provocateur

by dankobah

Summary

“The point is, I can take care of you. However you need that to happen, which we can discuss,” he says. Rey needs to bring her game face to this, she can tell by his bluntness.

Rey swallows, and she lifts her chin.

“I want an allowance,” she says.
“That’s…a lot of zeros.”

Finn is gazing over her shoulder at the student loan bill, and Rey flips it face down on the dining table.

“Mind your business.” she chastises, her eyebrows furrowing in anxiety. Finn plops down, peeling the rubber gloves off his arms and tossing the dish brush back into their sink. The dishwasher had broke again, and Plutt was nowhere to be found to fix it.

Rey contemplated tinkering with it, but it would somehow void the lease and they would be out a place to live. That’s something they didn’t need right now (even though Rey swore they could get something cheaper).

“You know-” Finn starts, and Rey sits back in her chair. She’s already exhausted with what Finn is going to suggest.

“Poe could spot you. If I ask him-” Finn begins again, and Rey groans.

The last thing she wants to do is be indebted to Finn’s….Rey doesn’t exactly know what to call the man. Financier? John? Finn had insisted that Poe was just a “friend who helps out sometimes”.

Rey didn’t know if their fucking was considered helping out, but she’s going to act like she’s unaware of it for a bit longer.

“I don’t need handouts.” she mumbles, stubbornness taking over her voice as she opens her banking app. She stares at the total in her accounts.

Four cents. Four whole cents. She closes it quickly before she can dwell, and gets up to inconspicuously look in the pantry.

“Or I could link you up with someone who could spot you.” Finn then brokers, and Rey is looking over her shoulder at him.

“And fuck them? I’m not a...whore.” she mumbles, crossing her arms. Rey wasn’t meaning to imply that Finn was a whore. Finn was broke too, Finn did what he had to. Finn was an attractive fish in the sea and someone had managed to snap him up.

Rey didn’t know if she wanted to be snapped up like him. Finn seemed perfectly happy, expensive sushi dinners and new Banana Republic threads that he wore to campus everyday. Not to mention the car, a pretty Audi r8 that Rey wasn’t allowed to eat in still.

It had all happened so quick for him too, Finn meeting some CFO from Organa Technologies and hitting it off enough to get whatever he wanted.

“It’s not being a whore when you both know the obligations of the relationship.” Finn argues. Rey’s eyebrows raise.

“Obligations?” she asks, for clarification. There were obligations? It didn’t sound fair.
“Having a sugar daddy is typically a contractual position—” Finn starts, and Rey does a double take at the word sugar daddy.

“Sugar daddy?” Rey interrupts. She’s never heard the term before, and her eyebrows furrow further at the realization of *daddy*. Finn pauses, and he’s staring at Rey in disbelief.

“You know...sugar daddy,” Finn says. Rey’s shaking her head, and Finn walks up to clutch her hands.

“We found your solution.”

Rey was not prepared for the crash course that Finn would give her, complete with google links and personal anecdotes.

“Like this one time, I got to go on a cruise to Mexico. Just because he liked me!” Finn gushes, pacing around the kitchen. Rey’s frazzled at the table, laptop open and engineering textbook open a long time ago.

She hadn’t even read a word yet, Finn too occupied on telling her all about the lifestyle. She rubs her forehead. “Let me get this straight.” she says, and Finn slides to sit across from her.

He’s like an excited puppy, and Rey hates to reign him in.

“You basically are given an allowance, gifts, vacations—” she starts.

“For being pretty. Which you are *exactly* someone’s type. Oh, and you’ll have to go on dates and have sex and—” Finn says, and he’s fishing out his cellphone. Rey’s rubbing her forehead.

“But they’re all typically older, aren’t they? What if I don’t want to be seen with some old guy? It sounds too good to be true.” she mutters, tracing the page of her textbook. Finn is looking up from his screen, Rey’s Facebook profile open to grab a photo of her. He’s thinking the one of her in a bikini at their Fourth of July party over the summer.

“Just try it once. I’ll put in a good word for you with Poe, and he’ll get this guy I’m thinking of. Trust me.” Finn says, kneeling in front of Rey and grabbing her legs. Rey’s looking down at him, throwing her head back with a long sigh.

“Believe me. You’ll want to see this guy.” Finn then says.

“One date. I’m rubbish and don’t exactly understand this, so I’ll need guidance.” she says. Finn *squeals*, making Rey do a double take at the pitch she’s never heard leave his mouth.

“Oh you’re going to love this. Don’t worry about a goddamn thing.” Finn says.

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*Found one.*

Ben tries very hard not to be irritated at the message that flips across his computer screen. Vague and from Poe of course, he opens it against his better judgement.

*Found what.*

Ben tries to hold off from his eyes rolling in irritation.
Ben’s eyes narrow as he stares at the screen. He didn’t know Poe had been looking, especially on his behalf. They didn’t talk often about their mutually shared kink, since it sat on opposite sides of the gender spectrum.

But Ben had apparently been in a slump since that heartless bitch Jessika. She was only dubbed as so by Poe, Ben didn’t care too much for her. She wanted too much too fast, didn’t respect his boundaries. But he wouldn’t go as far as calling her a heartless bitch.

Poe worked in hyperboles, and he was sure this girl wouldn’t be any special.

But his mouth opened as the picture came across the computer screen, Ben leaning in to stare.

She’s slim, tan and standing by a pool in an American flag bikini. He’s focused on her body mostly, eyes flitting up to her wide smile and freckled nose in the picture.

Rey Kenobi. She goes to college with Finn, his roommate too.

Age?

Ben hates asking, but he doesn’t deal with under 20. Girls under 20 usually made him want to rip his hair out when he was 20, and it’s no different now.

22. She studies civil engineering.

A male dominated field. He admires her guts, and he’s still staring at her wet skin.

Any idea if she’s done something like this before?

Ben’s of course willing to teach. It’s a lifestyle, an adjustment.

I don’t think so. One date? If you don’t like her, don’t see her again.

Ben sits back in his office chair, glancing at the clock on the wall. He needs to get back on task, but Poe is obviously not gonna wait for an answer with bated breath.

I’ll even set it up. Just do this for me.

Poe’s calling in a favor, and Ben knows it’s not fair. He glances to his phone, turned over on the desk. He looks back to the computer screen before typing back.

Sure. You’ll never hear the end of this if she’s batshit crazy.

Ben closes the messaging app before Poe can reply, and reopens the email he was trying to plug out.

He can’t stop thinking about Rey, clad in the American flag bikini and dripping wet from his hot tub.

He just hopes she’s not bonkers.

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Maybe she was over her head. Rey didn’t know how to admit that, even as she adjusted the strap on her heels.
She would look out of place on the L train tonight, her white polka dot wrap dress blowing occasionally with the air from the vents in Finn’s r8. It’s obvious she has somewhere to go, red lipstick on her lips and layers of mascara to open up her eyes.

In reality, she’s doing this to satisfy Finn. Rey would be highly surprised if this guy actually liked her. She came off as abrasive sometimes, hardened up by abandonment and childhood disappointment.

She’s also foreign to dating, especially someone 10 years her senior. She doesn’t want to assume the worst, only getting bits and pieces about Ben Solo over the few days this whole date took. Their schedules were both apparently complicated, and somehow Finn and Poe made it collectively come together.

“So remember…” Finn trails off, Rey looking over at him. Chicago traffic is putting them right on time, even though they had left early. She’s noticing more skyscrapers, more designer brands clad in bodies in this part of town. Rey lives in a gritty hipster hole, surrounded by thrift-shopping pieces of shit like her.

“No anal. Don’t even try it.” Finn says. Rey gasps, her head whipping over.

“I wasn’t-” she starts, blush rising furiously on her cheeks from embarrassment. Finn is completely serious, and he pulls forward a little. Rey wants to now run the rest of the way to the upscale sushi restaurant.

“I mean it. Guys think that just because you’re there for money, they can do anything to you. Ben’s a good guy, but just in case.” He precautions. Rey’s eyebrows furrow, and she decides not to answer.

“What should I ask for?” she asks instead. It’s been racking her brain, how much money is too much. Finn hadn’t gave her any guidelines. Only background and lingo to the lifestyle, some aspects that she was still tripped up over. It makes nervousness bloom in her gut, and Rey hates being thrown in potentially awkward situations.

“Whatever you want.” Finn says, and Rey’s eyes are narrowing at him.

“Be serious. Please?” she asks, a hint of pleading in her voice. Finn looks at her then, and his face softens.

“What you need. Plus a little extra.” he says. Her mouth opens to respond, but he’s pulling up to the curb next to a tall building.

“This is it. You’ll be fine, okay? Call me when if you need a ride.” Finn says. Rey’s car door is getting opened by some overly springy valet, and she has no choice but to climb out. She’s barely on the curb before Finn pulls back into traffic.

She’s gazing after the car, hand held up in a weak wave. That’s before she glances at the time on her phone, 2 minutes late and she still had an entire skyscraper to get up. She hightails it inside, clutching at her purse as she gets in the overly full elevator.

Rey feels as if the heels are wearing her, and not the other way around. A bad choice, she’s glad she’s probably going to spend the entire night sitting. She tries to ignore the older couple behind her, the woman whispering about the audacity of wearing a dress with a slit up the leg.

Rey thinks they can get bent as she steps out of the elevator, pushing through the throng of people in a lobby. She even pushes past the guy at the host booth, yelling about a reservation he had
supposedly placed 6 months ago.

“Hi, I have a table with Solo?” she asks. The hostess looks almost bored with her somehow, before she glances to her fancy tablet.

“Organa-Solo?” she asks, eyes flitting up. Rey nods quickly, recalling there being some other long name she wasn’t sure on pronunciation for. The hostess loops around the counter, and Rey quickly follows her into a hallway. They take an elevator ride the main dining room.

It has an unparalleled view of Chicago, looping around like an observation deck. Tables are set against the windows, dining on all sorts of asian fusion fare. Rey swears she sees an octopus, still wriggling and alive on a plate.

“Here.” the girl says, a bit snotty, and Rey looks offended at her gesture. Of course she gets it when she catches sight of him.

Before her is possibly one of the biggest men she’s seen. Towering over her, Rey gazes what she presume to be Ben Solo up and down. She drinks him all in, perfectly black suit and tie. His features are aquiline, profile and jaw sharp as he steps to her.

His perfectly full lips open to speak. “Rey Kenobi?” he asks, hand held out for a handshake. She doesn’t hesitate to shake it, liking his grip as she does.

“That’s me. You must be Ben?” she asks, looking up at him. She wonders who made him, and what the fuck they were thinking concentrating this much handsome into one man. She reminds herself to thank Finn later.

“The one. Come and sit, I haven’t ordered anything.” he says. Rey reluctantly lets his hand go, the handshake having ended a bit ago. She steps forward, halting in slight surprise as he pulls her chair out for her.

Rey sits, smile flitting across her face. She bites her lower lip as his fingers trail across her shoulder blades. A tender touch, unexpected but she wants as it leaves her skin.

He sits across from her, posture straight. It only makes Rey remember her posture, crossing her legs so her skirt doesn’t reveal too much. She’s nervous already, fidgeting hands under the table only stopping to grab the glass of water on the table.

“What do you drink?” he asks. Rey glances at the unopened menu in front of her, and she reaches to flip it over to peruse the drink menu.

If Rey was being honest, any alcohol would be preferable. It’s a social lubricant, and Rey wants to crawl out of her skin at being under the examination of something so beautiful. “Anything you’d like.” she acquiesces. He’s gazing at her before glancing at the menu.

“Sake typically pairs well with sushi.” he says. Rey knows nothing about sake or pairings, but she’s intrigued and scooting her chair in closer to the table.

It’s obvious by the blush on her face she smiles. “I trust your judgement. What do you do?” she asks, changing the subject. She wants to hear the low baritone more, sear it into her brain for fodder for later. This gets him to smile, sitting back as the waiter drops by.

She’s overly friendly, and he’s nothing but quick with her. Ordering a bottle of sake that costs upwards of 100 dollars, Rey’s glancing over the menu as the waitress scurries away. Good riddance, she wants to think.
“I’m a CEO of a home innovation company. Those details are boring, I want to hear about you.” he emphasizes. He’s intriguing, and Rey’s tracing the hem of her skirt under the table.

“There’s not much about me. I go to the University of Illinois, I’m in my fourth year of my major in Civil Engineering. I have another year after this.” she says. Rey wants to explain why, that her credits wouldn’t transfer from the UK. She figures that’s for a different time, or never.

“What do you want to do with that?” he asks. It’s a good question, and her lips pursed as she scans over the sushi rolls. They seemed to cost more than her weekly grocery budget, or the takeout sushi that she and Finn liked to risk by their house. Sometimes it was vile, sometimes it wasn’t.

“I want to plan cities. I like putting things together, making maps and plans. I also work on...anything in my free time. Always tinkering around.” she says. Ben is only focused on her, even as the waitress comes by and drops the sake bottle off with the glasses. She takes the time to pour each glass, infuriating Rey a little. She was a blonde, petite, and sporty looking. Rey needs more time with the menu, and she seems to sense it. She skitters away, and Ben’s holding up his glass.

“To a Friday night.” he says, and Rey picks up her glass to toast. She’s never had sake, and they clink.

It goes down smooth, and Rey’s surprised at the taste. He’s setting his glass down, and Rey’s glancing at the smudged red lipstick on the rim.

“You ever work on cars?” he asks. Rey gives a secretive smile.

“Yeah, I used to be a mechanic in Tunisia. I can’t get hired out here though, it’s hard as a non citizen.” she says. His eyebrows raise.

“Tunisia?” he asks. She nods.

“I was born there. I lived there until 16.” she says. Rey’s not gonna mention that she ran away when she was 16, finding safety in the UK. Before then, she had been a street urchin. This is all very new for her, the crystalline glasses and expensive liquor, and it’s making her head swim.

“Never been there. I was born in Virginia.” he says. Rey cocks her head.

“Yeah? What’s that like?” she asks. She’s curious, never having been to that side of the country before. She only briefly remembers Laguardia in New York being her connecting hub before coming to Chicago. Ben is pouring more sake for himself, and she’s pushing her glass towards him.

“It’s the south, but not if that makes sense. My parents split their time between DC and Virginia Beach.” he says, pouring more sake for her. She’s only focused on his face, and how stoic it is while referring to his parents.

“What did they do?” she asks. Ben sits back.

“Mom was a senator, I don’t talk about my father.” he says. His bluntness cuts, and she’s afraid she’s screwed up.

“Oh. So what do you do besides...be a CEO I guess?” she asks. She’s worried she sounds daft, but he’s easy to talk to and look at.

“Workout, watch TV. The typical. What do you do when you’re not in class, Rey?” he asks. Rey
can’t be entirely honest, since the first thing she usually does is lock her bedroom door and masturbate for an hour. It’s a stress relief.

“I study. I like working out too. Oh, I go out on the weekends sometimes.” she says. Mostly to gay clubs with Finn, she can’t tolerate any other place.

The waitress slides by and Rey orders tuna sashimi, while Ben orders a Spider roll, Rey’s eyebrows raising conspiratorially.

“So, let’s talk.” he says. Rey looks up from her sake, the waitress away and out of sight. She’s been nervous about this part, and she chews on her lower lip.

“I get the impression you’re new to this?” he asks then, unfolding his napkin. Rey shrugs noncommittally before blushing.

“What gave it away?” she asks then. Ben’s gazing at her.

“Other women would usually ask about money or proof by now.” he says. Rey’s eyebrows furrow.

She did go into this trusting Finn’s recommendation, and she figured the screening would be as rigorous as anyone’s.

“I trust my friend’s words about you. But now that you mention it…” she trails off, watching him reach into his pocket to get out his phone. She’s sitting up straight again, to prevent the sake from seeping into her brain too much.

Ben turns the screen to face her, Rey noting it’s the newest generation of iPhone. Her eyes scan over the numbers on the screen.

It’s a savings account, with forty five million dollars in it. Her mouth dries, and she looks from the screen. He’s smug, locking it and sitting back.

“I don’t just do CEO stuff, but that does consume my day.” he says. Rey’s getting the impression that Ben Solo was not someone to be trifled with. A legendary name that she somehow didn’t know about.

“Wow.” she whispers. She can’t help herself from it, and she’s a little slack jawed from it.

“The point is, I can take care of you. However you need that to happen, which we can discuss.” he says. Rey needs to bring her game face to this, she can tell by his bluntness.

Rey swallows, and she lifts her chin.

“I want an allowance.” she says.

“Done. How much?” he asks. Rey’s shocked, eyebrows furrowing.

“Don’t you...want reasons?” she asks. Ben’s brows take their turn to furrow, and he reaches into his pants pocket for his cell phone.

“I don’t need them. You know what you need. So how much?” he asks. He’s unlocking his phone, and setting it on the table. It’s so she can see the notes app open. He’s taking this seriously and Rey takes a deep breath.

“A thousand a week.” she says. Ben glances up at her, and Rey’s afraid for a minute. She doesn’t want to fuck it up with him.
“That’s it?” he then asks. Her eyes widen, and a smile crosses his lips. A rare, fleeting one it seems, and he’s back staring at his phone.

“I’ll put you down for two-thousand five-hundred. That’s usually my standard start off.” he says. Rey’s only nodding in near disbelief.

“I mean that’s more than I need but…” and Ben’s looking at her and causing her to halt.

“It’s what you want. This is all about what you want. So what do you want?” he asks. She’s never been in this position before, and Rey’s nervous and high on it. A bundle of energy burning like a supernova.

“I want...company. Yours, specifically.” she says. Liquor is making her bold, but sex was apart of this wasn’t it? She hasn’t even eaten dinner with him yet, and she’s ready to hop in bed. Rey needs to slow down.

Ben seems to absorb this before leaning closer. Rey’s only drawn closer, body pressed into the table.

“That’s a given, isn’t it? I have stipulations before we do, however,” he says. It makes her stomach flutter, thighs instinctually pressing together.

“Confirmation of birth control and a clean STD test,” he says.

Rey doesn’t even hesitate on her nod. “Of course. I would want the same from you. Except for the birth control-” she says, and Ben’s snorting.

“I got you. I also need you to sign an NDA.” he says. Rey is concerned at that, and Ben seems to sense it.

“It protects you too. You can sue the shit out of me if you get wind that I talk about you.” he hints. Rey bites her lower lip and stares at him.

“I need to read it.” she says then, and it’s her version of a maybe. She’ll probably sign it anyways.

“Every single one of our agreements will be legal and on paper. No worries,” he says. She’s breathing a small sigh of relief at that.

“I also need your dress size, pant size, and shoe size,” he says. She cocks her head at the requests.

“Four, twenty-six, six.” she answers, and she wants to laugh at how cryptic it sounds. He denotes it on his phone and Rey can’t believe she’s actually doing this.

“My conditions now.” he says, when he’s looking back up at her. Rey doesn’t want to feel the slight twinge of anxiety. He’s looking her up and down before continuing.

“One night a week. Dinner, drinks, sex. You can leave the day after, and you don’t deal with me in person for a whole week. You respond to my texts also. We can adjust as we want.” he says, and he’s downing more sake.

Rey wants to ask him if that was all, but she holds her tongue.

Instead, she views him, assessing if this is truly she wants to get roped into. He’s too beautiful to even consider saying no.

“There’s no pressure for an answer now. You’ll have to wait to sign the contract before anything
“What if I was going to say yes?” she asks. Ben’s lips quirk into a smile.

“The legality still stands. I appreciate your enthusiasm, however,” he says, and Rey pulls her lower lip between her teeth to gnaw. He’s puzzling, Rey would’ve figured he would’ve tossed some terrible or undesirable personality trait at her by now.

Instead, he’s drinking his sake and looking her up and down, making her feel like royalty in a Forever 21 dress.

“I’m surprised.” she finally says.

“What about?” he inquires, leaning closer to her. Rey holds her ground, making him work for her.

“That this is so...easy? Calm,” she says. Ben snorts and doesn’t move to sit back.

“Women forget they have the power in most situations. Especially these ones.” he muses. Rey cocks her head and scoots even closer to the table.

“I’m not used to power. What’s it like?” she asks. She feels alive under his gaze, and a blush touches her cheeks.

“Given that you run a company, I thought you’d know enough-” she begins, and he holds up his hand before she continues.

“Power is...power. CEOs don’t utilize power as much as they utilize control. Control gets things done in the end.” he says, and Rey’s finger is tracing along the tablecloth as she stares at him.

She doesn’t even move her hand as the food comes, the waitress making sure she doesn’t overstay her welcome based on the gaze he was only giving Rey. She’s glad she’s captured his attention.

Of course, food captures her, Rey hastily grabbing the chopsticks and positioning them in her hand.

“You can actually use those?” he asks. Ben’s are positioned between his fingers, and she tries very hard not to think about his fingers too long.

“They’re not hard,” she mutters, picking up the tuna sashimi and putting it in her mouth. He holds up his hands in defense.

“Some people can’t. You’d never believe the number of business dinners I’ve had where some poor sap asks for a fork. I was impressed.” he explains, and Rey can’t help her smile.

“I was teasing you. Do you come here often?” she asks, gesturing around the sushi restaurant. Ben’s pouring more sake, and she can see him chew on his cheek.

“Not often. I take a lot of first clients here.” he says.

“Well obviously, it weeds out the idiots.” she says, and they both laugh at that.

He knows he has her when her foot brushes against his calf, about halfway through dessert. It’s some sort of Japanese melon cake, Ben abstaining and opting to watch her eat all of it.

“You have a ride home?” he’s asking, and Ben knows this is unorthodox. He holds off on any sort
of sexual contact before they sign the contract, a formality.

Rey looks at him, licking the fork. Ben wants to white knuckle.

“Finn was going to give me one,” she says, and it’s obvious that she’s wanting him to offer. They were going to be tangled up after all.

“No need. I can do it.” Ben says. It’s an opportunity to see the area she lives in. Chicago is more than a little rough around the edges, and he hopes she’s not liable to be involved in a drive-by anytime soon.

“Good. What do you drive?” she asks. Her leg brushes again, and Ben catches it by closing his knees. It shocks her, a smile and giggles passing her lips.

“I brought the Mercedes. I own an Audi, and I’m buying a BMW next week,” he says. She looks like the BMW type, and it’s obvious how she drools.

“I’ve only worked on one of those. The driver was a dick,” she says, and Ben shrugs. His knees part and her foot remains in his lap. He’s glad.

“Typical BMW owner.” he scoffs, and it gets her to laugh. He can practically feel himself turning to mush, and he hates it.

The waitress comes by with the check, Ben not even glancing at it as he slides the black American Express in the sleeve. She scurries off, and Rey is gazing at him. She’s a little tipsy, he can tell by the redness in her cheeks.

“White brings out your tan,” he remarks. Rey glances down at her dress, and she bites her lower lip.

“Black brings out your eyes. You look good in black,” she says, and she’s gnawing on it now. Ben can’t watch this without digging his nails into his thigh.

“Good, black is the only thing I wear,” he says.

The waitress drops the check by. “Thank you for coming in, Mr. Organa-Solo. You two have a lovely evening,” she mumbles, obviously mortified and jealous as hell.

“We will,” Ben says, and she walks away like something bit her. Ben opens the sleeve, glancing at the total. 287, and he attaches a 20% tip. He knows how hard service work is.

“Will we?” Rey asks, and he’s sliding the card back into his wallet. Smoothing out his pants as he rises, he steps out and waits for Rey. She doesn’t teeter, but she’s a little shaky on heels. It would get ironed out with practice.

Ben has his arm loose on her waist as they walk out, ready to catch her in case she slipped.

They idle in front of the elevator, no one else around. Ben takes the opportunity to actually look at their size difference, and how much it was influenced by the heel.

“How tall are you?” he asks.

“5’4. I would ask the same in regards to you,” she says, staring up at him. The elevator opens and they glide in. He hits the button for the lobby, and the doors close.

“6’6. You’re...tiny,” he says, and Rey’s scowling.
“That’s not that small. Stop it,” she mutters, and Ben notices how her body turns and subtly touches his. He responds by pulling her closer to him, even if they had the entire elevator.

“Sounds like something a short person would say,” he says.

“Oh piss off,” she mumbles, and Ben’s eyebrows raise.

“Piss off?” he asks. His tone is serious, but its bait for her. *Come on, keep being bad.*

She stares up at him, and finally, a giggle leaves her lips. She’s proving to be a charmer, a bubbly and happy piece that he needed. Even if it was for one night a week, he’d enjoy the fuck out of her.

“Is that funny to you?” he asks. Rey shakes her head, and her eyes flit to his lips and back.

“Of course not,” she says, and Ben’s hand moves across the small of her back. Her body leans closer, and she’s almost dreamy looking.

Ben’s hand comes up to cup her face, thumb drifting along her cheek in a slow movement. It’s deliberate as he leans down, his lips pressing against hers.

Rey seems to melt beneath him, and his hands grip either side of her hips. The elevator stutters to a stop, Ben pulling her closer to him as her mouth parts.

The door opens and he pulls away, the group of people outside of the elevator averting their eyes. Ben takes her hand and pulls her out with him, glancing at her occasionally. Her lipstick is smudged, and Rey’s looking at him and halting with him once they get outside.

“Let me get that off your face,” she says, and Ben pulls the handkerchief out of his pocket. Solid black, the initials of BOS are stitched in a crimson.

“Oh,” Rey says, taking it from him, and begins to wipe at his face. She’s concentrated in her efforts, and Ben wants to tell her that there’s no point to this. Her lipstick was bound to get on him if he kissed her, and he was never going to stop.

Rey takes the handkerchief away from his face and holds it back out to him. He takes it, and grabs her hand once more.

They walk to the valet driver, Ben handing him the ticket. He pulls Rey in front of him as they wait, arms caging across her chest. She doesn’t seem to mind it, her ass grinding into the front of his slacks as subtle as she can manage.

Ben knows her game, and he appreciates it. The Mercedes rolls down the block, Ben letting her go. He walks to open the passenger door, taking the keys from the valet. The valet’s palm comes away with a crisp 20, and he darts away.

Ben shuts the door after Rey sits in the car, Ben looping around to the driver's side. He climbs in, pushing the press-to-start. The car hums to life, illuminated blue in some places. The headlights are bright on the road as he hands Rey his phone.

“Put on what you want,” he says. Rey glances at him and back to the phone, and Ben buckles his seatbelt. He pushes the car into drive, and he glides fluidly into late Chicago traffic. Something poppy and electronic sounding begin to trickle over the speakers.

“CHVRCHES?” he asks, listening to a few more beats. Rey glances over in shock.
“You know them?” she asks.

“I’m only 32. That’s not ancient.” he defends, and Rey giggles. His hand comes to splay on her bare thigh, the dress having shifted.

“Put your address in the GPS,” he says, nodding towards the on-screen dash.

Rey leans forward to oblige, giving Ben the opportunity to get under the remaining fabric of her skirt. He hears her breath hitch, and Ben pauses. He’s not looking at her, only the road ahead.

“Why did you...stop?” Rey asks. Ben looks over at her finally, and she’s still poised over the GPS. To answer her question, he continues. His index and middle trace over the gusset of her panties, putting pressure where he wants to most.

He hears her soft intake of breath, and her legs spread a little more. Ben rubs small tight circles before pulling the fabric aside. He wishes he could see it, but the car’s dark and he’s impulsive and impatient. He needs her writhing now. Traffic is beginning to pick up, and Ben is experienced in one-handed driving.

Ben traces a finger over her slit, feeling the wetness beneath the rough pad. He moves it up to her clit, rubbing a tight circle into it.

“Here’s the deal,” he says, his dominant voice on. It gets Rey’s attention, and his finger doesn’t stop.

“You’re not going to come until we get there. That’s 15 minutes from now,” he orders. Rey’s mouth parts, and he pushes his finger inside of her.

“You’re going to address me as sir.” he then says. He’s nervous about broaching this one.

Rey doesn’t noticeably blanche or recoil at that, and he glances over at her and back to the road.

“Yes, sir,” she says, and Ben white knuckles the wheel for a moment. He slips another finger inside of her.

“You’re so wet,” he mumbles.

“I’ve been wet for you this whole time...sir,” she says, and Ben knows she needs to get used to it. She’ll learn with time if this isn’t a one-off thing. He hopes it isn’t as she audibly moans, his fingers curling up inside of her.

“Yeah? You still have a long way to go,” he says. 12 minutes, and Ben is enjoying himself at a stoplight.

“You want me to take care of you, right?” he asks. Rey’s open-mouthed and looking down at his administrations.

“Yes sir,” she whispers, and Ben dips the third finger in. She’s tight as all hell, and he can’t imagine the feeling on his dick. It would probably ruin sex for the rest of his life.

“Good. I’ll take care of you. I promise.” he says. It’s a lofty bar, but Ben is a bar exceeder. He doesn’t half-ass these things.

Rey only nods in agreement, a small whine leaving her lips. His fingers thrust in and out, coated in her wetness. He’s tempted to taste, but it would derail him from making her come on his seat.
7 minutes left and he makes a left turn almost effortlessly as he curls his fingers into her g-spot. She’s coming apart at the seams, but not quite there. He slows his pace to edge her, and she almost glares daggers.

“Remember what I said? You can’t come until we get there.” he reminds. It’s a hard reminder, and he punctuates it by roughly thrusting his fingers again.

“Sadist.” she whimpers, and Ben slows his fingers again.

“Maybe I am. Do you like that?” he asks with a harsh tone, and it eggs him on. Rey keeps her lip bit, and he roughly rubs her clit as he thrusts her fingers.

“Tell me. Do you like it?” he asks again.

“Yes sir.” she breathes, and he can hear the proximity in her voice.

3 minutes. Ben wants to push her more and more. It’s his favorite game, the switch of power and control between two parties.

He has the upper hand and it only fuels him to ruin her. “Look at you, you look so pretty with my fingers inside of you.” he says. Rey whimpers, and Ben growls as he turns onto a rougher street. It definitely looks like a student neighborhood, hammocks and couches in front lawns with partying people on their porches.

He quickens his pace until it’s punishing, and Rey’s moaning and shaking beneath him as they pull up to the curb of the apartment complex. Ben turns off the car and unbuckles his seatbelt.

“Look at me when you come,” he demands. Rey follows orders, head whipping to him as he rubs rougher into her clit.

She comes on his seat, with a loud moan on her lips and shaky breaths on the comedown. Ben rides out her orgasm, his fingers sliding out when her thighs begin to shake. He holds them to his lips, knowing she’s watching him.

His tongue swipes them clean, and Ben loosens up his tie so the car won’t feel so humid. He’s tenting his slacks, and Rey is reaching for her seatbelt.

“Can I...kiss you?” she asks. Ben looks over. He wants to do more than kiss her. He wants to fuck her brains out in his back seat, but he remembers the contract.

“I just made you come on my seat. It’s kind of expected,” he answers. Ben wouldn’t be the person he is today without the trademark Solo snark, and it constantly made his mother roll her eyes at him. Ben and Han were too much alike to speak, and that was why their relationship was in shambles.

“If you put it like that-” she starts.

“A joke. You kiss me when you want, okay? I’m always willing.” he answers. It’s up to her how much effort she puts into this, and he’ll be watching closely.

She grabs the collar of his blazer and pulls him to lean over the console. Her lips press against his, and his hand is running down her spine. Rey pulls away, and their breaths mingle.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” he says then, remembering something. Ben reaches for the glovebox, opening it up and pulling out an envelope. It’s got her name on it.
Rey takes the envelope tentatively, looking from it to him. She opens it delicately, glancing inside and her eyes widening.

“It’s a thousand. Business card with the ways to reach me are also there,” he says before she can ask. Rey bites her lower lip and tucks it into her clutch.

“Thank you,” she says, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“No worries. Send me a video of you playing with your pussy when you get in. I wanna see how much I ruined you.” he says like he had only asked for her to get a coffee.

Rey isn’t shocked or surprised.

“Of course. Goodnight,” she says. Ben smiles, and she slides out of his car. He idles on the curb until she gets in, and takes a moment to bite his knuckle.

He was in for quite the drive on the way back.

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Rey did as he had asked. Of course, she would, she wanted to.

He had read it, not responding. Rey didn’t mind that either, too ready to go to bed and sleep off the butterflies that were fluttering in her stomach.

She wakes up early, about 7:30 to a ding on her phone.

Email? Very nice pussy by the way.

She blushes a deep crimson and types back.

You woke me up. And it's reykenobi@holomail.com.

Rey decides to get up fully, stretching out as she opens her curtains. Her phone rings again, and her laptop gives a new email notification. She walks back to her bed to grab her phone.

Not an early riser? My lawyer worked all night on that contract, read it carefully. We can discuss it on Monday over lunch.

Rey walks to her idle laptop, opened up on her desk from homework the day before. She wakes it up, and opens the email.

Rey,bo

Contract attached below. It was a pleasure making you come, I hope to get to do it again.

Sincerely,

Ben Organa

CEO of Organa Technologies Inc.

Rey notes the business email and snorts. She picks up her phone.

You will. And Monday sounds good.
The blush doesn’t leave her cheeks as the message bubble pops up on the screen.

**Oh, I intend to.**

She hopes it’s a promise.

Chapter End Notes

so uh.....wow. this is a fucking concept and I'm excited to see it through. thoughts and feelings welcome @ dankobah.tumblr.com
Chapter Summary

“He’s never called himself that before,” Rey says. She’s not an idiot, and she’s seen enough porn to know what daddy kink was.

“Maybe it’s a hint.” he laughs, and Rey swats him. She finally looks back in the box, noticing the Christian Louboutin box.

“He didn’t,” she whispers. Finn glances inside the at the box.

“He did. There’s another one beneath it.” Finn says. He’s not wrong, and Rey’s heart beats faster. She can’t help but reach inside the box, managing to grab both shoe boxes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Of course, she wakes up late.

Rey is usually reliable, punctual and proper. She had just spent the night before pouring over the contract, highlighting places she had questions and treating it like a textbook.

It was long, arduous, and she had fallen asleep and pretty much drooled on it. It took one glance at the clock to know she was fucked, and Rey leaps out of bed.

She hesitates on what to wear, combing through the rack of clothes until she lands on a white t-shirt dress. It would have to work, and she slides on the beat-up pair of black converse she loved. She makes sure she takes the time to brush her teeth, opting to only put deodorant on instead of showering off. She just hoped he wouldn’t step too close to her, since she felt gross and dirty, as she hightails it out of her bedroom.

Rey slings her purse (some unfortunate red crossbody she got in Arizona) over her shoulder and exits the apartment. She tries to act like she doesn’t notice the drug deal going on two doors down, some freshman counting the Adderall like candy.

She makes it out onto the street, turning left. She hopes she can make up the 15-minute walk it takes in 10.

“Rey!” a voice calls. It gets her to turn, eyes landing on Ben catching up to her. He closes the gap.

“You-” she starts, watching the Mercedes idle on her curb. A woman gives it a look as she walks her dog, and Ben is only looking at her. He’s wearing a suit of course, black with a dark green tie. He seems to operate in the only color for ties.

“Do you need a ride?” he asks. Rey glances from him to the car before nodding.

“Did you come to pick me up?” she asks, and she steps along with him to the car.
He opens her door for her. “I might’ve. I did text you,” he says. Rey climbs in the car.

“I woke up late,” she excuses, once he gets into the car and starts the engine. Ben looks over at her, and she’s got her phone in her hand.

“It’s not a habit, I promise.” she then says.

“I didn’t think it was,” he quickly recovers, pulling out into traffic. It’s a beautiful day, and Rey’s staring out the window.

“So did you read the contract?” he asks. Rey looks over again and nods.

“Of course. It was long but I managed to make it through,” she said. He snorts.

“If you touch me, we’re not going to get any negotiations done,” he says. Rey rolls her eyes at him.

“What poor sap had to write that?” she asks. It makes him laugh out loud.

“A friend, Hux. I paid him in overtime to do it,” he says. Rey thinks he’s resentful of this fact, and she’s wondering what sort of history they have.

“It was…detailed.” she allows.

“I legally tighten my ass until I can’t anymore. It’s a good strategy to have,” he argues. Rey shrugs.

“I’m not knocking it.” she defends. Ben looks over at her, and she reaches out to touch his shoulder.

“If you touch me, we’re not going to get any negotiations done,” he says. Rey rolls her eyes at him.

“This ‘no penetration until signing’ rule you have? Stupid.” she mumbles. Ben shrugs and reaches out to touch her thigh. Rey scoots it away and watches his jaw set.

“Don’t forget how I made you come on these seats, Kenobi,” he says, and he cuts the engine as he pulls into Mos Eisley Cafe. Rey had gotten to pick the restaurant, and of course, she chose the best first date brunch spot that she knew (Maz’s took at least four dates to learn about). Unending consumption of syrupy and buttery waffles and shade from Finn had taken place at these tables.

“Cute,” he mumbles, reaching behind him to grab a briefcase.

“It’s good food and I want waffles. Come on,” she says, reaching for the door. Ben gets out of the car as quick as possible, looping around to open her door for her. She wants to snort at his manners. She likes how his hand settles at the small of her back, and Rey enters the tiny cafe.

They’re seated by the window, and she doesn’t bother to open the menu. “Want a drink?” she asks.

“I don’t drink on business,” he says, and her eyes roll again.

“What if I told you that I had no negotiations and that I’m ready to sign?” she retorts.

“You have to have one at least. Everyone has their limits,” he mumbles. Rey crosses her arms over her chest and huffs.
“You’re really going to make me make up a negotiation?” she asks. Ben shrugs.

“Is it really making it up?” he asks, and Rey glares daggers at him as the waiter comes by. He’s efficient at his job, grabbing her Bloody Mary order while Ben opts for water.

“Fine. I want more money,” she says when the waiter walks away.

“Name your price,” he mumbles, and her eyebrows furrow.

“Uh...thirty-five hundred every two weeks. I want to get an AC unit,” she says. It’s all numbers she’s making up in her head.

Ben shrugs like it’s nothing. “Done. I don’t need the justification next time,” he answers, opening up the briefcase. He gets out the contract, thick stack of paper landing on the table. Then he gets a pen, flipping to the page. He replaces 2,500 with 3,500.

Just like that. Rey’s mouth is open, before she composes quickly.

“Can I sign now?” she asks. Ben nods, pushing the thick stack of paper to her. Rey opens to each of the x’ed signature boxes, noting his name already signed.

She signs her name with a flourish, looking up at him with a bit lip as she finishes.

“So,” she says, and he takes the contract back.

“So.” he mirrors, and a giggle passes her lips.

“You’ll fuck me now right?” she asks, low so other patrons can’t hear. Her face falls as he shakes his head.

“Clean STD test first. I’ll pay you back for it, I just don’t risk these things,” he answers. Rey nods, a bit solemn. She understands why he does it, even though it feels like a sharp slap.

“But you’ll fuck me after that?” she asks then.

“Of course,” he answers immediately.

The smile that spreads across her face radiates down to her toes.

“Good.”

Rey didn’t expect the number of packages she would receive on Wednesday. The buzzer was ringing all day, Rey coming home to an irritated Finn and a mountain of cardboard on the dining room table.

“I suspect you signed the contract?” Finn asks, looking at the cardboard.

“I might’ve. I signed an NDA, so I technically cannot confirm or deny.” she chances. Finn only glares before turning to the fridge. He’s wrenching it open, coming out with a bottle of champagne. It’s Dom Perignon, and Rey watches as Finn gets out two wine glasses. They don’t have flutes, they never drink anything that required it. Wine glasses were needed for Bachelor night.

Finn pours two glasses halfway and holds it out to Rey. Rey obliges. “Girl, you’re a woman now. Congratulations.” Finn says, holding out the glass to her. They clink and they both tip back to
drink.

Rey doesn’t down it all, and she wipes her mouth coming away. She sets the glass on the kitchen table and gets to work by grabbing one of the boxes.

“Neiman Marcus.” she reads off the label. It’s her address, and she’s grabbing the scissors from the kitchen drawer. Wandering back, cuts the tape and lifts the cardboard flaps. Finn’s waiting with bated breath, biting his nails.

Rey sees a black envelope first off, and she reaches for it. She opens it and reads the card.

*Wear these with the lingerie set.*

*Love,*

*Daddy*

Rey can’t help the sharp intake of breath that permeates her lungs, and Finn snatches the card from her. “Oi! Fuck off!” Rey defends, trying to grab the card. He’s reading it though.

“Oh, that’s hot. Kinky.” Finn says, handing the card back. Rey holds it close to her chest.

“He’s never called himself that before,” Rey says. She’s not an idiot, and she’s seen enough porn to know what daddy kink was.

“Maybe it’s a hint.” he laughs, and Rey swats him. She finally looks back in the box, noticing the Christian Louboutin box.

“He didn’t,” she whispers. Finn glances inside the at the box.

“He did. There’s another one beneath it.” Finn says. He’s not wrong, and Rey’s heart beats faster. She can’t help but reach inside the box, managing to grab both shoe boxes.

She walks to the couch to sit, and tentatively sets the first box on her lap. She cracks the lid like its fragile, picking up the authenticity card. Printed on heavy paper, she sets it carefully aside and picks up the dust bag. She’s opening it and pulling out the shoe.

It’s a four inch heel and labeled as a Pigalle Follies. The black leather shines, even in low-level living room light. Finn’s staring at it also.

“Wow,” Rey whispers.

“Wow is right. What’s in the other one?” He asks. Rey carefully puts the shoe back in the dustbag, vowing to try them on in private. She also wants to moon at them more.

She picks up the next box and opens it with less trepidation. It’s the same shoe, in a shiny nude. Rey has both colors, and it’s all she’ll ever need. She can only look at the other boxes in disbelief. These are all for her?

“Oh you’ve got it made,” Finn mumbles. Rey is nervously stroking through her hair as she gets up to grab another box. She feels like a spoiled child at Christmas.

She can’t say she hates the feeling. Her phone pings and she looks at it. Ben’s name flashes across the screen.
How is everything?

Rey smiles, her cheeks turning pink as she looks at the cardboard mountain.

_Haven’t even opened all of them. When do you want to see me, daddy?

The last word is odd to type, but she tries to breathe it into acceptance. She’s looking at the heavy box in her grip, labeled Agent Provocateur. She doesn’t know what it is, but an inkling tells her that it’s something coveted. French and beautiful.

She cuts it open and opens the cardboard box. Inside is a pink box, wrapped in black ribbon with a bow. Agent Provocateur is scrawled across it, and she cocks her head as she reaches inside.

She delicately opens this one too, unwrapping the black tissue paper delicately. She’ll read the card after she confirms her suspicions.

It’s entirely what she thought. Nude and strappy, Rey looks at the sheer material of the cups, bra, and panties. Finn’s eyes are wide.

“Oh you’re going to look unbelievable,” he says. Rey is silent as she quietly lays it back in the box. Her phone dings.

_Tomorrow. I can get you from class._

Rey is biting her lower lip before answering.

_Okay. My public speaking class ends at about 4:30. Can we have late dinner?

Rey wants an opportunity to get dressed, to actually look presentable. She usually goes to class in leggings and a t-shirt beat up converse on her feet. It doesn’t seem as tolerated with Ben. She opens the card on the lingerie set, embossed on pink paper.

_There’s more where this came from._

_Love,_

_Daddy_

His message pops up on her screen.

_Sounds good. I need time with you beforehand._

Rey looks at the words, searing them into her head. She wouldn’t forget now, curiosity spiking hot in her blood.

_Okay. I look forward to seeing you, daddy. Did you get my email?_

Rey sometimes feels as if he’ll ghost her permanently. He does it often, Rey trying to chalk it to him busy.  _Or perhaps he didn’t know how to use a cellphone as well as you thought_, and that makes her snort.

_Yes. Glad you’re clean, baby._

He doesn’t mention the birth control, an implant. Rey figured it would be the best option beyond this. She had it done on Tuesday at a walk-in clinic. She would rather he not mention it anyways.
since it’s her body.

*What are you doing right now*?

She wonders if it’s overstepping her bounds as she types it out. Rey grabs another box, a large one labeled Barneys. She knows this one, and slices the tape.

**At work for another hour. What about you?**

He’s talking to her, and she smiles.

*At home, opening your boxes. I’m gonna go study after.*

She knows she’ll have to if she has a prayer in her class tomorrow.

**You don’t need to study.**

Rey smirks, stopping her opening of the box.

*I have nothing else to do.*

That’ll show him, and she sets the phone down as she opens the box. There are a few items inside. The one that catches her eye is the Givenchy box. She lifts it out carefully and opens the top.

The authenticity card reads it as a Givenchy Antigona, and she carefully removes the dustbag. It’s a handbag, the black leather soft and shiny. Her phone vibrates and she glances at the screen.

**Could play with your pussy for me. Could do a lot of things.**

Rey snorts, and she nervously brushes through her hair.

*What to? I’m running out of fodder.*

Rey knows how to push buttons when she wants to, its obvious by his speech bubble immediately popping up.

**I think you know, princess. I’ll send you photos in a few. I expect some in return.**

She smiles as she answers, anticipating the photos.

*Of course, daddy.*

He made it easy so far to comply.

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He doesn’t consider himself *flashy*. But this is probably up there with douchey moves.

Ben’s waiting outside of a University of Illinois lecture hall, leaning against a 170,000 dollar Audi R8. He had wanted to take it for a spin today, and maybe he had also wanted to impress Rey. No one could blame him for this.

Plenty of people are giving him stares, and one security guard has already suspiciously rolled by on a golf cart. He wants to get out of here, and thankfully Rey is answering his prayers by bounding down the stone steps of the lecture hall.
She’s wearing overalls, however, stained with motor oil in some parts and patches are sewn where holes were. A t-shirt is tucked into it also, battered converse on her feet.

“Hey, you.” he’s greeting, holding an arm out to wrap her into. Her eyes are on the car, but she accepts his hug.

“Hi. You off work?” she asks. Ben is swiping his thumb along her bottom lip before kissing it. Chaste, they’re in public. He’d make sure to get his mouth on her in the apartment.

“I own the company. I can get any day off I want,” he says. Ben just doesn’t get paid for the days he doesn’t work. Verbatim. He’s not hurting due to the policy, and it was great press when that fact leaked. His employees got generous PTO because of it.

“Wow,” she says, and Ben’s snorting.

“So do you wear these often?” he asks, reaching for the straps of her overalls. She leans in to let him grab them and looks up through her lashes.

“Just for you daddy,” she says. Ben can’t help that his grip tightens on her, and he wants to get to the car.

“No, I actually had my shop class today. It’s easier to just put overalls under overalls. But I was working on this car that someone donated to the school, a classic Cadillac. You should’ve seen it, glossy red and—” she’s droning, and Ben’s pulling her to the car in the meantime.

He opens the door for her, and Rey’s looking up at him. “I want to drink wine with you,” she says. Ben is more than happy to oblige.

“Sure. Cab? Or do you like grigio? There’s a lot of options, you can look when we get there.” he says, and Rey’s getting in. Ben shuts the door and looks around. They really didn’t attract too many stares. He was a natural magnet for the eyes, big and dark and foreboding. The only color he managed to wear today was a deep charcoal grey blazer over a black t-shirt and black jeans. He’s got black Derbys on of course, and it’s his casual Friday look. He still manages to look fearsome.

Ben slides into the car, and Rey’s practically drooling as she looks around it. “Is this the fun car?” she asks. Ben nods.

“The Mercedes is the commuter. This one is the fun one,” he mumbles, pushing the push to start. The engine purrs to life, and Rey is smiling.

“I like this,” she says.

“I’ll let you look under the hood,” he says. That gets her to smile wider, and she reaches to hold his thigh. Ben edges the car forward and they zip away from campus. It’s Chicago, so they’re bound to make it in a cool thirty-five minutes due to traffic. He had to fight across town to get to Rey, but now she’s in his possession.

He’s gonna take what he can. “How was class?” he asks. Rey’s tapping her fingers at the classic rock playing at a background level.

“Public Speaking was awful as usual,” she mumbles, and Ben snorts.

“I’m terrible at it,” he says.
“You don’t seem like it. You’re a charmer,” she says. Ben shrugs noncommittally. He feels awkward when he speaks still, even though he’s got all the power a guy could need.

A charmer. It’s an adjective he’d use for Poe, not for himself. He appreciates the flattery though, Ben kissing across her knuckles as he focuses on the road.

Rey’s quiet then, and Ben doesn’t actually mind the silence. He’s watching her on her phone out of the corner of her eye, reading some internet article about cats. He can practically watch her flick by each one.

“I’m allergic to cats,” he remarks. She glances over.

“What’s that like?” she asks. Rey somehow manages to act interested in everything, and she’s proving to be a decent person. Unless it’s an act, and Ben wants to have faith in the girl.

“Lonely,” he mumbles.

“Did you have any pets growing up?” Rey asked. Ben’s nodding.

“Dogs my whole life. My fave was this big chocolate lab named Indy. Loyal, dumb as a bag of salt. He was a good dog.” Ben remarks. Rey’s smiling.

“What about you?” he asks. Ben regrets it as he asks it, her smile falling.

Rey adjusts herself in the seat and she shakes her head. “I actually didn’t have...a lot of stuff growing up. It’s okay though, I’m okay,” she says. Ben wonders if he’s hit a bad place for her, and his stomach rolls.

“I want to know more about you though. Where did you go to college?” Rey asks.

Ben doesn’t want to skirt past the previous remark but he’s willing to let it go. “University of Georgia. Masters in Poli-Sci. As you can see, I didn’t use it.” he says. The degree had been his mother’s idea, and it was the only way to get his trust fund. If there wasn’t that stipulation, Ben would’ve been richer a lot sooner.

“Why not?” she asks.

Ben rubs his jaw in thought on how to best word this. “I watched politics ruin my parent’s marriage, and I put too much faith in people to do it,” he says. She’s stroking over the back of his hand with her thumb, and Ben tries not to transport back to that time.

The slamming doors, the yelling matches, how his mother shuffled Ben out of the house during the rocky parts of the separation. He was forced to live with Luke, and it had almost ruined him. He doesn’t talk about what happened at Luke’s even to this day.

“It’s soulless anyways,” she answers. Ben looks over at her and snorts.

“You’ve got that right,” he says, merging onto Lakeshore drive and glancing to the dashboard as it begins to ring. Poe’s name flashes across the screen, and Ben reluctantly answers it.

“If you burned my fucking office down with one of your Bath and Bodyworks piece of shit candles-” Ben starts, and Poe laughs aloud.

“No. I sent the budget for the next 6 months over. And I was wondering how it was going with Rey.” Poe says.
Rey stares at the screen. “She’s in the car with me. I’ll look at it by Monday, I’m tied up,” he says. Poe laughs, and Ben wants this hell to end.

“In more ways than one. I’ll leave you two alone.” Poe says.

“Good,” Ben replies, finger poised to hang up.

“Wait-” Poe starts, and Ben lets out a long sigh.

He stays silent for Poe to finish. “Wear a condom,” Poe says.

Ben slams his finger on the hang-up button and Rey’s giggling. “I’m sure he meant well,” she argues. Ben shakes his head.

“I know he did. That’s what makes it so bad,” he mumbles, pushing a hand through his hair. Rey only giggles again, but they subside to only a confused look. That worries him.

“Why did he say ‘in more ways than one’? After you said you were tied up.” she says, and Ben looks over. Does he tell her?

He opts for it. “Before I was...this way, I started out with some sub stuff. Poe was my college roommate, he’s walked in on me tied up after a girl skipped out on me,” he mumbles. She’s staring at him with incredulity, and Ben shrugs.

“You’re telling me that...you used to be a sub.” she clarifies. Ben nods.

“Plenty of people switch power dynamics-” he starts to defend.

She interrupts. “But you’re huge,” she says.

Ben snorts. “Size usually has little to do with it, but thank you. I work hard to be huge. Obviously, I wasn’t this big at 21.” he answers.

“What did Ben look like at twenty-one, if I may ask?” Rey asks, and she’s looking him up and down still.

“Retainer and glasses still. Oh, I was only 6’4. I grew the extra two inches the next year.” he says. He’s not sure how, blaming the weather or maybe delayed puberty of some kind.

“Where’s the retainer now? The glasses?” she probes.

“Permanent retainer installed last spring, lasik at twenty-six. You have a lot of questions,” he says.

She blushes deeply. “I’m a curious person. You can ask anything you want of me, you know,” she says.

Ben takes advantage. “Why’d you get into this?” he asks. It’s a deep question, but it’s been puzzling him. Rey could have any man she wanted in the world, but she enters a contractual agreement with him. Hell, she could probably get married in a month to some rich guy, and all her issues would be solved. She’s green to this and he’s trying to forget that she’s only twenty-two. It’s not a bad fact, it just makes him reminiscent of the wrong times.

Rey is silent for a good minute before answering, and Ben wishes that he didn’t start off with things so soul-barey. “I’m just tired of taking care of myself all the time. It’s lonely.” she finally mumbles, picking at a thread.
Ben knows loneliness too well. He redirects it differently, however, obvious by the dynamic they both were locked in now. It’s a good place to be, secure. Even if false feelings were involved.

“What about you?” she asks.

Ben wants to derail this before he sounds like he’s sitting in therapy. “I have money and I like using it. What do you want to do tonight?” he asks. It does what he intends.

“Anything you want,” she answers.

“You know that’s not how this works. I don’t need to remind you,” he mumbles. Rey blushes deeply.

“I want to fuck you then,” she says. Her voice is bold, but her eyes show trepidation and nervousness. Ben’s pulling down a tree-lined street anyways.

“You want to fuck me? Or do you want me to fuck you?” he asks, as a joke. Rey bites her lip.

“Second option. Cool,” he says, rolling up to the garage. It automatically opens and Rey’s eyebrows are furrowing in a puzzled look.

“Home innovation company remember? There’s a camera that reads your license plate and opens the garage for you,” he explains, pulling next to the Mercedes. Rey’s glancing around the concrete garage, and Ben takes the opportunity to get out of the car. He loops around to get her door, opening it up. She gets out, Givenchy on her arm. At least she’s carrying the purse.

“Like it?” he asks, leaning in to get his briefcase.

“Yeah, it fits literally nothing but essential things. It looks pretty though,” she says. Ben snorts, wrapping his arm around her. He steers her towards the door inside the house, and she lets him.

“You look pretty with it. You’re just naturally pretty,” he says, opening the door. She walks in first, checking out the dark modern interior in tandem with the exterior; the entire monstrosity looks odd against the green trees and vegetation of Lincoln Park. A traditional neighborhood and Ben sticks out.

He walks up the stairs first, giving her time to do her pacing around his open concept kitchen, living room, and dining room. Of course, there’s a hallway that stems off to bedrooms, it’s airy and a yin and a yang of pale and deep modern. Ben barely put any thought into the interior when it came to color scheme. Only fixtures that he cared about, ie the couch and entertainment center.

“6 bedrooms, 5 baths. All mine,” he says, throwing his briefcase on the couch. He walks to the kitchen, to the wine rack set into the wall. He’s a penchant for expensive liquor and wine, more for collection purposes. He’s looking at wine as Rey wanders around his living room, finally flitting to perch on the couch.

“You can walk around the house. I don’t care that much,” he says, holding up a bottle of white wine. It’s a Pinot Grigio, a 01 from some small Napa winery. Rey gets up and flits down the hall, Ben opening up his fridge to let the bottle chill for later. He picks out a merlot, for now, grabbing two glasses.

He pours slowly, letting it aerate for a moment before swirling it around the glass and sipping. It’s lighter-bodied with a sweeter edge, and Ben faintly gets strawberries on the back of his tongue. It’s perfect, and he puts a stopper in the bottle before putting it in the fridge. He then goes in search of Rey.
He checks his email as he walks, flicking through Poe’s budget report. He doesn’t stop as he comes up to his bedroom, door open.

Rey’s bag is on the black chaise in the corner of the room, sprawled out on his bed. It’s an amusing sight, and she’s obviously enjoying the softness of his sheets. “You asked for wine?” he asks, locking his phone and sliding it in his back pocket. He notes she took her sneakers off, mismatched socks on her feet.

She’s organically her right now, it’s obvious as she gets up on her knees to take the glass from him. She gingerly sips, gazing up at him.

“Did you see the closet?” he asks.

“The closet?” she asks. Ben smiles and grabs her hand. Without giving her much choice, he pulls her up to walk with him. This has been the pet project this week, Mitaka grateful for the task of filling up yet another closet. This one tended to rotate between every woman in his life, and Rey was no exception.

Ben pulls her down the wood-paneled hallway. He’s got his closet in a separate room, Poe converting him to the idea when he bought the house. It turned out to be useful for the justification of a female closet, attached by a sliding pocket door.

She’s looking around his, and he doesn’t hesitate to open the door and step aside to let her wander in on her own. Rey looks mystified as she enters, viewing the racks. Ben moves to set his hand on top of the lingerie chest.

“Everything should be your size. If it isn’t, let me know,” he says. Rey still looks like she isn’t breathing, hand gliding along the fabric of the dresses on the opposite wall.

“This is…” she finally breathes, looking at him. Her pupils are blown, and she quickly glances away to sip at her wine.

“Good? Nice? You’ve got my interest piqued.” he says. Rey stops her walking, and she’s looking at the chest he’s standing by.

“What’s in there?” she asks. Ben opens the first drawer, and Rey leans to peek inside.

Bras lined up in color order. Blacks, nudes, pinks, whites, florals, leather.

“Lingerie.” Rey breathes, and she reaches to pick up a lacy pink corset. The cups dip into a sweetheart neckline, and Ben can imagine unlacing it while she’s beneath him.

“Underwear in the drawer below, garter belts and tights below that, extra things below that,” he mumbles.

“Extra things?” she asks. Ben holds up his hands conspiratorially.

“I’ll let you explore that on your own.” he sing-songs, shutting the drawer as he leans in the doorway. Rey is still looking around like an owl, curious eyes roving over every piece of fabric that’s hanging.

“Can I have a minute?” she asks. Ben snorts, before nodding.

“Of course. I’ll be in the bedroom if you need me,” he says, and he’s not questioning her. Ben doesn’t tend to linger when people want to be alone. Even though Rey is a natural magnet,
someone most desired to be around.

He ducks out of the closet, sliding the pocket door closed.

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She’s clamping her teeth on her palm to keep from squealing as soon as the pocket door shuts, and Rey can’t believe her eyes as she looks at everything. This is a girl’s fantasy, and she wonders why she feels overwhelmed. There are too many options, price tags probably exorbitant.

Rey doesn’t wanna chance to look at them, so she sets her plan in motion. She didn’t want to just strip off in front of Ben, but she wants this lingerie off of her as soon as possible. She might as well give him the opportunity to peel it off of her.

Rey’s unhooking her overalls, shimmying out of them. The garter belt clasps black thigh thighs, those being a last minute edition before four-thirty. She wouldn’t really wear them under her engineering overalls. She pulls her t-shirt off, staring at the sheer nude cups of the bra framing her chest.

“Okay.” she breathes, stepping in front of the mirror. It’s all scalloped black lace and sheer nude, and Rey desires the strapiness that cages her hips. It’s a good first lingerie set, making her feel comfortable in her skin.

“Ben!” she calls. A smile punctuates her lips.

“Yeah?” he answers. His voice drifts closer.

“How can you get the Pigalles out of my bag?” she asks. Rey hears him pad away, and she smooths out her thighs. Running her hands along her hips, she poises herself carefully on the small ottoman in front of the mirror. She tries to remember to breathe, a hard thing to accomplish with anxiety running in her blood.

Exposing yourself to any man was always bound to be nerve-wracking. Let alone Ben Organa, too rich and good for anybody it seemed. Rey would try though.

He doesn’t knock on the door, and Rey sees him stop in the mirror. She’s making eye contact with him, watching his face contort from calm to...

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“Something.” she mumbles. She can’t place her finger on what it is, and Rey is pushing her hair over her shoulder. Admittedly she feels stupid with the half up, half down bun.

He’s not staring at that though, advancing towards her. Rey anticipates him stepping in front of her, even kneeling. Ben continues to surprise.

He picks her up, moving her around like she’d only a ragdoll. Rey tries not to kick her legs, and he settles her on top of his lap as he sits on the ottoman. Her legs are spread, straddling his thighs.

His hand comes to move her head to look in the mirror, and Rey watches as he leans in to her ear.

“Don’t you dare move your eyes,” he mumbles. Rey is intrigued, something tightening up in her gut at his request.

“Okay.” she whispers, and Ben presses a soft kiss to the shell of her ear. It begins the trail, kisses making a path down her neck. Across her pulse, her throat. Her clavicle, where his lips attach and suck.
That rouses a small moan, and her eyes don’t move. He’s rubbing his hands up and down her hips, and Rey’s not letting her eyes shut. She wants to be good at following orders; it makes everything easier.

And more pleasurable obviously, as his fingers move across her skin. Fluttering across her abdomen, her thighs. Everywhere but where she desires, and it’s agonizing. That fact is obvious by her breath.

“Do you like what I bought for you?” he asks, his lips against her ear.

She hesitates on her answer, wondering if it was rhetorical. It wasn’t obvious at how his hands come to roughly part her legs more.

“Tell me. Do you like it when daddy takes care of you?” he asks. Her breath hitches.

“Yes.” she whispers, and his finger rewards her by running along the edge of the gusset of her panties. A tender touch.

“Put the Louboutins on. Now.” he demands, and his hand moves. Rey looks at where he dropped them, in the doorway of the closet. She starts to stand, and he pushes on top of her thighs so she’s forced back into his lap.

“Crawl.” he demands then. Rey lets her lower lip tug between her teeth, her pulse thrumming quick. She slides easily to her knees, her hands hitting the rug. It’s shag, soft underneath her as she crawls. Slow, deliberate, he’s moving to stand over her as she does.

A predator watching prey, and she reaches the heels. Rey doesn’t chance a glance at him, sitting back against doorway and splaying her legs out to put the heels on. Her head down and focused, she slides her foot into each louboutin. Not broken in yet, it’s an uncomfortable shoe. She didn’t know what she was expecting, but she’s willing to take it for what was about to happen to her.

She didn’t know what he was planning, and it excited her. She chances a look up at him, rising onto her knees as he stares down at him. He’s hardened, stoicism playing as he watches her. Then he turns, walking back to the ottoman and sitting back down.

“Crawl back to me.” he orders. Rey didn’t expect any less, and she’s a little more delicate as she crawls with the heels on. This is a different sight for her, crawling to a man in Louboutins and Agent Provocateur.

If anyone had told Rey she would be doing this 3 months ago, she would’ve laughed hysterically. Now she can only bask in it, Ben glancing down to her in what she expects is feigned indifference. He plays controlling well.

“Sit in my lap, face the mirror.” he says. Rey does as she’s told, adjusting in his lap. He of course parts her legs again, his hand coming down to cup her sex through the fabric.

“Who takes care of you?” he asks.

“You.” she breathes.

“I’m glad you know that. You’re smart, Rey.” he whispers, and he’s rubbing circles over the fabric of her panties. She can feel heat pooling in her stomach, and she tries not to fidget.

