, all of the pain and
effort taken to achieve her acquiescence, his unease over the changing landscape of his own disused heart.

In those three simple words was the absolution of every wrong he’d ever done.

He was speechless as his eyes grew warm, throat closing off as he experienced tears of joy for the first time in his life. The trademark cunning and tactic that defined him were utterly abolished from the kisses he plied her with as he gave in to the depth of his emotion, worshiping her mouth until he could finally respond.

“Rey,” he whispered hoarsely, “you’ll never know your own radiance, how you gift me.” He cupped her face, dark eyes aglow as they searched hers. “I love you, madly. You are my breath. My angel. My light.”

The overflow of their combined emotion became too much, and she silenced him with her lips.

Her need for the outlet of physical action flowed through their bond. *Tell me with your body.*

Drawing his hips back, he pulled out, mind stuttering at the liquid flow of their skin—*so very slick.* He paused but a moment, quivering with anticipation before penetrating her slow, groaning as he felt her part inch by exquisite inch. His lips pressed to hers, their tongues meeting in a sensuous dance.

Again. Sliding out, thrusting in slow. Testing it, making sure it really was *that good.* They both gasped and she wrapped her arms about him with no small amount of desperation.

The sound of his voice vibrated through her mind, leaving dulcet echoes that pebbled her flesh.

*I love how you are with me—so good to me, baby —so good.*

She ground her hips down into his lap, pushing him as deep as she could get him. With her lips pressed to his, she whimpered, projecting her reply. *I never stood a chance…*

His groan rumbled against her lips. *This is all yours, my love, my Empress. I belong to you as much as you belong to me. Until the last star spirals down from the heavens and winks out, and there in*
Rey felt every muscle in her body slacken all at once, relaxing into a state of pure submission. He slipped even deeper into her and she breathed through it, savoring the transcendent intimacy of his thoughts as they blanked in wordless awe.

She could feel the vast, limitless expanse of his hunger for her, feel how it permeated every cell of his being. It was balm to her soul, smoothing the deep grooves inscribed by a lifetime of loneliness, inflaming her desire to give him everything, to nurture him in turn.

He pumped her slow and steady as he whispered against her throat, speaking in hushed tones of how she so seamlessly completed him, how much he loved to have her this way, how it destroyed him.

Their bodies melted into one, moving in a rhythm so luscious that it was impossible to tell where she ended and he began. Her body tightened instinctively with each withdrawal, tugging at him only to flutter in spastic rapture when he thrust back home.

He could feel the purity of her love elevating him, wrapping his corporeal being in a bliss that surpassed the physical ecstasy of their coupling. He moved within her as she surrounded him in turn, and all restraint ceased to matter. Together, they floated in a golden nimbus, their bodies rendered into points of light that joined, melding into a blinding star that threatened to burst.

She kissed him, joyfully calling forth his pleasure, pulling the first spurt of his seed into her. Her name repeated in a litany of adoration as his powerful body shuddered beneath her.

The build of energy around them trembled at her perfect answer to the way he fountained within her. She responded to the liquid bloom of his pleasure with a chorus of escalating moans as her sheath tightened on his length. Her back arched, eyes rolling back as he caught her.

With his head tucked against her breast, he cradled her, moving sinuously as he felt her ecstasy match his own. Her proclamations of love filled his mind as her sheath pulsed violently, sucking hard at his cock in demand for every last drop. Drinking him in. Immaculate in her desire for all of him.

Together they tumbled down to the bed, felled by the power of their joining. Rey found herself humming in bliss, still writhing gently on the steel rod of her lover’s flesh.
With a lazy surge, he rolled her onto her back, making her shiver with aftershocks as he took over the movement, thrusting with lazy, barely-there pulses that kept him firmly seated. He kissed her eyelids, her temples, the high points of her cheekbones.

She smiled, eyes still closed. “If that’s what a commemoration is all about, we really ought to uhm—commemorate more often.” Opening her eyes, she saw that he smirked wickedly down at her.

“Don’t get used to it,” he growled, his teeth sinking lightly into her earlobe. “You know Darksiders aren’t known for their tenderness.” He rose over her, locking his elbows as he punctuated his claim with a hard thrust.

