Contractually Bound

by Jay2Noir

Summary

It takes a lot to survive in the Outer Rim. You are a Loper, a small creature that is tough, at least on the outside you are. On the inside you're crumbling under the weight of the guilt that constantly plagues you: The death of your sister, the way you lash out at your parents to hide your pain, and the way you irresponsibly spend your money that drives your family further and further apart. It all changes when your mother gives you a job offer from the First Order. A job that will provide you with everything you need, plus a hefty sign-on bonus for your family to get out of such awful conditions.

You push past your pride, knowing it would make your sister happy to see you taking care of your family and accept the job offer, but not before you realize that not everything in the First Order is truly as it seems.
Okay. I tried to tell myself that I couldn't post this until I was finished with at least one of my other works, but the ideas just keep mounting and mounting in my head and I just couldn't keep it to myself anymore. Meet the story that's been keeping me awake at night for a while now, my newest Stockholm Syndrome tale.
Chapter 1

Growing up in the Outer Rim was all about survival. Survival of the fittest, survival of the richest, survival of the strongest, and so on and so forth. Just because one had money didn’t mean they would get to keep it for long if they could not fight off thieves, and just because someone could fight didn’t mean they were at the top of the food chain. There were many elements you had to master if you were to live a somewhat normal and happy life in such awful conditions, but you’d be lying if you said you weren’t making the most of it.

You sold your body for what little credits you could get, and you used those credits for things that ruined your body. Alcohol, recreational drugs, and tattoos done in back alleys by people who were less than professional. You had saved up 300 credits over the course of a year and got your first tattoo of an animal that everyone who knew you compared you to: A Loper. They were the largest burrowing rodent and were next to fearless. They were so sought after for their fur, but their sharp teeth, claws, and barbed tail usually kept the predators away. Just like you, they were fighters, they refused to be dominated and held down by people. When left alone they were harmless, but when bothered they were vicious.

You’d never forget the feeling of pride when you exited the stall and walked up to the bathroom mirror to admire the brand new ink that had been permanently etched into your skin; the fluffy brown rodent that was both cute and intimidating, your new friend that would forever live on your hip. There was very little light in the bathroom and the sound of the loud bass from the music playing in the club above you took away from the experience, but you knew when you got home you could stand in front of the mirror all day long, doing nothing but looking at your new tattoo. You reached into your pocket and handed the man the three hundred you owed him, and he sent you off with a wink, back upstairs to the club where you’d post yourself to meet with more clients. Your father had given you till tomorrow to pay him back his 500 credits that you borrowed to get into a party and you had just spent all your money on this tattoo. You’d have a lot of dick to ride tonight in order to make up the money you owed him.

Of course, clubs were meant to have fun, and while you did make a good hundred and fifty credits off the horny men in that club you ended up spending a third of it on alcohol. You got drunk and spent all night dancing, showing off your new tattoo and having a good time. In the morning you crawled back to your home in the scorching heat, your hair undone and your panties long gone. Your house was quiet, 7 AM meant everyone was still sleeping and you would be good to crawl away to your bedroom and sleep the hangover away.

But first, a bottle of water.

You locked the door behind you a stumbled into the kitchen. Your family had very little money and you weren’t even sure if you could afford a jug of water this week, but it wouldn’t hurt to check. You opened your fridge, which was currently unplugged and being used to store the non perishable foods that could be afforded and found no water. “Fuck.” You whispered to yourself. “Fuck is right.” You jumped at the sound of your father’s voice, turned around to see him sitting unamused at the dining room table. “Oh, hey pops.” You whispered, shutting the door and stepping away from the fridge. “I hope you were out last night making up our rent money back so that this roof can remain over our heads.” He said, dropping the newspaper he was reading so that he could focus all of his attention on you.

“Yes, of course I did, papa.” You said, laughing just a bit and pulling up on the waistband of your pants. “I have it right here, I just need to go see Sherman. I’m short a little bit and think I can make it up--”
“So you don’t have our rent money?” Your father cut in, you cringed as he saw right through you. “I said I have almost all of it!” You shouted, you hated it when people talked over you, and even your own parents weren’t immune to your rough attitude. “Well then where is it?” Your father shouted, throwing the newspaper over to the left and standing to face you. “I told you that you had to have that money back by today, this morning!” You could see his face turning red and knew he was getting angry, but what hurt the most was that you had failed him.

In fact, you had failed your whole family. Your mother and father both worked at the local market for pennies on the dollar. You were their only living child, your older sister Rose had taken up sex work as a way to bring in money as well, but ended up with the wrong type of client and didn’t make it out alive. Once you became 18 you tried to find some decent work but found nothing that would keep the lights on and a roof over your head, so with your consent your father hooked you up with a friend of his; Sherman. He was a professional sex worker and would be able to keep you safe, something your parents blamed themselves for with Rose’s death every day. He kept you in contact with the right kind of people, and even though everyone was doing everything right in the equation your insecurities, your fear of failing, and the hole in your heart that came from missing your sister caused you to act out. When you were drunk you had no cares, when you were high you had no cares, and getting your tattoo only made you appear tougher when in reality you were weak on the inside, always worrying about something when you were sober. Your life was slipping through your fingers before your very eyes, and you felt like you were all alone in dealing with it.

“Baby, I am so fucking sick and tired of you.” Your father said, pushing the table toward you forcefully. “Your sister is dead, your parents are barely scraping by, and you’re standing here in the kitchen smelling of alcohol! It’s like you don’t even care anymore!”

“I never said I don’t care!” You shouted, reaching into your pant pocket and pulling out the 90 some odd dollars you had from last night. “Here! Here’s what I have! Take it and leave me alone!” You threw it at him, then tried to move past him to your bedroom where you could nurse your hangover alone and in peace. He gripped you by the arm, pulling you back toward him and you shrieked. “What is that on your hip?” He asked, then you realized that the money was on the right side of your body where you had gotten your tattoo. “A bruise, thanks for asking.” You said, rolling your eyes. “Show me.” You father snarled, and you laughed out loud. “Why the hell do you want to see your daughter's hips, pop? You fucking pervert.” You said, completely uncaring over his feelings. Ever since your sister died and you started acting out both he and your mother had let you talk to them however you wanted. You hardly cared anymore, the word unbothered had made it to the top of your vocabulary as you tried to make it seem like you only cared for yourself nowadays.

But your dad didn’t care, he put you in a chokehold and forced the side of your pants down, exposing your new tattoo. You could feel his body heating up as the rage built inside of him. “You used our rent money to get a tattoo?” He shouted, pushing you forward into the living room. “What the hell is wrong with you? You tell me you do care for us, but you go and spend money on a tattoo instead of what your family needs!”

“Shut the fuck up dad!” Was the only thing you could say, with tears in your eyes you made a run for the stairs, and as you made it to the top your mother exited her own room with a look of concern on her face. “Baby, are you alright?” She asked, but you did nothing but push past her, headed straight to your bedroom where you could cry and feel like a failure all on your own.

You slammed the door shut, but the sound stopped echoing throughout your room just in time for you to hear your father shout ‘she spent our money on a fucking tattoo!’ You collapsed onto your bed and allowed your tears to flow, looking over and looking at the empty spot on the other side of the room where your sister's bed used to be. Your parents sold it two days after she died, you thought that’s when your anger had first manifested for them. Although you kept her ashes in a necklace with
three hearts hung on the side of your bed, you felt like they had simply given her away when they sold all of her possessions. You reached up and grabbed the necklace, holding it close to your heart as your tears fell steadily down your cheeks and onto your stiff pillow. “I’m sorry, Rose.” You whispered, feeling like you had to apologize to her and not your father for failing to pay him back. You clutched the chain, the necklace plus her ashes costed so much more than the tattoo and it was the one purchase you probably would not regret.

‘Don’t be so hard on her? Melanie! We’re going to be evicted if we don’t figure something out by tomorrow for maker’s sake!’ Your father shouted, followed by the sound of your silverware rattling around as if he had thrown the entire drawer. Once again your parents were arguing over a grievance you caused them. You couldn’t help but to feel like such an awful person, that everything that was going wrong in your life and your parents was your own fault. What hurt even more was you didn’t see a way to make it up to them. Your life had already been ruined, you could tell you were beginning to become dependant on alcohol and your reputation was tarnished as the ‘city’ whore, even though all of your clients were higher class and clean. It seemed nobody, not even your own parents wanted you around, and it was such a damaging feeling.

You turned onto your side, sleepiness finally coming over you. It had been a long night and you hadn’t slept at all in the last 24 hours. With your sister’s ashes clutched tightly in your palm you drifted off, ready to become wrapped up in your dreams where you would have no cares in the world.

You were getting ready to meet up with your boss, Sherman the following night. You brushed out your hair, sprayed on your perfume and put on your thigh high boots. Your regular Saturday night crowd always loved the boots, they usually netted you a lot of money. You had promised your sister’s ashes that all the money you made would go directly to your parents, you would try to make this as right as you could, although you knew there was very little you could do to remedy the entire situation. You smiled at yourself, tonight would be a good night, you promised yourself and your sister that everything would be fine.

There was a knock on the door, your mother shouting at you that it was her. You sighed, your parents hadn’t given you a reason to be angry at her so you begrudgingly let her in. She opened the door and slipped her body in, smiling at you subtly but you didn’t look at her for long. “Yes?” You asked her, you were getting ready to leave in the next ten minutes, what was she here to bother you about now?

“You expect me to go work for the First Order?” You asked her, dropping your arm at your side. “Baby,” she breathed, being as patient with you as she always had been. “Your father is just worried for you. He thinks you’re going down the wrong path and he doesn’t want to lose you like we lost Rose.” You rolled your eyes at her, dropping the ad to the floor in the most disrespectful way ever.

*The First Order seeks a live-in assistant for the various members of the officer team. Weekly pay, full-time benefits as well as a ten thousand credit sign on bonus. Contact the Human Resources department by mail to set up an interview.*

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“I’m not going to work for the First Order, mom. I don’t believe in war or enabling it by working for any of its members.”

“But think about it, baby.” Your mother said, bending over and picking the newspaper up and looking it over one more time. “If you are accepted into this position, you’ll be taken care of in much better conditions that you are here, and we can split the ten thousand dollars. It’ll be enough to get us out of here and into a much better area where we can get better jobs, and at the end of your job you can come back and we can live happily together. No more sex work, no more starving, just you and your parents.”

You sighed, feeling your anger coming up on you. “Yeah, that sounds good.” You said, dropping your brush and moving past her. “It’s too bad that Rose never got the opportunity, isn’t it?” The comment was uncalled for, but it was true. Why hadn’t your parents been on the lookout for a new job like that for Rose while she was still alive? Rose was such a great person, she probably would have taken the job and sent all of her money back home. She would have done anything to keep her family safe, but now she could do nothing.

“Would you just think about it, please? I know you know that Rose would not want you to be living like this.” Your mother called out to you, but all you did was shout the word ‘no’ at her. You hated when they brought Rose into the conversation like this, all it did was made you feel even guiltier.

The night went on, you had forgotten all about your mother’s pleas. At the hotel you worked at with three other girls you went about your normal routine with Sherman. One after another the men poured into your rooms, leaving their credits on the table before you showed them the best time you could. You did whatever they told you to, and if you did it well they’d leave you a tip. Sometimes a few coins, sometimes several dollars, and whatever you got in tips you got to keep. The money they paid upfront always belonged to Sherman, you got to keep thirty percent which was usually somewhere in the neighborhood of 100-150 credits. The men kept coming, some old enough to be your grandfather, some young enough to be your adult little brothers and this night you even had a woman. By the end of the night you walked away with well over seven hundred dollars, and when you got home the next morning you left all of it for your parents on the dining room table.

You thought about how proud Rose would be of you, could imagine her looking down on you and saying you were doing the right thing. You walked away from the table that morning and headed up to your room, feeling accomplished for the first time in such a long time. Upon entering you dropped your bag and changed out of your clothes, into your comfy pajamas and turned toward your bed.

You grew immediately alarmed when your sister’s necklace was missing from your bed post. You gasped about to scream angrily for your mother as she was the last person to enter your room. If she had sold off your beloved sister’s ashes there would be no way you would forgive her. However, the sight of the newspaper clipping on your pillow caught your eye, mainly because your sister’s necklace was wrapped around it safe and sound. You finally let your breath go as you sat down, picking the necklace up and holding it in your hands.

You realized that it was your mother’s final attempt at begging you to help her create a better life. Not just for you, but for her and your father as well. She was using Rose as a bargaining chip, once again bringing up her death as a way to get you to do what was right. You knew it’s not what Rose would want, you knew that Rose would want you to step up and stop being so selfish, to take care of your family when she couldn’t.

It hurt you so much to try to find reasons to not apply to the job, but knowing it would help, knowing it could pull your family out of the gutter you just couldn’t come up with any excuses. Holding both your sister’s ashes and the clipping in your hand you took note of the number, silently promising
your sister that you would go to the nearest payphone tomorrow and give the Order a call. “I won’t let you down, Rose.” You whispered to her, a stray tear falling down your face. “I’ll take care of this family.”

You were a Loper. You were tough, and strong, you could handle anything that came your way.
The nearest payphone to your house was an hour long walk into the city. After taking a short nap you put on some clothes and made it down the stairs to your front door. As you passed the kitchen you heard your father speaking with someone on his phone, the rent collector as it would seem. “No, I understand. Look, I have the money now. Can I just drop it off?” Your father said the stress in his voice put you off so much as he spoke of the money you had left on the table last night. As quietly as you could you slipped past the kitchen and grabbed your leather jacket from the coat rack near the door, trying your best to ignore your father as he pleaded with the owner of your house to give him one more chance.

“I have that! I have the thousand credits plus the extra for being late. I promise.” As you shimmied on your jacket you could hear the owner yelling at your father, could just barely hear him talking about how he was always paying late and he wasn’t going to take it another month. “I understand that, I really do. I can have the money there in ten minutes!” You couldn’t imagine the threats he was making against your father, and it hurt to know that it was your fault this time around that the money was late. You shook your head, thinking if you got this job in the First Order then your parents could probably buy their own home and pay less money than they do in rent. It wouldn’t be a bad idea, you thought to yourself. You just had to hurry to the payphone before the position was filled, then your parents would have one less worry on their shoulders.

“Hold on, hold on just a second.” You heard your father say, then heard the sound of his thunderous footsteps coming toward you. You scurried to the door handle, knowing your father was coming after you but you couldn’t make it out of the door fast enough before he was shouting your name, telling you to stop right where you were. “Where do you think you’re going?” He said, covering the receiver of the phone so the landlord couldn’t hear him reprimanding you. “Going to spend more of my money? Get another tattoo while your father tries to keep a roof over your ungrateful head?”

“Fuck off, pop.” You said, throwing the door open and stepping out. “Here, take the money to the landlord while you’re at it.” He said, handing you the wad of cash he had saved up. The landlord lived no more than ten minutes down the road, it wasn’t a big deal to stop before heading to the payphone. You took the money from him, but as you were headed out you heard your father clarify that his daughter would be delivering the money to him. “No, I only have one living daughter.” Your father said, and then on the phone you heard the landlord object rather loudly. You could just barely make out the words ‘I don’t want that whore around my house’ before he told your father to bring the money himself. Your father let out a strained sigh before snatching the money back out of your hand. “Don’t be out too late.” Your father scolded you as if you were a teenager, then you left him without another word, more arguing happening on the phone behind you.

“First Order Human Resources, hiring department this is Larissa how many I help you?” A woman answered the phone. She sounded so droll, so robotic like she wasn’t even interested in speaking with you. You politely said hello and introduced yourself, explaining that you saw the ad the Order had posted in the newspaper and were interested in applying. “For the personal assistant?” She
asked, sounding absolutely flabbergasted. “Oh, if you wanted to apply to that position you were to send your application in the mail.” She said sounding unsure. “Oh, okay. I guess I can find some way to do that.” You said, taking a look back down at the newspaper clipping in your pocket. It did say to apply via mail, you had just ignored it in the hopes of expediting the process.

“Well, what was your name again?” She asked, and you obliged her. “And you’re from planet Hathias?” She asked, you found it odd that she had known the planet that you were from, but as you confirmed that you were from Hathias you figured she just had the information from the payphone. “Oh, perfect!” She said, all of the sudden full of glee. “So before we move forward in the interview process we need you have you medically evaluated and you need a drug test. We can either have you go to the nearest First Order owned hospital or have a portable clinic come to you. Which would you prefer?” She asked, but you were probably even more confused than before you called. “Uhhh…” You said, it sounded as if you were already in their database somehow even though you had not contacted them, like they were expecting your call for the position. “The local hospital here is Hathias Medical Center, it’s like an hour and a half long walk from my house. Is that one alright?”

“Yes, that’ll be perfect.” She said, you could hear her going through some paperwork on the other side of the phone. During the silence there was a knock on the door of the phone booth, you looked over to find a middle aged man shrugging his shoulders at you, silently asking you what was taking so long. You held your finger up to him, it seemed like the strange phone call would be coming to an end soon. “Okay, so I’ll make an appointment for you for 1:30, when you get to the hospital I want you to give them this reference number. They’ll know who you are and what they need to do.” She said before rattling off a ten digit number that you scrambled to write down on the ad. “Okay, so what day will that be?” You asked, wanting the clarification before you hung up the phone. “Today, 1:30 today.” You stammered, unable to say anything after she told you you’d be getting a medical evaluation the same day you applied. You had never gotten a job this quickly before. You found it to be both bizarre and amazing, they must have been desperate.

Desperate enough to blindly ask for applicants from the Outer Rim. Once again, you thought it was strange but you weren’t going to question it. Ten thousand credits was a lot of money, and you felt like you owed it to your parents as well as your sister to try and earn it for them.

“Yes ma’am. They’re waiting for ya, don’t be late!”

“Yes, will I need my ID, or my--”

“No, ma’am. All you need to do is give them that reference number and you’ll be set.” She said, and that’s when the first shards of doubt began to appear in your mind. What kind of medical facility doesn’t require an ID? It was fishy, but you thought it would still be worth it. You had been in much worse situations before in your life, you were sure this wouldn’t be as bad as it seemed. You bid her farewell and hung up the phone, trying to shrug off the bad feeling in the pit of your stomach.

“Come on!” The man from outside the phone booth shouted, banging on the glass to hurry you out. You rolled your eyes at him, folding up the newspaper ad and shoving it into your pocket before exiting. “Sorry.” You mumbled under your breath, but the only thing the man did was huff and push past you, slamming the door once he got into the booth. You wanted to go off, to lift your middle finger at the man but you figured it wouldn’t be worth it. This job, no matter how dubious it seemed, was more important to you than the man ever would be. Instead you collected yourself and headed off in the direction of the hospital, feeling as confident as you possibly could.
As it turned out, your physical was even more strange than the phone call was. The first thing you asked was if you would need proof of insurance. You didn’t have health insurance and you weren’t even thinking about the high costs of healthcare on your planet until now. You blinked as the receptionist said the First Order was covering it all after plugging in the reference number they had given you, you wouldn’t need to give them any credits. So you sat and waited till they called your name, then you endured the first doctors visit you had since you were a child.

They checked your height and weight, checked your eyes, ears, nose, and mouth with a small tool with a light at the end. They checked your reflexes and asked you to bend different parts of your body in various ways, then asked you to pick up a block that weighed 25 lbs. Afterword they took your blood and saliva as well as swabbed different parts of your skin. It was tolerable to say the least and the entire thing took 45 minutes. You were happy when the doctor was packing up all of his tools, but he told you that you weren’t done.

He asked you to remove everything from the waist down and handed you a thin, blue paper gown. “What?” You asked, thoroughly confused. “The First Order has ordered a gynecological exam for you too. “Why?!” You asked, quite appalled. You had already had one of these once when you were eighteen before you went to work for Sherman, and they weren’t fun. You thought it was due to your occupation, but this job that you were applying for was to be an assistant.

“It’s due to the fact that all female employees must be on the First Order issued birth control. They need to make sure your reproductive system is healthy and functioning the way it should.” Well, that certainly did make sense. It sounded like a good deal too. Every month Sherman gave you a pregnancy test like object to urinate on that told you when you were ovulating, and when it came up positive you were out of work for a week until it had stopped. The two other girls you worked with could afford birth control and didn’t need the ovulation tests, but you did because the pills were too expensive. At least you could have all the sex you wanted to at your new home, but that was only one of a few positives you could think of.

You sat with your legs spread as the doctor swabbed your vaginal walls, then got a new Q-tip and swabbed your cervix. Afterword he used his fingers to feel around inside of you, just like your last exam. It was invasive, it was painful, and you hated every second of it. By the time it was over you had never been more thankful to have a man’s fat fingers out of your cunt, lifting your feet from the stirrups and snapped your legs shut, almost vowing to never open them again.

“Very good.” He said, removing his gloves and stepping over to the sink to wash his hands. You sat watching him with your chin resting on your knees as he explained that he would add your viles to the top of the list and you would only have to wait an hour at the most. He told you that you were free to dress and wait out in the waiting room, they would call your name as soon as the results came back.

An hour came and went, and after burying your nose in the various magazines the physicians kept in their waiting room your name was finally called once again. You stood to your feet and walked back to the exam room where the doctor explained that you were quite healthy for someone with a ‘lifestyle’ such as yours. You assumed he was speaking of your profession, your alcoholism, and your use of recreational drugs, but nevertheless you were happy to hear that you were healthier than you thought you were.

“Okay, they’ve let me know that they’re ready to move onto the in-person interview since your health has checked out.” He said with a smile, fixing a stack of papers in his hand before handing them to you. It was a summary of your visit and the results of your various exams. You didn’t have
long to go over them before he started speaking to you again. “So if you’d like I can have a taxi pick you up and take you to the airstrip where you can head to the Supremacy right away.”

“Now?” You asked. “You want me to go right now?” Once again, you were taken aback at the urgency these people had for getting you into this position. “Yes ma’am.” He said, chucking at you for a minute before continuing his sentence. “They’re in a rush to fill this position, so the sooner you get to the Supremacy the better.” You cocked your head to the side as you contemplated what you should do. You wanted this job, and as far as you were concerned you agreed: the faster you got into the Order the better. But you weren’t sure if leaving your family this afternoon was a good idea, especially since you had to work tonight. “If they’re in such a rush, do you think I could get hired today?” You asked, as if a doctor would know what plans are being executed on another planet. He shrugged, clicking his pen away and sticking it back into the pocket of his medical jacket. “It’s possible.” He said. “Did you want me to phone a taxi for you?”

You squint your eyes as you shook your head, thinking you at least owed your parents an explanation as to where you had been all day and you definitely didn’t want to leave the planet without your sister’s ashes accompanying you. Especially if you were to get hired on the spot and wouldn’t be making it back. Even though you and your parents didn’t always get along, you at least wanted to say goodbye if you were going to be moving out of their house and somewhere new.

“Are you sure?” He asked, his eyes widening like he couldn’t believe you had just told him no. “Yeah, I mean I still haven’t told my family that I’ve started the process of getting this job. I just need a day to talk to them about it.” He sighed, pulling out a small phone and tapping on it a few times while flashing you an unsure look. “Positive? They need to fill the position quickly and I can’t guarantee that it will still be available tomorrow.”

“I’m sure.” You said with a smile, twiddling your pointer fingers. “But is it possible to--”

“There are thousands of other applicants, if you don’t go to the Supremacy today then it may put you out of the running. Are you absolutely positive you want to wait on it?” The doctor spoke, cutting you off and irritating you further. If he would have just let you finish your sentence he would have gotten a suggestion that would satiate the both of you.

“Yes, you’ve said that already.” You bit out, bearing down on your teeth as you tried to quell your anger. “But like I was trying to say, is there any way you can arrange to pick me up tomorrow afternoon and I’ll be ready for an interview?” He eyed suspiciously, as if you had asked him to hand you a cut of his pay for the day. He cocked his head to the side, cracking his neck as he moved closer to the door while dialing a number on the device. “I’ll see what I can do.” He said, stepping out and bringing the phone up to his ear.

Try as you might, you couldn't clearly hear what was being said on the other side of the door. You could hear him speaking, but his words just weren’t clear enough through the thick wooden door. You began to wonder about the situation again, why would a doctor be discussing such a thing with the people who were working to get you hired? Furthermore, why was he speaking about such matters in a hallway with so many people walking by? Things weren’t adding up and you grew more and more suspicious by the moment, but as the doctor entered with a large, satisfying smile on his face.

“I’ve just spoken with HR and transportation, and they’ve agreed to pick you up at noon tomorrow for your in-person interview.” He said, and part of you felt relieved. You slid of the examination table and thanked the doctor, when he held out his hand you shook it without any hesitation. “Have a good one!” He said, wishing you luck for your interview. You thanked him before exiting the room and heading toward the main hospital exit.
On the walk home you tried to reason with yourself that it wouldn’t be as strange as you thought it was. The Order was a very busy, very secretive organization so they had their reasons for rushing your interview. Maybe they didn’t want people to know they were hiring and they didn’t want people to know who was applying in fear of retaliation against that person. You made it make sense in your head; war was truly something you didn’t try or want to understand.

By the time you made it home it was going on evening, your parents had made some potato soup for dinner and were silently eating at the dining room table. They both eyed you as you walked in, but said nothing to you as you ascended the steps up to your room to change into your pajamas. On the way back home you had contacted Sherman and told him you’d have to call out. He was upset, but you had a job interview tomorrow. You couldn’t be up all night bringing pleasure to the people and end up smelling of sex the next morning.

After changing into your pajamas you made it down to the kitchen where you poured yourself a cup of soup and sat down at the table between your parents. They looked stressed, like they had something they needed to tell you but didn’t have the heart to say it. Their bowls were full despite them being at the table for longer than you were, and they simply watched you while you ate. Your day had been so strange, you thought you’d go back to a sense of normalcy back home; back to arguing with your father and making your mother cry. But no, everyone was silent as you at your soup. It made you nervous, but you felt like you had to say something if they weren’t. They deserved to know what was going on in your life, especially since you were doing this to benefit them.

“Um, mom?” You broke the silence gingerly, her eyes went from her soup to yours in a moment. “So, I was thinking about the offer you gave me last night, and um…” You faltered, just now coming to the realization that if you took this job it would mean you’d be away from everything you had known all your life. Your parents had already gone from two children to one, and now once you took this job they would essentially lose their last child. The members of the Order had never told you how long you’d be gone, for all you knew you’d have to leave them for the next few years.

“And?” She said, cutting into your silence. As if all the suspicious stuff going on in the order hadn’t put you off, all of the sudden you were getting cold feet. You knew your family needed the money and you knew they wanted you to take the job, but just the thought of being so far away from your parents greatly upset you. You almost wanted to say no, but you had gone through all the trouble of the medical exams and set up an interview for tomorrow, you couldn’t back out now.

“Well, I’ve decided to take it.” You said, placing your spoon back into the bowl and abruptly feeling ill. “Oh?” Your mother asked. “Yeah.” You said, looking down just in time to stop a tear from falling into your soup bowl. “I went to a payphone in the city and made a call, they set me up for an interview tomorrow morning. I had my physical exam and everything today.” You looked up to your father who was looking angrily down into his bowl. Your heartbeat picked up as you wondered what you had done this time to disappoint him, wasn’t he the one that found the ad for you to begin with?

“Oh, well that’s great, baby.” Your mother said stiffly. Her uninterested tone caught you by surprise. You would have thought at least she would be proud of you, and you thought that, at the very least, both of them would be happy to hear they’d be getting ten thousand credits to move out of their home. But no. They just sat there staring down at the thick white soup they were meant to be eating.

You felt like crying some more, the feeling of rejection filling your chest as the way they reacted to the good news. You repressed your tears, eating the rest of your tasteless soup in silence as you figured that not even your best is good enough for your parents. That was why they always got your worst.
The next day you found yourself numbly going through your closet looking for something decent to wear. You didn’t have very many clothes that weren’t geared toward your profession, which is why you had started going through your closet early just in case you had to run to the seamstress store and buy a new one. It was 10 AM, and as you were rummaging through all of your clothing you were surprised to find an elegant looking maroon dress that didn’t belong to you. You pulled it off the hanger and once you got it into the light of your bedroom you realized that it was not yours, but your sister’s.

It was from her high school prom night, your parents had saved and saved for that dress and you remembered she looked so stunning in it. Her happiness was radiant as she walked down the steps, it hugged her perfectly in all the right places. You took one of the sleeves in your hand as you recalled that this was your favorite part about the dress: the transparent floral sleeves just seemed so cool to you. You smiled as you realized it was another part of Rose that your parents had missed to sell, probably thinking it had been your dress instead of hers so they left it for you. You felt the familiar lump growing in your throat as you thought of it as a gift from Rose, a way to say ‘let em have it!’ as she often did to you. Now you really knew that Rose would be watching over you during this whole ordeal, you knew you’d have nothing to be afraid of with your sister so close to you during your interview. You dressed in your sister’s dress and stood in front of your mirror, even though your eyesight was stained with your tears you could see yourself and you looked beautiful. You turned, lifted your arms up and looked at yourself from every angle, knowing that you looked good but nothing would top how stunning Rose was the night of her prom.

By the time you had finished admiring yourself in the mirror it was 11:45 and you realized that you had to go. You reached into the closet and threw on your black sneakers as they were the only shoes you owned and then sprinted downstairs. You didn’t want to be late and leave the driver waiting. You were halfway down the steps when you realized you had forgotten one crucially important thing for this new adventure. Turning and sprinting back up the steps and into the bedroom you snatched Rose’s necklace off of your bedpost. “Sorry, sis.” You whispered to her, placing a light kiss on the red container. You paused to clasp the necklace on your neck where it belonged, then when you felt like you had gained all the confidence in the world you decided to go wait downstairs just as you originally planned.

You sat at the bottom of the steps just waiting for the horn. You were nervous, your stomach in knots as you fiddled with the necklace trying to convince yourself you’d be just fine. From behind you the sound of footsteps descending the stairs made you turn around and you were met with your mother smiling genuinely at you.

“Today’s the day, isn’t it?” She said, pulling her robe closed as she got closer and closer to you. You stood and smiled at her, your mother had always been so sweet; she never deserved to lose one of her daughters and she never deserved half the turmoil you put her through. “Oh look at you, in your sister’s dress!” She said, reaching out and running her fingers down the netted sleeves of her dress. You could see tears welling in her eyes, it had struck a nerve with her just as it had with you, and once again you found yourself tearing up. “If I didn’t know any better I would have thought you were her.” The tears fell down her cheeks and you realized that she would probably be missing you more than you thought she would.
“You’re so brave, baby girl. I’m so proud of you, and I know Rose would be too.” She said, and you couldn’t help but to pull her into a hug. You held your mother as she cried on your shoulder, she felt like she was losing another child just as you suspected. “It’s okay, mom. I promise it’ll be okay.” You assured her, but you found yourself crumbling once again. “I won’t be gone for long, it’s just an interview I’ll be back before the end of the day.”

“I know, I know.” She said, pulling out of your embrace. She ran her hands down your cheeks and held you there, you could tell that she never wanted to let go. “Your father, he may not always show it but he loves you. He loves you and he’s proud of you as well.” She said, but before you could reply there was a horn honking from outside of the door. You turned around to look out the window and sure enough there was a yellow taxi posted outside. You turned back to your mother, your lip trembling as you realized it would be time to say goodbye. You didn’t know why you were so scared, it was an interview. You’d be gone for a day at the most. You were nervous being so far away, but it wouldn’t be for long.

“Go on, baby.” Your mother said, letting go of your arms. “Do big things and keep your head up” She said, both of you shared a giggle as you did. “Will do, mom.” You said, wiping the last of your tears out of your eyes and moving to the front door. Your mother stared at you with tears in her eyes, bidding you a short goodbye before you were opening the door and stepping out into the warm sunny morning. The taxi driver was staring at you, honking one more time to get you to hurry up. You cast one more look at your mother, waving at her as she followed you out the door. She was watching you as you clutched your necklace in your hand, hurrying to the taxi as to not keep him waiting for very long. You took one last look at your home as you slipped into the back of the cab, situating yourself to be comfortable as you put your seatbelt on. “Hathias airstrip, ma’am?” He asked, putting in the address into his GPS without even looking at you. “Yes, sir.” You confirmed. “Okay, the First Order has paid your fare so you’ll be good to go.” He assured you, then began pulling away from your home.

You watched it disappear over the horizon, feeling homesick already and you hadn’t even been gone for two minutes. The only thing that could keep you positive was the thought of not seeing this house again, being able to live in a house that was much bigger and better for your family. And the only way to do that was to swallow your fear and attend this interview. “Thank you.” You mentioned, turning around and looking straight ahead. The only way to go from here was up, and just like your mother said all you had to do was be brave, do big things, and keep your head up. Everything would be just fine.

Chapter End Notes

Oooh I'm so happy to finally be writing this story out! It's been brewing for months now. Next chapter is when it all goes down, be prepared!!
Chapter 3

As it turned out, the Supremacy wasn’t a planet of its own. It was a ship, and a massive one at that. You had fallen asleep on the ride into space and woke up just in time to see your small aircraft pulling into the hangar. Over the speaker the stewardesses were giving out small facts about the Supremacy, saying it was the Order’s Flagship and housed over 2 million people. You were intimidated, knowing you were such an impoverished person flying into an expensive ship was scary. But it was something you’d have to do, and it was something you knew you could do. You held onto the locket around your neck as the ship came to a stop, your other hand fidgeting with the hem of your sister’s dress. You felt like you were gonna puke, the nerves in your stomach were standing at attention and you were starting to get the feeling like this was a bad idea once again.

You stand, ready to disembark and try to find your way to the HR department for your interview when you’re stopped by one of the flight attendants. “You’re here for an interview, correct?” She asks, and with a polite smile you nod your head at her. “Sure, if you’d like to follow me, I’ll take you to the office and get you all set up.” She’s very happy, very positive, and full of good energy, they had been traits you had never heard of the Order. The only thing you had heard about the Order was that they were bloodthirsty assholes that were hellbent on ruling the galaxy. You wanted no part of it, you decided that when you went to the phonebooth you would only be a member of the Order by name, not by value. You wouldn’t condone anything the leaders of the Order would be doing, you would simply be fetching them coffee and running copies for them.

You would only be an assistant, nothing more and nothing less.

So you followed the stewardess as she led you through the halls, taking note of all the black that surrounded you. You had thought your old life was depressing enough, but now the only thing you’d have to look at for however long your employment contract was for were these black walls, black floors, and black ceilings as tragically offputting. The long, cylindrical lights that were built into the walls contrasted the black as did the storm troopers that were dressed in head to toe white armor, but that was about it. Everyone else except for you in your burgundy colored dress and your red necklace was dressed in all black, you knew it would be one hell of a ride.

You eventually came to a large circular waiting area, the entire way around the wall were a row of leather couches and at the very end sat a large marble-top desk. Built into the entire wall behind the desk was a large, tranquil waterfall that fell into some polished stones at the bottom. The woman behind the desk had on black lipstick and had black hair tied up in a tight bun atop her head; she speaking on the phone, writing something down on a notepad, and had a holocall going on a nearby datapad all at once. You thought it was impressive, there was no way you’d be able to focus on everything all at once like that. Your head started spinning as you wondered if this is what you’d be doing, multitasking while the person you’re working for goes off on their regular duties. You gulped as you realized you may be put out of the running, you hadn’t yet learned how to multitask so well.

You swallowed your fear as you made it to the desk with the stewardess, and as if everything the receptionist was doing was not important the stewardess simply butted into all of her conversations at once. She greeted her quite dully, letting her know that you were here for your interview and that they were expecting you around this time. The receptionist looked lost for a second before her eyes wandered away from the notepad and over to you, then she flashed you a tight lipped smile before motioning her head over to the corner seat. The stewardess nodded her head, then explained that
someone would be with you shortly while pointing to the corner seat just as the receptionist had earlier. You smiled at her, then obeyed your orders and sat down just as they had told you to do.

As you waited you silently observed everything that was going on around you. Men and women walking around in expensive looking business suits and intimidating looking uniforms, almost everyone carried a blaster on them and they all seemed to have their nose in their own business. They carried expensive tablets on them, some simply tapping on them and others taking holocalls as they walked to their destinations. It was so rich, not what you were used to at all. Back at home people begged in the streets, the most expensive gadget you had ever seen on your home planet was a credit card and the people certainly weren’t dressed in expensive clothing like they were here. It was all brand new to you, and it would take a lot of getting used to.

Sitting there listening to the light sound of the grand built-in waterfall behind the desk you noticed a strange trend: Everyone who walked past you and the four or five people that sat around you were all staring at you. You hadn’t noticed it at first, it started when you stopped to observe a woman’s beautiful First Order insignia broach. It looked as if it were made entirely of rubies and you looked up to smile at her only to find her scowling at you. It was like she was judging you for daring to wear any other color except for black and you took great offense. You lifted a brow and scowled back at her, then looked at one of the other young men that was sitting on the other side of the waiting room and found that he was giving you an unsure look as well. Both individuals quickly looked away once you caught them staring, and it made you quite uneasy. You figured you must have stuck out like a sore thumb wearing a red color, but wasn’t red the other signature color of the First Order? It couldn't have been that unheard of. This continued with every person you saw, including the helmeted storm troopers that craned their necks to look at you as they walked by. They all either gave you surprised or dirty looks, it was a disturbing experience, they must have known you were an outsider.

Luckily for you a man in a suit stepped out from one of the surrounding rooms and called your name, and you couldn’t be happier to stand and exit stage left. Your sneakers squeaked on the polished tiled floor below you as you made your way over to him and even though you hadn’t seen any of the people staring at you, you could tell that everyone’s eyes were on you.

“Hi, how are you doing?” The man asked with a warm, welcoming smile. “Doing well, thanks for having me!” You said as cheerfully as you could, reaching your hand out to shake his. He shook your hand strongly, like an actual businessman who was about to conduct a formal business transaction. He was unshaven, brown hair that hung down past his ears. He looked far less professional than the rest of the people around you were. He politely asked you to follow him, and on your way to the meeting room he went over the basic information you had to recite to everyone else you had met so far: Name, home planet, and position applying for. Once he had confirmed all of your information matched he made a sharp right into a large and ominously empty meeting room.

It was a strange place to be doing a job interview, you had been under the impression that job interviews took place in offices or in backrooms, or whatever. You weren’t going to question it, instead you sat down in the chair he pulled out for you and tried to push the doubt to the back of your mind.

“Lights are out here, hope that you don’t mind.” He said as he took a seat across the table from you. “No, not at all.” You said, pushing your hair back behind your ears and flashing him a nervous grin. This was your first job interview, you had to make sure it didn’t end badly.

He began speaking about the Order, about their values and their policies and employee benefits. It was a nice little introduction, it cast the organization in a good light and was certainly more than what you were expecting. They made it seem like, if you joined the Order, you would become a part of a
big happy family, and from what you had seen out in the waiting room, you’d be a member of a family full of uptight jerks that didn’t like outsiders. He went onto explain employee benefits and pay, and as he did you cast your eyes down to a thick packet of papers that had been on the desk since the moment you had walked it.

*Contract of Employment.* Was what it said across the top, followed by the title ‘Personal Assistant’ right below it. You let his words play in the background of your mind as you read the text on the front, it all seemed to be pretty normal stuff. You flicked your eyes up to the man doing your interview, catching his first question to you just in time to answer. “What are you expecting of this position?” He asked, a neutral look on his face. The first question of your first proper job interview, it had to be a good answer.

“Uh, I’m looking for growth and improvement in the field, mostly. Experience too.” You said, clutching part of your dress in as if you were holding your sister’s hand. It put you at ease, allowed you to think through your answer a little more thoroughly. “Interesting. Anything else?” He asked, and you were happy to answer him again. “Sure! I’ve been wanting to learn a little more about the Order and what they stand for, really. What better way to do that than with a little immersion?” The man smiled as he leaned in closer to you, nodding his head like he approved of your answer. “Good, good. Well we in the Order do pride ourselves on our outlook and plan of success, and we’re happy that you’re interested in being a part of that.”

There were other questions you had to answer, what did you think your best quality was, what did you think your worst quality was, how were your organization skills and so on. Your favorite questions were the role-playing scenarios, questions like ‘what would you do if you had sixteen copies to make, ten phone calls to return, and you had to go through your employer's emails all in one shift?’ Or ‘What would you do if your employer called out sick from work but still wanted you to assist them?’ You tried to have fun with it, to think logically while you answered and by the time everything was all said and done you felt really good about yourself. The man that was interviewing you smiled and laughed with you, and when he stretched his arm across the table and told you with a generous smile that he’d like to hire you for a personal assistant for the Supreme Leader, you were over the moon.

You took his hand in yours and shook it vicariously, feeling the need to cry knowing that your family back at home could now get ahead in life with the sign on bonus they’d be receiving. “Oh, thank you! Thank you so much!” You said, trying your best to keep your emotions in check. “No, thank you!” He said enthusiastically, when he finally let go of your hand he placed his hands over the contract and pushed it across the table toward you. “Now, let’s get into your employment contract.” He said, and you nodded your head eagerly.

He flipped through the pages pretty quickly running his hands down the sides and explaining them as ‘pretty standard stuff’ most of the time. “This page explains your base pay, 13 credits an hour plus three free meals a day as well as free room and board, your uniform, that kinda thing.” He said, pointing out the meal plan for the day. You nodded in reply, trying to follow what he was saying in the document at the same time but found he was going too fast, flipping the pages and rushing through the explanation of the ‘basic duties’ of your job all the way to the benefits. “Yeah, policy on sick days and personal time off, it’s all in here.” He said with a nervous giggle. “We’ll give you a copy to look over on your own time, but if you don’t mind we’re kind of on a time crunch…” He carefully explained as he flipped to the very end of the packet. On the page was a simple line of text, “I hereby agree to abide to all arrangements and clauses presented to me in this contract. Every section of the contract has been explained to me and I understand what’s to be expected of me for the duration of my contract.” Right under the text was a blank line that said ‘signature and date’ and it didn’t take too much common sense to know what you had to do.
“So if I could just get your signature and date right here we can move you right along through the hiring process.” He let go of the contract in favor of handing you a pen, but you had one grievance with what he said and you couldn’t sign it without clarification. “Sure, but do you know when I’ll be able to go back home and see my family?” You asked as you took the pen from his hand. In your other hand you were gripping your sister’s dress, overcome by emotion you felt like you needed her support in order to move forward. After all, you were doing this for your family. It would be unfair of you to have left them earlier that morning and not come back when you said you were.

“When would you like to go back?” He asked, his look of happiness beginning to morph into one of irritation. “Well, I mean I was kinda hoping I could go back today, after my interview.” He stared at you, his eyebrows shooting up as he looked down at the contract for just a second before speaking again. “Yeah, that shouldn't be a problem.” He said, but by the shift in his tone you didn’t believe him. “Are you sure?” You asked, clicking the pen as a way to ground yourself and calm your nerves. Why wouldn’t you be allowed to visit your family and let them know you got the job? “Cause it doesn’t sound like you’re sure.” You said as sternly as you could, once again going back to your old ways of being abrasive as a way to hide your fear.

“No, no I’m sure.” He said, a grin stretching across his face as he pushed the contract toward you again. “I can put in the request right after your meeting with the Supreme Leader, how long did you want? It shouldn’t be an issue.” You shrugged, this time pointing the pen down toward the paper when you saw him writing down a note on his notepad. “Maybe like three days, just to spend some more time with my parents and tie up some loose ends before I take the job here. That’s all I need” He smiled at you, finished writing his note about what you presumed to be about your request to go back home to your family. “Well, that certainly sounds doable to me.” He said, perking up a bit as he placed his pen and notepad down. “I’ll put that in, as soon as you sign the contract you’ll officially be a member of the First Order and it’ll be much easier to approve than by just putting in a note. So if you would?” He spoke, tapping the line you were supposed to sign one more time.

You smiled at him as you gripped the pen in one hand and your dress in the other, knowing that once you placed your signature on the paper there would be no going back. It was a life changing decision that only you could make, you still weren’t sure how long you would be bound to the Order but for however long it was you would not be able to see your parents or your home planet. If you felt like you couldn’t handle it you still had the option of backing out, but you were a Loper. You were fierce and could do anything you set your mind to, including working for the First Order if it meant your family would be well taken care of in your absence.

“I would love to.” You said, clicking the pen open one more time and laying your signature on the line. This was it, you had just signed a portion of your life away to the Order, and you couldn’t have felt any better. This was going to be a fresh start for you, to make an impression on people who didn’t know you as the city whore already. There would be some class issues to overcome, sure, but at least you’d be thrust into this new environment prepared. You’d have the high end clothes, the technology, and the tools you’d need for success in such a place. You were sure that, before you even knew it, you would be just another member of the First Order family, as the man had said it.

Once you had lifted the pen from the paper, dotted all i’s and crossed all t’s and were happy with your signature and date, you looked up to the man to hand him his pen back and found him staring at you, possibly a little too happily. You looked back down to the packet and slid it over to him, trying your best to avoid the offputting gaze he was casting over to you. “Excellent. Thank you for your time.” He said, taking the contract in his hand and flipping to the first page. “Now, if you’d like to follow me I’ll take you to where you final meeting will be, and then the Supreme Leader will tell you what to do from there.” He stood from the side of the table, taking your contract with you as well as the pen. With a proud grin on your face you stood as well, following him and preparing yourself meet the man you’d be working for. As a silent way to thank your sister you lightly caressed the
heart that hung around your neck, you were certain that you couldn’t have done anything about your new job without her guidance.

The walk to your destination was a rather long one, long enough for the soles of your feet to start feeling sore. This part of the ship was much quieter than where you had been before, you hadn’t seen another person for at least ten minutes. “Alright, here you are. These are the Supreme Leader’s personal quarters, he’s asked that you meet him here for your first meeting and then he’ll direct you to your personal quarters afterward.” He said, smiling as he punched a number into the keypad next to the door. It was a double door that slid open and revealed a spacious living room. You smiled as you walked into the room, taking a look at everything that surrounded you.

The only thing that you could think was you were in a super fancy hotel. It was modest, sparsely decorated other than a huge TV that was mounted to the wall in front of a luxury leather sectional couch. You looked to the left and saw rather large kitchen that had a number of bells and whistles, as if a master chef would be cooking there for your boss, and hopefully you later on. You saw several an expensive looking mixer, a two door fridge, granite countertops and more cabinets and drawers than you could count. It made your sad little kitchen at home look like a closet, and once again you started to feel like you were severely out of place, especially when you looked to the right of the living room and saw a full sized bar with many different alcohols around it as well as some comfortable looking barstools.

“Just go on and have a seat on the couch, I’ll let the Supreme Leader know that you’re here. The man said to you, grabbing your attention from the extravagant interior all around you. His smile looked so hollow and so fake, you weren’t really sure what to think of the man now that his demeanor had changed so much. It was just as unusual as everything else you had gone through to get this job, and just like with everything else you tried not to think about it too much. What was there to worry about now? You had the job just like you wanted, now all you had to do was have this one last meeting and you’d be able to go home to your parents.

You sat and stared out the port window to pass the time, watched the stars and much smaller ships fly by your window and wondering how much smaller you planet was next to the Supremacy. Two million people was a lot, you were certain that not even a quarter of that lived in the city near your home. You sighed, you couldn’t wait to get home and tell your parents all about your new job and your new living space, you were sure they’d be so proud of you.

Along with staring out his port windows you stared at his steps, wondering if his second floor was just as exquisite as his first level was. It was amazing to find yourself right in the middle of royalty, but you wouldn't expect any less from someone who held the title of ‘Supreme Leader.’ So you stared at all of his possessions, looked out into the darkness of space and just waited. You had no idea who this Supreme Leader was, although his title sounded important you wondered what you’d be doing for him. Coffee runs, copies made, phone calls? Did the Supreme Leader even need any of those things done for him? You probably should have read deeper into your contract, maybe then you wouldn’t be sitting here in the dark.

Time went on, and soon you found yourself jumping to your feet as you heard the door sliding open behind you. You had assumed you’d need to be respectful at all times so as soon as you laid eyes on the tall, helmeted man dressed in all black (surprise surprise!) you bowed and greeted him as formally as you thought to for the evening. “Good evening, Supreme Leader.” He looked toward you, crossed
his arms behind his back as he took a few more steps into his home, the blaster doors shutting behind him. “Good evening, you must be my new assistant.” You smiled as you nodded your head, clasping your hands in front of you as you tried not to let the fear burning in your stomach make its way up your throat and all over your new boss. This man was scary looking, the closer he got to you the more you realized his massive he was. His helmet was soulless and emotionless, and it disguised his voice and made him seem inhuman. It was something you hadn’t thought about, what if you were working for someone who was not human?

You watched as he looked you up and down, the way his helmet tilted up and down sent chills up your spine, you wished he would just take the damn mask off and you’d be much more comfortable with your new boss. “Very good.” He said, placing emphasis on the word ‘very’ as he continued to examine. You couldn’t handle all the attention he had on you, you were worried that he knew your secrets and about who you really were. Were you not enough for him? Would he tell you that he didn’t want you? You crossed one leg in front of the other as you waited for his next instruction, you couldn’t wait for him to show you where you would be saying.

“Very happy to be meeting you finally.” He said, then turned away from you toward the kitchen. “You as well.” You retorted, your eyes lighting up as he lifted a gloved hand toward his kitchen. “Will you join me for a meal? I’d, I’d like to get to know you.” He said, and suddenly you had butterflies fluttering in your stomach. What was this? Like a date? A date with your boss that you just met? You couldn’t repress the smile that bloomed as confidently nodded your head. “I would love to, Supreme Leader.” You said happily, the walked in the direction of his high-end kitchen. For every outlandish experience you had getting into this position, you had to think it would all be worth it for your boss to be offering you dinner with him. This would be fun, you thought to yourself. This would be a wonderfully rewarding job.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you’re ready for the next chapter, because that’s truly when things go awry.
Chapter 4

You sat at the dining room table and waited for the Supreme Leader to return to you. You couldn’t believe that he was the one doing all the cooking, you would have thought that someone as prestigious as he was would have hired a personal chef, but no. You could hear him sauteeing something, adding a liquid to something hot that created a delicious sounding searing noise. You sat there with your knees crossed under the table while fiddling with your necklace, the smell of cooked meat filled the air and your stomach growled accordingly. Whatever he was cooking, you couldn’t wait to sink your teeth into it.

Later on the noises had died down but the smell was stronger than ever, you could hear his footsteps coming from the kitchen and you immediately perked up. He emerged from between the large archway into the dining room and you were surprised to see that he was not donning his helmet. You couldn’t believe how handsome he was, admiring his face and the features that it was made up of; his attractively full nose, the beauty marks that decorated his porcelain skin, and his full lips that looked so soft. Perhaps, what was most attractive was his hair. It was so radiant, so shiny, and looked so long. His black locks fell down the back of his neck and behind his ears, he was probably the most good looking guy you had seen in a while. His lifted his dark hazel eyes to you and his lips quirked into a small, shy smile before he looked back down to the table, placing a plate of food and some silverware down in front of you. “Enjoy.” He breathed before stepping away, still not looking you in the eye. You watched him step back into the kitchen, admiring how large he was from the top of his head to the bottom of his boots. Not only was he tall, but you could tell that, under his robes, he was heavily muscled. You couldn’t believe your luck, at least the man you would be working for would be easy on your eyes, maybe a little too easy.

On your plate sat a steak that had been cut into strips, there was a fair bit of pink in the middle and it was covered in a delicious looking sauce. You also had some mashed potatoes that were garnished with some small, green herbs and some grilled asparagus on the side, everything looked like it was divine; far too rich for your palate You picked up your fork and positioned it over a piece of steak, you had only seen this kind of food in the high end hotel you worked at back at home and you were never allowed to eat any of it. Before you had jabbed it, however, you thought better of yourself. How rude would it have been to eat at the Supreme Leaders table without him after he had cooked food for you?

So you waited, and when you caught sight of him returning to the table with his food you were overjoyed to start eating. He sat down, scooted his chair in before taking his silverware in his hands and finally meeting your gaze. “You may eat now.” He said with just a hint of authority in his voice that put you slightly on edge. You smiled awkwardly at him as you lifted your fork once again, taking a hold of one of the strips of meat and lifting it to your lips. As the meat came to rest on your tongue you were taken completely aback, the food was just as delectable as it looked—the man was very skilled in the kitchen.

The only sound that could be heard was the occasional noise of the utensils scraping the plate or them scraping together while the two of you ate your meal, it was rather awkward; especially when you realized the Supreme Leader was staring attentively at you in between bites of his food.

When you caught his eye you immediately stopped what you were doing, a piece of asparagus hanging from between your teeth, and smiled at him, unable to think of what to do next. He really was a good looking man, even when his eyes were glued to yours. “So how was your day?” He asked so suddenly after you caught him staring at you. “It was fine.” You replied softly, realizing that this was even less of a meeting and more of a dinner date just like you had originally thought. You
wondered if you’d be having meals with him often, and if you were would he always be staring you down like this? “I’m, I’m pretty excited for this new job.” You said with a nervous chuckle. “That’s good to hear.” He retorted, nodding his head once. You looked down to your plate, feeling massively uncomfortable at this point with his short and to the point answers coupled with the gawking, thought maybe if you made your answer a little more open ended then you would have gotten a better reaction from him.

“I can’t wait to go home and tell my family about it.” You said as you lifted your cup of water to your lips and took a swing. He lifted his brows for a moment, and then for the first time since he sat down he looked away from you; just past your head at the wall next to you. “Certainly” He said in reply, and that was simply the end of that. There were another few minutes of bitter silence before he drummed up some more small talk, asking you about your likes and your dislikes, asking you about what you did for fun. You found it to be very awkward, almost as if he were being forced into this little date with you when he didn’t want to be. It was no bother though, because you knew it was only part of the job. You were almost certain you wouldn’t be having dinner with him again, and if you were then obviously you’d be a little closer to each other next time and it wouldn’t be as painful.

As the words were exchanged between the two of you the questions grew deeper and deeper. Alarms should have gone off in your head at a few of them, but the one that really made you question whether or not you should have been sitting here right now was his inquiry about your necklace, one he followed up with after asking you what your most prized possession was.

“And if you were to lose this necklace,” He said, twirling his fork around on his plate amidst his potatoes. “What would you do?” You tried to blink the surprise out of your system as the world stopped all around you. Why was he asking such an invasive question? You lifted your hand and brushed the cold locket with your fingertips, you couldn’t fathom what would happen to you should you lose your locket. Just the thought sent massive pangs of anxiety through you and made you shift uncomfortably in your chair. “I, I don’t know.” You said, your voice hitching in your throat as a wave of nausea hit over you. “I always kept it in my room, it never left the house because I was so worried it would get stolen or I would lose it.”

“That’s fair.” He said, his eyes falling to your necklace. It looked like he wanted to take it from you, to snatch it right off your and run neck. “So it’s quite possibly the worst thing that could happen to you?” He asked. As the corner of his lips lifted into a smile you started to get heated, unable to keep your emotions in check you sat up a bit straighter and prepared to tell him off. He was your boss, you knew that. But he had to know that you wouldn’t allow him to step all over you, to wind you up and upset you for no reason. That was something you didn’t allow anyone to do, and he would be no different.

“I’m sorry,” You began, placing your fork down angrily next to your plate; an indication that this dinner would be over if he were to continue to tease you about losing your necklace. “But what does this have to do with my job?” You asked accusingly, your confidence skyrocketed through the roof as you held the reins of the conversation. You weren’t afraid of him, in fact as far as you knew you were concerned you could still quit your job, or at least find another person to assist for the remainder of your contract. You had the mindset of he needed you more than you needed him, and nothing would change that thought.

“More than you would imagine.” He said, rolling his eyes and lifting his napkin to wipe his face clean. You opened your mouth to protest but before you could he was speaking again, throwing his napkin down on top of what little food he had leftover and putting his hands up behind his head to stretch. “I do believe dinner is over.” He said, bringing his hands down onto the table with enough force to rattle the dishes just a tad, and you found just the tiniest bit of fear coursing through you at the action. You nodded your head in agreement with him, you were beyond ready to go back home
now. You were sure your parents would agree that the man you’d be working for was a weirdo. You hadn’t gotten to eat all of his food but that was okay, you had lost your appetite after he mentioned losing your sister’s ashes.

“Yeah, I think I’m ready to head back home.” You said with a heavy sigh, beginning to doubt yourself once again about if you could perform your job duties correctly after seeing how awful your boss could be. “Sure, I understand.” He said, this time a genuine smile forming on his lips. You were defeated, completely out of energy after your dinner and was happy to see him stand, but your hopes were quickly dashed once he said he needed you to follow him one more time. He claimed he needed to show you something, something that you had to see before he could let you go. You looked up at him, repressed an irritated sigh before taking another step toward him. “Fine.” You said, it was the only bit of attitude that you allowed yourself to show. You had to keep yourself in check, too afraid he would reprimand you somehow before your first official day of work. At the end of the day, your parents needed the money. You couldn’t give up the job that easily.

He turned, headed toward the stairs and you followed a safe distance behind him. You had just begun to relax, thinking he was about to show you your office or maybe you’d be living in the same home as him and he was showing you your room before you went back home. Either way, you couldn’t wait for it to be over. You wanted your mother, you wanted your father, you wanted your bed, and you wanted to be out of your sister's uncomfortable dress.

He came to an open door and upon entering your mind was once again blown to pieces. It must have been his bedroom, because you were certain you were not deserving of such luxuries as a meager assistant. The bed was larger than you had ever seen, black, white, and grey sheets and pillows adorning it. It looked so comfortable, like it was worth more than you and your parent's possessions combined. There were poles that surrounded it, and upon closer inspection it had a transparent black satin curtain that existed around it. It was currently pulled back, you wondered if he used it at all or if he always slept with his bed exposed.

You took another look at the bed in its entirety and you noticed something quite strange about it: It was unusually tall. You took another look at Kylo, maybe it wasn’t such an oddity. The man was so tall, he probably needed a higher bed in order to be comfortable.

Or maybe it was just another way to assert his dominance, to show you that he owned all of this and to put you in your place. The plush carpet, the large window that exposed so much of the galaxy around him, and all the other expensive furnishings that decorated the rest of his home. You were sure it was all just a way to demean you and your upbringing, to remind you that he always had been and always would be better than you.

“As of tonight you work for me.” He said. His voice sounded stone cold, but when you turned to look at him he had a look of uneasiness on his face. You cocked a brow at him, wanted to tell him that you knew that already but kept your mouth shut, instead only respectfully nodding in reply. “You do as I say, and there’s no questioning, no refusals, nothing other than your strict obedience.” He said, some courage coming out into his words and tone of voice. You repressed an amused laugh, you didn’t know about all that. You wouldn’t just blindly follow this guy and do whatever he said like a sheep just because you worked for him.

He began advancing toward you, and as he did you became uneasy. He looked intense, all of his attention on you and only you at the time. Your mouth fell open but you couldn’t find the words to describe how you were feeling. Your heartbeat quickened as his lips turned up into an angry scowl, and your flight or fight response was beginning to kick in as you felt more and more like you were in a dangerous situation. You took a step away from him, toward the door as you shook your head, telling him that you didn’t know what he was talking about. It was the only thing you could think to
say, realizing that he was so much bigger and mightier than you, there was no way you could take
him in a fight if it came to it.

“Is there a problem?” He asked, cocking his head to the side and stepping toward you once again.
His jaw was twitching and the look in his eye was wild. For the first time since you had met him you
were afraid of him, afraid of what he could do to you in that moment. “Let’s try it again then. When I
tell you that you will submit and obey, then you will submit and obey my every demand. Do I make
myself clear to you?” His voice was rising as was your anxiety, this was not a good situation. You
crossed your arms over your chest and turned away from him, eyeing the door before blurting out
‘you’re a creep’ under your breath.