She’s watching him do it in the mirror, his fingers reflected back to her. Every facial expression. Smiles, low growls against her back and marks sucked into her neck. He’s pushing the fabric
aside, and Rey’s stomach tightens as he finds her clit.

He flicks it, then rubbing small and lazy circles. “You like watching me finger you?” he asks. Rey swallows, and she only nods.

“Say it.” he growls, and his first finger dips inside of her. He’s pushing it in and out, and she *whines*. A sound she never expected to leave her mouth.

It makes him smile.

“Look at you. In lingerie, writhing in my lap.” he mumbles. Rey swallows down, and her eyes *dart* from the mirror to look at the wall. A break.

“**Look.**” he demands, his other hand coming up to gently move her head back. She trains her eyes back on the mirror, and Ben scoffs as his 2nd finger slides in. He’s making room, and Rey’s head swims.

“You’re lucky you’re so pretty.” he then says. It’s a compliment, and Rey’s head cocks to the side. His lips rest in the crook of her neck and her lower lip is being chewed at incessantly.

“I’m so lucky, daddy.” she says then. She fakes confidence, because Rey is willing to try and do anything. She’s willing to understand it for this. Ben looks satisfied, and his fingers slide out of her. Rey’s face is falling, but Ben kisses behind her ear.

“Watch me eat you out for being so good.” he says, and Ben’s shifting her off his lap. Rey is set gently on the ottoman as he transfers to his knees. He still has to stoop for her, and Rey’s back rests against the built in shoe rack. It’s heaven, her eyes trained on the mirror, at his head between her legs.

He’s only dark hair, but he belongs. Rey wants to snap it like a picture. He’s lapping at her easily, his nose bunting against her slit. He’s messy, she can feel his chin against her sometimes.

But it feels like heaven, and the way his tongue circles her clit, her hands knotted into his hair.

“What do you want?” he rumbles against her. Rey exhales, and she claws at the fabric of the ottoman.

“Your cock.” she says. Ben looks up at her, sitting back on his heels. A small smile spreads on his face.

“Good.” he says, standing up. Rey’s now looking up at him, and Ben reaches down to effortlessly throw her over his shoulder. She squeals, trying to act as if it doesn’t send a new rush of wetness between her legs. He’s stoking the coals, not letting them flame.

A power game she appreciates. He sets her lightly on the bed, hastily removing his jeans. He’s pulling the t-shirt over his head next, and his boxers down. Rey finally gets to stare at his cock, head laid back against soft sheets. He grabs her waist, lifting her hips up to assist with the fit. A tight one, Rey anticipates the feeling of *fullness* in her. Sated, like she’s heard in romance novels.

Cheesy comparison and Ben’s nothing out of a romance novel. He makes it obvious as he pushes her legs apart, roughly. Rey doesn’t mind it, and Ben’s hastily working at the clasps of the garter belt. He’s trying to get it all off.

Only he has no patience. He pulls hard, the clasps breaking. Then he yanks at the fabric across her stomach, caging her in. It rips also.
“Ben-” she starts.

“I’ll buy you another one,” he growls. He slides her panties off, and Rey’s glad she’s shaved everywhere. Something tells her Ben wouldn’t care though, no matter what.

He’s sliding his hand over his cock, positioning it at her sex. Rey is relaxing in his steady grip, even as he locks eyes with her.

He gives no preamble as the head pushes past her folds and Rey’s eyebrows furrow. She’s relaxed, and it’s not a terrible pain. It translates to fullness, Rey feeling stretched. Rey’s also digging her nails into his chest, and he’s strangely enjoying the pain.

“Oh,” she whispers, staring up at him as he bottoms out.

“This is a sight My cock in your pussy,” he says, and Rey’s staring up at him with half-lidded eyes.

“You’re not going to come until I tell you. Yeah?” he asks.

“Yes daddy,” she says, as his shallow thrusts begin. She can tell Ben isn’t trying to break her too bad yet. Rey would admit she would mind bruises from him. If they were able to be hidden of course.

Ben’s got an underlayer of aggression, something he tries to hide. Rey knows this because she has it too. It comes alive here for him, as he rubs harder into her clit, the pace increasing. Rey’s moaning and Ben decides to do the vindictive.

He slows down, finger leaving her clit. Rey’s all wide eyes and shock, and Ben captures her lips.

“Not until I tell you. Remember?” he asks, between breaths.

Rey scowls at him, and Ben continues his agonizingly slow pace. She wants to be angry, but she can’t be. Not when he’s still fucking her, stoking the coals that crawl up her belly. He, of course, has to increase his pace after a minute. Rey is letting her nails dig into his chest now, wanting him to know just how she feels about being cooled off.

“You look fucking gorgeous with my cock in you. All flushed,” he whispers close to her ear, and she lets a dreamy smile flit across her face. His cock slams into her cervix to remind her he’s there, along with his finger rubbing harsh friction into her clit.

He’s working her up again and Rey can’t help but fall for it. It feels too good, and she’s not known to resist things that please her.

She’s moaning loud this time, as he snaps his hips into her in a rhythm that makes the headboard knock against the wall.

“Daddy, please-” she whimpers, beside herself. She’s lost to this, the lifestyle and him. Finn was so right about this, she had to remember to thank him every day for the rest of the century.

“You want to come?” he asks. Rey nods, eyes were blown wide as she stares up at him.

The smile that twists on his face as his hips slow down is enough to make her stomach twist. But his arms are wrapping around her waist. In one fluid motion it seems (they don’t disconnect at all), she’s on his lap and he’s against the pillows.
Her legs adjust to straddle, and his hands leave her waist.

“Work for it,” he says. Rey stutters for a moment, and she breathes out.

Work for it? She wanted to make him come first now, and she sets her jaw in determination and begins to roll her hips. He’s not touching her, not even when she desires his finger on her clit.

“Show daddy what a good girl you are. Show me you can come all by yourself on my cock,” he says, and Rey knows what he’s trying to do.

“Yes daddy,” she says, and her pace increases. Rey barely has sex, let alone rides cock on the daily. Of course, she learns quickly, able to reach down and rub her clit with her steady pace. Her eyes half-lid, and Ben is smirking with his arms behind his head.

“Your pussy is mine. I hope you know that,” he says. His claim edges her to the tip of a knifepoint, and Rey feels her stomach twist up.

He takes the opportunity to buck his hips up, and she whines as she comes and clenches around him. She’s shameless, and his cock feels overfull inside of her. He takes it upon himself to keep her moving on his cock, also stuttering as he spills inside of her.

Oversensitive and almost trembling, Rey feels him shift out of her and pull her up against his chest. Emptiness takes precedence between her legs, and it’s a feeling she loathes. But she exhales, feeling his hand trail along her spine.

“Nice job. You’ve managed to do all of that in Louboutins,” he whispers, a laugh rumbling in his chest. She lazily smiles, burying her face in his chest. It’s only now that she feels the shoes, painful and constricting on her feet.

But he makes it easy to do what he wants, as he kisses the crown of her head.

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Ben’s surprised he manages to make it to dinner with her, too tempted to just take her again. He has to rationalize that she’s sore, looking like it as she teeters on Louboutins while shuffling through his garage. He locks the car.

They opted for Italian in the restaurant department, dress code still requiring dress shirts and blazers. She’s wearing Tom Ford, something Mitaka had probably picked out. It’s black, smoothing over her hips and hitting her knees. There’s mesh right over her collarbones, and he can’t resist leaning over and kissing the crook of her neck.

She giggles, and it’s like music to his ears. She’s had 3 drinks, and he assumes it’s because he had 3. He’s like a tank when it comes to alcohol, always having a high tolerance. He wonders if it’s a trait from his father.

“How are you feeling?” he asks, opening up the door into the house. She stops before the stairs, gazing up at him.

“My feet hurt,” she says, and she’s still coherent as she looks expectantly. Ben glances down at her feet.

“Why didn’t you say so?” he asks, and he’s leaning down to scoop her into his arms before she can protest. He bridal carries her through the door, through the mudroom and main foyer.
He sets her on the couch delicately, and Rey stretches out. “You’re ridiculous,” she says, and Ben leans down to take her shoes off. Her feet are angry, blisters forming along the back of her heels and on her toes.

“Baby steps with Louboutins. And I’ll get you a better size,” he says, sitting down on the couch and pulling her feet in his lap. Rey gazes at him, as his knuckles begin to rub the kinks out of the soles of her right foot.

“Thanks,” she mumbles, and he shrugs.

“You’re proving to be nice to take care of. Least I can do.” he rationalizes. Rey’s blush only fuels him, his thumbs pushing across her arch.

“You’re a nice guy, Ben Solo,” she says, a smile tinting her lips.

“I certainly try.” he acquiesces. He doesn’t feel like he is, deep-rooted insecurity coming to flare in his gut. He distracts himself by lifting her foot and lightly kissing it.

“Do you like feet?” she asks. He shoots her a look, and she visibly holds back a laugh.

“Yours,” he says, and he sets it down as he starts his work on the other one.

“I like a lot of things about you. You’re aesthetically pleasing.” he then continues.

Rey hums as he presses hard, and she sets her hand across her stomach. “Speak for yourself.” Ben scoffs. “My ears are too big,” he mumbles, and she laughs.

“Take the damn compliment.” she scolds. Ben shrugs.

“Fine. I wholly disagree but I’ll let you think what you like,” he says. Rey smirks, sitting up delicately and kicking her feet out of his lap. She instead crawls into it, straddling his thighs and facing him. She grabs the back of his neck gently.

“Taking the compliment means agreeing. I’ll let you have this one, but you should know that women look at you like fucking Adonis,” she whispers, her lips close to his. Ben smirks now, and his hands settle on her waist.

“I agree if you kiss me,” he says. He’s willing to steer the conversation to places he was much better at.

“Agree first,” she argues. She was bossy while drunk, and he liked it.

“We can do this all night. You can’t out dom me,” he says.

“I’ll try.”

It sounds like a promise.

Chapter End Notes

the love and responses to this fic have made me so warm. thank you so much. thoughts and feelings welcome @ dankobah on tumblr. chapter title inspired by "freak" by lana
del rey. ps: writing activities on the reylo discord helped me immensely w writing this. thank you lovelies.
fashion items:
Ben had opted for his normal black with a red tie around his neck. If it were another life, he would look particularly presidential. Though she doubts she would be worthy of the position of Jackie Kennedy.

Instead, he’s a CEO who’s overly competent and good at what he does. She can tell by standing next to him, hearing him talk and talk and talk.

“I came to say the same thing to you. Also to say thank you,” Poe says.

Luck had seemed to kiss her life in the form of a man.

For all intents and purposes, Benjamin Organa-Solo knew what he was doing with women. Humbleness bleeds in and wants to convince the brain otherwise and she can’t help but want to laugh as she gazes at him from the hors-d’oeuvres table.

Tonight was one of his aforementioned office parties, celebrating the new acquisition of a patent. The common person has no clue what that meant, but she got to be poised on his arm like a prized bird. That’s something she’s good at: staying quiet and looking pretty while he talks all sorts of investors up to their caps.

The need for another drink is strong, fingers hovering over the various little finger foods that would hopefully abate tipsiness. A habitually fearful stomach was better fed when with him, eating three square meals a day instead of the college diet of ramen and cheese in a can.

A finger taps a bare shoulder, the black neckline not reaching the top of the freckle kissed skin. A quick turn reveals Poe, Finn absent from his arm. It’s a shame, but Rey figures he must have been schmoozing somewhere else.

“Good to see you here,” Poe says, and there’s a sense of formality. Rey wants to hide in a turtle shell, but it would mean taking off the Herve Leger dress; black and tight fitting, she feels like she has to suck it in at all times.

“Likewise. You look nice,” she says, looking at the navy blue suit up and down.

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“I came to say the same thing to you. Also to say thank you,” Poe says.
Rey’s head cocks as he continues, “Ben normally hates these kinds of things, but he’s been pretty calm tonight. I assume it’s because of you.”

It makes her heart flutter against her wishes. A flush rising to the tip of her ears, she’s not going to admit defeat.

“I-” she starts.

“Don’t say anything. Just know it,” he finishes. A bit lower lip and her eyes flitting to Ben show him exactly what she thinks.

Except someone else has stepped up to him, a leggy black haired girl in white. Calculating eyes observe the pair, how her hand delicately touches his shoulder and throws her head back for a laugh. Effortlessly beautiful with long lashes and smooth skin.

Focus turning back to Poe, the blood runs hot in already charged veins. Poe doesn’t seem to notice (or he does and he spares her). “I have more ass to kiss, but we should get lunch sometime. Oh and come to the office whenever you want.” Poe says then.

A cordial nod is all she can manage.

He walks away, Rey abandons the food, a Manhattan in her grip. It’s the drink of choice if she wants to loosen up and talk. Though she realizes loosening up just simply isn’t realistic at the moment, her insides feeling as if they were twisted in a vice.

Much more confident in Louboutins, the red pair on her feet click across the wood floor of the office space like she owns it.

Rey reaches Ben’s side with practiced efficiency, calling back to a dog pissing in another’s territory. Once she settles with his arm on her waist, she finally turns a steely gaze to the girl.

“Rey Kenobi, I don’t think we’ve met,” she says, extending her hand. Well manicured, she had gotten short red acrylics at Ben’s request; solely for the purpose of leaving trails of red down his back.

The girl looks her up and down. Obscenely and unreasonably hot up close, Rey’s mouth feels like the Saharan Desert in July.

“Paige. I don’t believe we’ve met, I’m Ben’s assistant,” she says. Voice is airy and no one could probably trust her as far as they could throw her.

Ben is contrary of course. “A good one at that.”

Jaw set, the innate want to remain neutral, to not hiss and run off with him to some bitch cave is the utmost precedence. The hyena laugh hits the air again, and Rey’s back straightens out of his easy hold.

Nervous laughs sink in, not casual or collected like she had desired.

“I completely spaced going to the bathroom. Sorry, excuse me.”

A look of concern follows tracks like a predator hunting prey, and her heels carry her rapidly out of there.

Composure holds until the door to the public restrooms is shoved open, body almost falling
forward onto elbows on the black marble countertop. Hands grasp her head, trembling fingers raking through her scalp.

They weren’t exclusive and Rey explicitly knew that, so she had no right to be jealous. Angry tears pool in her eyes, the fact still stinging like a slap. With a sniffle, she stands up and reaches for a wad of toilet paper from an empty stall.

Perfectly manicured fingers dab at her eyes, checking to make sure her mascara isn’t running. Little black flakes lined her lower lashes and the feeling of vulnerability creeps like a shadow. It was waterproof Chanel, costing probably her rent if she cried it off. A cleansing breath and she’s reaching into the tiny clutch hanging off her shoulder.

Reapplying her lip gloss, she presses her lips together in the mirror and pouts. After promptly depositing it back in the clutch (Yves Saint Laurent, Ben’s on a kick), she nervously smooths the tight and constricting dress.

No breath was worth it for this, and a rehearsed and painted smile hits her lips. A good girlfriend, the CEO’s catch.

Rey steps out of the bathroom, eyes on the floor.

“Hey,” he says.

Green eyes flick up to meet whiskey, and a wish that she had drunk her Manhattan flits back. The voice is a type of velvet she knows well, and its leaned up against the wall like he owns it. It gets her to stop walking. Assessing her face with concern, and she prays she isn’t as glassy-eyed as feared.

“Let’s go to my office,” he says.

She can’t help but raise her brows. “Your office?” she asks.

“Yes. Come on,” Ben says with an uncharacteristically easygoing nod. Not to be resisted, that much is apparent as he grabs her hand and begins to walk.

Red Louboutins follow rapidly behind black dress shoes, trying to keep up with long strides. They reach his office, the door a deep and dark wood. Practiced fingers open a panel and press against the screen. A loud beep and the door opens with a smooth efficiency. Lights flit on automatically, and she’s grown fond of automation. Ben may have something to do with it, but it proves that everything in Ben Organa-Solo’s life was indicative of a technological and shiny future.

Eyes rake over the new office, tenebrous and imposing at first. A back wall of floor to ceiling windows reveal the water before them and Chicago’s stars. The stars are hard to see, Rey steps to the windows as she tries to pick each one out of the sky. It’s beautiful tonight, even with the cloud cover darkening the sky. An uncanny resemblance to the darkening distrust creeping up like vines, taking root in the back of her head.

What if Ben Solo-Organa was seeing other people? Gossip or worries never got far in her head but this one stuck like a dart. It leaked poison, and she can’t help the breath that rattles her.

Ben’s sitting at his desk when she glances back to him, an antique monstrosity of thing constructed of rich wood. A vision of a powerful CEO while poised at it; a king lazing on his throne.

Placating words into the silence; to soothe the lack of sound akin to a hurricane forming. “Paige has been my assistant for about 2 years.”
“Good for her.” she snaps. A whip crack and the hostility flows free. A throb deep in her lungs that make it hard to breathe. Everything is sharper, putting her more on edge. Loneliness rots deep in her blood, and it manifests into erraticism.

Ben is silent until he audibly gets up from his desk. Arms engulf her from, caging her into his attention.

A wish that she didn’t care so much flits across her eyelids. Another wish of total detachment, a mirror of him. The financial aspects of the relationship were businesslike, his texting tone cold. Most wanted that, so wasn’t she? Business, no feelings, money?

An out if she chose? Would she survive that?

“Tell me how you’re feeling,” he says, and a scoff nearly passes her lips. This wasn’t a shrink’s office, and her feelings were ready to bleed out on an operating table.

Though she grits her teeth and bears it.

“Angry,” she growls. Ben doesn’t react at the growl, still holding her.

“At who?” he asks, voice calm and placating.

Obviousness is painted on the situation in Vermillion, and it paints across green eyes with a broad brush as she glares out the window. An answer crosses her lips, against the will of a set jaw.

“You and her.”

Arms still wound around her, a clock ticks away at when the yelling will begin. Deep knowing throbs inside, knowing that she would be left adrift in the ocean until it stopped. Gone to the world, the feeling is one she’s too familiar with.

One wouldn’t have a drink with this feeling.

A kiss into the softness of her tresses, he seems to inhale Miss Dior until it could flood him. It’s an attempt to soothe broken souls, and everything would be beautiful if the insecurity could fall away.

“Trust me. Trust me to take care of you.”

A plea and trembling lips want to bit that it’s hard for her to really trust. Not after a neglectant mother swore up and down that she would come back for Rey, leaving the small shoebox apartment for the day. The predictable happened, leaving Rey in her playpen to starve. Three days until a wailing and malnourished toddler was plucked from her crib.

All that is not revealed is a face, whited out so Rey could not have it. State psychiatrists said it was impossible to remember her mother since she was only 3 when she was found. PTSD manifested false memories, but everything was true. It had to be.

Savings had been tapped to find her mother, each lead going cold. The need to want something took over. The last name, a hospital, anything would do. Did she ever have a mother? Or was she truly lost, abandoned on the wayside?

On the outside looking in, watching a repeat story of beautiful people like Paige fluttering into lives and leaving marks. A need to be unreasonable seeps into her, and it’s better she keeps her mouth shut. The cage tightens, and everything closes.
“This doesn’t work if you don’t trust me,” he says. A mantra, lungs try to breathe it in, an attempt to reset a failing system.

Rough hands gently turn her in their grip, anxiety holding their gazes on an impossibly taut string. Lingering and long, sincerity flooding between them.

It’s hard to resist, a siren call.

“Okay.”

Dreamy voice to hide unconfidence, insecurity always a lingering dark cloud. Eventually, it would downpour and Ben would run to escape the rain.

The string would snap one day. It always did.

“You are the prettiest one here. Trust me,” he breathes.

Rey doesn’t feel that, but a shrug happens anyway. Unconvinced and shaking his head, long arms untangle. “I mean it. Take the damn compliment, Kenobi.”

Eyes rake as the words pass hungry lips, and it calls back to their first night in each other’s orbit.

How mercurial she had become since then, burning with a rage hot enough to melt the fucking sun.

“Fine. Thank you.”

Voice reasonable and too serene. The personification of bull-headed wouldn’t let it go otherwise.

In over his head, he accepts it with a quick and curt nod. At least he knows he’s got a project, rubbing along his jaw. Fixing wasn’t an option, however, too broken beyond repair.

“Bend over my desk? I want to see something,” he says. A change of pace and she’s glad the pain can leave.

Looking him in the eye with trepidation, envy blooms at the calm and collected nature of a longtime Dom. Soothing enough for the shoes to wander a bleeding path to the desk, body bending over with a slowness.

A vision, forearms bracing and ass on display. A prize to get, expectant eyes focus outside the window. Nervousness hums, every nerve ending feeling like a buzz.

The practiced palm smoothing over her ass and all the way down to her instep is the match and all of it ignites like kerosene.

“Like I thought, a pretty sight.”

A rumble, and legs tense with the piqued sensitivity at the apex. Whatever is done to the right must be mirrored on the left, gentleness taking over. Roughness makes glossed lips smear against teeth.

“I had a dream about fucking your ass last week.”

As if he were talking about the weather.

Resistance is expected but instead, curiosity peeks out from the rock. The heat keeps its steady trickle, and legs close to keep it hidden away.
“Yeah?”

A pause after its breathing.

“Would you like that?”

Anxiety is metallic in the air, reeking from every pore. An echo warns of what Finn said before she had met Ben for the first time. *No anal*.

Couldn’t she make her own decisions?

“Do you know how-” she starts.

“Yes. I’d make sure you’re safe.” he interrupts. Doubt shouldn’t have been the first emotion, and guilt begins to take hold.

Practiced while she is not, there are hints of kinks from the mysterious chasm of his past. Everything is a mystery concerning him. It’s been two months and Rey has barely drawn his father’s name from him.

“Han. It’s Han Solo.”

*The sponge stops and Rey looks back from the sink. Scooping Chinese food into Tupperware like nothing happened, her ears doubt they heard it from him.*

*But it was said. Rey would let him think she didn’t hear it.*

Another moment of silence, to really mull it over. Rey’s willing to try anything once, especially with the likes of Ben.

“Okay.”

It’s a firm decision, for once.

A rumble of surprise from him, but it subsides away. “Good girl. We’ll work on it. For now, we need to get back to the party.” he says.

Open mouthed and eyes narrowing, the resolve left in her saves him. “Um...no. You’re going to fuck me now.”

That’s a demand.

Rumbling and deep laughs get her head to turn back, eyes finally casting to expectation. A winning stoicism, a tidal wave of expectation leaking from the walls until it could drown both of them.

Eyebrows raise, and she’s *still* bent over the desk. “You’ve totally fucked someone in here before. Why not again?” she asks with a playful coyness.

Any man would have to have taken a beautiful girl just like this, bent over and waiting for his cock. “I haven’t fucked anyone in here.”

Embarrassment is burned into the wood, lashes cast down.

“But, there’s always a time to christen.” he then says, cheerfulness out of place. Dress shoes crossing the hardwood is beginning to sound like safety, comfort, and care.
Hands come to part legs and heels steady in anticipation. A rapt focus out the window, but her body feeling every single touch and absorbing every sound. The dress is pushed up until it bunches just over her ass. A feat for Herve Leger, since Rey could barely pull it down when getting it on her body.

A smile crosses gloss smeared Cheshire lips at the absence of underwear. Pleasure is audible in a sigh, surprise definitely coloring whiskey bright eyes. A gentle pressure on the small of her back, “You’re so wet for me already.”

A laugh passes bitten and swollen lips. “Of course I am. Are you gonna keep stating the obvious?”

The equivalent of a 12-year-old playing with a lighter and only Ben knows how to stoke the flames.

A belt is pulled through loops, but the buckle clinking on the floor is absent.

“I should spank you for talking back.”

Goodbye, all sanity. Rey’s never been spanked before, and the rush of wetness between her legs is a good sign. The belt hits to the ground. “Would you like to be spanked? I think you would,” he asks.

Careful examination of her pussy is taking place again, and the investment is endearing.

“Yes please,”

Prim and polite, meant to kill him. There was a time to be a kink-crazed heathen and place, she might as well go the full mile to get there.

“I didn’t hear you. Say it again,” he says. An image of him with a hand cupped over his ear crosses her mind, and the giggle has to die in her throat. The dom is out after all and it allows the easy slide into the position she knows so well. No inhibitions were needed, useless to keep such things when you’re bent over a desk.

“Yes, daddy,”

A clear breath, casual and practiced. Satisfaction rumbles after it, and she has quelled him. “Good girl. Come over my knee,” he says. The squeak of an office chair and her body is rising. There’s only so much composure one could have with a 1000 dollar dress bunched around hip bones. The king is leaning back in his office chair as she drapes herself over his knee. An uncomfortable position in the bandage dress and heels, it must be the draw.

Appreciative hands rub over her cheeks, practically engulfing them as they squeeze. “You’re going to count. Five on each cheek.”

It’s not a request.

He continues. “And you’ll use your safe word if you need me to stop.”

A giggle almost escapes as a memory of her safe word pops up. Molecular biology. Eyebrows had shot up when she had first said it, but he had run with it.

“I promise,” she vows. She hasn’t had to use it yet, Ben always giving her just the amount she could take.
Nothing prepares for that first hit of a palm, body jumping at the sting. “Count,” he demands with the tone of a bark.

“One,” she recovers quickly. A deep desire for friction unfurls.

A second slap comes instead, and teeth gnaw until her lips can bruise. “Two,”

A courtesy, she can feel his smile.


Each slap resounds in the office, body coming a little undone each time. Practically dripping down her thighs, tears leaking out of the corners of her eyes, it’s a vision that no one could picture. Not for the girl with beat up overalls or the tough attitude.

He finishes on the right cheek, palm rubbing over the skin to soothe. Sniffles fill the air and composure is still held.

“More.”

The other cheek that he hadn’t even touched and his palm is still rubbing over the sensitive skin.

“More?” he asks. An edge plagues the edges of Ben’s voice, and Rey’s nod answers the thick tension. The want to take what he deals, the want to be his good girl stomps all other matters to dust.

The slap is heard before the pain is felt, a sting.

“One.”

A dream, she desires to be everything he needs. “Look at you, you beautiful thing. Will you be a good girl after this?”

The palm comes down again, and the nerves along her spine jump. “Yes daddy I’ll be good,” she blurs, words blurring together in haste.

“Good girls count.” he reminds. Oh, how could she have forgotten?

How foolish of her. “Two. Daddy, I’m a good girl.”

An insist, a moan passing parted lips as the palm comes down again.

Of course, she counts as directed until the magic number five is reached. Trembles rack her body, inside of thighs slick and the mascara really running from the corner of passion drunk green eyes. Held breath releases as his palm moves off her.

It’s a flash, and she’s sat up in his lap so he can push the hair from her face. Satisfaction colors his eyes.

“You’ll be a good girl now, yes?”

A nod gives him all he needs, Rey not even resisting the call to the dark anymore. It was mutual, apparent as a nose comes to inhale the comfort of Chanel Bleu.

A long moment of silence flies by before broken.
“You did so well. I’m so proud of you baby,” he whispers as lips press beneath the hollow of her ear.

“Thank you, daddy.”

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A shitty Dom is something so opposite his DNA.

Much to his typical fashion, they leave shortly after that. A citation of Rey’s tiredness gets them past Poe, a poor lie based on his knowing glare. There’s no fight for once, not like there would be any time for it. Ben would fight tooth and nail to care for her.

Sitting down in the seat must be tender, hand gently holding her thigh at every shift in comfort. Seatbelts on, he grabs the bottle of ibuprofen that’s stashed in the console between them. Two hit her palm, and she knocks them back dry. Horrified while she’s appreciative, her hand curls in his.

The drive is short from the office to home, traffic expectedly intolerable in the city of Chicago. The shift lever is pushed into park, dress shoes hitting the concrete of the garage in a flash to get her out of her side. Louboutins still on, hasty hands pull them off her feet.

Not like she was gonna be on them. Tossing them in the backseat, arms come under smooth legs.

“Ben-”

A protest begins, but he’s already pulling her out of the Mercedes and into a bridal carry. The car door slams shut, stealing off inside of the house with a brisk and effortless efficiency.

“Give me a pain scale,” he says, not a request. Eyes watch as the demand sinks, searching eyes and nervous in case of lies. Their relationship was built on trust, and he needed her to trust that he would fix what was wrong.

Being practiced at fixing had to count for something, the ability to bend over backward until the spine broke.

A long pause to think and Ben starts up the stairs.

“A five.”

A sigh of relief passes his lips at the top of the stairs. Knowing he can work with a five, this is less terrifying.

The bedroom is already illuminated, small feet hitting the hardwood. Before she can protest, he’s unzipping the dress. Herve Leger painted on, it’s so tight he has to peel it off her body. The stiff fabric folds gather at her feet, and he sits on the edge of the mattress. Imprinted bands from the fabric rope her skin, and he wonders how long breath has escaped her.

“Let me see you. Come here,” he says. All business. She quietly drapes across his lap. He’s glad she’s not protesting.

The redness is not the worst but not the lightest.

Ben has a big palm if he’s being honest with himself, and he can see a faint line of broken blood vessels. She bruises easily, so it wasn’t shocking.
It still makes him pause, palm splayed on the small on her back. “Can I run you a bath? What do you need?” he asks. A bath would do her some good, soothing the inflammation.

“I want you to cuddle me. Please?” she asks.

Ben stares this time. Did she really think he would hang her out to dry like that?

“I will. I wouldn’t leave you like this, sweetheart,” he says. He can’t see her face which worries him.

“Can you cuddle me in the bath?” she asks. He rubs his hand along her spine, feeling each ridge.

“Yes. Lay down while I draw one,” he agrees. Rey eases off of him, laying back on the mattress. She’s removing her bra when he’s walking into the ensuite bathroom. It’s all habitual after that, Ben turning on the faucet for the large tub to fill.

He leaves it and returns to the room passing Rey on the bed again. She’s playing with her hair, as Ben walks down the hall to the closet. He moves to her side, rifling through the lingerie drawer for a pair of panties. Satin touches his fingers and he pulls at it.

He drifts to his side of the closet, pulling two t-shirts off the hanger. After grabbing a pair of briefs, he saunters back to the bedroom and tosses the clothes on the bathroom counter.

He glances at the tub again, checking the temperature of the water with his hand. It’s not too hot, and he leaves it to finish filling. He paces back to the bedroom, watching Rey stretch her arms over her head.

“Come on,” he mumbles, holding out his hands for her to grab. She does, Ben pulls her up and into his arms. They constrict around her, her head nuzzling into his chest.

“I wanted to make you come,” she says into his chest, and Ben pushed her back to hold her at arm’s length.

She knows what she’s doing based on her dazed smile.

“There’ll be plenty more opportunities for that,” he responds. She’s obviously tired, though she still steps closer to him.

“Please? I want to please you,” she says, gazing up at him. Her lips pucker, enough sweetness radiating off her to give him a cavity.

He leans down and kisses her; her mouth pliable under his. It’s better if they don’t go too far since Rey’s never had to have this amount of aftercare before. Ben has never done anything to inflict pain on her until now.

He pulls away, and she moons up at him. “Let me get you in the bath and see how you feel,” he bargains. She takes a deep breath before nodding.

“Oh okay,” she says, voice quiet. Ben takes her hand, leading her into the bathroom with a gentle slowness. Rey stands at the edge of the tub, and Ben begins taking off his blazer.

“You need help getting in?” he asks. She shakes her head, lifting her leg and easing herself into the tub with a careful slowness.

He’s nearly out of his slacks when he hears her content hum. He tosses them into the hamper,
making a mental note to drop clothes off at the dry cleaners tomorrow.

“Good?” he asks, rolling the briefs off.

“Better now,” Rey says, staring only at his lower half. He tries not to blush, knowing his whole body just might follow suit.

“Let me get behind you. I like you on my chest,” he says. She moves forward, and Ben steps into the tub and lowers himself in. He pulls her between his legs, against his chest and allowing his hands to splay on her stomach.

“You like me a lot of ways, don’t you,” she remarks, and he laughs low at that.

He’s guilty of one thing, his appreciation of the female form. But of course, it’s that appreciation of Rey that’s clouding all five of his senses.

Rey is a tall drink of water with all the right aspects. Bubbly, compliant, and understanding. She has her tiny quirks, like smelling of motor oil and how her nose wrinkles at cute puppies. She looks liable to crush throats in Louboutins and like a 50’s dream in satin and lace. She can talk back, her snark able to keep up with his.

She’s everything he’s ever wanted. Ever.

But this is an arrangement, a contract between two people. She knows it, he knows it. That was all it would ever be.

Though it doesn’t mean he can’t negotiate for more. He wants her around more, and it matters that she wants him too.

“I need to talk to you about something,” he says.

Rey turns to look at him, her eyes wide. He realizes how bad that sounds saying it now and reaches to grab her hands.

“It’s not bad sweetheart. I promise,” he assures, in a quiet voice. She immediately breathes a sigh of relief and goes back to resting on his chest.

His arms wrap around her, and he’s never good at wording things. He’s aggressive, pushy in boardrooms. It gets him what he wants, but he can’t do that with Rey. He wouldn’t be able to forgive himself.

“I want to propose more nights a week. Our financial situation will reflect that however you choose.”

The business voice is on, clinical and calculated. In contrary to her relaxedness, he’s sure he sounds like a total dick.

An agonizing hum hits the air before the answer.

“What nights?”

Ben has to rack his head for his typical schedule.

Mondays were always awful, coming back from Sunday with enough bullshit on his plate. Tuesdays were family dinner with his mother, and there’s no way those parts of his life would be merging. Wednesdays were when she was needed, a refresher in the middle of the week.
Thursdays were always out of the office, and Ben usually went to bed at a cool 8 pm after those days. Fridays were their arrangement now, and he wants to make her breakfast on Saturday morning.

“Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.” he decides aloud.

The words are trepidation filled, and water shifts in the bath as her body adjusts. Obviously deep in thought, the quietness lasts.

Then she sits up to face him  “Will you come to my birthday party? It’s next week.” she asks.

Rey is a July baby, though he didn’t peg her as one. The query is entirely unrelated to what he wants, but Ben decides to humor her anyway.

“I’ll clear my schedule.”

The smile is warm, and that’s reassuring at least. A lazy lean on her elbow against the edge of the tub, watching him until his skin felt paper thin and translucent.

To distract, birthday gifts flood Ben’s thoughts. There were so many options that he could consider, but so little time.

“I want to spend more nights with you as well. So I accept your proposal.”

Watching in disbelief before nodding, he’s trying not to sigh in heavy relief.

“What would you like then?” he asks. Everything rushes to the surface like a clogged drain, obligations clouding over his eyes.

Instead, she brings him back to here. “We can talk numbers tomorrow. Now can I make you come please?”

Coming to sit up, the wince rocks through her. A shake of his head, knowing well that this was not a good idea.

“That’s a no. You need rest and fluids. You’ll bruise tomorrow.”

A firm answer but her eyes roll, a warning look passing between them after.

“I’m keeping you to take care of you tomorrow,” he announces. Surely sore tomorrow, he would feel better if she was where he could keep an eye on her. Or a hand.

“What does taking care of me entail?” she asks, a patronizing smile on her lips. It’s not a terrible process after all.

He’s not going to admit to what it means, instead he pulls her to his mouth.

It’s the best Saturday night of his life.
The irony of posting a Saturday titled chapter on a Saturday :/

This chapter was…a labor of love. Thank you to Mads for cheering me on and beta’ing. A thank you to Lissa for also beta’ing, along with Hailey. This would not have been the same without your guidance.

A huge thanks also to Writing Gamers and the Writing Den for helping push this thing forward, and giving encouragement on the way. Thoughts and feelings are always welcome @ dankobah.

chapter title is based on the song “Saturday Night” by NÄM (actually listen to this one)

fashion:
the dress.

The shoes: Christian Louboutin pumps in the Iriza style. (won't confirm or deny it's not the author's dream shoe)

A PS for all of you still reading:
Here’s the playlist I write this to.
Chapter Summary

“Guess what.”
Breathed into the dark, a conspiratorial tone behind it that makes his eyebrow raise. The clock glows 6:30, blackout shades making it pitch dark. Downy brunette hair draped across his chest, tucked into his side while tracing along his muscle tone, he liked this part of Saturday mornings the most.

“What.” Humoring her, the sheets shift and a leg moves to straddle across his torso. Hands rest on hips, tracing along the strip of skin above the waistband of silk panties.

“It’s my birthday.”

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

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“It’s my birthday.”
Grin obvious in her voice as she says it, he can’t help but reciprocate. Birthday, he knows this already. “Happy birthday. Do you feel twenty-three?”

A little roll of her hips, waking him up properly. Strong hands gripping thighs, “I don’t really. What’s it feel like?”

Twenty-three was an awful age for him, kicked out of Luke’s house after protesting the stealing of an idea, blinds that went down based on the amount of sun. Ingenious and ripped from him when Ben fessed up about it to Luke, even showing him the prototype. Luke Skywalker had brought that same diagram into work the next day and claimed it as his.

“That was my idea!”

It’s shouted across the dining room table, Ben looming over his uncle like a dark shadow. An enigma, too big and too much for most to handle.

“Like you’re gonna get it on the market. Just give it up to someone who can.”

Today is not a day to be thinking about such things, attention opting to kiss the top of her head.
“Feels normal. Not a super special age, but you’ll be graduated by the time 24 comes around.”

A diplomatic answer, getting her to lean down and kiss him. Sleepy and sweet, it doesn’t last long. Realizations have him sitting up, Rey sliding into his lap with the movement. “It’s your birthday. Your gift should be here.”

The first one anyway, the other ones coming later. Leaning over to turn on the bedside lamp, he finally sees her sleepy face. Breasts bare, panties wet. “Can I have my first gift now?”

Another roll of her hips and Ben has to deliver, doesn’t he? Thumb rubbing over the front of her panties, he shrugs. “I think I’ll show you the gift first, and then we’ll see how you feel.”

A pout, but then a nod. “Fine.”

Legs getting off either side of him, rolling over onto her side of the bed.

“But I’m not getting dressed.”

Why would he expect so? Ben gets out of bed, opening his top dresser drawer to rifle through. Finding purchase on an eye mask and small box, he opens the next drawer to shuck on a pair of sweatpants.

Turning back to Rey, she’s sitting at the edge of the mattress. “Put this on,” Eye mask held out to her. Ginger fingers take it and slide it over her head. Bun messy and bobbing as she adjusts, she finally gives a thumbs up.

“Alright, grab my hands.”

Another pout, and he huffs, “What.”

“Aren’t you going to carry me? It’s my birthday after all-”

Leaning down before she can continue her ribbing, wrapping his arms around her and gently easing her over his shoulder.

“Better?”

A bob of her head and her hands running down his spine confirm, and he exits the bedroom. Rey is light, the walk not more than a stroll. Taking the stairs carefully, her small yawns fill him with trepidation.

It’s out into the garage, setting her gently down and turning her towards the tarp covered mass. “Stand here.”

An order as he walks over to pull the tarp off the BMW X5. Carbon black, black rims, a big red bow slapped on the hood. All of it top of the line, safety features out the roof. Padding back over to her, he gently puts his hands on her shoulders. “Okay, take the blindfold off.”

Nervous fingers come to push the eye mask up a freckled forehead, breath catching when eyes focus and register. A shriek follows, breaking his grip on his shoulder as she rushes towards the car. “Oh my god, oh my god-”

“Do you like it?”

A genuine question, Ben’s willing to trade it for whatever she does like. Aggressive nods take over her head, Ben holding out the small box, “The key is in here.”
Taking it, her fingers slightly tremble as she sets it on the hood.

“Good, it’s pretty much top of its class. I got you the dealer maintenance package even though I figured you’d do your own maintenance.” Lips are on his before he can finish, arms wrapping to support legs around his waist. Messy kisses, her hands knotting in his hair to pull.

“Is it mine?” Asked between kisses, between breaths.

A light kiss on the tip of her nose, “Definitely yours. The title is in your name and paid off.”

All hundred and thirty thousand dollars of it, insurance also coming out of his pocket. No one needed to know that amount but him, especially not her.

“It’s a gift,” A reminder, her lips pressing against his again.

“This is more than just a box with a wrapped bow, and you know that.”

“And?” Shrugging, her feet hit the ground so she can look up at him. A hundred and thirty thousand dollars was loose change at this point.

Realizing that he truly means it, she looks down at the concrete with a bit lip. “Thank you.”

That was what he wanted to hear, “Happy Birthday.”

Blushing, “It’s only twenty-three.”

Another shrug, “That means there’s now twenty-three ways to fuck you today. Then next year it’ll be twenty-four.” It’s out of his mouth before he can understand the weight of it, the implication that there would be a next year for them. The year wasn’t even close to over, 3 months in but he’s fine with doing this for the rest of his life.

Contractually.

Of course.

“Twenty three? What are options one through five?” Conspiratorial and beautiful, stepping close to him.

“I can show you option one. I don’t think you’ll recover in time for two.”

A cock of the head, hand trailing down his bare chest, “I bounce back easily, I think we’ve learned that by now.” They had learned plenty at that point, and Ben was ready to be proven wrong again.

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Five ways.

Practically boneless in bed when they finish, feeling his come drip out of her onto pricey sheets. Twenty three was turning out to be not too terrible, especially when Ben Organa was pacing the room and getting dressed in front of her. Sure, she had to be at the birthday brunch/lunch Rose was throwing in about 2 hours, but she had the right to be late.

Especially since she couldn’t think of getting up right now. “Why are you getting dressed?”

Coy as she asks, she manages to sit up against the pillows and let her eyes follow him. Sliding a Rolex onto his wrist (silver with the black face, her favorite), “I have one meeting today. I’ll be
back in time to go to your friend’s thing with you.”

*Friend’s thing* and she can tell he’s nervous about it as he mentions with a crease in his brow. Enough to get her to pout, “They’ll like you. Rose already does given what I’ve said to her.”

“Might I remind you that you signed an NDA.”

A slap across the face, eyebrows now knit together as she stares at him incredulously. Stinging like a barbed whip to the back, “It’s moot because you’re coming to this with me, but fine.”

Petulant, finding the strength to get up and walking past him. “Don’t do this before I have to leave for a meeting.”

Leaning to turn on the shower, no response comes from her lips. Hesitation evident in his tone, “I don’t like leaving things bad. I watched my mom walk out on my dad when things were bad. Don’t do that to me.”

Getting her to stop the rotation of her wrist, the smell of emotional vulnerability is rife. “You give me no option to say why I’m busy for two-thirds of the weekend. I can’t exactly come up with a new excuse every time.”

Fair point made and he steps into the bathroom now, “I’m not going to media with this. This trust thing you keep talking about is a two-way street-”

“Consider the NDA gone then. I’ll shred it when I get back.”

Easy, simple sounding as he interrupts her. Rey looks back at him his face entirely serious, “If it makes you feel better to have it-”

“You’re right. It’s a two-way street so I should trust you.”

Deciding against saying anything else on the matter (he seems to have flipped fast on the situation), she wants to buy it. That is hard, however, “Go to your meeting. I’ll see you after.”

Jaw set, “Can I have a kiss first?”

Not the type to deny him lip service, Rey pulls away from the valve. Stepping up carefully, she poises on her tiptoes to press her lips against his. Chaste and pulling away before he gets too greedy, “Hurry back.” Sharing a long and lingering look, he walks out of the bathroom. Knowing he’s going down the hall to grab his blazer, she turns on the shower and waits for the stream to heat.

Taking the opportunity to gaze at her love-bitten hips reflected in the mirror, painted fingers tracing over the bruises with a romanticizing reverence. Being marked by him is a sick craving for her, being possessed and taken care of following up with a heavy guilt. Always being without and now having everything she wants, she can’t help but feel boiling rage about a piece of paper giving them a year.

A year, with no promise of renewal. Come next May, she could be dropped like a hat for any reason. Doomed to be alone, it’s an idea she wholeheartedly believed in since she was little.

Ticking clocks didn’t mean that they couldn’t break, or that she couldn’t enjoy the time she had with him. Really enjoying the time she was having, stepping into the shower and the warm steam. It soothes her bones and her tight neck, pouring rosemary and mint shampoo into her palm. It smells like him and she needs all of the Ben she can reasonably get.
Tingling her scalp, she scrubs down her body with her citrusy body wash. Not wanting to smell *too much* like him (her friends would notice), she slathers conditioner through the ends of her tresses. She has to wait for five minutes while it sinks in. Not wanting to shave yet (she despises it), it gives her more time to ruminate.

Letting herself have one indulgence, she imagines married life with Ben Organa-Solo. Having a confirmed last name, having a partner to lean on. His dick for the rest of her existence, or until she doesn’t want it anymore.

Rey is worried she’ll always want it, even if it leaves. *When he leaves*. The phrase reverberating in her head, she reaches for her razor and *his* shave soap. It causes fewer bumps (she likes to tell herself that) and the razor glides through the slick shaving soap. Conditioner washing down the drain, she gets out of the shower and wraps up in a towel. Simulating safety and security, she steps to her sink to begin the process of making her face presentable.

It takes mascara, concealer, brow pencil, and red lipstick to look put together. Taking the time to blow-dry her hair, she racks through the potential dresses to wear. Not wanting anything *too* flashy, her brain tries to shape to brunch appropriate. Dressing for dinner with him was an entirely different ballgame.

A leisurely stroll to the closet walked so many times before. Traipsing through his area, she takes a moment to grab one of his ties. *Deep onyx black for later*.

It takes her 20 minutes after that to find a dress, shucking them on and off. Daring not to touch Herve Leger, it’s her birthday brunch and she wants to drink and actually eat. But her eyes land on a Givenchy one, deep black on the collars and sides, white everywhere else. Perfect neutrals, complimenting the red of her lips. Taking the hanger off the bar, she lays it carefully on the ottoman.

Going to pick shoes, the top two rows of the shoe rack are beginning to almost overflow with heels. Deciding on black So Kates (a sucker for a red bottom), she would have to change to something way more comfortable for dinner.

A black Givenchy Antigona later and she has an outfit. Not as lowkey as she wished, but Rey’s a slave to fashion and looking liable to crush throats beneath a stiletto.

Sliding the fabric onto her body, she begins to transfer the contents of her everyday purse (a Longchamp, practical for summer classes) to the Givenchy. Not willing to torture her feet in a Louboutin prison just yet, she bends down and carries them with her to the living room to wait.

Draping across the sectional, she kicks her feet up on the back of the couch. It was maybe only 2 minutes of laying down before she heard the garage door open. Sitting up, she does one last brush through her hair with careful fingers.

Dress shoes on the hardwood and he’s in the living room as she’s getting off the couch. Brown eyes gazing up and down, a bob of Adam’s apple lets her know exactly what he thinks. “Ready to go?”

Asking before the kissing starts, and they’re late. A quick nod and he’s holding out his hand to her. Taking it delicately, she meanders next to him to the garage.

“You wanna drive?” Never thinking he would ask, she nods enthusiastically.

“Of course. I’ve always wanted to drive a BMW.” *Her BMW*, in her name. Rey was set for the
next five-plus years on the vehicle front, probably more if she did her own maintenance.

The doors open without even having to push the button. “Also has remote engine start for the winter.” Ingenious, she never thought she’d have the ability to actually heat a car before she got in it. Chicago winters were blisteringly cold, unforgiving with biting winds. This changes everything.

“Holy shit.” Whispered as she gazes around the interior and goes to adjust the driver’s seat. Ben’s lazing in the passenger seat, long limbs accommodated.

The engine is a purr when she presses the push to start, heels and purse tossed in the backseat. “Drive carefully.”

“Duh.”

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Despite his warning, Rey did not drive carefully.

Speeding pretty much the entire way, a 13-minute drive turns into a cool 8-minute drive. Antsy at stop lights, barefoot against the brake with ferocity. Managing to get there in one piece and 3 minutes early, a silent drive on both of their ends leaves him anxious.

“They’ll like you. It’s small and intimate, not too many people.” Small and intimate is still horrifying, because college students are involved. Rey wasn’t the typical college kid, maturity and experience radiating off of her in crashing waves. He’s thirty-two, nearly ten years her senior. Of course, they’d get some looks.

Wearing newer Louboutins (bought about 3 weeks ago when Rey stopped looking coltish on Pigalles), she strides next to him into the quaint little brunch place. Kitschy looking, the outside painted blue and yellow, he hopes it’s not the place he recalls.

Of course, it would be, greeted by someone deep in his past. “Solo!”

Maz Kanata, mooning and still big eyed like remembered, is coming out of the backroom. Dressed in overalls over some flowery mess of a t-shirt, its an unneeded echo of old Thanksgivings. “Hey, Maz.”

Rey is looking confused between them. “Oh, you two. What a surprise” Speculative as she eyes them both up and down. Rey would be a regular here.

“We have a reservation under-” Trepidation filling Rey’s tone as she starts.

“Tico? Out on the patio, right by the fountain, you like so much. Happy Birthday by the way. Solo, we’ll talk later.”

An expectation, not a request. Nodding quickly, they start the trek to the back of the restaurant. “How does she know you?”

Not wanting to talk about this, he pushes it down, “She’s friends with my father and used to come to Thanksgiving.”

Thanksgivings were trauma personified, and Ben stopped going immediately after 23. Ben hadn’t even been at his parent’s house since the night when his father turned him away and told him to go back to what he knows .
No amount of begging from his mother would rectify the hole that Han Solo had so crudely punched out of his son. The lack of acceptance had made Ben turn inward and implode over the years until he stopped caring so much.

“But-”

“Can we talk about this later?” Snippier than intended, he wants to apologize as he watches her face fall.

“Rey!” Called by a high voice, a bubbly and petite raven-haired girl pads over to them. Throwing her arms around Rey in a hug, the bond and care for each other seems to pulse off of them. Ben’s glad Rey has someone that close to her.

“Rose.” Wistful as it’s breathed, Rey shuts her eyes as they hug. Pulling away a long moment later, she goes to wrap her arms around Finn.

Ben’s left to deal with Rose Tico, and she’s already proving to be a firecracker like her sister. Paige had warned him the other day when he mentioned the affair. “So you must be Ben.”

Nodding, he’s actually nervous. He’s stood in front of boardrooms before and some five-two girl was intimidating him. “You must be Rose.”

Offering his hand, Rose takes it with a firm shake. Obviously meaning business and scoping him out, “So what do you do?”

“I own a company.” Vague and just enough to placate, the flash of Rolex on his wrist getting her to back down a little. Someone he’s surprised to witness at the brunch table is Poe, lounging back with a bloody mary like an asshole.

“You’re here.”

Poe nods while sipping it. “I was invited. Come on Ben, let’s eat some brunch for the birthday girl.”

Not wanting to sit with his fucking CFO for a two-hour brunch, he bears it for the sake of Rey. There are two other people at the table, a blonde woman, and a brunette man. “Kaydel and Mitaka,” Rey mumbles under her breath, primly putting the napkin across her lap. Sitting across from a smug Poe, this lunch would prove to be a feat of nature.

“Rey and Ben, order what you want. I’ve got your guy’s tab,” Rose says. Poe cocks his head.

“Ah, I was gonna pick up the tab for the table.”

Baiting Ben and he bites, “I will. We can call this a company expense.”

A satisfied smile crossing Poe’s face, “Good. Free drinks for all.”

Free drinks seemed to draw college students like moth to flame, and Rey’s scanning the menu. Doing the same (he eats scrambled eggs every day, the variety was a necessity now, her hand casts over his thigh to rest. It was going to rest there the entire time, to ground and keep him from wanting to crawl out of his skin.

“So how did you two meet.”

Not a question from Rose’s lips, Kaydel looks particularly interested. Opening his mouth to
answer, “Through Finn and Poe.” Answered by her before he could even comprehend, she folds the menu and smooths out her dress. Hand not threatening to stray from his thigh, holding it to seemingly soothe her nerves.

A perky waitress comes by, her name slipping past him in a blur. Opting for just water (alcohol before five PM felt odd), Rey goes for the kill.

“Bottomless bloody marys for me. You all can have your own thing.”

Knowing she definitely won’t drink past 2 or 3 gives him solace for his anxiety. Ben can just drive her home and let her sleep it off until later, it was her birthday after all.

Everyone else orders drinks, and the breakfast orders roll in. They all seemed to be regulars but him, and he’s the personification of boring with his eggs benedict. Rey gets some sort of chocolate pancake fit for a four-year-old, endearing if they were anywhere else. Wanting to be anywhere else increases as the conversation steers to ages (it’s a birthday, why wouldn’t they). “How old are you Ben?”

Kaydel zeroed in, Rose also. “I’m personally thirty-four,” Poe says, taking on the brunt of the criticism. Grateful, “Thirty-two.”

Eyes rove over the both of them, and Ben sips his water. Condensation dripping off the glass from the ice melt, the heat gets him to shrug off his blazer. “Interesting. So you both work together at the same company. What do you do?” Rose was a smart girl, sussing him out like this. It can’t help but feel like an interrogation room.

“CEO and CFO. I do the day-to-day management while Poe does the financial.” Poe was the reason why he made money, not as naive as people want to believe in this whole business ring. Ben had his own hand in it also, understanding business enough to actually start one.

“They’re both good at their jobs,” Rey interjects after a bloody mary in. A flush is beginning to creep across her chest, and she’s too much of a lightweight to be drinking this early in the afternoon.

“I don’t doubt it at all.” Rose looking them up and down before huffing. Focusing her attention on Kaydel then, he’s glad to be out from under the microscope. His attention is consumed by Rey now, who’s leaning in close to his ear.

“I’m not wearing any panties.”

If he didn’t want to ruin her birthday, he would’ve dragged her to the bathroom and fucked her against the stall wall until she screamed. But alas, she’s only sipping her bloody mary and letting her smile spread into a shit-eating grin.

“All good Organa?”

Poe’s leering and he wonders if this is a conspiracy to kill him. Nodding, no answer passing his lips as he drinks more water for the arid climate his throat has become.

“So what did you get for your birthday, Rey?”

Asked down the table by Mitaka and its the first time Ben’s heard him speak so far. Sipping more of her drink, he can practically watch her contemplate. “A BMW.” Honest answer, he’s shocked
she’d divulge that she got 130,000 dollar car.

All eyes flit to him, and he only sips more of his water like he didn’t just hear her say that. Watching her drink more from the corner of his eye, “A BMW. You did good Ben.”

The restraint of holding off from kicking Poe under the miserable brunch table almost overpowers him. Instead, he opts for stoicism, practiced well when people are in question of him. “How do you find a guy to buy you a BMW? Asking for a friend.”

Rose is laughing afterward, but it’s not wholehearted. “You get lucky.” Rey’s hand coasts across his thigh. Needing a break (he hates the way this conversation is going), he takes his napkin out of his lap and gets up. Green eyes connect with brown in concern, “I’ll be back. No worries.”

Walking away from the table, it was now time to go in search of Maz Kanata. Opting for the back office, sneaking back there behind a waiter, he knocks on the door.

“Come in Solo.”

Maz had a knack of knowing exactly who was coming to grace her presence and it scares him even at thirty-two. Opening the door, the office is impossibly small. He guesses it used to serve as a closet, the desk shoved up against the wall and the door scraping along the back of Maz’s chair.

“So you and the girl. What’s that about?”

Right to the point, he shuts the door behind him and leans against it. Typing at the computer, he can tell she’s still listening.

“We’re in an arrangement together.”

“So you’re a couple. Good.”

A couple, the word sends coldness down his body that pools at the tips of his fingers.

“Not exactly-”

“If she isn’t your girlfriend, why does she stare at you like you’re the ocean and she’s in hundred-degree weather?”

Maz must’ve been seeing things again and he can’t help his laugh. “Your father misses you, you know. You act just like him sometimes.”

His father, all the comparisons between him and his father were almost broken records. Too stubborn, too snarky, uses his dick instead of his brain. Not answering, he looks at the carpet. “He’d like Rey-”

“I’m never going to talk to him again. I meant it when I said it.”

Ben’s self-imposed exile from the Organa-Solo family had been like a nuke going off with the family friends left to try to pick up the pieces. Maz had been the only one who had never stopped trying to pull him back in, to get him and his father in the same room.

“When are you going to realize that both of your parents are temporary on this earth, and you’ve wasted 9 years. You’ve proved your point, Ben.”

Proved your point. Far from even done, he laughs.
“I’m better without them. Clearly.” A lie from his own lips, he can’t even believe it. Ben couldn’t even let go of Leia, only holding her at arm’s length from him in the form of dinners on Tuesdays and emails back and forth.

“Sure you are Solo. Now for the girl, I think you need to begin being honest with yourself and admit that this is more than whatever you believe it is.” Not even looking at him still, he feels paper-thin.

“Good talk Maz.”

“Take my advice for once Solo.”

Though a suggestion, he leaves the office feeling more anxious than he did entering. The entire table is laughing when he sits back down and Rey’s three quarters through another bloody mary. Food hadn’t even arrived and the flush across her chest is fully present now. The same one she got when she was about to come, and he can’t complete the thought for posterity.

“Easy kid.” Low as he whispers it into her ear. Head-turning so their faces were in close proximity, she giggles.

“You look really nice today.”

Rey was lovey while drunk and he wishes it sustained to sober. “You’re drunk.”

“I’m not that bad and I can still appreciate you. Let me appreciate you.” Pout crossing her red lips, finger twirling through the ends of her hair. Looking innocent enough, he can imagine her popping a bubble of bright pink bubblegum. Image impossible to shake out, his hand only smooths over her thigh beneath the table. There was no way he could finger her at a brunch table, he’s not that risky.

The waitress saves him instead, Rey distracted by the food arriving at their table. The childlike excitement over food still broke him inside. He had divined (Rey didn’t like sharing at meals and had a hard time handing a snack bag over) that she had been without food more often than not growing up. It only tracked with the little he knew about her past.

Her monstrosity of a pancake she had ordered had birthday candles in it, whipped cream and strawberries placed in some garish smiley face. Obviously, she was dying over it, the alcohol helping the process of squealing and the photo-taking before they actually sang Happy Birthday.

The loud already drunken sinking drowned out his soft mumble in the (almost) right rhythm. Lung power increased by deepthroating his cock enough in the mornings, she blew the 23 candles out in one shot.

The sound of clinking forks on plates fills the air, everyone digging into the food they had been waiting so anxiously for. His phone vibrates in his pocket and he contemplates ignoring it. Instead, he checks it under the table, a text from Poe.

Try not to look like you’re dying too much.

Glaring at him, Ben chews his food with an effort not to grind his teeth at him. Sliding the phone back in his pocket, Rey glances over at him. Leaning in again, her lips peck his cheek and drift to his ear.

“We’ll be done soon.”

Were Poe and Rey on the same wavelength? Was Ben just dating Poe Dameron in disguise?
“And then you can do whatever you want to me for being so good.”

Breathed, committed to making his cock harden up against his thigh. Being so good was a new concept for him and he couldn’t have asked for anything more beautiful. Inspiring pretty thoughts, his head slightly turns.

“You’re beautiful.”

“I know.”

Working up an appetite after brunch (3 different ways this time, the food slowing her down significantly, dinner had been a quiet affair downtown. Italian food, as she requested. A headache had begun to dot her temples, getting her to have water instead of wine.

Tossing her clutch on the kitchen counter, Ben is shutting the front door behind him. The sound of Valentino shoes across hardwood fills the room as she walks to the couch to recline. Sure, she should take off the matching Valentino dress before she does, but Rey isn’t patient.

“You want the rest of your presents?”

There were more? Rey looks back over her bare shoulder, poised to lay back on the couch. “Um...of course.”

Getting off the couch and walking to him expectantly. “I have to get it together, but your part of your gift is in the closet.” Pecking her on the lips, Rey can’t necessarily argue.

“Of course. Take your time.”

You’re killing me. Wandering her way to grab her clutch again, Ben starting up the stairs before her. Waiting until he disappears down the hall (to his office she notes, constantly locked), she then takes the stairs carefully.

The pocket door of the closet shuts behind her, sequestering her to her side. The pink box that had become so familiar and that always caused flutters in her heart sat on the ottoman. Agent Provocateur had become her fashion soulmate for all intents and purchases. She kneeled carefully next to the ottoman, opening the box as carefully as she always did.

The black tissue paper reveals blue and yellow bra, garter, and panties. They resembled another set she had, glancing to the mirrored lingerie chest in reverence. Not hesitating (lingerie had become a second skin now), she begins to carefully shed all of her clothing. Putting on lingerie before sex was a time-consuming process for her, almost ritualistic.

Rolling the thigh highs onto her legs, she was ready a solid ten minutes later. Taking a deep breath while she does one last adjustment in the mirror, “You’ve got this. Whatever he’s got planned for you, you can take.”

One more smooth over her hips and dainty feet slide into nude Irizas. Louboutins had become a vigil, the red screaming sex and love louder than a megaphone. The door is closed when she reaches it, poising carefully with a lifted chin.

Knocking one, two, three times, she waits with bated breath until a muffled invitation is heard. A delicate press on the door has it sliding open, and she did not expect to walk into this.
The first thing that jumps out at her is the low lighting, a few candles scattered on the nightstands. Not cheesy, just romantic enough. Her eyes then flick to the bed, her breath catching in her throat.

Carefully bundled hundred dollar bills stacked on top, in a careful pyramid on the edge of the bed. A wrapped box sits on the bench at the foot of the bed. Ben’s stood next to the window, staring expectantly.

“You’ve outdone yourself.”

“Open it.” No preamble, a demand. His eyes blazing, roving over her. Tentative clicks of heels fill the silence, and Rey bends down to pick up the box carefully. He’s behind her like a shadow, looming and creeping.

Undoing the bright scarlet ribbon, it trails to the floor like a smear of blood. Lifting the lid of the box, she looks inside to a leather box of some sorts. Hands carefully lift it out, and there’s a clasp. Clicking it open, she cracks the lid with slightly trembling fingers.

Breath and all semblance of consciousness leave her, staring at the diamond collar laid out in the box. Ornate, cascading white diamonds managing to catch the light in the dim. White gold wherever there weren’t diamonds, it’s the most beautiful thing she’s seen. Looking back at him, he’s watching her with unreadable eyes. “You-” Instead of finishing, she wraps her arms around his neck and pulls him down to kiss her. Gratitude and thanks pushing through her lips, her body curls into his large one for protection and enclosure. Safety, even as their lips part with a trail of spit.

“Let me put it on you. Show me how beautiful you are.” Her hand delicately lifts her wavy hair (let down from its bun and gently combed through in the car), and his hands come to delicately put on the jewelry.

Fitting like a collar and a little restrictive, her hair comes back down to swish along her shoulder blades. Taking the opportunity to turn and crane her throat for him, her confidence exudes. A satisfied smile curling his lips, his hand knots in the back of her hair to crane her further.

“You’re fucking breathtaking in diamonds.” Whispered, leaning to kiss along the column of tan throat that wasn’t covered in the amount of money that a small boat costs. Remembering something, her head unwinds from his grip on her hair. Walking away before he could protest, she leans to reach into the nightstand.

The tie she had set aside rested in there, and she pulled it out with a flourish. Walking back to him, she holds it out to him. “What’s this?”

Rey glances from the tie back to him before holding out both of her wrists. “I don’t want to be able to walk tomorrow,” Rey’s stepping closer to him, “Do your worst to me.”