She gasped softly before tilting her head to give him a wily, knowing look. “There you are…” she whispered, her lips curling playfully.

The deep sound of his laughter was her reward, and she treasured it for the rarity it was.

He didn’t release her until much later, after he’d claimed her like a proper Sith and proved there wasn’t a redemptive arc in sight. They lay side-by-side in a love-stoned haze, their racing hearts slowing down, breathing returning to normal.

Rey drew her knees up in a languid stretch, hugging herself in a state of post-orgasmic bliss. Her mind purred at the thought of his seed within her. “Mm, Kylo…you spin my head like nothing I could ever…” she broke off, turning her glazed eyes upon him, tracing his profile. Her heart flopped. “You make me want to bear your children.”

His jaw went slack as he turned his dark stare upon her. She swore she’d never seen him come any closer to fainting than he did in that moment, and she fought valiantly to stifle her laughter. His voice cracked a bit when he spoke. “Rey, baby. That has got to be the most erotic and frightening thing I’ve ever heard.”

She caved, her girlish laughter filling the room. “Fear not, my love, there is much for us to do first. I’m just saying I consider you worthy…down the line…” Her eyes twinkled with high humor as his mouth twitched, a smirk forming.
“Worthy?” he sputtered, rolling into a crouch as his voice lowered into a growl. “Worthy, am I?”

He pounced on her, pressing her into the bed with his weight as she struggled feebly, giggling.

“That’s good,” he rumbled, “I’m pleased you’ve come to that conclusion. Because I’ll not have another man within a ten-foot radius of you for, oh…” he cocked his head, pretending to think about it, “say, maybe, the rest of your life .”

“Even when I’m old and gray?”

“Oh, yes. Even then.” He descended to brush her lips with his, lingering there like an oversized cat punctuating the helplessness of its prey. “You’re mine.”

His possessive assertion brought a flutter to her breast, and she touched her lips to his, leaving a ghostly kiss in offering. “I am,” she replied, suddenly serious.

Having what he desired, he parted the seam of her lips and claimed her mouth in a warm assault, ravishing her thoroughly. He ceased only when she was breathless, amber eyes glazed as she stared up at him expectantly. His hands released her as he slid from her body to stand at the side of the bed.

Gazing down at her fondly, he proffered an outstretched hand. “Come. I have a gift for you.”

Her expression morphed to one of curiosity as a little smile lit her face. She slipped her hand into his and let him pull her to her feet.

The wall of duraglass reflected their passage as he led her across the room. Rey stared, distracted by the sight of their nakedness superimposed against the stars, struck by the outside perspective and how very large he was beside her.

She tore her eyes away when he paused, redirecting her attention to the stand before her.

A small tree grew from a planter, its short, rust-colored trunk branching into a flourish of glossy, verdant leaves. Amongst the foliage sat a single blossom, snow-white and delicate.
Her golden eyes drank in the sight in admiration. After a pause, she unthinkingly swept low, cupping the flower lightly to inhale its fragrance. She straightened and turned to him with a questioning little frown. “But Kylo, this smells like the orchard. Is it...can it be...?”

He remained quiet, watching her with the strangest look on his face.

Suddenly, it struck her as odd that Kylo would have a potted plant in his room. It fit with what she knew of him about as much as the idea of him practicing calligraphy.

The enchantingly-penned note he’d left her that morning was fresh on her mind as she turned to him questioningly. She opened her mouth to speak, drawing breath that stilled in her lungs as she saw the thing he held.

A dented canister with a rusted rim sat in his hands, a few grains of sand still clinging to its side.

Time slowed as she reached for it, her hand pausing, hovering as though she were afraid that touching it might transport her back to the place of its origin.

She looked up and met his eyes in stunned silence before turning again to the potted tree. Her voice shook, barely more than a whisper. “But it was--” she swallowed, struggling, “it was nearly dead--how did you--” she broke off, blinking furiously as she combated the fresh wave of tears suddenly at the brink.

He tipped her face up as she failed, a single tear skipping down her cheek to splash upon the trembling rise of her breast.