“Excuse me?” He shouted, and at the look of his disgustingly angry face you knew it was time to
jump ship. This man was clearly a danger to you, and whatever sadistic plans he had formulated in
his mind were something you wanted no part of.

“I said I quit.” You sneered, countering him with a lie and turned immediately on your heels to leave.
You wouldn’t put up with any kind of disrespect from a man that looked like the spawn of an
elephant and a goat. On your way to his bedroom door you rolled your eyes, you should have
known that this deal was much too good to be true. But then again, what else would you expect from
war hungry criminals that hardly cared about anyone else but themselves? You stifled your tears as
you added this horrific encounter to another list of failures you knew your parents would throw in
your face, and just another way for them to prove that you always had been and always would be a
failure in their eyes.

The first of many tears fell down your cheeks and you were unapologetic. You expected this
reaction, and you expected yourself to sob once you were alone, however, what you were not
expecting was to be violently yanked back into the room by the collar of your dress. You could
hardly find it within yourself to cry out when your body collided with his, your back flush with his
chest and he began fiddling with your zipper, playing with it as if it were a button just begging to be
pressed. “Are you going to remove this dress, or should I?” He whispered seductively in your ear,
but you were anything but turned on.

You let out an outraged groan at the feeling of his other hand making its way around your hip and up
the slit of your dress, moving further and further to your inner thigh. You convulsed involuntarily,
you didn’t want him touching you and you especially didn’t want him forcing your dress off your
body. “What the hell is wrong with you?” You shouted, bringing your leg up in a feeble attempt in
shaking his hand off of you. “Get off of me!” You cried out as you tried to wiggle your way from his
grasp, but his arms were locked around you and you could hardly move.

“Mmm, gonna make me do it my way, are we?” He purred in your ear, his hand lifted from your leg
and you felt him grasp the fabric that hung around the back of your neck. His hands were on either
side of the zipper, and you realized a little too late what he meant by ‘his way.’

It all happened in less than a second. You felt his arms move apart instantaneously before the sound
of your sister’s prom dress ripping down your back caused you to still completely. Your entire back
was exposed to the cold air of his bedroom, and you hardly had time to process any of it before he
was sloppily grasping the sides and shimmying them down your arms from behind you. “What did--
what the hell--?!” You stammered, unable to get a full sentence out before it finally hit you to fight
him back. That dress had quickly shot up to your second most prized possession, and to see it
currently falling from your body and onto his floor absolutely enraged you.

Self defense was something you had to learn yourself, you had to learn how and where to hit
someone in order to defend yourself and you considered yourself to be a very fierce fighter. He was
so much bigger than you, stronger than you, and clearly had the upper hand in the confrontation, the
disadvantage seemed inadequately in your favor. But it didn’t stop you from bringing your right elbow back
and jabbing him in his ribs. He barely seemed affected by your attempt in harming him, in fact you
could have sworn you heard him giggle in your ear. “What a shame, that beautiful dress that clearly
meant so much to you, now ruined because you refused to do as I say.” He whispered against your
skin. He was blaming you, your sister’s dress was ripped because you had not followed his absurd
request about removing your clothing for him.

“You asshat!” You shouted, bringing your other arm up in an attempt to hit him in the face. You let
out a pained howl as his lips rested on the exposed skin of your shoulder, of all things kissing you
while you were having an emotional meltdown. He shushed you, blowing warm air against your
skin but it did nothing to calm you. You fought as hard as you could but Kylo moved with you every
step of the way; bending as you did, dodging all of your blows and telling you that you had to calm
down. You cursed at him, yelled at him as he began to readjust you in his arms so that you were
facing him, you couldn’t believe that his own state of mind had shifted so. First he was angry,
demanding your obedience at the top of his lungs as if the outcome would be death if you didn’t
follow. Now he was coddling you, trying to calm you down like he didn’t just rip your dead sister’s
dress in half right in front of you.

“You fucking bastard! Let me go!” You shouted as he held your head against him, you thrashed
about as best as you could and banged your fists against his chest, but as always he held you tight. “I
want the rest of your clothing off, and I want it off within the next thirty seconds.” He bent his head
down and calmly whispered in your ear before finally letting you go. You stumbled out of his grasp
and respectfully stepped over your sister’s ruined dress, looking down on it and feeling so defeated.
You had come here with such high hopes, you wanted to help your family and bring honor to your
name once again and all you were succeeding in was being sexually assaulted--as if that didn’t
already happen to you enough on a daily basis.

“Well you know what?” You said, feeling like at this point you had nothing left to lose. “You can go
fuck yourself, I’m not doing anything else for you.” You said as you gathered up what remained of
Rose’s dress and headed toward his door again. You were foolish to believe there would be a
different outcome, because there wasn’t. Kylo simply wrapped his arms around your midsection and
lifted you into the air, carrying you all the way to his tall bed and slamming you down onto the
mattress.

You let out a scream as your limbs flail wildly around, taking in his eerily calm face as he did his best
to overpower you and pin your arms into your chest. He clicked his tongue a few times as he
climbed into the bed on top of you, finally succeeding in pinning you to the mattress and stopping all
of your movement underneath of him.

You stared up at him as he leaned over you simply observing your futile attempt at wiggling out from
under him. “Not so big and bad now, are we?” He asked, a perverted smile stretching across his face.
You grimaced, bearing your teeth at him like you would scare him off before you made a last minute
decision to fight for yourself one last time. You pushed your tongue to the back of your throat and
allowed as much saliva as possible to fill your mouth, and it didn’t take you long to ready it and send
it flying straight toward his face.

Just when you thought you had finally gotten a leg up in the fight for your freedom, just when you
thought you’d have the satisfaction of seeing a glob of your saliva hanging from his eye, what you
saw happening right in front of your eyes was far from what you wanted to see.

Your bubbly white spit was simply hanging there in the air between your heads. Your mouth fell
agape as you tried to make sense of the situation. Had time simply frozen around you? Was the air in
his room cold enough to freeze your saliva on the spot and you were just too stressed out to notice at first?

“Have you not heard of the Force?” He asked. Your vision switched from the fluid to his smug face sitting right behind it, and quickly afterward you flinched having found your saliva flying back into your face even faster than you had sent it to his. “You uneducated, ignorant girl.” He chided at you, chuckling as your spit began rolling down your cheek. “Don’t you know who I am?”

“Yes, I do, Supreme Leader rapist piece of shit.” You said with vengeance dripping from your voice, as if he were weak enough to be bothered by your words. You didn’t think you would get the reaction you would, didn’t expect or see the harsh slap to your face coming in retaliation. You could feel your eyes were wide open but the only thing you could see were stars twinkling in the void, in all your life you had never been slapped that hard before and it was awful.

“I can see this is an issue, that this attitude of yours is going to need adjusting.” He said as his hand returned to yours, pressing your arms into your chest. You felt like if he pressed any harder your lungs wouldn’t be able to inflate and he would have just asphyxiated to death in his bed. “Luckily for you I accel in the subject of correcting bad behavior.” He said, rubbing his thumb affectionately up and down the skin of your wrist. “But before that, I do believe I’ve given you a task.” He said, lifting himself off of you and sitting up on his knees on top of yours. “Remove what remains of your clothing and I’ll let you keep the necklace that currently hangs around your neck.”

You squint your eyes at him, then felt hyper-aware of the cold locket that hung around your neck. You had made up your mind a long time ago that losing your sister’s ashes would not be worth anything if you could help it, not worth any kind of bribe that anyone could offer you. And that’s when it all came full circle, why he was asking you those invasive questions over dinner. He was using them against you for when he planned on raping you tonight, and the realization hit you like an intense blow to the stomach, causing the contents you had consumed that evening to swirl around and threaten to come crawling back up your throat.

“Time is ticking,” He said, then made a sudden, disheartening move toward your necklace. “Tick, tock, tick, tock.” He teased you, you felt like your hands couldn’t grasp his wrist fast enough “No!” You cried, allowing your painful sobs to fall from your throat. “Such a weak chain, so easily snappable. And then what? Where will I add her ashes?”

“No, no please!” You begged him with tears falling from your eyes. “Please, I’ll do it! I’ll do anything you want, just please don’t take my sister from me!” A smile settled on his lips as the grip on the locket loosened. “You don’t want your sister to end up flushed down the toilet with the rest of my waste?” He asked, now trying to fire you up. You didn’t appreciate it at all, you had already told him you’d do whatever he said, he didn’t have to mock you. Nevertheless, you still shook your head, gripping his wrist harder to solidify the claim.

He finally let go, your now warm necklace fell from his hand to your body and left a searing pain on your skin. “Then I’d better see your underwear on the floor within the next fifteen seconds.” He demanded, crossing his arms over his chest and staring down at you expectantly. You sat up immediately and began to work at the clasp of your bra, hoping that your sister would understand why you were putting your personal welfare above keeping her ashes safe.

By the time you were sitting there naked in front of him, looking over his slimy smile that made your stomach churn, you were certain you had never removed a bra and panties faster in your life.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Here's where things get very non con. Please take another look at the tags if you're uncertain about what this fic will hold.

You stared up at the ceiling as the now naked man took his position above your body. This wasn’t the first time you had been forced to have sex against your will, there were plenty of creeps that made you do things to them, to other people and objects, and yourself that you had clearly told them you didn’t want to do. But they didn’t care, they had already paid Sherman for your services and they weren’t going to let one little ‘no’ stop them from enjoying themselves.

But just because you were used to it didn’t mean it was acceptable.

You felt his cock lining up with your entrance and knew what was coming next. There was no foreplay involved this evening so your vaginal walls were dry, it would be painful for the time being before your walls molded to his penis, stretching and involuntarily lubricating for him. You knew the feeling all too well when you’d get clients who just wanted to get in and out without too much trouble, to get their rocks off quickly and leave you to go back to their wives and children. It was mundane, it was unpleasant, but you felt like you could handle it just this one time. Then you’d be on the next ship back to your home planet--no exceptions.

There was an unsettling look of ambiguity on his face, just like when he had first started talking to you in his bedroom. You took in his puzzled expression as he looked down in between the two of you and started to move his pelvis into yours; it was like he was trying to fit himself in with just his sight alone. “Fuck.” He said as his cock slipped between your folds, nudging your clitoris on its way up. If you had been with a man that actually turned you on, not one that had become ugly by disrespecting you, it probably would have been pleasurable. But no, you felt dirty as he once again readjusted his hips to probe your entrance with his cock. You rolled your eyes as he started pushing in again, this time a little more forceful. You had to suppress a giggle when his cock slipped once again between your butt cheeks and he let out a frustrated sigh, at least this interaction would provide you some laughs once it was all over.

“You’re dick isn’t just going to slide into me, you idiot.” You spoke up, lifting your head and finally looking him in the eye. “I’m not turned on, and even if I was that’s not how sex works. What are you, some sort of clueless virgin?” You did your best to provoke him, throwing your policy of no sexual shaming out the window, but just for him. There was never anything wrong about being virginal, everyone had to start somewhere of course. But this guy was an asshole, he deserved all of the bad that you harbored and you didn’t care if it hurt his feelings.

Suddenly a severe mix of anger and embarrassment flashed across his face, his lips in a flat line while he blinked emptily at you as he pulled his hips back for the second time now. “You shut your mouth, you whore.” He scolded you as you watched a cloud of red slowly fade into his cheeks. He lined himself up with you again, grumbling about how you were obviously more skilled than he was since you had sold your body to anyone who was willing to pay. You groaned, rolled your eyes at the tasteless comment as you reached in between you two and pressed down on his cock in order to keep it inline with your entrance. He began pushing into you once again and at the sound of his relieved
moan you tried to relax to allow him to enter into you, knowing you had finally moved things in the right direction. You didn’t want him to fuck you, but the quicker you got this over with the quicker you could get home. So you helped him as best as you could, closed your eyes and didn’t think anything else of him. All you had to do was lay here on your back and take it, and that’s all you would do for him. Nothing more or nothing less.

But your eyes shot back open as you felt his arms trembling at the sides of your head. He let out a sigh, blowing hot air on your face as he began to slide back out--all the way out. His eyes finally opened as he mirrored your actions and reached in between you to push down on his cock and he slid all the way inside of you, then sliding all the way out again. “It, it feels so good.” He moaned, but you couldn’t help but to think he was talking to himself and not to you. You let out an angry sigh as you opened your mouth once again, this time you couldn’t hold your snarky comment back. “You’re not supposed to come all the way out, keep the tip in so we can get this over with!” You yelled, completely irritated with everything going on around you. The man obviously had never had sex before he had you, and under normal circumstances you would have been happy to help him; to guide him gently into this new chapter of his life just like every other man who paid you to take their virginity. But not when you were currently being forced into this act against your will. He could suffer while you berated him for all you cared.

“I told you to keep your mouth shut!” He roared, coming to a standstill with his cock halfway inside of you. “Why are you yelling at me when I’m trying to help you?” You shouted back even louder, leaning up and nearly headbutting him on the forehead. He pushed you back down, placing his fingers on your tongue and holding your head painfully against the pillow. "Just, just be quiet. You’re ruining the experience.” He moaned, picking up his pace where he had left off, his grip on your jaw growing firmer. You wanted to bite him, to sink your teeth into his flesh and stop this once and for all, but you couldn’t as he had such an ironclad grip on your lower jaw. His fingers tasted vile and that really shouldn’t have surprised you since he turned out to be such a vile person, and you were happy when he had lifted his hand from your mouth and placed it back on the bed beside your head. You licked the top of your mouth in an attempt to remove his taste, unwilling to keep the taste of such a depraved man on your tongue.

His strokes picked up once more as his confidence grew, you felt him stopping and taking his time when he was sliding out of you and you couldn’t help but to feel disgusted. You didn’t particularly care that he had never had sex before, but you hated the fact that he was forcing you, his assistant, to do such things for him. All of this, on top of the fact that he threatened to flush your sister down the toilet as well as how he tore her dress like it meant nothing made you want to end his life, but you felt like it wasn’t worth it. He was still capable of following through with his threats, so you decided to put up with it for this time being.

It put you off greatly that he had so much stamina, you had simply been sitting there taking his cock for what seemed like twenty minutes and he hadn’t shown any signs of stopping. You felt his hands balling into the sheets next to you every once and a while, could see the sweat was forming on his brow and knew he was growing close to finishing, but knowing he was new at this meant you didn’t know what else to look out for. Didn’t they tell you that you would be on some kind of birth control once you got here? You sighed as you looked up at Kylo staring down at you, it’s too bad he couldn’t wait until then, whenever you were meant to get some birth control. Now you had to worry about him finishing inside of you, and you felt like you would rather die than have to carry his spawn.

“Don’t nut in me, asshole.” You warned, rolling your eyes so that you were looking up at his ceiling once again. “Nut?” He asked, completely breathless. “Yeah, don’t cum in me. Your minions promised me birth control and I never got any. So don’t finish inside of me.” You felt stupid having to explain it, was he really that ignorant of his own reproductive system?
“Afraid of carrying the next strong Force user?” He asked, pushing deeper and picking up speed. “As a matter of fact, I am.” You said as seriously as you could, but inside you feared he wouldn’t listen to you. He still was not slowing down, and by the rising tone of his moans you could tell he was getting closer. You placed your hands on his chest and tried to push him off of you, but of course it didn’t deter his actions at all. He kept going, pushing in and out of you and seemingly not giving a shit about if he got you pregnant or not. You couldn’t remember the last time you had taken an ovulation test, but even if you weren’t you knew you didn’t want him finishing inside of you at all.

With one more puff of warm air to your face he quickly pulled out of you, grasping his wet dick in his hand and beginning to jerk himself off above your belly. He looked so tall and mighty sitting there above you, stroking himself like there was absolutely nothing wrong. It was the first time you had seen his cock. The first time he had gotten naked you had purposely looked away from him, but looking at it now you realized he was packing. You had seen and taken much bigger men than him, sure, but a man of his size was a rarity for the most part. He had the most beautiful cock you had seen, it was perfectly proportioned to the rest of him even while swollen to capacity and about to expel his seed. His foreskin was pulled back to allow him to show off the smooth bulbous head that was filled with his blood. It was shiny with your slick and glistened in the small bit of light that was cast from the bathroom. It looked good, and even though you found his cock to be arousing you still hadn’t changed your mind about him being an awful person.

“Luckily for you…” He said spoke between his deep breaths, you should have expected what happened next but you were too busy admiring his manhood to be focused on his cum. His hand began to slow as white strands of his seed began soaring from him, into the air and rained down on your chest. He let out some strained gasps and moans as he jerked himself just a few more times, his seed slowly spilling out onto your belly closer to his body this time. You watched in antipathy as you felt the skin around his fluids warm, his hand finally slowed to a complete stop as one final thin strand of cum seeped down onto your pelvic bone, and you had never been happier to be finished with a sexual encounter before in your life.

“…I’m not interested in fathering the next Force user either.” He said triumphantly, but you were too concentrated on not throwing up at the sight and smell of the thick, white, clumps of semen that were currently decorating your skin. You were beyond sickened, felt lower than you ever had. You were duped, came into the Order to work for this man and only found yourself forced into his bed. This was a joke, just one giant joke.

He finally moved off of you, swinging his leg over your abdomen and standing to his feet. You sat up, reaching for the corner of his sheet in order to wipe yourself clean of his seed before you were hit in the face with something soft and satin. You grumbled as you removed it, trying not to focus on the feeling of his cum now oozing down your skin and you were appalled to see that you were holding the torn remains of your sister’s dress in your hand. They were already slightly damp, then the image of him standing no more than a foot away from you cleaning his cock with your sister’s dress almost brought you to tears—the man’s boldness and audacity to do things to intentionally upset might as well have killed you on the inside. He had done such a good job at disrespecting your deceased sister this evening, you thought he was deserving of the most vile death imaginable.

“You know, you’re a real bastard.” You spoke, tossing your sister’s dress at the wall in favor of one of his pillows. You had just positioned it above the affected areas of your belly when the pillow was all of the sudden ripped from your hands. “You don’t get to do that, Vermin.” He said, throwing the pillow to the floor out of your grasp. You snarled at the nickname he had given to you. Vermin. Just where did he get off calling you that?

“Your tattoo, you have a tattoo of a type of vermin on your hip.” He said, pointing at your loper. You scoffed at him, moving to stand but he pushed you back down to the bed. By now his cum had
cooled against you, and you were feeling so uncomfortable being held down while he tore into your
tattoo. “You must be a vermin, the way that you sit here with my filth covering your skin, unwilling
to clean yourself because you’ve got too much ‘respect’ for someone who is long gone.” He lifted
his free hand in the air and soon the tattered dress began hovering into his hand. You began to
struggle under him after realizing that he didn’t care, he didn’t care about your wishes at all. To him,
the dress was nothing, nothing more than a cum rag and there was nothing you could do to change
his mind. “Using my pillows that don’t belong to you to wipe yourself clean. God damn vermin.”

You grasped his wrist and fought as hard as you could to push him away, but you found you were
much weaker than him, yelling at him to stop but in the end you couldn’t stop him. The dress felt soft
and velvety on your body when you wore it, but while it was being forcefully scraped across your
wet skin it felt coarse and painful. You looked down in horror as the burgundy fabric hungrily
absorbed his cum, leaving your skin dry and crusted as soon as he was finished. You were unnerved,
completely horrified once he once again tossed the dress away from you into the bathroom. Your
sister’s dress had been desecrated with his bodily fluids and your own, and you were powerless to
stop the damage. Failure. You were a failure. He had finally let you sit up and you stared sadly down
at your bare legs as he moved into his closet, hopefully to dress in his clothes so you would not have
to endure catching glances at his gorgeous body after he had treated you so poorly--you couldn’t
justify being turned on by someone who went out of his way to disrespect you and your sister’s
property.

It was then you had realized that you had no clothes to change into after this tragic evening, how
would you get home if you had no clothes? You pushed all emotions you felt to the back of your
mind as you so often did and put on your face of anger as you slid off the bed and into the closet
where you caught him slipping his arms into a white shirt. You crossed your arms over your chest
and tried to pretend that you weren’t naked as the day you were born, knowing it would make you
look even weaker than he thought you were and cleared your throat to grab his attention. He turned
his head in your direction momentarily before turning back around and shimmying his shirt over his
head and shoulders. “What is it, Vermin?” He asked spitefully, you wasted no time in listing your
demands before the floodgates blew lose and you were crying over the fear that you felt about the
unknown you were presented with.

“You tore up the only clothing I had, asshole.” You said just as cruel as he spoken to you. “How am
I going to get home with no clothes?” You heard him laugh as he pressed the front of his shirt against
his body, running his hands down his chest before turning around and stepping toward you. “You
still think you’re going home, Vermin?” He asked, the slick grin he had earlier once again appeared
upon his lips and it made you want to smack him across the face. “Yes, I do. I told you I quit and
you got what you wanted from me. I want out!” You shouted, taking a step toward him as a way to
assert your own dominance over him. You told yourself that you wouldn’t let him step all over you,
and even though he had already forced you into his bed you had decided to try your best to prevent it
from happening again. You wouldn’t just lay down for the man anymore, you were a loper. You
were going to fight until you simply couldn't.

“Oh, dear clueless Vermin.” He said, taking ahold of your neck and pushing you out of his way.
You stumbled onto your feet back in his bedroom, biting down on your lip to keep from giving him
the satisfaction of knowing you were hurt by the action. “Did you not read the contract that you
signed?” Your contract, you had nearly forgotten about your contract. Shit.
The contract! You never got a chance to actually go through it. Your father had always told you
not to sign anything before reading it, but the man that was showing it to you was going over it too
fast. You felt like you had kicked yourself in the face, but were too prideful to admit to the man that
you didn’t read it. “I did, and it never said anything about having to spread my legs for you.” You
said, placing your hands on your hips and trying to sound as confident as you could. Kylo laughed at
you, moving to his bedside table as you rubbed your hands up and down your arms. You did your best to repress the violence that was causing your collected exterior to crumble, you wanted to run across the room and jump on him, to rip the flesh of his neck and watch him bleed to death in his own bed. It was the only thing you knew that would satisfy your anger.

But you knew you shouldn’t, you knew he could snap your neck in half with his own two hands faster than you could even jump on him—he could probably even do it with the Force too if he felt like it. So you stepped up to him and simply waited on his reply, sooner or later he would have to let you go whether he liked it or not, and you had made up your mind that having to go home stark naked would be better than suffering here fully clothed.

“See, this is how I know you didn’t read the contract.” Kylo said as he reached into his bedside table. “Don’t you know it’s always a good idea to read things before you sign them?” He turned around and held out a packet for you to take, but you refused it, keeping your arms over your breasts so Kylo could see less of you. You opened your mouth to let out another expletive, to call him another curse but he quickly cut you off, continuing his explanation against your will.

“Read it, read it and inform yourself of what you’ve committed yourself to.”

“I’ll pass,” You said, snatching the papers from his hand and throwing them behind your back. “Now take me home, you’ve already caused enough damage to my day you nuisance.” You demanded, but Kylo simply stepped around you, bent over and picked the contract back up from off the floor. You watched his face as he focused only on the papers he was flipping through, and when he finally got to the page he was searching for he took in a deep breath before reading off what he had chosen to:

“I agree to take on the position of assistant to the Supreme Leader of the First Order, Kylo Ren, and I agree to follow his each and every command. I agree to comply to all of his physical, sexual, emotional, and social demands, knowing that the Supreme Leader will never attempt to end my life or put me in any danger. I understand that I am unable to terminate my employment because I am contractually bound to the Supreme Leader for the next eighteen months, subject to an additional six months at the Supreme Leader’s discretion. I acknowledge that by placing my signature upon the final line of this contract constitutes every interaction between the Supreme Leader and I, be it praise or punishment, as consensual and I cannot refuse any of the Supreme Leader’s demands.”

You blinked at him, felt your skin grow cold and break out into goosebumps. Was that really what that contract said? What just came out of his mouth had made you sick to your stomach, there was just no way that it was real. There was no way, this kind of stuff only existed in the films. You could not have been deceived so tremendously, you were better than this! “You’re, you’re full of it.” You stuttered, it was when you decided to tone it down, too shell shocked to try and insult him again, to set him off and threaten him into complying with your needs. “Come on, man, this is just some kind of misunderstanding. My parents, they gave me a snippet for an actual job interview, not for this.” Kylo shook his head, flipping the packet back over to the cover and placing it upon his bedside table. You followed him, softly pleading with him to contact your parents and they’d get it straightened out. You knew they’d be upset if they found out their only living daughter was being treated so poorly.

“Dear, clueless Vermin.” He said, once again cooing at you like a child. “Don’t you know? Your parents sold you to me.” He said, and had your jaw not been attached to the hinge you knew it would have fallen right to the floor. “Excuse me?” You said, your voice elevating over every syllable. “My parents, they’d never do anything like that you god damn liar!” You said, winding your arm back behind your back like you were going to hit him. It was instinctual, whenever you were completely floored in such little time you always felt the need to hit someone or something in
front of you. Sometimes it was a wall, sometimes it was your bed, sometimes it was your father, and
this time it just so happened to be Kylo Ren.

Your arm went flying toward him but then was quickly stopped by his palm, wrapping his fingers
around your smaller fist and pushing you away, back toward the closet where the two of you had
originally come from. “Oh, but it’s true.” He said, stepping toward you as you caught your footing
again. By now you were tired of being thrown around, was ready to just be done with this man and
his lies. You knew your parents would never have sold their only living daughter—they had already
lost one, why would they be willing to give you away too?

“Have you ever heard of a ten thousand credit sign on bonus? That’s absurd. Not even the richest of
companies would pay out ten thousand credits just to have someone work for them, especially in a
position as low as an assistant.” You felt your hands and arms trembling at your sides as the words
turned in your head, it was too good to be true. He was right, ten thousand credits was a lot,
especially on your planet in the Outer Rim. Had you taken the time to consider it, maybe you could
have avoided all of this mess. The entire thing was beginning to make sense, but you still refused to
believe it. Your parents, as soon as you got the chance would explain it all as a joke, or a mistake, or
something. They didn’t sell you, they couldn’t have sold you.

“You were a burden to them, Vermin.” Kylo said, moving toward you with a passive look on his
face. “You spent their money on your own selfish needs, you put them in debt and had them always
worrying about you; when you would come home, what you would bring home, when you would
lash out at them next, a burden. That’s what you were in that household.” He said, speaking softly
like he wanted to come to some kind of understanding. You eyeballed him, crossing your arms over
your chest once again and trying not to feel so bad about yourself. You couldn’t find any words to
reply to him, too broken by the realization that your parents had finally gotten fed up with you and
decided to do something about it. They sold you, sold you to a man that would abuse you because
they just couldn’t stand you anymore. You felt incredibly worthless in that moment, felt like you
could fall to the floor and bawl your eyes out.

“So they sold you to me, and I’ve taken on the task of breaking you. I’m going to make you mine
and make you wish that you had treated them better. Do you understand?” He asked you, taking
your arm in his and pulling you into him. It was another rollercoaster of emotion that he was on, first
he was speaking to you softly and now he was demanding your compliance. You were too tired to
fight him, too tired to come up with a smart ass response so you simply nodded your head at him,
then looked down to your naked knees and wondered once again about getting clothes. You had
fought your fight for the day, and even though you were still determined to not give the man what he
wanted, to not ‘break’ the way he had come to expect you to, you didn’t think you could brawl with
him any further. You would have been happy to get something to cover you and to go to sleep for
the night. You were sure that, with a short rest, you’d be ready to take him on again tomorrow, you’d
stop at nothing to go back home with your parents, contract present or not.

“I’ll take your silence as a yes, for now.” He said, holding out his empty hand and once again
causing your sister’s dress to come floating out of the bathroom and into his hand. “Now, we’ll start
here.” He said as he held both garments out in front of you. “You make the choice, Vermin. Take
this cum rag and throw it in the trash where it belongs, throw away your old life and accept this new
one as your own. Dress with my clothing, dress and I’ll allow you to sleep in my bed with me.” He
spoke quietly, holding your dress out further than the shirt he had pulled from his closet for you. He
was giving you a choice: Take your sister’s dress, a symbol of your old, torn and tattered life that you
had completely ruined by your own hand and accept his new, cleaner way of living. Submission,
obedience, and conformity. Everything he wanted for you, everything he had planned for you, on
top of a good nights rest in the bed he had raped you in.
Begrudgingly you took your sister’s dress in your hand, feeling it, running your hands over the dried semen and wondered what your sister would want you to do. Would she want you to fight for your freedom, would she want you to conform for the sake of your parents? She was long gone, the only untouched piece of her you had left was the locket. Could you really toss the dress, even though getting rid of a piece of your sister meant you were doing it for your own selfish reasons, to be comfortable in his bed? You clutched the dress in your hand, a lump forming in your throat at the prospect of losing it. No, even if it meant you had to sleep on a slab of concrete every night of your life, you couldn’t get rid of the dress. You had already failed to keep it safe from harm after discovering it in the closet, throwing it away would be like a stab to your sister’s gut.

You lifted your head to Ren, scowling at him as you took in a deep breath. You held the dress tight in your hands as if you were holding onto your sister herself, she gave you strength through your weakest moments, you knew she’d give you strength now. “Take that shirt and shove it.” You said, turning your back on him. You weren’t sure what you were expecting, maybe for him to backhand you or to force himself in between your legs again, but much to your delight none of that happened. “If that’s how you’d like to play it,” He began, snatching you up by your hair and violently throwing you into the closet behind you. “...then we can play it that way, Vermin.” You went flying to the floor of the walk in closet, your sisters dress falling to the floor next to you. The last thing you saw was Kylo standing over you, slamming the door shut so that you were alone in the small space.

You stared up at the door from between your knees, was this your punishment? That he would keep you in his closet all night long because you refused to throw your sister’s dress away? You scoffed, being away from the tyrant was hardly a punishment. You lay back down, placing your hands behind your head as you stared up at the clothing that hung from his clothing rack. At least being alone would give you time to formulate a way out of this prison and away from him.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shortly after Kylo slammed the door in your face you stood to your feet and began stepping toward the door. You were sure he had locked the door from the outside somehow, but you jiggled the handle just in case by some miracle it was unlocked and you could make a run for it.

Sure enough it was locked, no matter how hard you turned it the door knob refused to give, you would be stuck in here until the man decided you could come out. You rolled your eyes, blew a tuft of hair out of your face as you turned and leaned against the door, looking at the seemingly endless amount of black clothing Kylo had in his closet. There were tuxedos, regular black T-shirts and sweaters, and it seemed like he had multiple outfits that were the same as the one he wore when the two of you ate dinner yesterday. You took another look around, amidst the sea of black sat your sister’s burgundy dress on the floor. It was the perfect object to ground you, to make you see the brighter side of things. Sure you were currently locked in a walk-in closet alone, naked, and in a horrible situation but at least you got to keep the one thing you were willing to fight for.

Just staring down at the dress got you in a better mood, you began to look at the positives that existed literally all around you. You didn’t have a bed, but who was going to stop you from pulling down all of his clothing and creating a bed on the floor? You would be mostly comfortable during the night and it would anger him. So it was a win win situation really, plus you could dress in one of his shirts without giving him the satisfaction of seeing you toss your sister’s dress all while not having to interact with him. You picked your head up and forced a smile onto your face, it was the perfect plan!

You waltzed over to his wall of clothes and gilded your finger over each and every piece of fabric before you came across a thick black shirt, much like the one he had worn today. You smiled as you figured three or four of these would make for a good mattress for the night, along with one of his sleeveless jackets that could act as a blanket and a few shirts folded up to be a pillow you thought you’d be pretty comfortable until you could find some help in the morning.

With your sister’s dress tucked into your arm like a security blanket you grabbed ahold of the fuzzy fabric and pulled, but you were confused when you found some resistance. You furrowed your brows and readjusted your grip, pulled harder and and was flabbergasted when the clothes didn’t move at all. It was as if they were superglued to the hangers, just like the door knob they didn’t move an inch. You gripped the arm of the shirt and bent your knees, pulling with all of your might until your fingers simply gave out, sending you falling painfully on your tail. You grimaced as you shook your hands next to your head, upon closer inspection you had basically given yourself rug burns on the palms of your hands. You let out an angered grumble as you realized he had locked his clothing in place with the Force, he had known about your plans all along. Asshole. You kicked yourself for not knowing better, you should have known he was going to be two steps ahead of you.

You held back your tears as you simply lay your naked body down on the unforgiving carpet that poking and prodded at your belly as you rolled around trying to cover yourself with Rose’s dress. It was a blanket, a hug from your older sister. A reminder that she was with you during this trying time and she’d always be with you every step of the way. You closed your eyes as you tried to imagine that this wasn’t reality, it was just some kind of sick, perverted joke. You always thought your parents had hated you, but you wanted to think that they didn’t hate you this much. Not enough to send you to live with this man who was forcing you to sleep on the floor of his closet You relaxed
yourself, imagined Rose sitting right behind you and watching over you like any other big sister would. “Don’t worry.” She’d say to you. “Rest now, kick ass tomorrow.” You smiled at the thought, your always insightful big sister was always planting positive thoughts in your mind. Yes, Rose, you assured her. You’d be kicking ass tomorrow.

The next morning you woke on your side, your head resting on your arm caused it to become tingly with blood loss and you felt like you couldn’t move your back at all. You groaned, throwing your arm over your face and trying to rub the sleep out of your eyes. You couldn’t see any light coming from under the door, you had no idea what time it was either. You rolled painfully onto your back and sat straight up, realizing that it was so much colder than it was when you had fallen asleep. You looked down at your skin, the fine hair on your arms was sticking straight up as you shivered, then you realized he was playing a game with you.

He wanted you to be cold, cut the heat off so that you would freeze and want some of his clothing. You would willingly throw Rose’s dress away so that you could be warm and comfortable; he wanted his way and he didn’t care how he got it. It was a cruel game, especially since you came from a very hot planet and weren’t used to it being this cold. You wrapped your arms around yourself and rubbed your shoulders, this just simply wouldn’t do.

As you were thinking of ways to combat the cold a familiar sensation echoed throughout your lower region, you felt the need to urinate. You closed your eyes and sighed, now was not the time. You crossed your legs and hugged yourself harder, lifted you sister’s dress over your shoulders to try and keep warm. You sat there and stared at the wall with your back facing the door, refusing to knock and beg him for mercy. You didn’t know if he was awake, you didn’t know if he wanted you to simply knock and tell him you were ready to throw away your sister’s dress in exchange for one of his clothing, but it didn’t matter. You would just sit right here until he gave you more commands that you wouldn’t follow. Today you were going home and there was nothing he could do to stop you.

You act of silence could only go so well, eventually the mounting pressure in your bladder got the best of you and you found yourself in need of relief. You groaned as you stood, hobling over to the door and knocking as loudly as you could. “I need the toilet.” You shouted, but you got no response. “Helloooo? Supreme Leader Shit head?” You called out to him, knocking another three times, but you heard nothing. You sighed, thinking there was only one way to the bathroom and that was to tell him you were ready to throw your dress away. You weren’t willing to do that, you would just have to hold it.

You paced the floor with your sister’s dress still draped over you, it felt like it was getting colder and colder in the bedroom and you were becoming more and more uncomfortable each passing second. Between the ache in your bladder and your constant shivering, you were almost ready to call uncle. You pulled Rose’s dress over your shoulders as you came to the realization that you wouldn’t be able to hold it much longer you needed relief and if you didn’t come to a decision soon you’d either be marking up his carpet or using the toilet like a civilized person. You bit down on your tongue as you stopped pacing, staring at the door in agony as you realized your needed the bathroom and you needed it right now.

“Please, Supreme Leader!” You banged and banged and banged your fist against the door, your hand flying in between your legs as you bent over. “Please let me use the bathroom!” You cried out but you simply got no response. By now both of your hands were sitting between your thighs and
you were mortified to think you were going to lose control here in the closet. You hadn’t wet yourself since you were a child, and even though you didn’t have any pants or underwear on you’d still be embarrassed if you found yourself losing control of your bladder all the same.

You knew what he wanted, you knew what you had to do to make it to the toilet, but you refused. You turned from the door, a small spurt of urine leaking down your leg. Here would have to do, you just simply wouldn’t give up your sister’s dress.

You hobbled down to the back of the closet where you spied an open box sitting on the floor under his wall of clothing. You squat down and pulled it out, surprised to see that, unlike the clothing, it was not locked in place with the Force. It was full of black neckties and bow ties, some untied and some tied and looped as if he just wanted to slip them on. You’d have to remember to berate him later for not knowing how to tie a tie. You huffed, feeling a stabbing sensation in your abdomen as your bladder begged for release. This would have to do.

As quickly and carefully as you could you positioned the box underneath of you, however, before you got to let go and start urinating you were startled by the sound of the door flying open and hitting the wall space behind it. You looked up just in time to see the disgruntled looking man headed straight toward you, reaching down and snatching you up by your arm and dragging you toward the door.

“Only a vermin would think about doing such a disgusting thing.” He said, but the only thing you were focused on was not using control of your bladder while he dragged you across his room to the bathroom. He threw you in, slamming the door shut behind you. As soon as your eyes made contact with the toilet you made no hesitation to charge right over and sit.

You sighed in relief once you were finished, took care of yourself right afterward and stared at yourself in the mirror. Vermin. He called you a vermin for improvising and trying to save his carpet from being ruined. Wow. You could say it a million times and never get tired of hearing it: He was an asshole.

You pressed your palms into your eyes until you saw stars, the feeling of exhaustion taking over your body as the aches and pains came back. You couldn’t be feeling this awful, today was the day you were going home, today was the day you were going to fight for your life. Your back hurt, your neck hurt, and now your arm was throbbing in pain after being yanked a few yards across his bedroom. And angry growl fell from between your lips. You couldn’t be this upset.

You turned around to face the door, ready to open the door and list off your demands when you realized you had left your sister’s dress in the closet. You gasped, diving for the door handle and throwing it open to find his bedroom empty. As quickly as you could you ran to the open closet and were horrified to find it completely empty other than his clothing. Rose’s dress was nowhere to be found, and in that moment you lost it.

Before the room was cold all around you, but now you were so hot and heated, seeing red as you stepped out of the closet and up to his bedroom door just in time to see it open and for him to step through it. “Oh, good morning Vermin.” He said, you ground your teeth in frustration over his nonchalant attitude. “Where is my sister’s dress?” You demanded. He simply smiled and stepped around you, causing your anger to further fly off the walls. “You know, naked and angry isn’t a very good look for you. Why don’t you try calming down and then we can talk.” He said, moving into his closet and pulling down an outfit for the day. You couldn’t find the words to express yourself, all you wanted to do was lay a brutal beating on him for withholding the answers you wanted and then talking to you like a toddler. “What did you do with the dress you asshole!?” You shouted, stomping your foot and taking another step deeper into his closet.
“I’ve told you, Vermin.” He said, reaching down and pulling his sleeping shirt over his head. “Once you relax we can discuss your cum rag that you insist on calling a dress.”

“No I’m not gonna relax! It was my dead sister’s dress, something that I wanted to take home with me! Tell me where her dress is!” You shouted, hot and angry tears falling down your cheeks. Kylo turned to you, taking in your look of passion and shaking his head before turning to his clothing and pulling down a thick black undershirt. “Well then I guess you’ll never find out what’s happened to the dress.”

In that instant, you saw red. You knew what had happened, and it was even more obvious when he pulled the exact same white shirt he had tried to give you last night off of a coat hanger and lazily held it out to you without looking. “Getting kinda cold, isn’t it? Feel free to cover up.” He spoke with a grin. At the reminder of the temperature you felt your skin once again breakout in goosebumps, your teeth began to clatter in anger. “You, you threw away the dress?” You hollered, but Kylo did nothing but turn to you and smile. “Did you not understand me the first time?” He asked before stepping aside you back into his bedroom, this time fully dressed.

“I told you, you’re not going back to your parents. They sold you to me, I own you now.” He said, walking straight up to you and getting in your face, wagging his finger at you like you were a child he was reprimanding. “And I gave you a choice, you could either take the dress and throw it away yourself, giving up your past voluntarily or allowing me to do it for you. And your crude response meant I was going to have to do it for you.”

You could feel the heat rushing to your face as you pushed your fingernails into the flesh of your palm. Fury rushed through your veins and you were quickly losing control, any minute now you would blow and make him regret his action. He waited until you were occupied, relieving yourself to sneak into the closet where you had slept and swiped the dress. You held your eyes closed tight, trying to reason with yourself that this was his fault but it seemed like all you could do was blame yourself. What if you hadn’t dressed in Rose’s dress? What if you would have held onto it tighter, brought it to the bathroom with you? You would have still had it! One of the only two things that made you want to fight the tyrant that was locking you up, calling you a vermin and keeping you away from your home.

But no. Once again, for the millionth time, you had failed a member of your family. You were beginning to think that’s all you were good for, that it was all you were meant to do in the Galaxy. You were a disappointment, a burden on everyone, and if you listened carefully you could almost hear your father yelling at you for letting Roses expensive dress get both ruined and thrown away. “That dress cost us so much money! And you let it get trashed!” The tears slipped past your eyelids as you imagined his angry face, your mother crying behind him. What really did you in was the sight of your sister crossing her arms, shaking her head at you. She was upset with you. You upset the one person you had vowed to be strong for. Without opening your eyes you swung your arm to the left and made contact with something cold and thin. You heard a crash, the sound of glass breaking drew your attention and when you opened your eyes you saw one of the tall, exquisite lamps Kylo had decorated his room with had crashed to the floor, ending up landing in the bathroom where the lightbulb and glass shade had shattered.

You were making sense of the situation, finally coming down from your anger high after being able to violently take it out on something. You took a step toward the bathroom to see the rest of the damage you had caused but were stopped in your tracks by Kylo seizing you by the back of your neck and pushing you into the bathroom.

“Absolutely no respect for personal property.” Kylo said, but you weren’t concentrated on him. You were concentrated on the glass that was currently cutting and embedding into the bottom of your feet,
jumping around and trying to avoid the rest that had scattered across the bathroom floor. “Vermin. You disrespectful little Vermin!” You turned to face him and found he was standing there simply seething over your mess, you could tell he was angry at you and you were satisfied with his reaction.

He snapped his head up at you, bearing his teeth before violently raising his voice at you, causing you to flinch and snap out of your fulfilled mood. “You think this is funny?” He said, leaning forward like he wanted to step into the bathroom. You looked down, realizing he had on no shoes and couldn’t cross the sea of fine glass that separated you from him. “You think that your insubordination and violent nature is something to be laughed at?” You rolled your eyes at him, it was actually quite funny to see him so angry, it was the least he deserved for your awful treatment last night and this morning.

“You listen to me, Vermin.” He said, raising his arm in the air. Suddenly it felt as if someone’s warm fingers were wrapping around your jaw, forcing you up onto your sore toes so that you were looking directly at Kylo. “This is not working for me. It’s not going to work for me for much longer either.” The more he spoke the harder the pressure in your jaw became and he spoke on as if your discomfort didn’t matter to him at all. “You will learn to respect me. You will learn to submit and obey. I am tired of this repulsive behavior, I’m tired of your ill thought out actions and I’m no longer asking--I’m demanding -- better of you!”

Just as soon as you thought your jaw bone would be crushed under the pressure of the Force you were released, back down onto your feet where the pieces of glass were pushed further the further into your skin, causing you to yelp in pain. Kylo ran his hands through his hair as he took in a large breath, trying to calm himself down but it wouldn’t change anything. You didn’t care what he was demanding of you, he was not deserving of your respect at all and you were unwilling to simply bend over and submit to him.

His eyes fell momentarily to the glass covered floor and the droplets and footprints of your blood that surrounded them. “I know it’s a rather large change for you, I know it’s not what you’re used to but you’re going to have to change. You belong to me for the next eighteen months and I don’t want this to be as traumatic as you’re making it out to be. So I’ll give you some time to adjust.” He said, his voice increasing slightly in pitch as if this were a positive thing. You still stayed quiet, you wanted this conversation to be over so that you could quickly tend to your feet, fighting him would only prolong it. “Two days, I’ll give you a two day grace period, but after that your actions will be rewarded and punished as I see fit. Am I understood?”

“I guess.” You said with a heavy sigh. Your feet were pulsating around the glass and you were in unimaginable amounts of pain. You leaned back against the sink, taking the pressure off of your feet
as he nodded his head once, then pointed to the cabinet to the right of you. “You can start by fixing your feet, there’s a medkit in the cabinet there. Then you can clean this mess up before I get home for lunch.” He said, dropping his hand and turning on his heels, leaving you in the bathroom alone with his bullshit commands. You sat quietly as you hear him moving around in his bedroom, gathering up one or two things before walking out and shutting the bedroom door behind him.

“Rewarded and punished as I see fit.” You said to yourself, mocking him as soon as you felt he was far enough away to not hear you. “Clean this mess up before I get home for lunch.” You slouched down on the toilet and lifted your foot into your lap to assess the damage, and boy was it bad. Glass sticking out every few inches, a bloody mess that you knew would leave marks for a while. The biggest, thickest piece was wedged in between your big toe and your foot, and with a pained grimace you took it in between both of your fingers and began the agonizing process of working it out. You didn’t care what your grace period was, or what he’d do to hurt you.

You had plans for him in his absence, and those plans didn’t include cleaning anything up around his home.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not very happy with this chapter, I know it's kinda dull but next chapter it's going to get better. I have high hopes for this story and writing the intro usually takes time to build up to the good parts. Anyway, I apologize!
You stand proudly before your cryptic art, rivulets of your blood freefall down the bathroom wall that make the scene look that much more horrific. A half smile cracks across your face as you reach down, lifting your leg one more time to coat your finger in more blood before finishing up the right half of the letter “U,” took a step back and admired your handiwork.

You drew a giant dick on his wall in your blood, and to top it all off you added the word ‘YOU’ with an arrow pointing to it. You giggled, raised your hand to your necklace to give it a reassuring squeeze, this is what you were meant to do. This is what Rose would want you to do.

You sat back down on the toilet, looking down at the bloody pieces of glass that you had pulled out of your feet. They all hurt like a bitch to pull out, but after a grueling twenty minutes your foot was now glass free and bleeding freely all over his bathroom floor. You briefly wondered if you should draw something else in your blood, a giant middle finger, or the letters “FU” or something like that. But you realize at some point your foot would stop bleeding and it may even become infected should you keep running your fingers over your scars. Instead you cleaned it and bandaged it, wobbling just a little bit as you adjusted to bearing weight on your sore feet. But once you felt like you were set, you were set. Your first stop was his bathtub.

All of his cleaning products went down the drain, his bar of soap was flushed down the toilet. You aimed his showerhead right outside of his tub and turned it on full force, then turned your attention to his sink. You uncapped his tooth past and squeezed it all out of the tube onto the floor, took his toothbrush and placed it in the toilet after using it, poured his mouthwash down the drain and followed suit with his many hair care products. You smiled as you took a look down at your mess, at your blood as it began diluting on the floor. This was wonderful. You turned on your ripped up heels and carefully stepped over the glass into his bedroom, leaving the water to build up and spill onto his carpet.

You took a look around his bedroom and wondered where you should start next. Your eyes settled on his bed, thinking you could totally rip it apart but another thought quickly crossed your mind: Your necklace. As soon as he saw you absolutely destroyed his home you knew he would take it away, you had to come up with a safe place to hide it. You ducked into his closet, seeing if you could find an old shoe of his to tuck it into, or a pile of old clothes you could hide it under, but you couldn’t find such a thing. You got on your hands and knees and crawled deeper into the corner where you found a small bit of carpet that had been pulled up at some point and thought it was the perfect hiding spot. Why would Kylo need to inspect his closet this closely? You pulled a little bit more of it up before reaching back and unclasping your necklace, placing a kiss upon the locket that held your sister’s ashes and tucking it gently under the exposed floorboards and placing the carpet back over it. You vowed you’d come and visit it every chance you got, you just didn’t want Kylo throwing it away when you weren’t looking.

From there you didn’t hold back. You threw one of his shirts over your head, liking the fact that it dangled down over your knees and got to work, pulling a few of his expensive looking clothing down off the hangers and throwing them into the bathroom, knocking over his bedroom furniture and pulling apart what you could of his bed. This was awesome and you knew he’d be angrier than ever. This would teach him, maybe he’d even be so mad he’d simply let you go.

You descended the stairs and made your way into his clean and pristine kitchen, going through the
cabinets until you pulled out a bottle of sauce. Uncapping it you turned it toward the floor and started spraying it wildly, all over the floor and cabinets and countertops, ending in the living with it all over his carpet and walls. You continued the action with all of his sauces and liquids, leaving a disorganized and disgusting mess for him to come home to. Next you went into his fridge and uncapped his mostly full carton of milk and tossed it behind your back, hearing it splash loudly over the floor while you got out his eggs.

Happily you walked around his home and tossed them at random places around his home: Two of them ended up splattered all over his TV, several of them decorated his walls and his doors while the rest ended up being thrown at his clothes in his closet. Afterword you returned to the kitchen where you had target practice with every single one of his glass dishes and cups, breaking all of them against every wall of his house until there was nothing left to throw. Grabbing a dishrag off of his oven you picked up the biggest piece of glass you could find and wrapped it around it, going out to the living room and slicing his fancy leather couch and chairs to pieces. The soft stuffing was sticking out and you took it upon yourself to rip it from his couch and toss it behind your back. You wouldn’t be cleaning this shit and it wasn’t your stuff, so why should you care at all?

You found more destructive things to do in your spare time, and by the time you felt like you had caused more than enough chaos in his home you simply plopped down on the destroyed remains of his leather couch with a full bottle of wine you had stolen from under his cupboard. You uncorked it and took a huge swing, thinking nothing it life could possibly be worse than this. You had destroyed his home while he wasn’t home, surely he would let you go! Surely he would let you out of this bullshit contract now! You took another swing, the only thing you could do was wait, nothing more or nothing less.

With just the tiniest bit of wine left in the bottle you picked your head up at the sound of the doors opening. There was only one person that could be, and it was the man that was holding your hostage. You were drunk, had nodded off in your drunken state but still managed to keep ahold of the bottle while you slept. You could hear him slowly stepping through the mess, getting closer and closer to you. This was it, this would be when he would let you go.

“Well--welcome home, baby.” You slurred, groaning at the feeling of a strong headache coming your way. If you could you would have sat up and greeted him a little more formally, but the world was spinning around you even just turning your eyes about. He would have to come greet you instead.

“My, you certainly are a little pest.” You heard him say, but you had to giggle at him. First you were a vermin, now you were a pest. You had to think long and hard about it, but a pest probably would destroy a person’s home. Suddenly you were once again proud of yourself, one singular loper would not have been able to turn a house upside down like this, you had the power of a thousand lopers inside of you, getting their revenge on the man who was holding them against their will.

“You know,” You said with an obvious hiccup, Kylo had finally walked into your field of vision. “I quite like the nickname Vermin.” You said, tipping the bottle to your lips once again. He had his helmet on and, after surveying the rest of his home the visor of the helmet finally settled on you once again. “Can call me Vee for short. Wine?” You offered, holding the bottle of wine up to him. You wished you could have seen his face, the look of shock as he realized he would have to clean this mess up, because clearly you wouldn’t be.

He knocked the bottle of wine out of your hand in one swift motion, but your reaction time was too impaired to do anything about it. “It looks like you’ll have your hands full for the rest of the day,
cleaning up your deliberate mess.” He said, stepping away from you. You finally found the inner strength to sit up and look at him, he was nothing but a black blob as he moved across your vision, the mess of condiments and stuffing squelching under his boots. “Hmm...nah.” You said, leaning forward on your knees and tipping the bottle, watching the white wine cascade to the ruined carpet below you. “That is your problem. Not mine. I wanted to go back home, remember?” You said, once again slurring your speech. You were sure he wasn’t taking you seriously at all, but you did have a point. Had he just let you go home like you wanted none of this would have ever happened.

You saw him swiftly turn back around, then step viciously up toward you, seizing you by the collar of his shirt and standing you up. “Clean this mess up or you’ll get no food for the rest of the day!” He said, but it was hardly a threat. “Food? Ha!” You said, throwing your head back and sagging against his shirt, seams popping left and right in the background as he held you up by only your shirt. “I wasted all of your food, asshole. You have no more food!” You said unapologetically, and even if he did starving would be much better than giving him the satisfaction of cleaning this shit up.

Even though you were laughing at him and his sad attempt to get you to clean Kylo clearly didn’t think it was as funny as you did. Instead he violently pulled you into the kitchen and slammed you to the floor, your face dunked in the small puddle of milk you had thrown over your shoulder hours earlier. You let out an aggravated growl as the warm, rancid smelling milk filled your nostrils and mouth. “Vermin, you will obey!” He said, pushing your face to the floor and holding you there. You wiggled about, reaching your hands behind your back to try and deter him but it didn’t work. Instead you splashed about in the puddle of rotten milk like a fish clinging to life, until he finally lifted you up, pushing you through the kitchen back to the living room, over the broken glass that tore the bandages off your feet and caused them to bleed once again.

Food and glass found their way into your open cuts and your feet began to sting once again, you yelped, tried your best to lift them off the ground one by one before Kylo had dragged you across the living room to the TV where he slammed your face against what remained of the egg you had thrown at it, but the both of you seemed to realize at the same time that the most egg had dripped onto the glass entertainment center--you should have smashed that too.

He pulled you off with a grunt then bent you over the shelves and banged your head against the glass twice before grinding your nose into a broken yolk. Your face was so sore as the putrid yolk oozed its way up your nose and in your mouth, entering your open eye and causing it to sting. You cried out for him to stop, begged him to let up and show you some kind of mercy. It was disgusting, your stomach was churning as the uncooked, rotten food entered your body. You still weren’t willing to clean the mess, but you’d do anything else to get him to just stop handling you so awfully.

Kylo had finally had enough torturing you, dropping you and letting sit on your knees in the mixture of goop and stuffing, but before you had a chance to fight your way to your feet you could hear his zipper being pulled down in front of you.

“No! I’m not fucking--” He shut you up quickly, grabbing you by your mouth and pulling you forward with your eyes staring deep into his fly. You pushed back away from him but he held you firmly in place as he fished out his cock, soft and small in its resting state before his grip on your jaw tightened, but you refused to open your mouth. Even as he violently demanded you open for him as he stroked his cock, willing it to life as it grew before your very eyes, you refused to open. He was a fool if he thought you would suck him off after he nearly broke your nose against the glass of his table.

The oldest trick to get an unwilling person to open their mouth was to plug their nose, and for a man who was previously virginal before he met you, you were surprised he knew of that trick. His gloved fingers pinched your nose painfully shut, wiggled your face back and forth until your body
involuntarily forced your jaw open and he took his opportunity when it presented itself. His hardening cock infiltrated your mouth, rested on your tongue and you had never been more disgusted. Your stomach did a tumble and the first waves of nausea washed over you. First bad milk, then bad eggs, now his cock. With as much power as you could try to clamp your teeth down over his cock but it didn’t work, it was like you had an invisible barrier coating your teeth, you could only close your mouth so far.

Your shirt smelled of a rancid mix of sweat, blood, old food, and wine. You were miserable as he forced your head to bob up and down on his cock until was fully hard and seeping precum all over the inside of your mouth. You gagged as he forced his way all the way down your throat and then back up, it was completely unreal. The moans and groans from above you put you off that much more, and before you knew it he had your hair tangled in his hand and was forcing you to suck him even faster than what you were used to. Sometimes his cock would slip all the way down your throat, sometimes it would poke the hinges on either side of your jaw, but he never let up. Faster and faster until you felt like your own head would fall off your body until he finally pushed himself as far in as he could go, causing you to gag around him as his body twitched and the final moans escaped past his lips.

You could feel his load inching its way down your throat and into your already sour stomach. It was the worst feeling ever, and when he finally pulled his wet cock out of your mouth and you got to see the fruits of your forced labor you couldn’t handle it. You gagged out loud, your hands falling into the wet mess of food and your saliva as you vomited all over the floor.

It smelled of wine, in fact most of it was wine. Clear white globs of wine that had specks and strands of his seed that he had deposited right into your stomach, you squint your eyes as you tried not to think too much about it. But you failed, arching your back and vomiting at his feet one more time.

“Disgusting vermin.” He said, this time taking you by the back of your shirt. “Whenever I try to be cordial and offer you mercy and guidance,” He began as he threw you up the first two steps. You scrambled to get away from him, but you were still drunk. You couldn’t even tell which way your body was facing let alone where he was taking you. Using both of his hands he grabbed part of your shirt and hoisted you up more stairs, only stopping to get a better grip on your shirt. “You throw it all away! You continually test me, prove to me that your parents were right. You are a vermin. And if you’re going to act like an untrained vermin then I will treat you like an untrained vermin.” He shouted as he tossed you up the final step, now you were laying in front of his bedroom.

He grabbed you by the hair and pulled you into the bedroom, taking a second to stop and admire the number you had done on his bathroom. The shower was still running, his bedroom floor was flooded all the way up to his bed and you knew he was even angrier with you than before. You wondered what he was going to do to you, he had already raped you once, left your jaw sore and tired already. Would he throw you into the bed and force his way in between your legs too?

He came back into the bedroom, slapping you across the face while yelling at you over the wreck that was his bathroom. “No manners, act like an animal you’re going to be treated like an animal.” He said from under his helmet, beginning to pull up the sheets of his bed. You sat there on the floor puzzled, he was pulling back his sheets to do what? Tuck you in for a nap like a child?

No. That’s not what he was doing.

To your horror you learned why his bed was so tall. Never in a million years would you guess that hiding beneath the bed skirt was a black iron bar cage, cold and lonely just like a real prison. You stood there absolutely bewildered, what kind of safe and sane person has a cage holding their bed up? It was about three feet tall and was just as wide as the bed. There was solid concrete under it like
an actual cage, and from the way he was speaking you could tell that you would be finding yourself posted up under it for your punishment.

You watched as a small door on the side of the cage opened and before you could run for the hills Kylo pushed you forward onto your stomach, pressed a boot into your back before speaking to you. “Are you going to crawl into that cage like I’m requesting you to, or will I have to force you into it?” He asked, easing up on your back. You didn’t hesitate, as soon as you got the chance to wiggle away you tried.

Tried.

Suddenly there were shackles at your wrists, stretching your arms out as you were dragged toward the opening of the cage at a sickening speed. What was worse was you didn’t stop. He didn’t allow you to stop until you came in contact with the bars on the other side, your arms bending painfully at your head while your already hurting face slammed into the iron and your back bent as your body stopped so abruptly. You let out a pained growl as you tried your best to turn around on your stomach, the skin around your navel burning due to the severe rug burn you had sustained, but it would seem you were too late, the cage door was shut in your face and the only thing you could see was Kylo squatting down in front of you.

“Let me out of here you bastard! You can’t keep me locked in a cage like some sort of animal!” You bellowed, tears streaming down your face. “Oh, but I can, Vermin.” He said, standing to his feet and taking a step away from you, you were face to face with his shiny black boots. Angrily you shook the bars but they didn’t budge, whoever installed this cage had built it well; there was no way you were going to make it out of it on your own.

“Don’t you remember your contract?” He asked, you saw him walk over to his bedside table that you probably should have knocked over, heard him open the door and pull something out. “Everything that happens between us is consensual, no matter what you say.” From above you the packet of paper fell in front of you, landing on the page that listed your ‘job duties.’ Clenching your teeth you reached your arms through the bars but found there was little space between them to be able to bat it away.