Ben’s worst was a mystery, knowing more dominant energy laid dormant within him. It was her job to draw it out, wanting all she could taste. Quirked eyebrow, his hands take the tie and begin to wrap it around her wrists. A professional at work, his bow perfect at the end.

Rey shifts her wrists to test the strength of the tie. Tight and secure, barely able to shift and move. Eyes dark, she looks up at him as he steps closer to her. Predator versus prey, being hunted while so beautiful while so beautiful was so thrilling. Pondering her while he rubs along his jaw, “Turn.”

Committed to making this interesting, she hesitates. Set jaw, his hand roughly grabs her bound arm and shoves her to turn. Not too hard, a smile flits across her face as she feels his eyes hungrily appraise her back. “I imagine you all bruised and full of my come.”
Hand running along her back, appreciative along the ridges of her spine. Then he presses on the small of her back, hard so her chest hits the bed. Her head adjusts to lay on its side, for any hope to see what he was planning.

Hand leaving her skin, she watches him circle around the bed. The pyramid of stacked cash sits on the bedspread still, and he assesses it up and down. Hand reaching out, it rips off the paper holding a bundle together.

Watching in confusion, the money dumps across the bedspread. Hands come to spread the dollar bills out, her eyes tracking each one.

Another rip, another.

Enough money is on the bedspread so that only peeks of the black comes through. Looping back around to stand behind her, “Look how well I take care of you, baby.” Still bent over the bed, her legs are splayed out in an unnatural way to bare her to him. Just bordering on uncomfortable, it’s the thrill of the situation that has her wet. Soaking sixty dollar French panties while staring at the cost of a small house was becoming a regular occurrence, indicative enough to get her thighs to press together.

“You can have everything you ever want with me.”

Belt clinking open, she imagines it taut in his hand. “Spread your legs for daddy. I didn’t tell you to move.”

The snap of the belt against his palm as a warning and she finds her legs spreading automatically. “Your wet little cunt is mine. Tell me it’s mine.” Voice having an edge, Rey can’t argue with it when she seeks friction.

Or anything he’ll give her. “My pussy is yours, daddy. Please.” The perfect girlfriend voice on, the submissive inside of her is stretching her arms over her head after a lazy nap.

“You’re mine. No one else can have you.” A dragon wrapping its tail around a overfull treasure chest, his hands coming to flip her onto her back to gaze up at him. Hungry, licking his lips as he looked down her front.

“You want me to touch your throbbing little pussy?”

Nodding up at him, his mouth spreads into an almost taunting smile. “Too bad. You have to please me before I do.”

Please him. It gets her to make the effort to sit up, nose bumping against his dress shirt covered stomach. Lips pressing against the button and into the hardness that was his torso. His hands come to unbutton his dress shirt, and Rey can’t stop nosing against him like he was the be all end all of her short-circuited brain. Shirt shrugged off and the slacks go next with socks and shoes, her lips meet his furnace skin. Kissing along each muscle her lips can find, he waits for her to finish her appraisal with her mouth. Of course, she has to tack on her teeth sinking into his right lat at the end.

It doesn’t last long, his hand tangling in his hair and jerking her head away from him. “Bad girl.” It’s said with a sort of smile almost tinging his lips like he’s trying hard to hide that he enjoyed it. Licking her lips as she moons up at him, he leans down to kiss her. Short and to the point, he leans back up and brings Rey eye level with his cock. Hard in his briefs, she wonders how long he’s been suffering from this.
She can’t resist leaning close and letting her mouth drift over the fabric. Breath hitching, she scoots even more to the edge of the bed to nose into the trail of hair down his stomach. “So desperate for a taste of my cock.” More than desperate. Oral had been growing to become one of her favorite things lately, preferring her head under the desk of his home office.

“Please daddy.” Whiny, knowing that’s just how he likes it. Rolling down his briefs, she watches him take himself into his hand. Tongue flicking across his slit, she tastes the saltiness that had become such a craving for her. Pretty gloss covered lips then wrap around his glans, cheeks hollowing as she sucks around him. Groan piercing his lips, his hand comes to stroke through her hair.

Head beginning to slowly bob, starting the process of taking all of him in her mouth. Rey’s going to take him even if she gags around his cock. He would probably like that anyway, preferring tears to stream out of her eyes and snot out of her nose. His hips buck, his cock hitting the roof of her mouth and getting her to slightly gag. “Oh, I’m sorry. Did my big cock hurt you?” Looking up at him, she takes him deeper in response.

Even pressing on the back of her throat she somehow doesn’t gag. Bobbing of her head slowly and increasing with earnest over time, her bound hands come up to cradle his balls carefully. Determined to make him come deep, she feels the head push into her. Slightly gagging around him, she takes him even deeper despite the tears in her eyes and the burn. His grip in her hair tightens like a vice, and he pulls her even further onto his dick so her nose is touching just above his pelvic bone.

Holding there almost hit the point of agonizing, the lack of clear deep breathing getting to her head. Manicured hand gripping his hip, her nails dig in hard enough to hurt. Slight tremble in his wrist, she can tell as he jerks her head off his cock and lets go of her hair. Wanting to reach up and wipe the snot and tears away, she’s glad when he does it himself. “You okay?” Whispered even though Rey hadn’t employed the safe word. Quickly nodding, she presses her lips just beneath his navel. “Did I do good daddy?” That’s all she wanted, to please him. Messy kisses trail width-wise across his stomach, noting how many kisses it needed to complete.

“You did wonderful sweetheart. You please daddy so much.” A lascivious smile on her face, she lets him push her up the bed. The dollar bills seemingly stick to her skin, his body eclipsing hers as she lays her head back against the pillow. A bird eyes view wouldn’t even show her, only the bound wrists slotting behind his neck.

All business, his hands reach to either side of her ribs, thumbs coming up and brushing across the hardened peaks of her nipples. Lips tangling up together, each tweak or graze of her nipple was met with more wetness between her legs. Lips breaking, they trail down her neck, slowly across the diamond collar. Each diamond presses into her throat with the pressure from his lips, leaving little notches in her skin.

“I own you.”

The notches in her throat, the bruises on her hips, the hoarseness of her throat. It’s all his. Normally this would freak her out, get her to run faster than you could say student loan forgiveness. Being under Ben’s wing was as easy as breathing even though hers was getting cut off by a hand wrapping around her throat. Not so new either, choking had been tested on and off over the last few weeks. She had choked him first, on top of him and finding her hands just wrapping around his throat while she rode him.

The conversation after that (and how he came in two minutes of that), determined it was something
to add to the repertoire. His hands on her throat are more with the diamonds, pressing down into her windpipe to cut off all essential air. Only staring up at him, she holds his gaze as the oxygen begins to leave.

“You look so pretty like this too, breathing when I let you.”

His hand comes off and she gasps for air, the burn still tearing her throat up inside. Not before his hand goes back, squeezing around her trachea. Her fingers grasp at her skin, wrists chafing against the fabric of the tie. Vision pops black and she stares up at him with half-bliss and half hazy oxygen loss. Pushing her to the edge, his hand comes off and her deep gasp for breath permeates the silence.

Delicate kisses press down her body as she catches her breath, Ben shoving her bound wrists out of the way. Fat, wet kisses just above the waistband of her panties. “You’re fucking soaked. Does daddy’s little whore like being choked?”

Nodding vehemently to please, his hands come to pull the panties down her thighs. The thigh highs roll with them, and he pushes her legs further apart. Its to accommodate him, hard and heavy on his thigh with the head of his cock tinted aubergine. Pre-come dripping off of the tip, he strokes himself while staring at her. “Tell me how much you want my cock.”

“I need you, daddy.” Biting her lip as she whimpers it, she never pictured she’d be spending her birthday underneath Ben Organa-Solo or begging for his cock. Apparently, it pleased him, smiling curling up on his lips as the pad of his thumb prodded at her clit.

“Top or bottom?”

A choice is rare, and her eyebrows furrow. Either do the work or let him do everything. The answer is obvious as her bound wrists settle to cradle the back of his neck. An unspoken decision reached, his hand comes between them to position himself between her thighs.

Eyes on her hips, “Damn, I marked you up.”

“Ben if you don’t fuck me—” Words are cut off as he pushes into her, Rey adjusted to his size so he nearly bottoms out. Mouth opened wide, the stretch still feels almost grating down her spine.

“You were saying?” Not moving, shit-eating grin on his face as he kisses her forehead. Rey’s eyes resist rolling back into her head, as his hips slowly move.

“Didn’t I tell you to do your worst?”

Staring up at him, able to make out the planes of his face in the low candlelight. “Let me fuck the birthday girl slow first. Don’t you want your present to last as long as possible?” There’s a dollar bill stuck to her ass, many of them stuck to her sweaty skin.

“You don’t even fuck me slowly in the mornings. What gives Organa?” Loving the sound of his last name off her lips, her bound hands rest on the expanse of his chest. Instead of answering, his lips press against hers to silence. His hips increase speed, hand coming to force her back to arch. It changes the angle in which his cock slams into her, her pussy fluttering around him.

Tongues and teeth collide, messy as his thrusts increase their pace. Dollar bills spill off the bed and hit the wood floor with tiny flutters like doves in the wind, in contrary to the lack of peace on top of the sheets.

Pace punishing, his hand comes between them to rub circles into her clit. Lips breaking, her
moaning is breathy and hoarse from the damage to her throat. Cracking on a *whine*, his ministrations don’t stop. They only get rougher, the vice in her stomach tightening until she feels as if her body will crack.

“You gonna come for daddy?”

Shaking her head defiantly (she liked messing with him in the throes of passion), his eyes *ignite*. “I’m sorry, you’re gonna come.” No negotiation, his hold on the small of her back changes so he slams *up* into her g-spot. It makes her back arch to his liking, loud moans and keens leaving her lips like a prayer.

Unspooling like a rope behind a car, she knows she’s *gone*. Gone enough for a whine of, “I love you.”

*I love you*.

Rey knows that she *definitely* said that as she comes around him, and he doesn’t seem to have heard it. Or he did, and he’s not going to say it back. She doesn’t know which option hurts more.

He’s riding out her high, trying to reach his in the same motion.

Spilling hot inside of her with a low *groan*, his hips slow and finally stutter to a stop inside of her. The silence hangs between heavy breaths, bound hands resting on her stomach. Ben leans down and kisses her nose. Then he kisses on top of the diamond collar, marking its place on her neck to stay.

“Happy Birthday.”

The *I*-word is only on her mind and the fact that she didn’t regret it.

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Chapter End Notes

8k and 7 cold showers later, we’re here. thanks to Emily, Mads and Lissa for the support and editing. last minute hugs to Verena for coming in clutch with the embedding for this authors note (u saved me). huge shoutout to the Writing Gamers for pushing me through this when i didn't think i could. thoughts and feelings welcome @ dankobah.

chapter title inspired by "off to the races" by lana del rey

Fashion list (its a long one lmao):

[Lingerie](#)
[Givenchy Dress](#)
[So Kates](#)
Valentino Dress
Collar
Rolex
Valentino Shoes
I want my cake and I want to eat it too, I want to have fun and be in love with you

Chapter Summary

It’s silent, his hand leaving her shoulder. Ben knows what it’s like, being felt when your skin flames with fear. Head hangs, tiny hairs stuck to the perspiration on the back of her neck. Leaning back against the headboard, he observes her.

“I...I’m sorry.” Mumbling, he wants to kiss all over and tell her there isn’t a reason to be. Instead, his hand touches her spine, examining the stiffening and the subsequent rest of each vertebra.

“I want to hold you.” For his benefit more than hers, he shelters the ones he loves.

Loves.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He had heard her.

Obviously, he did and he heard her every time after that. During sleep, under her breath when he walks out the door to go to work after he fucks her. At first, it had been innocuous, slipping in and unconsciously spreading and twisting roots in his head.

Nothing actually sank in until four months in, following the shutting of the door behind her as she left his place until the next Wednesday. It hits him like a semi, the impact already built up to a tipping point.

Why didn’t he say it back? Wasn’t it customary to say it back? Ben grasped nothing about love or the general processes of admitting something of the sort. Love is more than frightening to him, burning so much and taught so harshly. Ben wasn’t loved growing up. Well, he was loved, many of his therapists just claimed that it wasn’t in the right way. The ‘normal’ way so to speak, the analysis still rocking his psyche to this day. If he wasn’t loved in the right way then how could he love anyone in the right way?

Rey can’t love him. There’s no possible way. What is he to Rey besides someone contractually indebted to have her back? Financially, but his big and bleeding heart has to bring other emotions into it. How typical Ben, his mother would eventually scold.

Atypical presents as sleeping like a baby these days, the rest so odd that it takes four minutes to rouse to whimpering next to him. Stifled sounds and he recalls through the haze that Rey is in bed with him.

Turning quickly on his side, she’s curled into a compact fetal position. Bra abandoned long ago, he can recognize the clammy sheen on her back from the moon peeping through the window. Thoughts speed to a stop, instinct having him push the covers down his body and onto hers. Futile, meaning to only protect and keep warm more than he possibly could.
“Rey, Rey-” Leaning down to whisper into her hair, quivering hands pushing strands of brunette hair away. He’s green to this portion of panic, only rousing to his own body-rocking and violent nightmares. There usually isn’t anyone to kiss tears for those, only the hot shower water on his backbone that brought him back to the now.

Palm wrapping around her shoulder, he’s gently shaking her to stir. “Don’t hurt me, don’t hurt me-”

Hand freezes. *Don’t hurt her? He isn’t hurting her, is he-

“Please. Please, stop. Stop, stop. **STOP!**” Clutching her shoulder, his hand still keeps its grasp when she shoots up to sit. Shuddering breaths rock her body, tiny hands twisting into the Egyptian cotton. A thousand thread count, he remembers buying the grey for her to oppose the black that spread across the mattress. His little lightning bug needed something lighter after all, not the dark of the night against her back or smashed into her face.

It’s silent, his hand leaving her shoulder. Ben knows what it’s like, being felt when your skin flames with fear. Head hangs, tiny hairs stuck to the perspiration on the back of her neck. Leaning back against the headboard, he observes her.

“I...I’m sorry.” Mumbling, he wants to kiss all over and tell her there isn’t a reason to be. Instead, his hand touches her spine, examining the stiffening and the subsequent rest of each vertebra.

“I want to hold you.” For his benefit more than hers, he shelters the ones he loves.

Loves.

Urging that out of his head, there are more pressing matters as he connects the few tiny moles across her back. Stars in a moonless sky, it reflects the conditions greeting them beyond the glass. Nodding her head after a long pause, she scoots back and leans against his chest. A slack arm comes around her ribs, tucking her closer to him to calm the small trembles that rock her foundation.

Rey is impervious and witnessing otherwise makes him feel speculative. This is nothing new, only something people in their league of trauma could comprehend so thoroughly. “Do you want to talk about it?” He’s right in his prediction when she shakes her head. Only here for her comfort and safety, his thumb counts each rib on her left side. One, two, three, four...quietness trickles in again, and a glance at the clock shows it’s four thirty. Ben has to be up for work in 2 hours, but it’s the last thing on his mind.

Time ticks by as her breathing evens, and he’s sworn she’s nodded off until “Please don’t leave me.”

**Please don’t leave me.**

It’s so far from the actual intention that he wants to laugh aloud. Reaching towards her instead of abandoning her, he needs her to breathe.

Though she needs him to eat.

“I would never dream of it.” Kissing the crown of downy hair, her little shivers come back again. The comedown of panic always rolled like the tides, pulling you down into the deep where nothing exists anymore.
Her body remains against his, his own breath aiding the gathering of hers. “Can I get you anything?” Soothing after a panic attack is only practiced on himself, never on someone else. Some would argue callousness being the reason for the coldness, Ben argued in the case of emotional energy.

“Wanna watch TV.” Barely audible, she’s somehow wormed her way to lay her face against his chest. Definitely a doable request, he’s leaning easily to reach into the nightstand drawer. Grasping the remote, it’s a quick press of the button to reveal the TV behind a glass inset.

“Course it would be behind a panel.” Fair criticism, it gets a snort as he flicks it on. Permanently tuned on a news channel, he quickly flips it. That is depressing and they didn’t need it right now.

Pushing a strand of hair to the side, he looks down at her. “HGTV.” Also predictable, he flicks through the guide and lands on the on demand. Ben paid good money for the lack of commercials when he actually wanted to watch TV. Selecting House Hunters International, he picks a random episode and starts it. Rey’s just listening, face hidden against his skin.

Not that he’s watching either, eyes flitting to the open curtain to watch the quiet tree-lined street. Tungsten reflects onto the pavement, the glisten of fresh rain bouncing off the pavement. “What are your parents like?”

A loaded question but it must be weighing so heavily in her brain. Mustering his unbiased account of it, he hums, “My mom worked in politics since I was a baby, State Senator. She had me on a Saturday and went back to work that Tuesday if it’s indicative of anything. My father—"

Words catch in his throat. Fucking asshole.

“I don’t think he wanted to be a father. I don’t think either of them had planned to be parents then, so I was a shock. Maybe I ruined a grand plan or something. Anyways,” pausing to lick his lips, “I never went without. Most people wouldn’t understand why I’m complaining, I’m sure my therapist would similarly agree.”

Unable to move on from dropping that undesirable little detail, “I just wanted someone to tuck me in, kiss my wounds, drop me off at school. They were consumed in themselves and then they subsequently consumed each other.” Separating only to get tentatively back together when Ben was twenty-one, constant fighting and passive aggression coloring his childhood in a dusk, sucking all life out of what the movies portrayed a family to be: picture perfect, no cracks in the glass. No incident of a son breaking his father’s nose, no sobbing, no kicking out, nothing wrong.

Although it is foolish to hope for such things.

“I don’t talk to my father. I see my mother when I can, but somehow she’s always here.” For being the Senator of Virginia, she popped up in Illinois quite often. Though Ben suspects she’s nearing retirement from that life, no plans for future campaigns conveniently popping up at lunch where he can’t escape.

Not that he cares. Definitely not.

“Why don’t you talk about your father? Besides now.”

What a complex and disarming question, requiring complete honestly. Even if he looks like the bad guy, the weak one.

“I think…” Buying time for his speeding brain to collect its shit. Taking long enough to feel her eyes peek up from his skin to stare at him.
Rushing out, “I think maybe I feel like I disappoint him? Still. After all of that.”

There he is, that ugly little subconscious that scares so many and drove so many of his desires. Crippling self-doubt, insecurity in his soul and all that he’s amassed to name some. Is the facade enough? Did people look at him and see a whole, smart, and calculating man?

Or did they only see a trembling and husked boy? Ben desires to kill the boy inside of him, enduring for so long, never being successful and only highlighting the craving more. Wanting to take his words back, he has to exist with them as she stares at him.

As she sits up and turns to look at him, the light from the television casts her outline in a color shifting halo. Delicate fingers come to hold just beneath his jaw, tipping his head to gaze at her.

“I think that if he witnessed you right now, he would be very proud of all that you have managed to accomplish. In just under a decade, to boot.” Quietly divulging it, he can practically see her eyes gleam in the dark.

Hesitating before a, “I’m proud of you. If he doesn’t recognize your accomplishments, so many others already do and many more people will.”

Throat constricts and he’s unable to respond for an uninterrupted thirty seconds. It buys him time to attempt to swallow the lump, realize that’s improbable, and instead sniffle. Helpless to respond even after that, he’s worrying his voice will crack from long-buried emotion and on words he’s not ready to say.

*I love you more than you know, I want to spend the rest of my life with you.*

Alternatively, it's easier to sit upright with her. Her legs winding to cage around his back, his head tucks into the crook of her neck to naively soothe and stifle the sobs that want to rack his body.

It’s taken him fifteen years to whisper a fear and instead of feeling lighter, he feels lost.

He’s unable to stop a small whimper of, “Thank you.” Rumbling, it makes him feel brittle and likely to shatter into bone fragments. Fragments to only become dust like every other fear he holds deep in the cavity of his chest.

Some say a heart lives there, that hurt can’t collect there. Ben disagrees. Pain mounts there and builds thick walls that starve his heart from beating. From loving ordinarily.

Rey deserves capable love, untainted love. Patient, kind, tender.

Nothing that he can ever dream to provide.

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“I like emerald on you.”

Alike eyes peep down at the Jason Wu swathed over her figure, at the tiny peeks of Casadei pump that walking revealed. Not walking, more like gliding in his easy grip.

Charity events made her trembling nervous, especially charity events with millions of dollars of art surrounding them or the high society Chicagoans that spoke to the both of them like the act is only mere child’s play. This is Olympus, where the gods gathered, a place only seen atop Ben’s shoulders.
Rey had never dreamt of such a night or such a crowd. A pinch-me moment, eyes blowing wide at just the chocolate fountain. Chocolate that was greedily licked off by a Dali, his lips lingered to kiss across her knuckles in a dizzying display of adoration after.

The feeling continues with the kiss to the shell of her ear as he compliments her, lingering to inhale her perfume. It’s close enough to breathe his own Prada Luna Rossa. How fitting that her moon smell like a moon, casting his own light tonight for any to admire.

No one saw the dark side of the surface but her, the tiny twitch of his fist at yet another cleavage glance. Or the rumble of a growl at a touch from yet another businessman making commitments he can’t keep. Delicate touches soothe the boiling to a simmer, kissing soothing the simmer down to a tepid rest.

“You look good in tuxes.” Regarding his lapel, Rolex catching her side eye. The Picasso they were supposedly viewing took a backseat, focus lingering upon him. Their own little world, how deep of a dream this is.

A bubble just anticipating being popped.

Ben had held her until she dozed off the night before, even after his body shaking emotional release. That had to mean something right? Rey had to be cracking through some of the impenetrable walls surrounding his person if he was talking about his family.

Maybe she had some hope beyond a year, maybe even a lifetime. Their life could be this beautiful permanently if he would only let her show him.

Optimism equals a cold-blooded killer, reality coming and throwing a ninja star to slit her throat.

“Ben?”

Turning in his arms, the silk glides against waxed skin before settling into its natural silhouette. Smudged kohl-lined eyes can only take in someone so recognizable from all the google searches and perhaps the google alerts she had set up on her person.

Leia Organa is draped in black. It looks like a Saab, Rey swears she saw it the last season. Following fashion seasons now, it’s a phenomenon how far a girl would crawl to mesh with a man she adores.

And how glaringly little he bends concerning her. His arms leave, her skin submerging into ice. Everything is so cold, and he’s so far away with an unusual foot of space between them. Shock is ripping little currents through her veins, the pain suddenly so prevalent.

“Mother. This is my... associate, Rey.”

Associate.

The dictionary would likely have a synonym of ‘nothing’ to accompany, all of that sitting beneath a picture of her face. A face that was composing into the coolest mask imaginable, body shutting down like a marble whirling around a drain.

Around and around it goes.

“Can I talk to you, Ben? Alone?”

Glancing to her, she’s not registering him. Not the bite of his lip, the burn of his cheeks.
Instead, “If you could excuse us.”

Asking nicely as if it won’t hurt her like it was only the weather forecast. Things were at a downpour.

“Please.”

Plunk. Down into the dark where the marble belongs, everything is suddenly distant from her. Rey isn’t here anymore.

“I’ll be in sculptures or…” Trailing off, mechanical movements take over her limbs as she turns her back to him.

An emotional nuke has gone off, Rey can practically watch the ash color the air. Or its the flakes of Yves Saint Laurent babydoll mascara in her eyes from her tears, appearing as soon as she exits the exhibition. Take me away from here.

Drifting away in stormy water, the tenebrous tides pull her down; further into the deep, further into the trembles that rock her when fresh air drowns her. The crisp night air makes her lungs throb as she runs down the steps. No care for her abandoned coat can even present before her back hits the concrete pedestal that a green plated lion stands.

Thankfully she has her clutch, she isn’t stupid enough to let it go.

Stupid enough to love him, however.

Trembling fingers type the only number she cares about, the dial tone filling her head where only static assembled.

One ring.

Associate.

Two rings.

That was his mother. Ben doesn’t want you to meet his mother.

Three rings.

Help me, I’m drowning.

“Hello?”

Sobs racking her body at Finn’s voice, pitiful whimpers leave her throat and pretty manicured nails tear at the concrete so the paint could chip away.

“H-He...he-” Gasping for air, the dress won’t let her. Panic squeezes around her neck and shakes her head hard enough to make it snap. Rey’s lost the prospect of Ben, she was never anything to him-

“Rey, you need to articulate-”

The phone clicks, her thumb trembling as it pulls away from the button. A wail leaves her, smothering it into her arm so no one can view the break apart of someone usually so mighty. Splintering off and shattering, the world is spinning.
Time ticks, phone vibrating in her palm. Rationality gone, she throws it against the pavement to make it stop. It doesn’t cease, bouncing up from the resilience of the case. The vibrations continue across the pavement, mimicking her spine. So cold.

“I tried calling you.” Voice splitting across her skin like a belt, rigidity locks her spine into place. Unable to look, the tears and the cold shoulder are speaking for themselves.

So much so that it's only his hand on her shoulder, contrary to the engulf his body normally performs. “Please look at me.”

Shaking her head, the sniffle that accompanies is thick. Her tongue is heavy, throat stifled by a lump that would give her frailty away. Strong girls didn't cry, no one kisses their tears. No one cares about them, only throwing them into their little games to really test them.

Ben used to be strength and safety, he used to be a walking dream. This is a nightmare, this is Ben leaving her at the bottom of a well.

This echoed her mother leaving.

“Please take me home.”

No preamble, she doesn’t dance around when everything feels so shaky.

They weren’t going to talk about this.

Chapter End Notes

hey, hi, hello its been awhile. i’m gonna be real with you guys about why this update took so long, and it's not a pity me party in case anyone wants to get upset.

my mental health has been horrible, maybe the worst it's ever been in a few years. i won't go into gory details but i'm not having a fun time, and writing (which is usually cathartic), has become daunting. i don't want to disappoint people or leave them hanging, but i needed some time for me and i still do.

this isn't a guarantee for on the dot updates. if that bothers you, i am sorry but i am only human. i have school on top of everything else i do in my daily life. be patient with me.

thanks to Meg for the beta and support. you can find me @ dankobah.

chapter title inspired by "Lolita" by Lana Del Rey.

fashion:
Jason Wu
Casadei Pumps
it's okay to say you've got a weak spot, you don't always have to be on top

Chapter Summary

He’s losing her, his heart plunging further into the inky ocean. “Rey, I don’t want you to pay me back.” He wonders when his voice got so meek and mild. At some point, he should knock on his lower register’s front door to make sure it’s even alive.

Another exasperated sigh tinges the airspace. “My pride says otherwise.”

Ben can’t hold his tongue, rushing forward like that bloody elevator in the Shining that scared him so much as a child. Losing her is even scarier and he’s trying to push away irrationality with a ten-foot-long pole. “Your pride doesn’t stop me from caring for you.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

She’s drifting away from him in stormy seas and it’s taking everything he has not to go under the surface.

It’s been different since the donation gala in minute ways. What was unusual was driving her apartment after, her actual home that he pays half the rent on. The dispassionate kiss she gives him before slamming the front door shut and locking it is also different.

Rey’s leaving him.

Like everyone else does.

Ben’s known for being hot-blooded, having a fire burning so deep in his body that consumes him as it pleases. Usually, the flames lick up the base of his brain to sit and smoke, to fog his head with all sorts of intrusive thoughts. But all he feels is cold and lost, snowfall in comparison to sparks. There’s nothing to be angry at but himself and he doesn’t have the energy anymore.

He has done something wrong. Of course, he has, he shouldn’t have dubbed her as his associate that night. Ben should’ve been plain and honest about it, instead of having to admit it to his mother after Rey promptly departed.

“She’s not an associate to you.”

Plain and simple as they gaze at the Picasso they’re still stood by. His eyes are flitting to the entrance into the exhibit, willing his love to come back to him. To really redo that, to scream from the rooftops that he loves her.

“No, she isn’t.”

Voice thick as he speaks it, he’s fishing his phone out of his pocket for some sign of stability or her. A quick gaze at his phone background (Rey cheesily grinning next to the Bean), centers him for
only a moment.

“I approve. I haven’t had a conversation with her, but I approve.”

Leia Organa, for the first time in her life, approved of her son’s judgment. Unbeknownst to him, she supports a lot of his decisions.

The damage has been done though, reflecting in the soft pulling away of his sunshine. It leaves him in the dark to die, hemorrhaging blood and love that his heart so severely needs. It starts with canceling days. Citing tests, sickness, emergency appointments, it’s becoming harder and harder to get her in his sphere. He doesn’t even care about sex anymore, he just needs her around. He wants her to hold if anything, to level him out.

Ben’s fucked up bad. He’s horrid at fixing colossal fuck-ups and there’s no way he’s going to talk about this situation in therapy. Instead, he’s going to take matters into his own messy hands and try to place as many band-aids as possible over the gaping gash. It’s what he can do while he figures out how to stitch it back together without shaky hands. Rey deserves clean sewing.

He does the irrational first, sleuthing out who to call to pay her student loans. It’s her last semester and he doesn’t want her to flounder that kind of stress when she graduates. It's water off his bank account’s back. After that’s done, he struggles to find what else he can fix. He’s already paid her portion of the rent for the rest of the year, teaming up with Poe Dameron to make it look less conspicuous. She knows he’s done that, and accepted it with little resistance.

A week passes. Then another, and another. Nothing changes in that time.

Ben just wants to take care of the love of his life. So he throws the hammer down, always hating when he has to dominate her in daily life instead of behind the closed doors of his bedroom.

He invites her over on a Thursday night, irregular for their arrangement. He makes sure his texting tone is firm as he leans back in his office chair and kicks his feet up on his home office desk.

I need to speak to you. Sooner the better.

She’s read it within a minute but the type bubble doesn’t come up until five minutes later. It’s so hard for him not to hyper-fixate, so he tries to busy himself on his weekly peruse of Bergdorf Goodman. The cursor of the mouse doesn’t even stray to the women’s tab, knowing he needs to soothe the turbulent seas before he can toss material things at her.

His phone begins to ring, echoing like an ambulance siren screaming into the parking lot of the ER. Trembling hands pick up the device and answer it, holding it up to his ear as he closes the windows on his computer.

No hello. “I will listen to you.”

He can’t help his sigh of relief.

“But you need to be fully honest with me.”

His heart sinks. Did Rey consistently think he beat around the bush with her? Ben may be emotionally unavailable, insecure, and definitely a little possessive of the wrong things, but he’s not a liar. Sometimes he omits to save his skin.
“I promise. You want to do this in person?” Ben can’t do something like this over the phone, needing to scan her facial expressions and compartmentalize himself. He’s also a better talker when he can see the subject and feel the room out. Simple things like that get him through meetings, through boardrooms at other companies, through his mother’s chatter.

Ben needs to see her.

“I can be over in ten.”

Another sigh of relief breezes from his lungs, praying that it’s inaudible over the crackle of the connection. “See you then.”

There isn’t any farewell on her end, only the click of a hang-up. His heart drops into his stomach, to mix and mingle with stomach acid to burn away the sinew and vessels that held it together. He can’t have anxiety now, of all times.

Opting to rise from his desk, he stretches his arms over his head to abate the coiling spring in his spine. It does nothing and he’s realizing very quickly that he’s going to have to go into this thing with a panicky demeanor. How unalluring of him. He’s pacing the length of his living room for quite a while, chewing on his nails in deep thought. What could be a good opener for something like this? It’s unreasonable to bombard her and kiss her until his body hurts from the force.

No, this is a conversation, one that he needs to bring clear and concise professionalism to. Steeling himself, he’s actually prepared when he hears the key turn in the lock and the deadbolt swing open. Then the slam of a door, the rubbery steps of sneakers on his hardwood.

Luckily, his house is an open concept so they can look upon each other with little time passing between her arrival and the pin drop. The stare is foreboding, so listless that he feels the weight of a boot on his throat. She’s unusually disheveled with her hair thrown into a half up/half down bun, fluorescent lime scrunchie bobbing as she slows to a stop in front of his breakfast bar. Sweats and a non-descript t-shirt hang off the rest of her frame and the only thing that’s clearly luxe is the Saint Laurent wallet and BMW key in her grip. The normal Pumas on her feet are comforting and familiar to him.

His throat is dry, adjusting the sleeves on the now stuffy aubergine dress shirt. “Hey.” At least he manages words. Running and hiding is way more appealing right now.

Her eyes burn a hole right into him, leaving the edges seared and smoking. “I need to know something.” Promptly moving into business is necessary, Ben along for the ride.

Summoning up strength and confidence, he only nods and steps closer to her. Not in a predator way, not getting into her space. Only respect and a display of equality. He’s listening to her, making sure she isn’t talking to a brick wall.

A sharp inhale rocks her before she visibly swallows. He wants to hold her, to reassure her that he’s here. He needs her, he wants her so bad that it hurts to breathe sometimes. She’s close enough to taste. “I tried to pay my student loans this month and they said I had no balance.”

So she knows about that. Ben’s truthful, calming his tone. “I paid them last week.”

She might not want reasons why or she might desire to yell at him for it. The silence is even
worse, along with the rise of her hand to pinch between her brows.

“Why.”

She’s not outwardly angry. More perplexed than anything and he wonders if she understands the core of his being that he thinks she understands. Maybe he’s fucked this up beyond repair and he can’t fix it. Odds so dismal have never stopped Ben before and they certainly can’t for the one he loves. He decides to speak from his brain, rooting around for that feeling of Oxytocin he needs right about now.

“I want to take care of you, in every single way.” Emphasis lands on the last three words and silence webs between them again. The quiet is pushing on his shoulders and crushing his spine like a car at an impound lot.

Then she sighs, walking past him to the couch to throw down her wallet and keys before turning back to look at him. “You know I can’t pay you back.” Her tone takes on a sort of breathy quality, skin flushing a deep pink. She marches away again, leaning onto her elbows across the coal-black quartz countertops with her back to him.

He’s losing her, his heart plunging further into the inky ocean. “Rey, I don’t want you to pay me back.” He wonders when his voice got so meek and mild. At some point, he should knock on his lower register’s front door to make sure it’s even alive.

Another exasperated sigh tinges the airspace. “My pride says otherwise.”

Ben can’t hold his tongue, rushing forward like that bloody elevator in the Shining that scared him so much as a child. Losing her is even scarier and he’s trying to push away irrationality with a ten-foot-long pole. “Your pride doesn’t stop me from caring for you.”

Tone taking on a sort of warbly matter-of-fact, he wonders if she can smell the fear dripping out of his pores. Or hear the scuff his own Saint Laurent oxfords make on the floor when he walks forward to her.

The emotionally-charged gun cocks when she whips around to stare him down. Now he’s really taking in her face, slightly puffy and nose sniffing. Old tear streaks paint her cheeks, glittering on the tops beneath the harsh lighting he’s programmed for this area of the house. “This is supposed to be an arrangement, I wasn’t supposed to…”

Her words crack off and he feels the splinters enter his chest and narrowly miss his slowing heart. They’re still wreaking havoc inside his body, trickling out toxicity and contempt for himself. His nose can scent the childish fear mingling with his own Tom Ford Tobacco Vanille, her sadness swinging a bat at the back of his head and cracking his skull wide open.

“I wasn’t supposed to either.” Ben didn’t go into this looking for his soulmate or anything. The point of a sugar daddy and sugar baby arrangement is the no-strings-attached. The lack of emotional availability, the presence of an over glorified Chia Pet that he can dress nicely, and the clause to fuck like he owns her are all a portion of the contract he’s drawn up. Rey crawled underneath his high defenses and bit into him, enticing forward a beautiful sensation into his hindbrain. Rey cares for him (or cared, depending on how this goes). Instead of being the sole provider, he is receiving her own brand of TLC like a steady drip into a vein.

She makes him feel whole and he loves her for it, along with all the innumerable reasons that rival
all the stars in the nebula. “You’re just saying that.”

Why does she doubt him? Why does this hurt so bad? The words constrict his airways and wait for his face to mimic puce. He can’t respond now.

Rey hasn’t fared well since the gala.

What girl would? Can anyone blame her for the slam of her front door that had the force to shake the tiny flat? Or the way she slumped against the wood and sobbed into her quivering fingers?

She feels so stupid, even as the infraction whizzed by in both of their lives. Rey isn’t fantastic at letting things go or giving up on finding out an answer. Ben not saying anything about the event only made her blood go from a simmer to a boil, sweat beading on the back of her neck every time she replays the image inside her steamy head.

She pulls away from things that don’t lend to her. Ben became the object she needs to leave; Her rage turns him into a monster that rips out her backbone and eats it until the gore drips on the ground and the smell of rot hits her nose. Her heart becomes an icecap and she throws him in a locked icebox with the others who have hurt her. She wonders if he can see her parents in there and know what they look like before she ever can dream of it.

During this uncharacteristically quiet stewing process, she hasn’t spent a single cent allotted to her from his overflowing pockets. Money, a thing she so desperately craved previous, became so tainted and repulsive that a sour film coated her gnashing teeth. Surrounding herself with a collection of pretty things didn’t hinder the ugly nuclear fallout in her heart, and the quietness turned into crimes against fashion. Finn had to pull her away from smashing the first pair of Louboutins that Ben ever bought her into the countertop. She only wanted the heel to crack off and render his purchase unusable. She feels like the previous presence of an NDA is strangling the cries for help she’s forcing out by the minute, zipping her throat shut and tightening a noose around her throbbing pulse for extra assurance.

Love matters more than money and he cruelly neglects the former. She didn’t even meet his fucking mother, someone she comprehends from her own research into his life. Good girlfriends researched, right? They knew their twin flames inside and out and Ben threw the ax down onto her neck when she wanted to slip into his life and twirl around in it like a Caroline Herrera wedding gown.

The cusp of emotional energy that falls apart at the last second is just a repercussion to the contract she knowingly signed. Rey can’t be in this type of arrangement anymore, not when she loves someone and needs more than materials and sex.

They’re standing at a cavern of an impasse and one of them has to fall into the dark. She intends to run away until bile spews from her throat and she can’t go on. It’s a need to save herself from more aching and cracking hearts that drives this feeling. She can stop this, she always has the right to.

It’s a week and two days from the last time she saw Ben, that visit ending in sex where she wrapped her hands around his throat and rode him until his cum leaked from her in little drips. She didn’t even kiss him after, only slid on the nearest jersey dress she could find and left without a look back.

Now he wants to talk, banging on the inside of cooler door until her ears finally tune in. That’s
why she’s here now, with puffy eyes and tear streaked skin and staring him down like a western standoff. Her heart is the town they’re fighting over and he’s doing a horrible job defending his turf.

But his words still give her enough pause to deny his truthfulness. Rey denies things that she can’t cope with and the fact that Ben could have loved her this entire time makes the blood in her body turn to ice.

Her nose wrinkles with another sniffle and his silence have her eyes refocusing on the floor to keep the tears from spilling like the drive over here.

Then he clears his throat. “You said I was to be fully honest with you.” Her request bites her in the ass like she knew it would.

Her hands come up to rub her face, hoping to buy some time to speak.

“Rey, I should’ve said so. I know that, but you have to understand—“

She interrupts before he can continue his lovely looking words. “What do I not understand? That you knew this entire time that this is more to me? And you still left me believing that I could somehow change your mind before the year is up?”

Ben opens his mouth but she’s not done, fresh anger making her feet stomp and shoulders square off. “I don’t want money anymore, I could do without sex for the rest of my life, I just want you. Only you.” Rey may have gone into this with dollar bills clouding her vision but it’s not worth it anymore.

Her foot stomps and her hands are back to rubbing her face, trying to relieve the tension in the hinges of her jaw that are so tempted to grind her teeth. Ben scrapes his feet across the floor, as he always does when he’s anxious. Typically she would set a hand on the expanse of his chest and tuck her face into his neck to ease both parties.

“My family didn’t grow up expressing love to each other, okay? It didn’t cross my mind that it could be something you wanted.”

Is he really this obtuse? She recalls their conversation about his father, about their fractured family. Rey can’t imagine the repercussions of that; she only knows not having a family like the back of her hand. Raw tension still feeds on her vulnerability. Lucky for her, he continues speaking with a strained tone, unlike anything she’s heard in the six months knowing him. “I understand if you’re finished with this but I can’t give up on someone that makes me happy.”

Green eyes really focus on brown now. Happy is something to be built on, extrapolated into reasons why. A simple happy is a cop-out in her opinion.

He’s trying to mean more though, jaw straining beneath his skin and taut shoulders. Maybe he’s going to actually spell it out. “Please, Rey.” There’s an edge of pleading there and he’s gulping down air like he’s been rescued from drowning.

His hand is held out for her to take, visibly trembling.

”We can get rid of the contract. I will work on anything that helps repair this.” Her own hands begin to shake and she can’t touch him.
She swallows, mouth dry and many words getting caught in a net. They manage to rip through the webbing with a blade anyway. “Ben I-I-” She’s trying to speak faster than she can process and it is evident in her eyes screwing shut. The words she’s looking for pop behind her eyelids and stay as she rubs on them like dry erase disappearing off a board.

Then she opens them and stares at his wobbling lip and shiny irises that are holding back moisture. She’s never witnessed him cry. Sure, she’s been privy to his anger, never towards her and usually beat out during sex or into the heavy bag that hangs in the garage. But tears are foreign in his umber eyes. “Happy is so...simple, Ben. Why do I make you feel that way?”

Rey needs reassurance that these aren’t just nice and pre-planned words. His mouth opens, then shuts into a thin line as his own palms push along his jawline. There’s stubble, a rare thing during the weekdays. Usually, it only scratches her body during the weekends.

This conversation seems impossible, like knocking on a solid metal door and receiving no answer. Her lips turn down and her heart stutters at the fact that he’s hesitating for so long, and she’s willing the tears to stay far away. “Ben.” A voice crack punctuates the end and she shoves her hands into the pockets of her sweats so she won’t touch him.

Then he speaks, voice composed and so quiet. “I went through a lot of my life alone and tolerating it, while still feeling like something is missing with me. That I lack something. Rey, these are the first six months where I’ve felt whole.”

Her eyes remain on him, absorbing his words like a sponge soaking up blood in a surgery room. All the blood is gone from her body and head, unable to really respond. Luckily, he continues. “Maybe that’s super sentimental but I just...I can’t explain why I feel whole with you. It’s just a feeling and I can’t articulate things like this, but I’m really trying to.”

He steps forward again and she finds she walks forward herself. Both tentative, he still stares at her when her eyes flit away. “I just want to take care of you in an emotional and physical way that goes beyond monetary amounts. Though I can’t stop that last urge, I need you to let me try to properly show you the first two.”

Rey needs to give him a chance. Being abandoned again is a prospect that makes her body violently shiver at night. She’s been hurt so much in the past, hit until blood spurts from her mouth and asphyxiated cries leave with the iron and rust.

She’s ready to be brave and let him work at her walls. Clarity floods her neurons and her chin tips up in with a set focus. “I need open communication to continue this. I don’t always need to know the reasons why you do something or feel a certain way. I just need to know that you’re feeling something.”

Before he can speak again, she adds quickly, “And I want to meet your mother.” At this point, she has the right to.

Ben nods in what looks to be determination, wiping his nose with the back of his hand and sniffling again. “You have my word. I need openness as well.”

Perhaps Rey could be more open also, she knows this from countless analyzations by Rose and Finn. Her friends know her best and she can only nod and wipe the brimming tears away herself. He steps even closer as she does and this time, she doesn’t stiffen.
“Can I touch you?” Without any hesitation, Rey answers by crushing herself into his chest in a hybrid of a hug and clinging to a life preserver. The action feels so good, his warmth releasing the stiffness of her shoulders and the smell of musky vanilla clearing her turbulent thoughts. His arms wrap around her in response and they stay there, hopefully forever if Rey manages to keep him for good.

Ben always gives her his world in a box of Agent Provocateur, after all.

It’s been two weeks since they both laid their souls out on the operating table.

The dissection process is slow, tedious. Ben resists talking about certain things while Rey bottles up the similar stuff. Parents are still a hard topic to swallow for the two of them, Rey having none and Ben’s being simply disappointing. She’s never felt calmer though and finally being able to reveal openly that she loves him feels like the elephant finally got off her chest and lumbered away. They’re communicating well and the dizzy and bright warmth of being in love begins to saturate the dreary sentiments of inferiority.

The feelings of adoration are apparent tonight, standing in his modern and dark kitchen with a box of brownie mix in her hand and Ben exuding confusion across the equally dark breakfast bar. “We could go out for ice cream or something.”

Rey shakes her head and sets the cardboard box on the counter. “As much as I love very fancy gelato, nothing beats homemade brownies.” This is their chance for a very wholesome date that involves a seven dollar price tag that includes the large bag of peanut M&Ms. Of course, she has more devious tricks up her sleeve but getting him to agree is essential.

Ben’s still staring at the box and she cocks her head to the side. “You don’t cook a lot, do you?” His nod makes her snort.

“You have this super nice kitchen and you aren’t a chef. That’s considered to be a travesty, Organa.” The entire kitchen is Rey’s dream, dark balsa wood cabinets, and glittering black quartz countertops. The high-end fixtures also transfix her attention, to the stainless steel Kitchenaid in the corner and coveted panini press. To think he doesn’t cook at all is a shameful thing; Rey is going to teach him eventually but starting with brownie mix is their best bet.

Her hands reach for the box again and she opens it up to remove the plastic bag of goodness. His eyes are on her the entire time, even as she wipes down the counter with a sponge before setting it down. Then he noiselessly walks to the other side of the breakfast bar, shutting the cabinet to the trash can. There’s no slam, the soft close cabinets preventing that. It makes getting a glass of water at night so easy, especially since he sleeps like the dead with a heated body.

“Do you have a bowl?” He still peers down at her, looking her up and down. She isn’t dressed properly for this, now that she glances down at her own outfit. A black, red, and white striped Moncler Genius sweater keeps her warm in the usually cool house, and the black Rag and Bone denim clings to her figure in the way he always adores.

The trick up her sleeve is something he’d worship more. He’s obediently turning and opening a top cabinet, pulling out a pristine glass bowl. The price sticker is still on it, and she wonders who in their right mind would spend 39 dollars on one mixing bowl. “Spatula? And a 9x9 pan?” Unsurprisingly, he turns again and begins rifling through drawers.
Now she puts her devilish plan into action, fixing a wispy baby hair that comes from the high bun atop her head. “I’m gonna go upstairs and change. I’ll be back.” Ben doesn’t even look back, still rooting around the drawers and cabinets in determination. She begins sauntering up the stairs and pushing more hair from her face.

Rey hasn’t been in the closet at all this week, opting for her one at home that is drenched with vintage pieces and the more grubby style she wears to class. Ben’s eye is more refined than hers, focusing on timelessness and multi-use pieces. It mimics his own philosophy about fashion, only incorporating color into her wardrobe contrary to his own sooty charcoals and blacks. Dressing in the presence of Ben is different than dressing herself but she’s found a way to incorporate both of their tastes in a harmony. Lingerie is the one thing they mutually agree on and there are new pieces in the mirrored chest that she’s never seen before.

The set that catches her eye is a sheer and floral-accented deep blue number, including a very 1940’s starlet garter belt. It’s somehow modest while reeking sensuality and primness. Her hands pull each piece from the drawer and she audibly squeals at the Dita Von Teese tag and the unnoticeable hints of copper in the floral lace. It’s perfect as she holds it up to her tan skin, making a note to make Ben preserve this one and not destroy it with cum or his greedy hands.

Shedding her clothes and putting it on becomes a race, spinning around in the mirror every which way to examine the hug over her figure and the unspoken modesty. She feels gorgeous in this one, particularly more than the others she’s worn under his gaze.

Thigh highs with inky piping along the backs of her legs are being slid into the clips, and she trades the Gucci loafers for pitch-black Manolos that give her much needed height. She might be entering a deep submissive space but she can look beautiful and semi-powerful doing it. Her hair doesn’t matter since he’s going to rip at it with a ravenous grip.

They haven’t had sex in a week, too focused on beginning the stages of repairing their non-communicative infractions. Rey might’ve just wanted to just cuddle for a few days, clinging to him with the worry that he was going to change his mind and evaporate. Though, if Ben really desires to do that, he would’ve already left when she gently blue-balled him on day two. However, he takes things in grace and makes no other attempts to really do anything. A new brand of trust and respect needs to be built up and fucking could be the key that helps it move along. Right now, at this current point in the night, she’s comfortable doing something the equivalent to the previous sex they’ve had.

Taking a final deep breath, she exits the closet and tromps back down the stairs. Her heels hit the wood floor loudly, his attention on his cell phone and typing out something like an email. Confidence rises in her system at catching him off guard and she stops in place. Her arms tangle behind her back, pushing out her chest and letting her head cock to the side in her own brand of innocence.

“Ready to make brownies, daddy?”

Sir could suffice but she’s grown to love the connotation of daddy, being taken care of so appealing to her hindbrain. His head whips up, lips parting and then shutting. They repeat the process a few times as his eyes darken and his hands white-knuckle the lip of the counter.

Ben finds his voice, “Yes. Come here, baby.” She doesn’t hesitate, skating into the scene she’s begun. The heels tap across the floor as she slowly meanders, drawing out the tension to edge on
disobedience. She arrives to stand before him in time, looking up at him.

“You’ll help me, right daddy?” Double connotation scents the words in Versace Eros, emanating from the side of her neck his hand is now cradling so delicately. Maybe, if she’s lucky, his hands will wrap around her windpipe and edge her face to color as azure as the lingerie on her form. To mimic, she’s reaching to work open his black tie. There should be no need for it, since having her wrists bound behind her back isn’t the plan.

Ben nods, watching her from his perch as a dom and definitely appreciating what he sees. He deserves her body right now but she loves making him wait. Rey scoots in between him and the counter, seeing that he set out the minimal ingredients also. That makes her job infinitely easier and she silently thanks him as she’s opening up the plastic bag of brownie mix and dumping it into the bowl. “Did you preheat the oven?” Her head turns to the side to give him her ear to listen. She strives to be a perfect audience except when she wants to be punished.

Ben only gives a hum that she takes as a yes and she clicks her tongue while opening the oil he’s set out. He’s neglected measuring cups but Rey is seasoned in not measuring. Sometimes the policy doesn’t go too well but she’s confident with brownie batter.

She can feel his breath hitch when she stretches across the counter to grab the eggs, her exposed derriere rubbing along the front of his slacks. The action pushes them even closer as she stands upright again, cracking the egg against the edge of the bowl with a flawless one-handed technique. His hands begin their slow roam then, feeling every inch of her torso. Then long fingers splay across her ribs while she examines the instructions on the box, knowing full well how to make brownies but drawing it out at the expense of his tightly wound sanity. “Can you get me a third of a cup of water?”

There’s no hesitation in his tone, “What do you say.”

How could she forget? “Please daddy?” She strives to sound coquettish and her success is apparent as his body moves away and the sink behind them turns on. A small smirk tints her mouth before raking between her teeth to compose to a smooth mask. Then the tap shuts off and the measuring cup he’s retrieved slides across the counter. She pours it in while assessing her handiwork.

Now it’s Ben’s time to get his hands dirty. “I don’t think I can mix this.” Rey has the arm strength to but Ben’s biceps double hers and it would be a shame not to use them.

He’s not that easy to demand from. “What do you need baby-girl?” His tone is stern, mirroring his dom voice but with a curious sort of inclination. Her own palms smooth the top of her hair, stopping at the bun atop her head to keep it intact.

“Please mix this for me, daddy.”

She knows she’s being good so he can’t necessarily refuse her. Ben doesn’t even hesitate before reaching over her for the bowl and grabs the spatula as he leans his back on the counter next to her. Lucky for her, he knows how to mix ingredients and begins. Though he stops to roll up the sleeves of his dress shirt, an even deeper blue than her lingerie. She hadn’t meant to coordinate so well but they always seem to be on the identical wavelength and she steps between his legs and grabs the sleeves herself to roll them down.

Pink lips drift from his knuckles, across the back of his hand, and over his wrists with fluttery
kisses as she serves him. Briefly serving someone who takes care of you in any way is the least she can do. Cocoa-colored eyes watch her as she does her work and worships his forearms, wanting to squeeze his biceps and shoulders to feel the solidity of the muscles that wrap each limb.

How’d she get so lucky with someone hot and possessing an organic inclination to make her life infinitely easier? “Baby?”

Chartreuse eyes glance up, finishing her task on his other arm. “I love you.”

Her breath hitches in her throat and he’s finally said it. This entire week had been spent in a “will he or won’t he” limbo of its own. She intends to talk to him later about it. For now, “I love you too.”

His lips briefly upturn in a smile before cooling into normal dom mask again and picking up the bowl. Beginning to mix, the oven beeps to fill the quiet and she gets to work on greasing the pan.

“Do I just pour it?” Ben absolutely can’t make brownies and it’s endearing as she nods and ceases her prep. He pours it into the pan and she’s taking the opportunity to rip open the bag of peanut M&Ms and sprinkle them into the level batter when the bowl is cast off to the side. Then she turns to open the separate stainless steel oven and slides the pan onto the middle rack.

She takes a moment to check the box again before setting the timer to forty minutes. That’s just enough to time to get what she wants after drawing the tension out a little bit more. “You know daddy,”

Ben’s attention is only on her, flitting down to the curve of the cups of her bra once more. They push up her breasts just right and her arms cross to accentuate the view. “Licking the bowl is the best part.”

She smiles with a tint of own brand of coy and he’s nodding again. “Come here then.”

Provoking him, “No, you come here.” Sometimes instead of tame pillow princess, she morphs into a grade-A brat. This event is no exception.

The twitch of his under eye goads her, her gut knotting up. “I won’t say it again.” This is a warning, jaw set and giving her the best unblinking stare she’s seen all year.

Rebellion swells up in her arteries and her chin tips up to challenge the circling panther. “No.” Match meet gasoline. Before she can really comprehend what comes next, she’s being yanked to collide with his torso and steps back a little to regain her footing. Solid feels jarring and the roughness continues as her arms are pushed and held behind her back.

Now he’s looking down at her, confining her and pushing her closer to him. “Say it again, I dare you.”

She nods her head to preserve her body for at least fifteen more minutes. Her arms are still in his grasp and there’s a long pause as they watch each other. Rey is weighing out just what he’s going to do to her; To her shock and surprise, he lets her go.

There’s no shame in leaving her hanging, waiting and wanton. “Open your mouth.” Not an unusual request, based on how he’s grabbing the mixing bowl from the corner of her eye. It would be a crime to disobey this demand, so her lips part and she hopes she’s exuding enough slut for his
tastes.

“Look at your pretty mouth.” Ben taunts her every time and his words feel like worship. Her mouth only stays open while watching him swipe his index finger through the batter. Now her tongue appears, licking the digit clean when it comes near her face. Chocolate tastes best off his finger, so good that her lips wrap around it and draw it further.

Once the batter is all gone, she releases his finger. Lust makes his lips curl up in delight. “Good girl.” Pride makes her heart swell thirty sizes too big as she adjusts even closer to him. Her mouth remains open and his finger traces along her bottom lip.

Then more brownie batter enters her mouth, licking it away with her eyes locked in his. Her hand drifts to the front of his slacks, knuckles rubbing along the hard length that now strains against the zipper. Three weeks without his cock is far too long and now she’s reunited with it and wrapping her hand around it to listen to his breath hitch. She’s missed this, pulling him deep into her realm until he aches for her. His thumb skirts along her jaw as he licks some brownie batter off his middle finger. Sharing is caring. The anticipation sits comfortably between them, tasting as saccharine as the way he leans down and kisses her. The action is wholly against their dominant/submissive protocol but can she really hate him for it?

The answer is no because his attention feels like inhaling the crisp air on top of a mountain. His arm wraps around her and locks her on his lips to never escape. While he’s trapping her in his grip, his hand glides down between the gap between their bodies and shoves her legs apart. Luckily, her heels accommodate the rapid movement and don’t allow her to topple over like an idiot. It’s been a little bit since she’s worn them, especially at this blistering height.

The way he bends down to meet her remains severe, along with his thumb running along the thin strip of fabric of her panties. She realizes how wet she is as he hums with unmistakable approval when his lips leave hers. Rey wants to keep kissing him, suck out all of the care and adoration his eyes hold. Being under his wing feels like hugging a teddy bear tight to your chest to never let go. “You’re so wet, nearly soaked through.” Another glide of his thumb and her knees lock for a second, the sensation feels like fingers kneading up her spine.

She whispers, “All for you.” A touch of innocence on her tone gets her what she wants, his thumb pressing in over the fabric and rubbing a tight circle. Hopefully, if the fates decide so, he’ll fuck her over this counter and smash her face into the quartz while he does it.

For now, his rumbling laugh keeps her heart hammering and nose tripping over the smell of his Atelier Clementine cologne. Citrus mixed with the pine hints of the conditioner he uses breeds an intoxicating clean smell that she wants to breathe instead of oxygen. “You’ve been so good.”

Praise feels like a cheesy movie kiss, making her mouth part and stomach flip over in glee. The feeling continues as he scoops her into his arms, making her squeal and kick her heeled feet in the bridal carry. He walks her to the sectional and gently sets her down, pulling away to stand over her like blocking the blazing sun from her body.

Watching her all the while, and there’s another under-eye twitch. Then his hands come to loosen up his belt and her head cocks as she assesses him. Maybe the belt would curl up in his grip and crack across either set of her cheeks. Maybe Rey could go to class with a big bruise on her cheek, wearing her punishment like a blue ribbon. Look at me, my daddy hit me.

Instead, it hits the floor with a clink and her eyes follow it. Then there’s the sound of the zipper
and she glances back over and pointedly opens her mouth for him. He emits another rumbling laugh as he pushes them down his thighs to stop at his knees, boxer-briefs sliding after.

Rey’s marrow practically sings as she gets a full eye of him, hard against his left thigh. The head is an angry purple and she’s licking her lips.

“Aren’t you going to suck my cock, baby?”

She glances up then back down at him with her mouth still agape. She’s taking him in her grip before he can ask again, always prompt on pleasure. Sloppy kisses trail up his shaft as she tastes the salty tang of his skin and buries her face into the base to inhale the typically musky smell of him. She can do this without worry, knowing how hygienic he keeps it down there. Then her lips press a kiss against the tip, tongue flicking out to lick along the slit. His legs tense and she can feel it through the tight grip on his thigh.

“Good girl.” His palm curls around the back of her head, loose but hanging in a menacing fashion to shove on the base of her skull as needed. Her lips wrap around him, head moving to slowly inch more of him into her mouth until her cheeks are full and he touches the back of her throat. The threat of a gag makes her spine ripple with a shiver.

It's been a long time since she's done something like this to him, slowly bobbing her head as she hears his breath hitch and release. Spit pools at the corners of her mouth and create a trail as she pulls off to wipe it from her mouth with the back of her hand.

"What do you think you’re doing?"

Her eyes flick up to meet his, lips parting again and she squirms beneath his stern gaze. "I’m sorry-"

Before she can finish her apology, his cock is tapping on her bottom lip and they open again to take him. His palm pushes on the back of her head to get her started again, gag reflex holding strong as he slams further down her throat.

There’s still an inch of length at the bottom that she’ll never be able to take. It infuriates her to no end as she scoots closer to him and adjusts herself to have a prayer taking him all. Ben hits the spot that makes her choke, gagging making tears pool in her eyes and her head almost yanks off. His hold stops her, inhaling sharply through her nose and blinking away the moisture blurring her pupils.

“There you go. Look at you.”

Rey looks up at him with the biggest doe eyes she can muster until he lets her head go. She pulls off with heavy breaths, her forehead leaning against his pubic bone so her vision can come fully back. “I never pegged you as a quitter.”

Her blood heats with the tick of a gas stove. Turning her head to look up at him, she watches him and makes sure he means his taunting. Set jaw and speculative eyes greet her again. Only one solution illuminates itself and has her getting off her knees and fully standing up on top of the sectional. A little shaky, she stands at roughly the same height as him and keeps her eyes locked on his face.

Amusement plays across his features, liking the way she disobeys so easy now. “I want you to
fuck me.” She looks like the picture of bravery with squared off shoulders and furrowed brows.

Snorting, “What’s the magic word?” He must think this is cute. Rey makes sure he’s sorely mistaken as she looks back down at his cock and then steps off the sectional. His shoulders go noticeably rigid as she walks away, creating a bloody path back to the kitchen counter.

Hopping up, her heeled feet kick for their bearings, back laying across the quartz beneath the mid-century modern lighting (if the style had a dark lovechild). Her fingers adjust her baby hairs on her face, eyes shutting as they then wander down her body to the apex of her thighs. He’s right of course, she’s nearly dripping wet from their drawn-out ritual. He needs to rectify it but there’s no shame in spurring him on.

The digits dance up and push under the satin waistband, inner forearm chafing against the garter belt as she reaches to spread her folds.

When she hears the sound of a razor-edged inhale, she pushes into herself and whines at the sweet relief that contact brings. It’s been her and her fingers for a few weeks now and she can’t knock them, but he’s better at pleasing her than she could ever dream to be. Ben’s stubborn and resilient so she banks on his hesitation or rising need to punish her.

Rey milks anything if given the chance. “So empty.” Another inhale, punctuated by an even sharper cough. She arches her back as she pushes deeper and moans again. There’s the scent of disapproval hanging in the air but she could care less.

Then there’s the sound of his steps and her eyes flutter open as he grabs her legs. Without more preamble, he yanks her so her hips hang off the counter. He’s supporting her with a one-handed grip as he’s yanking down her panties and unclipping the garter belt. Anything is disposable for easier access. She smiles up at him, a halo of light around his head as he lines himself up.

“Empty, huh?” Coming out with a low growl instead of clearly audible speech, her head nods swiftly. His hand reaches up and pulls on the band of her bra, managing to pull it off with a determined yank once she arches her back and unclasps it.

Throwing it away from himself like a used tissue, his face exudes offended as he casts his gaze on her. Worrying she’s done something wrong, her lips begin to open before, “You wanna be full of daddy’s cum?”

There’s the enticing prospect she had been seeking. Quickly nodding, she adjusts further to take him. Her legs seize his sides, heels digging into the back of his dress shirt and rubbing a line into each muscle.

It’s only a breath before he sheaths himself, bottoming out inside of her and creating a lingering sting that always feels so delightful. “Fuck, Rey-” She can only breathe out and swallow down a moan, nails clawing into his obliques. They leave angry crimson dots as she relaxes and he begins to slowly thrust into her with a strained concentration.

The tight fit is mind-numbing as always, leaving open-mouthed pleasure on her mind. His free hand comes to rub her clit, dexterously with the hold on her lower half. She’s missed his attention, his looks of adoration and how he speeds up the snap of his hips to push her close to an edge she’s ready to fling herself from.

But then he slows, her stomach still tense and back rigid with confusion. “Please-” His hand leaves
her clit and clamps over her mouth, silencing her as he continues his slowing pace.

“Be a good little girl and take it.”