Speech couldn’t compare to the all-encompassing submersion of memory, so he remained silent as lowered his forehead to hers. Gently, he cupped her cheek as he projected the time he spent in the fallen AT-AT that had once sheltered her.

She saw how he had stood before her wall of etchings, felt his profound understanding of the grief contained in each razor-edged groove. Saw him running his hands over her sleeping alcove, his eyes closing as he felt her despondency as his own. Crushing her nightshirt to his face, breathing in her scent as desire tore through him. Finding the wilted plant that barely clung to life. Turning it around in open curiosity, reaching out with the Force to feel for her connection to it. Seeing how she’d picked up the discarded seed and struggled to cultivate it, trying desperately to care for it and make it
live. And there at the last, how he’d seen the parallel and taken it with him, doing everything in his power to resurrect it.

When the thread of his memory tapered off, he pulled away, examining her tear-streaked face with infinite understanding. Holding her hand lightly in his own, he sank into a kneel.

His dark eyes were steady as he gazed up at her. “When I took you from Jakku, I promised to raise you from the ashes of your own weakness. You’ve spanned the chasm and embraced the Dark, taking your rightful place at my side. My every wish is fulfilled, and I’ll take every inch of what you give, and yet...I am bereft without meeting you at the altar of change.”

Here he paused, looking away for a minute as his voice hardened.

“Compassion is a weakness, anathema to a good leader. It makes you soft, robs you of objective thinking…it leads to stronger attachments...like love…a vulnerability.”

She took a staggered breath, folding her other hand over his, enclosing him within her softness. Her eyes searched his face in silent encouragement.

“This path, my love, this path I’ve set us upon...it led to uncharted waters. My unending desire to possess you has resulted in that thing I’ve scorned my whole life. I could never have predicted it; the way we entwine...but your heart’s delight has become my own, and I exist on a shore as unfamiliar and strange as the landscape you found when I spirited you away with me.”

Rey stared at him, utterly riveted. He’d always been honest with her, sometimes brutally so, but here in this space, she loved him for it, for every truth he’d ever said.

All at once, the distance between them yawned unbearably. Releasing his hand, she cupped his face lovingly, carding her hands slowly through his hair. She tamed her urge to embrace him, giving him the space to finish.

He gazed up at her, his voice earnest. “When I took you, Rey, I didn’t intend to be the one changing. And yet it’s happened. That thing my kind would name frailty, a weakness begging to be exploited. In the quietude of my heart, I know it makes me stronger, you make me stronger.”

His eyes were pools of liquid darkness, and she wanted to drown in the emotion she saw there.
My light, how I love you...I will be the one to nurture you, and I will live to see you flourish.

She sank down, joining him where he knelt on the floor. Holding his fierce head in her hands, she stared up into those fathomless eyes and projected the imperative that sang within her.

Your love shall never be a liability. I yield myself to you, now and ever after. I will let your teachings guide me, and do everything in my power to uphold your reign.

With the vow came a surge of her will, meeting his own and harmonizing with it. Their energy fields circled and danced, pulling tighter together, ever tighter until their seams bled into one and merged with a singular pulse of blinding light. He pulled her into his arms and they grew still as the room thrummed, each feeling the change as their hearts synced and began to beat in step.

When he finally pulled back and gazed down into the golden eyes of his greatest conquest, his eyes shone with the stolen light of the stars.

Stroking her cheek, he corrected her with a thrill of pleasure so pure, so rich, he surely didn’t deserve it.

“Our reign.”
Did any of you see Kylo's gift coming?! SPILL IT!!! I'm fairly dying to know what you make of this ending, since I didn't plot this story out and kinda flew by the seat of my pants. Feedback helps me improve, so please don't be shy.

I'm planning to create a series of random chapters based on this world and the dynamic I've built between Kylo and Rey. So far, I've thought of an alternate coronation scene and a fun one where Rey finds out about Kylo siccing the hssiss on her back on Mimban and is *totally pissed*. A glimpse of Dark!Rey, the one we all stared at in awe as she circled a fallen Kylo in the forest on Starkiller.

I'm always open to suggestions if you care to leave ’em at my doorstep:)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!