“I tried to give you an adjustment period, and you took it and threw it away. You only have yourself to blame for this.” He spoke above you, but all you could do was press your face against the bar to try and look at him. “Now, you sit in this cage and you think about your actions. You have until after dinner time to decide if you’re willing to clean up your mess.” He said, bringing one of his boots back behind him. It was the only warning you got to jump out of the way before his boot came colliding loudly with your prison bars, startling you and scaring you nearly out of your skin. “And trust me, Vermin. You don’t want to know what the consequences will be if you refuse.” He said, finally walking off. You tried to follow his footsteps, rising up on your hands and knees and following him to the other side of his bed.

He left you with only the sound of his footsteps squishing in his soaked carpet and the water from his shower splashing onto the wet bathroom floor. You were afraid, what could possibly be worse than spending time in a cage under his bed?

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was based on a photo I saw on FB a few months back of a bed with a cage
under it, the caption said something along the lines of 'how to keep your plaything from running away' or something like that, and I thought to myself: I've gotta use that in some kind of Kylo Fanfiction lol.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The only thing you could think of while locked in a cage under your captor's bed was about Rose. You were locked away from your sister’s necklace and you had no way of defending it should Kylo pick it up. You screamed, panicked as you realized you were fucked. The concrete was cold under your burning knees and belly as you pressed your face against the bars and called out for Rose, as if her ashes could rise into the air and return to you. But she was the only thing you had in this awful place, you felt like you were finally alone and you were even more terrified than you were when you first arrived.

You turned your head from side to side as you crouched, your hands on the floor in between your knees you sat like a frog as you felt the bars drawing more and more into you. You began hyperventilating, pushing against the bars to stop them from moving, actually thinking the bed was closing in on you before picking your hands up and pushing on the concrete ceiling. You screamed, screamed even more before collapsing on your belly and screeching as loud as you could, wishing you could melt into the floor and rid yourself of this nightmare. You didn’t even know you were claustrophobic until today, and you were basically willing to clean up every inch of his home if it meant you could come out of this cage, you were afraid the ceiling would come crashing down on you, crushing you and ending your life.

You rolled over onto your back and pressed your feet into the ceiling, then brought them back and slammed the bottom of your feet against the cold, unforgiving concrete, sending an excruciating tingling feeling through your feet, to your toes, and down your legs. It almost felt as if you had sent your leg bones through your feet, and it did nothing but increase the intensity of your anxiety attack. At some point you decided that thrashing, kicking, and screaming about would not help anything. In your still dirty shirt you decided to stretch out, feel as much of the cell as you could. It seemed like the only way you would convince yourself that it was not closing in on you and it must have worked.

Time passed even though you were simply staring up at the black concrete above you, you spaced out while looking at the small divots and cracks, counting them one by one and trying to pretend you weren’t caged up. It worked for a little while, but eventually your thoughts wandered once again to the bars. You felt like you could hear them bending and stretching toward you, like they were on the verge of collapsing and crushing you under the weight of the bed. You felt your throat constricting, your heartbeat quickening before you rolled all the way to the very end of the cage, looking at the door with tears in your eyes. “Supreme Leader!” You sobbed, screaming at the top of your lungs as loud as you could. “Let me out, please! I’ll, I’ll do anything! Please just let me out of here!” You sobbed, your body pressed against the bars as you tried to reach your hand through as far as possible. It felt like you had that much more freedom, like the skin of your arm had room to breathe while the rest of you didn’t.

Amidst your sobs you heard the door open, opened your eyes and was able to clear out your blurry vision enough to see the black boots and black pant legs making their way to you, walking around the bed where you had been shoved into the cage. You quickly rolled onto your back and dragged yourself to the opening of the cage, watching Kylo as he squatted down and used the Force to unlock the cage. As fast as you could you grasped the bars of the door and pushed it open, crawled out of it and threw yourself onto the floor at his feet, gasping for air and filling your once constricted lungs to capacity. You laid your hand over your rapidly beating heart, reminding yourself that you
were alive and had survived your time in the obnoxiously small cage, a fear you hadn’t known you possessed until Kylo had forced it upon you.

You refused to open your eyes, you felt so ashamed of yourself right now. Here you sat, sweaty and teary eyed after an anxiety attack you suffered in a three foot tall cage, naked from the waist down and in nothing but a dirty T-shirt that smelled of rotten food and your fear. You felt pathetic, like you had been brought down to your lowest low and there was no way for you to recover. Kylo had won this round, there was no denying it. You wanted to spit at him, to curse at him and be as violent as you ever could be for putting you through that. He was a psychopath, the most awful person in the world for wanting to see you tortured like he did. And now he had the audacity to stand there and just stare at you as you stew in your anger, but you didn’t have the strength to fight him.

Suddenly you felt his large, warm hands flexing under your shoulder blades and under the exposed skin of your knees, lifting you into the air against your wishes. You groaned, the only response you could give him to let you know you were uncomfortable. You hated him, wanted absolutely nothing to do with him but here he was. Cradling you so close to him that your body was warmed in a way that was not familiar to you.

No one had ever held you close like this before, sure there were hugs here and there from your parents and your sister, and there was always the men that would hug you before and after they fucked you but it wasn’t the same as this. There was fleeing in the way he held you, the way your head rested on his chest and how he moved you gently to the bed. Once he had finally let you go and released his arms out from under you you sat up, staring at him just trying to figure out why he felt so different. Why is it that when he cradled you into him, when his heart beat so gracefully in your ear, that it felt almost like he cared for you? The man had locked you in a cage under his bed, had raped you and was holding you here against your will. In your eyes he was a monster, a dick as you had pointed out on his bathroom wall. But even still, you could feel it in the motions of his body that he cared for you.

“Was two hours in the cage enough for you to learn your lesson?” He asked, looking deep into your eyes. Even though you wanted to lash out at him, to tell him you’d destroy what remained of his house if you had the tools at your disposal. But you didn’t, you couldn’t stand the thought of being in that cage anymore so you simply nodded your head. “I’ll clean. I’ll clean up just please.” You said, fully sitting up and bowing your head to him. It hurt you to say it, to admit defeat when you wanted to be so tough and strong, but anything was better than being in that cage. He had said it, two hours. You had disassociated and stared at the ceiling for two hours before he came in to rescue you. Cleaning up was far better than spending time in his minute prison.

“... please. Don’t put me back under there.” You begged to his feet, your cheeks burning in embarrassment. He had won, won the battle you held over your wills, body and freedom.

He hummed at you, then stepped off to the right out of your way. “Well, what are you waiting for?” He asked, you picked your head up looking at him, you didn’t catch on that he expected you to start cleaning right then. “Get to cleaning. Start in the bathroom.” He pointed in the general direction of the bathroom and you rose to your feet, thinking if you ignored him the humiliation wouldn’t be as bad, but of course you were wrong. Each step you took to the bathroom you felt you were being weighed down with guilt about what you were about to do and about how it would only please him. This was his goal, to break you down and force you into submission, and he had achieved it without actually having to do anything. You knew what this meant, you knew he was going to use the cage against you from now on and you knew there must have been some other way to fight him back, but there was no time for that at the moment. As your feet grew wet under the damp carpet and you got closer and closer to the door the only thing on your mind was to clean up the bathroom so you wouldn’t have to look at that god awful cage ever again.
You stood on the threshold just staring at the mess of glass, rippling water, and other things you had thrown all over the ground. You had no idea where to start, you had to stop the water first but how were you going to get there without slipping and falling into the pieces of glass you could barely see? You grew nervous, expected him to just push you into the bathroom where you’d fall face first in the water for just standing there. Turning around you drummed up the courage to speak, to ask him a simple question that would only help aid you in cleaning up his bathroom.

“Could, could you shut the--”

“Does it look like I am responsible for the chaos in my bathroom?” He asked sternly, crossing his arms over his chest and causing you to cringe. You shook your head at him, all you wanted him to do was shut the water off with the Force so you wouldn’t risk injuring yourself walking to the other side, but clearly that was asking him for too much mercy after ruining his home.

“Then why would you think I should be responsible for cleaning it?” He asked. A rhetorical question no doubt, one that you did not see the need to answer at all. Instead you held your breath as you took the first wet step into his bathroom, forced to rely on your memories of where the glass was to avoid stepping on it.

The water came up above your foot right under your ankle, and for just a moment it soothed your open cuts. Your eyelids drooped as you reached out for the wall to steady yourself, your feet stung as you stepped on something that had been diluted like some soap or toothpaste but you had to keep going. The threat of the cage was behind you at all times, you had to get this water cleaned up.

You finally made it to the shower where you unfortunately had to stand directly under the spray in order to reach in and shut it off. It was humiliating, your dirty white shirt now clung coldly to your skin as you used all your might to shut the running water off, and when you did it was like you had won your own small victory in this mess. You turned around slowly, taking a hold of the counter as to not slip and fall on your way over to the towel rack to clean the floor. Kylo was there, leaning against the door frame the entire time just staring at you. You huffed, told yourself that it wasn’t worth the tears and, whether you liked it or not, Kylo was just going to stand there and gawk at you. So very carefully you made your way over to the towel rack and grabbed all three and threw them onto the floor, watching as they hungrily slurped up the still water. You placed your foot onto one of them and slid it around, pushing the water every which way around the floor and found that your plan was not working. You looked up, took your foot off the towels and started to step back until you realized your feet were bleeding once again.

You watched your blood dilute in the water on the ground, and in that moment you felt pathetic. Was this all really worth it? Was it worth fighting him in the end when he had ways of forcing you into submission? It seemed you were always on a rollercoaster during your time here, sometimes you felt like rebelling as hard and as often as you could was best, that eventually you’d fight your way out of his grip and you’d be free again. But whenever shit hit the fan and he punished you like he promised he would your mind would do a complete 180, telling yourself that bowing to him and obeying his every command was best. It was confusing, and even now that you sat in your own blood, sweat, and tears, your mind was just beginning to shift in the opposite direction. You felt like you had to find a new way to fight, to make him be afraid of you and to let you go.

But not right now. Right now you had to clean up so you could tend to your sore, bloody feet and your broken soul.

Towels, you needed more towels from the closet. You tredded lightly forward, making it almost all the way to Kylo before losing your footing and falling tragically toward him. With a pained gasp you reached out in front of you, grabbing ahold of his robes while your feet slipped out underneath of
you. Much to your surprise Kylo’s muscular arms wrapped around you once again, saving you from slipping all the way down to your knees. He pulled you to your feet, but instead of letting go of you he yanked you from the bathroom, finally releasing you once you stood in the puddle of water that had leaked into his bedroom.

With his arms crossed over his chest he stood in between you and the closet, it was incredibly awkward to sit there in his unforgiving gaze so you attempted to step around him. He responded by taking ahold of you once again, and by now you were certain you were tired of him touching you. He shoved you just a tad out of the water and pointed to the bed before turning around and heading back into the bathroom.

“Lucky for you, someone has generously offered to clean up your mess.” He said, you could hear him rummaging through the drawers and you realized he was getting out the medkit you had used previously to bandage your feet. He was being merciful and allowing you to heal yourself, you couldn’t deny the fact that the soles of your feet needed tended to so you hurried to the bed and sat down just as he was emerging from the bathroom. He tossed the box on the bed at you before going into the closet, you wasted no time in opening it and cleaning up the wounds on your feet.

“However, I will not allow you to stay here while everything is being replaced, not after your tirade.” You picked up your head up and looked at him just as he tossed a pair of sweatpants at you. You stopped for a moment to reflect on what he said, you wouldn’t be here and that meant that you wouldn’t be around him. That would be wonderful, you were almost excited for him to take you to wherever you were going. You said nothing tho, simply went back to rubbing the antibiotic ointment into your wounds and then bandaging them just as you had before. Once you were finished you sighed, rising to your broken feet and stepping into the sweatpants he had gotten you. He watched you the entire time, and once you were fully dressed he motioned you to follow him.

Out into the hall, down the stairs, through the living room and ending on the other side of the kitchen you stood in front of a door. You remembered seeing it as you were destroying the kitchen but never bothered to actually open it, feeling it was a pantry or something but decided you had better things to ruin than whatever was in there. You were hesitant, was he really planning on locking you in a pantry while his house was fixed up?

“I just want you to know, that had you done this any other time, you would have suffered a much more fierce and painful punishment, but since it’s only your second day with me I’ve decided to go easy on you.” He said, you looked away and rolled your eyes. You were thoroughly convinced nothing could be worse than being in the cage, but decided to ignore it anyway. He opened the door and you were met with quite a long flight of stairs that led to an illuminated room at the bottom. You were curious, but for some reason even more terrified. You were used to being here, and you had no idea what was downstairs waiting for you.

Suddenly Kylo shoved you into the door, and you regained your footing just in time before flipping helplessly down the stairs to this new room. “The next time you step out of line and disrespect myself and my property, the consequences will be far worse than isolation.” He said, slamming the door the instant he stopped speaking. You growled, stepping up to the door and, just as you thought, the door was locked. You were frustrated, you were afraid of the small space you were in but it was nowhere near as bad as in the cage.

With a heavy sigh you turned away from the door as the sound of his boots echoed away from you, there was no use trying to get him to open it--you didn’t want to be near him anyway. It was probably worth investigating what was down here anyway, for all you knew it was much better than the shithole you had just gotten ejected from. Grasping onto the railing you descended the stairs, closer and closer to the room that sat on the bottom. Once you reached it you were amazed to see it
was just a small bedroom. You stepped off the last stair and took in the new setting: Two twin sized beds that sat in front of a large TV mounted on the wall, a dresser, a much smaller bathroom off to the side, and two bean bag chairs in each corner. It was weird, just above you where you came from was a luxurious home, and down here sat a much smaller, average looking bedroom clearly meant for two.

What was this? Was this where you and Kylo were to stay periodically? Was he meant to have a second woman and this was where you were supposed to live with her? It was strange, and even stranger was the sight of the other staircase that was identical to the one you had come from on the other side of the room. Did that lead to another part of Ren’s home? You decided you had to find out and quickly crossed the small room to the other set of stairs and raced up them, jiggling the handle to find it was locked as well. You huffed, this was stupid. You made your way back down the steps and stood in the middle of the room, unsure of what to do next. You were tired, hungry, still sore from the beating Kylo had put you through. Maybe it would be best to just relax in one of the chairs and watch television until whatever came around next.

You found the remote sitting on the table in between the two beds and promptly switched it on, finding it on a channel about crafting within the Order. There was a rotund woman in the middle of explaining the difference between crocheting and knitting, something you didn’t really care to understand at the moment so you switched the channel. There was a live feed of the Faither races, the next channel was a melodrama between two male lovers, and the channel after that was a cartoon about children who live in the Order. It all seemed so boring to you so you just settled on the crafting show, propping your chin in your hand and just watching as the woman started an in depth tutorial on what size knitting needles you would need to make an oversized blanket. This would have to do. You were trying to pay attention to her explanation, but by the time she had started knitting the stitches you felt your eyes drooping lower and lower as your head sagged over your shoulder. You were tired, you had a long day and you felt like you needed the rest now that you were in a peaceful space. Eventually you gave up, letting your eyes fully shut and drifted away to dreamland. Maybe when you woke up everything would be okay, maybe the Supreme Leader would let you go after his home was clean.

“Oh goody!” Someone said excitedly, a little too excitedly and in your face for your comfort. You opened your eyes and found a young woman bent over and standing mere inches away from your nose. You cried out, rolling your body to the left and falling to the carpeted floor below you. You knew someone else must have taken up residence here, but you weren’t expecting that person to introduce themselves so far in your personal space.

“Oh, I’m sorry!” She said, pronouncing the word ‘sorry’ like the word ‘sore.’ “I didn’t mean to frighten you.” She said, holding her hand out to you to help you up, but you refused. This girl was strangely happy, you had never seen someone this happy before. “They told me the Supreme Leader would be gaining a woman soon, but no one would sign the contract! They said I’d finally have someone to live down here with me months ago, but no one ever came!” She said as you scooted yourself into the corner against the wall. She cupped her hands over her chest and squeezed them together, looking at you longingly. “I’m Cass!” She said, but you refused to reply to her. She was too happy, too peppy, and you were far too tired to deal with her, you hoped she would calm herself.
because you definitely were not in the mood.

“My name wasn’t always Cass, I was born Velvetine Morales but when I became property of the General he renamed me. What’s your name?” She asked, cocking her head to the side. You counted the freckles on her face, she looked like a total Mary Sue and you were already growing to hate her and her oversharin. “You, you can call me Vee.” You said coldly, stepping aside her and heading up the stairs. You weren’t sure how long you were asleep but you were hoping Kylo’s home repairs would have been finished by now. Being upstairs by yourself was far better than being with this Cass individual. “Where’re you going, Vee?” Cass asked you as you began going up the stairs back to Kylo’s home. As badly as you wanted to hand her a snarky response, something along the lines of ‘away from your annoying ass,’ but you decided you couldn’t do that. She wasn’t intentionally annoying you like Kylo often had, she probably couldn’t help herself.

“Back upstairs.” You said as you reached the top, knocking on the door and jiggling the door handle just to see if it had been unlocked. “I don’t know that Supreme Leader Kylo Ren will leave his door unlocked.” She warned, looking at you inquisitively from the bottom of the steps. “The General tells me both of these doors have to stay locked so that we can’t go up there when they don’t want us to.” She said hesitantly, you began to get some creepy vibes from her in that moment. She called herself ‘property’ of the General and she was speaking about him like he was her father, what the hell was going on here? You looked down the staircase as you knocked one more time, you really didn’t want to have to go back down with her when she was staring at you all moon eyed, like a hawk about to swoop down for its prey.

“You don’t know the Supreme Leader like I do. He’ll come get me I’m sure.” You said, feigning confidence. “I don’t know, Vee. The General just left for the evening part of his shift and I’m sure the Supreme Leader has done the same.” You sighed, rolled your eyes into the back of your head as you took another look at the door. Kylo had said you were being punished, he somehow knew Cass would annoy you and this was how he was getting his true revenge.

“Why don’t you come back down, I’ll get you a clean shirt if you’d like?” She asked, you realized she was probably right. Ren wasn’t coming and you were in a disgustingly dirty shirt. You had nowhere to go but down, you might as well go entertain her kind thoughts. You swallowed your pride as you stepped down the stairs once more. This couldn’t possibly be worse than sitting in the cage for two hours.

Chapter End Notes

I've just taken up drawing as hobby. Learning with the help of youtube. It's kinda taken up a lot of my writing time so I apologize if my updates become slow!
“So what was it like?” Cass asks you as she hands you an all black shirt. You were much taller than she was and didn’t know if the shirt would fit or not but you were sure going to try. Anything would be better than sitting in the crusted foul smelling shirt you were currently wearing, even if it meant you would have to sit in a shirt for someone who was under five feet tall. “What was what like?” You ask her as you pull the hem of your dress over your head. You were now standing in front of her with a bare chest, and you could tell she was uncomfortable because you heard her gasp. Once you had pulled it over your head you saw she had completely turned away from you to avoid your nakedness, poor thing.

“Are you presentable?” She asked, but before you allowed her to turn around you rolled your eyes. “Yes, yes I am.” You said, when she turned around her cheeks were bright red. “Why would you do that in front of me?” She asked, her voice high pitched and severely uncomfortable. “Because, I’ve been naked in front of lots of people.” You said sitting down on the closest bed to you. “One little girl isn’t going to make a difference to me.”

“Well, I’m not a little girl. I’m 20 and a half years old. By the time my contract is up for negotiation again I’ll be 22.” She said, fiddling with her fingers at her hips. “But, anyway, what was signing your contract like? I didn’t get to sign my own until I was eighteen.” You cocked a brow at the mention of her age, she was 20 but she looked like a teenager and she had been here since before she was eighteen. Something was off, and you couldn’t stop yourself from delving deeper into the conversation. “You’ve been here since you were a child?”

“Since I was sixteen, yes. My father signed my contract for me and I was sold to the General. At the eighteen month mark he decided he would keep me even though he was presented with a much older and more mature woman, and at the two year mark I was of age and decided to sign my own contract to keep myself here. It was a no brainer, really. I had nowhere else to go so the General asked me to stay with him.”

“I see.” You said to her, taking a worried look away from her, you guessed they liked them young around here but you hardly looked the part. Maybe it was just this General guy, and if that were the truth he needed to stay far away from you. You hated pedophiles with all your being. “But to answer your question, I don’t know. I was tricked into signing.” You said, looking down into your lap and realizing how hopeless you were. You had realized that your necklace was still upstairs under the small corner of the carpet and felt alone even with Cass here with you. You wanted to fight for it back but it would be no use. The next time you went upstairs you’d have to remember to snatch it back.

“How did you get tricked into signing your employment contract?” She asked, cocking her head to the side innocently. Her blonde braids slipped to the side, she really did look like an innocent child. Just as you opened your mouth to explain your situation carefully she cut you off. “Can you not read?” She asked you so brazenly, and you almost smacked the shit out of her. “Yes, I can read you little rude bastard!” You said, in response she shied away from you, cringing as she apologized a hundred times in a row. “Those people didn’t give me a chance to read it, I was promised a better job and a ten thousand sign on bonus for my parents and instead I get this. My chucklefuck parents signed me over to a fucking virginal oaf that’s into some weird BDSM shit or whatever, doesn’t care that he’s taken my own sister’s remains away from me and now I’m stuck here with you because
nobody else gives a shit about me! Oh yeah, I signed that contract because I’m an idiot that can’t read. That’s exactly what happened!” You said, standing up and throwing your fist around in the air. It was the first time you had actually got to reflect on the entire thing, from start to finish and it made you even more livid than before. But as you stood there and fumed you realized there was nothing that could be done. You were locked in here with this girl and there was no going anywhere else. The least you could do was suffer while relaxed down here, make as much as you could of Cass’s company.

You turned around to look at Cass who was still cowering away from you, obsessively rubbing her hands together as you calmed yourself down. The many freckles that decorated her cheeks accented her bright blue eyes and you wondered how such an innocent looking person would end up here in an ‘assistants’ contract. You understood your own predicament just a bit, but that was only because Kylo had told you that you were a ‘burden’ on your parents. But Cass? She looked as if she had never done anything wrong in her entire life. How could anyone be angry at and send away that pure looking baby face?

“So what is this place?” You asked, changing the subject and turning around to face her. “Th-The Supremacy.” She stammered. “No, I get that. What is this place here?” You asked, Kylo had never explained it and it just seemed like an odd addition to his kitchen. “Oh, this is where we stay as their assistants.” She said, finally perking up again. “The General likes me to stay down here most of the time unless I’m dining with him or pleasuring him. So I can go up there anywhere between three and ten times a day.” Your stomach churned at the thought of being stuck down here all the time, surely Kylo wouldn’t do that to you, right?

“It’s really not that bad, it was worse when I was alone. Sometimes the General wouldn’t call for me all day long and I’d just be down here by myself. Now that you’re here I won’t be so lonely!” She said, clasping her fists together and once again leaning into your personal space. She looked so bright and happy at the prospect of having someone to spend time with down here, and even though you weren’t too thrilled about being with her for so long you decided to keep it to yourself. Why burst her bubble too when yours had been burst a long time ago?

“What’s happened to your face Vee?” She asked as she stepped away from you finally, allowing you to breathe once more. You hadn’t actually gotten a chance to admire your face and what Kylo had done to it, but from her reaction you thought it was bad. Certain areas still pulsed if you took the time to think about it, you were sure it would be bruising right now after he slammed your face into the glass entertainment center. “Kylo Ren did it to me.” You said, with a sigh. You were immediately grateful that you ended up with Ren instead her, you couldn’t imagine her face being covered in bruises cause you were certain Kylo would have found a reason to beat her. “Why did he do that? The General doesn’t hit me very often.” You took a shocked look up at her, well there went your gratefulness.

“Because he still thinks I’m going to bend over backward and ‘serve’ him like a slave.” You said, leaning backward onto the bed and stretching your arms out. Even though you were fully dressed you still felt so naked without your sister’s necklace. You brought your arm up and touched the naked skin of your collarbone, this was awful.

“But, but isn’t that what you’re meant to do?” Cass asked, her brows furrowing as if she didn’t understand what you were saying. “You signed the contract, now you have to do what he says.”

“Did you not understand the first time I told you? I was tricked into signing that shit.” You said bitterly, but you could tell she didn’t understand. On one hand you thought you were stupid as well, you should have stopped to read what it said before signing it but you didn’t. But on the other, didn’t she see what kind of state you were in when you got here? Your face was bruised and your clothing
was rancid, why would someone willingly put themselves through something like that?

“I, I guess I just don’t understand.” She said shyly, looking down to the ground. “I’m sorry.” She said, and once again you felt bad for her. It wasn’t her fault you had gotten yourself into this mess, she didn’t deserve you taking your anger out on her at all. “Would you like to shower?” She asked, you looked up just in time to see her shuffling in her heavy Victorian era looking dress over to the bathroom where she opened the door. “You seem like you need a shower.” She said, cringing at you as she waited for your response. Once again, you were insulted by what she was saying, but you hadn’t showered in a long time. Without another word you rose from the bed and disappeared into the modest bathroom, happy to finally have some alone time. “And just so you know,” Cass stopped you just as you set once food into the bathroom. “That’s my bed. Yours is the other one.”

Your shower left you feeling rejuvenated and relaxed, you felt clean and felt no qualms with putting the clothing you had before on. Your hair was clean, your muscles were relaxed, and you were ready to take on the rest of your day. You were certain you’d be making it out sooner or later, there was no need to worry about it.

Upon making your entrance back into the bedroom you found Cass sitting on “her” bed staring up at the television, in her hands she was working two long needles with some yarn on the floor in between her feet, staring up at the woman as she explained all the different kinds of stitching you would need to do to make a scarf. “I see you found my crafting channel.” She said, looking up and smiling at you from under her bangs. “I can teach you, I’ve become quite skilled at knitting.” She said happily, then going back to maneuvering the needles in her hands. “I’m making a scarf for the General. I’ve made him a hat and gloves in his two favorite colors: Cobalt blue and brown but I never see him wear them. I just feel so bad seeing him command out there in the snow, he gave me knitting needles and yarn for my birthday last year and so I make him things.”

You were transfixed on the craft in her hands, the scarf was a pattern of blue and brown, every half of a foot or so it alternated colors and it looked so comfy. On one hand you were impressed, on the other you were horrified. Would Kylo want you to make him things like this? Because if so, you’d refuse. Crafting wasn’t your thing, and Cass seemed to be submissive enough as it was. If anything you would be happy to trade: give Cass to Kylo and you work with the General guy, or maybe they could share her.

“Do you think this is long enough?” She asked you, seemingly just wanting to talk at this point. “I, I guess. I’m from a hot planet so I’ve never worn a scarf. She blinked at you, then looked past you at the dresser. “Your lunch came, by the way.” You turned around and, sure enough, a hearty, healthy looking green salad sat atop the mahogany dresser, complete with all the right dressings and a plastic fork wrapped up on the side. Wow, you thought to yourself. This was the fanciest salad you had ever seen, and it had so many extras on top of it: Bacon, cheese, croutons, and cherry tomatoes. A salad back at home was normally just three or four leaves of brown, wilting lettuce cut up and, if you were lucky, two drops of ranch dressing. Never in your life did you think you’d be able to eat something as fancy looking as this, and before either of you could say another word you pounced on it, carrying it over to ‘your’ bed and devouring it piece by piece.

“Did Ren bring this down for me?” You asked, crunching the fresh, watery romaine lettuce between your teeth. “No, it came through the meal slot over there in the wall.” She said, lifting her hand and pointing at the wall between the beds. Sure enough there was a large metal plate in the wall that looked to slide open just enough for a plate full of food to come through. “And you really shouldn’t refer to them by their names. You’re his assistant, you should call him the Supreme Leader.” You side eyed her, then rolled your eyes as you stuck a cherry tomato in your mouth and chewed it as
well, for some reason you were expecting these things to taste sweeter, isn’t that why they called them cherry tomatoes?

“I’ll call him whatever the hell I want to call him. He’s a piece of shit and he knows it.” You said proudly, there was nothing anyone could do to change your way of thinking. She shot you a nervous glance, looking away after a moment back to her TV show. From there you ate in silence, watching Cass knit as the scarf grew in length between her knees. You couldn’t help but be jealous of her talent, you never had the opportunity to learn how to do such a thing.

After your lunch you grew bored out of your mind. You sat on your back and twiddled your thumbs in your bed as Cass sat there radio silent and still, the only part of her moving was her hands and fingers. It frustrated you for some reason, there was literally nothing to do but sit here and watch the TV and it wasn’t even set to something you wanted to watch. “What else is there to do down here? You can’t possibly sit here and knit all day long?” You asked Cass out of desperation. “Not much else, I’m afraid.” She said very stale. “Sometimes the General allows me to bring a book or a movie down here, but other than that it’s just me and my knitting.”

“But other than that it’s just nothing? No books? No little trinkets to play with? Nothing?”

“Nothing.” She said with a sigh. “But when you’ve been down here for as long as I have, you get used to it.” You gave her an empty look, this girl was so whipped it wasn’t even funny. “What’s the Supreme Leader like?” Cass asked you out of the blue. “The General tells me about him every once and a while, he sounds like a really bad man.” You giggled, and for once you could agree with her. “He is, he’s such an awful person it’s not even funny.” You began, sitting up and watching her eyes widen. “He’s raped me twice now, kept me locked in a cage and he beats me. Nothing cordial or gentleman like about that.” She turned around and was looking at you confused, like she didn’t understand what you had said.

“But, but--” She stammered, her hands coming to a standstill. “The General, he’s done the same thing to me. I guess instead of a cage he locks me down here. He’s done all that to me and he’s a wonderful man. How can that be?” At that point you had lost all hope you had for Cass. She had spent too much time here, had been groomed by this General guy so much that she believed a man that beats her is ‘wonderful.’ It was sad, and you couldn’t help but to worry if the same thing would happen to you.

“God, girl.” You said to her, laying down on your bed on your back. “You are so brainwashed, it makes me sick.” You said, being brutally honest. You heard her gasp before looking back down at her knitting. “One time I asked the General if he was actively brainwashing me, and he told me to never ask him that ever again and sent me down here for dinner.” She said, sounding defeated. You counted it as a plus that she was at least self-aware, but at the same time it was depressing. Brainwashing, that’s what you had to look forward to in the future, you guessed.

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At some point you had started playing a word association game with yourself, starting with the word ‘brain’ and you ended with the phrase ‘all that glitters is not gold.’ It was going really well until you had fallen to a light sleep, dreaming about running freely through your hometown. You could smell the hot dust that clung in the air, could hear the cars whizzing by you. It was so liberating, and you
could almost believe it was real until you heard a voice coming from far away.

“Cass! Dinner’s arrived sweetie.” You pried your eyes opened just in time to see Cass setting her knitting down on her bed, hastily standing and smoothing her heavy dress down and running her hands over the top of her head and down her braids. “I’m coming, General!” She shouted, turning on her heel and sprinting toward the stairs. You watched as she disappeared up into the black staircase, hustling like a child running to a parent, you wondered how long you were asleep for it to already be dinner time when it felt like you had just eaten lunch. You sat up, realizing you had free reign of the TV now that Cass was gone and swiftly snatched the remote from her pillow, changing it to the soap opera channel and becoming engrossed over the two men that loved each other. You wondered briefly what Cass thought about this, she seemed to be so pure and innocent, you wondered if she was even aware that same sex relationships existed.

Half an hour into your TV show, just as one of the two men was beginning to admit feelings to the other you were startled by a mechanical noise coming from behind you. You looked back and managed to catch a pair of white gloved hands pushing a large bowl of thick, creamy, white soup through the meal slot, just as Cass had mentioned. Next to it was a soup spoon as well as some crackers, it smelled like mushrooms and you couldn’t wait to dig in.

Down here by yourself it was actually quite peaceful. The sounds of your show in the background as you shoveled the soup into your mouth was relaxing, and once you were finished you found yourself to be satisfied with just walking from one end of the room to the other, getting some much needed exercise from the past three days. You even took it upon yourself to sit on the floor and meditate, trying to convince yourself that your sister’s necklace was alright and safe, that you hadn’t panicked during your entire time down here and you wouldn’t need to panic now. And it worked, up until the sound of a door opening to your right brought your attention away from your thoughts.

Cass was wandering down the steps in nothing but a light pink floral night gown that went all the way to the floor, her once braided hair now running flat down her back like a silky blonde waterfall. “Good evening Vee.” She said softly, you noticed she had black rings around her neck that weren’t there the first time you had seen her and looked quite sad. When you didn’t say anything in reply to her she spoke up again, stepping up to the dresser and pulling a modest pair of white underwear from the top and slipping her left foot into them.

“I just got finished pleasuring the General.” She said, looking over to you and smiling. It was weird, clearly she had been hurt, clearly something that been tied around her neck but here she was happily sharing about her sex with her owner. It made you sick and you found yourself wishing you could be alone again. “He choked you?” You asked, she nodded her head. “He asked me to dance for him, but he said what I was doing wasn’t to his liking so he decided to just have me in the missionary pose. I didn’t pass out this time, last time I did that and he got really angry. He told me wasn’t angry at me, but he still yelled at me and called me names about it.”

You felt the color drain from your face at her nonchalant words, maybe it was better that you were with Kylo instead of the General. “Cass, can I ask you a question?” You asked, unable to keep silent as she made her way into her bed, tucking herself into her sheets and laying down on her pillow. “If it’s about the General, I can’t answer. He told me over dinner that he didn’t want me sharing anything about him to you.” You felt like you should have been insulted, but couldn’t find it within yourself to be since the person hurling the insults was likely a man that enjoyed choking women till they passed out then yelled at them, one that may or may not be into children as well. Instead you asked your question, thinking Cass wouldn’t be one to answer.

“Has anyone ever told you that you grossly overshare details of your life?”
She blinked at you, thinking long and hard about her response to you. “I, I get the feeling he likes it when I talk to other people about what he does to me.” She said, looking up at the ceiling. “When he takes me to conventions he always stands me up in front of his peers and makes me recount what the two of us had done together the previous night, and sometimes I’m made to get on my knees and perform oral sex on him during his meetings.” You cocked a brow at her words. That was disgusting. “And is this something you enjoy doing?” She shook her head sadly. “Have you told him that? Have you asked him to stop?” She turned to scowl at you before reaching up to turn the light off that sat above her bed. “I can’t, I signed the contract.” She turned abruptly onto her side away from you, shielding herself from your judgemental eyes.

“And besides…” You heard her sniff as she brought her hand up to her face and wiped her nose. The poor girl was crying, your prying had upset her and you were suddenly feeling guilty about it. “...The General is a nice man. He’s not always so cruel to me.” You let out a sigh at her depressing comment, the fact that she was crying should have sent up red flags in her own mind, the Stockholm Syndrome was obviously strong in her.

Regardless, you decided to drop the subject. You may have more time to question her tomorrow, but for now you decided to leave her alone. The poor girl was hurt, she needed time to mourn.

Chapter End Notes

I am so in love with Cass. I almost want to give her her own story. But this is about our dear Vee and Kylo, and next chapter we'll see him again.
The next morning you awoke to the sound of intense, heavy breathing. You could clearly tell Cass was breathing in through her nose, then out noisily through her mouth. Not only that but there was classical music playing loudly in the background, and both noises in tandem put you off greatly. You sat up, rubbing your eyes as you took in the sight of Cass standing with her hands stretched far above her head while the bright blue glow of the TV illuminated her form. It looked like she was doing some kind of yoga exercise, and yoga was cool and all, but not when she was doing it so early in the morning while you were trying to sleep.

Last night when you had gone to bed it was pitch black in the room, there were no windows and light didn’t even carry down from Ren and The General’s rooms. To sit here and see the screen burning into your retinas was painful, and you were so annoyed you couldn’t help but to clear your throat to grab her attention. While her arms were still in the air she turned her head slightly to you before whispering a short and cheery ‘morning’ to you. “Morning.” You grumbled, sitting still as you waited for an explanation. Cass always felt the need to explain each and every one of her actions, you expected now to be no different.

“Would you like to stretch with me?” She asked, you angrily huffed as you lay back down, throwing the covers over your head in the process. “No, I would like to go back to sleep.”

“Are you sure? It’s five in the morning and The Supreme Leader will probably be here soon, if he wishes to dine with you for his morning meal.” Cass asked, you could hear the uncertainty in her voice. “The Supreme Leader can suck it. I’m tired.” You said, closing your eyes and trying your hardest to block the noise out so you could go back to sleep. It worked for about five minutes before Cass once again opened her mouth and brought you back from your oncoming slumber. “The General says he wants me fit and healthy, and that starts with waking up early and having a stretch before breakfast.” Whoop dee doo. That had absolutely nothing to do with you so you didn’t reply. You closed your eyes tighter, hoping that if you concentrated hard enough you could just block her out and fall back to sleep. Cass of course didn’t care, she continued on like she was blind, unable to see you trying to sleep ten feet away from her. “He says that one day he wants me to give him children, he wants four and he needs me to be as healthy as possible.”

“Cass.” You moaned from under the covers. The poor girl was so ignorant about her own words. You didn’t need to know everything about her, her sexual activities, and her morning routine. You just needed her to be quiet so you could rest. “Shut up, will you?” You begged her, and for once she seemed to take your callous reply to heart. You didn’t hear another peep from her, and in the dark and quiet of the room you had managed to fall back to sleep. It was great, you were nice and warm and cozy under your blanket until you woke to her shouting at the top of her lungs.

“I’m coming, General!” You heard her say, causing you to jump at the sudden loudness around you. You poked your head out of the blanket far enough to see that while you were sleeping she changed into yet another heavy dress and was making her way toward the staircase. You took a look at the bedside table, wondering what time it was but you saw no alarm clock. You sat up, surveyed the walls in the dark as hard as you could but you couldn’t find a clock anywhere. You were stumped, how did Cass know what time it was if there was no friggin clock down here? You were frustrated, angry that you were awoken yet again by her and also that you were still here in general, you wanted something to take it out on but that would not help. Instead you burrowed further down into your blanket, hell bent on once again falling asleep. You were too comfortable, it was dark and you were exhausted. All you had to do was close your eyes and simply fall asleep.
But of course, nothing in your new life was that simple.

Right in your ear you heard the loud sound of a metal plate coming down through the meal slot, soon after the air around you filled with the scent of fresh orange juice, bacon, eggs, and pancakes. You were livid, wanting nothing more than to rest you reached out of your blanket and swooped your arm across the table, sending the food flying to the floor. You growled, turning over on your other side you shut your eyes, thinking that now you couldn’t possibly be woken up by anything else. You prayed to all that was good that Cass would stay away from you, you didn’t want her coming down that stairs and telling you all about her morning with the General.

As it turned out, Cass wasn’t the one that would be waking you up next. You weren’t sure how much time had passed before you heard the thunderous footsteps pounding their way down the stairs closest to you, but you were awake enough to notice the light flicking on around you as soon as they got to the bottom of the steps. You groaned, throwing the blanket over your head. You had a feeling it wasn’t Cass, and it wasn’t the General since they normally used the stairs closer to her bed. It was him. And you wanted nothing to do with him after getting to spend a full day down here with Cass.

“You haven’t eaten your breakfast?” Ren said above you, you almost felt like you could cry. It felt as if you had only gotten seconds of sleep in between each intrusion, and it was one of the most frustrating feelings ever. “Please, just let me sleep!” You begged him, not wanting to deal with his bullshit at the moment. “Let you sleep?” He asked, taking a fistful of your blanket and pulling it off of you. Your body curled further into a fetal position as the cold air hit your skin, this was the worst. “Do you not realize that it’s almost one in the afternoon, Vermin? This poor girl has been sitting on her bed in the dark waiting for you to wake up.” He said, and you finally opened your eyes, turned around to see Cass sitting cross legged on her bed, just as Kylo had told you. She smiled sympathetically at you for just a moment before looking up at Ren, she looked like she was awe struck by the man.

He forcibly took ahold of your wrist and pulled it out to him, but before you could look back at him he was placing something small and cold in your hand. “I found this, you chose a very meager place to hide it since my carpet had to be ripped up.” He said coldly, and once he had given you control of your hand once again you were surprised to see your necklace sitting in the palm of your hand. You let out a light gasp as you drew your hand into your chest and held it close to you, feeling like he had wronged you more than ever now that he had touched your sister without your permission.

“Don’t you ever touch my sister again, you prick!” You said, slinging your feet over the bed once again and turning to face Cass. You watched as she looked from Kylo to you, and you almost begged her for some kind of help. You felt like you could cry, but you didn’t want her to see you so vulnerable. “I’ll touch whatever I want to, Vermin.” He said, taking the back of your shirt and pulling you off the bed. “That includes you, and your one personal belonging that I am allowing you to keep.” You gasped as he slammed you against the nearby wall and slipped his hands up your shirt, his hot palms glided across your skin for a hot second before you managed to wiggle out of his grasp. “Disgusting.” You exclaimed before turning into the corner. It was like a childish game, if you couldn’t see him then he couldn’t see you and he wouldn’t bother you. In all actuality you were clutching your necklace to your chest once again, trying to hold back your tears. You were so beat, so defeated that you felt you couldn’t handle his molestation.

But of course you weren’t six years old, and the man still towered behind you even though you couldn’t see him. “Let’s go, upstairs Vermin.” He commanded, and you heard him turn and head toward the stairs. You gathered your senses and blinked away your tears, you only had one place to go if you wanted to get away from him and that was straight across the room to the bathroom. You
smirked as you moved from the corner, over to the bathroom where you thought you’d have a fighting chance to fight him. The only reason why you wanted to go upstairs in the first place was because you wanted to get your necklace, now that you had it back you saw no reason to go back to his rooms with him.

“Vee?” Cass whispered to you, you looked in her direction just as soon as Kylo started coming down the stairs once again. “I think the Supreme Leader wants you to go with him.” She said, the backs of her hands pressed into her forehead like she was trying to cover her eyes at one point. “Let’s go, Vermin. I haven’t got all day.” He yelled, but you kept going, thinking if you reached the bathroom you could lock yourself inside of it and find something to defend yourself with.

But you weren’t fast enough, and soon once again you found yourself being pulled toward the stairs. Strained grunts left your throat as you grabbed onto something, anything that would help you stay where you were; you would rather keep Cass’s company than Ren’s any day of the week. He had a grip on your arm as you lunged, grabbing onto the sheets of your bed and pulling them with you. You sagged in his arms, taking ahold of the leg of the bed and refused to let go. You kicked, thrashed around until he finally let go, allowing your stiff body to plummet to the floor. You heard Cass gasp, looked up and saw her stand to her feet with her hands clasped over her mouth. “Vee!” She exclaimed, and for once you were happy to hear her voice.

“You, my god.” Kylo said with a dark chuckle. You felt his fingers tangle into your hair, as he pulled your head up to him the vertebrae in your neck popped and you let out an anguished scream. Your neck grew sore and pained but he was still pulling, forcing you to look up at the ceiling. “Is that what you want to be called, Vee?” He asked before grabbing the back of your shirt and standing you to your feet, bending you over the bed and getting down close to your ear. “Well then, Vee, since you refuse to walk up the stairs alone this is where I’ll have you.” He said, working your pants down to your knees. Even though you knew it was a futile effort you still fought him off. He had proven time and time again that this contract thing was real and you’d be doing anything he wanted for him, and you hated it. You had no upper hand when he was exerting so much power over you, the only thing you could do was go as limp as you could to make it harder to manipulate your body.

You called him a bastard under your breath, but of course it didn’t do much other than earn a giggle from him as he held your face into the bed, his other hand working to undo his pants. “It’s been so long, I’ve missed you, you know?” He asked, and you immediately felt ill. The sound of his zipper coming down and his clothing ruffling behind you caused you to close your eyes, push your face into the bed as he lined himself up with your cunt, taking the time to rub the head of his cock all over you as if he were trying to turn you on. “Did you miss me, Vee? Did you?” He asked, teasing your clit with just the tiniest bit of precum. Your body betrayed you, sending small bouts of pleasure from the action rushing throughout your lower region and causing you to shutter in false anticipation.

“Can you please just get on with it?” You begged, the quicker this awful situation got on the quicker you could get away. Suddenly your dread was cut short by the shrill voice of your roommate, shrieking at the top of her lungs. “General!” Cass cried out, frantically making her way to the steps to her master’s home. “General! Help me please!” You could hear Cass banging on the door and panicking as if Kylo were going to force her under him next, but you were sure that wasn’t going to happen. You let out a frustrated groan as Kylo finally began pushing inside of you, and at the sound of Cass’s aggravating banging on the door a headache began to brew inside of your mind. If you were going to be forced to be a receptacle for Kylo, you wished you could have done it in silence.

Above you Kylo was running his open hand down your back, pushing your shirt up with the crook of his wrist at the same pace as he sunk his cock into you. Once he had fully settled himself inside of you he stopped, slipping his hand out from under your shirt and sliding it up your neck and into your hair once again. He clicked his tongue at you disapprovingly, telling you that you should have just
gone up the stairs where this could be done privately. “But isn’t that just like you, Vermin.” He said, sliding out of you while once again craning your neck up to him. “Selfish, uncaring little pest. That’s what you are.” He said, and finally amongst Cass’s pounding on the door you heard the sound of it opening.

“What is is darling?” You heard the man say just as Kylo uttered the word ‘fuck’ under his breath. “General, it’s Vee! They’re, they’re down there!”

“Oh for the love of…” You said, but you were silenced by the sudden, painful movement of Kylo thrusting deep inside of you. “Hush.” He chided, slipping his cock out of you once again. At least he wasn’t coming completely out of you just as he had the first time he had fucked you against your wishes. You heard now two sets of feet coming down the steps and knew you’d be in for a whole lot of bullshit. You shut your eyes, slowly coming to terms with the fact that there was absolutely nothing you could do about the fact that Kylo was hellbent on putting on a show for Cass and her Master. You tried to relax your muscles and allowed Kylo easier access as you completely let go, and from the sound of the General crying out in severe displeasure once he reached the bottom of the steps you knew it was over.

“Cass, avert your eyes.” You heard him say, and you looked up just in time to see a tall, redheaded man pushing her behind him. “General.” Kylo greeted, breathless as he moved his hands from your back and head to your hips, using the new position in order to essentially slide you on and off of his cock instead of him doing all the work. “How are you today?” Ren asked, as if he hadn’t a care in the world. You propped your elbow on the bed and set your chin in your hand, Cass was cowering away, hiding her face in the wall all while still peeking out at the scene before her.

“Ren, you animal. This is a communal area made for the assistants, not a private sex ring for you and yours.” The General said, looking you up and down with a harsh scowl. Kylo replied by lifting his boot onto your bed, causing your body to dip down lower and to cock at an awkward angle. “I don’t know about that, General. I think my Vermin here enjoys having an audience.” You let out a disgusted groan and rolled your eyes, what little bit of pleasure you had built up over the course of Ren’s assault on your body had died away at the comment, you definitely didn’t enjoy having an angry man and a small, scared woman watching you taking his cock. “You named your assistant ‘Vermin?’ How depraved. Don’t you know she’s a human being, Ren?”

“Thank you, General.” You said, throwing your hair back and flashing him a pleased smile. You only got to see his icy blue eyes for just a hot second before Ren’s hand was once again at the back of your head, pushing your face into the mattress and holding you there. “She will be whatever I make her, and right now she is nothing but a pleasure object, made to make me cum whenever I feel the need.” He said, his voice low and sensual while picking up his pace and ramming as far into you as possible. He was putting on a show, and you knew this because he had never been this vocal before. You groaned into the mattress, it was hard enough breathing as it was when he was fucking you but now was just unbearable. You placed your hands on either side of your head and pushed with all your might, but Ren just wouldn’t let you up. You were inhaling as much air as you could, but barely any was making it past the mattress and into your lungs. Kylo continued to grind your nose into the mattress, it was no use fighting back. You relaxed, laying your hands above you as you thought that, at the very least, if you died from asphyxiation you’d be away from him and be away from him forever.

“Now, General, I’m sorry to be so blunt, but you’re putting me out of the mood with your senseless nagging. If you could kindly sit down and be quiet so I can finish, then we can all move on with our lives.” He said, raising his voice over the General’s and slowing his speed down. Oh how you would love to move on with your own life, as Ren said. How you would have loved to hop off of his cock and run far, far away. Back to your parents where you’d collapse to the floor and beg for their
forgiveness. This kind of punishment wasn’t worth any of your acting out you had done in the last few years you spent with your parents and you would have done anything to go back and change it.

“Come, Cass.” You heard the man say, then heard their steps disappear away from you. Before everything went quiet you heard the General call the two of you ‘degenerates’ under his breath. Once the sound of a door slamming rang through the small room Kylo went back to his assault on you, finally lifting his hand and relentlessly fucking you once again. Between the sounds of his moans, his grumbles, and the fleshy sound of his balls smacking against you, a headache once again grew in your mind. By the time he was pulling out of you, angrily and breathlessly fisting himself before shooting his load directly onto your back, you were beyond sore and disgusted.

His seed was even warmer this time than it was the last, when he finished on your stomach, and it seemed to be even more bountiful too. You could feel strands upon strands of his cum landing on all different areas of your back, seeping down your sides and dripping onto your blanket. It repulsed you, but what put you off even more was when he leaned down, moving your hair from over your neck and placed a kiss behind your ear. You groaned as you leaned away and tried to get away from him, but you had failed. His plush, warm lips made contact with the sensitive spot right behind your ear. You felt like you should have been even more disgusted than you were, but quickly found yourself wishing he would do it again.

It was the most affectionate thing he had done for you since your stay, and it was probably the most pleasant thing you thought you’d encounter. He stepped away from you, fumbling with himself while you fell away from your original position, clawing at your back and sides to wipe them free of his seed. There was a tap on your back, Ren wanted your attention but you refused to give it to him. Instead you barked an angry ‘what’ at him in the hopes that he’d leave you alone. “Clean it.” He said, and you looked down at the covers of your bed that were decorated with minute white stains.

You turned around, your eyebrows furrowed and a glob of spit formed on your tongue ready to launch it at him when you found him standing there with his now softening cock in his hand, pointed at you and still shiny with your arousal. He didn’t want you to clean your bed, he wanted you to clean him.

“I don’t fucking think so.” You said, still ready to spit at him but before you could even prepare yourself he had taken your jaw in his hand, your lips were locked tight with the Force and you knew he had foiled your plan. “You’re going to need to learn some respect for your Supreme Leader, Vermin.” He said, holding you close to you. The fluids on your back were crusting over as well as sticking to your T shirt, you were uncomfortable to say the very least and him squeezing your jaw wasn’t helping. “I’ll give you one more chance. Get on your knees and clean my cock, put that mouth to good work.”

“You’re disgusting.” You said, fully intending to disobey and ignore him. But he had other plans for you. He placed his hands on your shoulders and pushed you to the floor, hardly giving you a chance to adhere to his wishes before thrusting his cock between your lips. You thrashed, pulled your head back and ended up hitting it on the metal bed frame. You yelped as stars appeared in your vision, falling back as Kylo allowed his flaccid cock to fall from your mouth. “Are you okay?” He asked, but you had a sick feeling he was about to rub your pain in your face. Something along the lines of ‘had you just followed my orders you wouldn’t have ended up with a sore head.’ You squint your eyes at him, rubbing the back of your head with your hand.

“You deserve a reward.” He said, and it that was definitely the last thing you were expecting to hear
him say. In fact, you never thought you’d hear the word ‘reward’ come from him at all. You thought he hated you, just wanted to torture you during the time you would spend together. Why would he want to spoil you with rewards?

“Why wouldn’t I want to reward you when you follow my commands?” He asked, obviously having looked into your mind and read your thoughts. “I want you to submit to me, Vee. And the only way to get you to do that is to make it worth your while.” He said before motioning with his fingers and demanding you to stand. By now you were interested in what he had planned for this reward. You thought that maybe he was bullshitting you, maybe his reward for you was another round of forced sex, or two more hours in the cage. It put you off, but for some reason you had faith in him. It’s what he had been telling you since day one, and he did have a point. Why would you submit if you had no reason to? He had already said he was rewarding you for doing as he asked, not punishing you for refusing him.

Although it was against your better judgment you decided to stand, eager to see if what he had in store for you was going to be worth your compliance. “That’s my good girl.” Kylo whispered, tucking his finger under your chin and affectionately tapping you. It made you sick, your stomach bubbled in anger. Why did he have to speak to you like a child? You felt your cheeks glowing in embarrassment as you gave him, moved your feet to follow him up the stairs. You didn’t fight him, you had already lost this battle and made a fool of yourself. There was no use resisting him any further.

Kylo led you up the stairs and into a much cleaner house. It was drop dead quiet as you observed the walls that were once again white, carpet that was once again soft and clean, and space not taken up by broken glass and clutter you had dragged out. A part of you felt ashamed for what you had done, you had accomplished nothing in your tantrum and only succeeded in bringing harm to yourself. You grimaced as you followed him upstairs, remembering that there was a cage under his bed that you were forced to spend time in due to your tirade. You gulped upon entering the bedroom, you had vowed to yourself to never do anything as extreme as that ever again.

Entering into the bathroom your eyes were immediately attracted to the wall that you had called Ren a ‘dick’ on. Your blood had been erased from his wall, the first stain you had left on his life in retaliation to his horrific treatment of you. It was gone. Painted over like you had never even lifted your bloody fingers to the wall in the first place. Along with it the water had been cleaned off of his floor, his haircare products, soaps, and other toiletries had been replaced and his bathroom looked perfectly normal. You had learned a lesson here: no amount of anger or destruction would be stopping him in his journey to break you down.

The first part of your ‘reward’ was initiated by Kylo reaching his hands at your hips and pulling your shirt above your head. You objected, twisting and turning your body and limbs to try and thwart his actions but it only made them come faster and forceful. “Stop resisting me, Vermin.” He said coldly. “If you don’t allow me to take care of you then you’ll be spending the rest of the day with my semen on your back.” His voice was full of warning, stern and heavy as to not confuse it with a suggestion. You relaxed, closing your eyes as you lifted your hands into the air to allow him to pull your shirt off of you. This is what your reward was? He was going to let you shower and wash your body free of his seed? You scoffed, that was hardly a reward. That was a basic human right.

Once your shirt had been pulled over your head and thrown to the ground Kylo leaned into your ear, once again whispering intimidatingly to you so that his hot breath danced across the skin of your cheek. “A basic human right?” He asked, you shied away from him. “You are hardly human, Vermin. You have not earned that title on this ship yet.” He took ahold of your shoulder and pushed
you a few feet toward his bathtub. You turned around and scowled at him, watching him as he pulled a washcloth off of the sink and started to wet it. You lifted your hands to your face, you didn’t know what kind of stupid comment that was supposed to be. You were human, you were sentient, you were deserving of love and respect just as any other living thing in this universe.

“Oh, but that’s where you’re wrong, Vermin.” Kylo said, you couldn’t believe that he had gone from happy to reward you to once again calling you an ungrateful vermin. He started moving full force at you, the black washcloth in his hand dripping onto the tile. He looked angry, and by now you knew that his reward for licking his cock clean was to wash you.

“You lack human decency. You lack sympathy and you care about nobody but yourself.” He said, spitting daggers as he forcibly turned you around. “Sit down, put your feet in the tub.” He commanded, and you had no choice but to follow. You weren’t going to get clean otherwise, so you did as he said. You sat there topless as he cooed the words ‘good girl’ in your ear, squatting down behind you and steadying himself on your shoulder. It made you cringe, especially when he laid the cool washcloth on your back and began to rub up and down.

“You’ve only been in my possession for two days and already you’ve begun to work your way into your place.” He said, and you let out a heavy sigh. It was true, on your very first night you had decided without a single doubt in your mind that you wouldn’t bow down to him, you wouldn’t submit and you wouldn’t obey someone who was as decrepit as he was. You hated him with every fiber in your being, he had taken you from your home, tricked you into signing your life away to him and treated you like a lifeless sex doll. You had decided early on that your strong, angry demeanor would not crack, but look at where you were now.

Sitting hunched over in his bathtub just as he told you. Letting him wash you clean just like he told you. Obeying him, submitting to him just as you told yourself you wouldn’t do. You shivered under the washcloth, it was certainly right. And even worse was all it took was several hours of isolation, a beating, three different assaults on your body to start the process. This is exactly what he wanted, he wanted you in the palm of his hand and he wanted it as quick as possible.

“Doesn’t it feel good?” He asked you, standing to his full height and reaching above your head to ring the washcloth out into the tub in front of you. You were so shaken up you didn’t want to answer him, knowing he wanted you to admit that his plan was working. You couldn’t say it, couldn’t admit to him or yourself that you had crumbled. It was a huge blow to your pride, so you simply watched the thin trickle of water fall at your toes.

“Don’t get used to it.” You grumbled, unable to think of anything else to say. “I only wanted to rid myself of your cum.” You stood, balancing yourself on the slippery tub floor and stepping out. You started to step out of the tub, but just like Ren had said he didn’t consider you to be human so he didn’t step out of the way. Instead you stood literally toe to toe with him, tilting your head back so that you could look at him, challenge him, stand your ground. You felt the fiery need to fight back, to reach out and punch him in the jaw, to watch him fall to the ground like a butchered tree, then to dance on his unconscious body to claim your victory over him.

“I will not be conquered.” You declared, an unbelievable amount of bravery coursing through your veins. You had your arms bent at your sides, your hands balled in fists like you were ready to throw a punch. Once you saw his lips curl up in a defiant grin you couldn’t hold yourself back. He was laughing at you and your courage, and your strong spirit and refusal to back down. You were livid, seeing red you momentarily lost control of your limbs, bringing your right arm back into what would have been a vicious right hook, ready to feel the bones in his cheek be crushed under the weight of your fist.
Before your knuckles made contact with his face, however, he raised his hand, catching your much smaller fist in the palm of his hand. Your eyes widened, you hated the fact that he was always two steps ahead of you. “We will see about that, Vee.” He bit out, leaving you once again defeated in your plight to your freedom.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Had to take some time off to write an essay for my law class, but now I'm back and ready to continue telling Vee's story!
Also, the end note is important. Please take the time to read it and respond!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Forced to sit in a crouching position at the Supreme Leaders feet, your stomach audibly protested your act of defiance that morning by pushing your breakfast to the floor. Ren had commanded you to sit on your knees at his feet while he cooked lunch but you refused, turned your back away from him and moved to sit on the couch. You heard him click his tongue at you, then warned that if you did not comply to his demands you would get no more food for the rest of the day. You growled as you followed him into the kitchen and dropped into a squat, resting yourself on the balls of your feet as you refused to kneel before him like a slave. You would have resisted him, but your severely empty stomach would not have allowed it.

Every so often you’d glance at him from the floor, watch him as he added seasonings and vegetables to a large pot and would always look back at the floor when he caught your eye. At one point he reached down and rubbed your head back and forth, ruffling your hair around in his hand. You jumped away from him, letting out an angry moan. “That’s my good little Vermin.” He praised you, likely for sitting there at his feet as he asked. Your stomach churned and growled at the same time. You reminded yourself one more time: You were only doing this for the food.

The scent of cooked chicken filled the air and you realized he was frying the chicken before placing it in the pot of soup. That was strange, you had never seen anyone cook chicken soup like that before. “It allows the meat to hold more flavor.” He explained as he began sprinkling some more seasonings into the pan. Again, you wondered why he was cooking when he was a ‘Supreme Leader.’ Shouldn’t someone be cooking for him if he was so prestigious? You looked back down to his light tiled floor, you remembered the first time you had ate his cooking and realized it was probably worth it.

There was a pat on the side of your head, you looked up to see Kylo stirring the pot while holding a piece of cooked, seasoned chicken between his two fingers. You scowled up at him while the divine smell invaded your nostrils, everything in your body told you to reach out and take the small cube of chicken but he was treating you like a slave. You had sworn to yourself you wouldn’t be broken, you wouldn’t let him control you like this. Even though your stomach growled in protest you looked away, you would not let him win this battle.