How dare she resist those orders? Her fingers continue to dig into his skin as he teases the flames up against, building a bonfire that’s ready for a good soak of gasoline. When his palm leaves her mouth, resting on her left breast and rubbing along the sensitive bud, she takes the opportunity to whine for him. Only earning a smile, lascivious and only for her, she bites her lip and feels his tempo speed up.

It builds steadily, unnoticeably until she’s skidding across the stone with each push. “You want to come?”

“Please daddy.” She’s not gonna last much longer at this punishing rate and she misses coming under his gaze.

A moment of silence. Then, “No. Me first.”

Head lifting off the counter, he pinches her nipple to get her back to spasm and the gnawing to start on her lower lip once more. Then his hand is on her throat and gently squeezing her windpipe so she’s forced to lay her head back down. The lack of oxygen enhances the friction and urgency, his hips speeding up.

“You’re mine forever.”

Forever sounds like a beautiful prospect, coloring diamonds behind her eyelids. More than diamonds, his unconditional love. Trips to Paris, homes in exotic locations, and new cars didn’t compare to simply coming home to him.

Rey loves Ben Organa, especially when he spills inside of her with a slackening grip on her trachea. The revival of sensation is enough to shove her over the edge also, tightening up around him with breathy and gasping moans.

Movements slow, everything coming back into focus as he finally leans over her. They lock eyes. She beams with exhausted appreciation, chest rising and falling with a flutter.

“I’m so lucky to have you.”

Chapter End Notes

okay, this...took almost 2 months. for a lot of reasons (school, mental health, etc) but also i was stuck between two different plot paths. originally i was going to have ben and rey call it quits and then get back together but i kinda realized that both of them would fight hard for something that makes them happy. so hence, we have healthy communication. their relationship isn't "fixed" but they're happy and working on it, which is what matters. we have 6 chapters left (i extended the count by two since i only operate in even numbers ). also i will probably be doing significant rewrites to the beginning of this and will decide on a format to present those when it comes closer to conception.
overall, im sorry i dont update a lot and im kinda down creatively right now, but this chapter being finished is an accomplishment at least.

thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter (will use more than tumblr now) and tumblr. thank you to the lovely betas (as always, i owe yall my ass and a cup of coffee) Carina and Kristian.

title taken from "I Am Not a Robot" by Marina and the Diamonds

the playlist
fashion list (in order of appearance)
rey’s pumas
turtleneck sweater
rag+bone jeans
gucci loafers
lingerie
manolos
i've missed your calls for months it seems, don't realize how mean I can be

Chapter Summary

The best he can come up with is ostentatious. “Could fly private.”

Her head whips over to him, then she laughs aloud. Maybe she thinks he’s joking until her giggling dies and her head cocks. “It’s a two and a half hour flight. No way.” Ben flies private on his own dime and perhaps it’s worth it for this.

“Ben.” She warns. He hums to himself.

“I don’t see any other options.”

Chapter Notes

this is part 1.

tags:
family angst
referenced violence
just a lot of fucking angst fam

Winter makes the days shorter, but the warmth of someone else blurs them even further.

Ben gets swamped around the happy holiday season, even busier than she claims to be with classes and finals. Most of her study nights were juxtaposed with Mario Kart on the Wii with Finn, wine and cheese breaks with Rose, and dirty midnight phone sex with Ben while he’s out of town for already the sixth time this month.

“I would lick your pretty little cunt until your legs shake."

The speed of her wrist is dampened by the comforter on top of her, the house silent except for her moans and the faint beep of the security system down the hall. The room tone has become synonymous with safety, turning house-sitting into a breeze.

“I bet you’d fuck my tongue, little whore.”

“Daddy, I’m gonna come.”

A low laugh, “Better be all over my sheets when I get back. Okay, baby-girl?”

Loving him maintains tentative dreaminess, insecurities creeping back whenever he’s far away. They're all silly worries like the potential abandonment that something like cheating or wandering
eyes bring about, even though Rey has every resource at her disposal to track his movements. He’s told her this more times she can count when she offhandedly comments wondering what he does all day.

Rey ends the term with straight As and a different bitter attitude at the unexpected three hours of credits she needs to get her degree. She had been expecting a cap and gown in ten days, not the utter disappointment of being held back by some fucked up higher power. Her advisor had to deal with her sullen anger about it and probing questions as she registered for more courses that she could barely attempt to care for. “How could I possibly choose between such tempting options like American Literature or Robotics?”

Perhaps she did go with the more mechanical side of things this coming semester, only to keep her tinkering habits at an all-time high. Since she required “Geometric Design of Highway Facilities” to graduate, she might as well liven up the torturous process.

Ben doesn’t find out about her postponed graduation until five days into her winter break, when he’s finally home and off work until January 2nd. He would never be entirely off work but his phone is off tonight, and soft Italian music plays over the hanging speakers. Cooking Italian food seems only to be aided with the operatic and romantic genre.

Date nights are dusted with elements of simplistic now that they’re in an official relationship. Going out all the time is exhausting, and she still adores the novelty of Ben experiencing routine dates. Regular couples didn’t drop a grand on sushi, and he’s learning it with each in-depth meal she cooks before his eyes. Rey’s been wanting to attempt a spaghetti carbonara, and she’s never had an eager mouth to try it since Finn refuses to eat red meat. Cooking also makes her nerves subside, giving her high-strung hands something to do as she pushes cubed pancetta around the saute pan and texting Finn in her other hold.

tell me what you want for christmas

It’s only a week away, and she’s sorely behind on gift shopping. Like every year, she is planning on burning through a bottle of wine while combing the entirety of Amazon. She wants to be generous this year, even more so than past holidays.

For having sent it two minutes before, Finn bugs her with his lack of immediate response. “Wine?” The words yank her eyes from her screen and to him. The book he had been previously reading, a battered copy of Frankenstein, is set down in front of him. Flipped spine up, Connix would freak out if she saw how he’s treating the book. Especially such a classic.

Staring expectantly, he’s wearing a deep emerald dress shirt with rolled-up sleeves and a few open buttons. The blazer still lay on the living room sectional, positioned before the television where Blade Runner plays on mute.

Wine would dampen her nerves and the increasing ferocity of the thought of telling him that she had one more semester to complete. He’s not her father, but she wants him to accept her; tell her that she’s not as much of a dumbass as feared “Yes please.”

While nodding his head, he turns the book over and dog ears the page he left off. Then it shuts and slides off to the side of the island, barstool scraping across the floor and three pops of his knuckles.

He’s uneasy too. It’s good to know they’re on a level playing field, but she has no conceivable idea of what he could be apprehensive over. She hopes she’ll find out sooner rather than later. “White or red?”
Copious internet research on wine pairings flies out of her brain at that moment. She blinks a few times while she tries to recall what pairs better with what and a hum leaves her throat when she can’t. “White?” Hopefully, she’s correct. He steps out of the kitchen and leaves her in oppressive silence. Irrationality begins to breed. Has she done something wrong? There is no way she could have, not while making him dinner.

Before she can unspool herself like thread, he’s wandering back into the kitchen with two bottles in his grip. She breaks a fistful of spaghetti in half into the boiling water, pushing her back on track. The two bottles sit in front of her vision then. “I have a Gavi Dei Gavi or a Chardonnay.” She can’t help her head cock at the first one and the fluid Italian accent that compliments it.

“First one. What are you thinking about?” Rey can’t stop herself from asking, and she knows that they’ve both committed to utmost transparency. The query could be stealthier, but it gets his attention effectively as he’s walking to her side of the island to grab a wine opener. His hair shields his profile as he leans down and she hopes she didn’t just catch a hint of a grimace come across his lips. Being brave sometimes had consequences.

He opens the drawer and begins to hunt for the corkscrew. “Christmas.”

She watches the spaghetti begin to float to the top of the boiling water. “Oh. Me too.” It’s not a lie, though it’s not the entirety of the fog hanging in her head. Picking up the pot, she turns to dump the contents into a strainer. Steam rises, and she swears she can feel her mascara dripping from the moisture.

Another long pause hangs, long enough for her to get started on the critical process of incorporating final ingredients. She deposits the spaghetti in a pan and beats eggs to break the yolks when she hears a cork pop and a clear of his throat. ”My parents invited me home for the holidays.”

The weight of his words hit her hard. For yet another holiday, Rey is going to be alone in Chicago. She can’t help her scowl but she comprehends the necessity behind his gaze and the tap of his foot. He needs to see his father, especially after ex-communicating each other.

She sucks up her feelings with a deep inhale from her nose. “That’s good, Ben. When are you leaving?” Looking back down at the pot, she dumps the egg over the pasta and then stirs it to coat each noodle. If she weren’t cooking, she’d be picking at the hem of her Reformation dress, beginning to unravel the intricate black and white pattern.

Another moment of silence. Then, haltingly, “I was uh...hoping you’d come home with me.” Rey swears she didn’t hear him right. Her eyes wheel up from the pan to meet his as he begins to pour into each glass.

“Since you’re my family too.”

A starved portion of her heart begins to thump, and lingering worries start to leave. Is she Ben’s family? Rey’s never privy to even the notion that she could be the equivalent of DNA to someone like Ben. Her throat constricts, swallowing down a lump. “I don’t have any gifts for your parents and-“ Ben slides her wine glass to her and picks up his own before repeating his loop around the island to stand closer to her. She gratefully picks it up and nurses it for courage and time to think about finishing her many excuses.

“They're not gift type people. Well, my mother isn't. Not on Christmas. She gets all of hers on Hanukkah,” Her eyes widen at the last word. It never occurred to her that Ben could be Jewish. It’s a query for another moment. ”But my dad and the extended family celebrate, and it would mean a lot to me.” Now he's sipping on his glass. She would be a monster if she didn’t accept and she
begins to nod. “Yes. Of course.” She’d figure out what to get Han, even if it kills her in the end.

Ben beams and it makes her heart swell and speed up, tossing down her spatula and grabbing his collar. She tugs him down to slot their lips together and releases to splay her fingers across his ribs.

The kiss grows perilously deep as the seconds tick by before the sizzle of the pan guides her back to the now. Burning food wouldn’t be so suave. Their mouths break as he lingers in a loom above her position while she refocuses back on the pan. “I’ll handle everything, I promise.” Ben always seems to sense when she wants nothing to do with a planning process; this is no exception. She’d rather sit pretty as a princess and have her luggage carried and every whim catered.

“Good.”

Maybe she can wait on telling him about the graduation situation. She never has that much luck though. “So what about you?”

Looking back down to the pan, “What do you mean?” He snorts before leaning on his elbows next to her, looking through the tint of the wine in the glass.

“You’re cooking first of all, which means you usually have something on your mind. Also, you look...” He stops to watch her face again, “Anxious.”

Sometimes he’s too accurate for his own good, and she craves to tell him so and evade the subject further. Rationality wins as she gives a half shrug. “Okay, so maybe I am. What’s there to do about it?” Besides telling him, anything but that.

Ben rises to full height again and sips more wine. She mirrors him as she views the television, at the rain scene with Roy and Deckard that Ben always tunes out since it's near the end. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain.

“You could tell me about it.”

She inhales and takes another long sip of wine to refresh her throat. Only now does she taste the floral bouquet that an enthusiast would climax over. She just tastes it for fun. “I...okay, you have to promise not to get mad at me.”

Dark brows furrow together, and she might word that differently on a second try. She’s just worried, taking the pan off the heat even though the recipe explicitly said not to. Rey needs her bearings right now.

“It turns out I need three more credits to graduate.”

It’s a wonder she doesn’t rush the statement out. Fixating back on the recipe, she hopes she doesn’t have to watch Ben’s face flip down. He surprises her though, reaching to spread his palm across her shoulder blades. The touch feels warm and soothes her fraught nerves; allowing a comfortable exhale to escape for the first time in days. Now he knows. “Okay.” A simple response makes her stomach begin to churn once more.

Not for long, “What can I do to help?” Does he want to help her? She can’t believe that she’s still shocked by his generosity at this point though he’s also paid off her students loans like they were only pennies. Now she’s accruing more debt.

Unwilling to put him through more financial hoops, shakes her head. “Just support me, okay?”
“Financially? Or…” He trails off to look at her while she keeps her eyes trained on the pan. While she’s learning how to accept care and affection through monetary means holistically, something inside her likes to stomp their feet and scream.

Biting her lower lip, she takes the pan off the heat and plucks a noodle out to taste. It needs salt, and she needs to give him an answer to what support means. “Be around and stuff.” Diplomacy is sometimes her specialty; she wants to forget about it for the rest of the night.

Cracking salt across the warm pasta, she adds a little pepper before wrapping a few noodles around the fork and holding it to his lips. “And taste this.” His mouth opens and closes around the fork, before sliding off to chew. He takes the fork from her after he swallows, managing to steal another bite from the pan. She slaps him away before he can do it again.

“Jesus, that’s amazing. But you know I’m here to take care of you, right?” She begins the work of plating while she nods.

“I know you are.” She’d be daft to deny it, also a liar.

Ben’s eyes remain on her. “You won’t kill me if I pay your tuition for Christmas?” Rey shakes her head to herself and snorts.

“I won’t kill you, maybe just choke you.”

The next two days are a whirlwind of holiday shopping for the both of them, bags from Neiman Marcus and other luxury conglomerates stacking up in his living room. Amazon boxes make up the base of the pile. They both look upon their work like an artist studying a sculpture.

He sips his scotch while she mirrors with rosé. “We should’ve just shipped them there.” Ben shrugs noncommittally. She’s not wrong, but they’ve dug themselves too deep to dwell.

“Maybe they would have opened a box or something. Ruin the surprise,” Ben chances. If Han is how he remembers, there’s a great chance that he would pull a move like that. The name ignites an anxious churn in his stomach before he’s setting his shoulders to compose. Ben doesn’t know what is going to happen when they show up. His mother had invited him out of formality every year, and she seemed to be taken aback when he agreed for the first time in nine years.

She had even laid out who’s coming - it immediately made him want to rescind his RSVP. Luke is going to be there, along with Lando and Holdo. The only friendly territory he knows is his mother and Maz. He has no strategy yet; especially regarding his father. Ben knows they need to talk, they both can’t avoid it while they’re staying in the same house. The other option is running off the dock and into the water to swim far away.

Ben hasn’t told Rey enough about how to deal with his family because he has no idea too. Optimism isn’t his conventional approach, but he’s trying it on like an ill-fitting suit. “Maybe, but how are we gonna get them there?” He hadn’t thought about that condition also, and he weighs all the options.

The best he can come up with is ostentatious. “Could fly private.”

Her head whips over to him; then she laughs aloud. Maybe she thinks he’s joking until her giggling dies and her head cocks. “It’s a two and a half hour flight. No way.” Ben flies private on his dime and perhaps it’s worth it for this.
“Ben.” She warns. He hums to himself.

“I don’t see any other options.”

Rey shakes her head to herself and begins to laugh again, tinny and nervous. “We could check a lot of bags.”

“What if they get lost?” Ben’s not willing to lose that many Christmas presents. Imagine being the family disappointment once again.

She opens her mouth but then closes it. He’s got her pinned. “I’ll book it.” Turning around, he doesn’t care too much about the wasted money on the business class tickets. The benefits outweigh the negatives and he’s pulling out his phone as he flops onto the couch.

“You’re ridiculous.”

Glancing up from his screen, she’s standing over him with her arms crossed. “Yes. Yes, I am.” Why would he argue with the obvious? He’s earned everything he possesses, including the balance of his bank account. Plus he just leased a piece of property in Vancouver, a high rise he sometimes stayed in when he rarely heads up to Canada. There’s enough of an excuse to splurge.

Rey flops down next to him and kicks her feet onto the coffee table. “Won’t it be ridiculously priced since we’re leaving tomorrow?”

“Probably.” Who cares?

Her sigh gets him to look over and lean to kiss the tip of her nose. Her eyes shut, “We’re flying business back.”

“Deal.”

Flying private is something that she’s only dreamed about, and it’s the best flight of her entire life. The ability to stretch out, to lean her head against the window and doze. Maybe Ben did know best when it came to traveling like the rich.

Leaving her friends over Christmas had been hard. Finn, Rose, and she had opened gifts every single year they’d known each other. Now, Rose is going home early and Finn is headed off somewhere with Poe. Of course, the separation doesn’t mean they should entirely break tradition.

Rey still can’t get over Finn’s face at her Christmas gifts, his loud shouting crackling over her phone’s speakers. They’re parked at a gas station, fifteen minutes away from his parent’s house in the act of sheer hesitation. Ben’s inside the convenience store doing god knows what, and Finn conveniently Facetimed while she waits. She gave Finn clearance to open the gifts after much probing, a whole two days early.

The first is something that benefits the both of them, a bright white Xbox sitting in his lap. “We can play cooler games now. Not just Wii games.” Better graphics is enticing enough, along with the ability to yell over a microphone.

“You shouldn’t have bought me diamonds too.” The velvet blue box sits on top of the Xbox, containing Cartier diamond studs. Finn had recently gotten his ears pierced to her delirious four-am encouragement during finals week.
She grins. “I had to.” Finn is her best friend; she needs to thank him for his divine intervention. Without him, these last few months wouldn’t have happened. He beams at her, and she’s glad she can see it through the occasional bursts of pixelation from the cell service.

The Audi (Ben always drives German made) she sits in chirps, and the door opens, turning her head to watch Ben lean into the car. There’s an Arizona tea in his hands, earning a raise of her eyebrows. So he had been killing time; he confirms by holding the can out to her. Mucho Mango is her favorite flavor.

“Is that Ben?” Finn is invariably right. She tilts the phone screen to confirm his suspicion, Ben looking down at his phone to type something. Then she turns it back to focus on her and gives a cheesy grin.

“I’ve gotta go. Text me about what you’re getting Poe.” Finn nods enthusiastically.

“Thank you for the gifts, babe. Love you.” A blush rises on her cheeks before she blows a kiss and the call disconnects. Then she cranes her head to look back at the stacked boxes and bags of gifts in the trunk and back seats. Their suitcases cram to one side of the trunk, a black set juxtaposed next to baby pink. Garment bags hang in the back seat area, astride his carry on and her backpack. They have a lot to get out of the car when they get there, and Rey seriously wishes she changed on the plane. She’s wearing a Lanvin sweater with joggers, Adidas sneakers on her feet and the Acne Studios leather jacket thrown onto her lap. Not exactly the most glamorous outfit, despite the price tags.

“We can keep them in the car when we get there. There’s a space in the garage for me.” His voice is unnaturally hard, stony face staring at the steering wheel. Her hand reaches to hold his bicep, covered in a rare heather grey sweater. Ben operates in darks and seeing color on him is a shot of ice water in her veins.

Then she leans over the console to dust a kiss along his temple, then shoving her forehead against his shoulder. “Everything is gonna be fine.” Reassurances should do him good. She lifts her head to kiss his cheek.

“Ready to go?” It’s dark out, car clock glowing nine-thirty. Getting to Virginia late seems to be his strategy, maybe to avoid his parents or to sneak into the house. She nods in response, leaning off him and grabbing his hand to hold in her lap. The car purrs to life and the Bluetooth turns back on to Pink Floyd. The can of Arizona cracks open while he pulls out of the space, lifting it to drink as they leave the parking lot.

The rest of the drive is quiet, and the roads empty for the time of night. She watches out the window as the tourist trap of a town whizzes by and turns into winding highway, draining the can to relieve her dry throat. They pull off on an exit and into a gated neighborhood. “Did you grow up here?”

Ben hesitates as he turns off onto a street that brands a big “No Outlet” sign. “Yeah, primarily.” The end of the road is in sight, a house sitting at the end of the cul de sac. A wrought iron gate closes the residence away from the world, Ben slowing down as the car pulls in front of a keypad.

The house is huge, along with the property. Traditionally colonial, it reads like a strange combination of familiar and cold. This is a house she would expect in the rural areas of the east coast, not near the ocean. The pale yellow siding gleams beneath lights in the yard and her ears tune on the small beeps of the keypad. There are lights on in the windows and she can’t help her gulp. A buzzer bursts in the air before the gates begin to slide open, Ben sitting back in his seat like he’s been electrocuted.
Her worry takes precedence. “What’s wrong?” They can’t exactly turn back now, not smoothly.

There’s a long pause before, “They didn’t change the code for the gate.”

She’s confused and reaching to hold his hand again, pulling it up to her mouth to begin kissing each inch of skin. “Is that bad?” He starts to shake his head and retracts his hand, then shutting his eyes for a long moment. She slumps back into her seat, folding her hands in her lap and putting on a neutral mask. She wants to touch him.

His eyes open once more and the car accelerates past the security. The driveway is a circle, something she’s only seen in movies, and branches off to the side to lead to an attached garage. The property is sprawling, and she notes that the entirety of the lot borders calm water. She’d have to do more exploring during the day.

The garage doors are already open to reveal four-car garage behind its white face. Rey knows where Ben gets the German affinity from, a Porsche and BMW greeting her eyes. Another car sits underneath a tarp, and she has no opportunity to check it out before he pulls into the free space.

The engine cuts and leaves them in heavy silence. Rey can hear his shallow breathing as she looks ahead, at the cabinets and a long counter that lines the garage. She wonders its purpose until she sees the rotary saw haphazardly laid out. “Looks like Han’s been busy.” She turns to gaze at him, taking a semblance of a deep breath.

“Let’s go. Try to be silent if you can.” Rey nods in agreement while they both slide out of the car, Ben walking back to the trunk as she slings her backpack on her shoulder. Attempting to follow, he shakes his head.

“I’ve got it.”

“Let me grab the garment bags at least.” Rey’s gone overboard with packing clothes for only four days, but she rationalizes it as: you never know. Couture isn’t a bad option to bring, along with many other things in the large suitcase he’s pulling out of the car. Before he answers, she grabs them anyway and slings them over her shoulder as she waits for him.

When they’re finally ready to venture inside, he takes the lead. Hoping his back hides her effectively, the garage door closes with a shift of his elbow and the door squeaks open. A slate-tiled mudroom greets them, Rey shifting off her shoes before he can give her the recommendation to. She wants to be preemptively polite to make a good impression. The time for first impressions is over on Leia’s part, but it doesn’t mean that she can’t prove any lingering doubts she may have to be false. Rey knows that this is not her trip, more for facilitating Ben and putting his family back together with glitter glue and tape.

She doesn’t expect the beginning pieces to present so immediately, halfway through the farmhouse style kitchen with yellow accents and a plate of Christmas cookies out on the butcher block counter. “Ben?” A woman’s voice, one she recognizes from an art gallery experience she doesn’t dare draw up any longer, encircles the two of them.

Rey doesn’t move, neither does he. They’re both frozen in place, and her spine feels uncomfortably rigid at the silence. There are footfalls from the other room, sounding so far away that she wonders how big this house is. Rey can see Ben wheeling a tricycle through the halls while adults attempt to catch up with him. Ben had been a child with parents and a warm home to come back to.

Ben finally speaks, “In here.” His hand comes up to pinch the bridge of his nose while her fingers
begin to scratch at the inside of the pocket of her sweats. Leia Organa never fails to take the air from her lungs, even in such a casual setting and demeanor. The woman is shorter than her and most definitely dwarfed by her son, towering over all of them and practically unreachable. Only wearing a long silk robe and slippers, she looks elegant and of a different era; a wiser age where men couldn’t come in without a father’s permission. This woman is a senator, Rey is somehow standing in the same room as her, let alone in such proximity to her son.

Rey doesn’t want to step on any toes, so she stays quiet. The room follows suit as Ben and Leia stare each other down for a long time. Then, almost like a gunshot, Rey’s being rushed to the side as the woman practically tackles her son with a one-sided hug. Ben looks petrified, standing with wide eyes as his mother visibly tightens her hold and buries her face into his sweater. The moment is too intimate to study; her eyes avert to stare at the microwave clock.

“I can’t believe you’re in my kitchen.” The words are muffled, Rey can’t help the small twitch of the corners of her mouth. She allows herself a glance at Ben, who melts and wraps his arms around his mother.

“Me too.” They unwind as Ben looks around the space, where Leia’s attention then fixes on her. Rey feels crystalline and uncomfortable, shifting from foot to foot.

There’s no much-needed hesitation. “You must be Rey.”

She finds herself nodding like a dumbass. “I-I am. It’s nice to meet you, Mrs. Organa–”

“Oh god, I haven’t been called that in forever. Call me Leia. Did you two have a good flight? Airports must be ridiculous–”

“We flew private.” Ben interrupts. Rey feels her cheeks flame up and wants to will the flush away. Leia doesn’t seem surprised by the change of itinerary or even shocked at flying privately as she had been. The luxury must be typical for them.

“Your father will want to hear all about that.”

Rey notices Ben go visibly rigid again, palms wiping across the front of his jeans. “Oh.” His voice is meek, more than she’s ever heard from his usual confident and assured tone.

Leia seems to notice his hesitation and jumps in like she would imagine a mother to do. “You two must be exhausted but do you want a drink? Your father is cleaning the pool.”

There’s a pool? Even when water surrounds the property like a moat? Why would someone clean the pool at such a late hour? Ben shakes his head and Rey finds herself mirroring him. “We should put our things upstairs.” It’s not a suggestion.

“Yeah, I’m drained.” It’s a half-truth. Rey doesn’t think she’s ready for a conversation with Leia.

Leia looks between them before nodding to herself and adjusting the robe. Then she tosses her well-done hair over her shoulder. “That’s alright.” Ben’s eyebrows furrow and Rey can’t help the nervous flutter in her gut at Leia’s gracious ability to stomach rejection.

“I’m tired also.” His voice is so soft as he stops hunching down to pick up the luggage. Leia looks between them before letting a warm, yet fleeting, smile spread across her face. The tips of his ears are red, curtained by his hair when he stands upright and looms over both of them.

“Go get settled. Han will still be outside when you get back.” No brokering against the inevitable for Ben and they both turn and march through the kitchen and into the grand foyer. A colonial wet
dream, a grand staircase and intricate crown molding looking like a brand of elegance she’s never seen before. Only in movies, where Scarlett O’Hara comes barreling down in a rose ball gown.

There’s also a huge Christmas tree, getting her to gape in wonder as they ascend the stairs. Silver, gold, and a few novelty ornaments hang from the branches, wrapped in lights and a crystalline star on the top. She’s never seen something so aesthetically pleasing, including the complementary wrapped boxes at the base. Her eyes spy a large black and white Chanel box before he nudges her up the stairs.

The baby blue of upstairs soothes her, along with the creamy yellow along the hallway branching off the top floor landing. There are doors on both sides, a jade tree in white and blue china patterned pot at the end of the hallway.

Ben stops in front of the door and hesitates. She takes the opportunity to press another kiss to his shoulder. The door pushes open, near excessive force with his small kick. Then he shoulders in, reaching to turn on a lamp on the bedside table.

The room is dark despite the low light, navy blue walls and dark hardwood. The bed is king-sized, grey sheets beneath a black duvet and a mountain of pillows at the head. The corner desk is messy, littered with papers and tiny little trinkets that Rey wants to parse through and ask about.

There’s no time for that, his silence pushing down on the room like a wet blanket. Rey sits on the mattress, testing the plushness with a little bounce. “I’ll be back before you know it.”

His voice is hard when he says it but there’s a vulnerable sincerity in the way he picks at a hangnail while he does. Rey only nods, “Take your time. I’ll be asleep.” She hopes that’s honesty. Anxiety concerning Ben always kept her awake far longer than fancied.

“Ben?” He looks over and she scratches her fingernails over the terry of her sweats. There’s a softening between his brows and his eyes.

There’s no apprehension, “I love you. No matter what.”

He closes the gap of space between them and leans down, kissing the top of her hair. Then her forehead as she tilts up to look at him. “I love you too.”

Whispering it into her skin, he draws away and Rey has to let him leave. Her stomach flips when the door closes behind him.

The room is cold and all she does is crawl beneath the blankets when everything but her panties is off her body. She begins to wait then.

She’s not sure when her eyes close.

Ben plans things to a T.

His mom told him of times where he’d chastise her for being two minutes late to school, just because he had the driving route and time calculated based on repetition.

It takes a total of two minutes to get downstairs and outside to the pool, at a comfortable walking speed or a stomp like he used to perform when something had pissed him off. Tonight, the walk takes ten, intermittent breaks designed to make him reminisce in a gut-wrenching and painful way. The floorboard still creaks in the same place that it did the last night he had been here.
He had stomped right through the grand foyer; duffle bag slung over his shoulder as Han followed with blood flowing from his nose like a broken faucet. Ben learned he had cracked it five years later; jeering at that tidbit across the bunch table like it was a prize. It had been a triumph then.

Now it’s just a reminder of what a shitty son he had been at the end of it all. Ben’s told himself like a broken record that he doesn’t care; that he would never give a shit about Han Solo for the rest of his life. His family has shattered, he doesn’t have to fix it. There’s no use in visiting the past or rekindling what could’ve been.

Though he’s here in the home he grew up in. There’s a little regret ascribed to being here, especially as Ben stares out the french doors to the pool outside. A body migrates around it, mesh net dipping into the water and sweeping the leaves out from the tall oak tree. The wind blows them in.

Ben used to watch this ritual as a kid, a brief flash of laying on a picnic blanket with his mother in the baking sun. Only Leia had been talking on the phone with increasing ferocity until near growling, and Han had just ignored him for the sounds of rippling water.

Now it’s colder out, the moon high in the sky and bathing the scene in an ethereal glow as he steps outside. Ben can’t help the stiffness in his gait, or the way the chaise scrapes a little when he sits down too quickly.

Han looks up then, Ben crossing his arms to protect himself from whatever comes. Their gazes lock. A brunette head of impossibly lush hair is now silvery grey, nearing white in some parts. There’s a little thinning, but it has stayed pretty intact all nine years apart. There are also a few more lines cracking across his features, presenting as his eyebrows furrow. Ben sees himself in thirty years and he doesn’t like it one bit.

Han opens his mouth and then closes it. Ben’s wondering if he’s wasting his time if regular chastises are going to slip from Han’s tongue and hit him like a dartboard.

Then, “Hey kid.”

Ben gulps at the greeting and the moniker. The word kid used to make him squirm, writhe and complain about how he wasn’t. Right now, he is.

He finds his voice, “Hey.”

Han’s eyes are now focused on the pool, the whirl of the water. “When did you get in?”

They’re moving into small talk. He sucks it up. “A little bit ago. Rey’s upstairs.”

Ben might as well make a point of him being here abundantly clear. The girlfriend is traditionally supposed to meet the family; even when the family contains glued together woodchips and an entire section of the puzzle missing.

“That’s good.”

The anxiety is eating him alive, ripping through his chest and coming out his mouth, “Been awhile huh?” Ben can’t help his nervous laugh or the way he starts to tremble minutely. He’s a kid again.

Han regards him before nodding. “Yeah. Nine years, right?”

Ben knows down to the day but he won’t throw that fact in there. He needed to remain calm and collected despite the want to jump in the pool with rocks in his pockets.
“Rey’s upstairs.”

“Yeah.”

It sounds so weak; he wants to scream at himself to man up.

Han sits on the opposite side of the pool, the air so quiet that they’re able to hear each other correctly. “I have newspaper clippings of your accomplishments but I can’t seem to remember what all of them say right now.”

Ben chokes up and forces, “It’s okay.” His accolades don’t matter right now.

“Ben, are you happy?”

With Rey.

“I don’t know.”

They’re both looking at the stone. “I shouldn’t have told you that.”

Ben wants him to repeat it for validation that they’re thinking of the same thing. “I was just scared for you Ben.”

“It’s no excuse to step on my neck and call me a liar.”

“Luke told us scary things and we had no idea what to think—”

“And you didn’t think to ask me?”

He can’t help the razor blade edge of his voice or the way his fists ball up. Han gazes at him now, Ben forcing his face into his hands.

“You know what? Forget it.”

Ben wants to run away.

“Luke told us what had happened that night.”

“You mean the night I cracked his motherfucking skull open? That night? Please, tell me what happened.”

His cadence is the most hostile its ever been, now able to bite his father back. Han hesitates and he can’t help himself, “Did he tell you that I slammed his head into the counter? Or pushed him down the stairs? Did he tell you why I did it?”

Ben’s spitting each word out and feeling his ribs cave in from the rigidity of his back and lack of breath. “Or did he say I tried to kill him. That I came for his throat with a piece of glass?”

“No.”

“Good because I did none of that.” He’s a matter of fact as his fists unclench and fingers flex.

“Luke told us after a few years what happened.”

“Bet you felt really fucking stupid then.”

Han nods his head and it catches him off guard. “I didn’t know Ben. All I knew was you punching
me that night, and that you told me you hated me.”

“Because you told me that I should completely abandon my dreams and follow the mold. Go into politics and then fucking die with only corruption under my belt.”

“That’s what your mother wanted.”

“Why didn’t you consider what I wanted, dad? Why didn’t you just let me try?”

“Because I was scared for you Ben.”

The pause that befalls is extensive, Ben’s breath shuddering and trying to regain an even rhythm.

“I just wanted you to have a guaranteed easy life. I understand that I might’ve forced it—”

“More than that, you two bred me for it. Constantly putting me in front of fucking politicians and shoving me into clubs I didn’t care about.”

“We thought you would’ve liked debate club—”

“I can barely articulate now, what good did it do?”

Han rubs his eyes and Ben wants to storm away and off the dock.

Then, “We understand where we were wrong.”

“Do you understand?” Ben can’t help how his lip wobbles.

Han sighs, “I’m trying to. Even after nine years, I’m coming to terms with it.”

Ben needs a guarantee of understanding and the process of it is far too slow. “I just wanted to run a business and build stuff, dad. That’s it.”

“You’ve done it better than I could have imagined, Ben.”

“By myself.”

It would’ve been nice to have someone to call in the early days, anything but an investor that he had carved out so long ago. “I’m sorry I couldn’t be there, Ben.”

Ben now rubs along his temples, willing the headache and congestion to go away. “I will never be able to take it back.”

He feels a drop hit his palm, wiping at his eyes before looking up. “I’m sorry for breaking your nose.”

“Noses heal.”

“Yours looks a little fucked up though.”

Han only laughs, rubbing the end of his nose. “Remember that you got the base model from me.”

“Think it’s more of mom, but I like the enthusiasm.” There’s wrought snark in his jab and Han thankfully snorts and fires back, “I can take credit for the hair.”

“Maybe. That could also be mom.”
“Your mom is glad you’re here.”

Ben knows this. “She’s been texting since I confirmed I was coming.”

“Meeting Rey made her jittery.”

His favorite subject is coming up. “They’ve been in each other’s presence before.”

“She’s still worried. You’ve never brought a girl home before.”

“I got close once.”

Han scoffs. “Who?”

“Bazine Netal. We got to the driveway. You two had left on a date without telling me. So we fucked in the backseat and I drove her home.”

Ben can’t even think about the slide of her over his cock, messy and painfully tight. The girl had also smashed his heart to pieces by hooking up with some other guy under the pretext that they had been “only friends”. Valentines Day chocolates meant friends. So did one of those tacky bears that he ended up ripping apart in the garage.

“You were a real Casanova, huh?”

“I’m committed now but yes.”

Han hums and it makes him squirm.

“Anything else I should know about this Rey girl?”

Ben can’t even begin to imagine what he already knows, or what his mom has managed to sleuth out. “I’m probably going to-”

The words scare him but he rushes it out.

“Marry her.”

He wants a diamond on her finger right now and his last names joined with her first. There are baby steps to walk before anything of the sort can happen. Han doesn’t say anything. Ben rubs at his hairline in nervousness, “I just love her.”

There’s no way to describe the feeling of seeing her when he walks into his apartment, even when pimple cream dots her face and she has a pizza grease stain on his t-shirt. Or how she smells, how her body feels in his grasp, how she sounds when she snores. “That’s good.” Ben glances up. Normally he’d scoff at praise from a man who had separated from his mom at fourteen, only to crawl back at twenty-one. “All I want to do is protect her.”

Maybe that’s a little too vulnerable.

“You are your mother after all.”

Ben chuckles at the comparison. “I would probably throw myself in front of a car for her.”

Love makes you do crazy things.

“Definitely something your mother has almost done for me.”
Ben can’t help but hysterically laugh at the image, Han joining and filling the night. It’s nice to feel something other than hate.

Ben crawls into his childhood bed long after she’s dozed off, shoving himself as close to her as he can. Rey adjusts to mold to his body, sleepily tucking her head into his neck and letting him hold her.

Usually, Ben’s chronic insomnia is a walk in the park but the night feels particularly grating on his tightly wound emotional exhaustion.

He doesn’t know how long he holds her or how long his body shakes like aftershocks from an earthquake when he does. Rey stays asleep through all of it, through Ben unwinding from her at the bleak hour of four to shower off all the grime he felt sticking to him.

Ben allows himself to cry then, head leaning against the tile wall with the spray hitting only the middle of his shoulder blades. The showerhead hasn’t moved from the last time he was here so he’s forced to hunch and twist up in sobs. The sound of the spray covers it up, along with the weak whines so unbefitting of a thirty-plus CEO. Especially when your girlfriend lays in bed in the other room.

The conversation with Han pings around his skull when he gets out of the shower and rubs his eyes below harsh fluorescents. He’s pale under them, nearly matching the clean and sterile white and black color scheme that had not been there when he left. The pocket door to the ensuite is open, illuminating a little bit of the bedroom with an unnatural blue tone.

“Ben?” His head lifts, unable to recall when he set his elbows on the vanity and slumped over. She doesn’t stand in the pocket door as expected, causing him to stand upright and furrow his eyebrows in the mirror. Maybe he hears things-

She steps into view of the mirror, leaning in the doorway. Only clad in high-waisted briefs (La Perla, he wouldn’t buy anything else), her silky hair pulled into a bun at the back of her head. “Good morning.” She punctuates it with a yawn.

“What time is it?” Maybe he’s somehow stayed in the shower until a reasonable time of morning. No such luck. ”It’s about 5. Are you okay?”

That’s a loaded question, one that makes him glance to the mirror to check his face before answering. “Yeah, I’m okay.” Stoicism might not be the right strategy but it's more plausible than faux happiness or content.

She doesn’t believe him, clear in the way she shakes her head or how she shuffles across the tile to wrap her arms around him. His torso is thankfully dry. ”Come back to bed.”

Ben wishes he could sleep, at least shut his eyes in peace for a while. It’s a foolish dream and he shakes his head. Maybe it's rude to resist, a downright criminal based on how her face falls. ”Let me cuddle you.”

Why would she want to? He just sobbed in the shower like a weak idiot. “Please.” It’s a warble akin to heartache, pressed right between his shoulder blades. It stings enough to get him to crack.

“Okay. Give me a minute.” There’s no way he’s going to bed with no product in his hair. That’s
a guaranteed rats nest. She doesn’t shift or walk away, her fingernails digging in his sides to forcibly turn him around.

Her head begins to shake, “No. I need you.” Green eyes resemble a puppy, lower lip pushing out in a pout. Their bodies press together and now he understands what the words mean. His therapist would advise against using sex as a paintbrush over sadness, especially in a relationship so newly established.

The thought has no time to cloud as he grabs around her back and crushes her to his lips, beginning a frenzied dance instead of creeping steps towards mutually feeling right. Her lips part for his tongue as he walks her back through the ensuite door, right up against the foot of the mattress. She falls back first onto the dove grey sheets. The towel drops off his waist, viewing her as she gazes up at him with a glimmer in her eye that he recognizes as lust.

Rey begins to sit up on her elbows, process cut short by his arms winding around her legs and manually shoving her further up the bed. “Take off your panties and spread your legs.”

Her panties roll off in a flash, kicked across the mattress and tan legs flop open without hesitation, Ben taking the time to lift her right foot and kiss along the insole as he surveys what’s his. Tender skin is bruise free, smooth and glowing beneath the bounce-back of the bathroom lighting. “How’d I get so lucky?”

He takes his time with matters concerning Rey and her tightly wound pleasure. His hands drop her foot and reach to settle across her breasts. His fingers graze over her nipples, hardened from cold or whatever he’s going to do to her. He doesn’t know what he wants from her yet, rubbing over the nub and watching her breath hitch.

“I love you.” She breathes it in a lovely way, lips pouting. Ben answers in the only way he knows how: leaning down to circle his tongue around the peak he had just been pulling. His lips close and suck.

Her fingers twine through his hair and tug while wet kisses travel down her body. Down her neck, between her ribs, a wet one in the middle of her sternum, across her smooth abdomen. On each hip, just above her pubic bone. His forehead stops and rests there, climbing entirely onto the mattress.

“My beautiful girl.” Another peck on the shaved skin, nose tracing down and his tongue flashing out to lick a fat stripe up her folds. If Ben could bottle the taste and smell of Rey, he would do it in a heartbeat. There’s a twitch of her thigh, calmed by his hand wrapping around the limb. The real work starts then, soft kitten licks to begin with a complimentary mewling emanating from her voice box. She tugs at his tresses when his thumb pushes beneath the hood hiding her clit. He rubs the sensitive nub while his licks become messy swipes.

All of it is so distracting that he can’t bother to note the swell of his cock against the duvet. His hips roll for friction, nose bunting against the entrance as his tongue dips in. It sweeps around, collecting as much of her into his mouth that he can. “Ben?”

He flits his eyes up to make eye contact. Somehow she’s found a pillow to rest her head on, embodying the “pillow princess” moniker to a T. Her lips part, he swirls his tongue to watch her back arch off the mattress. “Please.”

“Please, what?” Muffled due to the task at hand, he’s still looking up at her. A mirage of an oasis, if something like that could speak.
Another soft moan, “Fuck me.” No hesitation befalls his limbs as he props on his elbows. Then he adjusts back on his knees. His sleep-deprived haze tells him he needs lube, reaching towards the nightstand without thinking. Pulling the drawer open, the contents that had been left behind decide to greet him.

A beat-up copy of Catcher in the Rye, a cracked pair of glasses, even some athletic tape. Ben can’t dwell on the past right now, not when his girlfriend is soaking the sheets. There’s lube beside the tape, snorting to himself as he grabs it.

It’s KY but it’ll do, squirting some in his palm and coating his cock from the tip to the base. The pressure of his grip makes his stomach contract and teeth grind. He squirts a stream of lube on top of her cunt, tossing the bottle on the surface of the nightstand. His fingers skirt along the outside of her folds, spreading the slippery liquid. Her hitch in breath makes him snort.

“I dreamed about you.” Ben is shifting her legs to tuck along his obliques, lining himself up.

Then he looks at her, “Yeah?”

Rey begins to nod and that’s when he sinks, lube making the bottom-out quick. She hisses and digs her nails into the meat of his shoulders. “Sorry.” Ben would feel bad if he didn’t know that she could take it.

“We were in France.”

He begins to move his hips, setting his eyes on her to study her face: the crease in her brow, the flutter of her eyelids. Ben’s setting a leisurely pace, taking his time to stoak her coals. “What were we doing?”

He wants to hear her pretty voice. “We were-” A pause for a shuddery moan when his hips tilt up. “In a hall of mirrors. Versailles.”

His arm shifts under the small of her back to lift her closer to him. “Then what.” The slip of her tight pussy over his dick allows a hyper-focus on the point of burning bright happiness in his being.

The hesitation and the way her eyes shut give him pause. The pace slows its build, Ben reaching to brush a piece of hair from her face. “It’s silly.” He shakes his head, pressing a kiss to her nose and temple. “Tell me.” It’s going to eat away at him if she doesn’t.

Her mouth parts and her head turns to the side, breaking the contact. Reaching up, he gently grabs her chin to turn it back to him. “You’re safe.”

The snap of his hips goes deeper, thumb rubbing across her cheek as he holds her jaw. Her eyes flick to his, locking in place as a weak whine leaves her throat.

“I love you.”

The slam of his hips tires him but he keeps going.

"I'll do anything in the world for you."
okay so....this thing was getting long and needed to be split into two parts. part two within the next two-three days (im close to finished with it). i understand im a month late on the christmas train, but ben finally going home and rekindling with his parents only seems to work with that sort of time period, and im a shameless sucker for ben bringing rey home for the holidays. im sorry, again, for the long update time. i guess im just slow. who knows.

fashion (and a few extras)

reformation dress
rey's carbonara recipe (can make it vegetarian)
the best cut of blade runner imo
the fuck is a gavi di gavi
lanvin sweater
rey's adidas
ben's grey sweater
la perla briefs

chapter title taken from "sorry" by halsey

thoughts and feelings r welcome @ twitter and tumblr.
Chapter Summary

“How did you and Ben meet?”

The pinnacle question, the one that had her mildly sweating on the private jet. She’s not sure if she ever came to a consensus on what she would say.

Your son was my sugar daddy and fucked me like a little whore.

Too vulgar.

Chapter Notes

TAGS (oh boy):
reference to violence
reference to injury
BDSM (daddy kink, physical harm, degradation, you name it)
gregarious gifting
characters consuming alcohol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rey may have come three times before the crisp hour of seven. She’d take that secret to the grave, grinning in the mirror as she listens to Ben’s snoring.

He needs the sleep, based on the fact that she had heard him sobbing in the shower at five. Ben passed out during the witching hour of seven AM. Now it’s a reasonable ten AM and she’s holding off on waking him.

Getting ready is utterly silent, even the outfit picking that usually made her pace and babble to herself. Rey spent a little bit of her morning just hanging up every piece of clothing in her luggage, being careful to avoid all the plastic wrapped garments that tuck on either side of the closet.

The room has an air of being preserved, all of Ben’s things looking like a still life portrait, a snapshot from many years ago. The morning light creates little stripes through the plantation shutters on the wood floor. There are voices downstairs, the occasional bang of a pan or a loud and raucous laugh. Rey idly wonders who else is here, knowing she’d have to crawl from her hidey-hole for breakfast in a few minutes. Her stomach growls to urge her on, and she’s taking her time choosing between two sweaters.

The University of Illinois crewneck keeps catching her eye, and she finally tosses the two other designer sweaters in the closet. Leggings are already on her frame, along with the fuzzy socks she’s been shuffling across the cold floor in. Maybe it’s not the best outfit to impress your boyfriend’s mother (especially sans bra), but it’s on brand with her messy sex hair thrown into a high bun. After all, it’s better not to set super high expectations. The McQueen dress could come
out later.

As she’s tweaking the opal studs in her earlobes, she sees him roll over onto his back from his
stomach. Her eyes stay trained on him until he snores once more, adjusting the crewneck before
doing the last check of her entire person.

Shutting the door softly behind her, a place in the wood creaks as she steps down the hallway. The
house is airier during the day; skylights sit over the stairs and she notices the miniscule beachy
elements in the form of a decorative wooden sailboat or two. There’s so much to explore but she
starts with the source of the noise. Taking a deep breath, she descends the stairs while fiddling with
the sleeves of her sweater

The house smells like breakfast, the sweeteness of pancakes and the umami cut with salt that made
up bacon.

She enters the kitchen with unusual grace, taking in the entire room as they do. There are four
people, two huddled around the quartz island and two at the table set off to the side. “You know
it’s not kosher if I clean that pan.”

Leia is already fashionably dressed for ten AM, in comparison to Rey’s rattiness. She’s
contemplating slinking out and changing out of insecurity, but there are already eyes on her. Why
did she come down without Ben?

*You’re an excellent and very brave girlfriend, that’s why.*

“Good morning Rey.” Leia’s voice cuts through the terrifying silence. The blonde man next to
her cocks his head, then looking back down at the cast iron pan where bacon sizzles.

“Morning.” She makes sure she sounds strong, lifting her shoulders and straightening her posture.

“Is this Rey?” It draws her eyes to the table, to the man with a folded newspaper and glasses on the
bridge of his nose. There’s a pencil in his hand, eraser worn down to a nub.

A glance back to Leia lets her catch an eye-roll. “I just said that. Do you have cotton in your ears?”

Han seems to brighten up, refocusing on the newspaper for a moment before penciling in boxes.
Then he glances back up. “Thanks for the word, sweetheart. Rey, I’m Han.” Oh, they look so
similar upon an informed look. Dark eyes, probably similar colored hair when Han was younger.
Even the same jaw.

“Nice to meet you.” Now her voice is timider.

“So this is Ben’s girlfriend.” She looks over to the dark-skinned man whose feet rest on the table.
They drop down when Leia glares at him, and he stands up to cross the room and hold his out his
hand. He’s dressed immaculately, powdery blue dress shirt and heather grey slacks with a
matching blazer over the back of his chair — the onyx black ring on his right middle finger
gleams.

“Lando Calrissian. You could call me the *favorite* uncle.”

“There’s no contest.” Her eyes wheel back to the blonde at the pan.

Only one word leaves his lips, “Luke.” It’s a half-assed introduction that makes her gulp.

So this is Luke. Rey doesn’t exactly know the history between him and Ben, nor does she want to
find out. Before she can plunge deeper into anxiety, she turns back to Lando to shake his outstretched grip.

“Rey, do you want breakfast?” Leia has a warmth in her voice that she didn’t expect, reeking maternal and protective. Ben is already her overactive guard dog; now she has his mother in her arsenal.

Or she hopes she does. “Yeah, uh…”

What does she exactly want to eat? The spread on the counter is ample, probably anticipating company or the hungry monster that snoozes upstairs. The scrambled eggs, the bowl of fruit that's a cacophony of melons and berries, the various cereal boxes, the carafe of black coffee, and many other options look appetizing. She goes with simple, “Probably just cereal and coffee.” She steps forward to grab the box of Captain Crunch before Leia intercepts.

“I’ve got it. Go sit.”

Correction: the woman is very maternal. Rey’s uncomfortable with being serviced by anyone but Ben. It’s the fierce independence and stubborn refusal to ask for help. She cuts her losses and sits, taking note of the full property outside the windows across the table.

Being conscious of putting her elbows on the table, she tangles her hands in her lap and sort of shrinks into herself. Lando sips his coffee, Han writes another word in before looking back at her. “So what do you do, Rey?”

Here comes the interrogation. Rey's ears focus on the cereal hitting the interior of the bowl. “I’m a student.” Better to be upfront about her suspiciously young age. She’ll always get sideways looks for the near ten year age gap, it’s just time actually to stomach them.

“What subject?” Lando seems just to be generally warm and charming. Talking to him is easy.

“Civil Engineering. I’m planning on pursuing city planning.” It reminds her that she hasn’t drafted any imaginary utopias lately; she’d need to ask Ben for a drafting desk somewhere in the house for when she stays over.

Or perhaps if they ever move in with each other. That’s a lofty dream. “Smart girl. What do you do besides that?” The compliment makes her cheeks flame up and the bowl of cereal and cup of black coffee appears before her. Rey wants to ask for sugar - she’s too nervous for another request.

“Well, I like fixing cars.”

“Huh. No shit.” Lando and Han say it in unison and it makes her think she did something wrong. “You don’t mind getting dirty. That’s admirable.”

Thank god. The spoon enters her mouth and crunches down on the cereal. She makes sure her mouth is empty before she speaks again, “Yeah. It’s pretty fun.” Rey could drone on and on about how it soothes her or some shit, but she’s all tongue-tied.

“How did you and Ben meet?”

The pinnacle question, the one that had her mildly sweating on the private jet. She’s not sure if she ever came to a consensus on what she would say.

*Your son was my sugar daddy and fucked me like a little whore.*
She opens her mouth to buy her time before, “Mutual friends.” Her head whips back at the familiar dulcet tone, Ben standing by the island as he pours himself a cup of coffee in a jaw-dropping white sweater. Rey hadn’t seen him in white unless it’s a tux. They make eye contact and he looks mildly exhausted; not noticeable unless you knew what to look for in the hollows of his eyes or the occasional twitch. His hair sits in perfect submission, cheeks stubble-free.

“Good morning.” He says it first and she can’t help but smile at him for his quick rescue. That’s when she notices the thick tension and silence in the room, and how Ben then turns his head to look at Luke. He’s stopped removing bacon from the pan.

It’s a standoff that seems to drag on for ages. Then, “Ben.” It comes from the older man’s lips with familiarity and seriousness. Ben’s body tenses up while she shoves more cereal into her mouth and decides to intervene in a precise way. She rises and slides next to him with the coffee mug in tow. Setting it down with a clank, she’s reaching for the creamer and sugar that set next to the carafe. Ben visibly relaxes and takes another drink from his coffee. “Luke.” There’s numbness there, better than the predicted rage.

She knows he could blow his cap any minute. “Creamer?” Knowing he takes his coffee black, it gets him to look over at her.

“I’m okay. How did you sleep?” She’s dragging him into her little orbit, distraction plan working when he leans down to peck her waiting lips. If they were alone, she’d card her fingers through his hair until he purrs.

Rey bites her lip when he pulls away, not caring about the eyes on them. “Well. Can I get you breakfast?” Feed the beast, then let him speak. She doesn’t want to step on toes or consume precious attention, especially time that is rightfully Leia’s or Han’s.

“I’m fine.” That’s uncharacteristic and she holds her breath. Ben then looks at Luke, glancing him up and down before snorting.

“I would’ve thought you would be at some Skywalker company function. Maybe celebrating another plagiarized idea.”

“No, fuck off.” Rey’s looking between the two men, flinching at the expletive.

Han clears his throat. “Cool it, Ben.”

“Or maybe finding some other kid that you can steal prototypes from.”

Ben’s jaw sets beneath his skin; she knows he’s gone down the rage rabbit hole. “I don’t even fucking care. I’m far more successful than you ever even anticipated I would be.”

“I’m proud of you.”

“I’m sure you are.”

He’s growling now and Rey decides to grab the sleeve of his sweater. “I can’t fathom being unoriginal. Imagine needing to steal ideas and prototypes from your fucking nephew.”
“It didn’t even sell-”

“I should’ve broken your jaw too.”

The room is deathly silent as he holds the mug to his lips with a trembling wrist. Rey feels as if there’s a foot on her windpipe, crushing down. “Maybe. However, my skull was enough.”

That’s much more delicate than the situation deserves. Ben slams the mug down on the counter, so loud that she worries it’s going to crack. His knuckles tense and turn white, then back to skin color. “Ben.”

It’s Leia who speaks now and crosses her arms; the limbs swathed in teal cable knit. Ben doesn’t look at her, but his face grows a little paler. “Eat some breakfast.”

He sighs audibly and in an unpredictable move, he grabs a plate. Resembling a sulky teenager, they all watch him fill his plate in fuming silence. Rey knows her cereal is getting soggy and could care less. She can’t leave him or let go of the cashmere in her grasp.

Once finished, he tops off his coffee and lumbers over to the table. Dropping into the chair next to her, he hunches over to make himself less conspicuous and shoves scrambled eggs into his mouth. Rey’s frozen by the carafe, trying to act as if she’s meant to be there.

The constriction of her throat is too much to stand there comfortably. Her socked feet shuffle back to the table and she sits down. Tentative fingers can’t help but move to his knee, acting as a leash so they both stay safe from drifting in the cosmos. “Did you two meet through Poe?”

Thank heavens above that Leia decides to speak. Ben lifts his head from his food and nods. Rey feels better when her hand settles on the small of his back, spooning cereal into her waiting mouth. “Our first anniversary is in April.”

They’re counting from the beginning, even when the start was nothing more than sex and materials. “You two both live in Chicago?”

They both nod, almost in unison. “Together?”

Rey immediately casts her eyes to her cereal and shoves more into her mouth. Living together is a loaded question. They practically do for four days out of the week, her lease is up at the end of January. Finn and Poe are likely shacking up in Poe’s upscale bachelor pad, leaving her alone in the apartment that she can barely tolerate any longer. Going from upscale digs to her older and shabbier (with a front door that barely locks and low water pressure) flat is the bane of her existence.

Ben needs to make the first move and ask her. Or he’ll be Ben about it and avoid the subject by buying her property near his. Not too close, but near enough. She’s not sure how she feels about that option; especially knowing that she’d end up crawling into his bed most nights. “No. Maybe at the end of January.”

Her head whips to him so fast that her neck almost snaps. He doesn’t even pay her a glance, chewing on fruit. Leia looks between them as she sits down, then making eye contact with Han. He focuses back on his crossword with a shrug. “Um...yeah. Maybe.” Rey’s voice sounds so feeble, to her ears.

The front door opening takes the attention away, especially the telling sound of suitcases on the hardwood. Han perks. “Maz?”
The predicted saunters into the kitchen, looking as understated as always. Big horn-rimmed glasses, weathered denim jacket, and her hair thrown back into a bun with whatever is around. Today its colored pencils, bright blue and deep red. “Who else would it be?”

“Could’ve been Amilyn, but it’s good to see you also.” Leia’s standing to wrap the woman in a hug, familiarity evident in the tightness of the parting squeeze. Maz’s attention automatically lands on her next, lighting up like the Christmas tree in the foyer.

Rey quickly stands so she can get pressed into a hug. “I knew I’d see you here. Are you blushing, sweet girl?” Before Rey can answer, Maz pinches her cheeks and sharpens on Ben beside her, then to Han.

“You two? In the same room? Chewie come look at this!” Ben’s now blushing, avoiding eye contact for his coffee.

Ben’s the biggest person she’s seen in her life so far, built like a sequoia tree with thick muscle and broad shoulders. In comparison to Rey’s lithe form and short stature, it’s a dream of being physically manhandled. Chewie trumps Ben in the broad category, roaming into the kitchen and glancing at everyone.

Then at Ben and Han. Ben is the one gaping this time, the hush making her nervous. Then Rey’s chair is being shoved a little to the side as Chewie drags Ben up for a hug. “Nice to see you, man.” The words muffle against Chewie’s shoulder as she watches Ben’s knuckles go white at the flex in Chewie’s bicep across Ben’s shoulders.

Then he pulls away and turns to Rey. A sweat breaks out on her temple, knowing that he could crush her like a trash compactor if he so chose. “Be easy with her.” She’s appreciative of Ben’s caution, especially as she’s enveloped into a much more delicate-feeling hug.

It’s chaste, Chewie’s awareness shifting to Han and Lando. Ben touches the inside of her wrist to lean close to her ear, “I’m gonna go check on work.”

“You’re not supposed to be working. It’s Christmas Eve.”

She knows he’s only trying to distract and isolate himself, avoiding the trials that family brings. Luke has disappeared in the time between the blowup and now. She’s not sure if she wants to sleuth out where; to speak to him and ask all sorts of questions that Ben will never answer. Ben shrugs his shoulders as she finishes her cereal. “But we can go watch Netflix for a couple of hours.”

Rey needs her own time to stew, to sift through the “maybe” that he had given earlier.

“Sounds good to me.”

“Good.”

She’s tipsy.

It’s tapered off with dinner but Ben can see it in the way her calves flex to hold her up in the sky-high Saint Laurent Tribute heels; in the way she giggles when lingering near his mother and Amilyn. All he’s wanted this weekend is a positive interaction between his mother and Rey, something calm and indicating approval.
Not that he needs the reassurances; she’s going to be his forever at some point. Even beyond if reincarnation isn’t a crock of shit, the neat whiskey swirls around her glass, the ice melted due to the roaring fire built in the large travertine hearth.

He’s opted for a mint julep, something he had habitually drunk with his father on holidays before everything became seriously awful. “I’m telling you, get an Aston Martin. I have a contact there.” Han is so insistent on his way of doing things that Ben wants to snort.

“They’re not unique enough.” Lando is pouting over his martini, leaning against the white paneled wall of the formal living room. The bar resides in here, along with the baby grand piano tucked in an alcove that he had taken an unfortunate two months of lessons on. Ben isn’t meant to be a musician, growing up as an electronics tinkerer. He had spent way more time shut away in his room, drafting mechanical innovations and learning to program from age eighteen to now.

He doesn’t do a lot of the mechanical or coding work anymore, but his brain is just a treasure trove of ideas to make life easier. Also buying companies, stripping them, and selling properties and patents have proved to come naturally to his cutthroat intuition.

“What do you drive, Ben?” His father is drinking water, an unprecedented sight. Ben pulls his eyes from Rey and sips delicately.

“Depends.”

Han’s eyebrows raise, Lando also looks on with what could be moderate intrigue. Ben shrugs, “Mercedes AMG SUV, BMW X7, Audi R8 Coupe. I’ll probably buy a Ferrari in the new year.” Lando nods in approval at the list while Han chokes on his water.

“Why a Ferrari?”

Ben shrugs. “Rey’s been looking at one and it sounds fun.” Ben could care less about the number of cars he has or how ridiculous it would seem to an outsider. He spends his money how he so chooses, and if that means getting a canary yellow 488 Spider to fuck his girlfriend over the hood, then so be it.

“Sounds more than fun.” Ben’s eyes are somewhere else than his father, scanning for Rey. Leia and Amilyn are deep in conversation, and she’s nowhere to be found. He wants to seek her out, to creep up on her and press her up against the railing of the stairs and let his hands skirt up the blazing crimson Alexander McQueen dress covering her slim frame.

“Excuse me.” He downs the rest of his drink and quickly refills with the bottle of Connemara already set out.

Striding towards the exit, he’s stopped by his mother’s hand on his bicep before he can thoroughly creep away. “Ben, you remember Amilyn.”

He does, with her faux lavender locks and matching violet demeanor. He assumes she’s never liked him, only treating him pleasantly since he is Leia’s son. Seeing old family friends can’t help but put an offensive taste along his gums, reminding him that he’s always standing in a dark shadow of his parent’s legacy. Ben has been Leia’s son or Han’s son, never just plain Ben.

Ben is more than that. He’s built himself into an unstoppable supernova that’s willing to rip his muscles apart to prove people wrong. Ben would jump sixteen feet if someone told him he could only jump ten.

“I do. It’s nice to see you.” He’s still polished and polite, holding out his hand for what seems like
the millionth handshake of the day. There are too many people in this home, even for such a small holiday gathering. This is much more intimate in comparison to the grand galas and stuffy suits of his teenage years.

Or he’s an adult and can stomach things like Pepto Bismol. Amilyn’s smile is unexpectedly friendly, “You don’t look like your mother or your father.” He’s gotten that a lot, his hair darkening to near black through his late teens and early twenties.

“We don’t know where he got the height from.” His size is a blessing and a curse, intimidating but inconvenient in doorways. Ben barks a self-conscious laugh, hand scratching along the back of his neck. His priority is his girl and where she would have run off. The property is expansive and on an inlet; not exactly the most convenient situation for an intoxicated girl in heels.

“I need to go find Rey. We’ll talk.” That’s his way of awkwardly dismissing himself, darting out of the living room. The whiskey nearly sloshes over the rim of the glass as he walks to the kitchen, seeing a French door open to the chill of the outside. There’s also a wine opener on the counter.

Ben steels his nerves as he finishes the drink in one long gulp. Sucking the fiery alcohol from his teeth, he shrugs off his blackened-blue suit jacket and loosens his double Windsor knotted tie. He shoulders outside then, the wraparound porch empty. The moon is high in the sky, shifting the pale sandy stones to shimmering white under his patent black Christian Louboutin Derbys. They try to match labels on shoes if they can, her offbeat Tributes thrown at the end of cerulean tinted chaise. The pool lights are on, along with the crisscrossing twinkle lights that connect the sections of an arbor.