“Oh, come on, Vermin.” He groaned, looking down at you. “Don’t be like this over a piece of meat. You’re hungry, I can feel it.” He chastised you as he moved the white piece of chicken closer to your lips. You blinked as you thought hard on his words, he was right. It was one singular piece of chicken and you were starving. You really didn’t want to let your pride get in the way of satiating your hunger, and the chicken smelled and looked so delicious. You thought ahead; if this were going to be how you sat in the future while he made meals then you wouldn’t always be this hungry. You would do it this one time, appease him this one time. Besides, you wanted to know what the chicken would taste like before it was added to the soup anyway.
You cupped your hand under his and waited for the chicken to drop, but much to your dismay he removed his hand from over yours. “No.” He warned. “On your tongue.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” You sighed, looking at him with the most serious look on your face. He expected you to open your mouth and accept the food as if he were feeding a dog. You had never heard of anything so ridiculous. “Open your mouth or you will get no food this afternoon.” He said, and you rolled your eyes in disgust. First he was giving you the option, now you would get no soup if you didn’t accept it. You forced your jaws open and felt the tips of Kylo’s fingers graze your tongue, and before you knew it the taste of herb laced, juicy chicken came to rest on the middle of your tongue.

“Chew.” He demanded you as his hand came down and rested on your chin, you closed your eyes tight as you did as he told you. The chicken tasted wonderful, you could tell he took so much time in perfecting this kind of recipe. You could taste the oregano, the paprika along with salt and pepper. You looked up at him as you allowed your face to soften, he was a damn good cook.

“Now swallow.” You cringed at the thought of him saying that exact same line in relation to something else completely different, and in response your stomach started hurting even more. Memories from yesterday about how he dragged you across the yolk stained entertainment center and then forced you to suck him off afterword entered your mind and you almost felt like spitting the chicken back out. You felt sick, but in the end you knew it was due to the fact that you were so hungry, so following his demands, you swallowed it. “Good girl.” He said to you once again, rubbing your head just as he did before. You grimaced, this chicken soup had better be worth this humiliation.

It wasn’t too long after he had hand fed you the chicken that he was asking you to stand and follow him, two bowls of soup in his hands as he began walking out of the kitchen. You were confused, the other end of the kitchen is where he should have taken you; to the dining room. He was leading you to the living room, and you began to panic as you thought he would be making you eat your dinner in the cage under his bed. Your gait slowed as you played with your hands, you were not ready to even face that prospect at the moment. “Relax, Vee.” Ren spoke without even turning to look at you. “We’re going to be dining together, as it should be.” You thought on his words, and a sudden realization hit you as you once again forced your feet after him: He had started calling you Vee, but only when you did something that he wanted you to. He was praising you, leaving out the disgusting nickname most of the time. You shook your head, another way to positively reinforce good behavior on your end, like you were a child. This was so stupid.

He had replaced the entire couch with a brand new one, this one was a sectional that wrapped around the living room in a semi circle. You lifted your brows, he got an upgrade. For what or for who exactly, you weren’t sure. You hadn’t seen anyone else in this house and you couldn’t imagine he would have enough friends to fill this entire couch. Once the two of you had made it to the couch he carefully sat down, reaching for the remote control and zapping the TV on. You eyed the bowl he had set down on the stagnant cushion right next to him, ready to reach for it and dig in but he swatted you away. With a firm shake of his head he pointed to the floor, and your eyes traveled down to his feet. “What?” You asked acusingly, he couldn’t possibly be expecting you to blow him, could he? “Kneel here next to me.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so, Vermin. Now kneel.” He said with a sourly stern face. “I just did that for you in the kitchen, why must I do it again?” Your voice was sharp like a double edge sword, you anger
uncontrolable as you watched him reach for the bowl you had presumed was yours, holding it out to you as if to offer it as some sort of apology. But that wasn’t anywhere near what he was doing with it.

“Because if you don’t, you’ll be wearing your scalding hot lunch and I will feel no regrets about it.” You bit your lip as you looked down at the amber colored liquid sloshing around in the bowl, chunks of chicken, carrot, and celery swishing around as well. You could see the steam steadily rising from the bowl, knew that it was hot and knew it would be painful if he threw it at you, and you felt like you had no choice but to comply. You couldn’t look him in the eye as you sat on your knees in front of him. Submission. You were submitting to him.

Once again he set the bowl down next to him and waved his hand in its direction, now you were clear to eat. You scooted on your knees up to the bowl, gripped it with both of your hands as you leaned down on the cushion and realized that one crucial item was missing from your lunch: Your spoon. “Uh…” You opened your mouth but failed to form words, looking from your bowl to the man above you. His eyes were glued to the TV, staring on at some sort of ball game happening on another planet. You hardly would have guessed he was into sports, you hardly guessed he was into anything remotely fun at all. You felt like he just always had a stick up his ass and would sit and watch paint dry for fun.

“Utensils are an earned privilege.” He corrected you, and you felt less than human for the first time that day. You scowled as your fury burned deep inside of you, how the hell were you supposed to eat this soup without a spoon? You growled under your breath before winding your right arm back behind you and swooping it toward the bowl with all your might, your intention to burn and anger your captor failing as he locked you with the Force. You sat there blinking trying to let out a frustrated growl but all of your muscles were frozen solid. “Do I need to put you back in the cage for the day, Vermin?” He asked, and you quaked in anger. You were so hungry, you were in such a bad mood and you knew a huge part of it was due to your hunger. You would have to allow yourself to eat, you needed your strength to push against him as hard as you could.

Reluctantly you grasped the bowl with your hands and found it was too hot to hold. If you were going to eat it, you would need to lap at it like a dog. The prospect made you sick, hadn’t he done enough to dehumanize you for one day? You could feel tears beginning to burn in the back of your eyes, this was absolutely ridiculous.

“It’s too hot to drink with my hands, I can’t eat it now.” You said, falling back on your ankles and staring at the bowl of soup. “Very well, Vee.” He said, once again bringing his hand down to the top of your head. You dodged his hand and caused just the tiniest bit of soup to spill over the brim and onto your hand, brought it back and ended up shaking it around in a feeble attempt to cool it off. “And this is why you need to follow my every direction, I know what’s best for you on this ship whether you like it or not.” He said, lifting a spoonful of his soup to his mouth. “Now I suggest you hurry up and eat, once I’m finished you’re finished as well.” You stared up at him in disbelief, biting back the urge to roll your eyes at him. He still refused to look at you, so cruel and uncaring. You had never encountered such a heartless person before. Regardless you still stuck your face into the bowl, placing your lips on the very end and lightly tipping the bowl. The liquid burned your lips and throat, but by the time it had reached your belly your entire outlook on the situation had changed.

You savored the taste on your tongue, crunched the celery in between your teeth. While your mouth had been emptied your stomach was full of comfort and warmth as everything settled down inside of you. You couldn’t believe how well the man could cook, and you quickly realized that this bowl of soup was worth eating with your hands. You tilted the bowl once more and welcomed even more of the sultry soup into your mouth, widening your jaws to allow as much solid food enter as possible. You paused for just a moment to chew and swallow, and once you finished you picked up the entire
bowl and placed it to your lips again. The crowd seemed to cheer you on in the background and soon you found your hunger become satiated after so long, and when you dropped the bowl to the couch it was 100 percent empty.

“Good girl, Vee.” Kylo said to you, finally looking down at you. You couldn’t imagine you needed praise to eat, you were starving and eating came naturally. He didn’t need to command you to eat the delicious food he cooked. “I am praising you for following all of my directions so that you could be rewarded with my food. It’s simple.” He sounded pleased with you, and even though it mortified you you had taken it upon yourself to ignore him. Your belly was full and you were happy for once, you didn’t want him to bring you down.

“Did you learn anything from your little roommate yesterday?” He asked you, quite out of the blue. You had turned yourself around and leaned against the couch, craning your neck up so that you could watch the multitude of men running around the field on the screen, throwing the egg shaped ball back and forth and tackling each other like they were trying to kill the other men. It hardly seemed entertaining for you, but at the moment you had no other choice but to watch it with Ren. “You mean the kid that lives down there most of the time?” You clarified, but when you got no response you decided to simply let out a curt ‘no.’

“She belongs to General Armitage Hux.” He stated while allowing his spoon to clank loudly into his dish. “Been with us for a while and I was hoping you’d spend less time sleeping and more time learning from her obedience.” You repressed the urge to shake your head, knowing it would get you in some kind of verbal or physical trouble but instead your repulsion came out through your words. “I think she’s better for you.” You spoke unapologetically. “The General leaves her down there alone and doesn’t make her do anything, you should take her so I can be left alone.” Kylo only hummed in reply to you, and you counted yourself lucky for the time being. You had taken a huge risk in speaking to him like that and he didn’t even so much as berate you.

He stood up, taking your bowl and his to the kitchen. You watched him walk away, he hadn’t told you to follow him so you stayed planted on your backside. Once you saw his shadow creeping back into his living room you turned your head back to the television once again. “I want to make something clear to you.” He said, standing under the kitchen archway. When you didn’t reply he took another step toward you and you watched him from your peripheral vision. “Just like your little friend downstairs, you are here so that I can care for you and that you may take care of me. This program, this, agreement of sorts is to work out in both of our favors. I do not enjoy having to punish you when you act up.”

“Oh, well why didn’t you tell me that before you beat, caged, and raped me?” You said with a false goofy smile and feigning excitement in your voice. “Now I’ve seen the light. Now I’ll bend over and kiss every inch of your ass.” You rolled your eyes as far back into your head as you could, you didn’t know what his aim was. Did he expect you to fall over and kiss his boots? To fall in love with him? To surrender your will to live and obey his every command? You couldn’t believe how dense he was. Why didn’t he understand it by now? You. Would. Not. Be. Conquered.

“I’ll just pretend I didn’t hear that, Vermin.” He spoke, and this time you heard his heavy footsteps making their way toward you. “Tonight, I expect you to be kneeling at the front door at exactly seven o’clock. When I’m home shortly after that you will follow me to the couch, unlace my boots, and set them next to the couch. There will be no complaints, there will be no disobedience. You’ve lost the privilege of training, and if you don’t comply with my demands I will punish you accordingly.”

“You mean I don’t get to sit downstairs and wait for you like Cass does?” You furrowed your brows, feeling disappointed that you didn’t get to sit in what you considered to be a safe space. Sure
you had more room up here, but this was his space. Downstairs was your and Cass’s space. You just felt safer down there. “Believe it or not, Hux doesn’t care for that toddler as much as he lets on.” He said, crossing the room over to the front door. “If he did he would spend more time with her.” He said just as the doors slid open. He said nothing else to you, didn’t even look you in the eye as he walked out. Once the doors shut behind him all you were left with was the sound of the game you were watching. You sighed, placed your hands on your knees as you tried to make sense of everything he had said to you. Everything about Cass, everything about his expectations, and everything about how he didn’t want to hurt you. All of your thoughts swirled around your head and soon you lost track of your emotions and how you should have responded to everything. Cass deserved to be loved, you didn’t deserve to be treated like a slave. But alas, here you both were. You were here against your will and you wanted to believe that Cass was too—even though she had signed her own contract.

Regardless you allowed your head to sag back on the couch, wondering if you wanted to destroy his home while he was gone again. You giggled, were you really that afraid of the cage? Rubbing your hands down your arms you decided against it. It got you into some serious trouble the last time, you didn’t think you had the energy to do it again and suffer the consequences. Instead you let your eyes focus on the game, still not understanding what was going on but it was the only thing you had to occupy your time in his home. It was the one thing he allowed you to have in his absence, and it certainly made you wonder if his statement earlier, the one about him not wishing to hurt you, was true.

Oh well. You thought to yourself. You’d find out tonight, because you wouldn’t be meeting him at the door, you wouldn’t be unlacing his boots, and you wouldn’t bow down and be his slave.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who have read my most popular work Teach Me How to Be Yours, I have a favor to ask of you. Since it has exploded on Wattpad I’ve been on the fence of rewriting it. I kind of want to write it in a first person perspective as an actual character, but I want to get an opinion from my readers first. If you’d like to know more you can check out my most recent announcement on my Wattpad page here. If you could follow this link and please go vote I’d really appreciate it. Thank you!
Chapter 12

During your time alone you found yourself thinking of Cass. The poor girl, been here for so long and forced into submission. You kind of missed her and her innocent little tales about the General and what they did together. Even though you enjoyed her childlike personality you couldn’t help but to wonder how she had allowed herself to become so brainwashed. To be so indoctrinated that she would believe anything about this situation is normal. It was chilling, and you prayed you’d be able to stay physically and mentally fit enough to avoid becoming a mindless servant like her. And that included standing from the floor and sitting on the couch like a normal person, even though Kylo never told you that you could do such a thing.

You lay there fidgeting with your fingers as you watched the game, and you watched it for so long that you witnessed the team in the dirt brown colored shirts win. The crowds cheered as they ran around on the field with their team, their arms in the air celebrating their win. You still had no interest, especially when the show changed from a ball game to some Faither races. You rolled your eyes, animal cruelty was not your thing.

You decided to take a walk around his home instead of watching the races, feeling awful that both you and the Faithers both had to suffer in captivity. Beaten, demeaned, forced into acts that neither of you wanted. Them being forced to breed and you being forced to almost the same thing, just without producing a child. It was sad, and you only wished that they could find a way out just like you would someday. You pushed your hair out of your face as you made your way up the stairs, still holding onto what little hope you had of getting away. You were smarter than a Faither and knew you had a better chance of getting out than they did, you just had to hold out and wait for the perfect opportunity.

You sat on the floor of his bedroom, the bed skirt flipped up and the cage you had been encapsulated in was on full display. Just looking at it made tears brew in the corners of your eyes. What kind of awful person would be willing to keep a woman locked up in a cage like this? Your rich background in sex and all kinds of kinks provided you with the answer, that some men and women enjoyed this kind of thing. But only if it were executed in a safe, sane, and consensual way. All of which did not apply to your situation. You huffed, trying to reason with yourself that the cage wasn’t as scary as it was the last time you were there. All it was was a cage. There was still room to breathe and to move, and it even offered you with a bit of comfort that Ren couldn’t have provided you, and that was it kept him away from you. You knew he was far too big to fit inside of there, and while you were in there you’d be alone. Caged, away from him and he’d be unable to rape you or hurt you. You scooted just half an inch closer to the cage, almost believing that it was the safest place for you. At least until Kylo would reach in and pull you out.

You really didn’t know what brought you here, why you were confronting your biggest fear head on like this. Maybe it was because, in the back of your mind, you felt like this is where you’d end up again, after you refused to meet him at the door tonight. Begrudgingly you reached your arm into the cage, thinking maybe you could condition yourself to actually enjoy being in the cage because it could be your personal space, but it still scared you. Your arm tingles and feels as if it’s going to melt inside of the cage. You snatch it from the bars and instantly feel like you’re going to be sick, lean up and bury your face in your knees and arms. Why won’t your body do what you want it to? Why must it bend to Kylo’s will and not yours? He wanted you to be afraid of the cage. He wanted you to feel uncomfortable in his home, and your body was obeying him when your mind refused to do so. It was frustrating, like you were under some kind of spell and you had no way of combating it.

You sat up straight, pressed the heel of your hand into your eyes and let out an angry growl. This
couldn’t continue. You had to do something and you had to do it quick. You couldn’t stand another second in this man’s home.

You searched every inch of his home, the front door and the door to the basement were locked and the rest of the rooms you managed to get into were regular rooms. He had a miniature gym with typical workout and weight lifting equipment, and something that appeared to be an office or a study of sorts. When you realized there was no way to get out into the hall you turned toward the port windows. You were angry, realizing that there would be no way out and if you wanted to break the window’s you’d likely die. You ran your hand down your face, you weren’t that desperate yet.

You leaned up against the wall in the upstairs hallway, defeated as you realized if you weren’t down there next to the door in the next few hours you’d likely end up in that cage again. If only you were fast enough, if you could somehow manage to rush him at the door and run for your life. That would never work though, he was far too big and you were sure he’d be able to overpower you the second you ran at him. If you wanted any hope in getting out of here you’d have to wait until he was asleep, or otherwise occupied. You imagined yourself sneaking around the house while he was asleep, prying the door open and finally having your freedom. But just as your thought formulated it crashed, realizing you’d still need him to open the door. You looked to the floor in defeat once again, this was terrible.

Just as you turned to head downstairs once again to watch TV and simply sulk, an idea hit you like a bright light in a dark room. Your toes curled in the carpet, it didn’t particularly seem like a good idea, but any idea was a good idea if it meant you’d get your freedom. You made an 180 degree turn and headed down the hallway toward the two new rooms you had discovered, the smallest hope that this absurd plan would work and you’d have the chance to make it back home.

You were sweating as the clock struck seven, standing there right beside the door holding the 25 pound weight in your hand. This was it, as soon as the door slid open you’d hit him upside the head with the weight. He’d pass out, his body would hold the door open for you and you’d run. You forced yourself to slow your breathing and to focus on one point on the wall, there was no time for panicking, only concentrating on listening for the sounds of his footsteps, or for the door opening, or whatever. You fumbled with the circular weight in your sweaty hands, would you hold it above your head and bring it down onto his? Or would you bring it up and hit his jaw? Either method sounded good, but it seemed like hitting him on the head would most likely knock him unconscious. You glanced nervously at the clock, it was going on 7:10 now and you knew he would be home soon.

The sound of thick, heavy boots making their way down the hall outside alerted you and adrenaline began pumping through your veins. It had to be him, the hallway had been empty previously and you were under the assumption that he was the only person that lived in the hallway, other than General Hux who you assumed lived on the other side of the hall. You lifted the weight above your head, ready to strike him when the iron grew hot. You were jittery, had to bite down hard on your teeth to stop them from clattering in as your nervousness grew and grew. The footsteps stopped right outside of the door and you knew this was it. It was a cumbersome task, holding the weight that felt more like 100 pounds than 25 as the seconds ticked by. He was there, and soon you’d slam this weight upside his head, crack his skull, and be so far gone before anyone could even find him.

Suddenly the weight flew out of your hands, into the air and landed right in the middle of the living room. Before you even had a chance to contemplate what had happened you were screaming as your body was falling to the ground, onto your hands and knees facing the door. Your eyes were wide in disbelief as the wind was knocked right from your lungs, your hands and knees were anchored to the floor and you couldn’t move a single muscle. Tears dripped down one by one in between your hands
as you heard the door opening behind you. Your cheeks heated up in a sickening mix of embarrassment and anger as he walked in, no doubt the first thing he would see was your ass high in the air and on display for him.

“My, my, little Vermin.” He said, the smugness in his voice under his helmet made you all the more frustrated. “I only asked you to be kneeling when I came home, on your knees but I come home to something much better than that.” He stepped around you and you could only be thankful that your head was stuck to the floor, because you were sure you didn’t have the courage to face him. He had caught you, caught you red handed trying to assault him and you knew he was not going to make this easy for you.

“What’s that weight doing on the floor, hmm?” He asked, squatting down in front of you and lifting your face to his. “It would seem you had retrieved it from my gym, and due to your loud, uncontrolled, and sloppy thoughts that I could hear once I turned the corner as well as your rapidly beating heart, I conclude you were about to do something tragic with it. Is that right, Vermin?” You closed your eyes, he was talking to you like a child once again and you just couldn’t take it. Your plan had failed, backfired so fiercely and you knew there was no going back now.

“Well Vermin? Is my conclusion correct?” He prodded you some more, standing to his full height and towering intimidatingly over you. While you had full control over your face and head, everything from your neck down was still frozen. He expected you to explain yourself, your actions, and he expected you to do it now. You shook your head, the weight of your shame too heavy to even speak at the moment. You hated him, you hated the way he made you feel, and you hated his malicious expectations of you. Why couldn’t he just let you go back home? To part ways so he’d never have to worry about you disobeying him, or sassing him, or trying to hurt him. It all seemed so disgraceful, but no matter how much the situation humiliated you, he still demanded answers.

“Silence is not an option.” He said, lifting his boot and placing it on the back of your hand and applying just enough pressure to cause you to panic even harder. “I’ll ask you one more time, Vermin. What were you planning on doing with that weight?” You cringed as the pressure on your hand grew, he was putting more and more pressure on your hand with each second. The rubber on the bottom of his boot was cold, wet, and unforgiving; you could feel the imprint of the grip pressing further and further into the back of your hand until he was bearing down all of his weight on the ball of his foot. You cried out as your hand was crushed between his boot and the floor, could feel your bones bending and threatening to snap under his weight. You looked down in horror at his boot, it shined in the light as he moved it back and forth only further rubbing your hand into the carpet.

“Don’t make this punishment hurt more than it has to. Because I won’t hesitate to break every single bone in your hand if you won’t cooperate.” With that he pressed down even harder on your hand, enough pressure to send waves of pain radiating throughout the entirety of your arm. It was just enough pain to drop your hard, angry, and proud facade, to admit to yourself that telling the truth was better than having your bones broken, and you finally spoke up.

“I, I was going to hit you with it!” You bellowed, closing your eyes and fully succumbing to your woe. Tears poured from your eyes one by one, falling noisily to the ground and splashing in his carpet. Now you’d really be in trouble, having expressed your master plan out loud you knew you’d have it coming for you.

“And why was this plan formulated?”

“Because, because…” You were at a loss for words. Why had you thought this was a good idea? Were you afraid? Were you relentless, determined to just get away? You hadn’t thought your plan all the way through, clearly, and now you’d suffer the consequences for it. “Because you want to run away? Back to that shit hole planet you call home? Back to your parents that have already disowned
you, that want nothing more to do with you because of ill thought actions like this? Do you honestly think they’d welcome you back home with open arms, Vermin? With an attitude like this, do you believe that?”

He had finally eased up on your hand, and once his boot had disappeared from your vision it was replaced with your bruising hand, the skin glowing bright pink with wavy lines imprinted in your flesh. His words stung, hurt you even more than the physical pain in your hand. He was right. Your parents had sold you, wanted nothing more to do with you and your impulsive reactions. You had no one to blame but yourself.

“That is indeed right, Vermin. You spent all that time blaming your parents for your upbringing, blaming your sister and her death for the way you turned out, but whose decision was it to enter my gym? To carry the weight all the way down to the door, and wait here for hours when all of this could have been avoided if you had just listened to me. If you had just Submitted and been on your knees like I asked, I wouldn’t be having to punish you.” He scolded you as he walked back around to the door and you grew concerned when you couldn’t see him.

It wasn’t until you heard the sound of his belt unbuckling that you realized his idea of ‘punishment’ was to fuck you. You sniffed as he pulled down your grey sweatpants, rapidly trying to dry your tears as you wondered when this would end. Sex was just sex, you never asked for it and you didn’t enjoy it but that didn’t make it a harsh enough punishment. The sound of his belt zipping through his belt loops made you drop your head, you prepared yourself to sit through another round of dry, unforgiving, and forced penetrative sex.

Only it wasn’t sex.

You realized a little too late what this new form of punishment was, not until the sting of the leather had left you and the haunting sound of the leather cracking over your bare bottom seemed like it was just a distant memory. He had whipped you so hard with his belt you lurched forward in your invisible restraints and were only left with a broken sob falling from your mouth. It had all happened so swiftly you almost wondered if it were real or not. Were you just imagining this? Was this all some crazy kind of nightmare? The feeling of the belt resting on your left butt cheek, slowly being dragged upward toward your back had told you no, that this was real and happening in front of your very eyes. “Count, Vermin. I want to hear you count.” He said, the power in his voice was clear as day as he brought his arm back and brought the belt back down onto your already searing skin. You stuttered, the pain was radiating all throughout your lower half and it made it hard to say anything, let alone remember what word or number came after one. Two, of course, but as your ugly sobs racked your body the only thing you could focus on was your pain and suffering--you made a mental note to berate yourself later.

“T-t-two!” You forced it from your mouth and it took every ounce of energy you had. Your mouth fell open and your body lurched forward one more time as the belt once again came down on your thighs, the fresh, untouched skin singing out in agony in the absence of the belt. “Good girl.” Kylo shouted above your cries, following up with yet another lash to your right cheek. “Three!” You bowed your head as the belt came back down again, you were officially out of stamina and energy, you couldn’t count anymore. “I can’t hear you, Vermin.” Kylo warned, running the belt down the curve of your ass. “I, I ca--” You began to protest but were cut off by yet another painful lash. “Keep going, or you will get twice the amount I originally planned.” Your limbs grew tired of holding you up, you knew that if you had full control of your body you would have collapsed by now and you had no doubt Kylo would have continued to assault you while you were down.

“F-F-Fi--” Once again he cut you off with another lash to your thighs, correcting you with the number four. Four? He had hit you five times by now, he couldn’t possibly expect you to go back to
four. This was torture! He hit you again, and this time you murmured the word ‘four’ just as he wanted. By the time the fifth lash had been pushed upon your weak body you had simply whispered the word ‘five,’ and just your luck you heard the belt hit the floor next to your head. He had finally let go of the Force hold he had on your body and you slumped forward, your arms collapsing under you while your chin lay on the ground, your abused ass still in the air twitching as the pain had finally died down. You lay there with your eyes closed, wondering if you had truly survived the encounter with him or if you had died and gone straight to hell where you felt you belonged. Six painful lashes with his leather belt. It was almost enough for force you into submission that very night.

“Let’s hope that you’ve learned your lesson. Tomorrow I expect to see you kneeling at that door, or you will get ten lashes. Am I understood?” He asked you, but you were so out of the loop all you could do was start bawling once again at the prospect of receiving twice as many lashes as you had gotten today. You did your best to nod your head, unable to move any other part of your body in response. Suddenly he was squatting down in front of you again, reaching down and pushing your hair from your face. Previously stuck to your cheeks by your sweat and tears it took quite a lot of Force for him to complete his task, and once his gloved fingers stopped caressing their way across your face you looked up at him.

Before you could voice your anger toward the way he was placing his hands under your arms, lifting you into his lap and holding you there as you tried your hardest to silence your sobs in protest. “I hate that you won’t listen to me, I hate that you make me do this to you.” He whispered into your hair and you couldn’t have been more disgusted. You tried your hardest to wiggle your way out of his arms but found yourself leaning more on your sore, stinging bottom, causing you to jump further into his embrace. “You’re full of shit.” You mumbled, bringing your hand up and wiping your tears away. “But it’s true, I hate having to punish you like this but you fight me every day, Vee. Had you been kneeling at the door like I asked this would have never happened.” He hugged your harder, stroking your cheek so lovingly as if he were trying to calm you down.

But it only infuriated you. Did he just expect you to melt in his arms, to beg for his forgiveness after he whipped you like a slave? To admit you were wrong and assure him that, no matter what, tomorrow you’d be right there on your knees? The only thing he had accomplished by whipping you was pushing you further away from him, there was no doubt about that. Sitting there weeping in his arms you had to wonder exactly what he wanted out of this ‘relationship’ he had with you. His words were soft and caring as were his hand that he was lovingly running down your side, this was such a fucked up situation. If he thought that somehow, through forcing sex, beatings, and good food, he was going to win your affection and you’d love him, he was wrong and, as far as you were concerned, he could just kill you right now because you would never, ever love him.

“That isn’t what I want from our contract.” He said sternly, finally releasing you and allowing you to fall to the floor. You slid off of his body and onto the floor, quickly rolling over onto your stomach before you had the opportunity to once again fall onto your backside. “I want to see you break, to become less of a nuisance so that you may integrate back into your society, should you chose not to sign another contract at the end of our agreement. Whatever happens between now and then is completely up to fate. I have no control over your emotions, Vermin.” He said, standing to his full height and walking toward his couch.

Still sweaty and under so much distress you simply dropped your head into his carpet and tried to breathe. You were in so much pain, both emotional and physical pain that you felt like the only thing you could do was sit there and try to regroup. To get back into the right frame of mind, to focus on the one thing keeping you going: The necklace that still hung tried and true around your neck. You thought only of the cool metal that was at your collar bone, he still hadn’t taken your sister away from you. You reached up and softly touched your fingers to it, a reminder that Rose was your
reason to keep fighting to get out of this horrid place. A reminder that she always had been and always would be there for you, you just had to stay strong. Your fingers closed around it, you almost wondered if he did care for you, even just a little bit. You had been so belligerent to him, he had literally caught you trying to kill him for heaven’s sake and he still hadn’t taken your necklace away. You blinked, it really didn’t matter. He was still a loathsome monster. Taking your necklace away would only prove it to be even more truthful.

You heard the man clear his throat, and even though it pained you to open your eyes to see what he wanted you couldn’t stand the thought of him coming over to you. You opened your eyes and saw him sitting with his legs open on the couch, looking at you as if he expected something of you. You closed your eyes and moved your head away, you were still trying to calm yourself and were content with pretending he wasn’t there.

“I believe there was something else that I asked of you before I left.” He spoke, and then you remembered. His boots. He wanted you to take his boots off for him. That was absolutely the last thing you had on your mind. You began to shake your head, to verbalize the word ‘no’ before you heard something jingle before you. Upon opening your eyes you saw his belt floating in the air right in front of your nose, a subtle yet effective threat that had made your body shiver once more. Was this it? Was this how he was going to get you to do what he wanted now? You picked your head up and looked at him in disbelief, he couldn’t possibly whip you again, could he? After all, he hated doing such a thing to you.

“Five more. I suggest you crawl your ass over here and remove these boots if you don’t want anymore.” His voice was so cold and unforgiving, so callous and just mean. A lump grew in your throat, you couldn’t handle another five lashings. Even though everything in your mind, body, and soul was telling you not to do it, you still rose from the floor. With the waistband of your pants still sagging on your thighs you began the grueling trek from the front door to the living room on your hands and knees, an evil grin stretched across Ren’s lips as he watched you admit defeat to him and his belt.
I just realized that one singular day has taken up like 4 chapters now lol. Shame on me.

Dinner that night was served to you just as your lunch was. You sat there weakly at Kylo’s feet picking at the baked cod Kylo had made you, but you hardly felt like eating. Your ass was still sore beyond repair, and by the time he was finished with his food and grabbing your plate from you your knees were hurting from sitting on them for the last few hours. First he made you remove his boots, which was a task in and of itself since they were several holes you had to unlace and they were tied impossibly tight. You had tears in your eyes as you managed to pull the boot from his left foot first, then had to start all over with his right boot. You set them next to you and then stared down at his knees, waiting for any more instruction that you knew you couldn’t refuse.

“Socks, Vee.” He said, and you felt your chest grow even tighter. “That’s nasty.” You said, wiping tears from your eyes. “I’m not touching your sweaty feet.”

“Do it, or you’ll get the belt again.” Your stomach bubbled as his angry words settled inside of you, you couldn’t believe you were being made to do such a humiliating task. The fear of the belt is what pushed you, though. You couldn’t imagine how much pain you’d be in if he laid another beating on you after the one you had just gotten. You held your breath as you grabbed the mouth of his sock and unwillingly pulled it down his ankle until his foot was finally revealed, then moved onto the next. You dropped his socks next to his shoes and once again wiped the tears from your eyes. You were in so much emotional pain, you didn’t think he could hurt you anymore. He reached down and pet your head, but you were much too tired to try and fight him off. “You’re such a good girl when you want to be. You know that?” He whispered, but the proverbial knife he had just planted in your chest by praising you stopped you from reacting to him. Instead you leaned up on the couch cushion and rested your head against it. Once again, you had lost your will to fight for the day.

“Vee?” You had once again taken to laying your head down on the cushion with your eyes closed after he had taken your dinner from you, listening to the nightly news recap for the ship on the TV. You opened your eyes and found a huge slice of drop dead delicious looking red velvet cake sitting right in front of you. You sat up, doing your best to balance yourself on just your knees and stared at the cake more confused than ever. Why was he giving you cake? Was this some kind of cruel joke?

“A reward for you. You took the belt so well and it did exactly what it was supposed to do.” You shut your eyes again, meaning the beating with the belt had done exactly what he wanted: forced you into submission. You were too exhausted to fight him, mentally and physically and he had you right in the palm of his hand. “Eat it, Vee. I made it especially for you.” He said as he sat down next to you again, pushing the plate closer to your face. You knew it was just another way to bait you, to reinforce the idea that you were to obey him and it made you angrier. But still, it was red velvet cake, one of your favorites. How could you resist red velvet cake? *Fuck it,* you thought to yourself. You deserved this cake after having to endure such a horrible punishment. You reached for the sizable piece of cake with your bare hands, not caring that your fingers would be covered in frosting and shoving the very corner into your mouth.

His skills that he carried in cooking clearly existed in baking too, because this was quite possibly the
best red velvet cake you had ever tasted. The buttercream frosting was rich and sweet, the cake was flavorful and still warm. You took another look at him, this time you just couldn’t hold your question back any longer. “Where did you learn to cook so well?” You asked, once again shoving the cake into your mouth. He laughed at you, a half smile growing on his face as he looked back to the TV. “My mother taught me when I was young. Maybe around four or five years old.” He started, you wiped the frosting off your mouth with the back of your hand. That was surprising to you. Such a young child helping their mother in the kitchen, it was a relationship you had never known.

“She always told me that the only way to ensure you never get poisoned is to take the time and effort to cook all of your food. She told me I’d be a great leader like her one day, and she wanted me to know how to cook for myself.” You swallowed what was inside of your mouth while glaring at him, the explanation only fueled even more questions in your mind. “Your mother was a leader?” You asked, unable to keep your curiosity at bay. He nodded his head without looking at you and it was then you realized he had no cake. You furrowed your brows as you realized he was likely saving it only for you, to reward you when you deserved it.

“She was one of the best. A princess and a general, my maternal grandmother was just as remarkable as she was.” You looked back down to your cake, if he was telling you the truth then it was rather impressive. He stemmed from royalty and somehow ended up dysfunctional as he was. “Leaders of the Empire?”

“No. Alderaan and Naboo, respectively.” His answer was snippy and short, and it didn’t take long for you to piece two and two together. “Wait, what?” You exclaimed, dropping your cake on the plate once again. “Your grandmother was Leia Organa?”

“Try again, Vermin.” He said, leaning over and snatching your plate from under you. As you watched him walk away with what little remained of your cake, the muscles in his back tight and stiff, the gears still turned in your head. Was his mother Leia Organa, and his grandmother Padme Amidala? How could that be? The First Order stood for literally the exact opposite of the Republic, how could a leader of such a malicious organization come from such a noble one? You shifted onto your feet and stood, simply waiting for him to return to the living room as so many different and confusing thoughts swirled around your head. “Yes, Vermin. Had you not spent so many years with your head inside of your ass, recklessly ruining the lives around you then you would not be so ignorant of your own history.” Your cheeks began glowing in embarrassment at the far off comment, he did have a point. You were never interested in wars, current or historical. You didn’t care for the Empire or the First Order, the Resistance or the Republic. You hated that they used the entire galaxy as their stomping grounds; causing the deaths of millions of innocent civilians in their wakes. Yes, Kylo was right. But you still weren’t willing to admit it.

You rubbed your fingers together, playing with the sticky frosting instead of licking it from your fingers. It still put you off to know he had basically betrayed his own families side in the great war, but then again you weren’t sure what else you would expect from such an evil man. It’s what war does to people, just tears them apart by whatever means necessary. War was ugly, and there was no better example to prove your point than Kylo Ren.

The background noise of plates rattling around in the sink had finally stopped and you stumbled backward once you saw Kylo making his way back toward you. He wasn’t even looking on you, his hardened grimace was cast right past your head toward the stairs as he motioned with his fingers for you to follow him. You bowed your head and elected this time not to fight him, clearly you had struck a chord inside of him and he was on edge. As you climbed the stairs you crossed your fingers and hoped for the best, that he would just want you to dress and go to bed or get ready to head back downstairs to Cass. You wiped your fingers off on your pants, thinking your frosted fingers would only make him angrier if you had to use them to do something important, you just hoped it wouldn’t
end up knocking you out or killing you with what little energy you had left.

Ten minutes later your jaw hung agape as you stared at him, sitting casually on his bed with his arms crossed waiting for you to react to his request. “Well? I’ve asked you to do something.” He teased you, but you couldn’t find it within yourself to do anything. “What the hell makes you think I’m going to run you a bath? Who do you think I am, your mother?”

“We’ve already established this.” He let out a hefty sigh, you could tell he was fed up with you but his absurd request to go run a bath for him hit you so far out of left field that the only thing you could do was stand there and gawk at him. “My mother was General Leia Organa. I count it as a blessing that you were not my mother, because you would probably make a horrible parent due to your selfishness.” You rolled your eyes, this time his words couldn’t hurt you. “Well I guess that’s one thing we can agree on.” You crossed your arms and stood up a little straighter. “I don’t want kids. I hate kids.” You had been sure of that declaration during the first time you and your family had to stay at the homeless shelter. All the babies and young children there that were wild and running around, getting into everything with no one trying to stop them. You had decided right then and there that you would rather live out your life with the freedom to do what you wanted rather than have children, and there was nothing wrong with that.

“Well that’s probably the best news I’ve gotten all day.” Kylo said, standing and reaching for your arm. You couldn’t get out of the way fast enough and soon Kylo was dragging you into the bathroom.

You watched him sit on the edge of the tub as the water filled it up, running his hand under the water until he stood and looked at you. “Undress me.” He commanded, and once again you rolled your eyes at him. “How did you live without me?” You looked to the floor, once again taken aback by his command. You had heard of slavery, but you had never heard of this kind of slavery before. Why would a grown man need someone to remove his clothing? In your eyes he wasn’t that great. What made him think anyone would be willing to do such a thing?

“You don’t have to be willing to do it.” Kylo commented, making a move for your throat. You tried to step away, afraid he was planning on choking you into submission but evidently not. “It wasn’t a suggestion, Vermin.” He said, seizing your necklace in his large hand. “I’m sure you won’t want to be bathing in your sister’s ashes too, would you?” You growled, cut your eyes at him as you impulsively raised your hands to his wrist. “Are you willing to undress me now?” You quaked in anger before him as he once again toyed with your mind. No, you weren’t willing to undress him. But you were willing to fight for your sister, and unfortunately that meant you had to remove his clothing.

You let go of his hand, and in response he lowered it, standing still and puffing his chest out to you. He looked at you with heavy expectations in his eyes, it made you sick but you had no other choice. The water ran in the background as you looked his uniform up and down. One solid color of black, it was so boring. You figured the first thing you would have to do would be remove thick leather belt around his waist.

He crossed his arms behind his back as you began fiddling with the rectangular buckle, pulling at it and pressing on it but it didn’t release. Your jaw clenched as you quickly grew frustrated, maybe this is why he needed someone to dress him. “There’s a button at the top.” He said, a gentle push in the right direction. You stole a look at the patient look on his face, unable to hold back your snarky comment about it being helpful to know that beforehand. “Patience, Vee.” He said, lifting his arms so that you could undo his belt. You shook your head, pressing down on the button and releasing the locks within the buckle. It produced a mechanical noise as it fell apart in your hands, and once you had snaked it around his waist you looked at him for guidance on what he wanted you to do with it.
“Put it on the floor, in the corner.”

“Yes sir.” You said completely sarcastically, turning just a bit to throw the belt in the corner. The next thing that had to go was this school-boy looking vest. You reached for the two flaps that hung at his thighs but he swatted your hands away, instead pointing you in the direction of the belt you just threw. “No, go pick it up and set it down gently.” You moaned in protest, why did he have to be so difficult? Why did he have to make this already nonsensical task that much more demeaning? “Are you kidding me?” You asked, falling away from his body and looking back at the belt. “That belt is worth far more than you ever will be. Go pick it up and treat it with respect.” He badgered you. You really didn’t want to, but you felt you had no choice. Your punishment for not following through with this task would be losing your sister’s ashes, and it wasn’t worth the loss.

You walked over and picked the belt up, contemplating if you wanted to say something along the lines of ‘very sorry’ to the belt, but decided this act was already dehumanizing enough. You simply lifted it into your hands and then set it down gently in the corner. You rolled your eyes and turned to him, holding your hands out for his approval. You got it in the form of a shake of his head, and you finally got the go ahead to finish undressing him.

As you took a flap in each hand he once again praised you by calling you a good girl. You bit your tongue, repressing the urge to curse at him as you began rolling the fabric up. With your hands on his sides you lifted it up over his body and in response he lifted his arms. When the vest covered his face you momentarily imagined strangling him with it while he couldn’t see it, or kneeing him in the balls while he couldn’t see it coming. The thought made you giggle, your eyes raised in amusement but when you pulled the vest from his face you were immediately met with a slap to the face.

It was weaker than the last time he slapped you but it still caused you to flinch and place your hand over the affected area. You looked back up at him angry, you were already doing this against you will and you hated that he slapped you while obeying him. “If I ever hear you thinking a thought like that again, you’re going to get worse than the belt.”

“Why don’t you keep yourself out of my personal space instead?” You felt silly as you yanked the vest from his arms and nearly tossed it over your shoulder, you never thought you wouldn’t even be alone in your own thoughts. You stopped mid throw, realizing he would likely make you do as you did with the belt before. “Just hurry up and undress me, Vermin.” He spoke as you turned to set his vest in the corner. “My water is running cold, your attitude is making you slothlike.”

You did as he asked, albeit with even more of an attitude since he snapped at you. The shirt with the rigid sleeves came off easy, the leather pants came off just as easy as soon as you undid his belt, and once you had them down his thighs you were greeted happily by his half erect cock straining against his underwear. “Really?” You said, thinking he was so childish. What part of anything going on would leave him with an erection? “A beautiful woman is undressing me right now, and I’m about to bathe with her. Everything about this turns me on, Vee.”

You cocked a brow at him as you let his words soaked in. No more than a minute ago he was calling you a Vermin, but now he was calling you beautiful? The man was crazy, delusional, and confusing. You shook your head and let out of a puff of air as you took the waistband of his underwear in your hands and hastily pulled them down around his ankles, trying to be quick about pulling them off of his feet so that he wouldn’t get the chance to force his cock down your throat. Evidently your efforts worked because now he was standing in front of you in all his naked glory, praising you and telling you that you did an excellent job.

“Expect this to be a regular part of your nightly routine, Vee.” He said, turning away from you to the water. He sat on the side of the large tub, running his hand through the water and turning off the
faucet, then turned to you and held his hand out to the water. “Well? You can’t bathe with your
clothes on.” He said, laughing as if it was a joke. You crossed your arms and moved to the toilet,
thinking he said he wanted you to bathe with him but you didn’t think he meant you’d be in the tub
with him.

“Hard pass.” You said, instead dropping the lid of the toilet so that you could sit upon it. “I’ll sit here.
You have your fun, need me to get you any bubble soap, or a rubber ducky or something?” You
asked him, rolling your eyes and dropping your chin in your hand. “I need you to get into this tub,
Vermin. It wasn’t a suggestion.”

“Come on man. I don’t want to do this, I don’t want this at all! Why can’t you stop thinking about
yourself and your needs for five fucking minutes and let me be at peace?” You begged, finally
allowing a fraction of your pent up emotional pain to spill from your lips. If you were being such a
‘good girl’ why was he continually forcing you to do things that upset you? “Because when you
placed your signature upon that line you agreed to serve me and my needs, not yours.” He said,
standing and making his way toward you. His feet smacked against the linoleum floor as he seized
you by the collar of your shirt, pulling you up from the toilet and maneuvering your shirt above your
head. While you had taken your time in undressing him, making sure he was satisfied with
everything he did the opposite. He was sloppy in his actions, tossing the shirt against the wall and
then quickly squatting to rid you of your pants and panties.

You grumbled as you once again stood in front of him completely nude, the warm, wet air from the
tub clinging to your skin before he wrapped both of his hands around your ribcage and lifted you
into the air, your bodies pressed up against each other while you felt his cock pressed hot and hard
against your pelvis. Frantically kicking your legs in protest you held onto his arms as he placed you
not so gently into the water, causing it to ripple and splash onto the floor. You stared up at him as he
got in, feeling like an angry child you didn’t want to bathe but was being forced into it by their
parents. You moved as far back as you could from him as he sunk his body down into the tub, the
water around him settled and once again the two of you were having a stare off.

“See, was that so hard?” He asked you, laying his arms at the end of the tub. It was indeed, but you
refused to answer him. If all you had to do was sit here and stare at him as he bathed himself, then
you would do it. Only to save your sister.

“Are you relaxed? Do I need to add some soap?” He asked, but all you did was cross your arms and
move your body away from him. “No, I need you to be quiet and hurry up and wash yourself so that
I may leave.” You said, pressing your chin in your hand and staring at the wall. Truth be told you
didn’t want to look at him. Kylo sitting there in front of you showing off the well-sculpted muscles in
his chest and arms that shined just slightly in the water turned you on. You stole a look down at his
cock, you could see it was now fully hard and it’s pink and red colors were distorted through the
water. You looked away, this was insane. Even though some of his facial features were obscure, if
you were looking at him from a physical standpoint he was one of the most alluring men ever. It
didn’t help your case that his cock was on the larger side and, after just one or two rounds of (forced)
intimacy, he found his rhythm and had figured out how to use it well. It was just such a shame his
beautiful body and good looks were wasted on someone with such a shitty personality.

“Well, that’s entirely up to you.” He said, reaching behind him and producing a white bar of soap.
“Grab the washcloth hanging behind your head there. Wash me.” You felt your eyes widen, he
couldn’t possibly be serious. If looks could kill you were sure Ren would have been dead on the
floor of that tub, out of everything you’ve had to do for him this one takes the cake. You just found it
so hard to believe that the man wanted you to wash him like a child.

“Okay, no.” You said, reaching up and grabbing your sister’s necklace to protect it. “That’s where I
draw the line.” You stood up, unable to even look at him as you flat out refused his command. Hadn’t he just told you that you’d make a terrible parent? Why was he making you act like his mother if he hated you this much?

“Vermin, sit back down. You haven’t finished your job yet.” He said, his voice starting to rise as he took ahold of your free hand. “You’re ridiculous. I’m not going to sit in this tub and clean you like a helpless infant. You’re grown, you don’t need my help.” You pulled back on your arm only to have him yank you back into the tub. “It’s not about me needing your help…” Kylo said as you miraculously gained your footing without falling face first into the tub wall. “You signed the contract, you agreed to serve me in any way I see fit. Tonight I don’t feel like washing myself so you will do it.”

He continued pulling down on your arm, threatening to pull it out of its socket if you didn’t follow suit. You still pulled against him, undressing him was enough for you for one night. This entire evening had been one massive mindfuck.

Suddenly you felt a small movement in the palm of your hand. It wasn’t something you were used to feeling, the smooth, cold feeling of your locket falling open. You gasped as you held onto it tighter, knowing Rose’s ashes were free to fall into your hand, into the bath just as he threatened you. “Stop it.” You demanded sheepishly. “Stop it! Don’t do it!”

“Well then come back. Sit down, grab the cloth Vermin. It’s easy.” He sounded annoyed, you could tell by the lack of ashes spilling into your hand that he was holding them in place as well, waiting on you to crumble and obey. It was a dangerous game, and as you began to bend your knees, to introduce your clammy skin back into the tub and reach behind you for the washcloth, you wondered if there would come a time when your sister’s ashes weren’t worth the fight.

“You know, your little roommate downstairs does this task to her General and she does it with a smile on her face.” Kylo said as you ran the warm, soapy washcloth over his collarbones and chest. You could feel his smile on your skin as you sat straddling his knees, but you refused to look at him. The fact that he opened your locket was enough to keep you at a distance emotionally from him for the rest of the night.

“I’ve told you,” You said, switching gears and running the cloth along his arms now. His muscles were firm and tight under his skin, he must have been sore. You didn’t dare take your thoughts any further than that, you didn’t want him getting ideas about you massaging him after this bath. “You can take her. She’s already brainwashed, you won’t have to do any more of that if you use her instead of me.”

“Dear clueless Vermin.” Kylo chided, lifting his arm so that you could run the cloth over his armpits and the underside of his arm. You had already washed his face and neck, he politely asked you to work your way down before speaking up about Cass. “The General is quite attached to his little doll, has been for years. He’d never give her up.” You felt him relax a little bit more as you switched to his other arm, the cloth was beginning to run dry so you’d need to soap it up a bit more soon. “You don’t have to worry, though. I’m not interested in making a mindless zombie like he has. Truthfully I like it when you fight me, I’m always one to accept and conquer a challenge.” The sentence caused you to stop right where you were on his right arm, considering his words carefully. You once again felt the need to cry, but decided now would not be the time. Instead you shook your head, continuing your work on his body in total silence.

His arm, his chest, his sides, his legs and feet, and now you placed the washcloth down on the side of the tub. “Finished, you filthy animal.” You mumbled, finally allowing your eyes to travel up to
him. “Not so filthy now that you’ve washed me.”

“Whatever. May I go now?” You asked, feeling silly for asking for permission. “Not yet. You haven’t finished.” He retorted smugly, it had never hurt you more to have your hopes dashed. “The hell do you mean? You want me to wash your hair too?” You asked, thinking his hair was far more maintained than what you could do for him. He flicked his wrist and soon the washcloth had fallen back into the tub with a wet smack, floating in the water right in front of you. You picked it up and held it in your hand, wondering if he really expected you to clean his ass for him too. The thought made you feel ill and you had almost vomited on him at the thought before he took ahold of your hand and brought it down to his cock under the water.

“Dude, come on.” You protested, letting go of the washcloth once again and leaning back against the wall of the tub. “You’ve already raped me once today, do you really have to do it again?” You whined, but you really weren’t up to getting him off for the second time that day. “Quit complaining, Vermin. The faster you finish me off, the faster this can all end.” You rolled your eyes once again, he wasn’t going to let this go. Handjobs were fairly quick and easy to accomplish, and it had been a few hours since he had last came all over your back so you thought the same; the faster you got this over with the faster you could get out of this tub and on with your life.

You focused on the blurred image of his cock under the water as you submerged the cloth under the water, carefully wrapping it around him and readjusting your grip. You didn’t even take the time to contemplate what was going on, to wonder how you’d get him off this time. You simply just started stroking him, looking up and finding him leaning back into a more relaxed position. As you picked up speed you watched him tilt his head back and close his eyes, taking in a deep breath, enjoying your movement and hard work. You repressed an annoyed sigh, not believing that there wasn’t a single soul out in this galaxy that would be willing to do this for him. His trickery infuriated you, there must have been at least one other person out there that would have loved to switch places with you.

It only took about 10 minutes of sitting there in the lukewarm water, moving your hand up and down at a steady speed while he moaned and begged you not to stop to get him off. He arched his back let out one final bellow before releasing himself into the tub. You watched as his semen floated to the top and then began to dissipate around you, to cloud in the water as he came down from his orgasm. Three days. You had been here for three days being forced to perform sexual acts for him and not once were you actually able to cum. You let go of the washcloth and looked back up at him, his chest caving in and out as he composed himself.

“I, I can change that for you.” He said out of breath. You opened your mouth to reply, but didn’t get the chance to before he spoke once again. “Only when you deserve it.” He ran his hand through his dry hair, gripped the sides of the tub in order to stand. “And when will that be?” You asked, following suit. You hated the fact that you were currently sitting in a tub full of his filth, and luckily for you he allowed you to stand. “The drain, Vermin.” He said, pointing to the tub. Internally you were screaming, watching him take a towel and wrapping it around his waist. He just made you undress him, wash him, then get him off in the tub, now he wanted you to drain it? It was the final nail in the coffin for you, but you felt like if you did it and did it quickly you would be that much closer to your freedom.

“And to answer your question,” He said, watching you bend over the side of the tub. “You’ll get your chance to cum when you learn to follow my commands without bitching and complaining like you do.” You turned around and were startled to find him standing right behind you. He shoved the towel into your chest, then turned around to exit the bathroom. “Dry yourself, then you can go down and be with your little friend.” He said, opening the door. You wrapped the towel around yourself as you followed him, he had to have clothes for you. You couldn’t greet Cass naked again.
Chapter 14

Ren once again gave you the choice of where you would sleep that night. After you had dried off, dressed in the modest pair of black pajama shorts and a tank top Kylo asked if you would like to sleep in bed with him or downstairs with Cass. You felt like you had never said anything more enthusiastically to him in your life, the way you energetically turned on your heel and headed toward his bedroom door and proclaimed ‘downstairs’ happily to him. “Are you sure?” He asked you, following close behind you dressed in nothing but his silky looking pajama pants. “You’ve earned it, Vee. Any other time you won’t be allowed in my bed.” You shot him a mellow look, did he really believe that sleeping next to him of all people would be a rewarding experience.

“If you insist.” He said, grumbling the word vermin under his breath. Clearly you had pissed him off. He was throwing a fit because he wouldn’t get to fondle you under the covers, or wake you up in the morning by fucking you against your will. The fact that he followed you down the stairs and into the kitchen so you could have some much deserved time away from him made you feel exorbitantly good. For once you had a say in what happened to you in this home. You watched as he placed his hand upon the sensor next to the door and heard the locks within the door come free. He held the door open for you and you excitedly headed down, not giving him another look until he took you by the elbow and pulled you back into his home.

“Tomorrow, I expect the same routine to be done. Starting from when I come get you for lunch. Am I understood?” He asked, and you brushed him off. Throwing him a weak ‘yeah’ over your shoulder as you forced your way out of his grip and down toward the stairs. You couldn’t care about what would happen tomorrow when you would finally be able to take a warm, uninterrupted shower and relax in a bed that was all yours. He didn’t try to stop you as you made your way down into the dark, and once the door was closed behind you finally felt at peace.

It was pitch black as you reached the bottom of the stairs, felt around the wall for the light switch but were not successful in finding it. Instead you heard someone stir not too far away from you, the sound of fabric rustling brought your attention forward before you heard a mouse-like voice whisper your nickname. “Hi Cass.” You said, stopping in your tracks and assuming she’d turn the light on for you.

You heard her gasp, heard the sound of the bed and sheets rustling around, and suddenly you felt her arms wrap happily around you, squeezing you tightly and pushing you to the floor as she exclaimed ‘Vee’ as loud as she could in your ears. “I’ve missed you! I thought you were never coming back!” You were disoriented, hadn’t seen Cass’s attack coming and now found yourself even more irritated while laying on the floor with her on top of you. “Get off of me!” You shouted, pushing her onto the stairs only to have her fall and sit back on top of you. Your ribs were crushed by her tailbone and you didn’t think she could pick herself up off of you fast enough. “Sorry, so sorry Vee!” She said, but you couldn’t even tell where she was because the light was still out.

“Go turn the light on Cass!” You said, pulling your legs up to your knees. The light finally illuminated the room and you covered your eyes momentarily to stop them from burning. Cass stepped in front of it, allowing you to ease your eyes open as you took in the happy and excited look on her face. “Welcome back, Vee!” She exclaimed, smiling down at you like an innocent little angel. You twisted your body in order to stand, trying not to give her too much attention as you brushed past her toward the bathroom. “So much has happened while you were gone. The General and I talked more about my second contract, he says he wants to marry me we’ll be trying for our first child soon!” Cass followed you every step of the way, babbling on and on about what her and the General did during the day and what they ate and what he said to her. By the time you reached the
bathroom she was standing at the threshold, a dumb smile decorated her face as her blonde hair hung loosely around her shoulders, maybe the fact that she had been asleep gave her all this boundless energy and she was taking it all out on you.

You abruptly stopped in your tracks, turned sharply on your heels and got in her face, placing your finger upon your lip and shushing her. Her eyes widened and she looked rather hurt that you asked her to be quiet. “I’m gonna shower, then go to bed. Can you chill for like fifteen minutes?” You asked her, wondering which was more evil: Kylo and his sexually abusive tendencies or Cass and her overly hyper personality that would likely be keeping you awake all night long.

“Oh yes. I’ll be right here waiting for you.” She said, and with a wide grin she plopped herself down on the very end of her bed. You could only offer her an awkward grin as you inched your way to the bathroom, shutting the door and finally succumbing to the loneliness that you so desperately wanted.

Like the good little doll she was, upon exiting the bathroom Cass was still sitting there in the same position you had left her. Her smile grew much wider as she laid her eyes on you and the towel that was currently concealing your body from her. “Oh Vee.” She said, standing to her feet and running over to you. Without even so much as asking you she threw her arms around your neck and hugged you. “I missed you so much!” Your first instinct was to throw her off of you. You were still wet, hadn’t actually dried any part of your body before going out and fetching some heavier clothes to wear to bed. But the longer she held you, the more you realized that she needed you. Cass was a vulnerable, easily manipulated young woman that hated being alone, you were basically her only hope at having a friend as well as a sense of normality. You wanted to keep her sane, so you hugged her back ever so slightly. “I missed you too, Cass.” You said, before feeling uncomfortable enough to pull away from her.

“Being down here by myself is such a drag. I hate it when the General sends me back down here after every meal. I’m so happy the Supreme Leader finally got an assistant!” A crooked grin spread across your face at her words, you weren’t happy he got an ‘assistant’ at all. “Would you mind if I have a shirt to sleep in, Cass?” You asked, and she shook her head. “Not at all, Vee!” She jumped up and ran to her dresser, as she rummaged through it looking for a suitable shirt to give you, you wondered if you’d get your own clothing dresser down here at some point. She handed you a grey shirt and sent you on your way back to the bathroom.

The air was thick with steam so you cracked the door just a little bit, allowing it to seep out so you could towel off easier. The bath you had taken with Ren had left you feeling filthier than before, so you were happy to have clean skin and hair on your own.

You undraped the towel from your body and brought it up to your hair, hand drying it as best as you could before simply allowing it to fall to the floor. There was one comb on the counter and you assumed it belonged to Cass. You called out to her, bringing her attention to you from the outside. “Can I please use your comb?” You said, twiddling the small red comb in your hands. You heard Cass’s footsteps inching closer and closer to the door, and before you knew it it was being pushed open. Cass laid eyes on the comb in your hand for a hot second before she brought them up to your face, then allowed them to roam all over your body. Her jaw fell as you watched her muscles relax, clearly you had caught her off guard.

She babbled incoherently for just a moment before nodding her head in response to your question, but she was still anchored to her spot right outside of the door. You shook your head, turned to the mirror to comb out your hair. She was so adorable. So curious and so innocent, you hardly knew how to handle it.

“Why don’t you take a picture?” You asked, placing her comb back on the counter. “It’ll last
“I’m sorry Vee.” She said, finally snapping out of her trance and stepping away from the bathroom. “I’ve never seen a woman naked before. Only the General.” Well, that was a lie. She had seen you topless on the first day you met. “Well I hope you at least liked what you saw.” You said jokingly, finally putting the commotion to rest. “What is that thing on your hip? Is it a birthmark?”

She asked, pointing at your tattoo. You looked down the length of your naked body and admired your lifelong Loper friend, you hadn’t gotten the time to even think about it as of recent. You ran your finger over the feisty looking, fuzzy brown creature. Yet another reminder that you were strong, resilient, and able to handle this uphill battle.

“No, Cass. It’s a tattoo.”

“A tattoo?” She asked, sounding like you had just blown her mind clean out of her skull. “It looks like a mouse to me.”

“It’s a tattoo of a Loper. That’s why Ren calls me ‘vermin,’ because I have a vermin on my hip.” You could tell by the cloud of red forming in her cheeks that she was still uncomfortable looking at you when you had no clothes on, so you obliged her, carefully dressing so that she could be at ease.

“You mean your name isn’t really Vee? Or Vermin?” You started to exit the bathroom, heading toward the bedroom and repressing the urge to call her an idiot. Who in their right mind names their own child ‘Vermin?’

“No, my name is not Vermin.” You walked right past her and up to your bed where you sat on the edge, moving under the covers so that you could rest. “Oh, so the Supreme Leader renamed you Vermin.” She smiled as she stepped in front of your bed, she was annoying you once again. “So what is your precontract name? Mine is Velvette.” She reminded you, but you just weren’t feeling up to it.

“I’ll tell you later, Cass.” You said, rolling over on your side away from her. “Goodnight.” You said to her stiffly, and luckily for you she left you alone. Within a matter of seconds the light was turned off and you heard her settle down into bed, finally leaving you to yourself and your thoughts for the night.

The next morning was the same as the previous. The loud classical music woke you and you found Cass stretching at the end of the bed. You were only mildly annoyed this time, knowing she’d be prancing up the stairs soon to her General and would leave you alone. You sat there with your eyes closed, waiting for the moment the door would be unlocked and he would call her name, which happened sooner than you thought. “I’m coming General!” Cass shouted as she quickly turned the TV off and scurried loudly up the stairs, finally leaving you alone. You shut your eyes once more, allowing sleep to take over your body for another hour before your morning meal was dropped from the slot. Since you were in a much better mood than yesterday you decided it was probably a better idea to eat and nourish your body if you were going to have to endure Ren and his abuse today.

French toast, scrambled eggs, and, from the smell of the strip of meat on your plate, turkey bacon with a side of coffee. You smiled, this would be the only meal you’d get to enjoy by yourself. When you lifted the tray of food into your lap and started to dig in, however, your smile melted right off your face. There was still no fork. You set your hands down in your lap, when would he stop playing this game with you?

Half an hour passed before Cass once again came trotting down the stairs happily, letting you know longer.”
that she was happy to see you were awake and eating. “That looks good.” She said, walking up to your bed and once again getting into your personal space. “The General and I had steel cut oats and berries for breakfast. He decided he didn’t want to have sex before work though, that’s why I’m down here so early. At that an image of the red headed man bending Cass over the side of the breakfast table and fucking her flashed through your mind. Suddenly you had lost your appetite.

“Where is your fork, Vee?” She asked, furrowing her eyebrows as she looked down at your plate. “Ren won’t allow me to have one.” You said, picking it up and placing it down on the nightstand where it had fallen to originally. “Why not? Did you try to kill him?” You snorted at her brazen comment, only in your dreams had you tried and successfully killed him. “The General once took my forks and spoons away from me, because during my third day I stabbed him in the neck with a fork while his back was turned.” Once again you lifted your gaze to her face, hardly believing such an angelic looking little girl could do such a thing.

“Wild thing, now aren’t you?” You asked her, reaching for your warm and comforting coffee and taking a sip. “I was. I think I was a lot like you when I first got here.” She said, finally standing up and stepping away from you. She walked over to the dresser and pulled out the scarf she was knitting, sat down on her bed and got to work on it once again. “But once I realized that the General was only here to take care of me I changed a lot. Now I’m his perfect little darling.” Her fingers began moving, working the yarn in between them and once again you were sickened. The creepy and empty smile on her face was what did it for you. How could she be so brainwashed?

On your side of the room you heard the door open and a pair of heavy footsteps making their way down the stairs. You sighed as you took a look over at your cold coffee, wishing it were still piping hot so that you could throw it at him. As he reached the bottom of the steps Cass turned on her behind to face him and grew nervous at the sight of his tall and brooding form that was standing over your bed. “Good morning, Vee.” Kylo said behind you, but you refused to acknowledge him more than a slight wave of your hand. He walked up to you and placed his hand on your shoulder, pressing his thumb into your shoulder blade and trying to turn you toward him. “Glad to see you’re awake. Are you ready to head upstairs?”

“If you’re giving me the option then I’d like to stay down here.” You said with vengeance in your voice. “Away from you.”

“Options.” He scoffed at you, pulling your shoulder violently so that you fell off of the bed and onto the floor at his feet. “The only options you have at the moment, Vermin, are to stand up and walk up those stairs or sit on your ass and be dragged to my home.” You leaned up and looked at him, but he wasn’t looking at you. “Or we can give your little friend here another show just like the other night, but I don’t know that the General would appreciate it again.” You rolled your eyes at him, perhaps the first time since you had came here you had stopped thinking about yourself and what you wanted out of this situation. Instead you thought about Cass and about how she would feel about having to watch Kylo force himself upon you again, and you knew it wouldn’t be pretty.

Begrudgingly you stood to your feet, crossed your arms as you looked at Kylo and waited for him to initiate the next step. “That’s my good girl.” He said with a proud grin on his face, reaching up and pinching your cheek like you were a child. You didn’t reply to him, didn’t even so much as try to swat his hand away. You just followed him up the stairs and into his home, feeling angry over his comment about already learning your place in his home.

The rest of the day was predictable, not much different from the previous. After having doggy style sex on his living room floor until he once again came all over your ass and thighs he went into the
kitchen to make lunch for the two of you. Instead of making you follow him and kneel at his feet he
forced you to stay in that position with his seed covering you and, if you were good and ate all of
your food, he would clean you up before he left.

So you ate your exquisite grilled cheese sandwich and tomato soup on your hands and knees. You
had no utensils, just your sore knees and Ren’s crusting semen on your skin. It was awful, but when
he instructed you to crawl on your hands and knees to the kitchen for him to wash you down with a
rag you knew it would be the end. True to his promise he ran the warm rag up and down your back
and thighs until you were left feeling partially clean once again. He reached down and pat your head,
thanking you for your submission before heading out the door. You gagged as you finally got up off
your knees, standing to your full height in front of him before asking him a crucial question that you
had had on your mind recently.

“You say I haven’t earned my eating utensils yet. When am I going to ‘earn’ my birth control?” He
had just removed his glove in order to scan his hand and let himself out before he turned and looked
at you from beneath the eyeholes of his mask. “Birth control is a little more important than forks are,
don’t you think?”

“Maybe if you’re good for me tonight and tomorrow, I’ll work that out for you.” He said before
turning away from you, activating the door, and exiting. You stood there half naked and alone,
feeling the need to smack yourself when you realized you had just given him something else to
torment you with. If you weren’t ‘good,’ whatever the hell that meant, you wouldn’t get the
medication you needed to stop yourself from conceiving his unwanted child. For all you knew, how
his threats would include the cage, spanking, rape, and ejaculating inside of you.

Come dinner time you were posted outside of his door, leaning against the wall in a squatting
position. You really wanted your shot of birth control, but not bad enough to actually kneel at the
door like he wanted. You were relieved when he finally walked in and his eyes met yours. You
looked away in shame as he removed his helmet, placing it upon the small table on the other side of
the door where he also kept his gloves. “My, what a surprise.” He said, walking over to you. “I
wasn’t expecting to come home and see you following my directions. I thought I’d have to get the
belt out.” You shook your head as your cheeks burned in shame, he was once again praising you for
following his orders. “I’m only doing this to keep myself from getting knocked up. Don’t get used to
it.”

“Whatever you say, Vee.” He said, motioning you to follow him to the couch where you knew you
would have to remove his shoes. He sat and held his feet out for you, holding your breath you went
to undo the laces and pull them off just as he made you yesterday. “Whether you’re doing it to avoid
becoming a parent or to save your sister’s ashes there around your neck, you’re doing it and it makes
me happy.” You rolled your eyes at him, it would be so much easier to do this if he would shut up
and stop rubbing salt in your wounds.

You unlaced them, holding your breath only until both his shoes and socks were off of his feet. You
sat sadly on your knees waiting for his next words but all you got was a hearty smile and yet another
‘good girl.’

“Can you please take me for my birth control now?” You begged him. “No.” He said coldly,
standing to his feet and heading toward the kitchen. “When you earn it, you may have it.”

This game of charades continued day after day. You’d wake up behind Cass downstairs, spend your
breakfast alone until she came running back down to tell you all about what she and the General had done, then Kylo would come get you and cook you lunch and dinner during the rest of the day, fuck you when and where he felt like it, then you’d undress him for either his shower alone or his bath, and if he were bathing he’d request you do it for him. All of this led up to the most important part of your evening: Where he’d give you the choice between sleeping in his bed with him or returning to your room with Cass. By the 5th day of half-assing your ‘duties’ to him you wondered why he even asked anymore. The answer would always be yes. Even though his bed looked comfortable, and every time he had you in his bed you were always at least that much more comfortable, the safety that both Cass and the small room provided you would always be your number one answer.

So night after night you chose to sleep next to Cass, to endure her motorized mouth and the gross details of her life. One evening, she surprised you. Skipping merrily down the stairs with something small, white, and egg shaped in her hand. “Vee! Look at this!” She exclaimed just as you finished your bowl of oatmeal. She came running up to your bed and plopped right down next to you. “The General took me to the Observation deck for breakfast. He cleared the entire thing out for us and we had such a romantic meal, just us!” She lifted the small object from her side and turned it on, and you realized it was some kind of phone.

You smiled at her, happy to see her happy but part of you couldn’t help but to be angry. Not necessarily at her, and not necessarily at the General, but at yourself. You had lost track of how long you had been here, had sat on your knees evening after evening and it was still all the same. Ren was still raping you, he was still dehumanizing you and he didn’t care about your wants or needs. But here Cass was, seemingly being worshiped by her master. Allowed to have her own clothing down here (that she was kind enough to share with you), allowed to have some sort of communication device, and the General even took her out every now and again. You had spent the last several days going from your room to Kylo’s home, and every day it was the same thing: hoping that you had ‘earned’ the ‘privilege’ of having utensils to eat with and birth control.

Instead you were threatened if you didn’t do things just right:

*If you don’t come over here and unlace these boots I’m going to beat your ass black and blue with a riding crop.*

*Moan my name. Do it right or I will fill you with all the children you never wanted from me.*

*Do you want me to take that food back up out of your stomach? Thank me properly and I won’t force you to regurgitate it and clean it with your bare hands off my carpet.*

*Those ashes around your neck will make it in with my personal collection if you don’t stop crying and undress me.*

Just watching Cass happily scroll through her little device made you want to cry. Would you really have to allow yourself to become like her in order to be happy? Surely not. Even though your hope had been quickly dwindling over your time here, you still thought you’d be making it home. You just needed the perfect opportunity, for him to leave the door open for just the right amount of time

“And look, the General took our picture. He even set it as my lock screen and home screen so I can always see how happy he makes me!” She swiped and tapped across the screen until a photo of both her and the General flashed across the screen, he was holding her so tight and smiling happily while Cass was staring up at him lovingly. Her hair was done up in braids around her head and it looked like she was wearing a beautiful gown; something you noticed she didn’t have on right now. “He says we’re a beautiful couple, and he said he couldn’t wait to get home to have me, so he asked me
to step out of my dress and we had intercourse right there in front of the stars.” She sighed, looking awestruck at the wall in front of you. “Oh Vee. It was so romantic.”

You gagged at her moonstruck eyes, what the hell was wrong with this girl? The man was controlling her, forcing her into this lifestyle and there was just no way you believed she loved it as much as she said. Cass had been held here for four years, and she admitted that she didn’t like it at first. How could she have gone from stabbing her captor in the neck with a fork to happily having sex with him in front of the entire galaxy?

You opened your mouth to ask her, indeed, what was wrong with her, but you didn’t want to hurt her feelings. Instead you asked her a question geared more toward your situation:

“Does the General give you birth control?” She looked back down to her little device, then clicked it off and stuck it in the pocket of her dress. “Yeah, it was the first thing that happened to me when I was taken to the snowy place.” She lifted her arm and pressed on the meaty part next to her shoulder and out popped a small, needle looking object from under her skin. “The General says he’ll schedule me to get it taken out soon. But I’ve had it since day one.”

You could feel your face turning red, her Master even spoiled her with what you desperately needed. You were happy when you heard your door open, shot up from the bed and was able to see Kylo as he came down the stairs. “Good afternoon, Vee.” You crossed your arms and refused to speak to him. You wanted that implant and you were determined to get it today.

As always Kylo commanded you kneel at his feet while he made lunch, but this time you refused. “No.” You said, crossing your arms and standing as tall as you could. “Ah, Vermin.” Kylo said as he set a pot of boiling water on the burner. “You were doing so well.” He reached up and grabbed your cheeks, squeezing them momentarily before passive aggressively throwing you back hard enough for you to stumble away. “Do I need to take this belt off of my pants and remind you who is in charge here?”

“No, what you need to do is get me that shit in my arm!” You said, conjuring up as much bravery as I could. “Cass has one, she said she got one when she first came into the Order. I’m tired of you fucking me raw and risking a pregnancy on me every day! I haven’t even gotten my period yet and for all I know I’m already knocked up.” He sighed, looked away from you and back to the stove, you could tell he wasn’t taking you seriously at all. “Are you listening to me? Do you know how bad it would be if you got me pregnant?”

“Yes, I hear your shrill voice, Vermin. And no, it wouldn’t be that bad because there are ways to end pregnancies here in the Order.” You rolled your eyes, whatever happened to prevention? Abortions were not a good form of repeat birth control. “Well you can beat me as hard as you want, you can take everything you can from me but I won’t be doing anything for you until I get some kind of reliable birth control.”

Kylo turned to face you after his demands, shaking his head before finally turning off the burner. “Okay, Vermin.” He said, sounding completely defeated. “I hear you loud and clear. You want to stay safe and healthy, I understand.” He turned to face you completely, once again seizing your jaw in his hands and bringing you close to his face. “I have the same concerns, and I think I’ve figured out a way to remedy them.” A sly smile spread across his face and you felt your heart plummet ten feet inside of your own body as he spoke once again. “I’ll give you one chance, once chance to satisfy me in bed. Instead of me fucking you, you’re going to fuck me.”

You felt a scowl fall onto your face, was he being truthful right now? This hardly seemed real at all.
“Ride me, in my bed, right now. If you do a good job I’ll take you to get the implant, if that’s what you want, Vermin.” You closed your eyes momentarily. It all seemed so gross, so manipulative, but it was something you knew you could do. Your history in the sex industry taught you how to do this type of thing, and it taught you how to do it well. You opened your eyes, and with a single nod of your head you sealed your fate, determined to fuck your little heart and soul out in order to protect yourself from any unwanted side effects of the sexual abuse you were forced to endure.

You were nude. He was nude. He was laying spread out across the bed waiting for you to finish what you had started in his kitchen. His cock was standing at attention, erect and only growing bigger as the time passed. You couldn’t believe you were about to do this, but it was for your health and safety. One day, you vowed you’d get your vengeance on him. But that day was not today. Today you would be riding him into the sunset, earning your birth control just as he had been saying.

You walked over to him and his eyes followed you the entire way there, lifting yourself onto the mattress and over the cage, onto his knees where you grasped his cock and held it in the palm of your hand. Warm, hard, and silky smooth, just like any other cock you had touched. You knew what you’d have to do first, you had to get him going. Foreplay. Foreplay always made the sex better.

With a heavy sigh you settled yourself down in between his knees, pumping his cock one or two times before bending at your waist and engulfing his entire manhood with your mouth.

He immediately let out a groan the moment your tongue made contact with the deep red head of his cock, running it up and down the underside and the ridge until you watched his breath quicken. His hand came down on top of your head as he grasped your hair, moving your head up and down as an indication that he wanted you to lick all of him at once. You obliged against your will, moving along with his hand until he let go, then you really gave it your all. You went down all the way into the back of your throat, deepthroating him until he howled in pleasure. “Fuck.” He swore, once again reaching for your hair to pull you off of him. This was the first round of oral sex you had ever performed on him with meaning, everything else had been completely mediocre.

“Again.” He said, closing his eyes and letting out a deep sigh. Who were you to deny him his pleasure? Once again your head dipped down lower and lower until the head of his cock brushed the back of your throat, then back up. He moaned and groaned as you once again went to work with your tongue, running it up and down one of the veins that snaked around his cock before coming off completely and only working him with your hands. He had a look of awe in his eyes as the two of you stared at each other. He babbled for a minute before you realized it was time for the real fun to begin.

With the smallest, cloudiest bead of precum dribbling down his shaft you repositioned yourself to finally take his cock inside of you, looking down as it shined in the small shard of light in his room. Holding it in your hand you sunk down on it, letting out a sigh in tandem with him at how good it felt. Again, he was a good looking man with a huge cock, his personality was just shitty as hell.

You settled all the way down, taking every inch of him as slowly as possible. Your walls adjusted for his size as you shuttered in anticipation, and when you had opened your eyes he looked like he was going to cry. “Feel good?” You asked him, he only nodded his head. It was then you realized that you held the reins in the moment, you could do whatever you wanted to him.

You started out tame enough, simply using the muscles in your thighs to slide up and down on him, getting him going and causing his head to roll back. He had a grip on your thighs as you moved slowly and steadily, but all of that was about to change.

You placed your hands on his belly as you picked up your pace, spreading them in order to feel as much of his hot, flushed skin as you could. The further you slid your hands up his belly and over his
pecs the faster you went, growing adventurous and cocky as you did something you never thought you’d do: You demanded he place his arms above his head. “What?” He asked, now beginning to sweat beneath you. “I said…” You started, falling back and taking his wrists from your thighs. “Put your fucking hands above your head.” In an instant you had slammed his wrists over his head, now fully leaning forward and flicking your hips over his cock. He whimpered as he stared up at you completely awestruck, like he couldn’t believe this was happening to him. There was a constant noise coming from his mouth, in between swearing and shouting your nickname ‘Vee’ as loud as he could, you were fucking him as hard and as fast as you could go. Your nipples brushed against his bare skin, pebbling as you realized you were just the slightest bit turned on by this as well. “God, Vee!” He shouted, shutting his eyes and flexing his hands under yours. “I’m gonna, oh god I’m gonna…!” You realized you’d have to stop, the whole ordeal was about avoiding making a baby, even though you knew he’d like it you couldn’t allow him to finish inside of you.

You leaned up, releasing his hands and hopping off his cock, behind it and grasping it with both of your hands. You began jerking him off as fast as you could, looking down at his fully swollen cock as it threatened to explode there in your hand. “Cum, you giant dick.” You taunted, calling him a dick and not his actual cock. He groaned, arched his back and you realized you couldn’t get your mouth on him fast enough.

You had never seen his cum shoot that quickly and that abundantly from him. In an instant his salty seed was on the tip of your tongue, shooting into your mouth and falling from between your lips as you once again put him in your mouth. He was screaming as he continued to cum inside of you, pushing his hips up to further push himself into his mouth as the last few drops came to rest on the flat of your tongue.

As loudly and as dramatically as you could you swallowed his seed, happy that it ended up in your mouth and not your cunt. Once he had finally came down from his aftershocks he sat up, looked at you in all of your naked and post-sex glory. He wiped the sweat from his brow and stared at you deeply and intently before speaking to you finally:

“Well, Vee. I believe you’ve earned your implant.” He said, abruptly reaching up and pushing on your shoulders. “And then some.” He said, and boy, you could have never guessed what that was supposed to mean.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You never would have guessed that you’d have your fingers curling up in Kylo’s sheets, his tongue flicking your clit rapidly as his fingers curled inside of you. You screamed as he brought you to orgasm, blind sighted you as you would have never thought he was that good with his tongue. The man barely even knew how to fuck you when you first met him. How in the hell did he know all the right places to lick, suck, and even nip with his teeth? By the time everything was said and done it really didn’t matter, clearly you had left him feeling satisfied and he wanted to make sure you were too. Your legs shook as you lifted yourself off the comfortable mattress and laid eyes on his face; Content, caring, and shiny with your spent arousal.

“How?” You asked him as your better judgment came back to you. You were still uncertain as to what exactly had happened to you within the last 15 minutes or so when he pushed you into the mattress and held you down. You didn’t want him to do it at first, you opened your mouth to tell him to get off of you but it all failed when you first felt his lips wrap snugly around your clit.

“I don’t know.” He said, shrugging as he lifted his blanket up to clean his face. “It comes naturally I guess. You taste divine, by the way.”

“Well that’s good to know.” You said sarcastically, still not believing that you had allowed yourself to cum all over his face. That’s not what the point of this situation was. You did all those things for him so that you could get birth control, not so that you could sit and daydream about how he completely swept you off your feet while performing oral sex on you.

“Don’t be so hard on yourself, Vee.” He said to you, standing just as you had and moving to your pile of clothes on the floor. “You deserved it for finally showing your worth, and for complimenting the size of my penis like you know you should.” He said sounding cockier than you had ever heard. While facing away from him you rolled your eyes, that comment you made was about him, not about his ‘giant dick.’ Whatever, if he wanted to believe that it was a compliment then that was fine. If it got you your birth control faster then you’d consider it a success. “Oh come on, Vee. Stop your mindless bitching.” He said, reaching over your shoulder and snatchng your shirt from your hand.

“You enjoyed it, you know you enjoyed every second and every movement we just shared in that bed.”

“I enjoyed demanding things of you like you do me the most.” You grumbled as you took a step away from him and picked up your sleeping pants and underwear. He took one giant step toward you before once again snatching your clothing out of your hands and balling them up in his. “If you want to know a secret, I did too.” He whispered in your ear before tossing your clothing into the closet, and you let out a disgusted growl. This conversation wasn’t going where you wanted it to go, maybe it would be best if you just kept your mouth shut.

“You don’t really believe I would allow you to step foot out of my home in your pajamas, do you?” He asked, you could hear his grin from behind you. You turned around to face him, and the look on his face meant he was up to no good.

He allowed you normal clothes with an accessory that almost made you vomit all over yourself once
you were dressed in your clean grey tunic and black jeans. “No.” You protested, pushing his hand away from you and turning toward the door. Why did he have to make this so god damn difficult?

“Vermin, you’re either going to put the collar on and attach the leash yourself or you get no doctors visit until you do.” Tears threatened to spill from your eyes as you looked at the shiny, black leather collar that sat in his hand, was this for real? He was busy referring to you as a Vermin, not as a dog or a cat. There was no reason for you to wear a collar. “Well, what’s it going to be?” He asked cynically, holding the collar out to you. “You, you…” You stammered, frantically trying to swallow the lump in your throat. This is as dehumanizing as it got, this man really wanted to parade you through the halls of his ship like a prized show animal. “You’re so unbelievably twisted!” You shouted while tears splashed down onto your thick, long sleeved tunic. “Is this what you enjoy? You enjoy doing this to innocent women on top of what you’ve already done to me?” You shook your head, wrapping your arms around yourself as you tried to keep it together. All you wanted was to avoid a pregnancy, was that really too much to ask for?

“As a matter of fact, it is, Vermin. But I don’t mind putting it away if you’d like to, instead, find yourself pregnant with my unwanted child.” The hand that held the collar dropped to his side and he turned toward the stairs, clearly this was an all or nothing deal. No collar meant no protection, and no protection made you vulnerable. You shook as you reached out for him, squeaking the quietest ‘wait’ you had ever said in your life. You swallowed your pride as he stopped in his tracks, trying to convince yourself that minutes of humiliation would be better than nine months of pregnancy, or the agony of having to endure an abortion or the like.

Kylo walked back over to you, holding his hand out to once again offer the collar to you. “What was that, Vee?” He asked, and as the last of your tears fell down your cheeks you decided you could hold it off no longer. The cold, unforgiving leather made contact with the palms of your hands and you curled your fingers around it. It was smooth and lifeless as he released it to you, sending chills up your arm and into your conflicted heart. It came undone by a button in the back just as his belt did, and you knew once you snapped this around your throat it would be the final nail in the coffin. You had knelt at his feet, you had removed his boots, you had spent time in a cage, and now you would wear a collar; it would only further prove your position as a slave to Supreme Leader Kylo Ren.

It was as if you were having an out of body experience as you unlatched the collar and lifted it to your neck. Your hands shook as you pressed it to the exposed flesh of your throat, thoroughly reminding yourself that this wasn’t you. You weren’t a slave at heart, your physical body was being forced into this but you still had the mindset of a loper. Once you were free of this collar, of this cage, and of this man you would once again become an immovable mountain. You wouldn’t allow yourself to be tossed around like this ever again.

You couldn’t look him in the eye as you brought the two free ends of the collar together behind you, and with a loud and satisfying click you sealed your own fate right then and there. Your body shivered as your eyes traveled along his body, up his neck and settled on his satisfied grin. It made you sick, made you want to rip the collar right back off and fall to your knees and just die. If you could go back and be a perfect little angel for your parents you’d definitely would, if only you had known you’d be subjected to this awful punishment.

Your eyes darted back down to his feet as you saw him reach for your collar, run his fingers over the leather and over your throat, then down over your sister’s necklace where he wrapped his evil fingers around it possessively. “Don’t!” You said as he tugged lightly on it, causing your breath to hitch in your throat. “I did what you wanted, don’t take my necklace!”

“This is your only warning, Vee.” He whispered right in front of your nose. “Should you do anything to embarrass me or yourself while we’re out, this collar will be the only thing you will have
around your neck. I will see to it that this locket is destroyed. Am I clear?” As if he hadn’t knocked your ego down to nothing before, he just had to threaten your sister as well. You nodded your head, it was all you could do while the last of your tears streamed down your face. Suddenly his finger was on your chin, lifting your face to his momentarily. “Yes, Supreme Leader.” He corrected you harshly, indicating that he expected you to say it back to him. “Yes, Supreme Leader.” You repeated like a parrot, wishing he’d just get on with it and end your suffering.

He produced the leash from behind his back and held it out to you, spinning his finger in the air to tell you to turn around. You obeyed silently, the snap from behind your neck told you that the leash had been attached firmly to the collar. “Now, let’s head to the doctor so you can quit your whining.” He said, using the Force to will the door open. Even though your feet didn’t want to move, didn’t want to creep into the hall where everyone would see you locked up and paraded around, you kept your goal in mind. You willed the lead blocks around your feet to break as you took one step, then two steps over the threshold, with nobody outside of his home you thought it wouldn’t be that difficult.

With your head held high you walked next to him as he held your leash, thinking it could only be worse if he made you to crawl on your hands and knees instead. The first person you passed was an officer who stopped and stared, red rising in her cheeks as if she were second-handedly embarrassed for you. You swallowed the lump in your throat as you looked straight ahead, the humiliation hit you hard and you found yourself on more than one occasion raising your hands in order to try to free yourself. But each time you did you remembered your necklace, you couldn’t let him take it from you. So you’d drop your hands to your sides and the people stared on, some from under their helmets and some out in the open. Some would cringe, some would blush, some would laugh, and one or two people took your picture. Even though you were crumbling on the inside you pushed your tears away. Imagine what these people would be doing and saying about you if you were doing this while heavily pregnant, or if you were bawling uncontrollably while Ren dragged you across the floor? That would be far worse than what they were doing now.

So you kept your composure, kept one foot in front of the other and not giving him a reason to further degrade you and your person. He didn’t even so much as say anything to you or to anyone else around him. When passing through a large crowd he would pat your head like a good little pet dog, only further breaking your ego down to absolutely nothing. You felt your heart leap in your chest as you saw a sign on the wall that pointed to the ‘medbay facilities,’ this nightmare would be ending soon and it was all you could think about to keep your sanity.

“Afternoon Supreme Leader!” The receptionist greeted him quite nervously as Kylo marched you into the waiting area, right up to the dek and to the suddenly so shaky woman behind it. “I need a visit with my personal physician at once.” He said to her. He sounded calm, the complete opposite of the receptionist obviously and it really put you off. Why did he have to be so intimidating? He had intimidated everyone you had come in contact with so far and it was such a nasty trait to have. How did he survive when everyone hated him so? You wrinkled your nose as you fiddled with your tunic at your hips, listening silently as they exchanged details of the visit, the most prominent one being the way Kylo angrily told her that the visit was for you and not him and that he didn’t need to give her the details. You cocked a brow looking at the floor, was the one thing that intimidated him really the word ‘birth control?’

“Certainly, Supreme Leader!” She said optimistically, her voice still cracking to indicate her fear was still alive and well within her. She grabbed a manilla file with her trembling hands, then walked out from behind the counter and into the hallway to her right. “Right this way, I’ll put you back in a room, if, if that’s okay?” Kylo began walking after her, you dropped your tunic and repressed an
ammused grin as you followed his lead. Did she believe he would allow you to receive a birth control shot in the middle of a communal area like this? Would the First Order even allow a violation such as that to happen?

Once you were in the room alone with Ren, sitting in the chair next to him he finally unhooked your leash. You first instinct was to run, to turn to your right and flee through the door, but instead you sat down submissively next to him, placing your hands on your knees as an overpowering feeling of dread washed over you. You had spent so much time worrying about your image, worrying about what other people were thinking about you while you were paraded around the ship that you didn’t think about the fact that, just before leaving Ren’s home, you were beginning to go stir crazy. You took in a breath and held it as you looked around the room; this was a new place with new things to see. This wasn’t the same few rooms you were used to in Ren’s home, this wasn’t the room you shared with Cass. You couldn’t help yourself, you stood to your feet and walked up to a small plastic diagram of a human heart, aware that Ren would silently be observing you but you didn’t care. This was new, and now it was so painfully obvious that you had spent too much time in his home.

You lifted the plastic 3D diagram to your face and just smiled, taking in a deep breath and savoring the new air. Your arms shook as you let out a sigh, this was almost-- almost -- as good as being able to go home for just a few minutes. “Are you having fun?” Kylo spoke up condescendingly, pulling you out of your happy place. Your eyes drooped as your grip on the heart loosened, nodded your head once in a sad affirmation. “What a poor, aggravated little girl.” He started to toy with you again, getting under your skin and causing you to dig your fingers into the model. “So frustrated with your so called ‘imprisonment,’ when it’s up to you and only you if you’d like to go out.”

You snarled as you slammed the heart back down onto the counter, beyond frustrated with the way he was speaking to you.

“Up to you. What the hell was that supposed to mean?”

“It means I’d offer to take you out with me more often if only you’d do what you’re supposed to do when I ask you to instead of rolling your eyes, moaning, and complaining. Stop crying and fighting against me when I tell you to do as I say and you’ll be rewarded. I keep telling you that.” You turned to face him, crossing your arms as you desperately tried to think of something to say back to him. Instead you could only think of how comical he looked sitting in the small chair up against the wall. His knees were pushed together with the leash resting on top of them, his back bent in an uncomfortable looking position as he tried to avoid the framed photo of the digestive system hitting the back of his head, and his shoulders were pushed forward. It looked like the seat of the chair could barely contain his entire ass, and in the end it just made him look stupid. Trying to demean you into submitting to him while looking like the oldest child sitting at the kids' table at a family function. What a joke.

“What’s so funny, Vermin?” He said, suddenly sitting up straight, the back of his head hitting the frame and causing it to rattle against the wall. You shook your head and turned back to the model heart so that he wouldn’t see your evil smirk. “Nothing. No one is laughing.” Had this been earlier in your imprisonment you would have added an insult to the end of your sentence, but after spending a full ten minutes getting your mouth forcibly washed out with the most vile soap and hot sauce imaginable for doing just that days ago, you decided to keep it to yourself.

“I don’t have any qualms about bending you over that examination table and whipping you with that belt before the doctor gets here, Vermin.” He said, you could hear him falling back into his original position. “And maybe while we’re here I’ll ask about removing that tattoo.” His words caused you to jump nearly out of your skin, sending the heart clamoring to the floor. “What, why?” You asked, turning to him in complete shock. How would that even be possible? It was a tattoo for heaven’s sake! It was etched into your skin forever! “It’s quite the eyesore, had the doctor who examined you reported it to me like he was supposed to I never would have elected to bring you on to The
Supremecy.” Even though you were horrified at the painful thought of losing your little Loper friend, what he said amused you. “What a shame.” You said completely unable to hold the comment back. If only. If only the doctor had done his job correctly, he would have saved you a lot of suffering if he had.

You watched as he stood with a hardened, unamused look on his face. You took a step back but couldn’t get out of his way fast enough before he seized the hinge of your jaw and pushed you into the window. “You don’t get to make comments like that.” He said, getting as far into your face as he bared his teeth. Was that comment supposed to be rhetorical then? If he were disappointed didn’t you have the right to be too?

“Remove my--” Kylo started speak, his voice sharp and angry coming from between his teeth, but his sentence was cut off by the sound of a knock on the door. “Good afternoon Supreme-oh!” A man had opened the door right afterword, letting himself into the room. After noticing the position the two of you were in a look of embarrassment flashed across his face. “Am, am I interrupting something?” He asked, nervously fiddling with the paperwork in his hand. “No, doctor.” Kylo said with an exasperated sigh. “Not at all.” He crossed the room, walking back to the small seats where he once again sat looking like an uncomfortable, frustrated statue. You imagined he was asking you to remove his belt, either to hit you with it or fuck you while he waited. Either way, the doctor was here now and he had saved you from yet another painful interaction between you and him.

He cleared his throat, then looked down at the stack of papers in his hand. “What can I help you with today, young lady?” He asked, looking at you and no one and nothing else in the room. You settled yourself on your feet, began playing with your tunic again and opened your mouth to explain why you were here, but Kylo swiftly cut you off. “She is here for a method of birth control, doctor.” You pressed your lips together as you felt the angry red roses blooming in your cheeks. Last you checked, which was that very afternoon, Ren was not a young lady. The doctor had been talking to you, not him, and you hated it when people cut you off.

“Certainly, certainly.” The doctor said, swallowing nervously as he walked over to the small stool next to you and sat down. You politely stepped out of his way, opting instead to lean against the examination table. “And your file says here, that you’ve been within the order for a total of two weeks and three days?”

“That is correct, doctor.” Kylo answered, but you were stuck on the amount of time you had spent within the Order to be angry at his rudeness. “Two weeks?” You blurted out, cringing as you tightened the grip on your tunic. “I’ve been here for almost three whole weeks?” You stared at the doctor, but all he did was clear his throat before moving onto his next question, Ren didn’t even bother answering your question and it only added to the mounting amount of anger you were feeling at the moment.

“And what is the main reason why you’re wanting to be on birth control?” At the end of the sentence he addressed you by your name, albeit weakly as if he were unsure if it was a good idea. You held back a smile as you looked him in the eye and started to tell him about the rape you had been facing at the hand of the man talking over you but, as per usual, Kylo waited until you had spoken to speak above you. “Because I want to be able to fuck her freely, doctor. Nothing more and nothing less.” At that point you were livid. There was nothing you hated more than people talking over you, and at that point you gave up.

“Well if you’re just going to answer for me then I’ll just sit here and look pretty.” You said, pouting as you hoisted yourself onto the exam table. You crossed your arms and stared back at both men that stared at you, the doctor looking even more nervous than Ren was. “Excuse her horrible manners.” Kylo spoke as he turned away from you and to the doctor. “She’s rude, but let’s move on. What else
You sat there and stewed in your animosity as the two men chatted back and forth about you and your body, about your sexual history as if you weren’t able to speak for yourself at all. It seemed after another question the doctor just gave up hope of speaking to you and instead addressed Ren, including for the most important question of them all:

“And what method of birth control were you looking to get for her, Supreme Leader?”

“What are my options?” My options. You rolled your eyes, what a joke. “I want the implant.” You spoke up, drawing the doctors eyesight to you for a hot second. “Well, yes. There’s the implant, there’s the series of pills, the shot, the IUD options. It’s up to you really.” You watched Ren nod his head, seemingly going through the options in his mind. You spoke up again, letting it be known that you wanted the implant loud and clear. There was silence as Ren nodded his head to you, and for a moment you were hopeful that he was finally taking you into consideration for once. “The shot sounds like a good option for us.” He said, your jaw fell open at his audacity. “How often will she need it?”

“I don’t want the shot, I want--” You said, your voice rising just enough for it to echo off the walls of the already cramped exam room. “Vermin, you are going to shut up and take the shot as I’ve decided for you, or we can walk right out of this office without anything. Your choice.” He spoke just as loudly, you swore you saw the doctor flinch at his tone. You lifted your top lip in an ugly snarl as you turned away from him, why did he even bother inviting you out if he was just going to torture you like this? You still couldn’t say anything, too afraid he would be rinsing your mouth out with something he could find in this doctors office, like hand sanitizer or rubbing alcohol, or something equally as bad. You stuck your chin in your hand as the two men agreed on the shot, shook hands, then the doctor saw himself out.

You allowed yourself to sigh as heavily as you wished, replacing a rude and angry comment about your lack of free will because you knew it would get you in trouble. You did nothing but stare at the shiny linoleum floor, maybe the shot wouldn’t be too bad. The implant seemed like it would be more effective, it’s what you wanted but it would seem you didn’t even get a say in your own body. “The shot will be earned every time you need it, Vermin.” He said. You were so disappointed, you should have seen this coming the moment the doctor said it was needed every three months. That Kylo would use it against you to further push you into your confines. He was such a slimy bastard it just wasn’t even worth laughing at anymore. At the end of three months who was to say you wouldn’t ‘earn’ the second shot? That you would have to go unprotected again until he felt like you had earned it again? It was so unfair. And to think that you had only been here for two weeks, only half of your first month. Only seventeen and a half more months to go until you were allowed your freedom again.

“And when we’re in public, you will learn to be seen and not heard.” He said, the comment only further proved your worthlessness. Did he want a concubine, or did he want a child? Because you could recall hearing that phrase be used toward children.

You continued to sit in your pissed off silence until there was another knock on the door and a medic entered with all the supplies she would need to administer your birth control. You tried not to gawk at the needle too much, even though you were able to withstand the pain of getting a tattoo (and much worse back at home) needles still put you off slightly. You sat straight up and pushed the sleeve of your tunic up and allowed her to sanitize the area, then looked away just as she lined the needle up with the upper portion of your arm. You looked out the window just as she grabbed the fatty part, felt the needle penetrate into your skin and muscle, then felt the sting as the medication took its course inside of you.
“When was your last period?” She asked you just as she removed the needle, retracting it inside of the plastic protector and placing it back in the wrapper to be disposed of. You sat silently as she stared at you, waiting for Kylo to answer for you just as he had your other medical questions but he seemed stumped. “I don’t know, Supreme Leader?” You asked him, looking toward him with all the attitude that you could muster up. Your arm was sore, it felt like the amount of pressure she had put on it to apply a bandage just wasn’t enough. “You may answer her.” He said, strained and angry as if you had just embarrassed him.

You smiled at her as you informed her that your last period was before you had come to the Order two weeks ago. She nodded her head as she removed her gloves and washed her hands, let you know that your period was liable to either get heavier or lighter, that either was normal but if it were too heavy for you to handle to come see her. She also told you to wait until after your next period to resume sexual intercourse, and you wished you had been looking at Kylo when she said that. After all, he was the one who told the doctor that he wished to fuck you raw. “Any other questions?” She asked. “None at all, thank you for your time.” Kylo said as he stood, his back cracking several times like a painful admission to his discomfort. The medic gave you a curt smile and nod of her head before dragging the small cart that contained all of the items she used to administer your shot out of the door, leaving you and Kylo alone once again.

You hopped off the examination table, attempting to rub the pain out of your sore arm. Before you were even able to blink Ren had crossed the room and attached the leash to your collar. You saw him roll his shoulders about and lean his head from side to side, once again the vertebrae in his neck cracked and it sounded painful. Oh well, that’s what he gets for being a nuisance. You just couldn’t find it within yourself to feel so bad for him when he was currently stringing you along like a dog back to his home.

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy Christmas is next week!!
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Warning: sere burns are depicted in this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As if walking you at the end of a leash to the doctor wasn’t enough, Kylo felt it was appropriate to walk you from the medbay and to a restaurant of sorts. “I don’t feel like cooking after all this.” He said, pushing on the door and revealing a small, yet fancy dining area. There were about ten tables covered in black tablecloths, twin candles lit in the center and rolled silverware on each side of the table. There was classical music in the background, music that would normally put you to sleep. The decor was black, grey, and just boring. It screamed wealth and riches, you felt incredibly out of place. Reaching up and pressing your fingers into your recent injection point you tried to keep your head down. There was one other couple having lunch in the room you had just entered and both of their eyes had landed on you right away. The woman, dressed in a bright red sparkly gown with black hair that dangled past her shoulders, did a double take and seemed to choke on her water as Kylo led you through the dining hall and to the table in the farthest corner. The man she was with darted his eyes back and forth from you to her, and both couldn’t look away as you stood next to the table while Kylo knotted your leash to one of the legs. You didn’t have it within yourself to look behind you and see their reaction.

“Have a seat, Vee.” Kylo said as he took a seat himself. He picked up a menu and sifted through it like it was the most natural thing in the world. Tying your prisoner to the table so that she won’t run away, classic war tactics. In the end you simply sat down, staring down at the menu for one moment before seeing it fly from your field of vision. You took a shocked look up at Kylo as he set it underneath of his. “Hey!” You said, actively trying to keep your voice down. You didn’t want to draw more attention to yourself than you already had. “I will order for you.” He said plainly, you should have known this was going to happen.

“I don’t need you to do that, thanks.” You said, reaching over the table and trying to snatch the menu back from him but he only lifted it just out of your reach. He clicked his tongue a few times at you, then nodded his head. “Remember what I said, Vee.” He warned, staring you down with his cold, brown eyes. “You’ve already managed to evade one punishment, don’t make me have to beat you even harder in the middle of this dining room.” He was, of course, speaking about how he pinned you to the wall in the doctor’s office and started to tell you to remove his belt.

You dropped your arm there next to the candle, allowed the slow classical music to caress your eardrums before your waiter approached the table. “Good afternoon, Supreme Leader.” He said, refusing to acknowledge you, let alone look at you. “I’ll have a plate of lemon chicken pasta with a glass of water. She will have the chicken tenders with a side of fries and an apple juice.” Your cheeks burned bright red as he ordered a kids meal for you, yet another way for him to hold the hypothetical reigns, or just the other end of the leash that was clipped to your collar. You swallowed a wad of saliva as he collected the menus from Kylo, and then sat in complete silence until he returned to the table with your drinks.

“Stop playing with your collar.” Kylo scolded you, lifting his glass to his lips and looking at you as you scratched the itchy skin beneath the leather. “Sorry.” You mumbled, looking down at the
bubbly, clearly just poured apple juice that sat in front of you. You really didn’t have an appetite, but it had been quite some time since you had apple juice so you decided to have just the smallest sip. You looked back up at him and he was flipping through his tablet, relaxed, happy to be in charge just as he always was. “How was your first outing?” Kylo asked, tapping the screen and not actually looking at you.

“I got what I wanted out of it.” You said, shrugging your shoulders up and down and looking down at the black tablecloth. “But did you enjoy it?” Kylo pried further. “Well, I was walked around like a dog, was unable to speak for myself at the doctor regarding my own health, and had a child’s lunch ordered for me. Yeah. I’d say it was a brisk walk in the park!” You said with as much sarcasm in your voice as you could possibly muster up. Kylo stared daggers at you, a look that you knew meant to watch your tone. You toned it down, sat back in the chair but a peculiar thought crossed your mind: There was no doubt that, due to the ultimate threat of him taking your necklace away from you, you were submitting to him. You allowed him to collar you. You allowed him to walk you. You removed his shoes, you kneeled at his feet, and you did what he told you because he would always threaten the life of your sister. Threaten. He would only threaten you. When it came down to it he always punished you differently. You wondered how far you could push him. If you could endure the spankings, the name-calling, and possibly the cage again, would it be worth it to try and fight your way out.

You stared at him, had you just found his fault as a master to his slave?

You grasped your glass of apple juice and sipped on it, pushing the thought out of your head once he started speaking to you again. “It was a practice run, Vee. I wanted to see how you would take being out in public with me.” He said, picking up his glass and lifting it to his lips just as you had seconds before. “We have something important to accomplish together in the next few weeks.” He tapped and swiped on his tablet a few more times before turning it around to face you, showing you a flyer that was written in another language. You squint your eyes as you went over the image of the white dove holding some pink flowers in its mouth, moving onto the text instead. Through your line of work you met a lot of men and women who spoke and wrote in many different languages, and it so happened that you understood a handful of words on the screen:

….Welcomes….formally...invited….wedding....

“A wedding?” You asked, wondering if you had read that correctly. You opened your mouth to ask why anyone would be inviting him of all people to a wedding when a gut wrenching realization hit you like a solid steel brick to the face. Was he subtly telling you that he wanted to marry you and was willing to force you into doing so?

“An ally of the Order has invited both the General and I to the marriage of his daughter, the Princess of Satunope.” You raised a brow at his explanation. What exactly did this have to do with you?

“Hux has always brought his little girl to functions with him, and people always ooh and aw over her. So I’m bringing you to show that I have a much more grown and mature woman.” He finally brought his eyes to yours, and as he bore into you your mind traveled back to when Cass told you that the General sometimes made her talk about her sexual escapades in front of everyone at these functions. You grew nervous, would Ren make you do all that too?

“You are to be on your best behavior, I will not tolerate anything less and I will not allow you to make a mockery of me in front of everyone in attendance.” You placed your elbow on the table and propped your cheek on your hand before letting out an angry ‘or what?’ in reply. You really didn’t
mean to, but you couldn’t hold back. “Or I will see to it that you are thoroughly and rightly punished
in the middle of the ceremony.” You repressed a smile in response to him, still no threats to your
necklace and you were sure he wasn’t going to take it away.

“Sure thing.” You said, tossing the idea around in your mind over whether you wanted to try and
push your boundaries with him at the ceremony or not. You kept your eyes at his breastbone,
observed the rise and fall of his chest as he went back down to whatever he was looking at on his
tablet. A wedding, huh? You had never been to a wedding before. You hoped that your first
wedding would have been for someone you knew, but no. It was for some princess from a planet
that you didn’t care about.

You let your thoughts wander to everything you knew about weddings before the waiter returned a
short time later with your food. “Here you are, Supreme Leader!” He said, carefully setting the bowl
of creamy white pasta down in front of him. “And for your woman here.” He set the plate of crispy
looking chicken down in front of you, and even though the meal was clearly meant for a child to
consume it still smelled and looked delicious. “Thank you.” Kylo said before waving him away. The
waiter left the two of you to eat, and as soon as Kylo lifted his spoon to his mouth you took it upon
yourself to reach for one of your chicken tenders and eat one. It was delicious, the best chicken you
had in such a long time. You smiled as you took another bite, then another, then another until the first
of your three chicken tenders were gone. Next were the fries, toasted until crispy and tasted perfect!
Nothing could beat the taste of Kylo’s homemade food, however. This was almost just as good.

“Look at you, you’re so cute.” Kylo said from across the table, smiling at you like a happy father
overseeing his daughter’s meal. “I take such good care of you. It’s a shame you aren’t willing to admit
it.”

“I haven’t the slightest clue as to what you’re talking about.” You said, picking up another chicken
tender and dunking it in the small cup of ketchup that you were allowed. “Have you looked in the
mirror recently?” Kylo asked, but you still didn’t know what he was alluding to. “Are you blind,
Vermin? Haven’t you seen how much healthier you look since I’ve started feeding you instead of
eating whatever shit you can find out in the wasteland? Your hair has become longer and healthier,
and your skin has too.”

“That has nothing to do with you. I’m not living in the desert anymore so of course I’m going to look
better.”

“It has everything to do with me, pulling you from that toxic environment and putting you in a better
one. You’re just too proud to admit it, as always.” You bit down on your tongue as Kylo lifted a
small piece of chicken into his mouth and chewed, he was lying to you once again. You were tricked
onto this ship and out of your home, this had nothing to do with his ‘ability to care so well for you,’
as he said.

“And I have another reward for you, if you choose to work for it.” He said, pulling out his tablet
once again. “This wedding that we’ll be attending together, you’ll need an exquisite dress. I fully
intend to allow you to choose your own, but that’s only if you can behave yourself between now and
then.”

“Oh goodie.” You said. “Too bad you didn’t just let me keep my sister’s dress. Because that’s what I
want to wear.”

“I can make that happen. I can recreate that dress if you desire.”

“What I desire is to be treated like a human being for once.” You said, reaching up and pulling on
your collar. “I want to be able to make my own decisions, I want to not have to take care of you like
a helpless infant.” Bathing him, putting his dirty clothes in the laundry basket and then setting them next to the door for the laundry people the next day. It was terrible, you’d be happier if he just kept you locked up like Hux did to Cass. “And most importantly, I desire to not be treated as a simple-minded sex slave.”

“You’re my assistant, Vee. I don’t know how else you want me to treat you.”

“Maybe with some respect and dignity?” You softly suggested, sipping on your apple juice. “You’ll get my respect when you earn it.” He said, bringing his fist down onto the table with enough force to just gently rattle the dishes on top of it. You looked over your shoulder and managed to make out the faces of the two officers staring at you, probably in fear of Kylo going completely off the deep end and hurting everyone in this little dining room.

“Despite everything that’s been said, I am still willing to allow you to choose your dress. You just have to show me how badly you want to.” You lifted your brows, realizing that it would be the perfect time to test your theory between now and this wedding you were being forced to attend. Would he really take your necklace away from you if you didn’t comply with anything he said? Only the time would tell. From the moment he struck the deal with you, however, you realized that, most likely, you wouldn’t be choosing your own dress to attend the wedding in.

That night was when your dress deal started, he dropped you back home, removed your collar and hung it by the door, and told you to set the table for dinner that evening when he got back home from work. It was something you were used to, you had to do it a few times within the last few weeks--only when he asked you to. He always asked you to place his fork, knife, and spoon at the table (you still hadn’t been allowed utensils) but to set the plates next to the stove so that he could serve the two of you at dinner. As soon as he left you alone you ambled into the kitchen, opened the silverware drawer and just stared at it. He could beat you, he could yell at you, and he could continue to keep the silverware from you, but he’d never take your necklace from you even though he had threatened to do so several times.

But for some reason you were still too nervous to not obey. Sure the belt was something you could survive, the hair pulling, the rape, and the cage were all things you could survive, but they weren’t pleasant. You wondered if this theory was even worth investigating, if you’d allow your fear to get in the way of knowing where your boundaries stood between you and him. Maybe it would be better to just work your way up, slowly over time before going back to square one.

So you got the silverware set out and placed it on the table half-assed. Basically throwing them down on the table and then adjusting them when you realized it was too messy. He would notice, and he would likely punish you right away. So you fixed them, setting the spoon a bit higher up than the fork and making sure the knife was positioned at a noticeable angle. From there you sat and waited, waited until he got home where you greeted him in a squatting position at the door, unlike every other night where you were kneeling just as he told you to. He reached down and rubbed the top of your head, without even looking at you he didn’t notice that you weren’t following his direction. Just as he always did he walked over to the couch, expecting you to follow him but tonight you didn’t. You stayed squatting against the wall, watched him sit down and remove his helmet before he finally acknowledged your insubordination.

“Well? The shoes won’t remove themselves.” He said, you let out a sigh. You wanted to tell him to fuck off, to tell him that you wouldn’t be doing anything for him at all but you were still too scared. You were starting with small acts of defiance and working your way up, flat out refusing to do as he says was not the smartest idea. So you stood from your squat and walked slowly over to him,
squatting once again and sloppily unlaces his boots one strand at a time, pulling at them so hard you felt like they would have broken. “Not so hard.” He reminded you, but you didn’t listen. When it came time to actually take his boots off you snatched them from his feet and hastily threw them down next to you when normally you would slowly work them off his feet. Once you were finished you stood, crossed your arms, stared at him and waited for his reaction, and you didn’t get much of one.

“I see you don’t intend to choose your own dress, Vermin.” He said before standing and tucking his finger under your chin. “You’d better watch yourself and behave, because I’ve already picked a dress for you, and you aren’t going to like it at all.” You could only nod your head once in reply to him, whatever it was it couldn’t be that bad. Unless it was literally nothing, that he’d be parading you around on a leash completely naked in front of kings, queens, and princesses, it couldn’t have been that bad.

“I’ll be in my office. Keep yourself busy until dinner.” He said, then you watched as he turned from you and headed up the stairs. You smiled proudly to yourself when you were finally alone, your small acts of defiance had done nothing but earn you a threat. He hadn’t hit you or even threatened to take your necklace away from you. All you could do from here was build your way up and out. At least until punishments became unbearable once again.

Just five days before the Princess’s wedding you had finally reached your breaking point. It had been nearly a month since you started testing your boundaries, and on this day you had refused everything he told you to do. When he came down the stairs to get you for lunch you refused to leave Cass, much to her distress. Once again she whispered to you that you should go with him, but you refused until he reached up under your ribcage and dragged you up the stairs. He threw you to the floor and screamed at you, asked you what the hell had gotten into you recently and why you were acting so bad all of the sudden.

“Nothing’s wrong with me,” You screamed back, propping yourself up on your arms and knees. “I’ve just gained my grip on reality back. I won’t let you brainwash me, asshole!”

“Brainwashing? You think that’s what this is about?” Kylo shouted at you, but you still stood tall in your decision. The entire time you had tested him he hadn’t done more than take your luxuries away from you, such as cutting your food portions in half for refusing to eat one night, or taking your clothing away from you for refusing to place your clothing and his in the laundry basket after a bath. He even went as far as to shut the water off downstairs so that neither you nor Cass could shower when you refused to bathe with him, it was torture, but you kept going. He told you repeatedly that he would be breaking the chain of your necklace, flushing Roses ashes down the toilet, or cooking them within your food, or tossing them out into space, or thinking of some other kind of gruesome fate for them. But no matter how bad it got, no matter how loud you screamed about him torturing you when he would take you out on your leash, no matter how loud you’d cuss at him or how you’d just rip his clothes off of him, he never followed through on his threat against your sister.

But this evening was just as bad.

Kylo collared you, tethered you to the stove while he cooked dinner. You had gotten on each and every one of his nerves in the last few weeks and you could tell he was just as fed up with you as you were with him. You sat there watching him as he stressfully cooked whatever meat and vegetables were in the pan, every so often he’d call you ungrateful, say you weren’t worthy of the food he was cooking but he’d be giving it to you anyway since he vowed to take care of you. But you didn’t care. At that point you still weren’t done, you would push him until he was reaching for your necklace. Truth be told you were having fun. It wasn’t as if he had spanked you or even hurt
you recently, it was fun watching him get angry at you.

So as he bickered you bickered back, telling him about how you didn’t need him or his kindness anyway, that you were fine back on your home planet taking care of yourself. He shook his head and went back to insulting you left and right. It went on until he was finished cooking, moved the pan from the burner and began to plate your food.

“Here, Vermin.” He said, turning toward you. “You’ll eat in the kitchen.” You looked up at him as he started to lower your plate, but in the blink of an eye it all changed.

You found yourself screaming out in agony as the hot food was poured in your lap. Jumping up and trying to back away from it as Kylo continued to let the meat fall onto the exposed skin of your thighs. He squat down in front of you, a smug and proud smile decorated his face as he watched you writhe in pain. “Maybe that will teach you to hold your attitude, Vermin.” You growled as you looked up at him, how fucking dare he. You could see your skin puffing up at the contact points, at least didn’t feel hot enough to leave scars. “You bastard!” You shouted, tears pouring down your face at the pain currently traveling up to your belly and down to your feet. It was the only thing you could say, but when you heard him chuckle at your agony you lost control.

It was as if you had momentarily disassociated from yourself. You knew Kylo Ren. You knew how dangerous he was. And you knew as soon as you saw him wiping his fingers down his eye and cheek that your reign of terror over him had come to an end. You had spit on him, out of complete anger and frustration with his actions that you had brought on yourself. You didn’t even get it in your mind to beg for mercy until you saw him holding the pan that he had removed from the burner a while ago, the one he had cooked dinner in. “You think it’s acceptable, to spit upon your Supreme Leader’s face when you’re angry?” He said, then wound his arm behind his back. You didn’t lift your hand fast enough, didn’t even know what he was doing until it was entirely too late.

The momentary sizzle is what hit you first. The sound of the bottom of the pan burning the fleshiest part of your cheek is what struck you before the secondary sound of the metal making contact with your face hit you next, then the feeling of your cheek rapidly heating up and burning hit you last. Once again you screamed in agony, this hurt ten times worse than the meat burning your thighs did, and you didn’t think you’d ever stop screaming. White hot pain radiated throughout your face as you turned and fell onto your side, clutching your burned cheek and feeling the exposed, bleeding wound under your fingertips. “This is all your fault. You made me do this to you.” Kylo shouted, dropping the pan next to you. Throughout all of the chaos that was happening to and around you, you found yourself counting yourself extremely lucky that the pan hadn’t come straight off the burner for it would have been far worse than this if it had.

“You can count that dress goodbye, Vermin. That and everything else you cherish about this place until you can once again learn your place.” You were shaking on the floor as you covered your bleeding wound, trying to ignore what he was saying but it was to no avail. You refused to believe him when he said this was your fault, because it wasn’t. Going all the way back to the very beginning: This was his fault. He was the one who brought you from your parents, you couldn’t blame yourself when you didn’t even want to be here in the first place. “You were doing so well, Vermin.” He said, you felt him push your hair behind your burning ear. You were sickened once again, felt like a wild bull caged and unable to defend itself from the taunt he was inflicting upon you. “I’m so disappointed in you.” You could do nothing but cry and shake as you heard him stand once again and step away from you, into the dining room where you heard him sit down and start eating, without a care in the world it seemed.

This was it. This would have to be the end. You knew you’d likely have a scar on your cheek for the rest of your life because of this man, and you decided you couldn’t take it any longer. While
observing him for a reaction to your insubordination you also observed something else in his actions. Something that would no doubt help you get away. Starting tonight, you’d go back to submitting in order to save your sanity. But it wouldn’t be too long before you were on your way out of here, on your own terms.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas dear readers! Hope your holiday was great!
Ya girl has been playing Fallout 76 non stop, it really is an awesome game.
Chapter 17

You stumbled down the stairs after Kylo dragged you across the kitchen to the basement door. He was at least kind enough to stand you up and allow you to travel down the stairs by yourself, you were sure you would have simply expired if he threw you down the stairs, tearing your face open and infecting it even more than he already had with the pan. After this evening you wanted nothing more to do with him, in fact, you were almost ready to admit that you would rather him have taken your sister’s necklace than leave an ugly mark on your face. It was still burning, it was stinging as the tears slid over the exposed under layer of your skin. Pathetic. You never would have guessed that spitting at someone would warrant the punishment of being slapped across the face with a pan right off the burner. You sat down on your bed and looked into the bathroom, should you look at it? Should you try to tend to it? You really didn’t want to, too horrified at the thought of seeing it and breaking down at the sight.

So you just sat there, using the corner of your blanket to wipe the tears out of your left eye before they could fall over the wound. It was the only thing you had the energy to do other than daydream about the day you’d get out of here. You had watched him, every day for the last month you watched him leave, then come back. Then leave again, then come back. In and out, through the door and then through it again; and each time only one thing remained the same.

However, before you could dwell on it any further a sound from the top of the General’s staircase cut your thoughts short. “Have a good evening, General.” Cass said, then you heard the faint sound of a kiss before the door shut and Cass began making her way down the stairs and into the room. “Good evening--” Cass said, her greeting cut short by what you thought was horror from seeing your burn. “Why are you crying? What’s happ--Oh my!” Cass came trotting over to you in her little white nightgown only to be completely silenced by your injury. “Your, your face!”

Your melancholy swiftly turned to anger at Cass’s childish reaction, and you couldn’t hold your anger back now that you were away from the man that could throw it right back in your face.

“I know there’s something wrong with my face bitch!” You shouted, standing to your feet and towering over her. She shrank away from you, cowering and covering her face as if you were going to hit her. “What, did you think he did this to me in my sleep and I didn’t notice until I woke up?” Your anger was boundless, backing her into a corner until you could feel your burn pulsating, making you realize that you were taking it too far. You wanted it hit her, to punch her stupid, innocent face in because you were sure something like this would never happen to her. She was perfect, too perfect. She deserved this pain far more than you did. She deserved to have her perfect face ruined, not you.

But you, unlike other people you knew, could see that you were causing harm. Yes, she was innocent, the only innocent person between the three people you had met during your time in the order. Yes, you were enraged, but you wouldn’t be any better than the man that burned your face if you hurt poor Cass. So you calmed yourself, felt yourself digest your anger and expel it from your body before falling completely away from her, collapsing onto your bed again and taking to just sobbing, wallowing in your self-hatred instead of taking it out on Cass.