The McQueen is in a pile next to the shoes, David Yurman pendant laid carelessly on top of the fabric. Rey typically babies jewelry. Lingerie too, but all of that is out the window as he watches her hang on the edge of the pool with a wine glass in hand and a soaked through Agent Provocateur bra on her torso; as if the fabric wasn’t already sheer. She’s made a home for herself in the ten minutes she’s been missing.

“Hi, daddy.”

Ben looks around behind him, checking for extra ears as she cocks her head and drinks from the wine glass. Deep red stains around her mouth, lip gloss worn away to reveal swollen and bitten lips. He takes his time to walk over to the chaise lounge, sitting down and setting his elbows on his spread knees to study her.

“You like the pool, baby-girl?” His parents are smart, opting for heating in a commonly mild climate. There’s enough of a chill to watch steam drift off the glowing water. Rey nods, reaching for the wine bottle that sits next to her half-full glass. “Want some?”

“Where’d you get that?” Ben knows where, but he wants to hear it from her pretty mouth so he can kiss a belt across her skin.

Her grin is lascivious. “I don’t tell.”

“I think you will.”

“Or what?”

She likes testing him when she’s drunk. For the most part, he thinks its charming. “You know what.”

Her eyebrows quirks before she sips more wine, setting the bottle down. Ben needs to cork it as
soon as possible, based on the label and the year. He’ll replace it. Her face falls and his stomach turns over.

“Are you okay?”

Ben will do anything for her, including chopping off his arms and wearing them like bunny ears. She scratches the back of her neck.

“Do you really want to move in together?”

There’s the magic question. Ben’s been thinking about the subject for a solid month, first in his hindbrain and then front and center in his cerebrum. There are no negatives in his opinion; Rey sleeps in his bed every night, he comes home to her, they can watch movies or have sex at all hours of the day. It’s a perfect situation.

“Of course.”

Ben’s never felt more confident in an answer, even as her eyes narrow. “Are you doing this because you want to?”

“I want to wake up every morning next to you. Please, Rey.” He’s nervous she’ll refuse. If she does, there are other contingency plans like setting her up in another property he’d buy to her specifications.

Rey drains her wine glass before setting it aside. “I’d love to.” Ben jolts as if someone’s stuck a livewire in his spine. Before he can say anything else, “Thank you, daddy.”

There’s another perk about a co-living situation. He gets to be daddy 24/7. “Don’t thank me. When are you gonna get out of the pool?”

Her head shakes, a lewd smirk cracking her cheeks. “Never. It looks like you’ll have to hop in.”

A girl swimming around a pool in sheer lingerie while inviting him in would be sixteen years old Ben’s wet dream. Adult sensibilities take over, like the fact that he doesn’t want to take off his watch or completely strip down in the chill of the night. Or risk both respective parents walking in on it. “I’m patient. Swim away from the wall though.”

She obeys that request, pushing back to the middle of the pool. “It’s Christmas Eve.”

“It is.”

Her eyes lid as she treads water, nipples visibly hard through the bra cups. “Realistically, we should be with your family right now.”

“Correct.” He continues before she can, “But I like this much better.”

“I don’t know if your mom likes me or not.”

Ben wants to tell her that he doesn’t know if she even tolerates him. He opts for, “She’s mysterious, but she doesn’t hate you. You’d know.”

“Gee, that’s nice. I want to be a good girlfriend.”

At some point, you’ll be a good wife too.

“You’re fantastic, regardless of if my parents outwardly worship you.”
Rey rolls her eyes. “I’m so used to being idolized by you that it scares me that your parents aren’t doing the same.”

Ben does more than idolize; she’s everything he’s ever wanted in this world.

“If you were anyone else, I wouldn’t have brought you here. I know you can handle this.”

Her mouth opens and shuts. Ben snorts, “Just like I know that you can handle a belt when you finally get out of the pool.” He’s half-hard from the image of her bent over his bed with welts blooming along her cheeks as he fucks her from behind.

“I do love a belt.”

“You’re not supposed to.” It is a pleasurable punishment.

Rey snickers, “You get so intense while you do it. It’s hot.”

“That’s kinda the point, babe.”

“You know you could drag me out of this pool.”

He’s aware that he has enough strength to rip her from the water and over his knee, but he’s civilized.

“I know.”

“So why don’t you?”

“I’m civilized and, again, patient.”

Her eye-roll wears on that last quality but he remains collected, hands unbuckling his Prada belt and pulling it through the loops. He folds it over in his hand and gives a testing slap against his palm.

It stings, just how he wants it. Rey’s eyes fixate on his actions, mouth parted. Then she pulls herself out of the pool, beginning to shiver at the cold. “Ready to go inside?”

He keeps his face stony, beginning the slow descent into control. “Upstairs?”

Rey reads minds better than most. He nods, watching her rush before him and bend down to grab her clothing. “Get dressed.”

“It’ll ruin the dress-”

“Dry cleaning exists. Your body is mine, and mine only, to see.” Being intercepted by his mother with Rey stripped down to lingerie would be humiliating.

Her hesitation makes him growl low in his register, propelling her to step into the dress and shimmy it over her hips. Not bothering to zip it, she shivers again as she picks up her heels and necklace. She holds the chain out to him, Ben grabbing the delicate jewelry for her and sliding it into the pocket of his slacks. He knows that she fears any damage, even when something like a David Yurman piece is easily replaceable.

Without a word, she walks in front of him. He grabs the bottle of wine (he hopes the bouquet’s integrity held) on the way in. Ben stays close as they step inside the cozy house, into the kitchen where his blazer and tie are sitting on the counter. Exchanging the bottle for the garments, he
supposes that shoving the cork into the opening will have to suffice. “Go on.”

She seems to comprehend it’s not a suggestion as she moves forward. Ben feels as if he’s pushing her towards a grave, but the spring in her step portrays otherwise.

They manage halfway up the stairs without being noticed. “Ben?”

His mother’s voice stops him short, holding onto the banister and seeing Rey freeze also. Ben leans over and looks down at her. Leia is looking up through the chandelier at them, hands on her hips.

“Rey’s going to sleep.”

“You too, I suppose?”

The insinuation guts him, the stifled giggles from his girlfriend assist further. “Uh…uh…”

He can’t help his stuttering. “Goodnight Leia!” Rey’s hand is wrapping around his arm, pulling on him to move up the stairs.

“Goodnight.” The smirk on her face makes him want to crawl back into his skin and die. There’s no opportunity as Rey pulls him into the bedroom and he has no choice but to kick the door closed.

The slam nearly rattles it off its hinges, the mattress squeaking beneath Rey as she flops face first. His grip wraps around her ankle before she can pull herself up the bed. “You don’t move a muscle.”

She freezes and it gives him the opportunity to drop her leg and turn to his suitcase. Zipping it open, he roots around in the zippered pocket to seek a fantasy. He finds it in the form of two ropes; his tie will have to suffice as another line.

Shifting back to look at her, he can tell she’s only moved a little. He’ll let it slide in opt for pulling off her sheer panties and shoving her legs apart. She yelps, lifting her head when he threads the rope around her ankle to tie a quick zip snare. He pulls her leg nearly taut, allowing only a little movement so she has the right to writhe. A quick knot secures it to the feet of the bed.

“Put your head down. You’ve been a bad girl.”

There’s a sharp intake of breath before he hears a noisy exhale into the mattress. Ben does the second leg even faster, getting into a practiced rhythm. The tie doesn’t trip him up, even when Rey tries to rip one of her wrists away. “Fucking brat.”

The flex and splay of her fingers stop and allow him to tighten the fabric further for her infraction, wrapped inescapable against her back. Ben shoves a pillow under her stomach, lifting her hips a little to present her beautiful ass to him.

He is surveying his challenge, bending to pick up the belt that he abandoned on the floor. He steps up to the edge of the mattress, drifting the leather along the back of her thigh. The muscle tenses in her calf, hips trying to flatten down. “What does a good girl do?”

Her legs tug on the restraints before he raises the belt and cracks it across her skin. The sound of it makes his fingers tingle, back tense up. The pleasing yelp lost in the mattress.

“I’ll repeat it. What does a good girl do?”
The red blooming across her right cheek makes his mouth water. “Listens to her daddy.”

“She does. She doesn’t run away.” The leather cracks across her skin, her pelvis lifting, fingers clawing for nothing.

“No, she doesn’t.”

“You’ve been a naughty girl, Rey.”

Another snap of the leather makes her shift around. “I’m sorry daddy-”

The belt hits across both cheeks as he rolls out his neck. “I’m sure you are. You’re daddy’s whore after all.”

She’s recovering from the last impact for too long.

“Whores get punished.” The reddening of her cheeks spurs an animal inside to come forth, retaliating with three strikes of the belt. Each one makes her whine, her legs yanking on the rope.

“Do you like being my little slut?”

Another hit.

“Yes, daddy.”

“How much.”

More hesitation, forcing two more attacks from the leather. “So much.”

Ben snorts, letting his hand come down across the reddest part of her backside. “I bet, you’re so wet.” His fingers take the opportunity to trace along the sides of her folds. Her squirm causes another smack from his palm, grabbing the cheek to hold her in place.

He allows himself two more swipes before pulling away with another spank. Ben intends to leave handprint bruises.

“Bad girls don’t get to come and sluts have to prove their worth.”

First slap.

“So which do you want to be?”

Second slap.

“A bad girl?”

Third slap.

“Or daddy’s slut?”

The fourth makes her whimper, “Slut. Please, daddy.”

His laugh is unrecognizable to himself. Ben pulls on the tie to unravel around her wrists. Then he loosens each slip to free her legs. She still doesn’t have a choice on how she moves, pulling on her thighs so she’s closer to the edge of the bed.

“Hands and knees.”
There’s no pause as she lifts herself, keeping her legs spread reasonably wide. Ben’s been fully hard since they’ve gotten into the room, leaving it alone to the point of teeth gritting.

His spine coils as he ruts the front of his slacks against her, eyes close to rolling back into his head when she shifts her hips again. He can’t wait any longer, nearly tearing off his slacks with his boxer-briefs. Tossing them to the side, he finds purchase on her hip while he grabs for the lube.

“I’m sorry daddy-”

Shoving the tie between her teeth, he ties it behind her head. “Sluts don’t talk.”

There’s another muffled word, his hand wrapping around her throat to press down as he coats his cock in lube. It gets the sounds to stop, her fingers knotting in the sheets. He lines up, rubbing the tip along her entrance while the hand releases.

“I should fuck your ass like the little fucktoy you are, but that would be too nice.” Ben knows, in his hindbrain, that Rey knows how to safeword against roughness. That includes the amount of degradation he’s serving on the rocks.

Rey rolls again. “So greedy.” Then he sinks, hearing her gasp behind the fabric.

“Oh, I know you can take this. Your pussy will take anything it gets. Right?” She nods in response, allowing him to bottom out despite her clenching around him. Rey’s always been impossibly tight, whiting out his brain to only savage wants.

Thrusting starts slow, the slip of her over him have his teeth begging to sink into her flesh and never let go. “You don’t get to come.”

His grip is on her waist, holding her in place as he pushes deeper into her. Doggy-style is a position created by God himself, especially for the well-endowed fucking the brains out of someone smaller. “I come first. Then I’ll think about rewarding you.”

It’s obvious he’s going to let her come at some point, but he likes dropping ultimatums on needy girls; the desperation makes him feel good. To make his position clear, he tilts his hips up to slam.

The whine makes him smile, along with how she flutters around him. Ben likes to prolong torture, grabbing her hair and pulling. It forces her head up, spine arching more. The tiny moans spouting from her mouth make everything so sweet.

“Tell me you love me.”

The fabric warbles the words, “I love you.”

“Do I own you?”

There’s no hesitation. “Yes.”

Ben pushes his hips deeper and her body shivers. The speed increases, hand eventually letting her hair go to rest back on her hip. It’s so he manually moves her body up and down without having to thrust, finally making her bounce by herself. Watching her earn it is much more rewarding.

It’s pushing him closer to the edge of a ledge, waiting for something inside of him to let go.

It’s when his knees go rigid and his tailbone locks that he pulls out. There’s no necessity for the method, but he flips her onto her back. “Open your fucking mouth.”
Rey does so dutifully, his hand pumping until he breathily exhales and comes across her neck and open lips. She looks so pretty, covered in him and with fluttering eyelashes. “Good girl.”

His thumb swipes across a rosy cheek (both sets match now), cum collecting on the pad and enters her mouth. “Suck.” Rey does so, happily. He removes his finger while he rubs her clit, watching her little gasps from denial.

“Let go.”

Rey, for once, does what she’s told on the first order.

Her entire body hurts.

Rey comprehends why, but she can barely shift around on the couch that she’s perched on without little hisses at each bruise or pop of her joint.

Every time she winces, Ben gets a haughty look like he knows something that no one else knows. Which, to be fair, he does know the amount he let the belt crack across her ass. Or the number of fingertip bruises he left on her hips.

What she replays in her thoughts is the bath after, the way her head lolled against the side of the tub as he whispered how much he loved her as he held her hand. Rey is going to be living with this man, a sexy demon who can inflict pain and take it away in the same stroke.

If fucking a demon makes you a sinner, damn her to depths of Hell.

“I love it when you flinch.”

His lips are close to her ear and she digs her nails into his thigh in weak retaliation. They’re both in gaudy matching pajamas, red and white striped and a gift from Leia that they couldn’t refuse. He looks good with his “sex god with ruffled hair and a cup of coffee” look. Rey resembles an overgrown six-year-old. They’re the only people with matching outfits, which makes it even worse.

“We’re in front of your family.” She can’t help but also mumble, tucked beneath his arm and watching the crackle of the fireplace. They’re coupled off, Lando and Han taking on the brunt of passing out gifts.

Ben rumbles, “So?”

She settles her palm across his sternum, seeking the flutter of his heart. Her head lays on his shoulder, close to nuzzling into his neck to smell the lingering cologne from the night before; Tom Ford Noir takes on notes of safety along with bergamot and irises.

Rey only peeks when a large black and white checkered box is set in front of her, Leia sipping from her mug with a knowing smile. The generosity extends through chromosomes. That’s when Rey straightens her posture, squaring off her shoulders and watching other boxes stack in front of her. As predicted, most of the gifts are from Ben.

Then he says the magic words, “There are more at home.”

“You’re absurd.”
“You love it though.”

He’s not wrong. Another long gulp of his coffee while Han settles in a sky-blue armchair like he’s done the act a million times before. Ben scoots forward, looking at his gifts. From a simple envelope to a box the size of Rey’s torso, he’s done well with his hoard. Rey hesitates on grabbing a gift to unwrap, waiting for the next move. Didn’t some families have traditions? They did on TV.

“Aren’t you guys going to open them? I think we’re all a little old to go in a line.” Leia is lazing in her respective armchair, a pale lemon yellow, Ben audibly snorting. Rey takes the opportunity to rip off a piece of wrapping paper on a gift from Amilyn. The fact that she’s receiving gifts from the extended family makes her want to ugly-cry.

She holds her composure, even when she opens the box to bright holographic sneakers. “Oh fuck yeah.” They’re not her typical style, reminiscent of hyper-colorful Tokyo streetwear. She still loves them, enamored with the patent as she shifts the shoe in the light.

“I got those in Japan.” Amilyn sits pretty, with her perfect lilac hair in a twist and matching silk pajamas. She exudes glamour.

“Oh cool. Why were you in Japan?” A sideways glance tells Rey that Ben is pausing to read through a card with one of his gifts, Lando watching in excitement and paused on his gift from Rey.

“Protesting commercial whaling,” Amilyn says it like a wisp of wind through a willow, as if it were only a walk in the park.

Rey swallows, “That’s very awesome. Again, thank you.”

The woman beams and Rey refocuses on another gift, poorly wrapped with a lopsided bow. The tag is labeled with Han and she shreds the wrapping paper. It’s a toolbag, empty but high quality based on her quick inspection of the pockets and zip. Her name is embroidered in crisp white thread, a flourish at the end of the y. “I don’t know if you already have one-”

“I don’t. I keep all my tools in a milk crate next to my nightstand.” Rey adores useful gifts more than anything, making sure she mouths a quick “thank you”.

“You got me a robot?” Ben’s gravelly morning voice cuts through her eardrums, Lando laughing loud. Ben’s holding a plain black box, card on top with a puzzled look.

“Yeah, built him myself. You used to want one when you were only three, even gave me specifics.” Ben’s already taking off the lid and pulling a sheet of notebook paper. A rudimentary and spherical monstrosity drawn in bright green crayon, along with contrary, black pen and neat print.

**bright blue (same color as dada’s car)**

**fast**

**off switch (please - Leia)**

Rey swears she hears a sniffle and his hands tremble as he lifts a small, blazing azure spherical object. “Luke did most of the coding, I’m hopeless with that kind of stuff. It can only roll around but maybe you can improve her.”

There’s close to a flinch at the L-word. Luke had disappeared from the house late last night, Rey
managing to catch the departure from Ben’s bedroom window. She found his business card tucked in her trench coat this morning, no note scrawled.

Rey kept it. Maybe it would have no use to her, but there’s no harm in retaining something so sensitive. “I’ll transfer the program to you later. She might be a little rudimentary but she’s a good base robot.”

Ben wipes his nose and nods. “Thank you.” His voice is strained, picking up another box after tenderly packing the robot away. One of her small boxes is in his hand. Picking out his gifts has been a struggle; she had been unsure of what to give him, even after thinking about it for the whole of December.

She watches Ben tenderly unfold the wrapping paper instead of tearing. The box is the Chanel box that the watch comes in, everything from the dials to the tiny numbers a chrome. The band is matte black, and he’s looking over to her for further instructions.

“Flip it over.” Rey had to rush this gift, harassing Ben’s New York jeweler day after day about it. His eyes squint at the engraving: chaque seconde est plus proche de moi.

“Every second is closer to me.” She flushes as he reads it aloud.

“It’s probably silly but-” He interrupts her with a kiss on her temple.

“Je t’aime.” Then he nudges her shoulder, propelling her into uncovering the medium sized box before her. Pristine white Valentino Rockstuds pop out against the fire-engine shoebox. “I didn’t know what color to get you, so you also have the nude and black pairs waiting at home,” Rey responds with a kiss on his cheek, hoping he doesn’t mind her morning breath.

The gift opening continues with mumbles and a few yelps of glee. Rey runs through three more boxes of Ben’s. A steel grey Celine mini luggage tote, Celine sunglasses with a black to tortoiseshell fade, and the delicate rose gold and diamond tennis bracelet are types of gifts she expects. She takes pause for Maz’s gift, a waterproof journal with special waterproof paper. “It’s useful.” Maz shrugs, sitting back and looking over at Chewie. He’s examining the chartreuse mittens that Amilyn had knitted him, flexing the fingers.

“I’m not complaining. I love the pen too.” Maz had gone nostalgic with that, picking one of the ones that have multiple levers for different ink colors. Leia’s box is the black and white box, as predicted. Also, it’s the only gift from her to anyone, evident by the glances around to each person.

“I thought you didn’t celebrate Christmas.” Ben’s studying the solar-powered alarm clock from Maz and Chewie, but snickering as he does.

“Hanukkah.” Leia sips her coffee without care, still resembling a queen at her throne. Ben snorts, Rey sets her eyes on the odd and large box and begins to open it.

Her head cocks at the basic black box that sits inside. There’s a silver bow on top, signifying its still a present. “Keep going.” Ben leans over to peer at the task of lifting the lid and unwrapping the delicate tissue paper.

Rey flatlines.

The pale, baby blue-grey Birkin sits face up amongst gauzy shimmery fabric to pad it. She’s unable to breathe and definitely looks like an idiot, mouth open and shaking.
“I…” She can’t even speak, being in the presence of something so insanely beautiful. Angels are crying in her ears and she swears she sniffles.

“Thank you.” She’s about to cry over a Birkin, the supposed symbolism taking precedence. Rey’s been accepted by Leia Organa, as materialistic as the gesture may be.

Leia solidifies it, “I have sandy tan one I never use also. You could take it off my hands if you’d like.”

“Holy shit.”

Rey can’t help the expletives, starting to laugh and wipe her nose. “Sorry, I’m...holy fuck.”

Leia joins in with a hearty chuckle, stopping to drain her coffee mug. “Thank you.” Rey still has manners, especially after last night.

“I’ll tell you the next time I’m in Chicago. Maybe I’ll have a lunch buddy other than Ben.”

Ben looks offended for a moment but then he softens up. “Good. My schedule doesn’t support it.”

“Neither does mine.” Rey stifles her giggles as she tucks into herself more, willing the bruises away.

The snark in her tone trumps his, Ben narrowing his eyes at her as he grabs for the gift from his father. Ben’s eyes then dart to him. “It’s not a model plane. I hope you still like it.”

“I will.” He unwraps it tenderly and slowly.

Ben pulls out a black leather-bound sketch pad, his eyes immediately wet and breaths shallow immediately. “I figured you still sketched. I’m not sure with what medium, but I figured the colored pencils were something extra.” Han is speaking while holding Rey’s measly gift, monogrammed tire caps and a coffee table book of photography from 1970’s New York. Ben had recommended the last one, clearly knowing his father’s tastes. It sits open to a garish orange stucco and green-roofed house, a hyper verdant lawn in front of it to depict upper New York’s fall into suburbia.

Ben’s only rapidly nodding, his voice hoarse when he says, “I do. I’m-”

There’s a falter as he continues to bob and look back down at the leather.

There’s no possible way she knows what is in the envelope, the size having her stumped. She gives him a moment as she picks up the legal envelope, slicing it open and looking inside. Her hands fish out a car key, on a keyring with a tacky light-up souvenir keychain of Chicago’s skyline.

There’s a folded piece of paper with it, her heart already beating out of her chest from the Birkin and now it quickens at the Cadillac emblem on top of the key. Picking up the paper, she unfolds it with tremors in her fingers.

There’s only a printed picture of a car. A rusty white, clearly junk Cadillac 1959 Deville convertible. Her brain connects the dots and she screams.

“I figured you could fix it-”

Rey can’t stop bouncing or her near hyperventilation, throwing her arms around him and screeching into his shoulder so people would stop staring at her. Ben’s hand rubs along her back,
pressing kisses into the top of her head.

“You have to be kidding me.”

“I am not.” His voice oozes calm, edging with a rare brand of positive energy.

“I’m going to fucking-”

Rey holds off on what she’s going to say next and sits up, deep breathing to center herself and keep looking at the picture of the car. “She’s going to have a coronary.” Ben glares at his father as he rubs along each notch her spine.

“I-I love you.” Rey hates saying it in front of people, still feeling so raw and exposed every time she does. It’s a private thing for the two.

Ben doesn’t miss a beat.

“I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

merry late christmas ya filthy animals. for real, the greatest christmas gift ive ever gotten are readers of this fic. thank you many babes for the endless love and generosity. excited to start bringing this baby to a close in the new year.

beta’d by me (yikes, serve me well grammarly), you can find me @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title comes from "7 rings" by ariana grande

the list (strap in):

u of i crewneck
want a vague idea of what the Organa-Solo estate looks like?
ben's "holier than thou" white sweater
McQueen dress
tributes
the lingerie (im in love)
david yurman chain (in the white topaz? ugh)
the suit
louboutin derbys
tie
ferrari
the fuck is a zip snare?
the belt
the pajamas
chanel watch
valentinos
celine bag
celine glasses
tennis bracelet
baby blue birkin (im crying looking at it)
cadillac deville (when its cleaned up)
you can dominate the game 'cause I'm tough

Chapter Summary

“Good. I bet Rey will want some destination type wedding, Finn says she wants to be quite the world traveler.”

“Are you getting paid by them?” The query stops Poe short, his mouth open.

Ben has already started his monologue, “Didn’t think so. Poe, I’m going to be very clear right now, are you listening?”

Poe nods and Ben continues, “As soon as I step in that door, like any other night where she’s home, I’m going to be harder than the diamond that’s gonna be on her finger. I suggest you get the fuck out as soon as possible so I don’t hurt you.”

Chapter Notes

Tags
some dom sub stuff (choking, restraints, dirty talk, degradation, etc)
talk of children

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I have one request before we do this."

His eyes are settled on the packed road in front of them as it leaves his lips, wheels and pitch black rims crawling across the pavement in the typical traffic on Larrabee. Construction trailers sit astride the two-way street, the culprit of the traffic along with the high rises that are beginning to squish together like sardines.

Chicago is changing and gentrifying before their very eyes, and Rey's watching it from a cushy BMW with her boyfriend's hand in her lap; the edges of his Chanel watch nudging against the fabric. Though his fingers twine with hers, her delicate white gold pave ring digging into the knuckle of her middle finger. Rey happily wears his types of brands, diamonds on any available plane of her body and love bites littering the inside of her thighs as she shifts in her seat.

She usually welcomes requests and demands, but this has to do with the intensity of an argument they've been having for the last week. "I know you don't want to move to a different house." Rey resists snorting or rolling her eyes, adjusting the way her hair drapes over her shoulder. The ends feel frayed and the reminder of scheduling a haircut dings in her head.

"Yours is perfectly fine." Why would she allow him to waste money on a new home just for the thrill of it?

The way his jaw rolls exudes ultimate "we've been over this too many times" energy. "Property is a good investment."
A predictable move from the chess match they've been rinsing and repeating these last couple of days. "Okay. Then you can stay in the home you have, buy another property, and I'll come live with you. Win-win situation." His head shakes as the light turns red once more with six cars still between them and the intersection. The answer of "no" remains consistently frustrating, causing her to pick at the chunky knit of her mustard sweater. She always gets what she wants, not keeping things consistent makes her stomach flip.

Rey is too stressed for the world right now, boxes piling up in her shitty Southside apartment and the compounding loneliness she feels about Finn already shacking up with Poe in their perfect penthouse unit overlooking Millennium Park. The entire thing was a bachelor's playland, multi-level with multiple bedrooms and all paid for. Finn just had to play housewife, whatever the equivalent of that was for them. Poe and Finn are happy like Ben and Rey are.

Only Rey isn't jumping for joy; she's alternatively glaring out the windshield. "I want you to keep an open mind."

She snorts. "You're buying it anyway." Maybe it's the hormones from the crimson that threatens to paint her thighs despite the utterly unsexy Thinx cradling her hips. Or perhaps it's just the excessiveness of this act in particular. She usually adores the amount he spends for her benefit, the fledgling building blocks of their relationship. Though they're different now, finding the harmony of inexpensive and expensive. The ability to finally eat at a standard Chipotle is progress in her eyes, even if he makes a face on occasion.

To be fair, as a single man with his status, she'd get a hundred dollar dinners every night.

"You'll be living in it too."

"Why are we even doing this? Besides the investment strategy."

Rey raises one brow as he falters, then glancing to the car clock that's ticking even closer to three. They have a home showing as if the formality will stop his deep pockets from snapping it up. "You only spend money like this when something is on your mind."

"I spend money like this daily. I just don't tell you."

Maybe it's a fair point, but she still hates it with her entire heart. "Business expenses don't count."

"Who said it was business expenses?"

His voice is surprisingly even, whereas she wants to just get to the bottom of why they're going to look at a house. Or, given the area they're, in a highrise. Rey hates apartments, leaving hers for a reason. "I just want to know why."

Ben's hand moves from her leg to settle on the steering wheel as he takes a left onto Chicago Avenue, the rejection feeling like the sting of a slap. Her arms cross over her chest, Breitling watch sliding up and down on her wrist. She would need to get one more link removed so the red gold and stainless steel timepiece can finally look up to its luxury snuff instead of a little girl wearing her daddy's watch. "Security is better."

"You patented and made the security system in your house."

Skepticism is evident in her timbre as she shifts to face him fully. She feels and probably looks frazzled, baby hairs sticking out of her smooth bun collected at the back of her head. There's little care for his game as she stares him down.
"Tech can fail. Doormen can't."

Rey groans, solidifying her fear that she's about to meander through an apartment with ripping cramps and a bad attitude. "Yes, they can. Since when do you have little to no faith in your product? Organa Tech is your baby, Ben-"

"You're my baby and I don't want to leave you to the whim of whoever is on the fucking street at any given minute. Especially since my assets are nearing a billion."

The silence is heavy, along with how hard he brakes at a stop sign. He's lucky she doesn't jolt forward and risk smacking a head on the black wood dash. Perhaps that's an over dramatization but she's so pissed that she jerks her head to stare out the window.

"Your security system, from the copious amounts of research I did on it because I love you, is failsafe. Someone could cut the power and it has a backup power source."

The hardening of his face in her periphery makes her set her jaw. "I'm not arguing about this."

Rey knows herself well and she knows the amount of childish she can exude. This is a peak moment. "Cool, I'll stay in the car."

"Rey."

"I'm cramping, Ben! I don't necessarily want to walk around an apartment when my stomach is wringing itself out like a sponge."

Physical discomfort is something he can't argue with, unable to sit in her body and feel each nerve ending. Though he finds another reason to proclaim, "It'll be only thirty minutes."

"Bullshit."

"Do you doubt me?"

"Maybe I do, Ben. You're pulling a huge stunt right now, especially since I'm two weeks from moving in with you."

His snort makes her head cock and she swears she can faintly hear the sound of something snapping inside of her resolve. "What's so funny?"

Ben rubs along his jaw, "You don't need to wait two weeks to move in."

The thought illuminates like headlights on a truck that's about to hit her. "You could just start bringing boxes whenever. Did you think you couldn't?"

Her mouth opens but words don't leave, feeling like an idiot as she folds her hands over themselves. "It didn't cross my mind."

"Rey, you're always allowed to do something that makes things easier for you." The car rolls to a stop in front of a glass paneled and towering high rise, looking as if it was only built a few hours ago.

Keep an open mind.

The car reverses into a perfect parallel park, engine cutting off. "Are you coming?" Does she have a choice in the matter? Even after the fever pitch they're sitting at?
Maybe it's better to just go with the flow for once. "Twenty-five minutes." She infuses stern warning in her tone, and there's a glint of a wolfish grin as he shoulders out of the car. Rey sits tight, Ben opening the door for her as he always does. She slides out of the seat, heels hitting the concrete sidewalk. Her legs were coltish on anything above two inches only eight months ago, three-inch heels now feeling like child's play whenever worn.

There's no way she'd walk miles in them, but she's still able to look good for short distances. Rey's glad she went for tight trousers instead of jeans, the black checkered mid-cut coat looking less out of place. Rey dresses smartly whenever possible, labels becoming only a detail in the daily ritual of getting dressed.

Things have changed drastically, that much is evident as she looks up at the high rise with a little sour taste in her mouth. "Open mind." He reminds while she leans into the car to grab the Saint Laurent crossbody. Rey slings it over her shoulders and checks her teeth in the side mirror.

"I promise. Kiss me?" Ben never leaves her hanging, grabbing gently beneath her jaw to tip her head up so their lips can meet easily. He still has to hunch down as he does, which is better than how he has to pick her up sans heels.

"I love you." He hums into her lips, before pulling away and holding out his hand to her. She takes it with no hesitation, warmth touching her cheeks as the door slams and the car chirps. The walk inside is rapid, given they're already five minutes late.

The lobby is overwhelming luxury upon first entrance, a bubbling water feature inset into the wall. Lights shift in a rainbow through the water, the other scattered furniture looking like a West Elm catalog on crack. A man stands next to the cylindrical stone pillar, wearing a deep green blazer and slacks. There's a portfolio in his right grip, cell phone in his other hand and furiously typing away.

They make a beeline right for him, "Katarn." The referenced shoves his phone in his pocket and perks up with a flustered smile.

"Mr. Solo, so glad you could make it. This must be…" Katarn looks as if he's trying to remember something while Ben shifts and tucks Rey further into his side. Ben gets closer to her with the presence of every single man in her vicinity, barring Finn and Poe. His intimidation is mostly welcome, getting grocery baggers or overly-friendly waiters to back the hell off.

"My girlfriend, Rey." His voice is even, and when Katarn's face sets on her, she understands the tiny precautions. The guy is ruggedly handsome, brunette with angular features beneath a thick beard. His body is leaner and shorter in comparison to her brick house of a boyfriend. Seeing Ben a little jealous makes her lower lip pull between her teeth, hoping it isn't too obvious that she's enjoying the show.

Maybe she'll push on him later.

"Kyle Katarn. It's nice to meet you." Kyle's hand is held out for a shake and she takes it with a sideways glance to Ben. His mask is impassive, as it always is as company events or charity galas. This is more personal, however.

"Rey Kenobi." Their hands drop as soon as she speaks, not wanting to torment Ben too bad. There's plenty of torture to be had.

"We should go upstairs. She's only given us twenty-five minutes." He's got his business voice on, throwing Kyle for a little bit of a loop compared to her warmth.
Rey flashes a smile, feeling a squeeze of a cramp in her lower back that makes her want to dig her nails into Ben's wrist and hiss through the discomfort. She can hold herself together for only so long, the three of them falling into an easy stride through the lobby. "I'll bypass the tours of the complex itself due to time. Ben, you've already seen this place but for Rey, we're touring a penthouse unit with four bedrooms, four baths, about four-thousand eight hundred square feet."

She can't help but choke a little. Ben's house is already huge, probably bigger than what they're touring. Almost to answer her question, Ben leans down close to her ear, "Downsizing."

Her laugh is a stupid amount of nervous and disbelief. Rey remembers apartment hunting with Finn, the little number of choices or the things that were most certainly out of their budget. This is the polar opposite, given that there's an elevator that's more chrome than she'd expect an alien spaceship to be outfitted in.

"You have two garage spots that are heated-"

"I forgot if you answered this, but could we get four more?"

Rey's neck almost snaps at the velocity she whips her head over. Ben looks genuinely anxious, fiddling with the rich navy blazer on his shoulders.

"Two is completely fine." She finds herself mumbling.

Kyle looks back. "We could negotiate for more."

Ben sighs in relief while she grimaces. Most of the cars were at the house, but they only owned four barring the vintage Cadillac beneath a tarp. Why would they need six spaces? "Maybe only two more. Realistically we would keep two cars here at a time. Even one."

"You're getting a Mercedes by the end of the month if the dealer calls me back."

This is news to her, making her mouth dry. The BMW that she got for her birthday suffices every single requirement that a Mercedes would, and wouldn't add onto the fleet of cars in the garage. Picking her battles, "What's the sixth space for?"

Ben fiddles with his sleeves like a little boy who did something terrible. "A Ferrari is being delivered next week." Rey didn't think he would actually buy the car, but she knows that doubting him on material items never goes in her favor.

Before she can probe him further, the elevator doors open to a light-wood paneled door. The small foyer that surrounds it is outfitted in travertine tile that her heels click across. "The elevator has a code for your floor. The key fobs are the only way to get into your entrance, besides buzzing someone in."

"Perfect." Ben would be the type to adore near Guantanamo bay level security.

Kyle continues as he roots around for the allotted key fob, "You can outfit with your own security system and schedule access for recurring services, like cleaning, downstairs." Rey is aware of the cleaning service's presence in Ben's arsenal, though they seldom come when she's around.

Though two houses mean more potential for dirt, dust, and more clutter. She's not sure if she likes that notion.

Her worries evaporate as the door swings open and the floor to ceiling windows make her vision tunnel. Rey drops Ben's hand and all but runs inside, bypassing all other interiors of the entrance
and living room to almost press her nose to the glass. Chicago's skyline never fails to make her
heart flutter, the love for the city that's been the only stable home she's known to make her heart
flutter erratically.

Rey can point out each and every tower if you ask her, from Willis to Metropolitan. From what she
can see and identify, the view has to be a chunk of the hefty price tag that Ben's left out of the
confessional that is this home showing. "I figured you'd like it."

Her head whips back to look at him, breath caught in her throat and she's never been so enamored
with him until this moment. "Y-You...this doesn't mean I'm agreeing."

Rey would press her face to the glass all day if they lived here, she would decorate with a tree
taller than their combined size if she sits on his shoulders. "Fourteen-foot ceilings, hardwood
throughout." Her gaze lands on the glass-encased wine cellar, assuming that Ben required
something of the sort.

"Six hundred bottle capacity with temperature controlled zones." She sees stars before she glances
around at the light cream and wood interior that contrasts Ben's typical M.O. severely. The truth
dawns on her then.

This is a house for her taste. Rey can't hold back the tremble of her hands, rubbing along her jaw
as she paces the length of the entire living room like a lioness determining territory for her pride.
A silly brain is far away, thinking of where a coffee table could go or even a baby swing-

_Slow down._

Rey can't get her hopes up in case they're smashed, abandonment rearing its ugly head that makes
her stomach toss and turn. The kitchen is next of her careful scrutiny, black and gold accented with
marble countertops. The fridge is built into the cabinetry like houses in the movies, a wall oven and
microwave in addition to the Wolf range. "This is the central kitchen. Prep kitchen is tucked
around the corner."

Rey looks back at Kyle. "Excuse me?" What the hell is a prep kitchen? Who needs two kitchens?
She answers her own question with a peek around the corner, galley style kitchen outfitted in blue-grey
with an even bigger range and industrial refrigerator.

This all must be a dream.

"Show her the closet." She slightly jumps at the mention of a closet from Ben's mouth, Kyle
nodding towards a set of floating stairs that lead upstairs. Multi-level penthouses are types of
abodes that you'd witness on HGTV or wishful thinking scrolling through Zillow. Rey takes the
lead, Ben seeming to linger behind and answer his phone with a mumble.

Kyle continues with a smooth efficiency once they're upstairs, "Four bedrooms, three and a half
baths. A thousand square feet of terrace up above, take a left for the bigger closet." She can't take
in the information fast enough or prepare for the closet, skidding to a stop at the bleached oak door
that nearly blends in with the rest of the wall.

"Can we see the master bedroom first?" Rey hopes her voice isn't too timid; luxury like this makes
her a little anxious still.

Kyle looks back at her, "Of course, double doors at the end of the hall." There's a flick in his wrist
as he jokingly presents like a briefcase girl on Deal or No Deal. That helps her relax and breathe as
she tiptoes to the doors and pulls them open.
The bedroom is smaller than his current one, but still fits a fireplace and a snug seating area. That sells the entire space in her mind, picturing a Hermes throw draped across her and Ben while watching the snow blanket the city. Perhaps there’d be a reclaimed wood cheese board thrown in the mix, given that she has an ultimate say in decorating anything they share. A king bed will still comfortably fit, and Rey is envisioning commissioned art on the walls.

"The bathroom is an en-suite." Rey can seldom believe that any of this is in her grasp, not the multiple shower heads or the air tub by its own set of windows. Everything is so opulent, making all sanity begin a deadly capsize.

If she thought everything else was tailor-made for her, Rey actually white knuckles one of the racks in the closet. Every single built-in is a muted mauve, floor to ceiling windows at the end of the room. The racks are empty, waiting to be filled with everything she receives. "Four hundred square feet with space for a sitting area."

It's bigger than the one at Ben's, hers separated from his with a dinky pocket door. Since when did her taste in closets involve the inclusion of a waiting room?

Ben's hands are on her hips before she can comprehend, lips pressing to the top of her head as he typically does when Rey might keel over. She can't come back to Earth but she melts into him. "This is our home." If she could get any wetter, that assurance would turn her into a running tap. Domesticity is her hot button, security being her ultimate desire in this big dangerous world. Ben delivers each as if it were only breathing.

Where's her ring? Is the house her ring? Or is it the precursor promise ring.

"I figured we could put your name on the deed."

Her knees are weak. "But-"

"I want to. Property is a good thing to invest in and you need to start right."

Ben is too good for this nebula, she's wholly convinced that he can't be real. The way he leans to kiss her cheek feels concrete and solidifying everything she wants. She's going to marry this man, even if she has to wade through lava.

"What do you say?"

Rey doesn't hesitate, "Yes."

His arms tighten around her middle and graduation, the point she thought her life would finally start, is null.

The rest of Rey's life starts now.

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"So how's married life?"

The keyboard keys cease their clicking, eyes flicking up from his computer. Expense reports sit on the screen, a few resumes sitting stride the window for his glance over.

Ben is a control freak more than a CEO, consistently getting on every department's nerves with his overarching need to see everything and know everything. He rationalizes it as what he should do. Poe deems him uptight.
Poe, while being an annoying pain in the ass, is an excellent CFO; when he doesn't come into his office more than necessary. "She doesn't have a ring yet."

Poe plops down in the armchair in front of his desk while Ben looks back at his computer like the former isn't there. "I thought you were proactive, Ben."

He tries to hold back his offense but he scoffs, "It's ordered from Cartier, they need to do some modifications, ship it to New York, and source the diamond. I'll pick it up in April." Getting the eventual engagement ring has consumed his entire month up until a few days ago. Ben confirmed the order the day he closed on the apartment, going down in history to be the most money ever evaporated in a single three hours. He's spent more in a day but it is not something he wants to dwell on.

"I've never seen you so besotted in someone." Did Poe come here to tease him mercilessly about his relationship?

Ben chances a question, "Is it that obvious?"

"Yes, you lovesick puppy."

"Good." He scoots back in his rolling chair, cracking each knuckle.

Poe is in a particularly exciting emerald blazer and khakis combo, reeking casual financier that likes to go yachting with daddy's money. Ben doesn't believe in the notion of casual Fridays, apparent in the black on black combo he wore a week ago. He might be a serial outfit repeater but Rey makes up for it in the sheer amount of times she can change clothes in a day. "You two have been living together for two days now and there are already wedding bells. Finn will be ecstatic."

"You can't tell him anything. They tell each other everything and I want this to be a surprise."

"So there is a plan to propose."

"Of course there's a plan. I move relatively fast." Ben knows the engagement comes in phases of preparation and they sit in period two. His mother would argue they're both moving too slow on the getting hitched thing given that her marriage to Han was a quick one. Leia's fretting over Rey is heartwarming to witness; his text thread with his mother is littered with concerns or general questions about Rey's wellbeing.

Rey has no clue about the impression she left on the woman. "So is your dad alright?"

Ben closes the window of the expense report, knowing he'll never get it done with Poe around. It's nearly five anyways, which means the office will get released early and they can all act like they don't work all weekend. The subject of Han still brings up twinges in the healing holes in his heart. To distract, "He's fine. He and Rey text a lot and get along."

His therapist says it's entirely expected, but sometimes Ben resents the easy and fast friendship Rey has with Han. The older man gets her to laugh and show Ben the message on her screen from across the table or in the grocery line. Ben still doesn't possess that type of friendliness or lack of history, father and son sharing short and clipped text conversations. "So has she picked out some baby names yet?"

Ben leans and swats at him from across the desk, rolling his eyes. "Not everything is about kids. I have to marry her first."

"I say you two just elope."
"My mother will string me up if I do." Ben knows this to be true, given the heady obsession with Rey.

Poe hums, "You're right. I would want to see the Organa-Solo spectacle of a wedding." The whole notion brings bile to Ben's throat, so eloping does seem pretty likely.

"All of it sounds so horrifying, please spare me." He shudders to get his point across and reaches for his work-bag beneath his desk.

"You heading out?" Poe remains, eyes narrowing at him as Ben slides his shut laptop into a sleeve. The leather-bound sketch pad and colored pencils drop into the main compartment of the briefcase.

"New briefcase?" That gets Ben to glance between him and the bag set on top of the surface of his desk.

Quietly, to change the subject, "Fossil. Nice quality."

"So what are you and Rey gonna do when you get home?" Ben's hit his peak of questions and wants to grumble something wholly too mean.

He opts for snark, "Why don't you text her and ask? Let me know."

Poe serves it back, "It's the start of her semester and I don't want to harass her."

The thought of Poe potentially harassing Rey in any form over the next few months throws his blood into a protective simmer. "Good. Because then you'll have to deal with me."

"So scary Ben. Rey wouldn't let you kill me, I make Finn far too happy for that." It's said like a gloat and Ben can't help but roll his eyes and shrug the strap over his shoulder.

Pushing his sunglasses on the bridge of his nose, "Hold down the fort until five-thirty."

Poe performs a mocking salute, "Aye aye sir. Go get laid." It takes all shred of patience not to shove Poe into the desk on the way out, loosening the raven tie around his neck while he waits for the elevator.

It's empty on the way down, letting him check his phone without worry of anything particularly nefarious popping across his screen. He's opened at least three of Rey's impromptu nudes in front of staff, and he's never been sophisticated enough to play something like that off without laughing or saying that he wants to die. Being a CEO is hard when you're achingly socially awkward and can't tell jokes without sounding like a mega asshole.

There are no messages from her, the last in their thread being a video of a service dog in the library with both her and Finn's squeaking in the background. Usually, he'd tell her he's on his way home, but catching Rey off guard seems so entertaining at the current moment.

He exchanges the phone in his hand for his car keys, elevator occasionally stopping and opening to other occupants of the building ending their workday. Ben takes up less space and attention in the corner of the elevator, and he makes a mental note to look into expanding into a different office. The three floors they occupy have become cramped and Ben doesn't do well in tight quarters.

There's a rush of bodies out of the elevator when they hit the level of the underground parking garage, Ben taking his sweet time on exiting and striding to his shiny and freshly washed Audi R8 that sits in the second row. There's only the faint click of an unlock when he presses on the keyfob,
Ben being delicate of dinging a door as he slides into the low profile car.

Before he can shove his key in the ignition and start it there's a rap on his window. He looks over through the tint to see Poe. Ben seriously contemplates just reversing and speeding off, but he can't afford it if Poe gets run over.

Well, he can provide the funds it but it's not like he wants to. Rolling down the passenger window, "What."

Poe doesn't hesitate. "My boyfriend is at your place so can I hitch a ride?"

Ben would preferably pull teeth than give Poe a ride, but he knows he'll get glares from Finn for the rest of the month for making his boyfriend's life hard. He caves, "Fine. But you're leaving immediately when we get there."

There's no telling what the hell Finn and Rey are doing at the house, but he assumes it probably involves wine and his sound system. "You got it, boss." Poe shoulders his way into the car and actually manages to close his mouth while Ben reverses out of the space and pretends he isn't there.

The silence lasts for seven whole minutes, breaking with a "NPR huh?"

The talk radio plays to give Ben's brain the illusion of social contact that he doesn't have to reciprocate. The news is only a plus. "You know we should all go out to dinner sometime."

Ben intervenes then, "Yeah, after we're married and she can be barred from testifying against me when I kill you."

Poe chuckles in a way that makes his lips press together to hold back another verbal bite. "Can I be your best man?"

"I have no other friends so knock yourself out." What does a best man even do besides torture the groom? That's what all films depict it as.

"Good. I bet Rey will want some destination type wedding, Finn says she wants to be quite the world traveler."

"Are you getting paid by them?" The query stops Poe short, his mouth open.

Ben has already started his monologue, "Didn't think so. Poe, I'm going to be very clear right now, are you listening?"

Poe nods and Ben continues, "As soon as I step in that door, like any other night where she's home, I'm going to be harder than the diamond that's gonna be on her finger. I suggest you get the fuck out as soon as possible so I don't hurt you." The silence tastes delicious while Poe folds his hands with only a nod. No expected retort or jab would arise like when they were younger. Just lovely quietness that makes Ben turn NPR up and focus on the traffic while Poe does god knows what.

After a half hour, Ben turns onto his street. Wall-to-wall row houses line each side, barren trees sitting in the little square shaped plots out front that would hold a cacophony of bright tulips or leafy underbrush in the springtime. Cold and greying dirt squash the fantasy, indicating they still have a long time to go until such beauty can grace Chicago.

Ben's tired of living in a house, hence why he bought the high rise. He's tired of landscaping, he's exhausted of forcing Rey to live and breathe in a space solely curated by him and an interior designer who he can't seem to recall the name of. Nothing is going to be able to contain his sheer
joy at the first day they can begin actually living in it, Rey making the executive decision to furnish and decorate the essential areas before starting the not-so-smooth transition of finding the equilibrium of living between two homes.

Ben had already been out of the house when his parents divorced but he assumes he's put Rey in that awkward limbo of two of everything and an uptick in mileage on her BMW. Everything inside of him screams against the chaos of the universe so the thought of inconveniencing her heightens the need to make quick amends. Even if there are no reparations that need to be made.

The garage opens as the R8 nearly taps the door in haste, accelerating into the space that's been waiting since the moment he's left. Rey knows he's super specific about the order of the line of cars; his Mercedes closest to the door, their BMWs astride, the R8, and the partially-restored Cadillac and the contrasting fresh and shiny canary yellow Ferrari (who hasn't had a foot touch the gas pedal since rolling into the garage) make up the tail end. There's a method to his madness: they all look equally aesthetically pleasing in his current formation.

The engine dies and Ben doesn't take his time to sit in the cab, shouldering out of the car and lightly closing the door. He babies cars more than he minds over Rey, given that he left a giant handprint bruise on the ass of the latter and gets the former hand washed. Poe slams his door, Ben's eyes narrowing at him before he opts to barrel through the door into the mudroom.

As he predicted, the music is close to shaking the house's foundation and tuned to some giggle techno-pop that he's associated with her weekend morning showers. A calling card in the form of an ebony Mansur Gavriel backpack dangles from a hook, Puma sneakers are thrown beneath it. He shrugs off his blazer and tosses the briefcase on the floor, vowing to unpack it later. Poe has the decency to take off his Balenciaga oxfords without a reminder while Ben speeds up the stairs and headfirst into the music.

The sight isn't a bad thing to walk in on, though ridiculous given the instant cost tally that Ben's cerebrum performs.

Rey is standing on his kitchen island in spiky and iridescent Louboutin pumps and a sheer black and star printed bodysuit on her torso. The one thing that stands out the most is the giant and oversized pink fur jacket. He recognizes it from buying it early December, faux as requested with little wisps of a holographic sheen throughout. The garment hits mid-thigh on her and adds a luxe amount of bulk onto her frame. A black pair of classic Ray bans sit on the bridge of her nose, Finn donning the exact same with a cool leather jacket and looking like what male models dream of being.

The Saks Fifth and two bright yellow Fendi bags that overflow with tissue paper litter the counter around them, Louboutins box thrown on the hardwood floor with strips of snipped black ribbon that comes custom with the empty Gucci boxes near the clutter.

They're both shimmying and dancing to the music playing over the sound system until she spots him, nearly jumping out of her skin and stuttering to a stop. Rey's cheeks burn to resemble the fur, pushing the sunglasses to the crown of her head. "Hi, Ben!"

Finn screeches to a stop also and leaps from the counter like a cat caught in the act. Rey doesn't, staying to project her voice, "Holo? Stop." The music stops with a ding at the reference of Organa Tech's prized home assistant interface. Ben seldom uses it at home, and he's slightly amused at Rey saying the command.

"Did you guys go shopping?" Poe asks before he can, striding past Ben with a spring in his step. Ben can only keep his eyes on Rey, pushing his hands into the pocket of his slacks and squares his
"We did, all of my stuff is in the car." Finn answers. The carnage all around them is primarily Rey's. Ben barely cares, watching Rey begin to look for a safe way off the counter. Walking over, he's holding out a hand for her to take. There's no hesitation to catch her as she steps down, an arm holding strong around her waist while her legs perform their classic kicks in surprise from not landing on the floor.

It's no secret that he uses his size to overpower, occasionally unintentional but usually on purpose. This is no exception, kissing her before she can protest or ask to be put down. Her mouth is warm, familiar and tasting of coconut chapstick with a hint of bitter from red wine. Their lips break, "Did you have fun?"

Rey's pleasure holds hands with his, Ben having to admit that sometimes he lives vicariously through her go-getter mentality or thirst for new experiences. He wonders if his life would be different, given that he didn't crack the whip on himself from what feels like age two.

Would the pressure have gone away? "Yes. Did you?" Manicured fingers card through his hair, close to scratching his scalp in the way that melts him into dripping chocolate. Ben is going to fuck her brains out in the midst all that she purchased in a grand total of six minutes, and Poe better hope he's gone by then.

"Work is work." Ben doesn't want to tell her that despite it being a Friday night, he's going to fall back into his late-night weekend working habits that defined his pre-relationship life: creeping out of bed to read expense reports at three o'clock in the morning.

There's no stop button when it comes to Organa Tech, money the main motivator despite being set for the rest of his days. Ben has always been prepared for the worst monetarily since he began to walk and took up the keys to his trust fund upon college graduation. Finances are the one thing he can definitively say are in his ring of expertise, while other things aren't so clear cut.

Her hum makes his thumb come up to trace along her bottom lip. "Ready to head home?" Poe says, directed at Finn and satisfying Ben. The combative is following orders, maybe due to the lack of wanting to experience Ben tearing into the girl he needs to breathe.

"Let me down." Typically he'd deny her, but Finn is leaving and Ben's never witnessed them part without a tight hug. He's slow and as delicate as possible, Rey stepping away. He starts thumbing around the tissue paper in the thick paper bag that reads Fendi across the face.

There's a peek of a white dust bag that he vows to ask about later. "What did you get, my love?"

"Another Fendi Peekaboo bag. I changed the sheets." Her tone is a little nervous as she utters it a few seconds after the door slams.

"Another Fendi Peekaboo bag. I changed the sheets." Her tone is a little nervous as she utters it a few seconds after the door slams.

His curiosity spikes at the quiet confession. Did he ever give the impression that he would object to something like that? There's no eloquent way to express, "Can we test them out?"

Rey bites her lower lip before letting a small grin spread across her face. Her hand thrusts out to him, Ben taking it with no hesitation. "Is the fur hot?"

"Maybe. Do you like it?" She does a small twirl as they walk, Louboutins pattering across the wood.

Ben doesn't hesitate, "I do. I like what's under it even more." The sheer star printed bodysuit is something he's never seen before, wondering why he didn't scour Saks further.
"Stella McCartney. I bought a nude one too because they didn't have the romper I wanted."

"You know I like it when you wear black."

"I know. Why do you think I put this one on?"

He's never been so in love with someone, to the point that his chest throbs. There's no time to express it as they come up to his bedroom door. Correction, their bedroom door.

"Okay, close your eyes."

Taking a deep breath, he obliges. The door opens with an identifiable click, Rey tugging on his hand and leading him into the bedroom. There's a difference in the smell of the room, a citrus sharpness hitting the inside of his nostrils and infusing the taste of oranges in his mouth. She stops and he mirrors her.

"Okay, wait until I tell you to open your eyes."

Anticipation feels like a shot of adrenaline in his veins. His ears try to track the sounds of her heels and he swears he hears them step towards the dresser. There's no clear opening of a drawer, but there is the faint squeak of the mattress and a shift of what sounds like satin.

"Open."

His lids flutter open, mouth opening up and his head cocks to speculate. The sheets are a rosy satin that mimics the flush of her cheeks. A deep crimson red had graced the mattress only a day ago, a ruched black duvet with matching shams thrown on top.

A crisp white duvet replaces the previous ensemble, and their bed has turned into an ethereal bubblegum paradise. "Do you like it?"

Ben forgets he's supposed to talk or show some sort of emotion or reaction. He can only gape and stare at how she lays on her stomach, Louboutins kicked up to cross behind her and her chin resting on her fist. Does he? Deep tones are something he operates comfortably in, but something is pleasing about pink.

"I do."

Rey looks relieved, then reaching out beside her to something that Ben hadn't noticed: a ball gag and the line of rope stashed in his dresser drawer. He starts to step closer but stops at the edge of the mattress to give her some space.

Ben only attacks her when she is comfortable and knows the basic beginnings of a scene.

"What do you want?" Ben can tie her any way he so desires, but he figures that giving her an option would be a welcome change of pace.

"Your wrists."

Her gaze softens and makes his stomach do a three-sixty flip. That's a change in their standard script. Ben has been restrained before, a long time ago, but never by Rey. The most dominant she's gotten is choking him on top, and that's something he knows he enjoys.

There's a lot that could go wrong with this: tying the wrong knot, a random fire, incompatibility, his jaw straining from the ball gag, or the fact that Ben could come in a solid three seconds if she
tortures him the right way. However, the good outweighs the bad.

Ben takes a chance by shrugging off his blazer and letting his fingers begin to unbutton his dress shirt deftly. "What's your safe word?"

She's learned the consistent questions pre-play from him. Ben's never had to safe-word before, given that he's the typical one inflicting the pain and discomfort.

"Red. I'll have a gag in so listen closely please."

He strips the shirt off and tosses it away with a flourish. "Do you promise that you won't hulk out of the rope?"

"If breaking the line is possible, yes. Nylon rope doesn't break." Ben holds up his wrists in a tight column shape after kicking off his shoes and removing his socks. She'll want to take off his pants. Deftly wrapping the rope around his wrist, she begins the slow and steady work of tying a knot. She's clearly practiced in the past; there's a strange and heady pride that swells in his chest.

Rey removes her hands when she's done, looking up at him for approval. The knot is a little tight but he prefers more cut into his wrists when things get moving. "Good." Then he opens up his mouth for the silver strapped ball gag.

"Not yet."

His lips slowly close and his eyes narrow. The position of his arms against his chest is extremely foreign but welcome at the current time. "What do you want to be called?"

The answer is instantaneous, "Maîtresse."

The years of French tutoring jumps out, "Oui Maîtresse."

The grin makes this a little less scary, even when her face darkens and sets into a seriousness that he's only witnessed when she's determined to demolish something.

Ben is in trouble.

"Lay down, baby."

Deep trouble.

He does as he's told, sitting on the lip of the mattress and laying back and adjusts fully onto the bed with some wriggling. Some part of his legs will always hang off when he's horizontal, but he doesn't want to move against her wishes. The curtains slide closed on the mechanical track and the lamps on either side of the bed click on to a warm yellow glow.

All Ben can do is focus on the ceiling, not even daring to look when a flame passes in his periphery. He can take a lot of pain, including hot wax if she so desires; though he does want a warning if she goes that way. The mattress shifts and feels her knees rub against the outside of his thighs.

Then her face pops into his view, "Tell me you love me."

He doesn't beat around the bush, "I love you so much, Maîtresse."

"How much."
"I'd go to the deepest part of the ocean and chain myself there for you, Maîtresse."

Her expression hardens further. "You're going to please me before I even contemplate pleasing you."

Ben dives into the deep end of submissive tendencies. He doesn't half-ass, "How?"

"How what?"

Oh, he forgot. "How, Maîtresse?"

Her eyes flick to his mouth, then back to hold his gaze. "Open your mouth." Jaw goes slack and her watches her shift out of her straddle. He hopes to get his mouth on her, to taste her. That would be enough secretive pleasure for him.

Ben knows her calling card as her knees sit on either side of his head, and she's gazing directly down at him. "You don't breathe until I let you."

"Yes, Maîtresse."

Without warning, she unclips her bodysuit at the bottom and bunts her wetness against his chin. How long has she been waiting for him? Ever since he fingered her awake this morning?

"Tell me I'm everything."

"You're everything-"

That's when her pussy hits his lips and there's no point in saying the rest of the sappy phrase. Her full weight is on his face, forcing him to sheathe his teeth quickly and lick deeply. If his hands weren't bound, they'd be pressing down on her thighs to sip at the alkaline tartness that floods his mouth.

Eating her out is his favorite past time, able to serve until he drops dead. Breathy moans are nearly undetectable, a tiny tremble rocking through her that he feels.

Pleasing her, being good for her pushes him further into the dark, where no spectors of light exist to guide his way. He tumbles, falls into the abyss when his nose bunts and rubs against the top of her folds and he hears that hitch of breath that makes his fingers dig into his palms and wish he could grab her and scratch the patch of skin at the base of her spine that makes her howl.

"Do you like that? Do you like pleasing me?"

She lifts off of him and he wants to shove her back down and continue his work.

"Yes, Maîtresse."

"Good boy."

Ben fucking *whimpers*, so strange and unnatural coming from his throat but so indicative of his wants.

"So needy for me. You love the taste of me."

"Please." His voice is miniscule to his own ears, so whiny that he's glad no one else can hear it.

Rey beams, "If you say so, baby."
She gives him his meal back, sitting back and taking a load off on his face. Ben can only support her, even when his hips roll in the air and seek something to rub on that isn't there. "Stop writhing."

Ben can't and he doesn't want to. "Your cock is hard, you little slut."

Slut is usually her nickname when he wants to chastise, and it's only fair that it's thrown back into his face. "You want me to touch you?"

Somehow, he manages to utter a, "Please." The pleasantry is muffled against her. "No."

He needs her, moaning again and hoping that he can rip the rope binding his wrists and palm himself under her gaze. Ben said it himself earlier: nylon doesn't break. "Remember what I said? You please me first." Perhaps that's fair but he doesn't appreciate it, still rutting his hips for a wisp of touch or to provoke an angry lash out. A slap is still friction, even though he'll probably try to rip her off of him.

"Poor you. You've been waiting all day for me."

God knows he wants to bury himself into her every waking second; someone has to make money to support the Louboutins that dig into his ribs and threaten to puncture his lungs. It's the thrill of pain that moves him forward, makes his lapping messy and the sounds from his throat exponentially deprived.

Her resolve is crumbling based on the shaking of her thighs or how her fingers tug on what used to be perfectly coiffed hair. Pomade is no match for how much she pulls on his scalp, making him groan in discomfort but continuing his ministrations.

He knows he's clinched her when she moves off of him and to sit on his chest. The weight would generally come as a shock, but he's expecting anything and everything.

Ben can't help himself, "Why didn't you come-"

The query stops when she strikes him across the face, back of her hand hitting his cheek. The ring heightens the flash of pain, eyes screwing shut and a shaky and shocked breath forcing itself from his lungs.

Her hands are on his cheeks before he knows it, "Ben, I'm sorry-"

His eyes open and there's no way she's going to break her role, even if her touch soothes the throbbing. "Again, Maîtresse."

The way she shivers at his request is enough to soothe the burn across his cheek. It lessens the subsequent blow, then the next, and the one after that. Rey hits him eight times, back to back and makes his vision a little blurry with the shock and soreness radiating through his cheeks and jaw.

Ben loves her so much, possibly even more so when she hits him like this.

"Good boy. I love you, my darling." Her whispers are so saccharine as she hunches down and slots her lips against his, thumbs brushing against the spot behind his ear that never fails to make him squirm. Sensitivity roots at the middle notch of his spine, gripping him and never letting him go as she pulls her mouth away and moves off of him.
He needs her right now. "Open your mouth and lift your head."

Ben complies, Rey sliding back into view with the ball gag in her comically tight fist. Thankfully she chose one with holes to gasp through, so getting his safe word across wouldn't be so daunting. He takes it between his teeth gratefully, feeling her tighten it behind his head so it stays in place.

Ben lets his head flop back when it's secure, staring up at her with utter helplessness that terrifies and delights in the same stroke. Rey's hands are on the belt of his slacks and he lifts his hips so she can rip his belt from the loops.

The way she looks at the leather spurs sweat to bead on the back of his neck. That cracking on any part of his body would sting more than a slap. Much to his relief, she tosses it away from herself and works his slacks open and off his legs. All that's left are his briefs, cock tenting them from the view between her own legs.

She leans to press her lips against the shell of his ear. "Remember, red."

Red. He nods and his wrists strain against the rope when the briefs come off and the cap of a lube bottle clicks open. The cold and slick liquid dribbles onto the head of his cock, his hips bucking from the sensation. They lock down when her hand wraps around the shaft and spreads the lube from tip to base, adding a little bit more for extra measure.

Rey's always delicate with things like lube, given that she's worried about him splitting her open with a wayward thrust. Even though he's told her over and over again that it doesn't happen like that, she still airs on the side of caution. She drags her hand up and down a few times, causing his lower abdominal muscle to squeeze up uncomfortably.

Ben's lasting past her, there's nothing that will break his focus when it comes down to a life or death like this. She adjusts her hand on his chest, folds rubbing against him as her hand positions him to nudge against her. He would utter a "fuck" if he could open his mouth to do so.

Ben would also roar when she finally sinks onto him in one quick shot. He can only clench his fists tighter. Rey expresses pleasure for both of them, "I love you."

Ben would die for this girl, especially if this is how they treat each other for the rest of his life.

Her bounce is slow at first, leisurely and testing him and his resolve. He holds himself together, even when she angles herself a little and he slams up into the squishy bundle of nerve endings. Rey needs to maintain her composure also for that move, shoulders shaking a little as her pace increases.

He maintains eye contact with her whenever she'll give it, studying the sweat on her brow or how her mouth parts on occasion and lets out a tiny whistle of a moan. When she locks eyes with him the next time, he chances a wink.

Big mistake.

Her grip is on his throat in the same second, pressing down on his windpipe with a feral snarl flitting across her lips.

"Fuck you. You think you can wink at me?"

He doesn't have time to shake his head before she presses down even further, "You're my fucking slave. You buy me whatever I want and you take care of me like you're supposed to."
Ben's pockets are hers, his life is hers. His vision pops black at the edges.

He's okay with that, all of this. "If I want you to jump, you jump twenty feet high. If I want you to fuck me, you fuck me until I can't speak sentences and my eyes cross."

The hands leave his throat and there's a split second worry of aspirating on the spit that pools in his mouth. Ben manages to swallow as the stars in his vision fade. Her pace is punishing, sweat creating a sheen across the flush of her chest.

"You'll never leave me."

He answers, somehow, "No."

The hands are back on his throat and crushing again, "You don't get to speak."

He doesn't attempt to say anything further, not even when the pleasure stacks up in his body like a Jenga tower waiting for a wrong pull.

The topple comes in the way her pussy squeezes at the same time as her grip on his trachea, the high whining sounding more spent sub than a dom finding her release.

Ben finds his in the same stroke with his teeth threatening to crack on the plastic of the ball gag, oxygen nearly spent from the compression of his throat. Her hand flutters off and leaves him gasping as she rides herself into another orgasm. He's gotta admit that he's envious of the no-refractory period, even when he is arguably legendary.

The room is only filled with his heavy breaths, trying to clutch for air and never let it go. He's not sure if he's back in his body when she slides off of him and hurries to kneel next to his torso. Tender hands come behind his head, aiding in a little lift to take the gag off.

When it's out of his mouth, he can't help his, "Fuck."

"Did I hurt you? Baby, you did so well." The way her kisses flutter all over his collarbone and throat bring him back to the now.

The now also presents the fruits of her torment: the hoarseness scratching up and down his throat, the thrum of a headache, a pulse in his jaw, and cheeks spasming in pain. He'll take it all for the way she looks at him, eyes shiny with what he presumes is adoration. The rope unravels around his wrist and he flexes his hands to bring feeling back into his numbed fingers.

Before he knows it, her hands are beneath the small of his back and urging him to sit up. "Get under the covers, I'll get you some water." Aftercare. How could he forget? Normally he lords over this section of BDSM, and he wants to say he doesn't need it. Given his slight quivering, he's in no position to resist.

Easing himself up, he shifts lazily to the covers she's pulled back on his side of the bed and flops on his back. She has the decency to tuck him in before he's able to protest or ask her what she requires. His eyes flutter shut for a moment before he shifts onto his side and melts further against the pillows.

Rey is usually a hundred percent boneless when he's done with her, and Ben remembers the feeling now. The sound of the Louboutins are gone, water glass clinking against the surface of the nightstand. "I'm ordering Postmates. Thai food sound good?"

Anything he can shove into his face sounds good. "Sure. There's arnica in my drawer if you could
"Oh, sorry." Ben doesn't bother to open her eyes as she rifles through his drawer, hearing the sound of the tube uncapping. The cold gel is spread across his jaw and cheeks in the next second, hopefully enough to lessen prolonged bruising. He has a video conference on Monday.

"Well, you can at least rest now. Instead of working."

His lungs hurt as he barks a laugh. "I like your style, Kenobi."

The comforter flattens where she sits next to his legs. "Did you enjoy it?"

There's no trepidation, "Yeah. It was nice."

"Do you like the sheets?"

"I love them."

"Good."

Chapter End Notes

you see, i've always wanted to show you guys some sub ben stuff. i hope it was enjoyable! also, i extended chapter count again, so we're in for the long haul folks. i just have a lot more i need to explore with these two.

self edited (haha yikes), thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "flesh" by simon curtis

the fashion and misc list
brietling watch
the middle finger ring
rey’s coat
rey’s jumper
skinny trousers
heels
wondering what house the lovebirds own now?
fossil briefcase
balenciaga dress shoes
mansur gavriel backpack
rey’s pumas
what song are finn and rey dancing to?
what ferarri did daddy buy?
pink faux fur jacket (there’s no exact that I can provide but you get the idea)
stella mccartney stars bodysuit
iridescent louboutins
ray bans
fendi bag
what does their room smell like?
ball gag bonus round
pull out your heart to make the being alone (easy)

Chapter Summary

It’s all so pretty at first.

Living together is dreamy, like a breath of fresh air that never stops feeling like cool mint. She tastes like peppermint in the mornings, when she wakes up to his likely ministrations. She tastes like prosecco or red wine at night from his cellar that they gulp down by a fire and look at Crate and Barrel or West Elm.

Everything is perfect.

Until he gets the call.

Chapter Notes

tags
parental death
vomit
grief
anger
lots of tears
just avoid if you can't handle death

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Everything is perfect.

Until he gets the call.

Ben can’t remember when he asked his mother to dig deep into Rey’s past. Had it been at Christmas, behind the closed door of her office? Or at a brunch that he can’t necessarily remember? Either way, he had asked at some point, and the news came in the form of a phone call during Rey’s flurry-like nesting at the apartment.

She had just bought new throw pillows and was adjusting them every which way, crystalline vases sitting on the reclaimed wood dining table. She bends over the couch in a tiny dress, making his eyes pop out of his skull and his knuckles go white on the lip of the kitchen island. Chicago’s lights shine through the windows, across skyscrapers and twinkle in the night.
He’s there to help in any capacity possible, though his job has only been to occasionally refill her wine or give a hum if he likes where something is placed. It’s so easy to exist around her, able to breathe and slump down like a typical human being.

His phone begins to ring across the quartz countertop, his mother’s name and contact photo popping across his screen. Ben reaches for it, being careful of the wine next to his elbow. Quickly sliding to answer, he begins to get up.

“Hey-”

“Are you alone?” His mother can always cut him off with a flourish. The request is an odd one, but his throat is now dry as he glances back at Rey.

“I’m going to take this in my office.” He mouths at her; her head cocked as she stares at him from her perch on his couch. Then she continues her fluffing while he steps up the stairs and down the hall to his glass-encased office.

Once the door is safely shut, he speaks, “Alone.”

His mother doesn’t hesitate. “We found some information. Are you sitting?”

“Information about what?”

“Rey’s family. Sit down, and there should be an email of the files.” This all moves too fast for him but he does as he’s told, flopping down in his office chair and pulling up to his desktop computer. A few clicks reveal the email sent only twenty minutes before.

Subject: Rey’s Parentage and Death Certificates

Death certificates. “Mom, what is this-”

“We didn’t find their bodies-”

His voice is harsh and slow, “What bodies.”

Leia sighs. The line stays silent for a long moment while she thinks of an eloquent way to put together what she intends to say. Leia does it often, the silences or the hums of contemplation that make his skin crawl.

He snaps, “I don’t have all day.”

Leia speaks, “Rey was born in Tunisia, she was given up to an orphanage at age three.”

His heart begins to throb and he struggles with his breathing. “Mom-”

“Her parents voluntarily put her there under the names of Ariadne Kenobi and Baatu Tine. A DUI accident was reported four days later with the make and model of the car of the couple that dropped Rey off.”

No.

“They used fake names, and we can’t find their bodies-”

“Shut the fuck up.”

“Benjamin-”
“You shut the fuck up.” Ben doesn’t mean to be rude, but anger is flashing up along with a flash flood of hate for the bastards who left his girlfriend to rot in some Tunisian orphanage. The world didn’t dare to make this a reality. This is all a bad dream.

The phone is quiet and his tongue is thick, “This can’t be true.”

He can picture his mother shaking her head in the exasperated way she always did. Ben can’t move or breathe himself. “Can you put Rey on the phone?”

“Why, so you can break her?”

She can’t break Rey, not when they’re so happy. Ben’s willing to let this eat him up inside to preserve her sanity and light. He’ll live in the dark, the depression for her. Anything for her.

“She needs to know, Ben.” His limbs are mechanical as he stands, looking out on Chicago while rubbing his jaw until it hurts. There’s nothing he can do, is there? He can’t hide something that she’s been seeking for so long.

“Call her. I can’t-”

Tears pool and he sniffs, wiping them off on the back of his hand. “I can’t hurt her.” His voice crack is pathetic, unbecoming of a man in the prime of his life. He has everything he could ever want and he’s crying like a child with a lost toy.

“Okay.”

His mother had always been the foundation of the house that was their family, taking on the brunt of everything and shouldering it with a strain. This is no exception, the line going dead and leaving him standing in his office like a ghost who can’t remember their resting place.

He counts off five minutes.

One.

He begins to sob more, struggling to piece himself back together to go downstairs.

Two.

His eyes are red and puffy, stinging with unshed emotions and an onslaught of grief for people he hates. He hates both of them, he hates them for leaving their little girl behind.

Three.

Ben sucks in gasping breaths as he hears the click of heels stop downstairs.

Four.

Ben moves for the office door, opening it quietly andshouldering his way out into the hall to creep back downstairs. His ears are trained on the silence the entire time.

Five.

That’s when the shatter rings out, then the bang and an earth-shattering scream. Ben runs for it, barreling down the stairs to watch the love of his life smash the landline phone into the quartz
countertops, until the screen cracks and goes into little white bars. “Rey-” He tries to grab her, to grab the phone, but she shoves him away with all her force. Rey is sobbing, hiccuping instead of breathing as she throws the phone across the room. It explodes on the hardwood.

Phones are replaceable, she is not. Ben grabs her wrist to prevent her from grabbing the next nearest thing: a crystalline globe planter that she had intended to put succulents in. “Let me go!”

She’s screaming, crying, trying to fight him off. “You’re okay-”

Nothing is okay, not as she rips her wrist away and grabs the glass. She throws it on the ground to burst into millions of shards that resemble a fresh dusting of snow. The world is cold as her chest heaves, mascara dripping off her face and mouth parted like a feral animal.

Ben makes a move to step forward, the dust crunching underneath his Tom Ford bluchers. “I hate you! You a-asked her to-” She’s sobbing again and Ben can’t hold back his tears, pinching the bridge of his nose to try to reign them back in.

She hates him.

He should’ve never asked his mother to look into her. He should’ve kept his mouth shut.

“F-fuck you Ben.”

“Rey.”

She starts walking away and he’s frozen in place, staring at the mess he needs to clean. Nothing matters but her. “I hate you.”

“I know.”

Her stomps continue and he wants to run after her, to drag her back in to hold her in place until she’s soothed enough to talk about it. It’s too late as he hears the jingle of car keys and the slam of the front door.

He has time to catch her if he runs, but he can’t move.

He’s frozen alone in their shared home, which had been filled with so much love and light. Now only glass sparkles across the floor, and the walls still echo her screams.

He slumps to his knees and puts his head between his hands to fall apart.

Rey speeds to the only place she can think to go in Chicago at this hour, mind murky and tears coating her cheeks like crystals. It’s a wonder she even makes it without wrapping her car around a pole on Michigan Avenue or breaking the glass to careen into the attached Nordstrom.

The Gwen Hotel is something that Ben owns, real estate being a forte of his that has become more apparent with time spent with him. She has no extra clothing, no bags, so she must look suspect with mascara smeared down her face and overdone Louboutins and mini red Reformation dress; the Sherpa lined Gucci denim jacket only completes the odd and arguably slutty ensemble, so maybe that’s why the man at the front desk looks her over with a wrinkled nose.

“I’d like to book a room under Ben Organa please.” He owns the place after all, evident in the way the man’s eyes blow wide. His name tag reads Joss, his white dress shirt wrinkled at the collar and
the tie a little crooked.

“Name?”

Her answer is automatic, “Rey Organa, I can give you his banking information or whatever you need to start the reservation process.”

“It’s very unorthodox that we take same-day reservations. I’ll have to call Ben Organa for approval.”

Shit. Rey was banking on some alone time, some time to cry and perhaps throw up until there’s nothing left. Her parents are dead, her parents she never knew. “May I suggest going to a different hotel-”

“Call him.” The way she snaps is cringeworthy, but Rey isn’t in her body. She’s floating outside of it, watching Joss dial the phone with a little shudder and a sour look on his face. Her phone vibrates in her jacket pocket again and she takes the opportunity to look at it.

There are twenty text messages from Ben, Finn, Poe, and even Rose. Somehow her boyfriend has managed to find another phone and corral her friends into looking for her, given that she’s turned the tracking on her phone off to disappear for just a night.

Ben’s texts break her heart further, slitting her aorta and spraying blood across the floor.

- Ben | Tuesday, 9:36 PM -

I’m so sorry.

- Ben | Tuesday, 9:40 PM -

We can talk about this, we can talk about further options just come home.

- Ben | Tuesday, 9:55 PM -

Tell me you’re safe. Please, I’m so sorry I don’t know how to fix this for you.

- Ben | Tuesday, 10:01 PM -

I want to hold you, I want to tell you everything will be okay but I know that I can’t tell you that. I love you so much, please be safe. Please.

“Ben Organa?”

That snaps her from her reverie, blurry eyes focusing on Joss and how he looks at her with a disapproving expression while on the phone. She wants to rip his head off and eat it, to crawl over the desk and scream in his face that her parents are fucking dead.

They’re not dead, they can’t be dead.

“I have a Rey-” If Rey could hear the receiver from here, she’d love to listen to what Ben just barked at make Joss thrust the phone at her. She holds it to her ear with trembling hands, phone knocking into the shell of her ear repeatedly.

Her back turns to the desk, cord bumping into her arm but she could care less. “Where are you.”

Her throat has a lump the size of a softball but she manages a, “The Gwen. I’m safe.”
“You turned off your phone.”

“I need a place to breathe.”

The silence hurts, a knife dragging down the back of her neck to rip through sinew and bone.

“We need to talk about this-”

“Why would we talk about this? They’re fucking gone, Ben.” Her voice breaks at the end, giving away her pain that she’s attempted to mask with fiery anger. It all hurts, her heart and her body as it shakes like a vibrating toothbrush.

He sighs; Rey feels like her world flips on its axis and the ocean is drowning her. “I just-”

“You’re okay. Put him back on the phone.”

She couldn’t be more grateful to give her boyfriend’s voice back to someone else. Rey waits with her arms crossed, staring at the heather grey wood beneath her Louboutins. They’re the ones he gave her the night they began this, the red soles beat to hell and scuffed. They’re her favorite pair regardless of the wear and tear.

“Thank you, Mr. Organa. I’ll begin the process right away. Sorry for making your wife wait-”

Ben hangs up the phone, evident in the way Joss’ face falls and he puts the receiver back. Rey can only focus on the moniker of “wife”. What a beautiful dream. If only she could enjoy it.

“You’ll be on floor ten in our deluxe king suite. Again, I apologize Mrs. Organa-”

“Give me the key. I’m sure you can finish the process without me.” Rey’s going to boil over again, she can already feel the tears welling up and the snot flooding her nose. “Of course.”

The key is in her hand as quick as he finishes his sentence, holding it out to her. “Take a right and you’ll be at the elevators. The front desk is open twenty-four seven, have a lovely stay.” She ignores all instructions and drifts away from the desk. Her phone vibrates again.

- Ben | Tuesday, 10:35 PM -

Come home when you can, and let me know if you need me to come there. Anything for you.

At least he’s supportive, despite her snapping or how she slams the elevator door button until it opens like some impatient toddler. The inside is mirrored, giving her full view of the black smudged down her face and how she’s flushed across her chest. The ride up is empty, hands twitchy after she turns off her phone to go dead to the world once more.

She’ll feel like shit about it later, but nothing can top the agony which each thump of her heart or the way her brain repeats on a loop: they’re dead, they’re never coming back, you’re alone.

She’ll always be alone. She’s meant to be, that’s why they left. That’s why they put her into a foster home, that’s why they drunkenly wrapped their car around a fucking tree, that’s why-

The elevator dings and slides open; she’s robotic as she steps out and in the direction of her room like an apparition looking for her original death site. It comes in the form of a door that reads 1002, the keycard opening with a click to the darkened and immaculately clean room. It smells of lavender pillow spray and lemon cleaner in the bathroom, and the Louboutins come off in the tiled hallway. Rey will have to get clothing delivered at some point, depending on how long she holes up.
Maybe she can rot in here. No one would notice.

She’s careless in the way she takes off the dress, machine-like in how she unclips the sheer and spotty wisteria bra and slides down the matching panties. She had intended to surprise Ben when he came back into the living room for some old fashioned bruising sex.

That had been before everything wrong happened. She could care less, pushing her panties off her frame while focusing on the pillows and trying to get out of her head again. Maybe she could slip away for a while, into the simple and petty things like what dish towels would look better in the prep kitchen or changing the pink sheets to back to grey despite Ben looking so pretty on them in the mornings.

None of that matters anymore. What matters is her legacy, or what was her history. It’s gone and she never got to speak to the people who made her. Rey won’t ever know her real birthday, real age, even her actual name.

All of it is gone to a drunk driving accident in a cruel stroke. The sheets are satin as she slides beneath them. She could care less, head hanging off the side of the mattress.

She’s unsure of how long she stays like that.

Three days.

It takes her three days to get out of the fog and bed and turn on her phone, the only human contact being room service on day two when she attempted to eat something. The macaroni and cheese had no chance of going down, stomach rejecting it and Rey vomiting to the point of tears.

Grief makes people sick, literally and figuratively. The oscillation of emotions makes her head spin, from sad to angry to tired, she can’t catch a break and feel nothing. Numbness is a desire, despite the delicate nature behind a want like that.

She misses Ben’s arms the night before the third day, crying herself to sleep for the umpteenth time and just wishing he was there to squeeze her ribs or snore in her ear; some kind of contact. The sheer number of notifications that flies across her screen overwhelms to the point of more tears, her knees pulling close to her chest as she sobs and shakes for what seems like two hours.

In reality, it’s only five minutes before she presses on the call button for Ben. The dial tone rings twice before the click.

“Rey?”

She coughs, sniffling. “Yeah.”

He sighs in relief and she would feel bad if she didn’t already feel like smacking her head into the window until it breaks. “Please come.”

Rey knows she’s not ready to face him, but she never will be. Especially after smashing his phone into the quartz island, dropping the crystalline vase. Telling him she hated him had been too far. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. Do you know what time it is?”

Rey looks over at the clock, due to the curtains being drawn since the night she arrived. There’s
no way she can handle light right now, except for the bathroom. The face reads 12:03.

“Noon?”

“No, night. You’re alright, I’ll be there in twenty.”

Thank god he’s up. Rey sits up in bed, head a little woozy from the movement. “Have you eaten?”

“No.” She can’t help but wince at his potential ribbing.

Instead, “Pick out something you want and order it. Or I can. Just let me know.” He’s anxious, she can hear it in his inflection and how he stumbles over his words.

“Can you bring me clothes? Anything is fine.” She’s tired of being naked and sticking to the sheets. Rey wants a maid service as soon as she can get it, but it requires getting up and out of the room.

“You know I’m not as well versed in women’s fashion as you are.” Her laugh is unnatural from her lips, and she rubs along her cheeks to feel the budding acne along her jaw and chin. “Toiletries would be nice too. Just anything you can think of.”

“Whatever you need.”

“You need to know I’m not attractive right now. My hair is matted and my skin is gross.”

“I’m going to think you’re attractive even if you had an elephant trunk and ears.”

“I think you’re the one with the elephant ears.” Maybe her weak retorts can convince him she’s okay.

It doesn’t work, given his half laugh.

Then he sighs, “I’ll be there soon. Maybe try to hop in the shower for ten minutes?”

She bites her chapped lower lip, “Sure.” Cautious is the way to go, especially when she doesn’t feel like moving to even look in the mirror.

“I’ll be there soon, just stay where you are.” Like she would even try to take off. There’s no way she can think of such a thing, even when the line crackles into static and goes dead. He didn’t say “I love you”. Why wouldn’t he say it?

Does he not love her anymore? Rey can’t spiral out about something like that when the weight of the world already crushes her chest.

Twenty minutes pass; maybe three hours. Time blurs these days, given that she sleeps more often than not. The knock on the door doesn’t pull her from where she lays, face smashed into the extra feather pillows that she had ordered in a trance on day two.

The door opens, then slides shut as silent as a ghost. “Rey?” The bump into the nightstand is Ben’s calling card, along with the “fuck” under his breath. She wriggles, pushing up onto her elbows so she can feel the dip on the mattress and hear the toss of a duffle on the floor.

Even in the dark, he’s beautiful. The leather jacket on his frame smells overwhelming when she shoves herself into his arms, constricting around her shaking body and letting her cling so tight to sob into his shoulder. “Ben.”
“I’m here sweetheart, I promise.” His fingers try to coast through her hair, getting stuck on tangles near the ends. Maybe she’ll have to cut her hair off.

She smears snot across his shoulder before lifting her head, wiping her tears away to attempt eye contact. When they connect, brown upon green, it doesn’t last long before it gets blurry again. He doesn’t want to see this: some ugly girl with tear stains and acne-

Ben kisses her and she melts further, scooting as close as she can into his lap while he rubs along each notch in her spine. Whispering into the shell of her ear, “Let’s get you some water and into the bath.”

She can’t agree or disagree, and he helps the process by picking her up. “Come with me.” She needs him too close for comfort.

“Of course. Sit right here.” He’s gentle in the way he sets her down on the edge of the large tub, nothing like they have at the original home. That one is custom made for him and comfortable enough to fuck in. This one is no such luxury, gasping breaths rocking her lungs for the first time in what feels like years.

The faucet drowns out all noise, leaving her to watch him systematically unpack. He leaves the room and comes back more times than she can count, avoiding her eyes in the mirror and avoiding looking at how disgusting she looks. Her face is swollen and blotchy, dark circles pronounced beneath the translucent skin under her eyes. Somehow she’s paler.

Overall she hates the entire look. “Have you been working?” The sound of her voice is off, underutilized the past few days. He looks back over his shoulder before cracking his knuckles one, two, three, four times.

“At home.”

She nods, struggling to swallow the marbles in her throat. “Oh. How’s Poe-”

The medicine cabinet slams shut and that’s when she notices the frantic panic surfacing in the room, the twitchiness in his back and shoulders; his trembling hands when he unzips his shave kit. “Ben.”

He doesn’t answer her, scratching the back of his neck as he stares at the sink. He can’t do this, she can’t lose anyone else.

“Ben?”

The tears welling up in her eyes bring the bile up, and she can’t think straight anymore. He’s not answering her still and that’s when she panics. “Don’t do this, Ben. Please don’t go this way.” They lock eyes in the mirror, different forms of terrified meeting each other for a waltz. She’s dizzy and her mouth can’t contain words.

“They’re gone.”

The tears rush forth like a tsunami and she’s gasping in his arms in the next second. “You’re gone, they’re gone. Everyone is gone.” Her voice is hoarse and she clutches him even tighter to keep him there.

“I’m right here.”

She whimpers.
“I’ll always be right here, Rey.”

He’s mad at himself.

Maybe he’ll admit that he’s a little mad at her too, but the hatred of what he’s done to her eclipses that. Ben thought he knew pain, he thought the worst he would feel would be walking out his parent’s front door to never look back for nine years.

Revealing that he meddled in her parentage without her knowledge was a mistake. But what was he supposed to do once the information came back? Sit on it until the day they die?

He can withhold but something like that is too much.

It’s gotten them to a hard point: laying in a depression soaked bed with her head in his lap, wet hair piled atop her head like a crown. He runs his fingers through his damp hair, uncaring about sleeping on it and dealing with a spiky mess in the morning.

She’s only on his mind.

His beautiful, very broken girl who’s lifted him from the pits of hell and into a lighter and happier place. Now she’s where he had been and the empathy rocks him to his core. Before he can stop himself, he begins to talk, “We can go to therapy, you and I. We can…”

What else can they do? Nothing will bring her parents back. As much as he wants to traipse into hell and rip them up, he can’t. Rey sighs, scooting closer and melting further into the mattress.

“We could go to my parent’s-”

She winces and he stops, leaning down to kiss along her temples as an apology for the suggestion. She’s apart of his family too, even if it is murky in her head. “Just stay.”

Ben never intends to leave, not something that makes him unimaginably happy. “I’ll take work off for as long as you need me to.” Sure this is the worst time for a bomb like this to drop, given that his company and personal assets are nearing a combined billion. He’s trying to cinch one more acquisition or patent to put them over the edge, and the patent for the latest and greatest refrigerator to ever hit the market is one he’s been eyeing.

She’s sitting up, reaching for another slice of pizza from the box and biting into it like a dog about to rip apart a bone. Rey hasn’t eaten for a solid few days and she acts like it, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and swallowing down the gooey and cheesy deep dish pizza. He thanks whatever above that there was a place open this late. “You should work-”

“It’s hard to work right now.”

He counts her breaths, strained and grappling for control. Ben scoots closer and buries his face into her neck; she smells clean, like her typical Miss Dior body wash and an edge of pineapple from her conditioner. It's comforting, familiar in these perilous times.

He rocks back and forth, humming into her neck. “I love you so much.” Ben needs her to know, especially right now.

Her voice is hoarse but audible, “Ben?” He lifts his head to look at her profile.
She hesitates before blurting, “Can I spend the rest of my life with you?”

The words feel like a golf club to the throat, knocking the air out and making him slightly gasp. It’s a wrong move as she begins to shake and backpedal, “Sorry I don’t know what came over me-”

“Yes.”

Her head turns back to look at him and he’s never been so sure on one single decision. “Please. Please spend the rest of your life with me.” Ben can’t stop holding her, burying his face back into her neck to kiss along the sides of her throat.

“Nothing would make me happier. Please.”

Rey turns in his grip, forcing his head to raise and to look her in the eyes while she reaches to cradle along his jaw. She watches him with speculation, his heart hammering out of his chest. “I’ll take care of you for the rest of our lives. I’ll make sure you have everything and anything you want.”

Her head cocks and a small smile touches her lips for only a fleeting moment. “Anything?”

“Everything. Do you want another house? We can do that-”

“We don’t need more property. I want you. And maybe another Cartier bracelet. Oh and another fur, blue please.” He begins to laugh while she snorts and bites her lip.

“I can buy you another car too.”

“You mean for you? I only drive to class.” The realization of school visibly dawns on her.

“Shit-”

“Finn forged some emails. You have two weeks you can miss as long as you come back with the coursework half complete.” Ben takes care of his girl without her knowledge, as much as he possibly can muster.

Rey sighs in relief and curls into his chest. “Can we get a dog?”

Ben hasn’t had a dog since his childhood, and he’s not sure their lifestyle could support it especially living in a highrise half the time. “Soon. Not now.” Maybe she’s feeling maternal. If that’s the case, the vasectomy was not the most fabulous idea. Sure, he’s got the potential future frozen. But he shoots blanks and he wonders if he’s overcomplicated their impending marriage. Kids are so far off in his book.

“Can I kiss you?” He wants to feel her lips on his, despite how rough they look or how she only just brushed her teeth for the first time in days. Depression, while unglamorous, cannot ward him away from wanting her in any capacity he can get.

There’s no hesitation. “Just kiss. Nothing else.”

He does just that.
ouch

thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "easy" by son lux

the list
west elm dining table
the Gwen hotel
reformation dress
Gucci jacket
pigalles follies
wisteria lingerie
maybe i tell you that it's no big deal (you're not the same)

Chapter Summary

Ben knows it's grief, waking her up at night with small sobs that she buries into his chest while he gives her futile shushes. He feels helpless himself, inexperienced in the grieving process. The internet says it takes time but he's never particularly patient when it comes down to how she feels. He wants to rip the pain out of her and take it on himself. The world doesn't work that way.

He decides to throw himself into work, given that she avoids him during the day like the plague. It's a Saturday, later in the evening when he comes home from a long day arguing on the phone with a textile company he's attempting to buy out. Ben never works on Saturdays, not lately with Rey's presence in his life. It enough to play phone tag but the insinuation of impure intentions for an ailing company had pushed him into punching his desk so hard that bruises are flowering across his right knuckles. It's a relapse of anger that he thought therapy bred out.

He throws his keys on the counter, briefcase dropping on the floor and his head falling into his hands as he leans against the countertop. His brain won’t shut the fuck up for five seconds so he can go check on-

“Ben?”

Chapter Notes

tag tags tags
grieving
excessive money spending
ben punches his desk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Her habits are telling.

The way Rey shuts herself into the garage to obsessively restore the Cadillac while the Amex statement grows with every passing day is indicative of her coping ability. She's not eating much either, opting to miss meals with an avoidance ability like none other. When she’s not avoiding him, she's in bed with the lights off and usually trying to go to sleep.

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“Ben?” His hands move, revealing a pair of pristine white Adidas in his view. His head tips to look at Rey.

Rey is beautiful as always, even with the depressed glimmer in her eyes. She takes a deep breath before adjusting his dress shirt on her body like a little kid caught in the act. “Hi. How was work?” She never asks, especially recently. Ben steps closer to her, and she remains strong and steady. It’s good that he’s welcome in her orbit.

“Pretty shitty. How was your day?” Maybe it’s a loaded question, given the state of affairs.

She answers, “I went to Neiman Marcus.”

Good girl, despite the retail therapy. Fashion seems to fill her head when things get rough, “Then what?”

“Schoolwork. Come sit with me.” The proposition is a little terrifying but he accepts, taking the hand she holds out to him and gnawing on his lower lip. The couch is a short walk away but they both flop down on the cushions, Ben noting that she gave him the chaise section this time. She usually curls up on top of it like a dragon hoarding their treasure. It’s a change of pace that makes his heart sink.

She snuggles up to him while he notices the fire in the gas fireplace. Maybe she’s cold; he reaches for the blanket draped over the back of the couch. It settles on the two of them and Rey cozies up even further into his side.

She speaks quietly, “I was looking up therapists earlier.”

Therapy isn’t surprising, but it still hits like a gut punch. He’s had a long history with couches and trained professionals, counseling that doesn’t do jack shit. His current therapist, Ahsoka, had been in the family for years. Rey would match well with the woman’s calm demeanor and accessible wisdom. “Yeah?”

Rey nods, “I don't have any health insurance-”

He interrupts, “I'll get you a policy.”

“Ben.”

“I'm doing it regardless. It'll complement your 401k.” He hadn't dropped the tiny detail that he had set up her future in the form of a cool million in a bank account, along with investments.

“You're-”

“Ridiculous? You could talk about it in therapy.”
“Where do your pockets stop?”

It’s a left-field question that makes his head cock. “They don’t.” She opens her mouth but he continues, “Never for you.” She adjusts herself onto his lap while settling her face into his neck.

He chances, “Do you want me to call for an appointment?”

She sighs, “I think so.”

Ben rubs along her spine while she inhales sharply, then exhales with a shudder. “Everyone goes to therapy. You’re not weak for doing so.”

“I shouldn’t have to need this.”

No one wants to go to therapy but that’s how the world works. “You have one brain. It deserves to be taken care of.” Every word that drips out of him is hypocritical, given his rough opening up and how he still sometimes withholds specific amounts of information. It makes him feel like a little kid trying not to get caught.

He breezily moves on, “What did you buy from Niemans?”

Rey lifts her head and a giant yawn pierces her throat. “Too much. I’ll probably return some of it.”

“What are the highlights?” He wants her to keep talking about anything, stroking through the back of her hair while she gazes at him.

Her tone is humdrum, “An Oscar De La Renta gown for a charity auction your mother invited me to in two weeks or so. I’m contemplating canceling.” Ben knew of no such thing, and he can’t help the steady warmth of his heart at his mother inviting Rey to things. Perhaps it was a way of dealing with guilty feelings, but he’s trying to see the purity in the act.

“Let me see, then.”

“Didn’t she invite you?”

Ben shakes his head since he had no clue about the event until the words passed her lips. “Oh. Well-”

“You should go. Bid for a good cause.” Philanthropy is a focus of his after being so selfish for so long. There’s no point in not giving back to people that aren’t just the women you fuck. She looks anxious, caving into herself a little bit and then gulping down.

“It’s your mother. I never know how to act around her when you’re not around.”

Ben adjusts her on his lap, gently laying down on his side despite the uncomfortable slacks and dress shirt. He pulls her to his chest, nosing along the curve of her neck. “You be yourself. You’ve already survived the holidays with flying colors.”

Perhaps it’s a lot to ask for a time like this, but he has the utmost faith in her. “I don’t want to disappoint her, or you.”

Ben shakes his head and pulls her closer. “There’s no way you can disappoint me.” He can hurt her, he knows this from their wicked predicament, but she’s never done anything of the sort.

Her eyes graze over his knuckles. “What happened here?”
He gently takes his hands away, “Disagreement with my desk. It’s nothing.”

She departs from the subject, “We haven’t fucked in three weeks. Maybe that’s getting to you.”

They’ve gone longer but he’s concerned that she believes that he’s some savage who needs constant pleasure to love a woman. He’s in love with everything about her, the fantastic sex being the cherry on top that he could do without if it meant keeping the rest of the sundae. “I know. It doesn’t change anything, including my mood.”

“Don’t you miss it?”

He’s not willing to pressure her, not now not ever. “I do but I can go without.” The palm of his hand isn’t so bad, more the shame of coming in the shower while she sleeps in the morning. Feeling feral and uncontrollable has never been comfortable. Her palms smooth along the sides of his head and she sighs deeply.

“What did I do to deserve you?”

Ben shakes his head. “Deserve is the wrong word.”

“Then how did I get so lucky.”

“Everything happens for a reason. I owe Poe and Finn my life.”

Shopping for Ben is always an event.

Especially for him, since he gets all sulky and tries to avoid stores like the plague in opt for online or a personal shopper that Rey still hasn’t met. She figures she has the right to meet him at this point, but she’s never asked in opt for keeping it mysterious. Today, she’s sitting in the overly angular and marble Yves Saint Laurent store on Walton, watching him pout as he’s getting pinned in a basic black blazer that Rey can’t see the appeal with. He looks better in color, and he has plenty of black in his arsenal. The sales attendant girl, whose name she’s already forgotten, hovers near Rey like a hawk. Rey knows it’s because she’s wearing a basic and bright yellow Alice and Olivia mock neck dress, nothing Saint Laurent approved. The heels are a blasphemous nude Christian Louboutin So Kate pump, currently pinching her toes. She’s not used to them after such a long break, and she knows she’ll need an Epsom salt soak after today’s walking.

“You’re making a face.”

He’s correct again, feeling her nose scrunch up as she gets up from the bench and circles him like a shark. Then, “You have plenty of black.”

“The only color that looks good on me.”

Rey clears her throat and looks to the other attendant who stopped their pinning. His blonde hair is slicked off to the side, a stray pin between his teeth. “Try him in navy.”

Ben sighs as if she’s told him to rip out his teeth, and Rey steps in front of him again to look up. She gestures to her outfit, “Color is nothing to be afraid of. Clearly.”

“You could wear Moschino and look good. I can’t.”

“This self-doubt thing? Don’t approve. Can we also get a larger size in the shirt, your poor
buttons.” He snorts as he glances down at the straining button across his sternum, then shrugging off the blazer as the other girl scurries away to fulfill the request. Without a care in the world, he begins to unbutton the white dress shirt and tosses it away from himself. Luckily he’s wearing an undershirt, so he’s not intimidating others in the way he likes to do. The gods hone his body and most would find it obscene. She’s one of them.

“What are you getting?” A loaded question, she shrugs. Nothing caught her eye in Givenchy nor Tom Ford, so she’s been designated bag carrier.

“Have you even looked around?” She sighs and shakes her head while humming to herself, beginning to step away before he grabs her arm and pulls her back. “I’m going to feel extremely guilty if I walk away from this without getting you something.”

She snorts and presses a kiss to his shoulder, the only place she can reach without making him bend down. Ben’s hand skirts along the curve of her hip and cheekily squeezes her ass before letting go. “Go pick something out.”

She huffs and walks away, beginning her lap around the store. Picking something without wanting it is medieval torture, but her eyes quickly land on a bright pink pair of mirrored pumps, the heel a manageable three inches in comparison to the five she’s rocking right now. Picking them up testingly, she turns them every which way before glancing around and walking back to where they’re parked. Ben’s murmuring to the alterations attendant and she clears her throat to catch the attention of the other hovering and now drooling girl.

“Can I get a size eight in the pink mirrored pumps? I don’t need to try them on, so box them.” She snaps from her fantasy land and scurries away, giving Rey the satisfaction of watching her realize that her eye candy is someone else’s treat.

The gratification doesn’t last long, given who walks into Saint Laurent next. Kazuda Xiono looks just like he did when Rey quietly dumped him sophomore year at Finn’s recommendation. He’s holding a Chinese takeout bag, sunglasses still on his face and looking sharp in a light lilac dress shirt and matching pale grey blazer and slacks. She clocks the shoes as Tom Ford, the ones he bragged about on their first date over margaritas and a karaoke bar.

They didn’t mesh well, his personality resembling Poe Dameron in a few key ways that piss her off. Economic majors and finance CEOs are the same and Rey is ready to sink into the floor and die. She hopes he doesn’t notice her but, of course, he takes off his Raybans and glances her up and down.

“Rey Kenobi, is that you?”

Fuck.

She composes a tight smile as she rises, smoothing out her hair as she strides over to him as a queen would. She’s here to prove herself, not play little games or drool over an admittedly hot sellout. “Kazuda.” She holds out her hand to shake, and he takes it to kiss her knuckles.

He’s going to die, she’s sure of it, especially as she feels Ben’s eyes bore into her back. The smile remains, threatening to crack her face as she rips her hand away. “Look at you, what brings you into this neck of the woods?” This has to be instant karma in the sickest way possible.

“Shopping, you know. Ben needs a new blazer.” Maybe the mention of another man would deter him from pulling anything else. No such thing happens, Kazuda looking her up and down like a piece of meat.
She shuts her eyes tight while he appraises, then letting out a cleansing breath and placing her hands on her hips to reek authority. “What about you, Kaz? You don’t seem like the type.”

“Ah, you know. I need new shoes.”

“Rey? Come here and look at this blazer.” Ben’s voice is hard, edging on pissed. He must’ve seen the knuckle kiss, restraining himself from blowing up about it and telling him never to touch her again. She wishes he would, but she turns around and traipses back to her lover like a bunny running into the road.

Kaz makes the mistake of following her, even as Rey gets close enough to feel Ben’s breath mingle with hers. Navy looks beautiful on him and she nods in approval. “That one. Don’t wear it with black.”

“What happens if I do?”

“Acid rain, locusts, you know. Shit that happens when you wear white after labor day.”

“Good to know,” he looks past her, “Who’s this?”

There’s her big bear, sliding off the blazer and handing it back with a nod to the alterations attendant. Then he’s unbuttoning the larger dress shirt while she speaks, “Kazuda Xiono, we knew each other in college.”

He holds out his hand past her, creating an efficient block to hide her away. “Ben Organa-Solo.” The adding on of his father’s surname is new but refreshing and indicative of positivity between the two men. She can’t help but grind herself into the front of his jeans, appreciating the way his other arm snakes around her waist to keep her there.

Kaz notices the action and shakes Ben’s hand with a restrained demeanor.

“Ben Organa? The Ben Organa-”

“The one. How do you know my wife?” That’s luxe of him, the title making her heart flutter and stomach flip over. Kaz knows who he is, given Ben’s status in Chicago and how he’s Forbes’ new wonder man.

Rey wants to giggle at the pissing contest that Ben’s winning. “I wasn’t aware you were married, Rey. Congratulations on your nuptials. Did you graduate?”

“Not yet.”

“She’s close.”

God help them all, Rey watches the girl attendant blanch and Rey nudges Ben. “We have to get out of here. I want to go to Tiffanys. It was good to see you, Kaz.” Ben lets her go and Kazuda gulps as she almost skips to the counter, grabbing her black and white Gucci bag thrown haphazardly across the bench on the way.

Ben follows behind and the tension is thick as he stands next to her. “That’s all you want?” She nods and he clicks his tongue before sucking on his teeth in the way that makes her frown. “Get her the Manhattan medium tote in the normal grain. None of that crocodile garbage.” Leave it to Ben to be well versed in women’s fashion for a fleeting moment. She’s not opposed to receiving such a pretty thing but she rolls her eyes anyway.
“You don’t have to get me things, you know.”

“It’s in my DNA. Do you actually want to go to Tiffanys? Their diamonds are trash—”

“That was to get us out of here. I don’t care where we go next.” She’s open to anything when it comes to his taste, along for the ride in his world of excess. Ben looks her up and down and then strokes a hand through the side of her hair while he hands his card over. The payment is always her favorite part, how he doesn’t even glance at the total, only watches her as she momentarily loses color before blushing again.

“My mother says I should get you another Birkin.”

“Your mother is ridiculous as you. I already have the baby blue one.” It sits in her closet, protected by a glass case to never be worn. She wouldn’t dare, knowing it’s an investment piece for the ages.

“I want one you can carry without needing to baby it.”

“It makes me much more susceptible to theft on the street.” She plays at his overbearing protection policy, at the motion sensors on each door or window in the house. The tiny beeps have become synonymous with her daily life, to the point where she feels weird when she doesn’t hear them. Not to mention the automatic locks or getting her packages from downstairs and having to sign them in like a baby at daycare.

“So does the yellow Ferrari you love so much, but we haven’t had any problems with that.” Maybe he does have a point, given she parks that thing in the tiny student lot like it’s a Honda Accord. Her “glow up” (Rose’s moniker) has people talking on campus. Most think it’s an inheritance. Others are smart, business majors picking up on the mysterious appearances of Ben Organa-Solo on campus in an infamous R8 that he drives like a menace.

She’d never trade him or his attitude for anything else. “Let’s go then.” It doesn’t mean they necessarily have to buy the Birkin. Rey might leave with a scarf or another blanket to put in the master bedroom in the new apartment.

“Can you make the two-minute walk?” He’s grabbing the large white shopping bags quickly, and she shucks her purse over her shoulders.

She calls a quick, “Thank you!” Then the two walk out, Ben holding the door and shooting one last look at Kazuda, who’s still dumbstruck at the spectacle of Ben and Rey.

Rey jokes, “I think I can manage two minutes with you. Unbearable as you are.”

“What an honor, Miss Kenobi. I’ll make sure to make it worth it.”

They walk astride, Ben slowing for her careful walk in her heels or her occasional stop to peer into a shop window. Miu Miu barely catches her attention this time, neither does Gucci. What does catch her eye is Hermes, the orange face on in the window and the simplicity when they walk inside. It’s like they’re honey and the commissioned sales associates are flies, a brunette pixie cut making it first.

“My name is Mia, can I service you somehow?”

Rey puts on her game face, and Ben speaks, “We’re interested in buying a Birkin.” The girl visibly glances them up and down, noting the bags with a nod. They have money, and she’s entirely ready to sell to them.
“We only have a black of the Birkin in store, to view. We can see if we can get you any other color.” Rey’s hopeless here, clear in how she glances to bed.

“Togo or calf?”

“Both when you order. We have a few leather swatches you can peek at, and colorwise we have a book.”

Ben finally looks back at her. “What would you like?” She’s already held one in her hands, knowing the weight of the leather and how baby smooth it feels.

“Uh...I’ve already got a Birkin, so I don’t need to hold it.”

“I’ll get you champagne and swatches.”

Ben’s already sitting and Rey can’t help but nod, watching her scurry away. Rey quickly flops down and sighs for a long time. “I’m not meant to be here.”

“You fit right in. Come here.” His reassurance is welcome, especially as he pulls her into his lap and wraps an arm around her middle. She wants to kick off her heels but they’re in rich people church right now. Though she did take off her heels in the car dealership when they were picking up her Mercedes, that one had been more resistance, arguing that she doesn’t need another car. Ben had won that one, given that it’s parallel parked in a space near their playland today.

Though if she’s honest, she loves driving. She’s aggressive on the road while still maintaining the perfect amount of serious safety. Chicagoans just fucking drive. No preamble, merging when they want. Doing it in a fancy car is just fun. His lips are on her ear. “Just pick as many colors you want and daddy will take care of it.”

That’s an overwhelming process, especially as the thick book is set before her with two glasses of champagne. Taking a deep breath, her thumb opens up the book to a grayscale. “We go from neutrals to brights. Take your time.”

Then Mia walks away, Rey glancing back to Ben with hopelessness. “There are too many choices.”

Ben shrugs. “You could seriously get all the colors if you want to.”

She gulps before shaking her head, flipping through the grey neutrals and landing on the page with the sandy tans she wears often. She might as well be practical, eyes falling on a pale greyish beige that leans towards being a perfect medium between cold and warm. “That one.”

Ben gets out his phone, taking down a note of the color name and number before she continues to flip through. The colors go in rainbow order, reds first. Bright pink-tinged red jumps out, and she points without another care or thought. “Good girl. I like that one.”

Her cheeks warm to be the same color and she continues to flip until she reaches the blues. Blue is her color right now, just melancholy enough. Picking out a medium toned marine blue, it reminds her of aquarium rocks. Drawn to it as if she were the fish, it’s a no brainer.

Then it’s another flip to the purples. A purple that’s the color of the base of an anemone is her next pick before she pushes the book off her lap and onto the table. “Done?”

“Four is enough.”
He shifts her in his lap.

As if spending sixty thousand in a single period of ten minutes is child’s play, “For now.”

She’s extremely nervous.

Ben got a call after Hermes, something related to work and something that made his eyes almost roll back into his head as he grumbled.

It’s been four weeks since they’ve done something like this, an activity they used to do to blow off steam on the daily. But watching him swipe his black card in Hermes as if it were nothing got her hot.

Her bottom lip parts beneath the Chanel bullet, red streaking across the flesh and transferring with a rub to the matching top. Curling into a picture-perfect grin, the heels click on the travertine tile beneath her sky-high stilettos, red soles reflected in the gleaming white. A robe skims along the back of her ankles hand-painted chrysanthemums winding across the black silk. Her hands fiddle with the tie, contemplating to close or to reveal the lingerie beneath it.

A completely sheer and black dotted bodysuit compliments her pale form (that’s what she gets for not being in the sun). It’s daft to hide any aspect of her body when Ben’s about to be so involved with any material standing between him and her body.

Black thigh highs are clipped into the garter after she opts for the robe to remain open. Preparing for a play session with Ben is a daunting and ceremonial task, taking up to two hours and a vibrator over the gusset of her thong to propel her into the right frame of mind. As much as he likes to deny it, he always ends up doing some work on Saturday nights, giving her uninterrupted time to prepare for anything he could throw her way after he rolls away from obligations. She’s deciding to be pre-emptive, desiring to bring out the carnality she so dearly loves from him and sought in Hermes. The strength, the demands, the power. She wants it all until it fills and overflows her like a stopped drain.

Time ticks away on the digital clock that sits on the range she looks upon, checking for any imperfections besides the obvious ones. Those could never go away, the wayward freckles and previous boniness that still obscures her vision. Rey will never stop thinking of her body as malnourished; never stop seeing unnatural litheness behind her eyelids.

She exhales with a small puff, walking out of the en-suite bathroom and into the bedroom. Sheets still unmade from this morning, she knows that making the bed is just busywork. There are bigger fish to fry here, manifest in her grace in leaving the bedroom for the closets down the hall.

Only meaning to rifle through his side today, her fingers trail along the row of dress shirts before standing in front of his black dresser that hid away things that make her heart quicken. She bends down as she opens the middle drawer, eyes lighting up at the organized chaos of restraints and ball gags. The red and black rope catches her eye before the spreader bar does.

So many options to choose but her fingers land on the red rope. A rope is reliable, especially for a good time. Shutting that drawer with the toe of her Louboutin, she opens up the drawer of whips and paddles. Her perusing of hard leather and tails makes her head cock and spine shiver. She much prefers the palm of his hand but her fingers grab a black whip with clusters of long tails. The leather would splay out over her tender skin, bruise her as he so desires.
The last thing she grabs from the chest of fun is the tiny vibrator with a remote. Her eyes light up at the pretty thoughts submerging her head, picturing writhing and begging for him to keep going. The drawer shuts and she takes her toys with her as she leaves the closet. She takes a quick detour down the hall to press her ear against his office door.

Still chattering away but she knows his tone is tired, edging near the point where he forcibly ends the interaction without much of a preamble. It’s a tactic he uses on other people and she’s only noticed because he doesn’t dare do it with her. Ben prefers that she talks while he listens, their natural way of being with each other. She pictures the black-tie still on his neck, loosened up after he gave her a quick kiss before disappearing into his office.

She’s taken the liberty in his absence to order Chinese takeout, still sitting on the counter in the kitchen. Now she waits again, placing the toys on his glass coffee table and stretching out on the couch like Aphrodite.

She wonders if he’ll make like Aries and as usual, Ben does not disappoint. The slam of the door upstairs gets her body to tense before she relaxes once more. His footfalls are heavy on the stairs and she’s making last adjustments of her robe before she slides into the submissive headspace that is become so synonymous with safety.

“Rey, you would not believe-”

The words stop as he skids to a stop at the bottom of the stairs, jaw slack as she postures herself and licks her lips. She can practically see his eyes darken from here; his steps slow before he stands to face her in front of the coffee table. “Hi, daddy.”

His tone is measured. “You’ve outdone yourself.”

“For you. Are you hungry?”

*In more ways than one.*

His eyes glance to the kitchen counter behind her, then at the spread of toys on the table. He spends a long moment staring at the remote vibrator, contemplating it before reaching down to pick it up. “Where’d you find this, baby?”

She plays dumb with a shrug before sitting up, crossing her legs and shrugging off her robe. “Safe word?”

“Molecular biology. Red if I need to stop immediately.”

“Good girl. Stand up.”

It’s time to perform, and she gets to her feet, watching him circle behind the couch. “Come to me.” The wood creaks in one spot as she walks, stopping before him to look up at him. He smiles, a small thing that makes her mirror him before falling to a straight face again. Sub-space is serious business.

“Bend over the back of the couch.”

Her elbows brace as she does, subconsciously spreading her legs. The bodysuit unclips, The vibrator slides unceremoniously inside with ease, already wet and ready for it. He gives a testing spank across her cheek before clipping the gusset back together. “You’re soaked.”

“Oops.”
“You’ve been a bad girl, touching yourself without me.”

“I’m sorry, daddy.”

“I forgive you, but I expect you to be silent when you come. Or you’ll be punished.”

That brings up an argument in her throat, “I haven’t come in a month—”

“I don’t care, absolute silence.”

This will be fun.

“I’m ravenous and I see you’ve ordered food.”

She is too but she can’t speak. “Lay on your stomach on the couch.” Her stomach flops over at the transition and she does what he says, the plushness comfortable beneath her front. The rope unspools and his work begins, his tying drawn out and involving all her limbs.

He pulls her legs up, pushing her wrists behind her back and tying the two together. “This is called a hogtie.” More like flexibility required. Her silence is deafening to her ears and he walks away from her, tossing and catching the remote in his hand while whistling. The anticipation kills her, craning her neck up to attempt to look for him. No such luck, the couch back is too high but she hears the clink of a plate.

Then the vibrator turns on and she tenses up, teeth gritting down to stay silent. She can’t help but wriggle at the sensation, shifting it around inside of her to go deeper. “Needy little slut.”

He sits back down next to her on the couch, plate settling on the coffee table and the vibrator stopping. She pants, his hand coming to knot in her hair and pull her head up to lay on his lap with her face burying in the crotch of his pants. The entire act puts her on edge. He’s hard against her cheek and she shifts to mouth at him. “Good girl. Stay just like that.” Challenge accepted, spit pooling in her mouth and her nose rubbing along his length as she hears the scrape of a fork and telling chewing.

It’s a little hard to breathe in this position, but he’s calming her down with a hand rubbing up and down her back as he eats. Occasionally he’ll reach between her legs to adjust the thong flush against her, before snapping it back in place. “Should’ve put something in your ass. I’ve been waiting so long to touch you there.”

She’s not prepared for that. “I have plugs I’ll put in tomorrow. We’ll do it right.”

Thank god, she’s glad he can sensibly look past lust. “Would you like that?”

She nods in response, always willing to try things out. With Ben, she always knows it’ll be squeaky clean and safe, despite the brutal nature he dishes out. A perfect example is how he slaps her ass, coming down hard enough to make her tense up. “Did I tell you to stop mouthing me, slut?” She continues her needy nosing of his cock, breathing on him and waiting for him to finish up and get on with the torture. The vibrator goes off again, more intense and making her toes curl inside Louboutins. Still, she maintains silence.

It takes a while, vibrator going off on occasion and causing her back to arch and two whines to leave her mouth. She gets spanked for each whine, proving his point about silence. Two can play that game, even when he picks her up by the rope connecting her ankles to her wrist, shifting her off of him as he stands up. It hurts when he drags her off the couch by them, straining her joints as she tries not to flail. That’s before he picks her up delicately in his arms, in a pseudo bridal carry
despite the hogtie.

The bed suits their purposes better, as he practically tosses her on the mattress. Her joints hurt, edging on unbearable but she stays steady in her conviction to be the best sub she can be.

He forces her legs apart as far as they can go, then unclipping the bodysuit and rubbing a thumb over her folds to smear the wetness budding across. “Already so wet for me. What will I do with you?”

She’s ready to make suggestions before a finger plunges into her, back arching as she digs her nails into her palms and grits down her teeth to keep from moaning. Her legs nearly flop closed but he forces them apart again and continues his shallow probing and prodding. Eventually, he fishes the vibrator out and takes off her heels, tossing both to the side.

Rey can’t identify when it starts to feel less enjoyable. Maybe it’s the painful strain on her wrists or how two fingers push and stretch her apart with a punishing rhythm. But the safeword tumbles from her lips, “Molecular Biology.”

His fingers slide out in a flash. “What hurts?”

“Wrists, ankles. Ouch, fuck.” Now that she’s able to talk freely, she can’t help but express ultimate discomfort as he begins to untie her with deft precision. She’s out in a flash, rope unraveling.

“Can I touch you?”

“Please. Fuck.” He climbs on the bed and pulls her into his arms, Rey curling up in a ball against his chest as she shakes. The pain isn’t going away; the embarrassment isn’t either. “I’m sorry-”

“It’s been a while, and I shouldn’t have put you in a tough tie.”

“I don’t know why it hurt so much.”

His lack of an answer isn’t reassuring but she can’t help but bury her face into his chest. “I’ll get you some ibuprofen. Do you want a bath?” He’s still hard beneath her and the guilt is immense. She knows he doesn’t care but she does.

“Just ibuprofen. Can I have a t-shirt?” The bodysuit is restrictive right now. He’s shifting her off of him and standing up, rushing out of the room to the closet just next door.

She takes the opportunity to begin shedding her clothes. Before she knows it, a heathered grey and oversized University of Georgia shirt is hitting the top of the covers. He’s walking into the en-suite without a look back. “Ben?”

Is he mad?

“Please don’t worry about me-”

“It’s my job to take care of you and I fucked up.” She can’t see his face, so she gets up despite the protests of her knees. Shuffling into the bathroom, she watches him get out the ibuprofen bottle, dumping three pills out into his hand.

Her voice is quiet, “Don’t blame yourself.”

“I’m the dom. It’s my responsibility-”
“And I safeworded. At least I safeworded, instead of taking it and being in more pain later.” She knows she’s making good points, based on how he rubs along his jaw and deposits the ibuprofen in her palm. Then she’s handed a glass of water, tossing the pills back and swallowing effortlessly.

She sets the water on the counter before reaching to hold his shoulders. “I didn’t say red.”

“No.”

“Ben, I’m still wet and you have-”

“I’m fine, Rey-” She wraps her hand around his length through the fabric of his slacks, proving her point as she moons up at him. He inhales sharply.

“Please?”

He holds his breath now. “Please, daddy? Please, please, pretty please.” It’s whispered like a sinner in confessional, a girl ready to go full dark without a star in the sky. She’s always willing to be bad for him, as long as he stays sweet for her.

“I’ll be gentle.” Much better.

“You need to catch up.” Given that she’s fully naked, she’s ready to do all the work for him. She reaches out to the buttons of his dress shirt, walking back and dragging him with her as she unfastens. The back of her knees hit the edge of the mattress as she grips the last button, revealing a thick and muscular torso that she’s always found so breathtaking. How did she get so lucky again?

Her deft fingers clink open the belt as she pulls it from the loops, tossing it away from herself. His fingers wind through her hair, as soft as possible and barely noticeable. Rey’s a porcelain doll now, while she’d rather be a scarred up lioness. Something with a history of strength, grit. “Such a good girl.”

Her answer comes like a breeze, “I love you.”

Ben leans down and pecks between her brows, “I love you too.” He can’t help but press another kiss to the top of her head, before shoving her delicately on the mattress, limbs splaying out and the comforter soft beneath her strained spine.

Ben growls as he crawls on top of her, kicking off his slacks on the way and abandoning the dress shoes behind him. He’s left in just dorky socks and she can’t make fun of him when his lips brush along her throat in more soft kisses. "I want to take my time with you."

Patience isn't her best trait but she's willing to try. "Beautiful girls like you deserve care."

A kiss to her clavicle.

"And sweetness."

He’s pushing the t-shirt up before another peck on her sternum. His face moves to her breasts. "And someone to worship them. Everything about them." His lips latch around her nipple and her breath hitches, fingers coasting along her back.

His hand pumps his cock as he works on her breasts, teething occasionally. "Let me do that."

"No, you don't do any work."
"That's quite unfair for you, daddy."

"A small price to pay. I've missed you." Not fucking for a month is too much of a pause, given that they did sometimes twice a day (at least once on busy days) every day.

"I've missed your face scrunching up when I do this." He rubs over her nipple with a delicate finger and she bites her lip to hold back a satisfied smile. Maybe she wants to tease, not to prove his point. It’s impossible, however, feeling her nose wrinkle and a little puff of air.

"Your tight little pussy." He spreads her legs again and gets between them, on his elbows and staring straight at her. Then he gently touches her folds, parting her labia to inspect with evident admiration. She imagines she must be flushed due to lack of use.

"How you make me feel like a man." He sits back on his heels, and she can see the purpling head of his cock. Pre-come beads at the slit, his thumb rubbing over it to collect it and hand wrapping around it.

The next request is unexpected. “Touch yourself. I want to watch.” Talk about another thing she hasn’t done in a while. He flicks his wrist as he pumps his cock, and she can’t help but cater to him. Her fingers dip between her legs.

"Do you do this when I’m not home?"

She shudders as her fingers dive in, soaking wet and sensitive. They’re much smaller than his, and she misses the feeling of fullness. She looks down at her work until he tips her chin up. "Sometimes. It’s hard to wait for you.”

A Cheshire cat smile spreads across his lips, so fleeting before he falls to stony seriousness. “I’m sorry I’m so busy.”

Rey shakes her head before her back arches. “You work hard and we reap the benefits. I can’t ever be angry at you for that.” Not when she has an entire closet of designer items and a weighty and sparkling black card in the Chanel boy bag that sits on the dresser. She never has to go without, able to rule the castle that is their home with a fur and Louboutins on.

Ben moans, a pretty sound as he increases the speed of his hand. She matches him, trying not to tremble and tumble into an orgasm that would make her legs shake. That’s no fun.

She’s edging on her own release, knowing he’s going to be too tender for what she needs but there’s no harm in trying.

“Please.”

“Please what?”

“Ben I want you to fuck me.”

Usually, straight to the point seems to work with him. There’s more hesitation this time, his hand settling on her thigh. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I know you’ll be gentle. I trust you.” He needs reassurance, especially as he stops touching his cock and opts to meander his way between her legs. Then he quickly lifts her hips and her fingers slide out. She’s feeling the anticipation and she can’t help but gaze up at him with as much love as she can humanly think in this big, evil world. What she feels for him transcends cosmos but her primal brain can only think in terms of the earth that surrounds them. Ben lines up, shockingly
dainty for someone his size and roughness. He’s doing as she’s told, sinking in slowly and allowing her eyes to pop at the stretch and sting. Her legs lock behind his back to push on the base of his spine, driving inside of her with soft prodding. She’s overfull, unused to the sensation now.

After being sexually dead, she feels more than alive. Not quite whole. It takes her a minute to adjust, her hands rubbing along each notch in his spine as he inhales sharply and exhales deeply. She knows that look; he's trying not to come on the spot. She whispers into his inky hair, relishing the mussed nature and how he's been fucking with it in his frustration at work.

"I'm okay. Keep going."

Chapter End Notes

i feel like this chapter is a mega disappointment after such a long wait, and im sorry.

thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "down side of me" by chvrches

links:
alice + olivia mock neck
so kate pumps
saint laurent pumps
manhattan tote
ben's new blazer
sheer dotted bodysuit (its on sale, go grab it)
birkins in red, greige, purple, blue
imagine a world like that

Chapter Summary

He balks, stepping back while watching the floor. He can’t look at her, not while seeming like an ass. This is not how he expected his proposal to go, throwing him for a loop. They need to go to therapy before they do this. “Ben.”

He rubs along his face and tosses the ring box on the counter unceremoniously. Fuck him for ruining so much of the night. He wouldn’t blame her if she walked out forever. “Don’t do this.”

He shakes his head and rubs at his eyes, feeling the moisture on his palms. Just great, he’s crying. “I’m sorry.”

“Ben.”

He sniffls before wiping at his eyes. “I really ruined this.”

She doesn’t make a move, tears springing to her eyes.

“Maybe I just ruined my chances.”

Chapter Notes

tags
they argue
therapy sessions
crying

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ben doesn’t tell her when he’s going to be home from Japan.

He only went for an acquisition threatening to go sour, managing to net the niche chalk company with only days to spare. The other bidder was pissed, but he can’t help but care less.

He forgets to give a shit in the time that he rushes through baggage claim and into the parked BMW x7 that waits for him in airport parking. It’s a flight that gets in late, time difference fucking with him since New York and threatening his plan to crawl into bed with Rey and knock out. First, he has to hide the ring in his briefcase. New York had only been a day, meeting with a business associate for an update on his stripped-down and smaller publishing company. Also pick up the ring from Cartier. It’s perfect, bigger than he expected. The pear-shaped diamond is exactly the amount of art deco he’s wanted, and his mother seems pleased when he sends her a picture.
is that Padme’s band?

new diamond but yeah, same band. do you approve?

when are you proposing?

that’s a secret. you’ll know when i do

She responds with something but he ignores it in opt for pulling into his garage and hoping the sound wouldn’t wake the probably sleeping Rey. Especially as he creeps into the house, bag gliding behind him.