“But, it hurts Cass!” You said, lifting the corner of your bloodstained blanket and wiping your tears out of your left eye. You were instantly filled with regret, you had to wonder if Ren ever felt like this after he hurt you out of “Punishment,” if he were feeling like this now after mangling you so badly. “I’m, I’m sorry Vee.” She said, you watched as she slowly crept over to you, hesitating as if you were an unpredictable, wild animal.
“Do you want me to, can I take care of you?” She asked, still full of fear over you lashing out at her. You looked at her skeptically, what exactly did she mean? “It needs to be covered, and probably cleaned. So it, so it doesn’t get infected.” You blinked, you had thought about doing the same thing, but you just couldn’t bring yourself to seeing how bad it was. You nodded your head once, then watched as she scurried into the bathroom and returned with a medical supply box similar to what you fixed your feet within Kylo’s home. “Are you ready?” She asked, you nodded again. “You’re not going to hurt me, are you?” It was then you realized that what you did to her had an impact, and while she wanted to take care of you she was afraid you would punish her for it. You clutched your hand in the blanket and assured her that you would try your hardest not to.

It took everything you had to not reach up and push her away when she started cleaning your wound with the alcohol. Every time you would cry out in pain she’d step away and apologize ten times over, and around the third time she told you it just had to be cleaned, that you had to sit still for her but it was so difficult. The burn was the size of the apple of your cheek, it was a huge area to drag gauze across and it was torture to sit there and take it.

Eventually however you managed to sit still long enough for her to clean it, and before you knew it she was bandaging it and stepping away. “There.” She said with a crooked smile. “Good as new!”

“For some reason, I highly doubt that.” She said, your negative attitude coming on only due to the pain you were subjected to. “It’s really bad, Vee.” She said, her smile starting to fade into a concerned frown once again. “What happened to you?” You cast your gaze to the floor as you realized you’d have to relive the memory, you didn’t know how Cass would take it either. You worried if she’d take it the wrong way and blame you somehow, but in the end you decided to tell her anyway. If you kept it from her she’d just pester you about it, at least if you told her now you’d be able to get it out of the way.

“He hit me with a pan.” You said, reaching up and rubbing the gauze up and down. It felt nice to not be able to feel your burned flesh beneath your fingers for once. The gasp that came from her mouth sounded as if she had filled her lungs entirely, she had her hands placed on her chest and looked as if she had just seen a ghost the way she turned white at your words. “A pan? Right off the burner?”

“No, I mean yeah. He had taken it off the burner to put my food on a plate then dumped my food on top of me, then slapped me with the underside of the frying pan.”

“Oh my god, Vee!” She sounded horrified. “I’m so sorry!” She squint her eyes and you watched as they grew damp with tears, she was so upset with your story that her emotions got the better of her. She sniffed a few times, then felt tears of your own resurfacing. This wasn’t worth crying over twice, the worst had already happened and you felt you didn’t need to cry over her sympathy. So you stared down at the spot of blood on your blanket while you waited for Cass to stop getting so upset, but once she started speaking to you, you realized that you really should have never told her what happened.

“But, but Vee.” She said, standing up a little straighter. “If the Supreme Leader is anything like the General, he wouldn’t do anything like that without a proper reason.” You cut your eyes at her, you should have known she would make a comment like that. So brainwashed that she had to justify your injury somehow to shine a better light on your assailant. “Just what do you mean by that?”

“I mean, um, it’s just I’m sure the Supreme Leader would not just pour your food into your lap and burn you with a cooking pan for no reason.”

“Are you asking me if I deserved this, Cass?” You asked, unable to hold back your shock at her audacity. “N-no Vee! Not at all!” She said, backing away from you. “I’m just, I just want to know why...” In an instant your anger came flooding back to you, hints and tints of red clouded your vision.
as you watched a look of horror spread across Cass's face. Even she knew she was in trouble after asking such an ill-thought question.

“Because Kylo Ren fucking, Supreme Leader asshole or whatever, is a depraved, abusive man that deserves to be put six feet under where he stands!” You stood to your feet in a rage once again, unwilling to admit that you yourself were the catalyst to what happened to you. It only took one innocent question from an innocent girl for you to realize that you were the reason behind what Kylo did to you. It didn’t make it right, but had you just complied with him your cheek would still be intact.

Cass did nothing but stare at you in your newfound rage, probably realizing a little too late that she set you off. “Vee, I’m sorry!” She said, still backing away from you. “No, you’re not sorry, Cass. You and your little nosey attitude, why can’t you ever just trust me when I say things? Why can’t you just mind your fucking business and stay out of mine? You don’t know Ren like I do. You don’t spend the time with him like I do. You don’t know what he does to me so you can’t tell me that ‘he had a reason’ to hurt me like this!” You shouted, taking your anger out on Cass for the last time that evening. Without another word you fell into your bed, reached over and shut your light off, cuddling down under the covers on your bad cheek only because you couldn’t stand to face Cass as she sniffed and made her way into bed too. You had made her cry, hurt her feelings at the expense of allowing yourself to vent. But, at the time, you didn’t care. She was a nosy brat, what kind of person would imply that anyone would deserve to be slapped with a hot pan?

You hardly got any sleep at all that night. For one your face was sore from refusing to turn over on your other side to face Cass, and secondly you were guilty over the verbal abuse you spat at her that evening. Wasn’t that what Ren had told you? That you make rash decisions that negatively affect other people, but you don’t care. You needed an outlet that evening to rid yourself of the anger that built up inside of you, and Cass just so happened to be that outlet. You had proved him right once again, and it was an insanely sickening thought.

You rolled over onto your back and craned your neck, Cass was still asleep in her bed. The only thing you could make out was the lump under her covers, everything else was pitch black. You felt you should wake her, to tell her that you were sorry but you could feel your ego inflating as you replayed the event that brought it on. Why would Cass even think it was okay to bring such a thing up? But on the other hand, she didn’t deserve what you did to her for it. The conflict brewing inside of you was painful, maybe it would be best to just sweep it under the rug; Pretend that nothing happened.

You lolled your head back to the side away from Cass, you’d worry about it later. For right now, you had to plot your grand exit, stage Kylo-Ren’s-Front-Door. You spent another few minutes going over his routine in your head, watching him come and go through the door in your head. You had a plan formulated, you just had to find the courage to act upon it.

Eventually, however, you fell fast asleep once again. Dreaming only of the pan that was seared across the skin of your face over and over until you could stand it no more and woke in a cold sweat. Your cheek was hurting even more, as if someone was driving a knife in the center of the wound, or a giant maggot was burrowing its way into your face. You sat up, rubbing it and groaning at the pain, this was literally the worst. Just as you swung your legs over the side you heard a faint buzzing sound from your right, looked up just in time to see Cass stirring under her blanket. You watched in the dim light that now shone from the General’s home as she stuck her arm out from under the covers and lit up her communication device. She whimpered as she sat up, stretched a little before mirroring your actions and moving her body to face you.
“Good morning, Vee.” She whispered as if there were a third person sleeping in the room with the two of you. You said nothing, instead stood to your feet where you crept into the bathroom and shut the door, finally ready to come to terms with what was going on with your face. If not now, then when?

You turned the light on, took a good look at yourself in the mirror just as Kylo had asked you to do over dinner a few weeks ago. You had seen yourself several times, but had never truly taken the time to admire how much you had changed. He had been right, the skin that was not covered by a bandage did look much healthier, so much more color had arisen in your one good cheek and it would seem that you had gained a healthy amount of weight. You lifted one arm in the air and lifted your sleeping shirt to expose your abdomen; you could hardly see your ribs anymore. And your hair, before it had only just barely caressed your shoulders but now it flowed unapologetically past them. It shined in the golden light of the bathroom, it was much stronger than it was back at home and it even started to darken since you had been taken out of the sun. It was amazing to finally see your transformation after Ren pointed them out. The only thing you could think was that it was too bad you had to cohabitate with a merciless asshole that enjoyed torturing you.

You ran your hands through your hair a few times as you stared into the intimidatingly white bandage, you noticed it had a yellowish tinge of color in the center that was about the size of a quarter. That couldn’t mean anything good. With shaky hands you reached up and ran your hands down the gauze, it was damp with what you could only assume was some kind of infection and blood. You gagged, there was an infection in your cheek. You had to get the bandage off and get it off now.

You used your fingernail to get up under the tape closest to your eye, then slowly peeled it away from your face. It hurt, especially when you got closer to the center of the wound. You cringed, unavoidable tears falling out of your left eye as you finally revealed what had caused you so much pain all night.

It was infected. It was more than infected. The open skin was pink and red, filled with fresh blood that circled around a massive sack of pus the size of a silver dollar. It was yellow, oozing as it broke after sticking to the bandage and seeped down your cheek and jaw. It smelled awful, in all your life you had never smelled anything as bad come from your own body. You were disgusted, couldn’t keep the shocked cry from emitting from your throat as you held the gauze back up to your cheek so hard pain radiated all throughout your facial bones. “Cass!” You begged for her assistance, if she were awake then it must have meant it was 5 AM. You needed her help, you had no idea what to do with your severely infected face.

“Yes?” She called out, you immediately unlocked the door and charged out only to run face first into her. It would have seemed she was already on her way to help you, and when you finally came together you released the gauze and let it fall to the floor. She gasped, her eyes settled on nothing but the gaping hole in your face. You could tell she was trying not to panic, but it didn’t help because you were already panicking. “Oh my god Vee!” She said, stepping away from you and covering her mouth with her hands. “Oh my god, Cass!” You shouted, grabbing her by her shirt and pulling her into the bathroom. “Do something!” It’s the only thing you could think to say before you covered your wound once again. There must have been something she could do for you.

Your breaths were shallow and in quick succession after one another. You sat down on the toilet holding the gauze to your face while biting your fingernails and begging Cass to go faster as she fumbled with the medical supply box. She was just as jittery as you were, she was probably just as, if not more, worried than you were. You desperately didn’t want the scar to be worse than it already was going to be, and to think what else could possibly happen to you with an infection this bad was terrifying.
“Okay, okay.” Cass said, running a brand new washcloth under some hot water and soaping it up right after. “I have to clean it, I have to clean it again.” She said, placing a hand on your head and moving the washcloth closer to your wound. You shut your eyes as you embraced the warm soap as she moved it gently across the wound, trying desperately to imagine how much cleaner it will look once Cass was finished with it. You clenched your teeth as she ran the cloth over the pocket of infection, bouncing your leg as it was the only thing you could do to stop from yelling or reaching up and slapping her.

“Hold still, Vee!” She scolded you, whimpering as she reached in for another bottle of antiseptic and some more bandages. “I’m almost done, I promise. I promise!” She said, you could hear in her cracking voice that she was quickly losing control of her emotions as well. You held your eyes shut, but felt the panic rise when you heard a door open and heavy footsteps making their way into your rooms.

“Cass, have you lost your device?” It was Hux’s authoritative voice headed straight to you. “It’s past 5:15, you needed to be at the door by now.”

“General!” Cass shouted, leaning just out of the door. You grabbed ahold of her arm, pulled her back to you as you realized you didn’t want to be alone. Not with yet another manic and abusive man on the loose in your personal space when you were already injured.

“What is it, my darling? Are you injured?” He asked, walking around the corner into the bathroom. “No, General. Vee is!” You watched as the General’s countenance went from Cass to you, and when his eyes rested on your burn you saw the first actual look of emotion in his eyes. “My god!” He said, shoving Cass into the sink as he squatted in front of you, taking your chin in his hand and moving your face so that he could get a good look at you. “What has that mongrel done to you girl?”

“A frying pan!” Cass shouted out of nowhere. “He, he hit her with a hot frying pan!”

“What in the--” Hux said, his breath catching in his throat. “I’ve been trying to take care of it, General! I swear I’ve been trying my best but it’s gotten, it’s gotten--!” Cass exclaimed before stopping completely in her tracks. You looked over at her, she seemed to have been frozen in place. Her mouth was agape, her hands hung lifeless in the air, the only animated part of her were her tears that slid down her face. “Cass, Cass!” Hux immediately shot up to his feet, all of his attention trained on her instead of you. “Cass, calm down. Breathe, breathe darling.” He said, lifting her face to his and wiping the tears from her face as she shook in his embrace. “Relax, it’s okay. You did what you were supposed to do.”

You watched as she nodded her head, her jaw still quivering but she still wasn’t speaking to either of you. “Tell me, darling, what have you done to care for it?”

“I, I put the stuff on it and I bandaged it. But it still became infected!”

“That has absolutely nothing to do with you, my darling.” Hux said, moving his hands to her shoulders to stop her from shaking. “You did your best. The woman was hit with a frying pan for heaven’s sake. There was abound to be a transfer of bacteria. There wasn’t anything you could do to stop it.” He said, and in an instant you wondered about when the last time Ren had cleaned his stove top burners was. You cringed, whatever he had cooked had made its way into your burn and caused all this chaos.

Keeping a hand on Cass Hux turned to you, staring at your wound instead of your eyes like you were some kind of sideshow to be gawked at. “Young woman, we are going to get you some help. I’m afraid this issue cannot be resolved with antiseptic alone.” He was confident in his answer, but was not confident enough to look you in the face for long enough to finish his sentence. Cass whined
as he pulled her away, turned to you and simply pointed. “What is it, Cass?” He asked, but she wouldn’t speak to him. Instead she wiggled her way out of his grasp, ran up to you and wrapped her arms around you tight. “I don’t want her to die.” She said, sobbing on your shoulder. “Please General, don’t let her die!” Die? Was it really that bad that you would die from the infection? You felt your heartbeat quicken to an unimaginable rate, now you had to worry about meeting your end for spitting at The Supreme Leader.

“My darling,” Hux said, sounding strained as if he were annoyed with her. “Your friend won’t die, I won’t allow her to expire. Unlike Ren, clearly.” He said, rolling his eyes and turning back toward the door. “Keep the gauze on it, I’ll be returning shortly.” Hux speedily exited the bathroom, leaving just you still stunned and Cass a blubbering mess on your shoulder. You had no idea that she, let alone anyone, cared for you this much.

The medics were rushed into your room from Hux’s door, he and Cass stood on the sidelines as the medics drained your infection, cleaned your wound, bandaged it with a much sturdier bandage. They then gave you a pain relief pill and told you to take one every six hours as needed, turned to the General and asked if there was anything else they could do to help. Coldly he shook his head, dismissed them and you watched as they filed up the stairs without saying another word to you.

“Thanks.” You breathed, looking to the General and covering your gauze with your hand. “I guess. Ren probably won’t be very happy to hear that you’ve helped me though.”

“It was either that or you’d die of sepsis. Which do you believe he’d be more upset with?” You smiled as you thought of how Ren would react knowing something he did caused your death. Would he have to trick another woman into signing a contract then?

“I’ll have to have a chat with him. No responsible Master should put their assistant in such danger. I’m sorry that he did such a thing.” You shrugged your shoulders, you had come to expect these kinds of things from Ren, at least this time you had learned your lesson.

“Cass, what is the time?” He called out to her, she hopped up from the beanbag chair on her corner of the room and looked at her device and read out loud that it was 6:52 AM, this ordeal had really been going on for almost two hours. “Well, I’m afraid I’ll have to be getting to work, Ren has probably just woken up and I’ll be sure to have a word with him on your behalf. In the meantime,” He turned to Cass, and as his attention was trained on her, her eyes shined bright in adoration for him. “Cass, I want you to keep an eye on your friend here. Should anything seem out of the ordinary I want you to contact me right away. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, General.” She exclaimed with an exaggerated nod of her head. “Very good. I will see you for lunch, my darling. You were a good girl today, thank you for helping your friend.” He leaned in and placed a soft, quick kiss on her forehead, to which she shut her eyes and grew giddy with excited shivers. “Thank you, General!” She smiled at the back of his head as he walked away, up the stairs and into his own home. Once the two of you were alone she let out a love-struck sigh, turned toward her bed and collapsed into it, spreading her limbs out like a relaxed starfish. “I love it when he praises me so.” She whispered, it still made you as sick as it always did.

You turned to face her, realizing that now, since the two of you were alone, it would be a good idea to finally apologize to her. You were so angered by her words that you didn’t think, you had proven Ren correct and felt terrible about it after Cass had proven to be the friend you needed during this dreadful tie in your life. You needed to apologize to her, and you needed your words to mean something to her.
“Cass,” You started, sighing as you looked down at the end of your bed at your blood stained blanket, apologizing had never been one of your strong suits. “I just want to say--”

“Wait!” Cass cut you off, sitting straight up and rummaging through her bedside table. “I have a gift for you.” A gift, for you? You furrowed your brows as you leaned up closer to her to get a better look at what she was doing. “The General gave this to me on my second week in his care. He said it was a mistake and it never looked good on me, I never wear it but I’ve always thought it was pretty.” In her hands sat a teal silk bow with a shiny, iridescent pearl right in the middle. You stared down at in awe, it was adorable! “So it may not look good on me, but it will probably look good on you. I want you to have it, I’m sorry for upsetting you last night.”

Now the tables had turned, you had begun to apologize to her only to have her turn around and apologize to you with a gift. “Cass, Cass I can’t--” You had started to refuse the bow, thinking you weren’t deserving of such a thing after how you treated her last night but instead she jumped up and reached for your hair that was still matted down with sweat and blood from your medical crisis that morning. “Please, I insist. You can wear it to the wedding in a few days! The General told me that you and the Supreme Leader would be there.” Her fingers worked quickly as she fixed the bow in your hair, clipping a portion of your hair to the right of your head away from your burn. “See? Don’t you look so pretty!” She smiled so sincerely at you, and you could have sworn her eyes were growing glassy with tears yet again. “Oh, Vee.” She said, leaning in for yet another hug. She held you tight, like she never wanted to let you go. “I’m so happy I have you. I hope I’m never without you again!” She whispered in your ear, causing you to grow emotional all over again. Cass had been the person you needed all this time, maybe fate had brought you to the First Order, not hate after all.
The day went on with just you and Cass downstairs keeping each other company. Cass went on and on about the bow, about how Hux had picked it out for her when he had gotten approved for the assistant program and said he hung onto it for months until she was awarded to him. She told you he thought it clashed with her hair color and with the red dresses he often had her wear, so he told her to never wear it again after presenting it to her in a velvet box. You got the feeling that it meant a lot to her, and it would seem that it was a reward for good behavior two weeks into her contract.

Your breakfast had come through the slot as did Cass’s, but you didn’t feel like eating after watching your burn weep. Your stomach was upset and you had no appetite, so you just allowed Cass to have what she wanted from your plate. “You should probably eat Vee. At least have your strawberries.” She urged, lifting your two pieces of bacon from your plate and onto hers. “Your body has to fight the infection off, and it can’t do that with no nutrition!”

“So then why are you eating the rest of my food then?” You asked her jokingly, but from the shocked look on her face you could tell she didn’t get it. “Kidding, Cass.” You sighed, lifting one of the juicy strawberries to your face and examining it. “I was only kidding.”

“Oh.” She replied, then you heard her chew up her second helping of crunchy bacon while you tried to figure out where the hell they got strawberries on the Supremacy.

Breakfast time came and went, you and Cass made small talk here and there while she worked on her scarf for Hux in between. You noticed she was much more chipper than usual, probably trying to keep your spirits high while you sat there injured beyond repair.

“I can’t wait for the Princess’s wedding!” She announced, gathering up your dishes and placing them out in the meal slot from where they came. “The General hardly ever takes me off the ship. He says he got me a brand new ball gown and everything!” You allowed a crooked smile to spread across your face at her words, at least you weren’t the only one that was not allowed to pick your own outift. “He hasn’t told me anything other than I’m going to look stunning in it.” She looked at you exactly, leaning forward as she propped her chin on her fists. You could tell she wanted to know your thoughts, but you didn’t know what to say. “So what did the Supreme Leader pick out for you?”

“I don’t know. He told me I could pick my own dress.” She let out a minute gasp, and her eyes widened as you revealed Ren’s old plan for you. “He loves you so much he lets you pick your own clothes?” She asked, completely astounded with the revelation. You wanted to snap back at her, to tell her about how delusional she was to think that either Hux or Kylo loved you but you felt like you couldn’t be short with her after the bonding moment the two of you had shared that morning. “No, Cass. I wouldn’t say that.”

“But the General won’t let me pick my own clothes. I know he loves me, but he says he won’t allow me to pick my own clothing yet.” You blinked at her, kept your negative comments to yourself about her thoughts of love. What she had was not love, it was manipulative torture.

But who were you lift the rose-colored glasses off of her face? If she were enjoying her time with the General then she could enjoy it. You didn’t want to burst her bubble.
So she went on and on about how excited she was to leave home for a day, eventually you were able to tune her out until Hux’s door opened and he was calling to Cass from the top of the stairs. She picked her head up, then looked up at his door sadly. “I don’t think I want to go up there today.” She whispered to you without taking her eyes off the stairs. “Is that even an option?” You asked her, raising a brow. You didn’t want Hux to hurt her for not obeying like she normally did. “I don’t know, Vee.” She replied, then Hux called out for her again.

“Coming General!” She said, bringing her hand up and biting on her nails. “Cass, it’s alright.” You assured her, reaching out and rubbing her shoulder. “I’ll be fine on my own. If it’s lunchtime then Ren should be coming to get me soon anyway.”

“I, I don’t want him hurting you again though.”

“I’m sorry to say this, but if he wants to hurt me I don’t think there’s anything you can do to stop him.” You giggled at your own silly joke, but it was nothing but the truth. All it would take from him would be one swing of his long, muscular arm to knock Cass to the ground, then he could assault you all he wanted to.

“Cass Hux!” The General called from the top floor, then started coming down to you. Cass stood to her feet, shoving the scarf down behind her pillow and started to nervously rub her hands together just as the General got to the bottom of the steps. “Come, darling.” He said, looking thoroughly annoyed with her inability to move. “It’s lunchtime, I haven’t got all day.” Her lips parted slightly and she took a breath, looked to you as if you could help her somehow but you didn’t know what to do. It would seem Hux would hurt her if she didn’t go, you wanted her to comply with him. “Go on, Cass. I promise I’ll be okay.” You offered her a hearty smile, trying to assure her that you’d be fine. You could fend for yourself, and if it got really bad you knew how to scream loud enough to get her attention. She nodded her head, then ran up beside Hux and looked lovingly up at him.

“My apologies, General.” She started, cupping her hands together at her hips. “I was just making sure Vee would be okay alone.” Hux reached down and took Cass’s hand in his, pulling her toward the steps ever so gently. “Very good, Cass.” He praised her, you watched as the two ascended the stairs hand in hand. “I’m so proud of how selfless you’ve become. I know that you’ll be a great mother to our children soon.” He said to her, and it was the last thing you heard before the door shut and you were left alone with only your wandering thoughts on what the General had said to Cass. Were they trying for a child now? You blinked as you got out of bed and fell into the beanbag chair closest to you, it really didn’t matter. You had chastised Cass for being so nosey and all up in your business, but here you were doing the same thing. You left it at that, instead finding solace in the one thing in the room you had for entertainment.

You turned the TV on and watched the reruns of the one and only soap opera that you saw play during your time down here, when you got the TV to yourself that was. It was the only thing you had to keep you entertained until you’d be forced to go up the stairs into Kylo’s home. You just counted the seconds in your head as the two lovers tried to skate around the fact that the motel they booked only had one bed, you had seen this full series weeks ago and already knew that the two men ended up passionately kissing each other, it was no surprise to you.

What was a surprise, however, was the sound of a tray of food coming down through the meal slot next to your bed. You looked over to see a grilled ham and cheese sandwich cut into triangles on the plate, next to it was some carrot sticks and some ranch dressing in a cup. To drink there was a cup of milk, something you had never drunk on its own in your life. You stood from the bean bag chair and walked over to the dresser where you took a long look at the tray. It must have been for you, Cass was upstairs eating lunch with the General. You took a look around, did this mean Ren would be leaving you alone for lunch? You smiled as you wrapped your fingers around the tray and carried it
back over to your beanbag, this would be wonderful!

You seized half of your grilled cheese and took a bite, watching the biggest man of the two awkwardly make his way down in the bed. Each man had decided to forfeit their pillows make a wall of pillows in between each other. You smiled, knowing that the story had a happy ending where the men finally fell in love made this event even more comical.

You finished your sandwich and managed to wolf down half of your carrots before Hux’s door opened and down strutted Cass, still in her pajamas like she had gone up there in. “Oh, hi Vee!” She said cheerfully. “I wasn’t expecting to see you down here! What a nice surprise.”

“Hey Cass.” You said, placing the last of your carrot back down onto your plate and placing it next to you on your bed. “You got your lunch, did the Supreme Leader not come down here at all?” She looked down at your plate smiling, it was as if you made her entire day being down here to greet her. “No, I’m afraid not.” You stood, stepped past her and pushed your tray through the slot just as you had seen Cass do that morning, you could only assume that she cleaned up after you as well when Kylo brought you upstairs because you had never pushed the tray through the slot before today.

“Well, the General reminded me today that I was supposed to take my folic acid pill with my breakfast, with everything that happened with your burn I kinda forgot. He wasn’t very happy with me.” Cass said, standing in the middle of the room and looking to the floor. Folic acid pills, those sounded familiar. “Well did you take it with your lunch?” You asked, trying to keep the mood light for the time being. She nodded her head, walking over to her bed and pulling the scarf out from behind her pillow. “He says I need to take it at the same time every day, he says he’s done his research and it’ll help me get pregnant in the next few days hopefully.”

You couldn’t hold back your shock. Your assumption was right, the man was forcing a pregnancy on her. “And is this something you’re looking forward to, Cass?” You couldn’t hold your question back, you just had to know what she thought about it. She simply shrugged her shoulders as she got to work on her scarf, you could tell she was sad, but you didn’t know why. Was it because your question struck a chord deep down in her soul, or was it because Hux did or said something to her upstairs about missing her pill?

“I mean, yes? We love each other, and the General tells me he’s going to need an heir. Why wouldn’t I want to produce a child for him?” She turned and looked at you, her unsure expression seemed to be begging you for a reason to tell her otherwise. From the brief interaction you could tell she was hesitant, that she had nothing to do with the decision that was made for her and likely didn’t want to get pregnant for him. But Hux was ‘her General.’ Hux was her master and she had been brainwashed to believe that he knew what was best for her, and that included if she carried a child for him. You sat and stared at the back of her head, maybe it would be best to leave the subject alone. That was her business and her body, not yours and certainly not the Generals.

Cass was called up to Hux’s home at dinner time as well and Kylo never came for you. You thought it was odd that you didn’t see hide nor hair of Kylo all day, but you counted it as a blessing. At the end of the night, while Cass was still upstairs occupied with Hux you decided to shower and dress in another one of Cass’s clean shirts. She never seemed to mind but you vowed to remove it if she had a qualm about it. That same evening you changed the dressing on your burn by yourself and noticed it was looking just a bit healthier than it was that morning, albeit still infected and still weeping just a bit. You hoped it would clear up before the wedding, but even that was doubtful. Regardless you placed a thick layer of antibiotic ointment on it and covered it with a new bandage, ready to face the music tomorrow because you knew Ren would be coming for you after being away for an entire
Breakfast came and went the next morning. Cass went upstairs and returned to tell you that she had her pill on time and you were happy for her. The two of you went about your day until she was called up for lunch, and much to your surprise another tray of food was delivered for you. You found yourself questioning it just like you did yesterday, and like yesterday your assumptions were correct. Ren had not come down to get you at all that day. Nor the next, or the next, and by the 4th day you were alone you were beginning to wonder if something had happened to him.

When Cass left for lunch that afternoon, the day before the wedding, you couldn’t help yourself. You ascended the stairs and knocked on the door. You weren’t sure what you were expected, what you wanted, or even why you were trying to check on him. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that you were alone for at least three hours of the day every day, or that you had been staring at the same four walls for four days now, or maybe that you had to deal with Cass’s overly happy and oversharing attitude for four days straight. You didn’t necessarily want to spend time with Ren, but he and his big home had become something you were used to. You were going stir crazy down there in the small room with Cass and your soap opera, you wanted a change of scenery.

And even though you didn’t want to admit it, you wanted his food, his praises, and his kind and caring words to you. Not his abuse or anything else he had done to hurt you. It was strange, as if he had conditioned you to think like this or something. You stood there waiting for any kind of indication that he was up there and alive, but when you got nothing you realized that this was silly. Why would you choose to spend time with him when you could spend time down here by yourself and with Cass? You turned and headed back down to your room, the small room that you were tired of being in.

As you sat down in the beanbag chair to watch yet another episode of your soap opera you went over your thought process again. You didn’t miss Kylo Ren, you missed his home. You didn’t miss his company, you missed the way he treated you like an actual human being. Over the last few weeks not everything was bad. Sometimes he’d actually engage you by speaking to you about his day at work, sometimes he’d wash himself in his own tub while you sat at the end and listened to what he had to say about the wedding, about the two people getting married and about the king. When he wasn’t demeaning you, abusing you, or forcing you into submission (which was unfortunately sixty percent of the time you had spent with him), he was a neutral entity in your life.

There were times where he allowed you to sit on the floor of his office reading a book while he worked in silence. There were other times where he would allow you time to yourself on the couch watching whatever you wanted while he worked out in his little private gym. And how could you have forgotten the time he ate you out with a passion you had never felt from any of your clients before? You sighed as you found yourself growing restless, would it be too much to ask for him not to be an asshole so you could enjoy his mouth one more time?

You pressed your fingers into your eyes; you were humanizing him. What the hell was wrong with you? The man burned your face with a scalding hot frying pan for Maker’s sake! Sitting here daydreaming about his company and his ability to make you cum was wrong, you should be plotting your escape instead.

You stared at the same wall in front of you that you had been staring at for the last four days in this very chair. There was no doubt that your flight to freedom would be risky, you didn’t even want to imagine what Ren would do to you if he caught you working on enacting your plan. It was brutal, what you would have to do to him but it felt like it was your only way out. You just had to wait for
the perfect moment, you had to distract him into doing what you want him to do, then you could make a run for your life. The only thing that hindered you was, you had no idea when this event would take place. For all you knew, you could be stuck here for the remainder of your contract waiting for him to fuck up and essentially hold the door open himself for you to run.

But then you had a lightbulb moment: Ren was still planning on taking you to the wedding. And from what you could gather from him and Cass it was bound to be one of the most active weddings ever, lots of people would be there and it would give you the perfect opportunity to just slip away. There was also another advantage of plotting your escape at the wedding instead of here on the Supremacy, and that was because it was being held on another planet. You would actually have a chance at getting away from him, rather than having to beg someone for a ride back home. A smile broke over your face, you instantly grew much calmer knowing you’d have an easier way out tomorrow. You had to be focused, in tune with yourself and Ren, and you couldn’t mess it up. It was a much safer way to make your exit, and you were content with giving it your all.

The day went on, Cass returned and told you that she would be going up to Hux’s home early the next morning to have her makeup and outfit put together. She was vibrating with excitement as she sat next to you in your bed, talking about how the General was going to have her hair in a twist. She said he promised her that real roses would be used and she was beyond ecstatic. You could do nothing but sit there silently next to her, wondering how she would react knowing that you were plotting your escape. Just a few days ago she was hugging you close and telling you that she never wanted you to leave her, yet here you were. You felt terrible for her, she had finally found the friend she had been looking for for years and you were about to take everything away from her.

“What about you? How is the Supreme Leader planning on dressing you tomorrow?” She asked you again, but you couldn’t find it within yourself to answer her. Instead, you started your apology to her. You couldn’t stand the thought of how heartbroken she’d be if you just didn’t return with her. You needed to at least prepare her for your departure, step one of bettering yourself and to stop being so selfish.

“I don’t know Cass, but there is something I have to tell you.” You started, shoving your hands under your thighs. She stopped talking and looked attentively at you, but just before you could continue your apology Cass immediately cut you off. “Oh Vee! Has the Supreme Leader asked you to carry a child for him too?” She blinked excitedly, clasping her hands together as the prospect of you being pregnant too. You backed away from her, the idea of getting pregnant by Ren put you off so much that you didn’t even want to entertain the idea.

“No Cass,” She scolded her for cutting you off and not letting you speak. “I need you to calm down and listen to me, because this is important, okay?” You begged of her, you didn’t want to be repeating yourself ten million times. “Oh, right away Vee!” She said, happily settling herself down and placing her hands in her lap respectfully. You took in a deep breath, closing your eyes and pulling all inner strength you could find you started your apology. You just hoped Cass wouldn’t become a blubbering mess with the news.

“This needs to stay between you and I, okay?” You warned, lifting your finger in the air and checking both doors to make sure that no one else would be listening in on this conversation. Cass nodded her head obediently, and you took that as your cue to continue. “So I know you know that Ren is a bad man, the way he abuses me, I know you see it.” You pointed to your cheek, and from the way the frown slowly faded onto her face you knew she didn’t believe you. She was likely thinking something about how you just don’t obey, but it didn’t matter. Tonight would be the last night you spend with Cass, it didn’t matter what she thought.

“It happens, and it happens without my consent every day. It’s torture, and I’ve decided that I can’t
take it anymore.”

“Is, is the Supreme Leader letting you out of your contract early?” She asked innocently. “No Cass, I’m letting myself out of my contract early.” You said as confidently as you could, as you did the color fell right out of her rosy red cheeks and she grew white as a ghost. “Wh-what?” She asked, her voice growing thick with emotion. “I’m leaving tomorrow, I’m running away.”

“But, but why?” She sounded like a woman who just got dumped in the most unforgiving way possible, like any minute now she would simply fall to the floor in a frenzy of tears. You could see it coming, you just wished you had somewhere else to go once she did. “I just told you Cass, I’m tired of being abused. I need to be back home to my family.”

“But Vee, the Supreme Leader is just like the General. He just wants to take care of you!” She whined, latching onto your arm and squeezing you tight. Before you got a chance to counter something about getting slapped in the face with a hot pan she once again cut you off. “What if I asked the General to take over your contract, would you stay with me? Please Vee, you can’t leave me!” The tears started dripping down her cheeks, splashing onto her nightgown and you noticed your eyes became glassy as well. It was too emotional for you, you almost couldn’t stand it. “No Cass, I promise you that won’t work. I need to be free, and I’m sorry that I have to leave you but it’s for my own sanity. There’s nothing else I can do, I’m so sorry Cass.”

She whimpered quietly, closing her eyes as she looked down at her own two hands in her lap. “You’re going to run away?” She asked, you nodded your head in reply. You watched as she sighed, shook her head and two more tears raced down her cheeks. You thought it was the end of the conversation, you stood so that you could go have a shower when Cass began speaking once more.

“You’re going to run away like a coward because you can’t just listen to the Supreme Leader.” She whispered, looking away from you probably anticipating your reaction. You grimaced at her, leaning in because you weren’t sure you heard her correctly. “Excuse me?” You asked her, and in response she sat up straighter and yelled her response to you. “You’re running away because you can’t just obey the Supreme Leader. You fight him and then play victim when you get punished.” She said, and you were in shock. You had never seen Cass stand up for herself of her beliefs before, you didn’t even know she was capable of doing such a thing.

“Cass, you don’t under--”

“No Vee. You’re a coward!” She said, getting up in your face like she was daring you to hit her. “You’re nothing, just like the General says!” It was so brazen of her to say such things about you when she had just been begging you to stay with her, and you wanted to wipe that look of bravery right off her face.

Instead, however, you kept your composure. You simply shoved her out of the way, pushing her to the floor and stepping over her betrayed body and into the bathroom. Cass’s opinion of you didn’t matter. All that mattered was that you would be making it away from the Order tomorrow as quietly as you possibly could.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Cass. All she wanted was a friend :(
“Coming General.” Just like nearly every other morning you woke to the sound of Cass screaming to Hux from upstairs. Only this time she sounded like she had a stiff stick up her ass. The two of you had gone to bed at two different times, when you came out from the shower she had picked herself up off the floor, turned off all the lights and went to bed. She was still angry at you obviously, but there was honestly nothing you could do to win her affection back. If Cass wanted to sit down here only to be abused and brainwashed by her captor, then by all means she could do that. Starting tomorrow it would no longer involve you because you were determined to simply disappear into the crowd.

So you sat there after Cass angrily stomped up the stairs, not even taking the time to stretch like she normally did. Once the door had shut you sat up, rubbing the sleep out of your eyes and realizing that today was the day. Today was the day you had to be stealthy, to slip away into the mass of people and finally gain your freedom back. A part of you was terrified while the other was overjoyed. Terrified of the consequences to come if you got caught, terrified of finding a way back home once you did get away from him, but excited to think that you’ll be away from all of this. Away from Cass and her bad attitude, away from Kylo Ren and his abusive behaviors that surfaced when you refused to submit, away from this room, and finally away from all of the conflict that constantly swirled around in your head on a daily basis. You loved Cass as a friend, but you couldn’t stand the way she intruded into your life and overshared hers. You enjoyed Kylo Ren’s company only some of the time, but felt you were crazy in doing so after he had treated you so poorly.

You swung your legs over the side of the bed and stood to your feet, navigating around the room in the dark until you reached the bathroom. Surely if Cass was starting to get ready then Ren would be calling for you soon too, you could at least redress your burn, brush your teeth, and give yourself a pep talk in the mirror.

You stretched, observing yourself and your movements and coming to the conclusion that the one thing you’d ever agree with Ren on was that you had been looking your best these days, despite the burn on your face. You felt better upon waking up instead of feeling like death every morning and afternoon at home, you took pride in your health and hygiene rather than not caring about the fact that you often had to brush your teeth with nothing but water because you couldn’t afford toothpaste that month. You felt good, you looked good, but you would not admit it was because of him. If anything you had convinced yourself it was because he was still lying to you and your parents really did care about you and they were the reason why you were here and close to thriving.

Your burn was looking much better, not fully healed like how you wanted it to be before the wedding, but there was nothing you could do to help that. You applied the antiseptic and covered it again, got yourself ready, turned the light on, and simply waited for Kylo to descend from the stairs in front of you. You waited, and waited, stared at the steps and at the door at the top, but it didn’t open. In the meantime you carefully calculated out your escape, thought how you’d have to wait until his back was turned, if he was preoccupied with something or someone else, then you’d slip
away. You told yourself that it wasn't as difficult as you were making it out to be, that it was as simple as keeping your head ducked and walking away, but your nerves still stood at attention inside of you. You felt as if you were going to puke.

Your thoughts were the only thing you had, because Kylo Ren never called or you.

You hands balled in your sheets as you started to panic, it had at least been an hour and a half since Cass left. Where was he? What was he doing?

Had he gone to the wedding without you?

You stood to your feet and, straight up the stairs and began banging on his door, calling out for Ren and begging for his attention. This wouldn’t work, you had been planning your escape for days now! What if he wasn’t going to take you to the wedding, was he planning on just leaving you down here where there would be no hope for escape at all? Your first escape plan was so specific, the event had to take place upstairs in his kitchen in order to work, but if you were down here? There would be no hope at all.

“Ren! Where are you?” You called out as your heart continued to hammer against your ribcage. “Today’s the wedding, you told me that today was the wedding!” You were stumped, maybe something really had happened to him while you were down here. You dropped your hands to your sides and pressed your ear against the door, listening as closely as you could but you couldn’t hear anything. You growled, opened your mouth and called him by his full title: “Supreme Leader?” Because that’s what he wanted you to call him when he locked you in his closet. But there was nothing. So footsteps, no cooking noises, nothing but silence. You furrowed your brows, this was not good.

You tried not to panic as you felt your secondary escape plan falling through your fingers. The easiest method of escape and the one you felt would work far better than your first was now gone. Never to be even tried because Ren went to the wedding without you. You were angry, down here alone for who knew how much longer. You weren’t looking forward to Cass’s return due to her angry attitude, you sure weren’t looking forward to Ren’s return due to his abuse, you had no idea what do, think, or feel in the moment. You simply fell into your bean bag and chewed on your fingernails, wondering if Ren were really up to keeping you down here for the remainder of your contract, if you’d suffer down here just as Cass did every day.

It hadn’t been too long after you sat down that the door at the top of the steps flew open, startling you as it hit the wall behind it. You turned around just in time to see Ren’s silhouette standing at the tops of the stairs. His legs were spread, his arms were hovering at his side and he looked just as intimidating as the last time you saw him. “Vermin!” He bellowed, your cruel nickname echoing off the walls of the staircase. You stood to your feet and made your way to the bottom step just in time for him to shout “get up here” just as loud as before.

You stared up in awe, it had been a long five days away from him and here he was spitting verbal fire at you just as he had before. It wasn’t as if you were drawn to him, but you were excited to see him. Not for his company, not for the small acts of kindness he’d bestow upon you, but because this most likely meant you’d be out of his grasp within the next few hours. You didn’t hesitate, you climbed the stairs as fast as you could to get to him as quick as possible. You were fully expecting him to step out of your way as you reached the final few steps, but instead he just stood there watching you as you ran up to and into him, shoving him back a few inches.

It was right then and there that you noticed something was off, the way he stumbled backward and
overly exaggerated catching his balance on the kitchen counter. The way he huffed and puffed as he stared at you with red, puffy, unforgiving eyes. You squinted as you took a step back further into his kitchen, you had never seen him look so wildly angry before. “You, you watch where the fuck you’re going, Vermin.” He shouted, running his hand through his hair and walking toward you. You couldn’t duck out of his grasp fast enough, he had taken ahold of the middle of your shirt and pulled you through the kitchen and up the stairs. Something was wrong, why was he so enraged?

“You, you watch where the fuck you’re going, Vermin.” He commanded, slurring his words as he ran his hand across his sweaty face. It was then you realized that he had been crying as well. You took a concerned look up at him, was he drunk? You thought now was not the time to stop and speculate, not when he was so angry at you. So you did as he told you and climbed the stairs, once you reached the top you watched him struggle to climb after you. It looked like he was suffering from vertigo, the way he swayed left and right, stumbled down one step when he managed to climb up two of them, and by the time he managed to make it to the top he lost his footing again and almost knocked you over. You sneered at him as he looked at you deep in your eyes, once again grabbing and pulling you into his room.

You stood there watching as he fumbled around with a box on the bed, picking the lid up and throwing it to the floor beside him. “Put it on.” He said, tossing you a pile of plum colored garments. You caught them just in time, and in your hands you noticed something particular about this dress: It was made up of thin purple string. You struggled to find the top of the garment but when you did you let it unfold and fall out in front of you and, once you got a good look at what you were holding, you were mortified.

“You expect me to wear this to a wedding?” You asked, turning around and looking at him as he knocked things over in the bathroom. “You lost, that privilege, Vermin.” He said completely out of breath while attempting to toothpaste paste on his toothbrush. “This is something a stripper would wear! I can’t wear this to a royal wedding!” You countered him, briefly you wondered how he was able to get dressed in his regular clothes without destroying his bedroom in the process. But it didn’t matter, what mattered was how he expected you to wear such a revealing dress.

It was almost like a tightly cropped top that just barely covered your breasts, attached to a maxi skirt, connected only by four thin strings across your midsection. The skirt section was cut in half, revealing most of the skin of your right thigh while the other half went all the way down to your ankle. And the back? Forget about it. You knew there was no way you’d be allowed to wear a bra, because the only thing that would hide your upper back was even more string. It was horrifying.

“Well, you’ve been a stripper before. It’s not a big deal.” He said, laughing before beginning to sloppily brush his teeth, sending spittle and toothpaste flying all over the sink and mirror. What the hell was his problem? Never in your life had you worn a dress as provocative as this, and you sure as hell didn’t want to wear one now. “I wasn’t a fucking stripper!” You retaliated, and it only further angered him. “Put the fucking dress on Vermin!” He shouted, turning around and spitting some of his toothpaste and saliva at you. The smell of alcohol carried throughout the air from the bathroom, yes, the man had gotten shitfaced drunk before a wedding. “Don’t make me put it on for you.” He threatened, and you rolled your eyes and turned away from him. You highly doubted he could put this dress on you, you weren’t even sure if you could it on you or not.

And even though you felt the fiery passion to fight him, to rip the already feeble looking dress in two and telling him there was no way you were going anywhere in that dress, you decided that you had no choice but to do so. This wedding was important, and the odds were already in your favor before you had even left his home. He was drunk, he was going to be drunk at a crowded event, and you felt like the stars could not have aligned any better than they were right now. So as soon as he turned and began brushing his teeth again you stripped out of your old clothes that you had been wearing nearly every night and wiggled your way into the insanely uncomfortable dress. It was far too tight,
you could feel the edges digging into the skin of your ribs and thigh as you adjusted the strings as best as you could, this was awful. It was so tight that, even though his room was not cold in the very least, your nipples still poked through the incredibly thin material. You stood there holding your breath, looked up only to find him looking at you in the mirror. “Fuck, I missed you.” He said, spitting his toothpaste into the sink. If only you could say the same thing about him.

You had to be thankful that he was still wasted as the two of you left his home, you in a pair of obnoxiously clicky heels and he in his normal get up. He didn’t even bother with the collar and the leash that was, bizarrely, hanging up by his bed instead of in the kitchen where you saw it. You were sure he hadn’t even seen it as the two of you left, but that was okay. Because as your heels clicked loudly behind you in the halls of the ship, you stared at the back of Kylo’s unhelmeted head and knew if he had used the collar it would only embarrass you even further. The only thing that kept you moving was the thought of your freedom, coming closer and closer to the end of your time with Kylo Ren made enduring the judgemental stares of the people around you that much more bearable.

Your next worry budded in your mind when you came to the hanger and boarded a much smaller ship than what you had originally thought you’d be transported in. The hatch fell open and Kylo began to walk up the ramp, just watching him trying not to topple over in his drunken state was giving you anxiety. What if he fell and sausage rolled down the ramp and knocked himself out? How would you get to the wedding then? You almost wanted to place your hands upon his back and hold him upright but decided you would rather die than touch him. So you watched him hobble to the top and safely make it aboard the ship, and it didn’t take any coaxing from him to follow suit.

There was only room for two people in this ship, him up front and you in the back. It was difficult to watch Kylo try to maneuver his way into his seat, then to bring his harness down over his shoulders and lock it into place. He looked like a helpless toddler as he got his fingers caught in almost everything there was to get stuck in, swearing and shouting obscenities while you flawlessly buckled yourself in.

“Are you really about to fly this thing while you’re drunk?” You asked, feeling nervous at the thought of being a passenger in the ship that was being piloted by a drunk man. “I’m not drunk.” He grumbled, obviously a terrible liar. “You stay—stay the fuck back there and let me fly my ship.” He hiccuped in the middle of his sentence, this was not going to be a pretty experience. “Dude, put it in autopilot of something!” You said, digging into your harness as your fear increased ten fold. “I told you I that I’ve got it handled.” He brushed his hair out of his face and began pressing buttons in seemingly any random order. You had never flown a ship before, but you were sure the way he was simply smashing buttons and pulling levers left and right with no abandon was troubling. You were sure by the way the ship was roaring and shaking to life, hovering up and then dropping back down to the hangar that it wasn’t how it was supposed to function.

He finally managed to pull the ship out into the aisle of other TIE Fighters, wiggling his way to the opening that gave the two of you access into space. He stopped momentarily, flipped some more switches before looking up and cursing once more. “Damn it where are the coordinates?” You didn’t know if he was asking you that question, why would you know where his coordinates are?

“Well when you find them, put them in your auto pilot because I don’t want you killing me.”

“You have no idea what you’re talking about Vermin.” He chided you. Around you the ship rumbled back to life as he balanced his tablet in one hand and kept the ship steady with the other. “My father was one of the best pilots in the entire galaxy. You won’t end up dead in my ship.” For
obvious reasons, you didn’t believe him. The ship continued to sway and jump every now and again before Ren had found whatever he was looking for and managed to get it into the onboard computer. “Now sit back there and be quiet, you’re giving me a headache.” He said angrily. You bit down on your lip as you reached between your legs to unlatch your harness to try and take a leap of faith out of the ship, but by then it was too late. You didn’t have any time to react before your head was thrown back and the black of space was suddenly turned into nothing but blue and white lines. He had jumped immediately into hyperspace, so quick that your head slammed against the headrest and bounced right off, causing you to see stars both literally and figuratively.

It only felt like you were in hyperdrive for a matter of seconds before you slowed down enough that the stars and planets around you became visible. You took a frantic look around and everything you could see when you noticed a troubling beeping noise in the background. You leaned up just enough to see over Kylo’s seat and shoulder only to see that the fuel icon was flashing in tandem with the beep. “The fuel!” You shouted, realizing that the two of you could be running out of fuel at any moment if he didn’t slow down and redirect the ship. He had used so much fuel and was probably too drunk to realize that the two of you would never have made it in hyperdrive, and now it was about to cost you big time.

“You’re using too much fuel, Kylo!” You shouted, trying to get his attention but he only told you to once again shut up as he stared down at the control enter. “I have it under control, stay back there.” His cocky attitude was getting in the way of your safety, but it seemed as if the extreme change in speed had sobered him up just a little. His slurs toward you were much clearer than before, and this time he was much more punctual with the way he manipulated the buttons, but nothing seemed to change. You were still going just as fast as you were before, only this time you were headed straight toward a rogue satellite.

“Ren!” You shrieked, falling back into your seat under your harness. “There’s a satellite! Look out!” Your cries fell on deaf ears as Kylo sat there fiddling with the buttons, his efforts to slow down his ship were futile as the satellite grew larger and larger with each passing second. You screeched his name one more time to try to grab his attention, but only got a panicked ‘fuck’ in response. “I can’t stop it!” He said, shouting over the oncoming object warning that was now blaring throughout the small ship. You realized right then and there that if you didn’t intervene, both of you would lose your lives.

Without even thinking you undid your harness, climbed all the way into the cockpit and stood uncomfortably in the small area between Kylo’s seat and the hatch. Your eyes darted around the control panel, desperately looking for the steering apparatus but was having trouble finding it. You had never operated any kind of vehicle before other than a bike when you were much younger, but you had to figure it out. According to the small screen an impact was imminent, and you had 25 seconds to figure out how to steer the damn thing.

You wailed as now the giant silver satilite had taken up the entire view, you didn’t want to die and you especially didn’t want to die with Kylo Ren of all people. Your teeth chattered as you took one last look at Kylo’s knees and finally laid your eyes on what appeared to be two control handles sticking straight out of the control center. With only nine seconds left on the count down you threw all caution to the wind and took a dive for them, landing head first in between his knees and pulling back on the sticks. It would seem your reaction was perfectly timed, because soon the two of you were flying into a sickening 90 degree angle, the satellite disappearing below you until it could not be seen.

The only thing that could be heard in the ship was both yours and Kylo’s shallow breathing, the alarm had finally ceased and the ship had finally slowed down to a gradual stop. Every muscle in your body was tense after your completed near death experience, and due to your tunnel vision only
focusing on the fact that you were alive you hadn’t realized that you were now sitting straddling Kylo’s lap as if you were going to be riding him in reverse. It didn’t even occur to you until Kylo let out a jagged breath of his own and allowed his hands to rest so brazenly on your backside. “I, I…” He staggered, stumbling all over his words like a drunken fool. “I missed you so much.” He said, running his hands up your back for another two seconds before letting them fall to the sides of his thighs.

You could hardly believe he was taking this opportunity to feel you up like this, to molest you when he had almost gotten the two of you killed. “What the hell do you think this is? A fucking video game?” You shouted, unable to hold back your rage. You had to come out of your safety harness and jump over him to save the two of you for heaven’s sake, and he felt entitled to feel your body right afterward? “You get drunk and try to fly a fucking aircraft to a wedding, almost get us killed, and now this?” You had to wonder if he planned all of this out, that now he thought he’d victory fuck you for saving his life. You growled even harder, taking a look out at the stars now that you were traveling at a much steadier pace, allowing your anger to subside while he was quiet.

“I should knock your stupid ass out.” You said, the insult merely slipping from your lips. You looked down at the control panel and managed to make out the ‘autopilot’ button that was currently not in use, but before you pressed it you looked back behind you just to see what he was doing, if he was doing anything at all to stop you from throwing the damn ship into autopilot yourself.

As it turned out, you didn’t even need to knock him out, because at some point the bastard had passed out right underneath of you; his head tilted back and a strand of drool falling from his open mouth. In an act of frustration you leaned your arms over the control panel and let your head sag in between them. Really? Really? Whatever happened to The Supreme Leader would never put you in danger? You sighed, let out a frustrated moan before leaning up and putting the ship into autopilot, the meter informed you that it would only take another hour and 45 minutes before you reached the planet you were trying to get to and you would have just enough fuel left to make it there. The very least you could do was get up out of that man’s lap and go lounge in your own seat behind him.

You began to maneuver your body to try and work your way out of the cockpit when you found that your plans were thwarted by Ren’s thigh pressing painfully up against your ankle. You wiggled around, pulled and pulled with what little room you were allowed within the tiny cockpit and found that your ankle just wouldn’t budge. “God damn it!” You shouted, forcing your knee forward and banging your knee on the control panel without actually freeing your ankle, causing blind pain to radiate all throughout your leg. You bit down on your lip with an obnoxious moan, hoping it would rouse Kylo from his surprise slumber but found it only made his head sag over his shoulder. This was so stupid.

The soft rumbling and background noise of the ship eventually put you to sleep as well. You were still straddling his lap, still face down on the control panel when both the sound of a faint beeping in your ear and a nudge to your thigh woke you from your uncomfortable slumber. You picked your head up to see a massive green and blue planet in your field of view, it looked like the exact opposite of what you were used to at home since it was covered in mostly water. It was lush, the water looked pure even from the distance you were viewing it from, you had to imagine that it was rich enough to be protected from industrialization like nearly every other planet around you was.

You arched your back and propped yourself up on your arms in order to get a better view, shortly after you finally felt movement from the man you had pinned to the seat. He groaned, you felt him reach his hand to his face before dropping it to your hip once again. “Good morning, you drunk bastard.” You said, your words were full of hatred but your tone spoke otherwise. You were too
captivated by the beauty of the planet you were currently ascending toward, and you were sure you had never seen anything as beautiful as it.

“Was I so drunk that I missed you actually having a pleasant time with me?” He asked, his voice was heavy with sleep while he squeezed the side of your thigh with his entire hand. “Did you climb into my lap or did I make you come up here?”

“You made me, actually.” You said, tucking a piece of hair behind your ear and rolling your eyes. “You almost killed us, I had to jump from my seat and steer the ship away from a satellite because you decided it was a good idea to drink and fly.”

“I’m sure I was not that drunk, Vermin. As always you are blowing everything way out of proportion.”

“I’m not, Supreme Leader,” You mocked his title, pulling your ankle free finally. “You should have seen yourself stumbling throughout the hallway, and how you were rocking your stupid little TIE Fighter back and forth in the hanger.” The memory made a smile grow on your face, he really was an idiot.

“Watch it, Vermin. Don’t make me have to punish you in this cockpit.” He ran his hand around your hip and up your belly as he warned you for telling him the truth. “You’re already in the perfect position. You’d better quit while you’re ahead.” He said, but before you could retaliate the speaker announced that you would be landing in T-3 minutes. Kylo let out a frustrated sigh before dropping his hand from you and beginning to urge you out of his lap. “Nevermind then, we’re already three hours late. The bride will be walking down the aisle soon.” He sounded disappointed, like he realized he had thwarted his own plans by rushing the two of you out the door drunk. A cryptic smile spread across your face as you realized he hadn’t had you in six days now, he probably woke up thinking he would be getting lucky and would have time to force himself upon you again.

“Aww, I’m sorry.” You said mockingly, once again positioning yourself back down in his lap. You spread your legs wide and gyrated your ass on his thighs, teasing him knowing it would only anger him more. “Didn’t get to fuck your sex slave because you burned the shit out of her face, then got too drunk to even remember you were keeping one prisoner?” You pushed yourself further down into his lap just as the computer announced that the two of you would be landing and it would need his assistance, you could feel his erection growing in his pants. Just the thought of Kylo sitting there all flustered made you blush and giggle at the same time, until he forced his arm against your ribcage and managed to push you fully off of his lap.

Using his arms and shoulders he squeezed your body into the small space between him and the wall until you were carelessly tossed into the backseat of the ship. “Get in your seat, Vermin.” He said, starting to take control of the ship once again as you sped toward a small island in the middle of one of the planet’s vast oceans. “Don’t think I won’t bend you over that damn alter in front of everyone for being a tease.” He said, you could hear the unhidden anger in his voice and it made you grin wickedly. You brought your harness down over your body as the planet’s hangar became visible with several other ships. Kylo Ren was yours to fight against once again.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry this chapter took so long to come out. I've kinda been all over the place in my personal life and it's left me with very little energy. I think I've written, scrapped, and
rewritten this chapter at least three times, and I'm finally happy with it. I originally wanted to include the wedding with this chapter but it would have been far too long and would have taken me at least another week to edit with everything I have going on. LOL. So I'm sorry that it's mostly filler, but there will be more to come. Also, I've gotten another requested work. And it's cool because it's not a SW request, it's Doki Doki Literature club. I've been doing some research on the game to see if it's something I can write or not. We will see :P
Thanks for reading!
The two of you disembark the ship just as another person boards it to dock it elsewhere. The man informs the two of you that the wedding is taking place in a church right across the street and Kylo says nothing in return. His gait is stiff, his face is stiff, and you can’t help but to notice that he looks even more agitated than he was when he was drunk. The two of you step out of the hangar and into the sandy beach down where the sun beams down onto both of you and you can’t imagine how Ren must feel in all of his black robes. “Do not embarrass me, Vermin.” He warns, but from the strained tone of his voice you can tell he doesn’t necessarily want to say such a thing. He sounds unsure of himself, a little nervous and there’s just a hint of irritation. He sounded like he wanted to get something, anything off his chest, but the only thing that came out was an insult to you.

“You know, one would think that you’d be a little more appreciative of me since I saved our lives.” You speak up, determined to earn your credit where it was due. “Nonsense. I was not drunk enough to put our lives in danger.” He spoke, staring at the massive doors of the church. In the air you could smell the sea around you, could taste the salt in the air. It was surreal, you had only been to the beach once when you were very young, your one and only family vacation to the small beach on the other side of your home planet while Rose was still alive, and it wasn’t nearly as nice as this.

“Yeah?” You asked, taking a step into the street. “Why don’t you tell me why you got drunk and emotional before this wedding anyway. Who gets drunk so early in the morning before such an important event?” You poked and prodded him, pushing your boundaries but it didn’t seem to do anything. “Because I hate weddings.” He grumbled, and you couldn’t blame him. Weddings were happy events that you never got to attend, and you thought you never would be happy enough with anyone to be married to them. In reality you didn’t want to be going to this wedding either, it would be like dangling a jewel in front of your face that you couldn’t have. The couple had wealth, they had love, and they had each other. You had nothing, and you knew you’d never be as happy as these people would be.

“I hate weddings and I detest seeing happy couples.” He said just as you stepped up onto the curb in front of the church. Inside you could hear the organ playing the classic ‘Here Comes the Bride” tune. You smirked at Kylo, it sounded like he hated weddings for the same reasons you did. He reached for the large door handle and threw it open, stepping in first and you followed him.

You stepped into a small foyer where you found only one other person standing there, obviously the bride. She was an aquatic looking creature, her skin a deep blue tone while her head was completely bald. You could see what appeared to be gills on the side of her head, and when she turned and looked at you through her veil they flared out. Her eyes widened, her large black eyes that took up the majority of her head and she seemed to nearly drop her bouquet of flowers. “Supreme-!” She shouted, but she didn’t get the chance to finish her title before Kylo had thrown the doors open to the church and began marching but you and him down the aisle.