Rey is awake, laying on the couch with her attention trained on the television. Some laugh track sitcom plays, and she looks back when he clears his throat. She looks like a mess, messy hair thrown into a bun and stained sweats and a contrary lacy Agent Provocateur bra on her frame. A lime green bow sits between her breasts, and it’s the perfect amount of frilly and girly for his tastes. His stomach flips over as he walks to lean over the couch to kiss her forehead.

“You alright?”

She licks her lips, “Can’t sleep.”

This is a first, given that she’s been sleeping far too much when she’s not in class. “Me neither.”

“There’s food in the fridge if you want anything.” Ben shakes his head and he hops over the back of the couch, avoiding her legs and settling down on the sectional. He pats his lap and she crawls into it without question. She leans back against his shoulder, his arms coming across her middle.

That’s when he whispers in the shell of her ear, “I need to do the accounting with Poe tomorrow but I think…”

She looks back at him. He continues, “I think I’m a billionaire.” The words feel weird coming out of his mouth; even more bizarre is the slow light up of her face. The fact is terrifying to him on the contrary.

“Why aren’t you happy?” She shifts in his lap to face him, kissing all over his face. “You work so hard, and it’s not surprising.”

For one, Forbes is going to call when his PR team unceremoniously posts a press release of the fun fact. Second off, he’s a part of a club that most would envy to be in; too bad he’s insufferably socially awkward. There’s plenty of things to scare him about the newfound status. “I don’t know.”

“You deserve this. After everything that’s happened.” Her arms lock around the back of his neck, and he stares into her eyes. Then he glances down at her bra.

“Are you wearing matching panties?”
She gives him a weak smile while nodding, “Of course, daddy.” Now’s not playtime, not when anxiety reeks between them.

“Can I ask you about something?” Here they go. She’s visibly nervous after she asks, and Ben decreases the feelings it with a nod. Then he holds along her sides, just above her hips and under her ribs.

Then, “Do you want to get married?”

Oh no. Has he waited too long? This question is hilarious, given the ring in his bag that sits on the floor. He answers immediately, “Of course.” Spending the rest of his life with her is inevitable.

“Okay. Is there a reason why we’re not?”

No reason. Ben shakes his head, “I don’t want you to rush into something you can’t handle—”

“That I can’t handle? What can I not handle?”

“Me.”

He’s a handful, a cacophony of bad ideas and even worse temperament. Especially during trying times like these, head overfull with regret and shame for hurting her. He shouldn’t have asked his mother to look into her; he should’ve left it alone. He continues before she can answer, “I fucking hurt you, Rey. You’re grieving because of me.”

Rey stares at him before caressing along his face, and he can’t help but shift her off his lap. He can’t possibly focus on how much it hurts her, especially as he stands and begins to pace back and forth. “I did so much to hurt you over these past few months—”

“If you’re using this as an excuse not to marry me then I don’t get it.” Her voice is stern, and his head hurts as he thinks it through.

“I’m not using it as an excuse.”

Rey stands, watching him pace like a hyena. “Then answer my question, why the fuck are we not married? You call me your wife, you bought me a fucking apartment, and I have three cars to my name, I have a black card with my name on it. Why are we pretending—”

Ben snaps, “I bought your fucking ring.”

The silence is heavy between them, tasting acidic on his tongue and making him want to leave the room. He hates arguing, throwing him back to watching the passive-aggressive remarks thrown between Han and Leia like barbed arrows. This feels even worse, deep in his gut as he faces away from her and scoops up his bag, rifling through the main pocket for the red velvet box. Then he tosses his bag on the counter and faces her, holding it in his grip hard enough to crush.

Her eyes are trained on him, occasionally glancing to the box in disbelief. “You want me to propose like this? Because I had an entire plan, but god damn it if you want it right now—”

“Ben.”

“What.”

“Why are you mad at me?”

“I’m not mad at you.”
“Then why are you upset at yourself?”

“Do you want me to propose or not?”

“Answer my question first.”

Why is he mad? “I said so.”

“Because you gave me closure on the subject of my parents?”

Closure? He balks, stepping back while watching the floor. He can’t look at her, not while seeming like an ass. This is not how he expected his proposal to go, throwing him for a loop. They need to go to therapy before they do this. “Ben.”

He rubs along his face and tosses the ring box on the counter unceremoniously. Fuck him for ruining so much of the night. He wouldn’t blame her if she walked out forever. “Don’t do this.”

He shakes his head and rubs at his eyes, feeling the moisture on his palms. Just great, he’s crying.

“I’m sorry.”

“Ben.”

He sniffs before wiping at his eyes. “I really ruined this.”

She doesn’t make a move, tears springing to her eyes.

“Maybe I just ruined my chances.”

She moves at that, in front of him in a flash while tears roll down her face. “Ben, look at me.” Her voice is soft and coaxing despite her sadness, stroking through his hair on her tiptoes. He avoids her studying and tries to wipe his eyes again in an inconspicuous way.

Rey continues to card through his hair, concern etching itself across her features. “Come to bed. Talk to me.”

“I can’t.” It’s like a gunshot and it visibly lands like one, reflecting like pain across her features. She touches his face and he tries very hard not to shrug away. Rey then buries her head into his chest, “I love you.”

Before he can respond, “I love you, I love you, I love love love you. So much. Please just...speak to me.” She soaks his dress shirt in tears.

He rubs the back of her head and shakes his head. “I can’t.”

“You have more to worry about than me.”

She looks so hurt, visibly trying to swallow down and wrap him in her arms. “Ben.”

“Rey, I don’t want you to worry.”

“I’m worried about you already. Don’t shut me out.” Fuck. His plan is backfiring with each rub on his back and everything hurts. She unwraps her arms before grabbing his shoulders, flipping down from her tiptoes. Then her foot rubs along his calf and he takes it as the signal to pick her up just under her thighs. It’s reflex at this point, putting them on the same playing field. Her legs wrap around his waist and they’re now eye level.
Her arms tangle around his neck and she kisses the tip of his nose delicately while she sniffs. Then her fingers wipe along his orbital bone. "I'm fine."

"You've always been a bad liar." Maybe she's right but he'll deny it until he dies.

He only stares at her and she can't keep her lips off of him. "Would you rather talk about it in therapy? We go in tomorrow night."

God, he'd preferably not at all but they're here. "Sure." They did book two hours, after all, a full hour for the two of them. She gets an entire hour on her own because she needs it. He knows that much.

“I’ll give you a minute. I’ll be upstairs.” He lets her down at that. Watching her walk off hurts deep, and she takes the stairs quickly after turning off the television. Then he hears the door slam shut.

Ben is alone, not for long, turning off the lights and arming the security system. He heads upstairs, Rey is sitting up in bed, lamp flicked on. A glass of water is in her hand, and he opts to go to the bathroom to decompress with a nightly routine. That includes washing his face and brushing his teeth, even slathering on face cream and massaging it in for far too long. Anything to waste time. He also undresses, walking back into the bedroom to switch out his boxer briefs.

He snaps the waistband before crawling under the sheets and flopping on his stomach. "Going to bed?"

"We both know I don't sleep." From getting up and going to his home office at four in the morning to even working out, he's a menace. Rey shifts in bed, laying on her side and watching him. After a long few minutes of silence, she cozies up even closer while stroking through his hair again. Ben keeps staring at the alarm clock, his head pounding away with each tick of a minute. He’s not remotely tired, but not remotely ready to talk like she’s encouraging.

“Is the ring why you went to New York?"

Of course, they do this now.

“Yeah.”

“When did you order it?”

“January. After we closed on the apartment.”

“That long ago?”

“Well, half of it’s an heirloom from Padme. Took some time to get it perfect.”

Her eyebrow quirks and he realizes he’s never talked about his grandmother before. Given that she wasn’t alive when he was born, he can’t help it. “Grandmother. She left it to my mom, but they kinda did the shotgun wedding thing.” Mainly because the condom broke since his father left it in his wallet for too long.

He wonders if they would’ve ever gotten together otherwise.

“So it’s yours.”

“It’s yours. It’ll be on your finger at some point.” Hopefully, when it all goes to plan, requiring
patience.

“You know, ring before spring is a thing.”

“We’re well into spring.”

“I don’t even want a formal proposal, and I am so fine if we just elope in Vegas.”

“My mother would murder me.”

“I mean…”

He turns to look at her and she snorts. Her eyes are puffy like his and they’re both a mixed pair.

“She would. Then I’m not your husband anymore.”

“I don’t think Leia would mind if I told her I wanted it.”

“I’m fully aware that my mother loves you more than me most days, but you don’t have to rub it in.” She shakes her head at him.

“She checks in on you with me.”

Then she puts on her best Leia voice, “Is he eating? Why is he at work on a Saturday? Tell him to call his father. Has he bought you a Birkin yet?” He laughs out loud, burying it into the pillow. She yawns while twirling a strand of his hair around her finger, then shifting to sit up against the headboard.

He can hear a drawer open and before he knows it, she’s straddling his back with knees pressing into his muscled sides. “Can I give you a massage?”

This is new. He turns his head to the side and tries to look up at her. It’s impossible. “Are you sure?”

“I want to.”

“Are you a trained massage therapist suddenly?”

“Yes or no, Ben.”

He’s got a complex about massages, usually paying someone else to do them. It worked out great until one therapist tried to suck his dick. He hasn’t been back in that situation ever since, too worried about having to run from another office. Rey’s trustworthy with this kind of stuff, touch especially. “You’ll smell like lavender and probably go to sleep.”

Appealing. “Okay. If you say so.”

A cap opens and oil dribbles lengthwise down his back. Rey scoots down to sit on the base of his spine, somehow comfortable. He keeps his head to the side, waiting for her hands. They settle on his shoulders, oil spreading out with a horizontal knead across. Something in his shoulder pops immediately, and he can’t help but groan in sweet relief. She continues down his back, silent in her work and helping each vertebrate loosen up and settle. “Plane seats did a number on you.”

“I don’t fit into them.”

“Even in first class?”
“I’m 6’6. I fit into nothing.”

“Fair point.” His middle back releases and he buries his face into the pillow to suppress another groan. It’s been a while since he’s been to the chiropractor also.

“I should do this to you more often.”

“Massages are fucking weird for me.”

Her elbow digs across his shoulders and runs across the tight fascia that makes his eyes squeeze shut and toes curl. That hurts too good. “Am I weirding you out, daddy?”

“God, no.” Lavender is overwhelming from here, hitting his nostrils and relaxing his cerebrum. His head shifts to the side again, focusing on the crimson sheets that smell like fresh laundry. All in all, it’s a luxe place to be that makes everything worth it.

“Take tomorrow off.”

“You know I can’t.”

“You can and you will. Spend the day with me.”

“If you insist.”

Rey never expected a therapy office to feel so pressing. It feels like a water tank that she’s been thrown into, only with a scuba suit to keep her, unfortunately, alive through the shrink process.

She’s never been to a therapist. Rey has never been able to afford it and maybe she’s needed it forever. Too bad it took the realization of her dead parents and Ben Organa-Solo to go. She shuffles her heels on the couch as time ticks, alone in the room with Ahsoka Tano. The pleasantries have already been exchanged and now the awkward silence begins. What the fuck are you even supposed to talk about here? Ahsoka holds her pad of paper in a leather-bound portfolio, pen clicked and at the ready. Rey can’t speak, frozen up and uncomfortable.

She wants Ben here, but he insisted she needs some alone time without him creeping down her neck.

He’s her safety blanket, a nightlight in the dark.

Rey smooths over the grey Badgley Mischka peplum dress, yellow Gianvito Rossi heels tapping on the floor and her fingers knitting and unknitting. “Would you like to draw?”

The question comes out of nowhere. What the fuck. She can draw?

“Um…”

“Can you work with crayons? It’s the only thing I have. A client broke all my colored pencils.”

Rey nods and Ahsoka stands up and rifles through a chest of drawers on the other side of the room. “Is it okay if I take off my heels?”

“Of course.” Ahsoka sets a stack of paper and a one hundred and twenty box of crayons before her, and the heels abandoned. Rey’s lap will have to do, and she grabs a piece off the stack and a bright blue crayon. The color is aqua, and she begins to draw a grid system. She does this when
she’s bored, building a city.

“So, what did you do today?” Rey looks up and then back down.

“Do you want honesty?”

“If you’d like. You can omit.”

She sighs, “I fucked my boyfriend three times and cried in between. I’m handling everything so well, clearly.” Rey begins at the center of the grid, drawing a square for the capitol building.

“How would you prefer to handle things?”

“Without crying.”

Ahsoka scribbles something down and she’s self-conscious and refocusing on drawing a subway station. “I don’t want to talk about my parents.”

“That’s okay.”

“I’m really not ready.” She bites her lip and grabs a red crayon to begin drawing a transport line.

“That’s alright too. We have the future.”

She glances up from her grid and hums to herself. “Ben and I got in an argument last night.”

“Yeah? How did that turn out?”

“Well, it was about getting married. And like...he wants to get married. He bought the ring apparently, but for some reason, he’s waiting to propose.”

“Do you want to get married?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Why is that?”

Is she asking that? “Well, its…”

“Secure?”

Can she read minds? Is Rey that transparent? “Yeah. He can’t,” her hand slips on the grid and a puff of frustration leaves her nose, “Leave me. Well, it’ll make it hard for him. If he wants to leave, he can, but if it’s hard, then it might deter him.”

“Do you think he wants to leave?”

Rey looks up as she grabs a new sheet of paper, sighing heavily. “Maybe. I haven’t been the easiest or the best to be around as of late.” She draws another grid to start all over.

“If he wanted to leave, don’t you think he would’ve left already? Or maybe would hold off on the marriage thing?”

That stops her in her drawing, eyes flicking up and mouth twisting into a grimace. She hadn’t thought that one through. Rey continues her thought process. “Again, it’s hard to back out now.”

Ahsoka hums and Rey sighs deeply. “Listen, I don’t know how to do this therapy thing. Like,
aren’t you supposed to ask me how I feel about shit? Or like I don’t know, throw in little nuggets of wisdom that change my life.”

“Therapy is a conversation. There’s no specific rulebook to it; it’s what you make of it. Now, if you want to talk about base feelings, we can.” Cut and dry. Rey likes it, really adores it as she glances Ahsoka up and down.

“But if I may be blunt, that’s not where the real work gets done. I’m very action-oriented. I look for solutions instead of talking about feelings. Have you two had a conversation about the marriage thing?”

“Yes.”

“And what happened when you did?”

It’s a sore spot today and Rey swallows. “He told me that he wanted to get married, but he’s guilty about meddling with my parents. And I don’t know how to explain that his meddling, though it hurts, gave me the finality I craved. Even though it fucking hurt.”

Ahsoka doesn’t miss a beat, “What would you tell him if he were sitting here?”

She thinks for a long moment. How would she approach something so tender? “That he does so much, bends over backward, works his ass off to make me happy and I want to do the same. I see marriage as the only approach.” Maybe it’s foolish to want to be a wife, but she craves domestic bliss. She fancies coming home from separate workdays to fuck each other and be in love, to share secrets and foolish wants.

“Marriage is hard. I’m sure someone has told you that by now.” The internet has every time she looked it up, the glaring fifty-fifty stat making her stomach to flip approximately eighty times before she could calm it down. There’s no way they could be in that state; they’re on the right side of the fifty. Though if they argue more, she doesn’t know how to survive with herself.

“So I want you to think about it: is this the right decision, or are you working out of grief?”

Rey can’t answer.

Rey’s face doesn’t indicate a calmness as he hoped for.

Instead, it’s contemplative, tongue running along her inner cheek over and over while he steps into the office and gently sits next to her on the plush couch. It’s low to the ground but he’s too rigid to lean back, so his knees are comically high. He sits on the edge of the cushion to compensate, his head swirling with all sorts of fatalistic thoughts.

What did Ahsoka even say? Why does he feel like the end of the world is present before him? He notices the crayons and paper in her lap, and he’s glad some art therapy has worked for her. Though it keeps her hands busy, drawing tiny circles over and over. His own hands clasp between his knees, neglected and nervous.

The waiting room is less terrifying than this office, especially the silence that follows. Ahsoka speaks first, “Are you breathing, Ben?”

He’s not. He forces a breath while staring at the floor. “Better. Rey’s already told me about the day, but in your eyes, how would you rate it?” The thing he likes about Ahsoka is that she can
work in quantitative, a much more straightforward approach for his analytical side to come out to play.

“Seven.”

“Why seven?” Rey’s drawing clouds, paying no mind. He wants to hold her hand, rub his thumb over her knuckles, and transport somewhere else. Therapy is like pulling teeth today.

“Just feels right.” His head pounds and he swallows.

Ahsoka hums while sitting back, staring at the two of them. “How long have you two been together?”

She knows this. Ben answers automatically, even as Rey opens her mouth, “Ten months.”

Ahsoka glances between them and Rey goes back to drawing. “And your relationship started as an arrangement?” He wasn’t precisely secretive of all of his conquests, something intense that he needs to work out in therapy.

“Correct.”

Ahsoka scribbles something down and bites the end of her pen. She’s thinking of how to word something, and Ben tries to beat her to the punch. “It became real, for me, around month four.” Honesty is the best policy.

“So I would argue that your relationship is still fledgling.”

“If you can call it that. It’s not like I fucked around for the four months before that.”

“Elaborate.”

Rey finally speaks, “I said I love you after three months. We almost broke up at six months, around October or November.”

Ahsoka is intrigued and he wishes she didn’t bring up his faux-pa. He hadn’t confessed it quite yet. “Why is that?”

Rey answers, “We were in a limbo between an arrangement and something real.”

“I didn’t tell her I loved her back until then.”

“What stopped you two from ending the relationship?”

Ben can’t even begin to describe the fresh pain something like that would bring. “I couldn’t fathom losing someone that made me happy.” He had torched the contract after she accepted him back into her life, watching the fireplace flames rake over the paper to burn all of the restrictions away. She’s free to do whatever she so chooses with him. Including leave him.

“I love him. Don’t you stay with people you love?”

Rey sets her paper and crayons aside, sensing his tension. She responds by sidling up close to him, hand settling on his knee. She’s a good girl, perfect even. Ahsoka watches the two of them.

“That’s true. Ben, what are your thoughts on marriage?”
What a hard question.

The words are flowing from his mouth before he can think, “I think, in theory, it’s a great idea. Especially this one. But...” he swallows and feels Rey stiffen up, “I watched my parents break up and make up my entire childhood. My dad would’ve rather been out of the house than with us, and my mother loved work too much to give it up. It worries me that I’ll do the same, unknowingly, to her.”

Rey’s hand stroked along his leg and he inhales. He exhales with a whoosh, “Doesn’t help that I-”

“I don’t care what you told me about my parents.”

He looks over at her and she turns slightly to face him. “I do care but I don’t. I don’t think you recognize that you gave me closure. I’ve been seeking that since I was young.”

He doesn’t attempt to keep speaking. She continues, “I knew it. All along I did, I just...I didn't want to say it.”

Ahsoka clears her throat, “Closure is necessary for you two. Finality.”

They both speak in synchrony, “Yes. Closure.”

Dinner is silent.

Mostly tranquil, except for the occasional yes or no when offered another glass of wine or slice of pizza. They look out of sorts in the deep dish joint, too put together with heels and his blazer on her shoulders. He’s pensive, fingers drumming on the table as he sits back and stares at the empty pan that they’ve demolished.

He clears his throat, “I’m sorry if I scared you away.”

She looks up from her slice, half-eaten and neglected as she tries to make more room in her stomach for it. She eats when she doesn’t want to think about anything, in particular, especially the head shrink session she’s experienced. Her voice is soft, “I could never be scared.”

It’s the truth. As messy of people as they might be, she needs him. It’s terrible to depend on someone, but that’s how they’ve begun their relationship. Dependancy, trust, care. Now they’re here, a ring in the future and a therapy session under their belt. Isn’t that the success of all couples? Why does it feel so wrong?

How is she supposed to go to class when she knows there are wedding bells in her future? What matters beyond that? Rey knows she’s worked her ass off for her degree and yet she figures it’s pointless in this high unemployment rate country. He’s got everything she needs: love, money, sex. That’s all that matters.

Is Ahsoka right? Is she only pushing for this out of grief, out of security?

She speaks, “Can you stay in Chicago for a while? I know you need to travel but-”

*I need you home.*

Ben nods without question.

He visibly swallows before reaching across the table. “Can I have my jacket?” She nods and
shrugs it off, passing it gingerly over the table. He takes it and rifles through the pocket. The velvet box then shows up in his palm and her heart stops thumping. She looks at him and he opens it. A ring greets her vision, a pear-shaped diamond surrounded by other teeny-tiny diamonds. The band is white gold as the rest of it, more precious jewels set into it. There’s an antique look to the entire ring.

Rey can’t breathe.

“I had a better proposal planned but I just…”

He sets the box down and Rey’s left hand thrusts out.

“Please.”

“I didn’t finish.”

“I don’t need you to. You can still propose then, I just-”

Ben takes her hand and delicately removes the ring from the box, kissing each knuckle as she leans closer over the table. “Are you sure about this?”

She nods fiercely and the band slides onto her finger slowly. It fits like a glove and she doesn’t rip her hand away. “Rey Kenobi, will you spend the rest of your life with me?”

“Please.”

“I need a yes or no.”

“Yes, please, yes.”

Her lips are on him as soon as they enter the apartment, holding out in the elevator to tap her heels and hold his hand. Ben doesn’t sense the brewing sexuality that slams into him, sensuality tumbling after as he reaches behind her to rip the zipper down her dress.

“Don’t break the dress.”

He responds with a slowness, pushing the dress from her shoulders and her arms slide from the sleeves, heels kicking off and sliding across the floor. His lips don’t leave hers, even as the dress hits the ground and she steps out of it. Rey hasn’t worn her sexy underwear, unprepared for something like this. How can high-waisted shaping briefs be the pinnacle of hot, even the matching nude bra? Their lips break away for her to speak, self-conscious. “Can I change my underwear?”

Ben looks her up and down while shaking his head. “I like you just like this. Can we go upstairs?”

She sucks it up before nodding, and before she can protest, he’s scooping her up into a bridal carry. She can’t stop staring at her ring, holding it in front of her face so close that her eyes threaten to cross. “How many carats?”

“Five.”

“No wonder it’s so heavy.”

He sets her on the bed and begins undressing, watching her shift and wiggle to sit up. “Should I
take it all off then?”

“Leave it for me. I want to rip those off you.”

“Ben Organa-Solo, you dog.” Ben looks up as he shrugs off his shirt. His body is chiseled from marble, bulky muscle stacked on top of each other. Rey licks her lips, his slacks slide off and he’s hard in his charcoal grey boxer briefs, outlined in the fabric. “You’ve been such a good, good little girl.” He pushes her legs apart as she combs through his hair and grabs the waistband of her panties.

“You’re going to make an even better wife.” He pulls the panties down and she’s so wet that he inhales sharply at the stain in the gusset.

“There you are. Look at you.” She can’t help but moon up at him with enough love to hurt a common man. Luckily she’s fucking an overglorified beast, especially as he pushes between her legs to stare directly at her soaked folds. His thumb rubs up to collect wetness on the pad, leaving her trembling just a little. It’s mostly from anticipation, especially as he looks up at her with a wolfish grin.

“You little virgin.”

“Oh piss off. It’s cold.”

“And you’re clearly excited. God, I fucking love you.” He grabs her thighs and lays on his stomach, up close and personal with her and latching his mouth onto her clit and sucking. She giggles and he grabs her legs to hold her still, then starting to lick.

“I’m crazy about you.” His nose bunts into her after he says it and she grabs his hair to pull.

“I love you so much.”

“I love you more.”

“I can’t wait to spend the rest of my life with you.”

Chapter End Notes

oof. my imposter syndrome is out to play the more hits this gets. thank you for being so supportive of this. comments fuel me, so if you have time, please leave one.

thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "imagine" by ariana grande.

the list
agent provocateur lingerie
gianvito rossi pumps
badgley mischka dress
engagement ring (its a big one folks)
the altar is my hips (we'd still worship this love)

Chapter Summary

“I have something for you!”

She looks over her shoulder before wandering out of the bedroom closet, walking into the living area of the suite. The pristine grey couch has her leather jacket draped over the back; fluffy hotel robe set out on the cushion to entice her when they come home. It’s the little things with him.

A red velvet box sits in his grasp, and she clocks it as Cartier. “You’ve been bad.”

“Turn around and lift your hair.”

Chapter Notes

tags:

there are none that i can think of or recall for this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She finds herself in a New York City hotel room, staring at an Oscar De La Renta black and white polka dot gown that she regrets picking out now that she sees it in the light. She smooths out the sides of her Agent Provocateur corset that she managed to wiggle her way into by herself. Sometimes she needs Ben’s help, which turns into the corset coming off and a tumble between the sheets. Not today, she vows to herself. Ben’s suit hangs in a garment bag in the closet, freshly pressed during errands he did in the daytime while she laid in bed to never get up and act like the gala isn’t happening in hours that melt away.

The intimidation of the night is daunting — the engagement ring on her finger even more so, weighty and very present. Leia has yet to know, and it’s not exactly easy to keep as a secret.

What if the woman disapproves?

“I can do this.”

Maybe she can just lay down one more time-

No.

She sucks it up and picks up the dress, unzipping the back to step in. She shimmies it over her hips, too tight around her waist but no time to send into alterations. The event begins in thirty, but she never intends on being on time, and neither does Leia Organa. She’s as much senator as a socialite these days, given that she’s refusing to run for re-election again.

If anything, Rey is glad Ben is coming, only so she won’t be under scrutiny from his mother the
entire night, and she won’t have to put on an act like she’s not marrying her son. She knows how she feels about telling Rey about her parents, and the entire situation is so jumbled up and complicated in her head that she ignores every single impulse to ask the woman why.

She contorts to reach the zipper, pulling it halfway up her back before she can’t twist any longer. “I’ve got it, love.” His hand caresses her waist as he assists the rest of the way, thumb smoothing over the curve of her hip as his head burrows into her neck to inhale. The dress reminds her of the dress she met him in, more form-fitting and with long sleeves and a high neckline. There’s a triangle cutout just beneath her breasts, just small enough to decrease any scandal. The slit up her leg tells a different story, and she briefly wonders if she should pair with the flashy blue Manolos instead of basic black Louboutins.

“You look marvelous.”

“I don’t feel marvelous.” She’s trying her hardest to be transparent about her feelings (Ahsoka’s recommendation), inhaling deeply against the shapewear’s protests. Maybe she can get out of the entire event, and lay in bed with him-

Ben stands up straight and nudges her to turn around, smiling down at her when she complies. “Two hours, max. I swear we’ll leave when there’s a good moment.” She should be a good and proper fiancee and not a disappointment. First her parents, then Ben. Who’s next? Finn? She hasn’t texted him in far too long; she's a shitty friend to boot. They only see each other between classes, where he stares at her dark circles in worry and pretends like everything is a-okay.

She’s losing sleep over wedding planning already, her brain racking through the options of eloping or a big ceremony to please his parents. It’s a sick thing to think.

“Give daddy a kiss.”

A welcome moniker, she feels her gut stir. Lust coats her lips as she hops onto her tiptoes to kiss him, lacking lipstick to smear across his face like a coquettish caricature. Her mouth parts for him and he pulls away, “If you keep doing that, we won’t make it out of here.”

“Maybe I don’t want to.”

“My mother will be upset.”

“No offense but mommy dearest could take the L on this one.” A laugh rumbles in his chest before he pulls away to get dressed. She sits on the couch, crossing her legs.

She sighs, “Please?”

“We both need to go out for our social meters to refill.”

“You’re too much of an introvert to have one.”

“Perhaps, but the point still stands.” She pouts and her arms cross, attempting to look as put out as possible. It doesn’t seem to work, as he ignores her as he gets dressed, to the point of struggling with his cufflinks. They’re a mother of pearl, an engraving of an “R” into the stone.

She rises and crosses the room, swatting his hands away and resuming his work much more quickly. Ben watches her as she clicks each one into place while humming to herself, dropping his arm and staring up at him.

“Two hours.”
“I’m leaving after one. You can join me if you’d like.”

She flashes a winning smile, feeling false upon her typically downcast lips. She's trying her best. “We’ll see. I've heard there's a dessert bar.”

“Bold of you to assume I can eat in this corset.” She smooths along her sides to alleviate some bumps before tossing her hair over her shoulder.

“Manolos or Louboutins?”

Ben adjusts his tuxedo jacket, “Whatever you want, my darling.” She traipses into the closet and assesses the only two heel options she’s given herself. She could’ve got another pair from Nordstrom, but her wallowing had taken over the day.

Her feet slide into the peacock blue Manolos, toes shoving into the point and the balls of her feet already aching. She hopes she can procure some ibuprofen later in the evening.

“I have something for you!”

She looks over her shoulder before wandering out of the bedroom closet, walking into the living area of the suite. The pristine grey couch has her leather jacket draped over the back; fluffy hotel robe set out on the cushion to entice her when they come home. It’s the little things with him.

A red velvet box sits in his grasp, and she clocks it as Cartier. “You’ve been bad.”

“Turn around and lift your hair.” There’s no arguing, doing what she’s told and shutting her eyes for good measure. Metal touches her throat, then skirts along her clavicle as she shivers. His warm fingers touch the back of her neck and she relaxes into his clasping. The act is over before she realizes, and her hair drops back over her neck.

Eyes fluttering open, she takes in the pink gold necklace in front of the mirror. A panther charm sits on the chains, laying on its belly with garnets inset into its eyes. It’s an intricate piece that her thumb runs over, before looking over at his nervous expression.

“Do you like it?”

Words fail her so she drops her hand and rushes to wrap her arms around him in a tight hug that hopefully squeezes as much as he squeezes her. “I love it. Does it look good?”

He holds her at arm’s length while studying her throat. Then he nods, leaning to kiss the top of her head and brush his thumb along her jaw. “I’ll call the car. If you’re ready to go.”

She doesn’t even want to leave, rather rip off her dress and crawl into his lap to entice and entrance. She’s sexually awake and she hates waiting to play with her food. Rey gives a reluctant nod and he breaks away from her, sauntering to the hotel phone on the end table next to the couch.

An idea sparks and catches fire in her cerebrum, a memory from packing for his parent’s house popping up and dancing around the flames. She finds herself speaking, “Do you still have that remote vibrator?” It’s become her addiction as of late, craving it after their dom/sub playtime got cut short by her weakness. He insists it’s mostly his fault, but her joints are at fault.

He pauses, the receiver in the crook of his shoulder and fingers hovering over the numbers. Ben looks back, face speculative. She keeps her face even as possible, setting her shoulders before leaning over the couch to allow her eyes to bore into him.
“Stay just like that.” He looks back at his handiwork and dials for the front desk, voice low and giving her pause as she does what she’s told. The phone is slammed back in the cradle, and he walks past her to the bedroom closet, suitcase unzipping audible to hyper-focused ears.

Then he’s re-entering the living room, bright pink egg in his grip, remote most likely in his pocket. He tiptoes closer and settles a hand back on her waist, moving the skirt aside and coating the vibrator in a little bit of lube.

“I got a new one. It’s Bluetooth.”

Holy fuck, the future is here. The vibrator slides inside with ease, already wet and ready for it. He gives a testing spank before allowing her skirt to fall back in place. “I expect you to be silent when you come, or you’ll be punished.”

She stands up straight and his phone is out in his hand. “Two vibrations means its paired.” Sure enough, two shocking vibrations rock her insides and get her legs to press together. She tries hard to stay utmost silent, successful. He offers out his arm, “Let’s go.” There’s no preamble to what they’re about to do, and she flocks to his side to lean into him.

Leaving the room is uneventful, and so is the elevator. She can’t stop glancing at him as he scrolls through his phone, worried when the next cobra strike will be. The car is idling when they arrive, outside a little chilly. She’s thankful she brought her jacket, black leather keeping her reasonably warm along with sidling up to his furnace body when they slide into the car. She stays as close to him as possible, hand rubbing along his thigh.

“How much attention are we gonna receive?” He’s a recent billionaire after all. She never thought she’d even be combing through Forbes, let alone see an article with her man front and center.

Ben hums, “Plenty. I don’t intend to talk business, so stop me if it goes that route.” She nods, knowing she can reign him in when he goes on a tangent about stocks and bonds, or being on the board of an ailing company and plotting to buy it and strip it. He’s smart and calculated, though boisterous to a fault on some occasions. Sometimes she believes he’s vying to impress her.

“Look at how I take care of you. All of this is for you.”

The car slides into traffic and she nuzzles into his neck. “Apparently, my mother is already there.” Rey had forgotten about the presence of Leia Organa in such a short time.

She confesses, “I’m nervous.”

“There’s nothing to be nervous about. Two hours is practically in and out for these things. We bid and win one thing and leave. If we don’t win, I’ll write a check.”

“Your mother doesn’t know we’re engaged.”

“She doesn’t, but she’ll keep it calm.”

“What if I’m not calm?”

“I’m sorry, love.” He’s sincere in his apology.

Ben looks back at his phone and taps something, and that’s when it starts vibrating, a low hum that makes her wriggle in her seat to adjust it inside of her so it stops hitting her g-spot dead on. She wants to relish this with quick breaths, his hand coming to press on her lower stomach. He does it to hold back an inevitable orgasm; the pressure diverting her attention as the vibrator shuts off.
“That’s the lowest speed.”

“Shit.” She’s a goner tonight.

His voice is low, taunting, “You’re so sensitive, I’m not sure how you’re going to survive tonight.”

She’s not sure either.

He knows they’ll need to have a conversation about the engagement, but there’s no time when they get into the thick of the gala.

They’re not dreadfully late, but his mother is already sitting while the auction runs on, their table luckily in the back of the event hall. Crystalline chandeliers are dark above them, purple highlighting the circular walls of the room. Tables are packed like sardines, two place settings set out and barren. He can’t even begin to remember what he ordered food-wise.

Rey’s flushed, walking funny, and gripping him for dear life as they wander to sit. His mother stands, in a floor-length light blue gown with intricate beading and floral applique across the bodice. It’s sleeveless, a cape draped over the back of her chair to cover her; the same applique tops the shoulders. Leave it to her to resemble a queen. “You two made it.” Ben leans to kiss both cheeks, a customary greeting for the two of them.

She gives Rey a tight hug on the contrary, though Rey keeps it loose on her end. There’s still bad blood between the two, and it’s understandable.

Leia hasn’t noticed the massive elephant in the room.

“Thank you for inviting us.” Rey is cordial as she sits down, right next to a buxom blonde with her white-haired male companion. He’ll have to talk shop with him later, get the details on who exactly he is and what business he has with a girl about thirty years his junior. Though he and Rey look odd from the outside, their age difference is apparent from the way they both speak. Her tone is more casual while he maintains a rigid and sometimes robotic cadence.

She’s far too pretty for him, especially as she looks on in wonder and also slack-jawed post-come face.

Food is set before them, along with a bidding flag. An all-inclusive trip to a private island near the Bahamas is up for sale, already in the hundred thousand range. It’s not worth it, given that he could take her to a property in Bali whenever he so chose.

“He have you bid yet?”

“God no, your father would kill me. I made a donation when I got here.”

He nods his head before reaching for his phone, opening the app and flipping to speed five. He’s slowly increasing as the night goes on. He feels awful for forcing her to attend, but she’s loosening up for him. Her legs cross tight, fingers curling as she slumps against the back of her chair.

He leans close to her ear. “Sit up straight.” He says it with authority so she takes it as an order. She shimmies up straight and breathes out. The vibrator turns off and she sighs in relief. He can imagine her fluttering, pink and soaked for him to use later. He cuts into his steak, well-done and causing him to wrinkle his nose. He likes blood. Rey doesn’t make a move for her food, uncharacteristic. His knee nudges hers and she jolts to begin eating. There’s no way she’s paying
attention to anything going on.

She’s fun to edge, especially as he pulls out his phone underneath the table and turns on a lower speed. He leans over to whisper in her ear, “Be a good fiancee and pay attention to the bidding. I’ll buy you whatever you want.”

FUCK SENSE, ITS A CHARITY FOR THE ARMED FORCES AND HIS WALLET IS FAT FROM STRIPPING AND SELLING OFF THE CHALK COMPANY TO A STATIONARY CONGLomerATE. He’s generous and she’s hungry for cash and the clearance to come again. The ring looks so pretty on her finger as she pushes hair away from her face, legs crossing as the vibration rocks through her. She’s fidgety, just how he wants her as she tries to eat and pay attention to the auction. An original painting is for grabs, a weird thing with too many shapes and colors for his taste.

His mother snorts, thinking the same thing as he is, “Look at that thing.”

“Going for two hundred thousand. The gall.”

“It’s a good cause, Ben. But god, it’s ugly.”

He almost cackles as the gavel comes down on the podium, the painting wrapped in a sheet and carted off. The efficiency doesn’t go noticed, and neither does the next thing up for auction.

“Graciously donated to us by Aston Martin, the next item up for auction is an Aston Martin Vantage. Top of the line and completely custom to the buyer’s specifications. The bidding starts at three hundred and fifty thousand.” Rey is fascinated, especially as the pictures come up on the screen of a pearly white vehicle of predator caliber.

“Bidding is open now at three hundred fifty-”

Their flag goes up and he looks over, watching her grasp it tightly. He makes a mental note to buy her the car if they don’t win this thing. “I’ve got three hundred-” Another flag goes up across the room and he’s ready to glare until Rey puts the flag up again. She’s determined, a set in her jaw and eyes trained on the block.

The war goes on, peaking in the six hundred thousand range and she’s not even breaking a sweat. That’s when he turns on the vibrator again, creating a Pavlovian response like none other — sexual gratification for spending his money. Fuck his cock for getting hard, he digs into his food to distract and watches from the corner of his eye.

Too bad his mother is a cobra strike. “Is that a ring?”

It’s whispered, and Ben looks over, adjusting uncomfortably.

Before he can answer, “You two are engaged?”

“Sold to the girl in white!” Rey squeals and clutches his hand, back arching off the chair.

“It’s only been a week. I didn’t think to tell you right away-”

“You are not off the hook for this.”

Her energy is waning as they enter the hotel room, heels already being tossed off near the door and her fingers combing through her hair.
Ben shuts the door, shrugging off his suit jacket. “My mother knows.”

She looks back and reaches behind her to pull the zipper down, grimacing. That’s not good, especially as he focuses on her while leaning against the door. Her legs are jello, and she almost rips off the dress, maintaining tight wound patience. Oh, what she wouldn’t give to crawl into bed with him and sleep the night away.

“Is she mad?”

He walks up to her before forcing her to turn around, hand coming up behind her to undo the rest of the zipper and push the garment off her shoulders. Ben pushes her hair away from her neck, craning down to suck tiny little bruises into the flesh to cement his property. “Good, good girl. She’s fine with it.”

Rey breathes a sigh of relief, his hand coming to stretch across her middle. She turns in his grip and reaches to unclasp each gold hook and eye on the corset, thankful she has another way out of the restricting garment. His lips capture hers and she contorts close to his body, reaching for the crotch of his pants and finding his hard length. Their lips break, “Take me to bed so I can take care of you.”

Ben holds along her hips before continuing to unclasp the corset. “I want to hear you scream for me first.” She knows her eyes blow wide, knowing she’s come three times tonight and is twitching in her black thong. She swallows, nodding while holding his forearms and walking backward. Ben leads the way into the dark with a bounce in his step as he always does.

She’s much more cautious tonight, even as the door to their bedroom slams, corset falling off her body and thong slipping down her legs. “Are you sure?”

“Sure about what?”

Rey takes a deep breath. “I...I’ve never loved someone more, but I don’t know if you’re sure about this whole marriage thing. I want you to be sure.” Are they rushing into something over their heads? Is he just here to appease her?

Has she trapped him into something?

Ben stops and views her, moonlight pouring through the curtains and across the sheets, Manhattan shimmering beneath their little castle they’ve built themselves. He looks down at her, larger than life with dark eyes and inky hair; collar popped to remove his bow tie and jacket abandoned. “I don’t want to make a mistake.”

“Am I a mistake?”

Ben’s voice is quiet and she immediately shakes her head. “I would be a mistake.”

He's grabbing and pulling her close to him, biceps constricting around thin shoulders to warm her up to melt into him. Her head buries into his shoulder to inhale his cologne, a spicy scent that reminds her of something unidentifiable from her childhood. It’s cemented as safe.

“You could never be a mistake.”

He unwraps from her, much to her dismay. It’s so he can set her on the bed, Rey laying back and stretching out. The sheets feel slippery against her skin, and she watches him slowly undress. “We could get married if you want. Something small.”
He means elope. “Wouldn’t your mother kill you?”

“She would be angry but we have to do what’s best for us.” Ben shucks his pants down his legs and she hurries up the bed, aware that the vibrator is still inside of her and she’s a little twitchy down there. He idly pulls it out, and in a lewd act, licks it clean. Releasing it with a pop, he tosses it aside.

He’s right. “I need a dress before we elope.”

“That’s okay. We can take our time with it.” He sits on the bed and rubs along her thigh. Then, “You look tired.”

She admits, “I am.”

He grips either side of her hips and kisses just under her belly button. “Get ready for bed.”

That’s not what she was expecting, “But-”

“And come back. I’ll be ready for you after my shower.”

She can’t argue with him, but she can lift his hand off her and kiss along his knuckles. She doesn’t want to leave him hanging, and Rey bites her lower lip while sitting up. She waddles to the bathroom, flicking on the overhead light and blinking at the fluorescent tinge. It makes her body look gaunt, bruises from the night prior popping out against her hip bones. Ben makes her sore more often than not, but the feeling is welcome as she submerges her face in the water.

Her nighttime routine is a ritual, usually performed alongside him. He’s not joining her for some reason, which she quickly finds out that his phone has consumed his attention as she dries her face with a towel and leans in the doorway. “Work?”

He’s sheepish. “Yep.”

“Leave it alone for the night. I’m sure everything will be alright.” Work is the reason why he can’t sleep at night most of the time.

“Fuck, I hope so.” He tosses the phone across the bedspread and rises, shouldering past her to turn on the shower and shake out his inky hair; he’s making her wait. She kisses his shoulder blade and getting back to her work of slathering on face cream and massaging it in until her jaw finally releases all of its tension.

She’s sleepy by the time she wanders out of the bathroom, crawling beneath the bedspread to spread out like a starfish. Easier access, she figures. The bed dips, and he settles a hand across her stomach, pulling the covers back from her waist as he leans down between her legs.

Her nerves spike as he presses a quick kiss to just under her navel, “So wet for me.”

His head lifts, his hair wet and curtaining a little bit of his gaze. She answers, "You need a haircut."

The observation makes him snort, focusing on kissing up and down her skin as his hands engulf her hips. Her heart hammers as it usually does, especially as his lips latch just under the hood over her clitoris, sucking obscenely and giving her hips a reason to buck. He bunts his nose inside, moving it back and forth before tilting up to allow his tongue access. She hisses at the contact, at the sensitivity and the way he grips her for dear life.
“Watching you spend my money was exhilarating.”

She bites her lower lip as he sucks again, “Spending your money is fucking exciting.” She notices him grinding his cock into the mattress, needy and wanton for a man of his status. She wants him to split at the fucking seams, rolling her hips up and meeting his open mouth.

He licks and sucks as he pleases, occasionally moaning into her. The vibration of her lips makes her back arch, squirming in his grip with little whines that she never expects from her mouth. He releases her legs and lifts his head.

“Can I fuck you?”

She notices how sensitive she is, how there’s an ache between her legs that makes her stomach contract. Her head shakes. Ben doesn’t look shocked or taken back, sitting back on his heels, “Can I get a verbal yes or no?”

He’s all about the words. She whispers, “No. It kinda hurts.” It’s hard to be communicative when you’re a constant people pleaser looking for someone to stay. He takes it in stride, leaning over and kissing the tip of her nose.

“But what about you?” Ben’s got a fist on his cock as she says it, and he looks down.

“I have my hands, don’t I?”

Rey sits up, holding his wrist and tugging his hand off of himself. She replaces it with her grip, looking through her lashes at him. His breath hitches and she unwraps. “Lube?”

“The drawer. You don’t have to do this-”

She’s reaching for the pump bottle, coating her hand and scooting between his thighs to tilt her head up to him. She tosses the lube next to her and smaller fingers wrap around again. She adjusts herself and flicks her wrist at a testing speed.

His lips part and she can’t help but smile at him, using her free hand to play with her nipples and give him something else to focus on. She taunts with her speed, making sure to scoot closer and closer. Their breaths mingle and his abs contract with the speed of her hand.

He’s so pretty when he’s on the cusp of coming, she can’t believe she’s marrying someone like him.

“R-Rey.”

“Let go.”

He does as he’s told, growling as ribbons shoot across her chest and drip down her bare stomach. He heaves breaths, head collapsing to press their foreheads together. There’s sweat on his brow and she releases him, swiping her finger through a trail to lick off errant cum.

She releases with a pop.

“Marry me.”

“Already am.”
sorry this took so long, im in the middle of transitioning into a new career. love you all, thanks for being great.

thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter (this is where im most active) and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "false god" by taylor swift.

i made a pinterest board

the list

oscar de la renta gown
cartier necklace
corset
ben's suit (drool)
ben's watch
remote vibe
Leia's gown
aston martin vantage
and that's facts, i make more than your dad

Chapter Summary

"So what is it?" Finn should know better than anyone, he sees her hands all the time. Has he not noticed the giant pear-shaped rock on her left ring finger? Talk about a shackle, but she loves a five-carat diamond.

She holds up her hand, flashing the engagement ring for them to see. Their eyes blow wide and she can’t help but blush and look down bashfully. “I said yes, obviously. But we’re getting married and I was wondering if you guys would like to be my man and maid of honor.”

Peeking up, she half-likes what she sees. Rose is near tears while nodding, but Finn has a puckered sour face.

“But isn’t it too soon?”

Chapter Notes

tags:
food eating
money spending
crying
rey being petty
wedding planning
dead parents mention

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So I’d like to say I called you here for some delicious brunch, but-”

God, Rey feels her mouth go dry as she begins her speech. Finn and Rose focus on her, and their constant laughter dies. They’re sitting at Beatrix, a trendy brunch place near the lake and where Rey was going to take them shopping after if all of this goes well.

“But I have something to tell you guys.”

Rose immediately blurs, loud mind you, “Oh my god, you’re pregnant.”

“Rose, no!” She nearly shrieks it, and they get a couple of stares from a table over. Rey refills her mimosa from the carafe, also topping off Rose.

“That’s what I thought. So what is it?” Finn should know better than anyone; he sees her hands all the time. Has he not noticed the giant pear-shaped rock on her left ring finger? Talk about a
shackle, but she loves a five-carat diamond.

She holds up her hand, flashing the engagement ring for them to see. Their eyes blow wide, and she can’t help but blush and look down bashfully. “I said yes, obviously. But we’re getting married, and I was wondering if you guys would like to be my man and maid of honor.”

Peeking up, she half-likes what she sees. Rose is near tears while nodding, but Finn has a puckered sour face. “But isn’t it too soon?”

The bomb whizzes by and drops in the ocean to explode beneath the water, leaving the table in treacherous waves so suddenly. Her stomach lurches, Finn not approving this would break her into pieces. Rose looks between them, wiping at her eyes.

“Well, if Rey said yes, she’s ready.”

“You guys almost broke up-”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“Poe and I have been together for longer, and it makes more sense for us to be engaged. You and Ben, I just...I can’t wrap my head around it.”

What the fuck? Rey cocks her head and breathes deeply, pouring another mimosa. “I’m happy with him, Finn.”

“Are you?” His questioning makes her want to get up and throw a drink, but she holds off.

She composes herself before continuing, “Yes, and I wish you would understand that.”

Finn sits back in his chair, clearly deep in thought. The table is now tense, and Rey can’t help but blurt, “If you don’t approve, why did you introduce us?”

“Do you want the truth?”

“Of course, I want the truth, you’re my best friend, and your opinion on him matters to me.” To an extent, she wants to add but holds off in opt for sipping her mimosa.

“Because I thought he would financially satisfy you until you were done with school, and then you were going to dump him. That’s the name of the game. Not marriage.” With that, Rey gets up and throws a couple of hundred dollar bills from her purse onto the table. Finn watches her, and she finishes her mimosa.

“If you'll excuse me, I don't want to hear how my best friend thinks I'm some money-sucking whore.” Rose begins to rise too, holding up her hands.

“Rey just stay, I’m sure Finn didn't mean it like that-”

“No, I meant it. I'll mean it again too.” Rey applies a fresh coat of lipgloss from her black Saint Laurent Sac De Jour at that, then smacking her lips together.

“You've ignored us plenty of times in opt for him. It's all about daddy -” Finn stops when she slaps him, hand trembling as she yanks it back.

Her voice shakes too, “I have been nothing but a good friend to you, and I hope to God you pull your head out of your ass.” With that, she storms away from the table, utterly sober and ready to take on the road.
Turning in her valet ticket is uneventful, as is the canary yellow Ferrari pulling up to the curb. It gets eyes from other pedestrians, especially as Rey practically stomps her way into the car and speeds off like a shot without even her seatbelt on.

Rey was planning on going shopping with Finn and Rose, but now that Finn has decided to be a fucker, she's enacting an emergency shopping spree. Then she'll head off to Ben's office to stomp around and bother him.

The plan makes her first destination Nordstrom, valet parking taking absolute precedence when she arrives. She walks in like she owns the place, immediately heading for the shoes.

She teeters in her Louboutins as she looks around, spying a devilish red pair of Gucci loafers that she wants her hands on immediately. To prove a point to herself, she catches an attendant's attention. She scurries over, name tag reading C'yar. "Hi, I was wondering if I could get these in size six. Also, the bright blue ones next to it."

"Of course, will you be making any other purchases today?" She must smell some commission off Rey.

Rey nods, "I will most definitely be buying more."

Ben is stressed beyond belief.

Not only are the quarterly financial reports coming out today, but they’re gearing up to do their taxes at Organa Tech. He’s a force to be reckoned with in the halls of the office, and he’s not taking visitors.

Except one, who’s always on his “always let in” list; Rey storms into his glass surrounded office while he sips his fourth latte of the day, shopping bags in tow as she plops down across from his desk with a loud sigh. He glances at his computer monitor, takes a sip of his latte, and leans over the keyboard once again.

"Are you just going to ignore me?" Oh, she’s in a fighting mood. That makes his nerves and temper spike, his day already long and full of worry about his businesses. He can’t turn off his work brain while he’s here.

"No. What’s with the shopping bags?"

Rey looks down at them, and she clears her throat, “I did a little retail therapy. I told my friends we’re getting married, and Finn thinks I’m doing this wrong.”

That’s curious. His eyebrow quirks, and she continues, “That I’m not bleeding you dry and just leaving you in the dust.”

“I would like it if you didn’t do that. I’d quite like my mental health intact.”

“I would never even dream of it. Do you think I’m some money suck too?”

He’s in a hole all of a sudden, and she’s filling it in with dirt. Ben has become the object of aggression, and he steels himself. “Take a couple of deep breaths for me.”

“Why should I?”
“Because I said so. Now.” Rey glares at him before taking a couple of cleansing breaths, Ben getting up from across his desk and kneeling in front of her. Grabbing her hands in her lap, he pulls them to his lips to kiss along her knuckles.

“It’s not working. I’m not calming down.”

“Keep breathing. Now how much did you spend?”

Her answer is sheepish, “Couple grand.”

He shrugs, “Not bad. I expected more, but I’m proud of your restraint.”

She stares at him before laughing, tears in her eyes. Ben wipes them away, and Rey takes another long inhale. “I wanted my best friend to be happy for me but instead he-”

He keeps kissing her knuckles, and she continues, “He thinks badly of me for loving you. I want to love you, Ben. I don’t want to do anything else.”

Finn not approving is concerning, he will admit, but he bypasses that to care for her. “I feel torn apart, and I don’t know what to do.”

His heart sinks, and he finds himself already asking, “Are you calling the wedding off?” It all makes sense, coming to his office when she never does, and retail therapy.

But her head shakes, and she squeezes his hands tight, taking a moment to sniffle. “No. I need to find a way to convince Finn that this is a good idea.”

He breathes a great sigh of relief before standing, chewing on his thumbnail in thought as he walks back to his desk. Rey wipes her eyes and rises. “I’m sorry for bothering you. I know you had a busy day-”

He waves it away as he plops back down in his office chair, crossing his arms over his chest. Rey visibly swallows, and she looks at her Louboutin covered feet. “Can you walk me to my car?”

“Leaving so soon?” Ben checks his clock on his computer and highly considers fucking off for the rest of the day.

“You’re busy, and I have to get home and put everything in the closet.” Ben adjusts his watch. “Which home? So that I know where to go home to.” Having two residences can be a pain sometimes, especially when coordinating where exactly she’s going to be.

Rey picks up her bags, “The apartment. I have class tomorrow morning, and it’s a quick train ride.” She’s started taking the train to her classes, mainly because flashy cars make Ben nervous with the number of campus carjackings at her university.

He nods, “I might be home late. Lots of meetings today, and I might have to sacrifice time to get to them all.”

She nods, though her face looks hurt. He wishes he could squeeze the sad out of her. “It’s okay. I’ll see you at home, Ben.” He begins to get up to plant a kiss on her, but she turns around and walks out of the office before he can.

Rey leaves him in the dust, worried about what he’s done wrong, and what he could do right.
She’s a mess as soon as she steps into the apartment. The day’s abandonments weigh on her, the euphoria of retail therapy having worn off, and leaving her with feelings that she can’t quite sort through.

So she crumbles into a sobbing mess, leaving her clothing bags strewn about her mauve fixtured closet and lets her mascara streak down her face. Rey wants to punish someone for making her feel so shitty, but she knows that the one who deserves it isn’t here. She decides to do something even pettier: when Ben comes home, she ignores him. Sure, it’s late at night, so she’s not expected downstairs, but he notices something is up when he wanders into the bedroom, and she’s in bed without a word.

“How was your night?”

She stays silent but makes it a point to roll over to face away from him. Hearing his soft huff, she listens to his belt buckle hit the wood floor. Then his slacks unzip, and he’s getting undressed. “Well, I’m here now, and I’ve decided to take tomorrow off.”

While that would generally entice a quip, she’s exhausted and shuts her eyes. The mattress dips, and Ben yanks her body close to him; the action is just the right amount of brutish and possessive for her taste. She still doesn’t talk, and Ben flips her over onto her back. "What's the deal, princess?"

Rey sniffs, and she huffs in frustration. "Are you mad at me?"

She nods, and he hums, stroking through her hair. "Why are you mad? What did I do?"

She knows she sounds stupid, "You came home really late, and I've been crying all night. Excuse me for not being fucking happy."

He nods before kissing between her brows. "Do you want space?"

She shakes her head and clings to him, "I want my best friend to approve that I'm happy with you."

"I don't think I'm the best advocate for this situation, but however you want to proceed, I'll support you." She sits up in bed, wiping her eyes.

"I also thought I would take the day off, so you don't have to go to the wedding planner alone." Shit, that’s tomorrow? Rey bites her lip.

"Is that-"

"Tomorrow? You bet, are you ready for it?" Rey immediately shakes her head, and a to-do list floods her brain instantly. She doesn’t even know where she wants to have the wedding, even though Leia has been harassing her about having it in New York where all the family is. She stares at Ben before wiping her eyes.

“Definitely not. I don’t even know where I want to throw this thing.”

“He can help us figure that out. C is supposedly very good at his job.” Her eyebrows raise at the name.

“He’s an old family friend who does a lot of event planning. You asked me to pick someone I trust, so I did.”

She can’t help but shrug, “Maybe I’ll just force you to run off to Vegas with me.”
“Vegas is so tacky, sweetheart.” She snorts, and he smiles briefly before twirling a strand of hair around her finger. Rey leans into him, then eventually straddling his body and shoving his back onto the bed. She leans down and kisses the bridge of his large nose, worshipping it.

Ben scrunches his eyes shut and wrinkles his nose as she begins to rub along his bare chest. “Since you’re taking tomorrow off…” Her eyebrows waggle, and she wipes her nose, smearing her snot on the bedspread in a bad habit.

“You’re disgusting.”

“You love me.”

They look polished and put together, despite lack of sleep, as they walk into the elevator of the high rise building.

Ben dons a black blazer over a sapphire blue dress shirt, tucked into slacks. His socks match the azure of his shirt, and bright red bottom soles complement Rey's cream-colored lace long sleeve dress. She also dons Louboutins, a soft gold with sheer paneling along the arch of her foot. Gold dots stud the panels.

They hold hands, her white Chanel boy bag over her other arm as she stands next to him. He’s on his phone, still working despite the day off he’s imposed on himself. It’s so typical Ben that she can’t hate him for it. “So, what’s our budget for this?”

Ben looks over, surprised. Then, “I wasn’t going to set one.”

If Rey could get wet instantly, that would certainly do it. “Are you-”

“Serious? As much as I can be. You get whatever you want, I make sure of it.” She turns to him and inhales sharply, his hand settling on her backside as the elevator climbs.

Before she can answer, the doors open to an immaculately modern and floral smelling waiting room, freesias sit in vases with green velvet couches, and this place is an interior designer’s dream. A man sits at an acrylic desk in the middle of the room, and they step up to it. “Mr. and Mrs. Organa-Solo?” His eyes are kind, and his hair a matching blue to Ben’s shirt. It’s just artsy enough to capture her heart, along with the way he refers to her as Mrs. Organa-Solo. Having a name that she’s earned through love has been nothing but instrumental to her healing process.

Ben answers, “That’s us.”

Rey holds his hand tightly. “C is just finishing up with another client. He’ll be with you in a moment. Can I get you any water, champagne, tea?”

She declines politely, “I’m personally alright. Do you have any event books I can look through?” She’s spent the morning researching C, and she knows he has binders full of event pictures that might spark something in her head.

“Of course I do, sweetheart. Give me just one moment.” The nickname doesn’t bother her as she expects it to, frequently feeling infantilizing unless it comes from Ben. The pet names are welcome from his lips, signifying a softness reserved for her.

He answers his phone as a stack of black leather binders are set in front of her. Rey picks up the top one. The man speaks, “These are all the weddings he’s done.”
“Hey, mom.” Rey finds her ears focusing on that as she begins to flip through a chic coastal ceremony that looks like it takes place in Cape Cod.

“No, we’re wedding planning, so I might have to let you go soon.” She looks over at Ben, who’s rubbing along his jaw and listening intently.

“She’s right here, but I think she’s busy. I don’t want to—”

Then he holds the phone away from his ear, offering it out to her. “She wants to speak with you.”

“She could text me.” Ben nervously glances at the phone, and she takes it, holding it to her ear. Her feelings about Leia are still complicated, to say the least, given the woman revealed her parent’s demise. Rey can’t fault her for it, but at the same time, she sometimes wishes that they hadn’t found anything.

She wishes that she could still live in the dark, hoping they’d come back for her.

“Hi, Leia.”

A dog is barking in the background, and she keeps looking through the binders. “Please tell me you’re having your wedding in New York. Ben won’t tell me.”

She sighs, “I honestly don’t know where we’re having it. This is the first meeting with a planner to see how we get on.”

Leia rushes out, “Please consider New York. I think you would love it here, and the process is easy.”

Rey nods to herself and shuts the binder as a white-haired man steps out of an office, “I’ve got to go, but I promise I’ll consider all the options with Ben.” In reality, Rey is going to do what she wants, but she does care about Leia’s input.

Before Leia can say goodbye, Rey hangs up and hands the phone back to Ben. “Pushing for New York?”

“You know it.”

“You two must be the Organa-Solos. I am C.” His voice is so vigorous, and he’s shorter than her, arms clasping behind his back. Rey likes him already, especially as they air kiss. He and Ben shake hands, Ben towering over him, but C looking almost used to it. They walk after him into his office, the man from the desk in the main room following with all the binders.

“I assume Arty has offered you refreshments?”

Arty is a unique name for the unique type of man they’ve encountered. “Yes, very graciously.” They sit across from the desk, hands lacing between them. The binders are set into her lap, and Arty leaves with a soft close of the door.

“So you two are getting married. When do you want to set your date so that I get a good idea?” Rey looks over at Ben.

He starts, “My schedule is very open, and I know I want it to happen sooner rather than later.”

Rey decides on the spot, “Maybe one year from now? I’ve always loved springtime.” A March wedding doesn’t sound that bad, and a year would give her enough time to graduate in two months
and establish herself in a career.

Ben answers, “March it is.” C claps his hands together and flips to March on the large paper calendar he has on his desk.

“So how I work is that this is our preliminary meeting. This is where I get a feel for you guys as a couple and what you like and don’t like. I know Ben is very familiar with my party planning process, but I do weddings a little different.” He gets out a pencil and some highlighters.

“One of you needs to make a to-do list, which I will help you with. For example, what day in March?”

Ben rationalizes, “It depends on our location, which we-”

She finishes for him, “Haven’t decided on yet. I’ll get on that.” She gets out her tiny engineering Moleskine notebook, with grid paper lining the inside. Then she begins the to-do list.

"How many people?"

Rey answers immediately, "Really small. Like fifty people."

Ben amends, "Maybe eighty.” She whips her head over, and he shrugs. Then she looks to C for any backup, and he folds his hands.

"I always say to meet in the middle. So sixty-five?” Ben nods in agreement, and she breathes a sigh of relief. She can deal with sixty-five people.

"How many in your wedding parties?"

Ben looks uncomfortable, "I don't even know if I have enough friends to have one."

Rey is quick to answer, "He does. But I'm fine with just two or three each."

"So you’re both going very minimal for your ceremony and reception, you could plan this in six months if you wanted."

She shakes her head, "I don't want to rush the process, and I'm also going to be looking for a new job when I graduate."

"A year is perfect for us, and I'm willing to wait for her."

 indefinite

The hour of wedding planning felt like a marathon and left her with a lot to chew on. Luckily, Ben drives them home, and Rey makes the conscious choice to order a deep dish pizza for delivery and eat her little heart out.

She even gets in sweats and one of Ben's old crewneck sweaters, black with a hole in the stomach. Ben watches her flit around the apartment kitchen after the pizza arrives fifteen minutes after they get home, getting out plates and a fork and a knife for him.

"Are you okay?” If Rey weren't on spring break, she'd be dying right about now. Instead, she's at a manageable level of stress that only gooey cheese and smoky pepperoni can fix. She nods her head, and he ruffles her hair, the house phone beginning to ring.

Rey glares at it before Ben answers, kissing her forehead. "I'll be down to pick it up right away.”
Then he hangs up the phone, and she cocks her head. "Delivery for you. Got a secret admirer I don't know about?"

She swats him and gets up, "I'm coming with you." Mainly because she's curious as to what she could've ordered in a drunken stupor a few nights ago, they walk out of their front door and into the elevator, standing side by side as they ride down to the lobby of their building.

An elaborate arrangement of pink and white roses sits on the lobby desk, and Ben signs for it. She picks up the card included with the box and reads it.

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Rey,

*Congratulations on your future nuptials. I know I didn't react the best to the news, but I would love to explain it over a cup of coffee at the campus cafe if you let me.*

*You deserve the most, Peanut.*

*Love you,*

*Finn*

---

Tears spring to her eyes and Ben's hand flutters to push the hair from her face. "Hey, let's go upstairs."

She wipes her eyes, "Can you carry the flowers?" He obliges instantly, picking up the box and holding it tightly as they head back upstairs. Rey rereads the note over and over, holding it tight to her chest as they enter the apartment, and Ben sets the flowers on the counter. She holds out the note for him to read, leaning over to smell the roses.

"That's kind of him. Poe must've had a conversation with him." She lifts her head and heads to the pizza.

"Did you meddle?"

"Of course I did, you were so upset, Rey. I can't just let you be upset when I can fix it." He watches her, and she takes a slice of pizza and practically shoves it in her face, chewing in thought.

"We would've eventually worked it out by ourselves."

"Do you not want me to care?"

"I'm not saying that, Ben. I'm saying that I would've eventually talked to him again. But, thank you for meddling, I guess." She means it sincerely, taking another massive bite of pizza. Ben leans over the counter and kisses the crown of her head.

"I'll meddle anytime."

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Chapter End Notes

it's been a bit. comments are cool and nice. thoughts and feelings are welcome @
chapter title is inspired by "meet the parents" by kim petras

the list
first pair of louboutins
saint laurent bag
red loafers
blue loafers
gold louboutins
white chanel boy bag
lace dress
flower arrangement that finn got
the playlist
i’d walk through fire for you (just let me adore you)

Chapter Summary

Rey takes a moment to steel herself before walking over, plopping down across from him and putting her bag under the table. “I ordered you a vanilla latte, no foam.”

She nods in acknowledgment and crosses her arms over her chest, waiting for him to talk first.

He laughs, “So uh...who talks first? You talk first? I talk first?”

Chapter Notes

tags
  daddy kink
  edging
  arguing
  lite bdsm

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rey doesn’t fuck around when meeting Finn for coffee.

Planning the outfit takes a good thirty minutes, Rey struggling to put something humble and still luxe like her tastes together. She eventually decides on a pair of Reformation jeans with a star print on the ass, a Forever 21 white tee she still had in her drawer, and a pair of yellow Vans sneakers. It’s the most basic outfit she’s worn on campus so far this semester, and it feels refreshing not to get stared at like an alien-like when she tromps through the halls in Jimmy Choo and Burberry.

Her bag is the only thing that’s not humble, a Tom Ford tote. She takes the train to campus, not wanting to prove the point that she’s in it for the money or cars. She’s here for love, and she can’t show otherwise.

The campus coffee shop is a cozy place that she used to study before Ben gave her an office. She’s feeling too fancy with an office, too high and mighty for most college students. She feels right at home as she enters the coffee shop. She spots Finn at a table by the window and he waves her over a little nervously.

Rey takes a moment to steel herself before walking over, plopping down across from him and putting her bag under the table. “I ordered you a vanilla latte, no foam.”

She nods in acknowledgment and crosses her arms over her chest, waiting for him to talk first.

He laughs, “So uh...who talks first? You talk first? I talk first?”
Rey isn’t amused and he gets the picture. “Tough crowd. I just wanted to call this friendship meeting to apologize for my absolute asshole behavior.”

That’s big of him, Rey knows Finn isn’t one to apologize a lot. This infraction definitely earned one, and she refocuses on the task at hand: figure out what the fuck is up with her best friend.

“It wasn’t cool of me to belittle your relationship like that, just because I’m insecure about mine—”

She interrupts, “What’s wrong with you and Poe?”

Finn gulps and he scratches the back of his head. “Well, he hasn’t exactly proposed to me yet and we’ve been together for almost a year and a half.”

“There’s no timeline to this kind of stuff Finn—”

He interjects, “I know that I just...seeing everyone else move on with their life and get engaged like you or get into a second degree program like Rose just reminds me how stagnant I feel.” Rey understands the feeling.

“Can I admit something to you?”

He nods and leans in close like they’re swapping secrets. “I don’t really know what I’m doing after graduation. I don’t think anyone our age actually knows.”

He snorts, “You do have a good point. But Poe just...he’s dragging his feet and I don’t know why. Am I not worthy enough, Rey? Have I completely misjudged our relationship?” He wrings his hands.

The barista calls, “Vanilla latte, no foam, and a pour-over!” Rey gets up before he can and walks to grab the drinks, high tailing it back and setting the coffee before him. He sips it and looks so sad, and Rey bites her lip.

“You know what? We will get you engaged by the end of the month.”

Finn looks confused, “How the hell are you going to do that?”

Rey shrugs, “I might have an idea. It might involve whining at my fiance.”

He looks briefly confused before he shrugs. “If you think you can do it, you get the maid of honor position.”

“I’ll split the duties with Rose, thank you very much. We’re getting you engaged, peanut.”

His day has been a clusterfuck of meetings and press opportunities, Organa Tech’s new smart refrigerator eating up his day.

So he doesn’t get Rey’s text, warning him that she’s headed to the office after class and needs to talk to him. Normally that wording would get him to call her and ask pre-emptively, but he’s so busy that he doesn’t see it.

He’s sitting in his office, typing an email to Poe when there’s a knock on his door. Pressing a button on his desk, the door unlocks with a kerchunk. Only five seconds pass before Rey opens the door, stepping into his office.
His eyes blow wide and he rises at his desk. “Hey! Did you text?”

She nods, hands shoved in the pockets of her trench coat. It’s a little warm in the Chicago springtime for a trench but he assumes it’s a fashion statement. She’s also wearing costly Manolos on her feet, pantyhose also on her legs. She sighs, “Like five times.”

He runs a hand through his hair, “I’m sorry. What’s up? Can I get you water?” He can’t help but rapid-fire at her when he feels like she’s upset, always needing to know the root cause of the feelings. Ahsoka says that’s his emotional literacy at work, a skill most men don’t have. He can identify emotions well, but controlling them and their manifestations are impossible right now.

She doesn’t answer, and the trench coat drops. His breath catches in his throat and he chokes on it.

Rey is only wearing a lingerie set, a fire engine red set with little pops of tulle and lace. She ruffles her hair and he can’t speak.

“I need you to talk to Poe for me.”

He finds his voice, “Rey, why are you-”

She steps up to him, reaching up and placing a finger on his lips to hush him. His cock is confused, unsure if he should fuck her silly over his desk or punish her for the risks she took getting here in that. A breeze could’ve blown her cover on the street, or the coat could’ve gotten caught in a car door.

“You need to talk to Poe and ask him why he and Finn aren’t engaged yet.”

He asks, “I’m sorry, why the fuck would you need that? Matter of fact, do you know how in trouble you are?”

Rey stares him down before biting her lip. “Just do this for me.”

He shakes his head to himself, “I don’t get involved in my friend’s relationships.”

“He gets in ours all the time.”

“Tit for tat is not how we operate, Rey.” She scowls before stomping away from him and picking up her trench coat.

He goes back around his desk and picks up his briefcase, “I’m taking you home.”

“Don’t bother.”

He watches her, “You’re going to give me the brat treatment because I didn’t do what you wanted?”

She blurts, “This means a lot to me you know!”

Ben lets her speak, knowing she has more pent up shit from class and wedding planning, “I just want my best friend to be happy like me and he’s not. Because Poe isn’t ready for some fucking reason that neither of us could discern.”

“So respect that.” She shrugs on her coat and ties it around her waist, and he digs out his car keys.

She snaps, “I’m not going home with you.”
He replies, “I am not letting you get on the train in just lingerie. You have to be out of your fucking mind if you think that, Rey.”

Rey stomps her foot and he raises his brow. Then she angrily wipes her eyes and he sees them brimming with tears. He’s pushed her too far, but he holds his ground.

“I’m taking you home, we will order in, and we will talk about other alternatives to this plan. Spoiler alert, one of them is minding your business.” She storms out of the office at that and he follows her.

Rey is getting out her cellphone and he walks faster as she dials a number and holds it to her ear. “Leia, it’s Rey.”

His blood turns to ice and he really doesn’t want to be chewed out by his mother. Luckily, she continues with, “I need you to tell Poe to marry my best friend. Please.” It’s out of his hands as of those words, and he knows he has no jurisdiction over his mother’s business.

“His name is Finn, they’ve been together for a year and a half.” Poe and his mother are friendly, Rey knows that from Ben telling her.

“I can connect you with Finn so you can get a bead on him but trust me when I say that they both need to be married like yesterday.” She hits the elevator button a few times.

“Thank you so much I’ll text you his details. Finn is an amazing guy, believe me.” She says a quick, “Goodbye.” Then she hangs up, tucking the phone back into her pocket. She looks relieved now, wiping her nose and finally looking back at him.

He asks, “Are you happy now?”

She nods slowly, the elevator door opening. They both step in and Ben takes the chance to caress her cheek, turning her head to him. The elevator doors close. “You can show up at my office anytime in lingerie. Just drive when you do it.”

She nods and he presses a kiss to the tip of her nose, straightening up and squaring off his shoulders to make himself seem bigger. It’s not like he needs any help with that.

Rey hugs herself and they shoot down to the garage level, Ben twirling the BMW key fob all the way down.

Maybe he can fuck some aggression out of her tonight.

Only time will tell.

Rey locks herself in her office as soon as she gets home, not willing to talk to Ben after she royally embarrassed herself.

She doesn’t care that she’s in lingerie or heels, she still gets homework done like the best of them. He lets her do her hermit thing for at least two hours before he puts his foot down in the form of knocking on her door.

Rey looks back at the current city plan she has going, a part of her capstone. Then she sighs, heels kicked off to the floor. She pushes away from her drafting desk and walks to the office door. She
Ben is carrying a tray of Chinese food for two, complete with two glasses of wine. “Can I come in?”

Rey looks at the food and back at him before nodding, opening the door wider and allowing him to come in. He sets the tray on the floor and sits cross-legged on the plush shag carpet she requested. She sits across from him and takes a plate into her lap to begin to eat the chicken lo mein he’s gotten her.

“So are you going to let me take that lingerie off of you?”

She glances up and shrugs, non-committal. Ben sighs.

“Can you let me know if you’re still mad at me?” She bites her lip.

Is she still mad? Sure, she would’ve appreciated Ben’s help but a little time to think illuminates that maybe she can’t fix everything. If Poe doesn’t want to get married, he doesn’t want to get married.

“I just wanted help.”

He nods, “I know you did, and you have a huge heart. But sometimes you can’t help a situation.”

Rey mumbles, “He’s just my best friend.” He’d never hurt Poe. She knows it to be true.

He takes his own bite of Mongolian beef before washing it down with wine. Then he scoots closer, pushing hair from her face. “Poe is my best friend too, I understand what it’s like to want the most for them. I want the most for you, you know.”

She asks, “What would you want our life to be after I graduate?”

Ben hums, deep in thought. Then he responds, “I think I see you doing a career you love, and my business continues to grow. We’ll have kids, or not, when we’re ready.”

It sounds like such a pretty dream, and it’s close to being attainable. The anticipation runs hot in her blood, and she’s ready to sink her teeth into the workforce. Being spoiled by Ben hasn’t cut into her work ethic.

“Does that dream involve a lot of shoes too?”

He laughs loud at that.

“It does.”

He’s gone on a business trip the next week.

Rey hates it when he’s gone, making her feel as if he will never come back. To abate the loneliness, she throws herself into wedding planning with C. Everything from colors to gowns to locale, they rush into the process headfirst.

She’s got a million homework assignments on top of that. So to ease a little stress, she invites over Rose for a homework-free spa night. It’s complete with face masks, pedicures, and buttery popcorn and movies. They’re doing Oscar winners this time, both in matching onesies that Rey
bought just for the occasion. It has a unicorn print on it because Rey thinks unicorns are cool.

Ben calls and Rey misses it the first time, but she quickly notices it on her screen. Looking to Rose, “Ben called, do you mind if I call him back?”

Rose looks horrifying in a bright gold hydrogel mask but she replies, “Go ahead. Tell him I said hi.”

Rey is grateful and she dials the number, walking deeper into the apartment. She ends up in the pantry when he answers with a, “Hello?”

Rey puts down the goldfish crackers she’s gazing at and replies, “Hey! I’m sorry I missed your call, Rose and I are doing a spa night. She says hi.”

“Oh, nice, hello to her too. I just wanted to say hello, see how you were.”

She says, “I’m okay I guess, I miss you a lot. How’s China?”

“Same old, same old. My Mandarin is getting kind of rusty.”

“Whatever will you do, Mr. World Traveler?”

She can practically hear him shrug as his father does, and Rey opens up the frosted animal cookies that she keeps on reserve for weeks when Ben’s gone. She can eat like shit without his silent judgment at her rudimentary tastebuds.

“What are you eating?”

She covers her mouth as she chews, swallowing before saying, “Animal cookies. Got a problem?”

“It’s cheat day, so I had pizza.”

“It’s something.”

That makes her laugh and she bites her lip. “I miss you a lot, you know. Coming just isn’t the same without you.” Orgasms are ruined ever since she discovered Ben had a Hitachi wand and having him use it on her is her favorite way to get off in a snap. Why would she masturbate alone when someone else is there for her pleasure?

“I will have to wean you off my cock, huh? Such a greedy girl.”

She looks around the pantry, making sure she’s a hundred percent alone before she shuts the pocket door as quietly as possible. Then she sits down on the floor, unzipping the front of her onesie and reaching her hand down there.

“I don’t want to be weaned off your cock.”

“You don’t?”

“No, daddy.”

“I figured you didn’t baby. Don’t worry, I’ll fill you up nice and good with my cock when I come home.”
She whimpers as she plunges two fingers inside herself, trying to mimic the stretch she feels from him or the dildo she’s been using while he’s been gone. “I’ll fuck you until you moan your pretty little head off.”

She feels as if she will have an aneurysm. Rey ruts into her hand and mewls, rocking back and forth. “Then I’ll come inside you because your pussy is mine and mine only.”

“Please.”

“Please, what?”

“Please, daddy.”

His laugh is a rumble, “Now take your fingers out of your panties.”

She gasps, “But daddy-”

He snaps, “Do it. Now.” Rey does as she’s told, zipping up her onesie for extra measure.

“That’s the last time you’re going to touch yourself while I’m gone.”

Her eyes blow wide and she stutters, “B-B-But-”

“It’s only for three days. I’m sure a good girl like you can manage it.”

She blurts, “That’s not fair.”

“You could break the rules, but you’d get punished. We don’t want that, do we?”

She shakes her head while saying, “No.”

He states, “Good. I’ve got to go, though.” Rey pouts to herself before getting off the floor, brushing her hair out of her face.

“B-But daddy-”

“No buts, okay? Be a good girl, wait for me to come home. I promise it’ll be worth it.” She gives a doubtful sigh.

Then she says, “Okay. I love you, daddy.”

“I love you too, sweetheart.”

Rey does as she’s told.

She does because the likelihood of her wanting to cry pleasure wrought tears from spanking is low.

So she doesn’t touch herself. It’s impossible at first, especially when she looks through her camera roll and finds the customary nudes he takes in his personal trainer’s bathroom, showing off his ripped physique and hung cock. She has no clue how she got so lucky with him, and she marvels at it daily.

Rey survives the pleasure drought, distracted the day he comes home with schoolwork and also
making sure his house is clean. Rey cancels the maids while he’s gone and lives in her own filth, a guilty pleasure of hers she’ll never admit.

She puts on a baby pink sheer bra and panty set, and a matching kimono robe with cranes and flowers dotted along with silk fabric. Pulling her hair up into a half-up, half-down style, she applies a layer of sparkly gloss to her lips and smacks them together.

She hears the garage door rumble and rushes downstairs, bare feet slapping on the wood as she does. She skids into the open concept kitchen, starting to unload the takeout bag of pho for him. She’s already eaten leftover Panda Express from on campus. She thought he would be tired of Americanized Chinese food after eating the authentic stuff for a week and would vomit at the thought of eating Panda Express.

She hears the door to the mudroom from the garage open, and the roll of a suitcase. Rey fixes her hair in the reflection of the microwave, primping herself perfectly as he walks into the room. She turns around.

Ben looks tired, bags under his eyes, but he lights up when he sees her. She runs at him and he catches her, spinning her around as she buries her face into his neck. “Hey, it’s just me.”

Her voice is muffled into his shoulder. “I know, that’s why I’m happy.” Ben sets her down and she gestures behind her to the container of pho. He looks and smiles at her.

“I’m hungry for something else.” Then he walks past her, and she scurries to go put the food away, opening up the large and stocked subzero refrigerator to set it inside. She shuts it and turns back to watch him go upstairs.

Rey contemplates taking her sweet time in following him, but she is quick about it, anyway. She walks up the stairs behind him, dropping her robe on the way and steps past him. She puts an extra sway in her hips as she does and she hears his sharp intake of breath at the sheer underwear.

Rey heads for the bedroom, sitting down on the edge of the bed and putting her hands out to either side of her. She crosses her legs, staring at her freshly pedicured toes. Rose painted them a gorgeous baby pink color, inspiring her lingerie choice for today.

Ben enters and slams the door behind him, removing his blazer. He stares at her and she reciprocates, biting her lip and pushing out her chest a little.

He asks casually, “So have you touched yourself?”

She shakes her head, and he looks surprised. She mumbles, “I told you I’m a good girl.”

“A very good girl, who gets a nice reward.”

She nods proudly and breathes in, then laying back and spreading her legs automatically. “Don’t you want your present?”

She perks up and sits up again. Rey always gets a present when he goes on a business trip, just customary now. Ben is reaching into his suitcase and pulling out a black velvet necklace box. Then he opens it up to the most intricate necklace she’s seen. She blinks a few times, in disbelief at the craftsmanship and dazzling diamonds that spur on wetness between her legs like none other.

“The middle stone is translucent jade. Everything else is diamonds, obviously.” Rey takes the box from him and shuts it carefully, setting it to the side and jumping at him.
They lock lips and he picks her up, Rey trying to rut herself into his hard stomach to gain some friction. Their lips break, “Easy, easy.”

She whimpers, “I just want you. I’m so fucking horny.”

Ben laughs and tosses her on the bed gently, then walking away to the closet. She lies on her back, staring at the ceiling and trying very hard not to reach down and plunge her fingers into herself.

Ben comes back. “Wrists out and together.” He’s holding a line of rope and she obediently holds her wrists out. Just as she does, her phone rings.

He looks back at the nightstand where it lies on the wireless charger, then back at her. “Can I get that?”

He says, “Don’t be too long.” Then he moves aside and lets her get up and answer the phone call without looking at the caller ID.

She holds it up to her ear and hears a high scream that gets her to jerk the phone away from her ear. She recognizes it though. “Finn?”

“Rey he did it!”

She cocks her head, “Did what babe?”

“He proposed!” A pin drops before Rey screams excitedly too, hopping up and down. Ben looks surprised at her happiness, eyes wide.

“How did it happen? Oh my god, how big is the ring?”

“He took me to a super fancy dinner at Boka and then popped the question over dessert. It was so sweet Rey, he apologized for it taking so long. And it’s huge, at least three carats.”

She smiles wide to herself and holds over her heart. “Finn, I’m so happy for you. We should have our weddings in the same month!”

He laughs, “Down if you are.”

“You know I am. I have to go, Ben is looking at me like I have three heads.”

“Whatever strings you pulled, thank you. I’ll see you after the weekend.”

“I’ll see you.” She hangs up the phone and looks at Ben.

Ben asks, “Good news?”

“Finn and Poe are getting married.”

He smiles, “Good for them.” Rey sets her phone back on the wireless charger.

“He deserves it. They both deserve each other.” Ben ties the rope around her wrists and she sighs dreamily, then looking down at his handiwork as he stands up.

“Ready for your reward?”

She nods, never more sure of anything.
been awhile. as of writing this, we are close to thirty hits away from 40k. i can't even fucking fathom that, so thank you. leave a comment, those are cool. thoughts and feelings are welcome @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "adore you" by harry styles

the list
tom ford tote
yellow vans
reformation jeans
red lingerie set
manolos
trench coat
unicorn onesie
face masks
kimono robe
second lingerie set
ben's gift
boka
the pinterest board
the playlist
Chapter Summary

She hears the door open and slam, and Ben whistles as he walks to the last stall. Then he pushes it open, viewing her with a smile on his face. “Good girl.”

She can’t help but flush, cheeks getting hotter than hell. Ben shuts and locks the stall door behind him and Rey is promptly picked up and pushed against the wall. Her legs wrap around his waist and he nuzzles into her neck.

“I fucking loathe brunch.”

Chapter Notes

tags
rey forgets the anniversary (but she makes up for it)
dubcon

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Brunch is a love language that Rey will never tire of.

Today it’s Finn and Poe’s small and strictly friends engagement brunch at Maple and Ash, and Rey cannot fathom how she’s surrounded by all the people she adores.

Ben sits to her left, talking animatedly with Poe sitting across from him. The threads of his jacket are metallic copper, glinting in the lighting. His slacks match, and he’s wearing Louboutins just like her.

As for her, she’s donning a red Givenchy dress with a detachable cape and high Pigalle follies. Rey also wears red lips, lipstick on Finn’s cheek as he sits across from her. He’s wearing a white blazer and slacks, black shirt tucked in for contrast. The collar is open a little, and he displays a diamond chain that’s most certainly an extra engagement gift.

Rose is in a light pink dress, with a high neck and a skirt that hits her upper thighs. Her silver heels glint through the glass table, a seat across from her empty. She wonders idly who’s missing before refocusing on her mimosa carafe with Finn.

Finn asks, “So, how’s wedding planning going? It’s got to be crazy on top of finals.”

Rey sips from the glass before responding, “Good! Save the dates are going out soon, we picked a location.”

“Spill. I need to know as your man of honor.”

Rose interjects, “Yeah, ditto to that as your maid of honor.”
Rey smiles, “Can’t, it’s a secret until the save the dates go out. That won’t be until after graduation.” Graduation is only two weeks away and she can’t wait to be finally out of the rat race that is school. She’s already brushing up her resume for submitting it to positions, Ben helping her out with what he would want to see from a hireable candidate.

Finn groans, “You’re killing me here.”

Rey laughs, but it subsides as a fiery-haired man enters the rooftop patio they sit on with other patrons. Ben whistles, “Hux!”

This is someone she’s never met before and Rey straightens up, sipping from her mimosa again and watching him come over to the table. He’s sharp in a suit and tie and he plops down across from Rose and next to Ben. Rose gives Rey a sideways glance and mouths, “He’s cute.”

Rey raises her brows before beaming, then looking to Ben expectantly. “Hux, this is my partner Rey. Rey, this is Armitage Hux, my lawyer.”

This is the man who drew up their NDA. Hux turns in his seat and reaches behind Ben’s back to hold out his hand. “Pleased to meet you.” Rey shakes his hand before pulling away, then brushing her hair from her face. It’s pulled back into three elegant buns on the back of her head, more exquisite than the ones she usually throws together.

This man will serve her a prenup on a silver platter, rightfully so. Rey sips her drink again and Rose captures Hux’s attention then, with a bat of her eyelashes and a coquettish sip of her cosmo.

Ben looks over at her, before leaning into her ear. “Head to the bathroom, I’ll follow behind in two minutes.”

His boldness catches her off guard, but she does as she’s told. She looks at Finn, “Gotta pee.” Finn nods.

“Don’t fall in.” She stands up and strides away from the table, her phone left in her Givenchy Antigona. Luckily she has the Breitling he’s just gotten her on her wrist, shiny sterling silver with a bright blue face.

Rey walks into the men’s bathroom, seeing all the stalls empty. She goes to the largest stall like he has instructed her to in the past. Then she sits on the edge of the toilet and crosses her legs to wait. She hears the door open and slam, and Ben whistles as he walks to the last stall. Then he pushes it open, viewing her with a smile on his face. “Good girl.”

She can’t help but flush, cheeks getting hotter than hell. Ben shuts and locks the stall door behind him and Rey is promptly picked up and pushed against the wall. Her legs wrap around his waist and he nuzzles into her neck.

“I fucking loathe brunch.”

Rey brushes through his hair as he kisses along her throat. “My antisocial man.”

“Don’t tease me, I try my best.” He nips at her to deter her further and she giggles. Then she kisses the top of his head and he sets her back on her feet.

“Roll up your dress.”
She hums, “But…”

“But what? You don’t want daddy to fuck you?”

He’s got her there, and she nods her head, “I do. Please fuck me.” She’s insatiable for him and right now is no exception. She rolls up the hem of her dress to reveal her thin seamless thong.

Pushing it down her legs, she steps out of it and kicks it to the side. Ben is undoing his belt, then opening up his slacks and heaving his cock out of his black boxer briefs. He’s half-hard, pumping himself in his hand as he reaches between her legs with his other hand and dips two fingers inside of her.

He gently prods and probes inside of her, along the spongy flesh of her g-spot. Her heels wobble as her calves shake from the sensation, thumb swirling around her clit. Their lips lock and his tongue tangles up in hers like headphone cords to never unwind.

He’s a ferocious kisser when he wants her bad, and Rey spares him by pulling away and whispering, “Fuck me?”

Ben nods and lifts her up, and Rey reaches between them to line him up with her. Ben then pushes in with little care, the stretch popping her eyes wide and a long whine leaves her mouth. “You can’t have missed my cock that bad, baby. It’s only been three hours.”

He thrusts, Rey moving up and down the wall as he does.

“Call me insatiable because I can’t get enough of you.”

He kisses her at that, and the moment is so perfect that she couldn't care less about their friends wondering where they are.

Ben had almost forgotten what type of crunch Rey is under for her finals.

Something he didn’t forget, that she did, was their anniversary.

One year on the dot and Rey is at some university library instead of in his arms. She had practically rushed out of the house this morning, citing that she had a group project to finish and no time for sex or breakfast.

She had nearly walked out of the house with an empty Birkin instead of her full Longchamp backpack until Ben clicked his tongue. It’s not that he’s mad. He’s more disappointed that she would forget, but she’s got plenty on her plate. Or perhaps she counts their relationship from a different point than their first meeting. Perhaps contract signing?

Either way, he doesn’t even call down to her when she arrives at the apartment at nine PM. He just sits in his office, shopping for her graduation present. The box of thirty-six baby pink forever roses sit on the kitchen counter, in full view of the entrance to the apartment, along with a pale pink Agent Provocateur box.

He hears her yell, “Ben?”

Ben doesn’t respond, refocusing on his computer screen and listening to her come up the stairs. Then there’s a knock on the door and he sighs to himself. “I know you’re in there.”
He doesn’t reply to her, and she says, “I fucked up, Ben, I just...time got away from me. Please don’t be mad.”

He gets up and walks to the door, opening it up. Then he says, “I’m more sad than mad.”

Her lower lip wobbles and he hates it when she’s sad and he can’t do anything. He’s sad too, and she stares up at him with watery eyes. “Can I make it up to you, daddy?”

Ben sighs and walks past her, down the stairs and into the open concept living room and kitchen. Then he picks up the box of roses after putting the lid on top ever so carefully. “Where do you want these? Your office?” He’s all business and Rey sighs.

“Can we please talk about this?”

“Why? It’s not like I’m marrying you and you conveniently forgot our anniversary.” Then he looks back at her.

She excuses, “My brain has been literal mush for the past couple of weeks.”

He snaps, “So has mine, but I still remembered.”

Then he goes on, “You think you’re the only one who gets stressed around here?”

Rey shakes her head, “Not at all. Definitely not at all. I know you work very hard for my benefit and I’m no stranger to being very grateful for that. If you just give me a few days to sort out a suitable anniversary gift, I will.”

Ben walks away from her and Rey follows, “I just need to order it and pick it up. I’ve known what I wanted to get you for our anniversary for a long time.” He sets the flowers down on her flat-top drafting desk.

“Besides, that doesn’t mean I can’t celebrate with you when I get out of class tomorrow. I’ll book us a table somewhere, we’ll get reasonably sloshed. Also, there’s tonight and if that Agent Provocateur box says anything, we might have a fun night on our hands.” Ben looks back at her, placing his hands on his hips, and standing deep in thought.

How long can he be reasonably sad? And can he avoid sex because of it? Rey is too tempting for him, even when he feels so betrayed. “I’m just worried, selfishly, that this will become a recurrence as you enter the workforce.”

Rey shakes her head profusely, “I could never. I’ll balance it all, I always do. I just dropped the ball this time. I’m allowed to do that, right?”

He’s sarcastic, “No I suppose you have to be the most virginal and infallible being possible. An angel if you will.”

Then he looks past her and out the door, “Why don’t you be an angel and put on that lingerie set for me and a pair of thigh highs.”

Rey beams and takes her leave.

Maybe tonight can be redeemed.

Something tells him it can be.
Rey brings her A-game to the late anniversary dinner in the form of Herve Leger and Louboutins that put her foot almost at a right angle.

They meet at the restaurant since Ben has to work, and it gives Rey the house to primp by herself. She also preps the room, dusting rose petals all across the bed and changing the sheets to a crisp black instead of a winter white.

Rey pulls punches with perfume, spraying on an abundance of Marc Jacobs Daisy in every crevice of her body. Then she even picks his favorite car to drive: the souped-up BMW he got her for her birthday.

Valet takes care of parking and she brushes her hair from her face, half up half down. Then she refocuses on the Chicago Stock Exchange where Everest lies. Yelp had called it upscale French dining, and she’s never been. She’s sure he has because he eats everywhere in this city.

Rey walks into the building and looks around the lobby for her fiance. She spots him near the elevators, on his cellphone and chattering away. Her heels click as she walks towards him, seeing him turn in place as he talks and stops in his tracks.

He then says as she stops before him, “Poe, sorry to cut this off so abruptly but Rey’s here. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Then he hums as he hangs up the phone, slipping it into his pocket. Rey smooths out the front of her dress, the fabric not moving regardless of her warning. Bandage fabric stays in place and sucks you in, and she knows eating is about to be restrictive as all hell. “You look good enough to eat.”

Rey blushes and he holds out his hands for her. She takes them delicately and purses her freshly glossed lips. Can he see the sparkles in this lighting? Not that it matters, because he’s kissing her then and it smears sloppily. Rey lets him kiss her as if his life depends on it, her fingers running through his hair and down his face. Then he pulls away with ragged breaths, “You know I love you in Herve.”

“I wore it just for you. Call it a sixth sense.” They walk to the elevators and his arm settles around her shoulders like a football jock with a pretty prom queen. Rey can play trophy wife well and tonight's no exception.

Ben focuses on getting them upstairs and she holds the black and white Off White clutch close to her, car key back in it safely. Everest has an unsurprising french decor with wainscotting and the works, and Ben takes care of checking in for their reservation she set early today. Somehow they slipped onto their list, perhaps after she name-dropped him so casually.

They’re led back to a table and they’re seated by a window overlooking the city, candles and roses sit between them, and Ben pulls out Rey’s chair for her before she plops down. Then he sits across from her, adjusts himself in the comically small seat, and opens up his menu to look at all he can eat.

Rey opens up the menu and notes all the meal titles are in French. She looks up at him, “Can you order for me? I trust you.”

“Oui.” Then he flashes a cunning smile and keeps looking at the menu while she watches the city below. He snaps the menu shut and bites his lip, then looking her over.

“So how’s wedding planning? Need anything from me?”

Rey sighs, “It’s uh, going I guess.” C makes the process painless but from deciding on the location
to booking the flights, on top of finals week, she feels like she’s drowning occasionally. He booked Rey to go look for dresses a few days before graduation, hoping she’ll be serene by then.

He asks, “Can I help with anything?”

She asks, “Have you found your men of honor?” Rey thought he should have two like her, given their nuptials are a destination wedding and they don’t want to rope in more than the necessary people. Rey is already paying for Rose’s ticket and Finn has Poe to cover his ass.

“Hux and Poe. I already talked to them about it. They asked about save the dates—”

“They’re coming soon, the printer is just taking forever on the foiling.” She brushes her hair out of her face, and Ben looks pleased.

“Thank you for handling this. We both know I would be hopeless with it.”

The waitress comes by and pours water, “My name is Mia, can I get you anything besides water?”

Ben nods, “Bottle of your most expensive champagne. Think we’re still deciding on food.” Mia nods, smiles as she writes down his drink order and walks away. Rey sips her water, and she knows she cannot eat enough in Herve. Maybe she should’ve gone for something more loose and forgiving, but she’s committed now.

Ben sits back in his chair and views her. Then says, “A year ago yesterday, you sat before me in a Forever 21 dress and heels that looked like they were about to break.”

Rey blushes and he goes on, “Now? You sit before me as my fiancee and my baby in Herve and Louboutins, with probably nothing on underneath.”

She offers a cunning smile, “You know how skintight the fabric is, it’s impossible to wear panties.” Ben brushes his foot along her calf and she bites her lip as Mia comes back with the bottle of Dom Perignon in an ice bucket and pours into the applicable champagne flutes.

Rey can’t get drunk off of champagne. Ben sips and nods, “Are you two ready to order?”

Ben nods, and orders in good French, her thighs pressing together under the table as he does. She only gathers that she’s getting duck at some point and she’s okay with that.

Mia walks away after writing everything down and Ben sips his champagne, “My French is rough. My mother would scold the fuck out of me for that butcher job.”

Rey asks, “That was bad?”

He snorts, and she bites her lip, “Talk to me in French in bed.”

“If it would please you.”

Ben drives home because Rey goes for something stronger like a lemon drop martini after the champagne, and he never lets her drive if she even has one drink. He can handle his liquor like a bull.

They get into the car after the valet pulls it around and Ben adjusts the seat to his freakishly tall height before advancing into traffic and rubbing along his jaw. Rey is sitting quietly in her seat, legs crossed like a prim and proper good girl.
Usually, alcohol makes her hard to handle in bed, a teasing and feisty mess who loves a belt cracking across her ass. Tonight she’s quiet and polite, and she kisses along his knuckles when they hit a traffic light.

They’re headed to the apartment, so it isn’t far but the traffic is bullshit. “You will hate me.”

He looks over, “Huh?” Rey smiles a mischievous smile before she rolls the hard to crease fabric up to her navel and exposes her cute pussy to him and without the window tint, the world. Ben white knuckles the steering wheel when she drops his hand and the light changes as her fingers rub up the sides of her lips.

She lets out a breathy moan, and he floors it as he makes a turn right, determining a less congested back way is in order. Ben speeds down the streets as much as he can, tearing up the pavement as her fingers slip inside of herself and she moans louder.

“You fucking-”

“Do it, call me it.” She’s goading his strict Dom side to come out, the punishments being a big part of it.

He grits his teeth, “Bad girl. The worst girl.”

Rey moans in pure ecstasy and they arrive at their apartment building, Ben pulling into the underground garage. He cuts the engine and the glow of the headlights bounces off the concrete wall until he turns them off. Then he unclicks his seatbelt, ignoring how hard he is.

His hand reaches over the console and yanks her fingers out of herself, her pussy a fluttery and wet mess. He yanks her dress back down, sternness taking over his limbs. Rey giggles the entire time like a coquettish little slut, like she thinks she’s so smart and clever for getting him hard.

Rey smiles, “What are you going to do to me, daddy?” She’s just tipsy, but he still doesn’t want to inflict punishment. He just growls and gets out of the car, looping around to open up her door and unclick her seatbelt. Then he hunches over and picks her up in a bridal carry, pulling her out of the car. She kicks her little feet, and he shuts the door. Then she holds her clutch tight to her chest as he swiftly moves his way in.

The elevator ride up to their apartment high in the sky is short, but he’s concocting a plan to absolutely destroy her pussy. He wants his cum to ooze from her, drip onto the bedsheets to stick to her thighs and ass. He wants to own it.

He strides into the apartment, taking the stairs two at a time as she squeals. Then he all but throws her on the bed, kicking the door shut. She scrambles to sit up and he shoves her onto her back. Then he undoes his belt slowly, still holding her down as she watches with happy and wide eyes.

“Is this what you want, slut?”

She nods, and he shakes his hand. “Then you’re not getting it.” He tosses the belt aside and she pouts. He couldn't care less, letting his hand move off of her as he shrugs off his black blazer and unbuttons the deep marine blue dress shirt to reveal a sculpted and careful physique.

Rey watches him with hungry eyes and he unbuttons his pants. “Get on your hands and knees but face me.” She does as she’s ordered and she’s still wearing her dress.

“Take off your dress. Don’t make daddy waste his time.” She unzips it and pulls it off of her without help, leaving her shoes on. Ben shucks off his pants and socks and he grabs the back of
her head and pushes on it to bring her close to his crotch.

He demands, “Mouth it.” His cock bulges in the black fabric, and her pretty lips wrap around him through the fabric and begin to slobber greedily. He loves it when she drools on his cock, liking messy blowjobs with cum streaking down her chin. This is bound to be one of those types of blowjobs.

Rey smacks her lips and mouths along him, still on her hands and knees and not daring to reach between her legs and touch herself. Ben stands tall and lets her continue for a little longer before he winds a hand in her hair and pulls her off of him. Rey moons up at him.

He says, “Open up your mouth.” He’s pushing his briefs down and she opens up her cute mouth. Then he taps his cock on her waiting tongue, resting it there. She’s like a dog waiting to be told she can eat dinner, spit beginning to coat the bottom of the head of his cock.

Ben waits and she whines. “Oh, I’m sorry, did you want to suck it?”

She furrows her brows, and he takes a small step forward. “Fine. Suck it.”

She smiles before wrapping her lips around him and letting his hand pull on her hair and occasionally guide her up and down. He holds her in place when he hits the back of her throat, hearing her gag. The sound is gorgeous, and he wants to record it for later.

Rey sucks his cock like a champ, pretending like it’s the best meal she’s had tonight instead of her foie gras. She pulls off to breathe and she whispers, “Daddy?”

“Yes?”

Her smile is bashful. “I love you.”

He beams, “I love you more.”

“That’s impossible.” She brushes her hair out of her face while shaking her head.

He says, “Totally possible.” Then he strokes his cock a few times, trying to keep the pleasure stoked up in his belly. She puts her lips back on his cock and keeps sucking, and Ben continues his formulation of the plan to absolutely ruin her. It won’t be hard, he’s done it many times before.

Her sucking eventually consumes his attention until he’s moaning and groaning, pulling at her hair and fucking her mouth with thrusts of his hips. She accepts all of this with a greed unrivaled, consuming his psyche and converting it to fuel to pleasure him.

He comes in her mouth, Rey holding him in there tight and milking him with soft suckles and licks of her tongue. Then she removes her mouth from him, displaying the creamy white cum that coats her mouth. She then swallows it, gulps it down like a Slurpee on a hot day.

Ben strokes just under her chin like he would with a cat. “Good girl. Thank you for being so good.”

“I only want to be good.”

“That stunt you pulled in the car is not good girl material. Though you’ve made up for it now.” He steps back from her and goes to the dresser in their room. He opens it up and pulls out a rabbit vibrator, her eyes getting so much delight in them. He smiles too.
“Lay back and—” She beats him to it, snapping her legs open as she flings herself back-first on the bed. Then she sets her hands on her stomach.

“Keen, huh?” Then he walks to the bed, crawling on top of the rose petal covered sheets. He didn’t notice them when he came in, seeing red other than roses. He watches her pussy twitch from lack of contact and focuses on her as she stares up at him.

He nestles the vibrator between her legs, tip bunting up against her and the little tendrils reaching for her clit as he pushes it inside of her waiting entrance. He makes sure her clit is between each little tendril, so she gets vibration from either side.

Then he turns it on.

Her back arches and he shoves her back down, holding her down as he kisses across her breasts and teethes each nipple. He sucks on the right one, releasing it with a pop before latching around the left. His tongue swirls around it and he presses kisses to each one as she twitches and moans.

He loves watching her unravel, slow as a spool on a spinning wheel until she pops with a flashbang and cum like a freight train. For now he keeps it a slow stoke, meaning to edge her until she begs.

It works. “Higher.”

“You sure you can handle that without coming?” She nods, determined.

He says, “I don’t think you can.” Rey bites her lip before pouting, and he removes both of her shoes before clicking it up two speeds. She groans, and she rolls her body with the sensation. He holds her in place and watches her pussy twitch and flutter.

She lets low moans out of her throat and he can’t help but enjoy them with a big smile on his face. He pulls and pushes the vibrator in and out of her in a thrusting motion that makes her thighs tremble.

He clicks it up two more speeds and she whimpers and whines, thrashing around and gripping the sheets. Then he pushes it and holds it inside of her, rubbing her clit in circles and watching her eyes roll back into her head. Then she jolts, moans extra loud, and whimpers as she orgasms and comes down in a spiral.

Ben watches her as she does, enamored and in love as she lets out sharp breaths and her legs tremble as she sits up. “Can I get some water?” He nods and goes to the bathroom, filling the glass she uses when she brushes her teeth to rinse. He comes back out and hands it to her, and she gulps it down greedily. Ben pets through her hair, three buns beneath his fingers.

“Feel okay?”

She nods, “I feel perfect.”

Getting up on her knees, she kisses him quickly on the lips before whispering, “Absolutely perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

one more chapter before the epilogue ;). leave a comment, that's pretty sweet. thoughts
and feelings are welcome @ twitter and tumblr.

chapter title is inspired by "i don't want it at all" by kim petras

givenchy dress
ben's givenchy blazer
rey's bag
rey's heels
rose's dress
maple and ash restaurant
forever roses
hermes birkin
longchamp backpack
everest restaurant
off-white clutch
herve dress
rey's louboutins
the playlist
the pinterest board
walk a mile in these louboutins

Chapter Summary

“This would be such fun for a reception, you know.” The skirt is a frothy pink tulle and the bodice a plunge. Rey views it like she’s in love.

“Let’s get it on me.”

Chapter Notes

tags
weddings
graduations
stories ending
life changes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rey takes her last final and feels good about it.

That’s rare as can be, and she stands in the hallway of the Engineering Innovation building at the University of Illinois at Chicago. She can’t believe that she’s done with school as of now.

Rey smooths out her chic black and white polka-dot skirt and pulls out her lilac iPhone, reading the text from Ben.

| Ben - 3:26 PM |
im outside, ready to take you anywhere you want

That makes her bound out of the building, nearly running in high Valentino rock stud heels. The All Saints leather jacket boils her when she gets out into the sun and outside and she spots the bright canary yellow Ferarri idling on the curb. People are staring at it, and Rey hightails it. She opens up the door and ducks in, seeing Ben behind the wheel with a massive smile on his face.

“Happy last class, baby girl.” She blushes deep and bites her lower lip. Then she gets in the car, slinging off her backpack and tossing it at her feet.

“It really is my last class, huh?”

Ben nods, “No more tuition. Unless you get a master’s degree.” She nods and wrings her hands.

“Is it okay if I don’t quite know yet?” What fresh out of college student knows exactly what they want to do with their degree? Not her, certainly not Finn either.
He says, “It’s perfectly fine.” She sighs in relief, and he reaches over to hold her thigh.

She asks, “Why aren’t you at work?”

Ben replies, “Because it’s a special day and I’m taking you shopping for your present.” That’s not the best excuse but she finds herself totally okay with it. Especially since presents are involved, one of her favorite things.

“Where are we going?”

“Ah, you need to figure that out.” Rey smiles at him and looks out the window, looking for any markers.

She can’t figure out where they are as they drive, and she adjusts in the seat. “So I saw the charge for the cake go through.”

Rey looks over, and he says, “Only 1K? I’m impressed.”

She blushes, “That’s very expensive for a cake, actually. But the crystals were a bit much—”

“Whatever your heart desires, sweet girl.” This cake is already set to be amazing.

Rey looks out the window and focuses on the people on the street, looking perfect and important. They’re at the Magnificent Mile, a holder of so many shops she loves. Ben pulls into a parking garage, driving up and up the garage until he finds a space to pull into. The engine dies, and he looks over.

She guesses, “Bloomingdale’s?”

He shrugs. “I was thinking about any store you want. Two hours. Anything you want, you get. No matter the price.”

Holy crap. He holds out the black card to her and she’s used to this for small purchases. Usually, he buys all the big shit for the gratification of spoiling her. “My mother said that would be the best gift for you: no money management and no questions.” Leia is looking out for her for sure.

She takes the card and picks up her backpack. “No need, I put a purse in the trunk for you.”

Rey clutches a hand over her heart, “You’re too good for me.”

“Hardly.” They get out of the car and he pops the small trunk to reveal a basic black Birkin. She pops it open to load the contents she needs from her backpack and finds sunglasses already in the bottom, probably left behind from the last time she used this bag.

She puts them on and checks herself in her Chanel compact mirror. “Thank god these are my bitchy glasses.” They’re huge and angular, sharp enough to cut. She finds that sometimes she needs all the help she can get while dealing with stupid sales attendants. They like to assume she’s just browsing due to her age, and Rey wants to kick and scream that her fiancee could buy the store if he wanted to.

Rey’s considered asking a few times.

Loading her purse, she’s careful with the Togo leather and gold hardware. Then she puts it in the crook of her arm, displaying the Birkin to all that look on.

It screams: Yeah, fuck with me.
Ben closes the trunk and looms over her, before kissing right between her brows. “Lead the way.”

Rey says, “Gladly.” Then she tosses her hair and starts walking through the parking garage, to the elevator taking them down to the street level.

“Don’t your feet hurt?” Rey rifles through her bag and pulls out her numbing spray. Ben views it as they enter the elevator before handing it back.

“You need not wear heels all the time if it hurts-”

“I like what heels do to my legs, daddy.” She drops the spray back into her bag and takes off her leather jacket to reveal the La Perla bodysuit she donned. His eyes pop wide.

“You took a final in that?”

“I wore my jacket most of the time.”

Ben says, “Still.”

Rey rolls her eyes and walks out of the elevator, and Ben runs to catch up to her. He wraps an arm around her shoulder as they walk. “Fashion is fashion. I wear what I like and deem appropriate. It’s not like I flash my shit.”

“I guess that’s fair but you have to know the effect of lingerie on me.” Rey turns into Bloomingdale’s and he opens the door for her.

“I do. I don’t care.” She smiles and takes off her sunglasses, pushing them up to the crown of her head while looking around for her nearest target. Shoes are her weakness and she spots a fluorescent orange pair of Jimmy Choos. Catching the eye of the nearest sales girl, she rushes over smelling a sale.

Rey says, “Can I get a size six? Also, this won’t be the only thing I’ll buy so can we get a pile at the front started?”

To prove her point, she points to a pair of Rag and Bone booties. “Those in a six too.”

The power coursing through her is unmatched.

[♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡]

Rey thrives with a black card.

He loves the look of pure power and choice on her, though she occasionally looks to him seeking the limit. What’s too far for him?

Absolutely nothing, given he’s busted his ass and made enough money this month to support this kind of shopping trip that rolls into thousands of dollars territory.

Ben sits patiently as all hell in Gucci as Rey shops for a black luggage set. She rationalizes it with, “For the wedding.” He doesn’t know why she needs more luggage, already having three pink pieces and an armada of Louis Vuitton she ordered while drunk.

She wouldn’t have done it otherwise. He doesn’t care much as he watches her sign all the paperwork for delivery to their home, checking his watch. She’s got another five minutes, and he wonders what else she can buy in only five minutes. She comes back to him, on her phone and still holding the card.
“Is this cute?” She turns the phone around and shows him a sixty-six thousand dollar Birkin. It’s a bright pink crocodile print.

He nods and then she flips to another window. “This one too?” That Birkin has an ornate perforated edge, making it two-toned brown. It’s a more manageable price of fourteen thousand.

“Yes. Yes to both.”

Rey leans down and kisses him on the cheek, before standing up straight and pressing order. Then she brushes her hair out of her face and Ben rises to stand. “You know you’re hot when you spend my money.” The number of trips he’s had to make to the car is indicative enough, and luckily they parked close to the shops they’re in. They spent at least twenty-five thousand in Bloomingdale’s.

The Birkins surely trumps all her purchases, and he knows she’s buying the sixty-six thousand one for an investment. Ben figures he might buy her stocks for a wedding gift, or give her free rein to buy her own since he doesn’t want to overarch that much.

If she wants advice, however.

They walk out of Gucci and Rey tucks her receipt in her purse. “I’m glad. Most of that was terrifying for me.”

He asks, “What was your strategy?” Then he walks closer to her and tucks her under his arm.

She explains like a scholar would, “I see it, I like it, I want it, I got it.”

Ben smirks, “So I bet you’re all shopped out-”

She shakes her head. “No, I still want to go to West Elm. I want a new dining table for the house.”

Ben can’t help but laugh.

Wedding dress shopping is probably the one thing that Rey feels like a fish out of water doing.

Leia came just for the occasion, given that Rey has no mother figure to give their opinion. Finn and Rose were more than willing to come and give their input, and Kaydel also tagged along as an impartial third party that’s just a guest.

Ben, Poe, and Hux are going out and trying on suits across town, having a little guy time.

Rey brings her armada to Nordstrom, where she’s booked the appointment. Their bridal suite is supposedly very accommodating, and she’s nervous as all hell with any other place that’s not a department store.

Leia checks in for her while Rey sweats with Rose and Finn. “You did a good thing by wearing heels. They’ll know whether to hem the dress or add fabric.” Rose makes a good point but the baby blue Gianvito Rossi sandals hurt like a motherfucker.

Leia comes back to their group, and Kaydel drifts over after getting off her phone. “They’ll be ready for us in five minutes Rey smooths out the white high neck dress she’s wearing and makes sure the white Birkin is still on her arm.

“It’ll be fine peanut, they will pick lovely dresses.” Maybe he’s right, but she doesn’t want to dwell on how her body could look in some of them.
Rey has great legs and wedding dresses aren’t the garment for legs. The places where she views she’s challenged (her chest and broader shoulders) are more on display with wedding dresses.

Overall, today has been met with anxiety rather than elation.

They wait for five minutes until a girl comes and fetches them. Her name tag reads Sola and Leia whispers, “That’s the name of my mother’s sister.”

Rey doesn’t know a lot about Padme, besides being from very old money in California. She says, “it’s a pretty name.”

Sola looks back at them, “I assume you’re Rey, the bride?” Her hair is a light brown piled on the top of her head, looking smart in a black pantsuit. Her glasses are tortoiseshell and a trendy round shape.

“I am.”

“Nice to meet you, I’m Sola. Is there anything in specific you’re looking for off the bat?”

Rey takes all her research and uses it, “I would love to look at Berta and Blush by Hailey Paige gowns. I’d like to try on one pink gown for fun, I like satin and also lace. Sheer is fine.”

They’re taken to some couches assembled around a podium and multi-angle mirrors. Rey watches her friends and future mother-in-law settle, and another attendant fetches champagne. Rey wishes she could partake, but she’s picking up Ben when she’s done with this appointment.

Then Sola takes her to a dressing room in the back. “So how many dresses are you looking for?”

“Uh, three. But one of them is just for the two of us, and people will only see it for a minute.” Rey knows she wants an elegant gown to put over lingerie for their wedding night since he’s confessed that he’s taking her to late dinner after the wedding for a bit of privacy with his new bride.

She clarifies, “I want that one to be sexier and I don’t want to kill his mother.”

“Where are you two getting married?”

The penultimate question. Rey answers, “Paris.”

The decision had been easy: destination wedding to keep everyone but the important away, a place she’s never been before, and a good jumping-off point for a honeymoon. She’s proud of her decision and she plops down while Sola goes in search of dresses.

Rey texts Ben.

| Rey - 11:04 AM |

i hope you’re having more fun than me

She’ll loosen up as they get her in dresses, and she waits patiently for either Sola to come back or for Ben to text back.

Ben texts back first.
Suits are never my strong suit. Haha, get it. No, but just take a few deep breaths and revel in it.

you crack me up. but i just want to crawl out of my skin

Sola comes in then, loaded down with large garment bags as she hangs up every one.

Rey watches her and Sola asks, “So what looks are we thinking?”

Rey answers, “Ceremony, reception, private time.”

“Let’s get our private time dresses out of the way first then.” She unzips two bags to very sheer dresses. One is crafted with gold mirrors and embellishments that glitter and highlight a body beneath. The other one is silver and in the style of a high-low kimono, and it features metallic embroidery, glass beads, and sequins atop sheer nylon. One looks like a goddess of the sun and the other a goddess of the moon.

Rey points to the gold dress, “That one.” She’s wearing conservative lingerie today, white and high-waisted with a strapless bra. Then she gets out of her dress she’s wearing and Sola helps get the dress over her head. It’s got considerable weight to it with all the embellishments.

She stares at the dress in the mirror and twirls around, smoothing out her hips.

“I like it but…” she puts her finger on her lip before continuing, “I want to see the other one.”

Sola helps her out of the dress and puts her in the silver one which makes Rey feel a little more regal and ready for bed. She nods and looks at Sola. “Do you have an opinion?”

“It would be much easier to wear a bra and panties with the gold. Also, with some garters?” Sola makes a chef’s kiss motion and Rey giggles.

“Then I’ll take both, the silver preferably off the rack.”

Sola smiles wide then asks, “Shall we get to actual wedding gowns?”

There’s no better time than now.

“I like the satin.”

Finn says it and Rey looks uneasy in the mirror as everyone surveys the ball gown dress on her frame. Sola corrects, “It’s mikado fabric.”

Rose interjects, “I hate the sequin straps in the back. They look tacky.” Rey is glad they agree with her. While the skirt is gorgeous, and the top is as well, the sequin straps linking the open back kill the look for her.

Rey gives a thumbs down. Leia nods, “I agree. If it weren’t for those damn straps.” She’s been overall gentle in her criticisms of the dresses, and Rey is secretly glad. She knows mother-in-laws can get judgy but maternal feedback is something she needs.
Also, she gets good wife points for it.

Rey is getting off the podium when she hears an all too familiar, “Hello ladies and gents.”

Poe is striding up to the bridal party and Rey looks around in confusion as Hux follows. Rose straightens up, pushing her hair from her face and smiling slightly to herself. It’s no secret she would jump Hux’s bones after Finn’s engagement brunch.

“Why are you guys here?”

Poe answers as he sits down, “Ben found his suit in twenty minutes. Tried on one thing, went “that’s it”, and got it somehow sent to his fucking personal tailor.” Rey can practically picture it and snorts.

“So he went to the office, and he sends his love.” Rey blushes deep and clutches at her chest.

Poe looks to be getting cozy with Leia Organa as he compliments, “I love your hair Ms. Organa.” She walks back into the dressing room and Sola holds up the pink dress.

“This would be such fun for a reception, you know.” The skirt is a frothy pink tulle and the bodice a plunge. Rey views it like she’s in love.

“Let’s get it on me.”

Sola helps her out of the dress and into the next one, and Rey tosses her bra off. Then she smooths out the skirt and nods her head.

She says, “I wonder if I can still dance in this.”

Rey shimmies a little and holds her breasts, so one doesn’t move too much. “Might need boob tape. Let’s get an opinion from the peanut gallery.” Sola holds her skirt as they walk out.

Poe hollers, “Now that’s a fucking dress.” She goes crimson as she steps up onto the podium.

Leia asks, “Pink?”

Rey nods and Rose says, “It’s fun.”

Kaydel says, “It feels kinda prom though? Like maybe the pink is just throwing me off.” Rey nods, now viewing it in a different sort of lens.

She allows, “I can understand that sentiment.” She likes the dress, but maybe it’s not wedding material.

She announces, “I need to sleep on it.”

Hux replies, “Good idea.” He’s looking straight at Rose and Rey is going to have to pull them off each other at the wedding.

She just knows it.

Rey has plenty to chew on in the form of dresses, and she takes it out in the form of cooking dinner for Ben.
It’s taking shape as semi-complicated flank steak with chimichurri sauce, with cilantro lime rice. She already did the marinade the day before, and he watches on with interest as she silently cooks and uncharacteristically cleans up as she goes.

“Did you find any dresses?”

Rey nods, “One of them. For our private time.” What she’s not ready to tell him is that she bought the other one also, and it’s hanging in a garment bag in the apartment closet. She bought it to size, not caring much if it’s a little too roomy.

She’s wearing a utilitarian looking pajama set from La Perla, black shorts and a black short sleeve top trimmed in lace. Her feet are also in fuzzy UGG slippers and she focuses on getting the pan hot enough to sear a marinated steak slice.

“You graduate in two days.” Rey knows, she has rehearsal tomorrow.

“Yeah.” She drops a slice of steak in and it sears.

“Nervous?”

Rey gets ready to flip it, shaking her head. “Ready for it, oddly enough.”

She flips the steak and Ben gets up from the barstool and walks around the island to grab her hips. He leans down and kisses the top of her head.

“I’m excited to see what I paid for pay off. That’s always nice.” She smiles and sways in his arms. The moment feels so right.

Rey’s graduation day is a sunny spring day with barely any wind.

He knows she was praying for it as she was leaving in a rush this morning, freshly fucked and needing to get there early to meet Rose and Finn for photos.

His mother and father have arrived for the occasion, and Poe sits with them as well. Hux was dragged along with (he assumes by the allure of Rose), and they all make up an odd little brood.

“How long do these things typically last?”

Ben shrugs, “Hours. Lots of names to be called.” A hush goes over the crowd in the arena as graduates start to file in on a march played by the orchestra near the stage. Older men and women sit in the seats on stage, probably there to give speeches or hand out diplomas.

Ben can spot her even from this high up, with three buns at the back of her head and a decorated cap. It reads "I Paid How Much For This?" in glitter letters. She practically glides to her seat and keeps standing until everyone files in.

Then they all sit down, and the graduation proceeds.

It’s a boring and dreadful thing and he can’t imagine how she feels waiting for the names to be called and for her diploma to be in her hand. Ben already has a frame for it for her office.

They get to the names and he waits at the edge of his seat until the K’s. He bites his nails and his mother rubs his back. What if they don’t call her name? Or she trips?
“Rey Kenobi.” Ben can’t help his shout as he watches the love of his life bound across the stage in four-inch heels and take her diploma like a prize. She poses for the picture and then walks offstage, and Ben can’t stop clapping.

The rest of her life starts now.

A life he can’t wait to be a part of it.

Graduating feels like a rush in her veins that she can never replicate. Grabbing that diploma makes her want to cry and shout, “All the hard work has paid off!”

Instead, she moves her tassel from left to right and tosses her spare mortarboard in the air when demanded. And just like that, with her best friend Finn across the field somewhere, she’s a college graduate.

Finding Finn is easy and they embrace tight, and she inhales his cologne while she struggles not to cry from relief. Finn rubs her back and sways with her, her heels sinking into the grass. She couldn’t care less, and Ben comes into view, scanning over bodies for her. He spots her, and she runs for him, jumping into his arms with her graduation robes billowing behind her.

“Congradulations.” The pun makes her giggle in his ear and she kisses both of his cheeks before he lets her back onto her feet. Then she smiles at Han and Leia, taking the bouquet of pink carnations and white peonies.

“Thank you so much for coming, it truly means a lot.” Rey wipes her nose and holds the flowers and the diploma close to her chest. Ben snaps a covert photo and she blushes hard, then looking at Rose and Hux talking up a storm off to the other side. Rose hasn’t graduated yet, so she’s glad she found entertainment to quell those blues.

Leia suggests, “I made reservations for four at NoMI. We can give them up if you’re not feeling it-”

Rey nods fierce, andly, determined to make everyone happy, “I’m down.”

Ben rubs her back, and the touch is more than welcome.

He’s such a good fiance that he lets her take a nap after lunch.

Rey ate her weight in French food and collapsed into bed, still in her heels and polka dot Carolina Herrera dress and Saint Laurent Tribute heels. It’s a sight to behold, and she’s shocked he lets her just lay like that.

He wakes her up by calling her, Rey lifting her head with a groggy smacking of her lips and fluttering of her eyes to adjust to the bedroom lights being on. They go on a schedule so it’s not that shocking but transitioning from natural sunlight to that is a little jarring.

Answering the phone, she throws it on speaker and bites her lip. “Hey baby, you awake?”

Rey grumbles, “Am now.”

“Good, I’m bringing home that Mediterranean food you like near my office.” She sits up, an idea
sparking in her head and infecting her like a bad seed. The *dress*. Not just any dress, but the silver one hanging up in her closet.

She asks, nonchalantly, “Okay, how long?”

“About fifteen. It’s nice and light traffic today.”

“Perfect. I’ll pop some wine and see you in a few.”

“Love you, darling.”

She responds sweetly, “Love you too, daddy.” Then she hangs up the phone and springs out of bed, knowing she moved the silver dress to this home the other day. She picks up the garment bag and carries it back to the bedroom, then going back for heels.

Eventually, she decides against heels, wanting to look like a Grecian goddess. Rey fixes her buns to be less messy and more regal, then hightailing it downstairs in a robe to the wine cellar. The olive green silk robe only hits her mid-thighs. She searches for a red that’ll pair with beef, though she assumes they won’t be eating immediately once he sees the dress.

She uncorks it and pours it, hearing the garage open. She runs upstairs with the wine and throws off her robe, beginning to process of getting on the dress.

She’s close, just trying to zip it up. It’s heavy with all the embellishments, glass beading and metallic embroidery. “Rey?”

“Up here! Can we eat up here?” It’s easier to have a bed, anyway.

She hears Ben on the stairs and she delicately sits at the bench at the foot of the four-poster bed. Ben comes into the room, stops, and views her with a slack jaw that makes her smile wide.

“That’s gorgeous. When did you get that?” He’s enamored with her, setting the food on the dresser.

Rey lifts her chin, “When I was dress shopping. I couldn’t resist.” Her finger traces between her breasts, down her front to drift away from her sex. Ben reaches down to his belt, and she feels as if he’s trying to charm her like a snake.

It’s working as he heaves his cock out of his briefs and raises his eyebrows. “You want it?”

Rey nods and he comes closer, Rey tugging him by his hips and pushing on his ass to get him even closer.

“Kiss me first.”

He obliges, and the moment is so perfect that she never wants it to end.

Knowing Ben and his love, it won’t.

Chapter End Notes

epilogue coming after this. this has been a ride for sure. thoughts and feelings
Welcome at Twitter

Chapter title is inspired by "Work" by Iggy Azalea

Valentino Rockstuds  
Polka dot skirt  
Leather jacket  
La Perla bodysuit  
Rey's bitchy glasses  
The black firkin  
Chanel compact mirror  
Jimmy Choo heels  
rag and bone booties  
Gucci duffle  
Gucci suitcase  
Pink croc birkin  
Two tone birkin  
Rey's white dress  
Gianvito Rossi heels  
White birkin  
Gold sheer gown  
Sequin back wedding dress  
Pink ball gown  
La Perla pajamas  
UGG slippers  
Carolina Herrera dress  
Tribute pumps  
NoMi Chicago  
Green robe  
Silver high low gown

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