The first thing you noticed was the sheer size of the church. There seemed to be thousands of people in attendance, and all of them simultaneously turned to face you as you loudly entered the room. Some even began to stand as they thought the two of you were the bride herself. The groom and the others standing at the altar picked their heads up, all of them were of the same race as the bride as here the majority of the people in the crowd and it hardly surprised you when so much of the planet was covered in water. You noticed that the groom was scowling at the two of you.
The organ stopped abruptly but Kylo kept up his pace, heading toward the front of the church before stopping and pointing into a pew on your right. You didn’t hesitate, everyone’s eyes were on you and a lot of them looked pissed off that you were late. They were also probably wondering why you were dressed so scandalous, it made you blush in humiliation. You wished you could announce that it wasn’t your fault, that Ren was the one who made you late and was currently hung over and maybe even still a little drunk. This had nothing to do with you, you were still here against your will.

You looked down, next to you was a woman in a large red sleeveless ball gown. You couldn’t bear to look at her in the face, too worried that her judgemental gaze would hurt you even more so you stared at her beautiful dress. It seemed to be covered in a black mesh that was decorated at the bottom with vibrant live roses and rose vines. It was stunning, why couldn’t Ren have picked a classy dress out like that for you?

In the seat Ren had picked for you was a card that said “Reserved for Supreme Leader Kylo Ren + 1 of the First Order.” You picked it up and held it into your lap before finally taking your seat, Ren did the same but ended up throwing his card on the floor in the aisle. He was an asshole, an annoying, inconsiderate, bitter asshole.

“How sad. Ren dresses her like such a whore.” You heard a man whisper to your right, and you knew they were speaking of you. You didn’t want to cause a scene after crashing the wedding this late but felt like a dirty look was in order. You weren’t a whore and you had no choice in your dress. You lifted your eyes to the man on the other side of the woman in the beautiful dress and was shocked to see the General staring right back at you. He was dressed in a sharp tuxedo with his hand resting on the woman’s knee next to him. You felt your heart stop in your chest as you looked up and realized that the woman in the beautiful dress was none other than Cass. She was scowling at you, and as soon as she caught your gaze she looked away disgusted. You would have never thought it was her if you hadn’t seen Hux before. Her hair was done up in a twist just like she told you, decorated with roses just like on her dress. She even had on make up which made her appear much older than she did back on the Supremacy. It was amazing, and you wanted to tell her that she looked stunning but from the look on her face you could tell she was still angry with you about escaping. So you looked straight ahead at the altar and tried to pretend that you weren’t sitting next to her at all.

Once the two of you were settled the sound of the bride tune on the organ played again, and from behind you the doors were opened slowly, unlike the way Ren forced them open before. The princess stepped into the aisle and locked eyes with her groom, happily smiling as she slowly stepped down the aisle. Suddenly everyone around you stood, Hux, Cass, and every other person in the crowd. You didn’t know that this was a custom, but you didn’t want to feel left out so you started to follow suit. However, before you even got uncrossed your leg Kylo laid his hand across your lap, stopping you from standing. You looked over at him confused, but all he did was shake his head at you. You looked over at him confused, but all he did was shake his head at you. You looked up and saw even more dirty and angry looks from the people around you, clearly this was some kind of sign of respect for the bride but Ren didn’t feel she needed it. You were shaking, thinking of the consequences of Ren’s distasteful actions. What if the two of you got kicked out and you didn’t get your chance to run away.

You kept your eyes to the floor as the bride walked past you, but Ren didn’t seem to care. He stared straight ahead as she stepped up to the altar, holding her bouquet close to her chest while the priest stepped up, opening his book and began his long winded speech on love and two people becoming one.

It was depressing. You could never see yourself in the princesses position. For one you weren’t a princess and you never would be, you were broken from childhood trauma and there was no doubt that, no matter how hard you tried to convince yourself, you’d come out with even more irreversible
damage from the atrocities you faced here with Ren. You sighed as she smiled at her groom, how could you possibly recover from these transgressions and form a normal relationship with anyone? To you, a happy marriage, or regular relationship with anyone seemed impossible.

*I can’t stand how in love they are.*

You furrowed your brows as Ren’s voice came through your head, you looked up at him puzzled. *I should have tripped her.* You let out a snort at his comment, it was so evil yet so funny. You crossed your arms and looked down at the floor again, this was so boring. *Their emotions. They sicken me.* It’s why I got so drunk this morning, because I knew I was going to have to put up with this today. Well, the truth finally came out as to why Kylo got drunk. He hates seeing people happy, just as you did. You had to wonder if it was due to the same reasons you did; was his past broken as well?

*I’ll never be capable of love like these two are. It’s why I have you. I don’t have to love you, Vermin.* You squinted at his explanation, feeling just the smallest bit of resentment at his words. Should you feel insulted? Maybe not, because you had no plans to love him either.

The priest’s speech went on and on, you had managed to tune him out after a while before the groom had begun reciting his vows. You smiled, his were short, sweet, and to the point, leaving you with a warm and lovely feeling inside. He wiped a tear out of his eye before the bride stated hers, which flowed much nicer and were full of symbolism. It melted your heart, you could only hope that one day you’d be this loved, but knew it would be next to impossible.

Then it was time for the big kiss. The part that everyone always looked forward to when it came to weddings. The groom lifted his bride’s veil, and even though you didn’t know these two people at all you were happy for them. You leaned forward in anticipation, and once their lips met the entire crowd applauded for them. You clapped your hands together while Ren still sat and stewed next to you, that’s when you realized something had definitely changed within you. It wasn’t like you to be so proud of strangers, especially strangers that were in love. You weren’t sure why you had changed, if it had anything to do with Ren and his determination to make you less selfish, or over the fact that you considered the life you were currently living with him to be so awful that you were just happy to see these two people thriving, or what. It was different, and it felt good to be kind and caring instead of cold and bitter. You sat back, smiling at the bride and groom as they walked past you arm in arm. It was a good thing today would be the last day Kylo would get to work with you on changing your attitude.

You had managed to avoid both Cass and Hux the entire time while everyone filed out of the church and into the back of it where the reception was being held. Everyone took their turn filing out of the front doors and around the church, you eyeballed the road in front of you as you exited the church. Now would have been the perfect time to make a run for it but Ren wasn’t distracted. His ironclad grip on your wrist as he led you to the reception also made it impossible to get away from him, so instead you huddled as close to him as possible. You didn’t want to give him ideas that you were planning on bolting as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

So you stayed close to him, watching everyone as they ate and mingled about with one another. Everyone seemed so happy and so free, you hated feeling like the odd one out. Would these people know that you were currently held captive by Ren? Were they questioning to themselves who you were and what were you doing here? Were they eyeing the bandage that covered your cheek and wondered what was underneath of it? If you asked for help, slipped someone a note or whispered in someone’s ear, would they help you? Or would they just report you to Ren? You curled your hands into fists at your sides, you were in this alone. You had to take your freedom into your own hands,
all of these people were afraid of Ren and the First Order, they weren’t going to help you.

You had to find a way to distract him. Your heart raced as you took yet another look around, no one was looking at or engaging the two of you so you were doubtful that anyone would come up to him and distract him. You spotted Cass and Hux standing at the other end of the lawn, Hux had his arm around her waist and they were happily speaking to someone else who was in a general’s uniform. Hux pushed a piece of hair behind Cass’s ear and placed a kiss on her temple, he was showing her off. It made your skin crawl, thinking about him telling that man what he makes Cass do him in bed. She really did look much older the way Hux had her done up, he probably wanted her to appear more mature rather than the feeble looking teenager girl she always looked like--he had to keep face somehow. The poor girl, if only you could take her with you during your escape.

You reached up to your plainly straight hair out of nervousness, you had forgotten to grab her gift on your way up this morning. Although it really didn’t matter because Cass was angry at you, she’d probably be taking it back as soon as she got back home without you.

Your eyes traveled the crowd until you spied the buffet table. It was covered in a white cloth, long, and lined with tons of different looking foods. You realized this was probably your best means of escape, maybe if you sent Ren over to go get you some food since he currently wasn’t socializing with anyone you could slip away, or you could act like you were going to get some food at the far end of the table and the make a run for it. You felt your fingers shaking in nervousness, there was no use putting it off. You wanted your freedom and you wanted it right then and there.

“Supreme Leader?” You spoke up timidly. “What is it?” He snapped at you, it was clear he was on edge and probably still hung over. You pitied him, he must have had a major migraine. The fact that he was irritated with their love probably didn’t help.

“I’m hungry. Will you go get us some food?” He finally looked down at you with his bloodshot eyes, he looked like he was in so much pain and you were inconveniencing him by asking for food. “Absolutely not.” He said, you almost let the disappointment show on your face. “These people are allied with the First Order, yet we don’t know for sure that we won’t be poisoned.” You sighed, looked down to the grass that was currently engulfing the heel of your shoes. So much for that plan. “You loaded up on alcohol this morning, I didn’t.” You said under your breath, but evidently Ren still heard the insult. “You keep your mouth shut, or I will force you to your knees and feed you my cum since you’re so hungry.” He whispered, a handful of people twisted their heads toward you with a look of disgust. Ren didn’t seem to care, he just went on looking angrily at everyone around him.

You tried not to let it get to you, you held out hope that the two of you would be doing much more than just standing here in the corner of the reception scowling at people. It would seem that it was the only thing Ren had on his agenda. Every once and a while someone of importance would come up and shake hands with him, they’d exchange a few words and they’d walk off, but other than that you were heavily discouraged. No one talked to him for longer than a few minutes at a time, you began to lose hope once your feet began to hurt from standing in heels for so long.

“Could we please go sit over there at that table?” You asked boldly. “My feet hurt.” Ren glared at you, but soon his face softened up as he told you that his were too. He took the first step he had in some time through the crowd and over to the small set of tables next to a clearing. You wasted no time in collapsing next to another couple who scooted away from both you and Ren. You crossed your legs and took a look around at your new view of the lawn, you noticed that the clearing was due to a small stage set up next to the tables. You assumed that this is where the bride would be having her dance with the groom, but currently it was empty. You had never been much of a dancer, and when you did dance it was mostly of the erotic variety. You were sort of excited to see the two of them dance, but you were more excited to make your own exit.
Time passed, you still didn’t get your opportunity to escape. You hadn’t found a window and you were growing jittery with concern, that was until a group of people approached both you and Ren.

“Afternoon, Supreme Leader.” Said the man, you turned around and were greeted with a complete stranger and two familiar faces: Cass and Hux. “Yes?” Kylo retorted, pressing his fingers into his forehead to alleviate the pain brewing in his skull. “On behalf of the Princess, we’d like to invite you and your date onstage for a dance. The crowd would like for you and the General to grace us with a slow dance before the princess throws her bouquet and dances with her husband.” The man smiled politely at Ren and instant red flags fly up in your mind. A dance, with Ren? Absolutely not! Everyone’s eyes would be on you at all times and you would have no chance of getting away. Even if that weren’t the case your feet were still sore from standing up for so long, there was no way you’d be able to dance with anyone.

You turned away, fully expecting Ren to tell the man no since he was so agitated but he did the exact opposite. “We would love to.” He said, you threw your hand over your heart in shock. “What?!” You shrieked, now losing all hope. “Ren, you can’t, you can’t possibly--”

“How, Vee.” He said, possessively taking a hold of your wrist and pulling you to your hurt feet. “Everyone here should know that you’re mine. It’s the perfect opportunity.” You feel your lip quiver, your eyes locked with Cass for a hot second before she looked up lovingly at Hux. Obviously this was her kind of thing, not yours. “Do we really have to do this?” You whispered to him, but clearly he didn’t care about your questions. “You have to do everything I tell you to do, Vee.” He stated, and you knew you had lost this argument before it even begun.

It was quiet as you were pulled up onto the wooden stage, you stood in between Ren and Cass who was happily holding onto Hux’s arm while she looked out at everyone who was now looking up at you. It was clear that the other three people on the stage were looking forward to this dance, while you were the only one cowering away afraid.

The man stepped in front of both you and Cass, quieting everyone down and asking for their attention. “May I present the leaders of the First Order, Supreme Leader Kylo Ren and General Armitage Hux.” He held his arms up to each of you, the faces in the crowd all reflect excitement as the stare at Cass and Hux, but once their eyes make it to you their excitement fades. “It is customary to have the leaders of the Order perform a dance at a royal wedding, so everyone please sit back and admire your leaders as they enjoy a slow dance with one another.” It almost seems as if the man wants to hurry it along as well, his speech is short and to the point like he was nervous being on stage with you. Amidst the applause from the crowd the man stepped off the stage, leaving you awkwardly staring down at everyone else until they stopped speaking.

You were startled to find yourself swiftly pulled into Ren. He turned you around, grasped one of your hands in his and rested the other on your shoulder blade. “Behave yourself.” He whispered right after the slow music started. You looked cut your eyes to the mass of people one more time, this was possibly even more horrifying than what you originally thought, more horrifying than your original escape plan. “You didn’t know how to slow dance, you didn’t know if Ren knew how to slow dance and the last thing you needed was to be humiliated off the stage and rushed back home before getting a chance to run away.

Ren placed his face close to your ear and breathed against your already so sensitive skin. “Do you know how to dance?” You felt the fine hairs on the back of your neck stand up at his warm breath on your ear, behind you you could feel Cass and Hux beginning to move in tandem and you felt stupid just standing there. You couldn’t find your voice, you could only sadly shake your head in response to his question.
“That’s alright.” He said sounding extremely confident in himself. “Place your hand on my shoulder and move with me. It will come naturally.” With no other option but to comply you slapped your free hand onto his shoulder, and with that your first lesson in slow dancing took off.

It started out slow and easy. He rocked you back and forth and you stepped with him, it was a little tricky at first with your shoes and how tight your dress was, but as you got the rhythm down it became much easier. Step, touch. Step, touch. It was easy, it was sensual, and dare you say it, it was enjoyable. Ren’s grip on you wasn’t too harsh on either your hand or your shoulder, he was gentle and kind as he taught you his moves. You smiled as you stared down at his shirt, grew brave enough to lift your eyes to his and found him looking down at you softly. He was no longer rigid, angry, and frustrated. He was soft, caring, and nurturing in that moment, something that you had never seen during your time with him.

“There you go.” He praised you, you allowed a smile to crack over your lips as he swayed you back and forth. “Follow my movements, you’re doing great.”

His movements got much broader as the slow music picked up, you found that he was turning you around. You giggled as you looked down at your own feet as he moved the two of you in a full circle, it was a lovely moment that you had never had before in your life, it was just such a shame that it was shared with a brute that you were still planning on running away from.

You and Ren slow danced for another few minutes before he let go of your shoulder and lifted your hand in the air. You knew what you were supposed to do, you had seen this so many times. Keeping a loose grip on his hand you twirled in a circle on stage, and once you got back to him you were engulfed in his embrace. Your bodies pressed together as he received you into his arms and held you tight, once again your hand was in his and the two of you were gazing into each other’s eyes.

His hand dropped to your chin and yours dropped to both of his shoulders. You couldn’t believe that the man who had caged you, beat you, and burned you could turn around and be this gentle with you. Maybe it was because you had followed all of his rules this day, you danced with him, you were quiet in the church and you hadn’t given him any problems. If only he had been this kind and gentle man the entire time you had been with him. If only he could promise you to be this kind and gentle man for the rest of your contract. Maybe you would consider staying with him.

But no. Not even the kiss that he placed on your lips right then and there in front of thousands of people would change your mind. It meant nothing to you, it just came naturally after having such a blissful moment with him. His hand came around your jaw as he held you there, you kissed him back only because it was the right thing to do. You didn’t hate it, you didn’t enjoy it, it was just a kiss that came with the slow dance. If it’s what you had to do to get him off your back so that you could try and get away, then by all means your lips would be on his for however long he wanted.

Suddenly there was applause around you, Ren tore his lips away from yours and you turned around to see the man walking over to you applauding, leading the crowd until it died down. You fell out of Ren’s arms but he still held onto your hand. Alas, you would be unable to bolt from the stage.

“Ladies and gentlemen, Supreme Leader Ren and General Hux.” He held his arms up to you and the crowd cheered once again, you took a cautionary look over at Cass and Hux and found her once again looking all moon eyed up at him. She was so proud of him, but when her eyes met yours her smile faded to an uninterested glare. You rolled your eyes and looked back to the man, you wouldn’t be around for Cass to sneer at for much longer. She didn’t have to worry her pretty little head one bit.

“Now, as tradition has it each man may switch dance partners.” Your jaw fell open and, in your hand, you felt Ren go completely tense. “What?” You asked, completely taken aback
“What?” Ren asked.


“Please, Supreme Leader.” The man said as a smug smile grew across his face. “I insist. The princess won’t be able to complete her tradition without your compliance.” You watched as Ren began to turn white, clearly embarrassed by being put on the spot as such. You turned around and saw Hux was fuming, possessively holding Cass against his body as if he would never let go. You looked back to Ren only to find him reaching for your shoulder to push you toward the couple. “Go on, sweetheart.” He encouraged you. “It’s just one dance. It’ll do no harm.” You furrowed your brows at him, you didn’t want to dance with Hux! If anything he should be dancing with Hux so he could be distracted so you could run away.

“Go Cass. Go dance with the man.” You once again turned around to see Cass stepping gingerly toward you, it was clear you had no choice in the matter. You looked to the ground as to not catch Cass’s eyes as you passed her, walked right up to the General and simply stared at him. He was busy looking over your head at Cass, but you were too afraid to peek over your shoulder at them. Instead he forcefully took your body into his arms, took your hand in his and you were left to place your own hand on his shoulder. “Let’s get this over with.” He whispered, rolling his eyes. As soon as the soft music started once again Hux took a massive step to begin his dance.

His movements were much sharper and less precise than Kylo’s were, you could tell he was only doing this because he was being forced to and you hated it. Instead of stepping to the side a few times to warm up he immediately moved to walking you in circles, and once you had made it 90 degrees he craned his head to look at his woman dancing with Ren. You took a look as well, they both looked just as awkward as you felt.

“Tell me, woman,” Hux said completely out of the blue. “Is ‘Vee’ your real name?”

“No, sir.” You said, being respectful as he had never given you a reason to disrespect him. Hux raised his brows before taking another look over at Cass, oh how you wished this dance could just end. “Well that is good to hear, that Ren didn’t actually name you Vermin.” You didn’t know how to reply, instead you stared down at his breast bone, being careful to not step on his feet while the two of you completed your robotic movements. “Perhaps you may change your name to ‘Venus’ in the near future. Such a beautiful name would fit such a beautiful woman.” You blushed, looked down to the floor and smiled at the compliment, you for sure were not expecting that. “Thank you, General. I truly appreciate it.”

“Actually come to think of it, now that I have you alone now is the perfect opportunity to have a word with you.” You looked up and found that his smile had quickly turned to an angry grimace. For a second you thought you were in trouble, that Cass had spoiled your plan to the General and he was going to punish you for trying to get away. Your heartbeat quickened as your grip on his hand tightened, this would not end well for you if you had both Ren and Hux on your ass for your escape plan.

“You see that woman over there, in the arms of the mongrel that you work for?” He asked, spinning you around so that you caught sight of Cass and Ren. They were both smiling at each other, Ren had his hand on her hip and, for a split second, you felt just half a pang of jealousy. Clearly they had something you didn’t, and it wasn’t as if you wanted the moment they were sharing. It was just he seemed happier dancing with her than he did with you. Shouldn’t it have been the other way around?

“She means the world to me. I love her, and no matter what you think I’ve done to her to alter her mind, I can assure you that nothing has happened. Now, that brings me to my next point…” He said, bringing his head closer to your face, you cowered away from him, removed your hand from his
shoulder as he stopped moving and released your other hand. “I will not tolerate you placing lies
about me and the Order in her head. You are a danger to her, and if I had it my way I would remove
her from that room where you would never see her again. But unfortunately I cannot, but hear this
loud and clear: I will not have you set a poor example for her. She is happy, she is well cared for,
and there is nothing you can do to change that.”

You were shaking as you gawked at him, for some reason you were ten times more terrified of Hux
than you were of Ren. The only thing you could do was simply nod your head once, and when he
finally let go of you he shoved you further to the edge of the stage. He then simply turned around
and stared at Cass and Ren as they carried on with their nonsense. You had been right, they were
perfect for each other. Ren’s hand traveled lower and lower and along her hip until it had rested on
Cass’s ass, you watched as she ducked her head and giggled while Ren mouthed something to her.
Clearly words were being exchanged that you couldn’t hear, but that was okay. Beside you Hux was
quivering in anger, but the music was still going. The dance had not ended, and you realized this was
it. This was your time to leave. Everyone’s attention was trained to the stage, no one would notice
you leaving. You took one more cautionary look at Ren and found that his back was turned, it was
the perfect time for you to simply disappear into the crowd.

You bit down on your lip as you turned on your heel, you didn’t want to take the time to worry, to
wait for him to do one more circle with Cass. You had to go now, you couldn’t hesitate. You closed
your eyes as you turned around, whispered a quiet ‘excuse me’ to the people that were standing
behind you and took your first step to freedom. Maybe this would be far easier than you thought with
Ren flirting with Hux’s woman.

Chapter End Notes

I dare you guys to go read through Teach Me and Consider It and count how many
times I spelled "Crowd" "Crowed" because god damn I can never write that word
without an e the first time lol. #writerwoes
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Although people surrounded every inch of you, clapping and celebrating as Cass and Ren finally finished their dance, the only thing you could hear was the constant pounding of your heart in your ears and the sound of each step you were taking away from the stage. It was packed, everywhere you turned there were people of all races standing in your way. “Excuse me.” You whispered quietly while keeping your head down, and as soon as they’d move a fraction of an inch to the side you’d squeeze in between them and the other person next to them. It was surreal, you couldn’t believe you were finally taking matters into your own hands and getting away. And what was better: It would be easy.

You had thought it out as best as you could as soon as you got a chance to study the church. Everyone was mingling about the left side where you had come in from, you thought your best chance was to hope the gate on the other side was open and sneak out that way. At least there wouldn’t be a lot of eyes on you, it seemed like the safest way rather than sneaking past everyone at the main gate. From there you’d be in front of the church, all you had to do was flag down a vehicle, explain the horrifying situation you were in, and then simply wait for them to take you to the help you needed. You had it down, you repeated it in your head multiple times as you slunk off to the right of the church. Get to the gate, get to the street, get help. That’s all you had to do. Gate, street, help. Gate, street, help.

Staring down at the grass below you, you accidentally bumped into someone a little too hard and they looked down at you in disgust. “Watch where you’re going!” The old man said, peering down at you through the large lenses of his glasses. “Sorry, sir.” You said, then squeezed past him once again. You were sweating, your ears were ringing in alarm as he rudely told you to be more careful. It was at that moment when you realized the music had stopped and a round of applause erupted around you. The dance was over, Ren would no longer be occupied with Cass. You let out a worried cry as you swept yourself past him, you had gotten this far, you couldn’t stop.

You pushed your way past everyone, now just a bit rougher than you were before since you knew Ren had likely noticed you were gone by now. You shuttered at the idea of him seeking you out in the crowd, the thought of him coming after you after figuring out you were no longer around sent raw adrenaline shooting throughout your body and you walked even faster. You didn’t even bother to apologize or be courteous as you pushed past people. Your life was on the line, you were sure if they were in the same situation they would have done the same thing.

It took you another minute or so before you finally reached a clearing big enough for you to trot over to the large wooden fence that surrounded the church, and you wasted no time in running over to the gate and essentially throwing yourself into it. “Fuck!” You breathed out, staring up at the gate that was at least three feet taller than you were. It was locked, no matter how hard you pushed on it and no matter how long you fiddled with the large, metal latch it wouldn’t budge. You looked up above the gate at the vast beautiful sky, you had to jump. You had to jump and as soon as you hit the ground you had to run.

And never look back.

You didn’t think twice about kicking your uncomfortable heels off and jumping up to grasp one of the wooden planks. You couldn’t suppress your grunt as you attempted to hoist yourself up to the next plank but unfortunately failed when you didn’t have the strength to pull yourself up far enough.
You went crashing down to the ground in defeat, landing on your feet and turning around just in time to hear someone familiar shout:

“He needs to learn how to keep his hands off my woman!”

You cringed at the sound of Hux’s angry voice as it carried over to you, everyone that you could see was looking concerningly over at the stage. You knew he was uninterested while he was dancing at you, the way he kept his eyes glued to Cass as Ren, your man, ran his hands all over her body. Even you couldn’t believe it, he hadn’t touched you like that, why would he feel it was appropriate to touch her like that where both you and Hux could see him? He had a lot of nerve, but in the end it didn’t matter. It wouldn’t involve you any longer, but only if you could make it to the other side of the church yard without being detected.

“And now you’re walking away, after taking it upon yourself to grope Cass’s ass like I wasn’t standing five feet away from you? Have you no morals or values Ren?”

Once again Hux was shouting loud enough so that you could hear him, but his declaration about Ren walking away sent a stake through your heart. He was after you, you knew he was coming for you.

You bit down on your lip as you tucked your head down and traveled as quickly as nonchalantly as you could toward the back of the crowd, around the less busy outskirts and managed to sneak a look at the stage. It was true, Ren was gone. The only people that were up on the stage were the princess and her now husband, you could make out the back of Cass’s head looking eagerly up at her, you imagined she was beyond starstruck.

Just before you looked away you caught sight of the one person you didn’t want to see, and he was staring in your direction. He stood there unmoving, his eyes scanning the crowd for you while his mouth curled into an angry frown. You were frozen in fear, you were unable to move because you felt that’s what he was looking for. He was standing in the corner from which you came, and just before you came to the realization that you were out in the open where you were more easily spotted you watched him raise his arm in frustration while he let out an angry sigh and shook his head. In his hand sat one of the shoes you had been wearing, your anxiety increased tenfold in that short moment. The only thing you were certain of was that you had to hide, deeper into the crowd where he would not be as likely to see you. It would take you longer to get to the open entrance, but it was safer. You made a sharp right into the mass of people, now fully panicking as you shoved your way past everyone and heading to the front of the crowd.

People audibly objected as you kept your neck and arms close to your body to lower your chances of being seen in the crowd, you still weren’t sure how the Force worked and you prayed to every higher being that he wouldn’t use it to find you. You closed your eyes for just a moment, trying to recall where you were in relation to the stage and the exit. You were too nervous to think straight, you could only see his angry face desperately searching for you. It was petrifying, and it caused your thoughts to cloud so badly that you didn’t see the large, deep red ball gown falling back toward you, Cass’s arms stretched wide in the air as she chased something that was falling from the sky.

“I’ve got it!” She squealed, you hadn’t realized that you had entered a clearing at the front of the stage until it was too late. The two of you collided and both of you fell to the ground, Cass sat on top of you and had knocked the air right from your lungs. You opened your eyes to find every set of eyes imaginable on you, Cass twisted herself so she was kneeling on top of you and was looking down at you with a look of shock on her face.

“Who caught it?” The same man from your dance called out, appearing in your vision behind Cass. “Who caught the bouquet?”
“Vee did!” Cass shouted, you didn’t realize what was going on until you lifted your arm and, sure enough, the bouquet of white flowers the princess had carried throughout the church had fallen from the crook of your arm. “Shit.” You whispered, you had officially drawn too much attention to yourself. “Vee caught the flowers, she’s getting married next!” Cass shouted, although her words seemed to match her giddy and childish personality her face said otherwise. She looked like a flustered princess, clearly she was meant to catch the bouquet but you had ruined her plans. She pressed her fingernails into the flesh your arm that was holding up the flowers, trying to bring you harm for being the object that the flowers landed on. It all seemed so juvenile, and you didn’t have time for her or her flowers. In one swift movement you threw her to the ground, earning a yelp from her but you didn’t care. You allowed the flowers to fall from your body and onto her before you stood as quickly as you could. You couldn’t bring yourself to look behind you to see where Kylo was, because from all the commotion that Cass caused you were sure he had found you.

You staggered to your feet and unapologetically ran face first into the crowd, you didn’t hold back, your life was still on the line. You increased your speed as you weaved in and out of the several bodies that stood in your way, you felt like at any moment you could turn around and find Ren searching for you. It was nerve wracking, but as the crowd thinned out you knew you were getting closer and closer to the exit of the yard. You were so close to your freedom, you could taste it on the very tip of your tongue.

You finally let go of your breath once you reached the open gate, and before you threw all caution to the wind and booked it, you took a look over your shoulder. Kylo was so tall that you could tell he had found you, you could see his raven hair shining in the bright sun making his way through the crowd after you. You felt your heart and stomach both jump in your body as you looked back in front of you, you were sure you had never ran as fast as you had through that gate.

As to not make any noise you bit down hard on your tongue. It all came down to this. He was already after you, he had likely already seen you leave. You needed help, and you needed it right then and there.

You lifted your head to look down the road and felt as if you were the luckiest woman in the world when none other than a bright yellow taxi cab was coming your way. You let your mouth fall open and, against your better judgement, a blood curdling scream fall from between your teeth as you didn’t even bother looking the other way before running right out in front of the taxi. “Stop! Please stop!” You cried out as you waved your hands in the air, the taxi driver had seen you right away and immediately pressed on his brakes, screeching to a stop just inches in front of you.

You didn’t even wait for a response from anyone, you ran as fast as you could to the unoccupied passenger side of the cab and frantically pulled on the door handle. “You have to help me! Open the door!” You cried out as you waved your hands in the air, the taxi driver had seen you right away and immediately pressed on his brakes, screeching to a stop just inches in front of you.

You threw yourself into the cab, babbling a mix of relieved curse words, thank yous, and hurrys. You finally grew the courage to look up at the gate from where you came, there was nothing there. It was just an empty gateway to a bustling wedding reception, you had did it. You made it out and you’d have your freedom. “Take me to the local police!” You demanded, allowing the relief to finally flood your body as you reached over to shut the door. You closed your eyes, leaning over as fast as you could to reach the door handle but your hand collided with something much, much different.

Rough, warm fabric sat under your fingers, a much larger hand grasped the underside of your wrist,
but before you even had the chance to speculate what was going on, it was too late.

“Where do you think you’re going, Vermin?” Your breath caught painfully in your throat. He wrapped his hand around the top of your arm and pulled you right out of the car as if you were a feather. You screamed, managed to grasp onto the frame of the door for a hot second all while begging the cab driver to help you. He looked just as helpless as you were, his eyes full of fear as Kylo hooked his arm under your hips and used his other to pry your fingers from the door. With one quick jerk of his hips he pulled you free from the cab and threw you onto the asphalt, your plans had been ruined, completely dashed by none other than the man whom you were escaping from.

And you knew your punishment would be severe.

“You still have time left on your contract.” He said, lifting you by the front of your shirt as the cab drove off behind him. “No, please! Just let me go!” You pleaded with him, but you knew it was in vain. He carried you like a piece of luggaged over to the sidewalk of the church, by now all of the people who attended the wedding had crowded around the gate, gawking as Kylo stood angrily over you. You tried to back up away from him, crawled all the way up into the grass before he seized you by your hair and held you up to him. “I’m so very disappointed in you, Vee.” He said, he was strangely calm despite the fact that you were terrified of what he would do to you next. You did the only thing you could think to do in that moment: You apologized to him.

“I’m sorry, Supreme Leader!” You said, feeling quite like Cass as you were essentially kissing up to him in order to stay safe as she often admit she did. “Please, it was a mistake. I’m sorry!” He pulled you closer to him as he shook his head and let out a heavy sigh. “You aren’t sorry, Vermin.” He said, placing his hand on your temple. “But you sure are going to be.” It was the last thing you heard before the sudden onslaught of sleepiness took over your body. Everything went back and the last thing you felt was your body fall to the rough, unforgiving grass below you.

When you woke your entire body was sore. Something hard was beneath you and you were in the most uncomfortable position ever. You groaned as you slowly regained your consciousness, moving your head left and right before you realized that something was wrong. Your arms, they were immobile. Your wrists were shackled above your head against the large wooden object you were leaning on, when you picked up your head you were horrified to see that you were shackled to the podium in the front of the church the Princess had just been married in. What was even worse was the five or six different men sitting in the audience staring at you. What was this, some kind of sick joke?

“She’s awake.” Ren said from behind you, you looked over to your right just in time to see him leaning in your field of vision smiling cryptically again. “How are you feeling?” He asked you, but you didn’t have it within yourself to answer. You pulled at your restraints, the podium was so tall your toes just barely touched the ground. You couldn’t imagine what he had in store for you, but you knew that, whatever it was, it was going to be painfully embarrassing and sexual in nature. You dropped your head to the wood and began sobbing. You had failed. You had failed yourself and you were almost certain that now your necklace would be ripped from your neck forever, gone in front of these few people that were sadistic enough to watch whatever Kylo had planned for you.

“Ah, why bother.” He said, once again disappearing behind you once again. “Everyone, let me introduce you to Vee, my contracted assistant.” You noticed one man in the front leaned forward in his seat just a tad, his eyes sparkling in delight of what Kylo was saying. “And I’ll start with asking her this question: Vee, how long did we agree on for your contract, Sweetie?” He asked as if you
were a happy couple, asking his woman how long they had been dating now. It was massively sickening, and you weren’t planning on answering him until his palm came down hard on your backside. It was then you realized that your underwear was missing in action.

“I can’t hear you, Vermin.” He warned, squeezing the flesh of your ass intimidatingly. “How long did you sign a contract for?” Your fists curled as you once again pulled back on your restraints, hoping that you’d somehow fall free from the danger that existed all around you. You had never ‘agreed’ to spending any kind of time with him, you were tricked into signing the contract but of course Kylo would never allow you to admit that. “Eight-Eighteen months!” You said, and in response Kylo purred in your ear as he caressed your stinging ass. “Very good.” His hand finally left your backside as he returned to the front of the stage. He crossed his arms behind his back before addressed the small crowd once again, speaking as if you weren’t there.

“You see, I just caught Miss Vee trying to run away from me no more than twenty minutes ago. Vee here is blind, she just can't see how good she has it. She refuses to acknowledge the horrible conditions she lived in prior to her contract with me. She can only see the bad in our relationship, how she must be punished when she does wrong. She won’t admit that I am helping her, or that I only want the best for her.” His voice hard and cut into your ego like an axe lit with hatred. Why was he making you out to be the bad guy here? The man was deranged, yes you were eating well with him and, for the most part, thriving, but you were still here against you will and you were forced to have sex with him. You were a thousand percent certain that you would have been better off without him, at least without him your cheek would not have been scarred for the rest of your life. Under your bandage your skin began to crawl, was he about to take one of those candles and burn the other side of your face?

“Instead, she forces me to do things like this to her. To punish her, to keep her locked up until she learns her lesson, which she still hasn’t yet. She doesn’t know how good she has it here. She doesn’t know how good she has it with me, she doesn’t know that there are men, women, and creatures out there that would torture her so much worse, subject her to atrocities unthinkable in order to teach her the lessons in decency she needs. Instead, she’s lucky to get this.” Kylo said, stopping and adding emphasis to his final word. You craned your neck but couldn’t see what he was talking about, you looked to the audience and saw everyone nearly vibrating in excitement over whatever he had up his sleeve. It was unsettling, you could only hope that whatever it was it would be over quickly.

“Vee, as always I'm punishing you out of necessity. You must get it through your incredibly thick skull that plotting and performing escape attempts is not permitted in your contract.” Suddenly there was something small and leathery at the area of skin between your ass and thighs, it was cold and caused you to jump. You were about to receive another spanking, but this time you’d have an audience. “You know I don’t like doing this to you. You know I hate seeing you in pain. But you leave me no choice.” It traveled along your skin until Kylo rested it at the base of your spine, you felt almost as if you were going to vomit all over the podium. “Please, I’m sorry Supreme Leader!” You begged for his forgiveness, flashbacks of your first spanking came to mind and how painful it was. Whatever he was about to punish you with was going to be far worse than the belt, you could already tell.

“Sorry doesn’t cut it, Vee. Perhaps, once we’re finished here, you’ll reconsider running away.” The small piece of leather was lifted from your backside momentarily before it came cracking back down, causing you to jolt and cry out as the white hot pain radiated throughout the small affected area. Whatever the object was, it was smaller than the belt which, for whatever reason, caused so much more pain than the first time you were spanked. You balled your fists as Kylo loudly demanded you count your lashes just like last time, you found yourself pressing your pelvis into the wood as a feeble effort to stay away from the beating.
You knew there was no fighting it, the last time you refused this punishment it only got you more lashes and ended with you lying face down defeated in his carpet. “One!” You yelled, he brought the long, skinny object down onto your bare skin once again. You lunged forward, causing the podium to rock even though it had been cemented to the ground. “T-T-Two!” You screamed, opening your eyes for a hot second and seeing that the excited man in the very front of the church had a wide grin at your punishment. What a sick fuck. What a disgusting man. What kind of person would enjoy seeing a woman in this kind of situation?

Ren hit you a third time, this time on your thighs. Your restraints rattled against the wood as you barked out the word three, and by the 4th lash you had come to completely regret even thinking about getting away from him. This was stupid. This was not worth it. You roared the number five throughout the church as he whipped you one more time on a completely new area of your skin, how idiotic could you have been to think that you would have been able to run away the Supreme Leader of the First Order? Even if you did get away he would certainly have the resources to hunt you down, you didn't even want to think about what he would do to you when he dragged you back to him.

He whipped you again, as you shouted the word ‘six’ he chuckled while running the object over the curve of your ass. “Now you’re learning, Vee.” You could hear the satisfaction in his voice in tandem with the sound of the object whizzing through the air. He laid the 7th beating down on you with no remorse, rubbing in the fact that his punishments were starting to take effect just as he wanted them to do. You shook your head, you had to be stronger than this. You were a Loper, you could handle anything that was thrown at you. The pain was temporary, but the lasting effect was not. He read your thoughts and he could see that he was winning, you couldn’t let it last.

You still had your first escape plan in your mind, Kylo Ren had not won this round.

He had subjected you to ten painful lashes. They left you sore and exhausted, but far from broken. Your fingers and toes twitched as you calmed yourself, leaning all of your body weight on the podium suddenly everyone in the audience erupted in laughter and applause. Again, a bunch of sick fucks. But it was over, it was over and now all you had to do was keep a low profile until you had your perfect opportunity to escape. But first, Kylo had to free you from your restraints.

“Oh, we’re not done yet.” He said, lifting up your dress after it had fallen. “It’s been a while since we’ve been intimate, hasn’t it?” You gasped loudly as you body convulsed at the contact with your still burning skin, he was joking. He must be. There was just no way he was going to fuck you in front of all these people. He was too possessive, too proud, too protective of you. Or at least, that’s what you wanted to think. He let you dance with the General, he walked you around the ship with a collar. He had no shame, but you still wanted to believe that he wasn’t going to force you to do this kind of thing in front of all these strangers.

“No, Supreme Leader.” You said, almost completely out of breath. You heard something clamor to the floor next to you and managed to open your eyes wide enough to see the weapon of choice for your assault: A long, brown, riding crop. Something Faither and horse riders would hit their horses with. Your lip quivered, he thought you were nothing but livestock. Ren stepped closer to you, lightly pressing himself against your ass while he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. “Ah, Vee.” He said, you could feel him rubbing the head of his cock against your already hurting and painful flesh. “We haven’t gotten to try out that new implant yet, have we?” You jumped, rocking the podium just as you had when he was whipping you with the crop. No, now was not the time for that. The forced sex in front of these sick strangers was something you could handle, but the doctor had specifically told you not to have sex until your period came and went. It was late, hadn’t come at all on time but you figured it was due to the insane amount of stress you constantly lived with. You shook your head wildly as Kylo gripped both side of your hips and positioned you against him, you
could almost feel his smug smile as he ran his hands through your sweaty hair and shushed you.

“Not right now, please not yet.” You managed to say after you had quieted your sobs. You arched your back in order to save what was left of your sore backside, but as he forced his way into your incredibly dry entrance you knew there was no stopping him. He sighed as he sunk deeper and deeper into you. As he came out you felt like you were going to vomit. It had been so long since the two of you had sex, you knew this was going to last forever.

His speed picked up after a while as usual, your hands were growing tingly and numb as your blood circulation began to falter in those areas of your body. You groaned as the rough fabric of his pants and his uniform shirt ground into you, tears once again began falling down your cheeks as this new assault on your body continued for what felt like forever.

“Are you ready for it?” He asked you. “No, Ren please don’t nut in me!” You begged, you pleaded, you cried to him to please not finish in you. The fear of pregnancy was too real when he was explicitly doing this to hurt you, to punish you for your wrong doings. “Oh hush.” He chided, reaching up your back and tangling his fingers in your hair once again. “I’ve been waiting for this, to properly mark you as mine.” He was out of breath, his movements were sloppy as he chased his orgasm. You were panicking, so many things were happening at once but the only thing you could focus on was how close he was. Your chains were clattering against the wood, he was fucking you so hard that the podium was rocking back and forth again, the people in the audience were growing excited and everything put together made you feel like you were going to throw up.

Finally it all ended. A warm feeling grew in your center and you knew the worst had finally happened. Ren stilled for just a moment as he tried to catch his breath, but then pulled out of you. You could feel his seed following his cock, felt his fingers as he swiped up with his two fingers, then reached up and spread his cum all over your ass. You twitched at the feeling, finally succumbing to the defeat Ren wanted you to feel in that moment. You relaxed, allowed your body to fall to the floor, held up by your restraints as he leaned down onto you, then whispered possessively into your ear the words you desperately didn’t want to hear:

“You, are, mine.”

Chapter End Notes

I wrote this instead of editing a script a friend of mine sent over. I just really love you guys.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

There was uncomfortable silence as you walked standing straight up behind Ren. You stared at the back of his head as you tried to think of something--anything to keep your mind off of the stinging feeling of your dress rubbing painfully against your still stinging flesh as well as the humiliating feeling of his cum slowly cooling and seeping down your leg. This was awful, you didn’t think Kylo Ren could get so depraved. When he finally released you from your chains you slumped down to the floor, the attempt to grasp the side of the podium to hold yourself up was futile as your legs refused to hold your weight. You could do nothing but sit quivering on the floor while Ren announced to the applauding crowd that he hoped, just as much as they did, that you learned your lesson. But from the excited sounds coming from out in front of you, you highly doubted that they hoped anything would happen to you other than what would earn you another punishment.

The two of you walked to the transport center where you were led once again to his ship, and as you started to board uncomfortable and angry flashbacks from when you had to jump into his lap to save his life went rolling through your mind. You grimaced as you sat in your seat behind him, just as he did before he set the ship to life. If only he had been drunk still when you were running away, or when he was spanking you; maybe then you would have had an even better chance of getting away. Your backside hurt against the solid leather seat, you almost wished he would crash into a satellite this time around. That way, at least you would have been put out of your misery.

“I do appreciate your efforts to save our lives.” Kylo spoke up as he steered the ship in the direction of the airstrip. “Do you now?” You asked, rolling your eyes as you simply stared at his headrest. For obvious reasons, you didn’t believe him. “I do, Vee. It only shows that I was right back there at the church, you’re finally understanding why you’ve been placed with me.”

“No, you’re wrong.” You said, speaking out against him while you once again felt tears welling in your eyes. “Wrong about what, my dear?” He asked just before picking up speed and sending the two of you rocketing into space. “Everything, everything you say is a lie!” It sounded childish, but it was the only thing you could come up with. “I’m sure you’re just some kind of sick man, and it wouldn’t matter what I did because you always get a kick out of hurting me!” There was silence as the colors around you changed from bright blues and sunny yellows to starry greys and empty blacks as Ren flew the two of you into space. You watched as his shoulders went up and down, indicating that he let out a sigh; amongst the sounds of the engines (which you had assumed got filled with fuel while you were gone) and your sobs that you desperately tried to keep quiet you could not hear him.

“Is there anything I can do to prove that I want the best for you?” He asked, speaking loudly and intimidatingly over the noises of the ship. You bowed your head into your palms and sobbed, your melancholy was even worse now that the two of you were alone and headed back to your prison with nothing to show other than a sore ass and dried semen between your thighs.

“You, you can let me go.” You said bravely, you were sure it was the only thing that could redeem him in your eyes. “You can take me to my home right now, and forget all about me!” You were hopeful in that moment that, perhaps, he would oblige you. But of course he shook his head. Your mouth fell open in a sorrowful frown, then you could do nothing but bawl in the back seat of his ship. “I can’t do that, Vee. You’re mine until your contract is up and I’ve taken a vow to correct your behavior.”
Hopeless. There had never been truer words you had heard that screamed hopeless as those he had spoken.

You landed onto the Supremacy and wrapped your arms around yourself as he led you back to his home, opened the door and allowed you to enter. You kept your eyes down the entire time as you made a sharp left into his kitchen and headed straight to the door. You figured since you had spent so much time down there away from him before he would want you to go back down there, but no. He stood there at the door waiting for you to remove his boots like you did every day. You sighed, pushed your forehead into the door thinking your ego couldn’t take any more blows. “Haven’t you done enough damage to me for one day?”

“Nothing has changed, Vee. You’re still meant to serve me even after punishment. You shut your eyes as tight as you could to ward off as many tears as you could. Did it even matter? What else did you have to lose? Ren had beaten you and fucked you in public, your humility was gone—vanished into thin air. You stalked over to him, followed him to the couch where you obediently removed his boots and socks. He reached down and pat your head, it only made you feel even less than human than you currently felt. “You’re such a good girl when you want to be. I’m so proud of how far you’ve come.” He whispered, but you couldn’t care less about his praise.

“None of that means anything to me.” You said, staring down at the foot of the couch. “Of course it doesn’t, Vee. But that won’t stop me from being proud of my assistant’s accomplishments.” You shut your eyes, the only thing you had accomplished since coming here was continually letting yourself down. You were sure you had never been beaten more often in your entire life than when you had been here.

“Come, we’ve had a long day.” Ren said as he stood, motioning for you to follow him up the stairs. Again, there was nothing left for you to lose so you obeyed.

Ren wanted the two of you to relax, and by relaxing he meant having a shower together. Showering was the one thing you had always had to yourself, he had never made you to shower with him and, for whatever reason, when the two of you stepped into his shower and the water fell from the nozzle, you felt as if he were encroaching on your personal space. Most of the time he was forcing you to bathe with him, you found solace in the showers you took alone downstairs.

The water cascaded down over your abused body and pattered to the floor. In front of you Ren was lathering up his hair with his eyes shut, you couldn’t stop your eyes from roaming over his body. Once again you found the physical side of you lusting after the physical side of him. If only he were undesirable in looks, if only he were like some of your clients at work, you’d find it much easier to ignore him and see him for what he really is: A monster. Even though the water was warm and almost burned you, you still felt cold and clammy standing there in front of him completely naked. If he truly cared about you like he says he does, he would let you go.

The minutes ticked by as he washed himself, then handed the soap to you to do the same. Your body ached, you didn’t think you had the strength to scrub every inch of your skin but you tried your best. The part of you that got the most attention was between your legs where you washed yourself free of his seed. In your mind you were imagining that it was enough to ward off an unwanted, unplanned pregnancy but, of course, by now there was nothing to stop it from coming true. “Do you think I should trust you with another outing, Vee?” He asked so suddenly, but you still didn’t lift your head to look at him. “I don’t know, should you?” Your voice echoed off the tiled walls and around your head, it felt so unreal that you were once again bargaining with him over the freedom to leave his home every so often. “That’s not up to me to decide. You’ve seen what follows after you try to
escape, you can only make the choice if you’d like it repeated.”

You stared at him, right in his eyes as he awaited your answer. But you had none for him. Because your next escape attempt wouldn’t be taking place outside of his home. You still had this one chance to get away, and you’d have to make it perfect. You dropped your head below the warm water and soaked in the feeling of your burning scalp before thinking of a suitable answer. “I’ll never stop fighting to get away from you.” You stood as tall as you could while still trying to be as intimidating as possible, but quickly found your walls crumbling as he reached a soapy hand out to your cheek. He stood transfixed as he ran his thumb over your cheek, across your lips, and down your chin.

It was the kind of contact you hadn’t had ever, sincere touches, not rushed ones from men and women you didn’t know and wouldn’t give two shits about you after they paid for your services. You shut your eyes as you closed your eyes and pretended like he was someone else, anyone else; the General, Cass, Sherman, either of your parents, or Rose. Anyone but him because you enjoyed the show of affection, but you didn’t want to enjoy it from him. It ended too quickly, just before you could lean your head into his warm, wet palm. You wanted to be thankful, to be happy about him not touching you anymore but it still left you feeling lonely. It was wrong, it was so wrong. But you had never been caressed so emotionally before, it was hard to keep your head in the right space in that moment.

“I love your courageous attitude, Vee. It’s one of the aspects of your personality that draws me closer and closer to you every day.” He reached behind you to shut off the shower as soon as he felt like the two of you were done. You expected him to open the door for you to step out, but of course Ren was always full of surprises. “Don’t forget that I can see right through you. Everything you feel, everything you think, everything you see, I can feel. We’re connected,” He said, reaching for your hand and entangling your fingers with his. He lifted your hands to his chest line where he flattened your fingers against his. Small electric currents races throughout the thin skin of your hand and up your arms, clearly some kind of Force energy he was sending through your body to give the illusion that the two of you were meant to be. You scoffed at his attempt to bring you to some kind of understanding, drew your hand back in disgust as you thought of one final comeback to his words:

“Read this thought then.” You said, rudely pushing past him and opening the door yourself. In your head you screamed as loud as you could so that Kylo could clearly hear your words and not mistake them for anything else:

You’re full of bantha shit

If he heard you, if he took offense to anything you had said he didn’t let anything on. He simply stepped out of the shower behind you, watched you grab your towel and wrap it around yourself before stomping out of the bathroom and away from your one and only source of conflict.

You stood in his closet drying your hair, pulling a pair of loose pajamas off of your side of the closet. You still had hopes that he would leave you alone, send you back down to your room and send your lunch and dinner down to you so that you wouldn’t see him or have to deal with him. You pulled the shirt over your head, pulled your pants up and just when you turned to exit the door swung open. There stood Ren in just his underwear, beckoning you with his finger to follow him to his bedroom. You crossed your arms over your chest and followed him, thinking this was just going to be yet another round of forced sex you’d have to endure for the second time today.

He pointed to the bed and instructed you to lay down on your stomach, you did so without fighting him this time. You laid your head down in your arms and embraced the darkness that surrounded your vision. You heard him moving about behind you, heard him open a bottle behind you that you
had assumed to be the lube he used every once and awhile. You could hear the sound of skin rubbing on skin for a hot second before you felt him lift the back of your shirt all the way up to your neck. “Take it off.” He urged you, tugging at the shirt with just his pointer finger. You groaned, you couldn’t believe you were having to endure this again.

You complied with his demands, hastily lifting the shirt above your head and throwing it to the floor. Of course he didn’t object like you did with his clothes, probably because your clothes didn’t matter as much as his did. You heard him rub his hands together one more time before you jumped at the immediate contact of both of his hands at the back of your neck. You panicked for just a moment as he placed more pressure in on the base of your skull, thinking he was going to snap your neck or something until he told you to relax. His thumbs started working in rough circles, down your spine and stopping at your shoulders where he began working on the tension you didn’t know you had. You were thoroughly confused, why was he massaging you?

“You don’t deserve it. Don’t think for a minute you deserve this right now.” He said, his voice contracting the loving and passionate movement of his hands. “But I want to spoil you. I want to prove to you that you mean something to me and that you don’t have to act against my will.” You sighed as your skin began to heat up ever so slightly in his wake, whatever thought was lube before must have been some kind of muscle rub. Your hands curled into his bed sheets as you did as he said and relaxed, ignoring his words about spoiling you. As far as you were concerned, you didn’t ask for this. You were still obligated and well within your rights to hate him.

But damn, it was difficult to hate him so much when his hands worked so expertly over your shoulder blades and down your spine. He pushed everything from the tips of his fingers to the heel of his hand into your muscles, you didn’t know how badly you needed a massage. You could imagine you held a lot of tension in your body over the last few days, and even on the way home you probably held loads more. So you relaxed, you allowed him to remove the tension from your entire back thinking he was going to make you reciprocate or something like that.

He was kneeling over your stretched out knees as his hands worked their way down to your hips, then all the way back up. It felt amazing, once he reached the very top of your neck again he requested you to sit up. You groaned, wishing he wouldn’t have stopped but decided sitting there lifeless waiting for him to start again wouldn’t be worth ruining the moment. You brought your hands down to your sides and lifted your torso up, he allowed you to draw your feet toward you where you sat on your knees staring at the headboard. Behind you he moved about, opening the bottle of muscle rub once again and, much to your delight, went back to work on your shoulders. You bowed your head and shut your eyes, letting out a moan as you felt a knot come loose right on the very top of your shoulder.

You didn’t realize it right away but his body was so close to yours. When you focused on the closeness you could feel his body heat radiating off of him and onto you. His hands slowed as he began sliding them down your arms, inching that much closer to you and pulling you back against him simultaneously. “Do you see it now? Do you understand?” He nuzzled your ear, whispering only so loud as his warm breath caressed the sensitive skin around your ear. “I know what’s best for you, even when you don’t do. You’re here so that I may take care of you…” You shuttered as Ren’s hands slid from your arms to around your ribcage, his lips lightly glided across your skin down to your neck and it only added to your inner conflict. “And that’s what I want to do. I want to take care of you. I want to please you, to show you your worth.”

He ended the sentence with a light kiss on your neck, then another, and another until he made his way to the nape of your neck where he latched onto your skin and sucked with no abandon. He moaned, you moaned as he thrust his body into yours, bringing his hands up and over your already sensitive breasts. What was this? And most importantly: Why were you enjoying it so much?
“This is what you want, Vee. I can feel it.” He unlatched from your skin only to latch back on half an inch next to the last bruise he had left on your, marking you like he probably thought he deserved to. “This is what you need. So deprived, so needy, so starved of the affection you deserve. It’s obvious, Vee. You’ve never had anyone touch you like this, not with the passion I have for you. Isn’t that right, my love? Those men and women you’ve had to pleasure against your will, they could never make you feel the way I can, the way I’m making you feel now.”

You whimpered as you bowed your head again, allowing him access to the back of your neck as he kissed his way across your vertebrae all the way to the other side where he bit down onto you again, sucking even more marks into your skin. You leaned back into him, moaning as the pleasure ran throughout your body. He was right, you were just thinking about this back in the shower. Kylo Ren had been the only man to make you feel so good, you could feel his passion for you as his lips traveled up behind your ear, wrapped your fingers up in his sheets as a chill ran up your spine. You loved it, you loved every second of it.

“Tell me, all you have to do is tell me Vee.” He pressed his face into the back of your neck, breathing out heavily as he spread his knees and pressed his erection into your ass. “Tell me this is what you need, tell me you want more and I’ll give it to you.” You shut your eyes even harder, let out a painful moan. You couldn’t argue with his logic, but you still didn’t want to admit it. He was still the man that beat you in front of a crowd, the man that continually raped you day in and day out. This was even worse than your conflict in the shower, you shouldn’t have even let him sit here and talk to you like this. You shook your head at him leaned forward, his face fell from your neck and you clasped your hands over all the marks and bruises he had left on you. “N-No.” You stammered, feeling not so confident as your body cried out for his affection. He was manipulating you, torturing you and playing off of your needs and emotions to get you to submit. It wasn’t worth it. It would never be worth it. You didn’t need him and you didn’t need his affection.

“No. No, I don’t need it.” You said, bringing your hands down your neck and clasping your sister’s necklace. It’s not what Rose would want you to do, Rose would want you to fight, to be the Loper that you knew you were and to fight your way out back to your family. You’d right your wrongs to them then, but you’d never do it for him.

His hands fell wistfully from your shoulders as you felt the bed move with him. “Suit yourself.” He said coldly, leaning up around you and heading to the closet to redress. You shut your eyes as your entire body began to drop in temperature, you were wondering if you had made a mistake or not. You had grown so wet under his touch, gotten so horny that you probably would have consented to sex with him, but you would not fall in your weakness. You turned and looked at him over your shoulder, dressed in an undershirt and sweatpants he exited the bedroom, whispering the words ‘stubborn vermin’ under his breath. It only made your thoughts about your next attempt to escape more vivid.

Chapter End Notes

Pssssst. Cheeky has started a fic just for Cass :P
https://archiveofourown.org/works/17432156/chapters/41039999
I let Cheeky adopt her since she loved the character so much.
That same evening, after eating dinner on the floor next to Kylo on the couch like you always had and spending some alone time twiddling your thumbs in the living room while Kylo worked out alone in his gym, you got a most interesting surprise. You definitely weren’t expecting it, never even saw it coming on today of all days. It started as just a cramp in your uterus, then another, and when you stood up to investigate in the bathroom you felt the unmistakable feeling of the first drop of menstrual blood falling into your underwear. You rolled your eyes, trying to look at the positive aspects of getting your period but coming to the conclusion that it was yet another annoyance in this new lifestyle of yours.

You traveled up the stairs as quickly as you could before you ruined the pants you had on, your bloody panties held tight in your hands. This was a last minute decision to announce the arrival of your period and your hope was that it would gain some respect from Ren. You displayed your nasty attitude clear as day on your face as you pushed the door open and strode as confidently as you could into his gym.

He was sprawled out on the weight lifting bench, shirtless with every visible inch of his skin covered in a light sheen of sweat. You wrinkled your nose at the sight, everything about him screamed sex and turned you on. Every muscle in his arms, chest, and abdomen, even down to his protruding V lines that no doubt pointed to exactly what you would need in the next few hours; hormones always made you crave sex during your period, there was just no way around it.

“Yes?” He asked after setting the bar that held several round weights back in place and sitting up. His hair fell back down to his shoulders and was just as damp, the entire picture made you all the more wet as you took a step into the gym. It reeked of him and the scent of his body, what would turn most people off during this time only fueled your desires as you realized he normally smelled like this after a round of sex, damn your treacherous body. Had he not been him, you could see yourself fucking him right on that weight bench.

You moved lightly into the room while suppressing your thoughts, closer and closer to him you watched as he ripped a towel from the top of the machine and run it over his face and neck to dry his sweat. He looked so good, it was too bad he was such an asshole.

“Here.” You said looking to the floor, you were unable to even look him in the eye as you held your hand up. “These are for you.” He placed his much larger hand under yours and without a second thought you released your soiled panties into his palm, crossing your arms and just stared at him as he unballed them and looked down at the coin sized deep red stain on the crotch. You were hoping that he wasn’t that incredibly ignorant of the female reproductive system, that even though he was a virgin when you met him he would at least catch the hint and understand what you were trying to tell them.

He was transfixed on the small spot of blood, ran his thumb over it and you looked away in disgust.
“Dude, really?” You asked, unable to even think of why he would feel the need to do such a thing. “It’s just blood, isn’t it? What’s the big deal?”

“The big deal is I need a package of tampons and some pads if you don’t want me bleeding all over your fucking house. I’m not going to bleed all over myself, you know?” He balled your panties up in his hands once again and shoved them into the pocket of his sweatpants, stepped around you and out into the hall. You followed him to his bedroom, thinking maybe he had thought this through long before you had even got here and had kept a stash in his bathroom somewhere, although once you saw him sit down on his bed you recalled when you tore his home up you hadn’t seen any.

“Let’s make a deal, you do something for me and I’ll grant you your wish.”

“My wish? ” You asked, crossing your arms as you felt another cramp in your abdomen. “I think you mean my necessity.” He held his hand up to silence you and you could tell he was going to turn your need for period supplies into another barter. “Yes, something that you need that I must go out of my way for. Don’t you think the very least you could do for me is pleasure me, like I can feel you want to do?” He asked, running his hand down to his zipper. You rolled your eyes and looked away, that definitely would not work for you. “How about I just shove your clothing and pillow cases and whatever else I can think of into my underwear and bleed all over that instead?” You said, feeling your rage building in response to his disgusting question. Not only did it anger you that he could see and feel how you felt about him in the gym, how your body longed for his after the sensual massage you received from him, but now he was using his stolen knowledge against you for his gain, it was disgusting!

He pursed his lips, zipped his pants up once more before standing to his feet. “Well, that certainly does not work for me, Vee. I’m sorry.” He squat down next to the bed and lifted the bed skirt to expose the last thing you wanted to see at the moment. You looked to the floor as Kylo continued to speak, your skin crawling at the thought of even taking another step toward the much smaller prison there in front of you. “So I guess you’ll just have to sit in here until you finish.”

“No.” You said, loudly and proudly all while shaking like a leaf in the wind. You couldn’t fathom being both locked up, in pain, and bleeding all at once. “So you’ll do it?” He asked, a cryptic smile spreading proudly across his face. You brought your gaze back up to him, this was unbelievable! “Why must you turn everything into a barter for sex?”

“Because you would never do such a thing willingly and even though you won’t admit it, I’m trying to help you.”

“Yeah, yeah.” You said, walking straight up to Kylo and placing your hand on his shoulders. You shoved him down onto the bed, the most stern look on your face hopefully letting him know that you meant business, nothing more and nothing less. “Good girl, Vee.” He praised you as you fell into a squat, your fingers immediately going to his fly where you fished around inside of his pants before pulling out his flaccid cock. “Just shut up and enjoy this, asshole.” It was the last thing you said before ducking your head and taking his entire cock into your mouth.

It took minimal coaxing for his cock to rise in your mouth. From your short amount of time here you had learned what he liked and what turned him on so that your sexual adventures would be as short as possible. Running your tongue up and down the underside of his cock is what always did it for him, and once he was fully hard with his fingers entangled throughout your hair you set to work just as you always did; bobbing your head up and down, deep throating him until he could do nothing but moan and babble around your nickname. You spit on him, rubbed it into his skin and then spit on him again before exaggeratingly running your entire tongue up and down his shaft, over his head before lapping up any small bit of precum he had to offer you, then back down where you’d take in
as much of him as possible. Even though you had done so well to repress your gag reflex he told you
he enjoyed hearing you gag around him, you could only imagine that it made him think his cock was
bigger than it really was.

It only took so long before you were staring up at him, jerking him off as the deep purple head of his
cock threatened to release his load on you. “Where?” You asked, irritated as all hell at the feeling of
your now wet pants. You told yourself in your mind that it was only your blood, but you’d be lying
if you didn’t believe there were more fluids mixed in the equation. His penis was so beautiful, he
tasted so good, his moans turned you on so much, your body once again betrayed your mind as you
found yourself squeezing your thighs together, you were so turned on and horny, you just couldn’t
help yourself.

“You’re shirt.” He said, reaching down and removing your hand from his cock. “Take it off. Now!”
He warned, from the way his other hand flew from the bed to the back of his head you could tell he
was seconds away from cuming, and you definitely wanted it to be good so that you got your
reward. Your shirt was off within seconds, his hand went from his head to your shoulder as he
scooted you closer to him and before you could even prepare yourself he let out a groan and his seed
was soaring toward you, spattering on your breasts, dripping down your torso while the last of his
load landed warmly on your knees. You were a mess. A pained, sexually frustrated, menstruating
mess.

You sat there covered in his fluids while staring up not so patiently waiting for him to return to
normal so that you could take care of yourself, then hopefully he would release you back downstairs
where you could be alone with Cass. You hated him even more now that he had used you once
again as an outlet for his own sexual desires, putting your needs second to his. It wasn’t fair, and
what really wasn’t fair was the way he reached for your shirt and began cleaning his cock off right in
front of you.

“I’m sure you enjoyed that much more than you were willing to admit.” He said, closing his eyes and
trying his best to not seem bothered by the sensitivity of his own cock, then handed it to you to clean
yourself off. You shut your eyes as you haphazardly wiped your chest, legs, and stomach down,
cringing as you ran the rough shirt over your already sore breasts. Your only saving grace was that at
least this sexual act wasn’t done in front of an easily excitable audience.

“Now, why don’t we get you situated?” He said, standing the pulling his pants up as if nothing had
ever happened between you two. “You perform your duties so well, you really should give yourself
more credit.” He said, reaching for his tablet that was on his nightstand. You moved yourself around
and felt your arousal in between your legs, your thighs stuck together and you could only hope that
the majority of it was blood.

“You just please send for my tampons? You wouldn’t understand how uncomfortable this is.”
You said, returning back to your begging tactics. He got what he wanted, he had to comply with
you.

“I am, relax.” He said shortly, you rolled your eyes in reply. “I’m gonna be in the bathroom.” You
said, moping away from him. “Remove your pants, you’ve got a giant wet spot on the back.” He
called after you, the only thing you could do was grumble in frustration.

You sat on the toilet with your head in your hands, the majority of what stained your pants was,
indeed, not blood, but your own arousal just as you didn’t want. Your thighs were shiny and wet
with only small hints and tints of blood, when you wiped that was also mostly clear. It was torture to
know that your body wanted him so bad, a man that had treated you so horribly and that was holding
you captive. It was like you were in a movie, or reading a book. Everyone was always so quick to say they would never fall for such a thing, but it was so much different to actually live and breathe this horrible reality. Was the physical side of you succumbing to the Stockholm Syndrome while you were mentally fighting it off, or was the entirety of you falling for it as well?

Would you end up like Cass sooner or later? Did it start the same with her, did the General groom her just as Kylo was grooming you now?

No, absolutely not. You thought to yourself, angrily throwing your arm down at your side. This was just a shitty situation that you had an uncontrollable, physical reaction to. It wasn’t your fault that he was gifted the perfect set of genetics only to waste them on bad decisions that led to your kidnapping, and it wasn’t your fault that your body naturally reacted to him as such. As long as you keep your number one goal in mind, you would be fine.

You simply sat there waiting for his return, he said he’d enter as soon as your supplies arrived, then you could head off to bed, to your safety net downstairs.

Another few minutes of sitting and staring and the doorknob was twisting open in front of you. In strode Kylo Ren like he belonged here with you, sitting helplessly on the toilet just five feet away from him. In his hands were a new set of clothing and two plain black and white boxes, one with the word ‘Tampons’ and the other with the word ‘Sanitary Pads.’ How thoughtful the First Order was, to take away the pretty feminine colors and replace them with the mundane. You looked away and asked him to set them on the counter which, luckily for you, he finally obliged and then exited the bathroom. You were expecting some kind of wisecrack from him about how thankful you should be for him, but he spared you the humiliation.

You were left alone to tend to yourself, fixing up your new set of underwear and pajamas to your liking, then you quietly exited the bathroom only to find Ren sitting on his bed in nothing but his underwear, reading something on his tablet quietly like you didn’t even exist. You kept your head down and made a beeline for the door, thinking if he saw you were ready to go then maybe he would follow suit.

But no. Of course not. This was Kylo Ren, not someone who would grant you any kind of mercy at all.

You jiggled the door handle but found it was locked, you held your breath as you tried it again, tried pushing and pulling on the door but it wouldn’t budge. You turned around and shot an angry look at him over your shoulder, a look that apparently didn’t even need to be accompanied by words because Ren immediately replied to you.

“Are you ready for bed?” He asked. “Yes, I am.” You replied, skeptical of his own words. You watched him scoot over in his bed, pull the covers back and hold his hand out to you, then look at you as if you were annoying him by standing at the door. “Uh…” You stammered, completely speechless. You wanted to scream, to cry, and more importantly, to run to your safe haven with Cass, but all you could do was sit there completely stunned.

“Come to bed, Vee.” Kylo said sternly, but you still didn’t move. “Why?” You asked, feeling quite silly after the fact. You knew why, Kylo wanted you to sleep next to him of course, but you didn’t know why this changed all of the sudden. “Because, I said so.”

“But I don’t want to sleep with you!” You cried out, your voice cracked as you spoke and turned the door handle one more time. “I never asked what you wanted, Vee. I’m telling you to come to bed with me.” Excuses began to run through your mind like a wildfire: you talk in your sleep, you wet the bed, you had nightmares, you’d kick and claw at him, all lies that were believable but the one that
stuck out the most and the one that you thought he would react the most to left your lips faster than you would have liked:

“I’m bleeding.” You stammered, tripping over your words. “I’ll bleed in your bed while I’m asleep and then you’ll punish me!” Your hands shook as he sat up, swung his legs over the side of the bed and began stomping over to you. “Nonsense, I’ve seen more blood than you’d ever bleed in your entire lifetime. I’m not afraid of your blood, Vermin.” He took ahold of your hand and pulled you to the bed, toward the bed that sat atop the cage. You protested as best as you could, but like nearly every time he forced you to lie on your back spread your legs for him, you found yourself in his bed once more.

It wasn’t that you were afraid of being in bed with him, you had grown used and accustom to his unwanted, nonconsensual touches and acts in his bed that they hardly even scared you anymore. Sleeping in bed with him was only unnerving because you’d have to spend an extended amount of time with him, unconscious which meant you’d be oblivious to anything he’d decide to do or say to you. When it came to the molestation you had to endure, you would rather you be awake and alert instead of him fondling you under the covers while you were out cold.

What you did fear was getting too close, too overzealous over the thought of not being alone in bed at night for the first time. You remembered how you and Rose used to bunk up in the same bed during a storm, or after staying up telling scary stories to one another. It was blissful, it was calming, and after she passed away the feeling could never be replicated because you were certain Rose was the only one who loved you unconditionally.

While you were certain Ren didn’t love you, he did make it clear that he felt for you in some way, shape or form. He cared for you when other people refused, and you really didn’t know why. He spent so much of his time berating you and beating you during your first days in his custody, and even up until today he was still beating you when he felt you deserved it. And if he really did care for you as much as he said he did, why would he feel the need to force you into sexual acts with him? It wasn’t something someone would do to someone they cared about, that you were sure of, but he still made the claims that he only wanted to see you healthy and taken care of. It was enough reassurance to trick your mind into thinking that, perhaps, on some kind of minute level, he did care enough about you that you should be thankful. He made sure you were fed will, made sure you were living in a safe environment (other than him, of course), made sure you were kept clean and in a somewhat comfortable bed every night, there was no doubt that your living conditions now were better than what they used to be. You were afraid you’d fall for the fake love, scoot too close to him in the middle of the night and find comfort in his body heat, becoming what Cass had made herself out to be for her General in the blink of an eye.

You knew you wouldn’t have the choice, knew that Kylo would lock you in place with the Force if you didn’t obey so as he walked back around to his side of the bed you obeyed him, climbing under his covers and reminding yourself of all the atrocious things Kylo had done to you. His always much more comfortable than average bed couldn’t change the fact that he had beaten and raped you in front of an audience, the appeal of sharing this bed with someone who knew how to touch you and make you melt couldn’t change the fact that you still had a bandage on your face to cover a severe second degree burn. All he was was Kylo Ren, and you’d only have to deal with these mysterious, fucked up mind games for so long before you were released.

“I think spending every night down there with your friend is hurting your perception of me.” He said, beginning to settle himself down next to you. You wanted to correct him, to tell him that he himself had ruined your perception of him but it wasn’t worth the fight. You were hoping soon he’d be quiet and just allow you to sleep, the faster you fell asleep the faster you could wake up and be away from him. “Still trying to convince yourself that I’m only here to hurt you?” He whispered in
your ear, lifting a hand and running it down your arm. “Does this hurt, or does it feel good?” Around you the light went out and now it was even easier to pretend the person touching you wasn’t him. “You continually tell yourself you don’t want me to touch you, but I can see it, clearly in your mind you want this. You crave the human contact and when I try and reward you with it you stubbornly come up with every excuse you can to try and avoid it.”

Once again your confliction caused you to become emotional. The fact that you were in physical pain due to your period didn’t help either. Sure he was right, but just because you wanted the human contact, to be loved just like any other living being in this universe, didn’t mean it had to come from him. Between the beatings, the rape, and him trying to get you to understand why he was doing such things to you, it felt like you were being held in an emotional torture chamber where nothing was ever predictable and each method of torture hurt you in several different ways. He was the source of all of your pain, you just couldn’t understand why you found yourself relaxing underneath his grip.

You shut your eyes as you focused on his hands and how they glided up and down your arm, over your hip, across your belly and came to rest just like that. In the dark of the night you sat there being spooned by your captor, a man that meant no good no matter how you looked at him. You knew it was wrong, you knew it was dirty and disgusting and definitely not what you were supposed to be doing, but it felt good. In that moment, you decided you’d enjoy him just this one time and that was it. You focused on his body which bent around yours perfectly, on the beating of his heart that told you he was only human just like you. It was like he was protecting you from anything that could come to harm you in the middle of the night, even though the harm was, essentially, himself. You slowly drifted off to sleep with Kylo protectively holding onto your hip behind you with one thought and one thought on your mind: You wouldn’t allow yourself to fall in this moment of weakness ever again.

As it turned out, much to your disappointment, your weakness began to take over your body. Every single night of your period Ren commanded you to sleep in his bed with him. The second night you were still uncertain but he gave you no choice. You tried to sleep as far away from him as you could that night but it would have seemed like you succumbed to your own fleshly desires. When you woke up you were clinging to his arm, he reached over to turn his alarm off and you reluctantly let go, watching him as he stretched his arms over his head and turned to look at you. “Thank you.” He whispered, reaching over and running a hand down your face. You were tired, you were groggy, and you weren’t thinking when you leaned your head into his hand, shut your eyes and drifted back off to sleep. He hadn’t done or said anything to anger you at all by that time, and you only kicked yourself when you woke up hours later alone and missing his contact. You pound your fist into the bed, this was not working the way you wanted it to.

The next few nights you attempted to stay distant, realizing this is what he wanted to do by allowing you to sleep next to him. Whenever he gave you the choice to be with him or alone you always spent time away from him, by the time your period ended you felt like a new woman having spent as much time away from him as possible. That same night, you got a slew of surprises from Ren.

He called to you from the kitchen, you had decided to read a book in the upstairs hallway and it was officially time for dinner. You kept down the stairs and was surprised to find Ren sitting at the table waiting for you. You stared at him in confusion, normally dinner was eaten on the couch next to him but not tonight, apparently tonight you’d be dining at the dinner table with him, like an actual person.

“Sit.” He beckoned you, the dish of creamy noodles sitting right in front of where you were supposed to sit. You hesitated for a minute, thinking this was going to be yet another barter for the luxury of being able to sit at the table and eat like a fully grown adult. But after sitting down you
noticed there was something else on your plate that you hadn’t seen in a long, long time:

A fork. You nearly gasped when you laid your eyes on the utensil, you thought you would never see one of these ever again. You thought he enjoyed watching you struggle to eat all your food, that he would never give you one just so he could hold the reins in your relationship and remind you that he was in charge. But no, here it sat in front of you waiting for you to pick it up and eat your dinner with it.

“You’ve earned it back, Vee.” He said, finally beginning to eat his food as well. “Beginning to give into your desires like I’ve wanted you to for a very long time.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” You said, picking up your fork and twirling it in your pasta before bringing it up to your mouth. You didn’t think a fork would make your food taste that much better, but it did. “I’m talking about how you’ve started giving me a chance, a chance to show you how I feel about you and how I want you to feel about me.” You continued to eat without replying to his comment, it was too embarrassing and you didn’t want to admit that he was right.

“Oh, come on Vee. Name one thing I’ve done to upset you in the last three days.”

“Forcing me to sleep next to you, we can start with that.” You said with just a hint of attitude. “Forcing? Last night I didn’t force you to do anything. All I did was say we should go to bed and you followed me right up the stairs and into my bed.”

“Because you didn’t give me any other option!” You nearly shouted, the denial in your voice was clear as day. He really hadn’t made you do anything of the sort, but your period was ending and you thought you could use one more night of the contact you so desperately wanted. “Not only that, but you’re still keeping me locked up here. If you really did care for me, you’d let me go.”

“Your denial is speaking, Vee.” He said, placing his fork down and speaking up over you. “Your denial is speaking because you let your pride get in the way of the truth.”

“The only person here that is in denial is you, because for some reason you think I’m going to wake up one day and fall in love with you like Cass!” You could take the prodding at your pride no longer. What Ren was saying was absolutely crazy and he was always full of lies. You had nothing to deny, you hated him, you would always hate him, and there was never anything he could do for you. You stood up and allowed your mouth to run before thinking everything through, not thinking of the consequences your tirade would bring once you were finished. “You want me to be mindless just like her, to blindly follow your every command like a sheep, and it starts with tricking me into some false sense of security by making me feel like this! You always say you can see through me, but I can see right through you, asshole. Is this the real reason you tricked me into signing your contract, to be some kind of brainwashed wife to you because you can’t get or keep a woman with your disgusting nonconsensual habits? I hate you, you manipulative asshole!”

You could feel the rage burning inside of you as you screamed the last sentence at him, but he did nothing but stare at you coldly. His lack of a reaction to your break down caused you to break down even more. Your brave facade crumbled as your words became truth in your own mind. He was brainwashing you, putting you under some sort of spell so that somehow you’d return his feelings one day. It was sick. It was sad. It was something you wanted no part of. You leaned on the table as tears began racing down your cheeks, ugly sobs racked your body as you lost control of your emotions, and just like the psychopath he was, Ren only stood there and watched you cry.

“I want to go home! I want to be away from you, away from Cass, and away from all this madness that you kidnapped me into. It’s not fair, I didn’t ask for any of this!” By now you were babbling just to fill the air around you so the two of you weren’t sitting in awkward silence. But it was all true.
This was all happening against your will and you wanted out at any cost. Across the table Kylo stood, you heard him walk over to you and felt that it was coming. It was finally coming, you just knew Ren was going to punish you for lashing out at him. He would beat you, then probably force you into sex for speaking to him like you did. You thought he’d lock you up downstairs with Cass for good, he’d take away your utensils again and make you eat with your hands for the rest of your time here. But it would be worth it. You had been harboring those hateful feelings for weeks now, having them off your chest was one of the best feelings you ever had.

But you were wrong. Ren once again surprised you by wrapping his arms around you and holding him against you. “Let it all out. You’re angry at me, tell me Vee. Tell me everything.”

Once again, you felt completely out of place as you sobbed in his arms. You felt like you should have been pushing him away, telling him to fuck off and leave you alone, but there was something about the way he held you. Something about his arms, his body, his everything that just put you at ease. If he wouldn’t comfort you, then who will? You felt like not only was your body betraying you, but your mind was as well when you made the decision to wrap your arms around him and hold him tight. When you didn’t reply to him he started talking again. “You didn’t ask for any of this, your parents did, Vee.” He whispered, wrapping his arms tighter around you and ducking his head into your hair. “Are you starting to understand yet? Do you see that when you obey I reward you with the human contact you deserve?” You desperately didn’t want to believe it, that he was conditioning you to bow down to him by rewarding you with a basic human need. You shook your head in his chest, this still wasn’t fair at all. “I just want to go home. Please just let me go home.” You begged, all while Ren was lovingly running his hands up and down your back. “I can’t do that, Vee.” He said while kissing you once more time on your ear. “You still have so much more to learn and I’ve finally found the most effective way of teaching you.” You opened your eyes and looked up at him confused, just what the hell was that supposed to mean?

“It’s not important right now, sit and eat your dinner, Vee. We can talk about it later.” You shook your head, looking down at your dinner which by now you really didn’t want to eat. If Ren had found the most effective way of teaching you what he thought you needed to know, that would mean you’d need to find a more effective way of keeping him off your back--which now included learning to not crave his touch. Even though you had never felt more important as you did in his arms just now, if he were going to use it as a tactic to manipulate you, then you’d have to learn how to go without.

Chapter End Notes

School's started back up! I'm taking a creative writing class right now hoping to sharpen my skills. Please be patient with me as I try to settle in with a schedule.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Content warnings: light depictions of murder/mutilation. These exist in a character's thoughts at the very end of the chapter when they begin admiring knives.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been a few days since Ren had started this whole praise rather than punishment mentality, and even though you fully appreciated the lack of yelling, name calling, and beatings, Ren made it known he wasn’t afraid to punish you. You only found this out after refusing to kneel by the door. He found you sitting at the table facing away from him, you thought for sure that night that you were done, that you didn’t want to do anything else for him and you didn’t care what he was going to do to you. “Shoes, Vee.” He called out to you, but you refused to move. You were in a dangerous place, once again feeling so much like a failure that you hated yourself more than anything. You pushed back your tears as you heard Ren walk up behind you, tapped you on the shoulder and pointed at his shoes. “Go away.” You whispered to him, it was all you could say to keep from breaking down in a frenzy of tears.

“Is that any way to speak to your Supreme Leader?” He asked, but you refused to reply. You simply sat there shaking, well aware of the danger he presented but it didn’t matter. When you were in this dangerous mindset nothing mattered to you. You wallowed in your self pity and hatred and you didn’t care for anything else. A sound drew you out of your displeasure, the sound of a belt buckle coming undone right behind your head. You turned around slowly, watched as Ren removed his belt from his pants and stared down at you. “Don’t think that I won’t physically harm you when you misbehave.” He said, his helmet stripped him of all his human qualities and it seemed like he was just a robot, a heartless, emotionless robot. You stared up at him, thinking that you did have the will to fight him, but didn’t think your body could physically handle the pain you knew he was capable of inflicting on you.

So that night you removed his shoes, and when you were done he simply stared at you. You stared back at the cold, empty eye holes in his helmet and realized that you were weak. You couldn’t stand up for yourself and you buckle each and every time he wants you to. You sniffed, begging your body not to react to the realization but you caved, turned into an ugly, sobbing mess there on the floor in front of him. You could feel his eyes on you, how he probably sat there proudly grinning under his helmet for realizing that his threats were working on you. It was sick, it made you cry even harder. So hard in fact that you didn’t hear him remove his helmet. You didn’t hear him place it down next to him, and you didn’t even see his hand as he slipped it under your chin.

He held your jaw steady as he pulled you toward him between his knees, using his now bare thumb to wipe away your tears as he focused all your attention on him. “Do you want to be comforted?” He asked you, seemingly looking for your consent for him to comfort you. You took a long look at him, you wanted the comfort but you didn’t want it from him. You leaned back on your ankles and dropped your gaze to the floor, unable to do or say anything in reply to him. There was silence, but as he always said he could see right through you. “Vee, let me comfort you.” He insisted, reaching for your hand. “It’s what you need, and I only want to take care of you.” His tone was soft and once again human, sounding like someone who understood your pain. You looked around, your mind screaming at you to run away, that this was the man that burnt your face and he didn’t care about you
as much as he said.

But your body disobeyed. You lifted your hand into his and he gently pulled you up to your feet, into his lap where he held you as close to him as he possibly could. You felt his arms wrapped tightly around you, his cheek that he rested against the top of his head and the alien feeling of what you could only describe as the Force swirling around the two of you. It calmed you, so much so that you actually felt his own feelings toward you. Caring, passion, forgiveness. He cared for you, he didn’t want you to feel about yourself as you did. It was like he was able to express his feelings without actually speaking to you.

And once again, you broke.

You swung your arms around his neck and hugged him close as hard as you could. You sobbed once more, feeling as much of him as you possibly could. No one cared about you, no one loved you, not even yourself. But Kylo Ren did. He made you feel important there in his arms, manipulating you to depend on him of course, but it really didn’t matter. You finally admitted it. You **needed** this. Just this one time. You needed his touch, you needed his comfort. You needed him and everything he had to offer you, because you didn’t have anybody else.

“It’s okay to feel lonely.” He whispered in your ear, stroking your hair. “It’s okay to admit you need help. It’s okay to not be strong all the time, Vee.” He whispered straight into your soul, but you didn’t want to believe him. You were a loper, your role in life was to fight, to not let other people step all over you and to be tough for your sister. He was lying, and you didn’t have to listen to what he said.

But what you did to that night was sit in his lap and rest in his arms. You could allow yourself the comfort this one time. And you had to keep a promise to yourself that you hadn’t been able to keep at all: **this one time.**

He didn’t let you go downstairs with Cass anymore. All of your time was spent in his home trying to keep yourself busy. Your daily schedule changed in the days after Ren changed his tactics, before you spent almost all of your time downstairs only coming up to eat and to pleasure him, but now things were much different. You’d wake up in his bed alone, head downstairs to find food left over from Ren’s breakfast that you would heat up if you were in the mood, and then you’d simply hang out until he came home for lunch, and then dinner.

You noticed that he was much calmer now, even when he had to force you to your knees or to the couch for him to fuck you he did it in a much more relaxed manner. It was as if he were changed from an overzealous, uncontrollable man that wanted to exercise his power over you every chance he got to a somewhat normal man now. The sex, although still forced, did not feature him ramming as far into you as fast as he could, wrapping his hands around your neck and demanding you praise him. Now it was more controlled, he paid more attention to you and your needs. He would run his hands over your body, he would kiss you and try to turn you on. It didn’t always work, when you were strong in your mindset that you didn’t need him then you were mostly able to tune him out, to focus on one point on the ceiling while he did his best to involve you. When you failed to respond to him you could tell his actions switched from your pleasure to only his. He’d go faster and become sloppy in his actions in order to chase his finish, and when he finally came inside of you he didn’t often care to take care of you right afterward.

But when you weren’t strong enough to fight him, when you allowed a moan to slip past your lips when he went down on you, when you grab a fistful of his hair and push his mouth into you, begging his tongue to go deeper he’d oblige you. When you raked your fingernails down his back as
he slowly made love to you, throwing your head back and begging him for more in your head. You knew he could hear you, you knew that he knew you enjoyed it, but you couldn’t bring yourself to say so out loud. It didn’t happen often, but when it did it was a battle that you were set up to lose. The kisses and bruises he’d place on the sensitive skin on your neck, the way he’d flick his tongue sensually over your nipples, and the way he’d coo and praise you for cumming on his cock or on his face, you were never meant to last.

You’d pick yourself up off of his bed, or off the floor, or jump off the kitchen counter and stare down at his seed as it seeped down your leg, wobbling just a little he’d steady you, place a kiss on your cheeks or forehead and then go about his business, like the two of you hadn’t just fucked each other at all.

When the evening came you still had to undress him, you still had to bathe him and you had to sleep next to him. It got easier as time passed, and soon it turned into something no worse than having to sit across from him at the dinner table. You’d climb into bed next to him every night and go to sleep facing the bathroom. You’d stare at the bathroom door until you just couldn’t keep your eyes open, and as soon as you were sure Kylo was settled behind you, when you heard him snoring soundly, you decided you could finally close your eyes and drift off to bed.

You distinctly remembered the dream you had before waking up one particular morning. You dreamed that Kylo finally allowed you to go downstairs and visit with Cass, but when you got down there she was heavily pregnant. You were shocked, she told you she was having twins with Hux and she was beyond excited. It was gross and it worried you, but you decided not to say anything anyway. Cass was far more gone that you were and she was convinced she was in love with the man. Becoming pregnant was inevitable for her, and there was nothing you could do to change it. Time passed quickly in your dream, and before you knew it Ren was coming down the stairs to your little area. You were annoyed, turned and watched him as he walked across the room and placed a loud, unapologetic kiss on Cass’s lips. You gasped, stood up from your bean bag and asked what the hell was going on. Ren asked Cass if she had told her, and Cass shook her head. “The Supreme Leader is the father of one of my babies, Vee.” She said, turning back to Ren and leaning in for another kiss. “What?!” You shouted, feeling completely betrayed by both of them. “We’ve been having sex. You won’t fuck me willingly so I share with Hux now.” Ren said to you, and you felt the pain radiate throughout your chest. It wasn’t until you woke that you realized there was something very wrong about the way you reacted in your dream.

You woke up with your heart racing, your eyelids flew open as you thought about your dream and what it meant. Kylo was having sex with Cass behind your back and had successfully gotten her pregnant. And for some reason, you were, jealous? Why would that be? What do you have to be jealous of when you hated Kylo Ren? You sat up, wrapped your arms around yourself as you replayed the line in your head. The Supreme Leader is the father of one of my babies, Vee. Why did that line infuriate you? Was it not necessarily the thought of Ren having sex with another woman, rather than Ren having sex with Cass? Cass was the only innocent person between the few people you knew on the Supremecy, and you were sure Ren knew she was found and very loyal of the General.

You pouted as your thoughts expanded to the idea of Ren having sex with another woman that was not Cass, would that really be so bad? What if, instead of working, he was going out to fuck another woman, or women? Did it really matter to you? Sure, you enjoyed the sex only some of the time, but did that really mean you had to be jealous over him? You stared off into the open doorway as you thought about his words. He cared about you, he wanted to see you be healthy and happy. But if he cared about you why would he turn around and put you in danger by having sex with another woman, then having sex with you without a condom? You shut your eyes tight, realizing you were thinking too hard about this. It was a dream, nothing but a dream. You had no evidence that
suggested Ren was sleeping around, not with Cass or with anyone else. And even if he was why
should you even care? There was no reason to be jealous when he had told you that he’d never allow
you to leave until your contract was up. You were being silly, you wanted him to find another lover,
because if he did then maybe he’d grow tired of you and allow you to leave.

The sound of Ren shuffling around in the bathroom drew your attention, you were disappointed that
he was still here. You lay back down on your side and closed your eyes, pretending to be asleep so
that he would not bother you. As far as you knew he never did or said anything to you in the
morning when he left and you expected today to be no different.

The bathroom door opened and you listened closely as he dressed and readied himself for his day at
work, you were excited to jump out of bed and mope around his home just as you did every day,
maybe today you’d work out on his gym equipment or go through his office and find a book to read.

You shut your eyes even harder as you concentrated on his movements, it sounded like he was
coming toward you. Your heart pounded in your chest as you could feel him standing behind you,
his hand came down and brushed some of your hair out of your face which caused you to flinch and
your eyes to fly open. “Do you really think I have eyes for any other woman, Vee?” He asked,
leaning down and whispering in your ear.

You were annoyed, having looked into your mind at some point in recent time he saw the panic and
conflicted feelings you held about him being with another woman. There was no point in pretending
to sleep now. He knew you were awake and he was ready to pick your brain, the least you could do
was stand up for yourself.

“I’m sure you do, and I don’t care.” You said as proudly as you could, presenting the image of him
having sex with Cass in the forefront of your mind. You were sure he had some little slutty girls
somewhere on this ship ready to fuck him at a moments notice. A room with several women inside
whose eyes shine like bright stars when he walks into the room, who engulf him as soon as he strips
down. He probably enjoys it, being worshiped by several women at once since you don’t. And guess
what? It didn’t matter to you. Not one bit.

“You keep telling yourself that, Vee.” He said, and you were startled to find yourself all of the
sudden underneath of him. He had swung his knee over your body and settled himself down on top
of you, placing his hands by your head and dropping his lips to yours. You jolted your head to the
left and he took his opportunity as it presented itself: he kissed your neck instead. You let out a
disgusted groan as you looked away, trying to ignore the sensations that ran throughout your body.
“I can feel it, you want this all to yourself.” He leaned up and looked you into your eyes, you were
reminding yourself that it was a lie. “You don’t want me to do this to anyone else but you.”

“You’re full of it.” You said, reaching up and trying to push him off of you. But he didn’t move.
Instead he took your face in his large hands and made you to look at him, he ran his thumb across
your lips until he was able to worm it into your mouth, over your tongue and back out. The action
turned you on more than you were willing to admit and you were instantly ashamed of yourself.
“Yeah, well it’s too bad you won’t admit that you like it when you’re full of me.” You cringed at the
juvenile comment, how disgusting. You closed your eyes as he placed his hand back on your cheek
and rubbed, what was the point of this? You told him you didn’t care if he had one or one hundred
women on the side, and you were still firm in your beliefs: You were not jealous of Kylo Ren.

“Why can’t you just say it, Vee? The dream, it upset you. You’re throwing up your walls again
when I’ve told you that you don’t always have to have them up. Admit it, admit that you love what I
do to you. Admit that you crave my body and my affection.” He said, his grip on your jaw increased
to an uncomfortable level. It had been a game he began to play with you ever since you came home
from the wedding. He preyed on you, and when you were at your most vulnerable he pounced like the predator he was. He tore into your emotional instability, urged you to drop your brave facade and admit that you were growing attached to him. It was torture, you swore to yourself that he was wrong each and every time but you knew deep down inside that there was just the smallest speck of truth in his words.

“I don’t feel a single thing about you, Ren. Other than hatred.” You say as strongly as you could, looking away for a second before he once again forced you to look at him. “You’re lying.” He said, his breathing had picked up and his grip on your jaw was beyond painful. “You’re fucking lying and you know it!” You could tell he was angry, clearly there was a specific answer he was looking for and the fact that you wouldn’t give it up meant he had every right to be enraged with you.

“I can’t stand you lying to yourself any longer, I can’t stand you lying to me any longer, Vee. I can sense it in every fiber of your body, I could feel it in your dream! You don’t have to love me, you don’t have to even like me, but I want to hear you say it. Admit that you enjoy what I do to you. Admit that I make you feel good, that I’ve treated you better than anything or anyone else has ever treated you before. Admit it, and I’ll never bother you about it again.” He begged, spittle flying from his mouth onto your face. You grimaced as you reached up and grabbed his hand, trying to push him off of you. His eyesight never left yours, his grip on your jaw finally loosened as he impatiently waited for your answer. You couldn’t stand it anymore, he was lying to you, and trying to, in turn, get you to lie to him back. He was full of shit, and he didn’t make you feel anything.

“I don’t fucking think so.” You bit out, watching his face fall into a sad grimace with each and every passing syllable. You would have added a very bitter ‘asshole’ at the end of your sentence, but with him being this irate at you made the possibility of suffering from a black eye or broken jaw that much more real.

Instead he sighed, let go of your jaw completely and leaned up off of you. You followed suit, sitting up as you watched him look away, stand up, and solemnly walk toward the door. “You don’t need me? Is that right?” He asked, reaching over onto the dresser for his gloves. You didn’t reply, instead reached up to rub your aching jaw. No, you didn’t need him. You didn’t need him, his ‘affection,’ or his manipulation. That, you were sure of.

“Very well then. We will see how far that mindset gets you, Vee.” He said smugly. Without even turning around and looking at you, without even saying goodbye, he opened the door and left you alone. You flexed your toes under the covers in your newfound quiet loneliness, wondering when you’d stop believing your own lies in this torturous game of emotional tug of war.

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The first week of absolute silence was bliss for you. Ren would come home, he wouldn’t call on you, he wouldn’t make you eat with him, he wouldn’t make you do anything. He didn’t even so much as look at you. You would watch from the couch as he walked through the living room, keeping his head down so that he would not look at you, sat on the opposite couch to remove his shoes, then disappear into his study to work. You would only shrug and go back to your show, until he came back downstairs to cook dinner. The first night you stood off to the side and watched him eat, wondering if he was going to feet you or not. He focused on his tablet, ignoring you completely so you simply retreated back to his couch to your show. When it came time for bed he didn’t chase you, he didn’t force you into his bed, and what was even better? He didn’t even speak to you.
The next morning he came down the stairs and made himself some toast, he woke you only by running down the stairs. He had dressed, gotten himself ready and started his breakfast without even saying a word. Even though you were happy that he was leaving you alone, reminding yourself that this is what you had wanted all along, your stomach was growling and you refused to believe that he cared so much about you and would be unwilling to feed you.

“Do I get breakfast?” You asked him, crossing your arms and bearing all of your weight on one foot. He stood over the toaster, waiting for his toast to pop up as it did every morning but he refused to acknowledge you. It was then you realized that this was some sort of punishment for not giving him the answer he wanted the previous night. You leaned up against the counter as you barked out a cruel ‘hello?’ And just as you did his toast popped out of the toaster. Carefully he picked one piece up and put it on a plate, you watched as he took the time to put some butter on it before shuffling past you to the dining room. You turned and watched him walk away, over to the dining room table where he sat and stared at the wall eating his one slice of toast.

“Is the other slice for me?” You asked, but you got no response. You rolled your eyes as you walked back into the kitchen, up to the toaster and angrily seized the slice of warm toast between your fingers. You reached angrily for his jar of berry jam, popped it open and dumped some on your toast. You didn’t care if he didn’t want you eating his food or not, you were hungry and you would not allow yourself to starve. You spread the jam with your finger, eyeing the knives and other utensils that Kylo kept locked down away from you, at least he was smart. Because you had plans of the longest, sharpest knife in his possession, you just had to think of a way to get it off of him.

Your thoughts quickly floated elsewhere when Kylo strode into the kitchen, placing his plate in the kitchen and rubbing his hands together to shake the crumbs off before walking past you right out his front door. Off to do whatever it was that he did during the day. You watched him leave, trying to reason with yourself that you were happy he was gone. This whole punishment thing wasn’t going to work for you, it would be like taking a vacation away from him, and you told yourself that you’d be happy to have no interaction with him whatsoever.

This continued for a full seven days. You were no longer allowed utensils to eat the food that he left in the pan for you, and soon you grew tired of him ignoring you. It was a silly game that you didn’t appreciate at all, childish and you felt it was a waste of his own time. He paid all that money to keep you for eighteen months, and here he was ignoring you for long periods of time. Either way, you were over it. You couldn’t stand doing the same thing over and over again every day, not speaking to anyone other than yourself. At least when the two of you were speaking there was a little variation in your day, but this entire week had been the exact same: Wake up, be by yourself, go to sleep. And you had a bad feeling that the only way you’d be able to break this spell was to tell him what he wanted to hear: That you missed him and his interactions.

Did you? Did you really miss the way he’d speak to you so softly, the way he’d run his hands over your body when he fucked you? Did you miss him at all, now that you had this empty shell of a man you used to interact with on a daily basis? The feeling of your skin glowing in his absence told you yes, his voice, as you remembered it, replaying the phrase ‘you’re so damn beautiful’ in your mind told you yes, and the ache that appeared in between your legs every so often when you thought about his mouth, his fingers, and his cock, told you yes. Yes, you missed him, you missed the physical side of him that you were attracted to,

But you would never admit it and become defeated by him. You didn’t need him, you didn’t want him. But no matter how many times you told yourself that, you knew there’d be the smallest bit of doubt in your mind.

On the 9th day of complete silence you made your dinner plate and immediately dashed to the dinner
table across from him, dropping down and looking him in the eye even though he was diligently ignoring you every step of the way. “Unlock the door, let me go downstairs.” You demanded, gripping your plate tightly in your hands. He did nothing but cut into his food, not paying you any mind at all. “Are you listening to me?” You said, almost shouting at him and demanding he give you his attention. “I get it, this punishment, I get it! I get it already! Just let me go downstairs so I can be punished in peace!” You begged, you were hopeful when he lifted his head and looked you in the eye for a hot second.

*Are you, perhaps, saying you miss my company?*

His voice fluttered through your mind, and you instantly felt nauseous as you realized that you had been correct. He wanted you to admit that you wanted him and his interactions, which you still didn’t want to admit that you did.

“No, I’m saying I miss Cass’s company.” You said as defiantly as you could.

*Well then I have nothing else to say to you.*

“Dude, come on!” You said, now feeling more hopeless than ever. “This is stupid! You’re not going to accomplish anything by treating me like this! Just let me go downstairs and I’ll be out of your fucking way!” You pleaded with Kylo, your throat began restricting and your vision blurred as you realized you were losing. You weren’t getting to go get away from him and he still wasn’t speaking to you. He took one last look at you, his brown eyes piercing into your fractured soul for a hot second before he stood, grabbed his plate and headed toward the steps. You ran after him, screaming his name in disbelief that even he wasn’t lonely enough to stop this punishment either.

*You’ve given me permission to have several other women besides you. I am not as lonely as I can feel you are right now.*

At that you literally screamed at the top of your lungs. That was definitely not what you wanted to hear. It hurt, it hurt you more than you’d ever admit to. It hurt because, even though you didn’t think about it, even though you wouldn’t say it out loud, you didn’t want him fucking anyone else. And to think that, while you were here day in and day out by yourself with no one to talk to and nothing to do, he was out pleasuring another woman, being pleasured by another woman. All of the enjoyable sex the two of you had together, all of the enjoyable time the two of you spent together felt like nothing now that he had basically admitted to having another woman on the side. What was this? What was he?

And most importantly: What were you doing standing here heartbroken about your rapist and captor having another woman he was likely torturing? How many times had you told yourself you didn’t want or need him? How many times would you still have to tell yourself you didn’t want or need him? You were falling right through the cracks of your own sanity, right into his cold, manipulative hands. You lay your hand over your clothes lopper tattoo, you were stronger than this. You were better than this. You had spent so much time trying to get away from him in the first few days of your imprisonment and you were still actively trying to get away from him to this very day. You couldn’t be falling for him, for his lack of physical punishment and increase in romantic feelings. This is exactly what he wanted, he wanted you to suffer.

And so the days dragged on. 10 days, 11 days, 12 days. 13. 14. 15. 16. All the way up to the 20th day of complete silence when Ren didn’t even come home to you. You fell asleep on the couch on day 19, it was late and he hadn’t returned at his normal time. You ate some of his star fruit for dinner when he failed to show up, and you fell asleep way past midnight without actually seeing him walk
through the door. The next morning you woke up at 11 AM, did a sweep of the house and found he was not here. At that point you lost it. This was certainly not fair. No one had any right to emotionally abuse you like this. You were lonely, you were tired of having no one to talk to, and you were fed up with it. Even if it were true that you wanted his company, that you wanted to be more romantically involved with him like he said he “knew” you wanted to be, if it were true there would be no reason for this tomfoolery. Why would he do such a thing to you at all if he cared so much about you?

Regardless, you repeat your mantra to yourself: You don’t need him, you don’t need him. All throughout the day you said this to yourself as you plotted your next escape. You stared at the knives that were boxed on his kitchen counter, he deserved this now more than he ever did. You had never actually tried to touch them before, he had told you they were coded to his DNA and they wouldn’t release for you. You scoffed as you eyed the steak knives all lined up in their boxes, next to them sat the sharpener.

You had never thought about mutilation and murder before. It was the only way you could figure to get out of this prison, to end this war between he and you. The door was coded to open with his handprint, and if you wanted to get out of here you would need his handprint.

More like you would need his entire hand.

And the only way to get his hand would be to simply chop it off. You had watched him very carefully over the weeks and he was careful to never just leave the knives just lying around where you could access them. You waited for the day he’d simply forget, leaving just one knife out on the counter for you to steal while he slept, then you’d climb the stairs quietly, sneak into his bedroom and stab him to death; slit his throat and then steal his hand so that you could free yourself. Just the thought made you grow nervous, what if you were caught? What if he didn’t die and decided to turn the knife on you instead? You stood there, wringing your hands in anticipation. You couldn’t think like this. Especially after what he had put you through.

You thought about how you were going to pull such a thing off, you still had to find a way to get to the knives. You would need to distract him, need to figure out a way to draw him away from the kitchen when he had the knives out. You grew anxious once again, you thought there was only one way that would happen, there would be only one way he would walk away from the knives and that would be to tell him what he wanted to hear.

And then some.

Chapter End Notes

I became so frustrated with this chapter because there was so much I wanted to write in (portions of it I didn’t even get to write) and so much I wanted to say, but I just couldn’t get it out. I deleted and rewrote this chapter three freaking times until I ended up with this. I hope it was good for you guys.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You were alone. You had no one. There was no Cass, there was no Rose, there was no mom or dad. There was no Kylo Ren.

You were left to fend for yourself and you realized how well you had it while he was here. You had never actually cooked for yourself before, or at least not the extravagant meals Kylo had made you. You woke up on your second day alone and only managed to burn yourself some dry scrambled eggs with a glass of milk for breakfast, you skipped lunch because you couldn’t think of anything to make with what was in his fridge, and when it came time for dinner all you had was more fruit. You were too nervous knowing he was out there doing who knows what, you didn’t think you had the capacity to cook. You showered and turned in for bed hoping he’d show up tomorrow, but that wasn’t the case.

On your third day alone you could hardly take it. You stood at the door to the room you and Cass shared and began banging on it, calling out for Cass to answer. You jiggled the door handle as you begged her to open the door for you, but you got no response. You knocked even louder before you realized you and Cass hadn’t left off on very good terms. Even if she could open the door she’d likely wouldn’t, she’s probably still angry over your escape attempt.

You lay your head against the door while your hope dwindled yet again. Why would he leave you like this? Wasn’t he worried about harming yourself, or getting away, or anything like that? What was his plan if the base burned down and you were locked in here, or if someone broke in and kidnapped you from your original kidnapper? He was setting you up for failure, all because you would not tell him that you missed him. As you stared at the kitchen tile a new sound, a sound you hadn’t heard in three days immediately drew your attention behind you. The door handle jiggled, someone had been standing on the other side of the door and was trying to open it. Your hopes quickly shot up as you turned back to face it, thinking Cass was, indeed, trying to open the door for you. But as the jiggling stopped you realized she couldn’t open it and free you from your misery. It locked from the other side as well, to ensure you couldn't come up here and bother Ren when he didn't want you around. An incredible, numbing sadness washed over you as you heard her trudge back down the steps, even Cass couldn’t help you in your moment of need.

You turned away, sadly striding off to the steps where you thought you could take your mind off of things lifting weights in his gym. You had tried to work out yesterday, but you felt too weak to even complete two reps. You sat up on his bench and simply stared at the wall. You were lonely. You were more than lonely. You were severely, heartbreakingly lonely. You wrapped your arms around yourself and tucked your head into your chin, looking at the bench between your knees. There were no noises, just the sound of your breathing and your feeble attempt to keep your emotions together. When would this punishment end? When would he come back to you? This was agony, this was nothing short of torture.

On your fourth day alone, you thought for sure you were losing your mind. You ended up staying in his bed literally all day, only leaving to use the bathroom and to get food. On this day you came up with the conclusion that Ren had planned all of this for you, because you had never seen his fridge so chock full of food before. He knew he was going to be away for a while so he filled the fridge while you weren’t looking. Genius. Sad, yet genius.
You stared into the fridge before finally settling for a cold peanut butter and jelly sandwich that you half-assed, plopping one large spoonful of peanut butter before cross contaminating the jar of jelly with the same spoon. You threw the spoon down into the sink amongst your other dishes that you hadn’t bothered to wash, Ren often had a droid come in and wash his dishes and you just couldn’t be bothered to wash them on your own.

As you turned to head back to the dining room to sit alone and eat the sorry excuse for a sandwich you created, you noticed something strange on the ground sticking out from under the door. You took a step closer and noticed it was a folded up, light pink piece of paper. It could only have come from one person, and that was Cass. At the thought of having the smallest piece of human interaction once again you bent down as quickly as you could and snatched the piece of paper from the linoleum floor, opened the fold and lay your eyes on the most twisted message you had ever seen:

Vee,

I am here

I can’t help you because I am angry at you and the General told me not to.

But I’m here.

-Cass

It took no time for you to become so floored that you crumbled the paper between your hands and threw it at the door, stomped off to the table and angrily at your sandwich. Fuck Cass and fuck her master General Hux. Why even take the time to write you a note like at all? It only made you feel even more lonely and useless. You wanted to cry, to scream, to do anything that would make your suffering end. At that point you were willing to admit you missed him just to keep your sanity. Even him ignoring you was better than this. You pounded your fists on the table, causing your now empty plate to jiggle in between your hands.

You hated being lonely. You feared being alone.

But you were still angry. So angry that you went all the way up the stairs, seized a pen from Ren’s desk in his study, went all the way back downstairs to the piece of paper and wrote the words “FUCK YOU” over her note, crumpled it up again and shoved it under the door. “Thanks for nothing.” You grumbled under your breath, then turned to head back up the stairs to mope in Ren’s bed. What a waste of time.

On your fifth day alone, you were rescued.

And not rescued as in your father came knocking down the door to take you back home where you belonged, rescued as in, while you were asleep in his bed, Kylo Ren came back home. You thought you had heard the door open first, opened your eyes from your broken sleep only to close them again when you assumed nothing had happened. One time Cass had told her she began to hallucinate when the General left her downstairs alone for weeks on end, you could only hope that it wasn’t happening to you but it seemed likely unfortunately. You kept your eyes shut tightly as the sound of someone’s footsteps coming up the stairs caused you to open your eyes again, this time you knew you were hearing something and it wasn’t in your head.

Your first immediate thought was it wasn’t Ren. You thought someone had figured out he was gone
and was breaking into his home to hurt you. You sat straight up, a sick kind of excitement running through your mind over the thought of another human being in the home with you. You weren’t alone, but the person that was here with you was likely going to hurt you. You drew the sheets up to your face in a futile attempt to hide from the intruder, deep down inside you were hoping he was here to put you out of your misery by any means necessary, and indeed he was.

You watched as the tall figure came into the room, brooding in the doorway while just staring into the bedroom seemingly right at you as well. It was that moment when you realized it was Ren. You could see his hair, you could see his helmet tucked under his arm. It was him, Kylo had finally returned to you.

You gasped, completely frozen and unsure of how to react. Truthfully your first reaction was to jump up and leap into his arms, to plead for his forgiveness and tell him what he wanted to hear so that he would never leave you alone again. But you couldn’t, you couldn’t be so weak. You had suffered for days because of him, came so close to giving up because of him, you didn’t owe him the satisfaction of stroking his ego after what he put you through.

“Why are there so many dishes in my sink?” He asked, taking another step into the bedroom. To hear his voice run into your ears after so long was like breaking a painful spell. The chains of loneliness that held you down broke at the sound of the angry question and you felt like yourself once again. “Ren.” You whispered just under your breath in the hopes that he would not hear you, and from his actions you could conclude that he didn’t.

The light came back on and you saw his scowl in full view, he set his helmet down atop its pedestal and advanced toward you. You almost felt like you could cry tears of joy as he got closer to you, confirming to you that he was, indeed, real and not a hallucination. Images of every positive interaction you had with him ran through your mind, the kindness that he conveyed through his soft words and touches, the way he held you when you were upset and how he called you beautiful. Then came the sex, the way he’d pull moans from you and send pleasure coursing throughout your body. He knew you, he knew what you liked and how to get you going, how to reward you, and clearly how to punish you as well.

“Look at you, you look ridiculous.” He said, he moved to the side of the bed and seized your face in his hands, pulling you so that you were perched on the side. He twisted your face around to see every angle of you, and his look of anger quickly faded into one of disappointment. “You haven’t been taking care of yourself while I was gone, I can tell.” He let go of your face with a bit of force, causing you to lean back into the bed against your better judgment. It was as if his anger made you snap, that you finally got your head back on your shoulders and realized this is not what you want to be doing. Your mantra came back to you: You didn’t need him, you’d never need him, especially when we was being excessively cruel like he was now.

“Yeah? Well I’m sure you’ve had several others taking care of you while you were not here.” You barked at him, thinking back to the confession he released in your own head about you “allowing” him to have another woman. Just the thought clouded your eyes with tears and sent the blood rushing to your cheeks. While he was out doing whatever he was, fucking other women presumably, you were here suffering nervous break downs every single hour of the day. Alone, with no one to turn to. “You fucking selfish prick. I hate you more than I hate anything in this universe!” You said, unable to hold back your verbal fire. He deserved it, and you were certain he was going to punish you somehow but in that moment you needed to get your frustrations off your chest.

All your outburst earned was a slick giggle from him, you looked up and saw him smiling amusingly at you and instantly felt like you could knock all of his teeth out. Nothing about this was funny in the slightest, he was a sadistic man and you couldn’t believe how happy you were to see him walk
through that door.

“Did you really believe me when I told you I had another woman, Vee? Are you truly that naive?”

“I have no reason to not believe you, asshole.” You said, crossing your legs like a proper lady and turning your nose up at him. “Tell me, why would I pay all of that money to have you for only a year and a half only to turn around and cheat on you with a woman I could have gotten for free?” At this point he was surely angry, his face was turning red and everything. You thought he had no right to be angry at you, you were still 100 percent certain he was with another woman and that’s why he was gone for so long.

“No, Vee, you’re wrong.” He said before shrugging off his outer coat. “I was away on another planet, doing business with another leader. Extras were not allowed to accompany us and it just so happened to align with your punishment.” You cocked a brow at him, unsure if it was your plea with yourself to not fall for him that was making you not believe him or if you genuinely didn’t believe him. You were still suppressing your excitement to see him back after so many days, to have another companion to interact with but you still desperately did not want to give in.

“Speaking of, do you have anything you want to tell me?” He asked, taking another step closer to you. It didn’t take much thinking to come up with what he wanted to hear, that you were completely powerless without him, that you couldn’t eat real food or do any dishes or even change out of your pajamas without him around to command you to do so. You really had been a wreck these last few days and you were relieved to have him back, but you still would not admit that you needed him.

“Other than you’re a horrible person for leaving me alone? No.” He shook his head once, then looked away from you and sighed heavily. “No? Are you sure?” He asked, reaching out and stroking his hand down your face. You jerked your head from his hand, the feeling of human contact felt so good after such a long time, but you would not succumb to him. “Because your mind states otherwise, little Vermin.”

Suddenly his hand was at your jaw again, gripping you and pushing you back down onto the mattress. You audibly protested as he pushed his lips onto yours, pressed all of his body weight onto you like it’s where he belonged. “Get off!” You cried out, placing your palms on his chest and attempting to push him away. He was still fully clothed, his shoes were still on and you knew this could not have been comfortable for him. Even through his clothes you could still feel his muscles, your hands lingered there for longer than you would have liked until you simply gave up and dropped your hands to his hips instead. You wanted to believe that you had given up because you knew you were weak and couldn’t fight him off, but deep down inside you knew it was because you had missed him and wanted everything he was about to give you.

“Why? Don’t you know that I missed you?” He asked, moving his attention from your lips to your neck. He knew you, he knew what you liked and he knew you would melt right there in his hands once he began kissing you there. Wide, slippery kisses all down your neck, biting you, sucking and creating bruises he knew would last long, and he didn’t care. He told you that he missed you, that he wanted you, and you were powerless to stop him. You craned your neck straight up in a feeble attempt to stop him but you had to give in, it felt too good. A quiet moan escaped past your lips as your fingers curled into his clothing, you were crumbling.

“I missed you and your lies, Vee. The way you struggle and fight me, it’s like a game.” He said between his kisses and your angry groans. You had your eyes closed as hard as you could, once he got to this point, once he decided he wanted to sexually abuse you there was no stopping him. You wouldn’t call it a game as he did, because games were usually fun. This was not fun, and it usually ended with you in some kind of physical or emotional pain.
The foreplay continued, your body responded and soon the two of you were at it again. Sex after such a long time alone was so strange. You missed the contact, you missed the act, but you did not miss him. No matter how many times he said it to you, his hands gripping your hips as you sat there on your hands and knees in his bed, no matter how often he tried to tell you that this is what you needed you wouldn’t believe him.

How many days had it been without him or his cock? You bit down on your lip, once again reminding yourself that this was all bullshit. This wasn’t supposed to feel good, but it did. You weren’t supposed to have been so happy to see him, but you were. Your mind and your body were both rebelling against you, his manipulation was becoming successful and it would seem you were failing at everything else. Why else would you be face down in his pillows silently begging him for more knowing he could listen to your thoughts?

*Deeper*

*Faster*

*Please!*

You would cry out in your head, and much to your delight he would oblige. “Do you see now?” He said, out of breath as he continued to pound into you, pushing you further and further to your own orgasm. “You want it, you missed it. You can tell yourself otherwise as much as you want, Vee. But you know, you *know* you need me.”

You moaned as the husky sound of his voice turned you on even more, sending your vaginal walls into a frenzy as you couldn’t hold on any longer. It started out as you screaming ‘shut up’ as loud as you could, be it to him or yourself you weren’t quite sure, but ended with a passionate cry as your orgasm washed over your body. Your eyes opened as every muscle in your body relaxed, Kylo pushed past your comfort zone and kept fucking you, causing your body to twitch in the overstimulation. It was bliss, and in that moment you were able to separate your physical need from Kylo Ren. You needed this feeling, but you did not need or want him.

He had finally cum inside of you. It didn’t take much longer after your intense orgasm and he didn’t try to draw it out. He pulled himself out of you and you felt him drag his fingers across your wet entrance. You lifted your head and tried to look over your shoulder at what he was doing to you, but your questions were all answered once you felt a mix of your fluid and his being dragged in circles across your bare back. “My beautiful Vee,” He whispered, sighing as you felt him relax his body behind you. “I’ve missed you so much.”

After Ren’s return home things finally went back to normal. You went back to eating together, sleeping next to one another, and as always you tried avoiding him every step of the way. It proved to be nearly impossible, when he would play with your hair and compliment you, when he’d take the time to speak to you like a normal human being. He told you he hated punishing you, he hated being away from you for so long and vowed he would never do it again. To you, it sounded like bullshit. There was no reason for him to have put your life in danger like that if he truly cared for you as much as he claimed, but in the end you tried not to think about it. The only thing that was always in the back of your mind was driving that knife through his heart and cutting his hand clean off. Then you’d be safe and you’d be out of here.

“You know, you’re due for that second shot soon.” He told you one evening as the two of you were readying for bed. “What shot?” You asked. “The shot in your arm. Your birth control.” Standing away from him, staring at the closet from where you would retrieve your pajamas you rolled your
eyes. Another way for him to control you and it would leave you with hardly any room to rebel. You thought for just a second, It had been a while since your first shot, at least Ren was keeping track for you.

“And what exactly are you going to make me do in order to get that shot, Ren?” You asked, knowing it was going to be something sexual in nature. You heard him sit down on the bed behind you, could almost see the shit eating grin he’d have on his face when the words ‘blow job’ or ‘ride me’ would fall from his lips. It was ridiculous, but subjecting yourself to yet another round of forced sex would be far better than conceiving his child and having to endure an abortion.

“You know what I want.” He said, his voice was thick with emotion. He was always pushing this on you, always trying to get you to admit this need that he felt you had for him. It annoyed you, and to hear him using it as a bargaining chip for your birth control, something that benefits both you and him absolutely dug up under your skin and angered you.

“Just what are you trying to get me to say, exactly?” You asked, turning around and looking at him with your brow raised. “Are you trying to get me to tell you that I love you? Because I don’t, and I never will.” He chuckled, lifted his sleeping shirt over his head and shimmying it over his body. “You can’t love me, Vee. I’m unloveable.”

The sentence struck you a lot stronger than it probably should. He was unloveable? What kind of sane person describes themselves as unloveable? You recalled what he had told you in the church about not being able to love someone, not enjoying being around happy people who were in love, but he seemed to have taken it to a whole new level. What he had said was normal, you had almost felt the same way. But what he had just confessed to you was not, and it only added to your discomfort level when close to him.

“Unloveable?” You spoke up finally. “Stop being so dramatic.” You scoffed, finally moving into the closet so you could dress and get on with your night. “It’s true, Vee. No one has ever spared such emotion on me, I can only conclude that I am incapable of being loved.” He said, speaking as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Like it didn’t matter what you thought of him, only that he got it off his chest. “How would you even know that?” You grilled him, thinking it was such a ridiculous thought. You were certain at least someone in his life loved him, didn’t he have parents? Didn’t he have a mother that cared for him? You were certain that your parents were less than pleased about your upbringing and what you became, but you were still sure they loved you.

“Because, I know these things about myself.” He shouted to you from the bedroom, but you pushed it off your shoulders. “Well that’s too bad. I was loved by everyone at my house. Maybe if you adjusted that ugly personality of yours you’d be loveable again.” You said jokingly, but you never got a reply. You wondered if your words hurt him more than he would admit, that he knew it was a bad thing to claim to be “unlovable” and was upset at you essentially flaunting what he didn’t have. You smirked, he deserved it after all the emotional turmoil he had caused you. You dressed and stepped out into the bedroom where you found Kylo going through his tablet in the bed. You kept your head down as you climbed into bed next to him and lay down facing the wall. You let your mind wander before Ren had finally brought it upon himself to set his tablet down and shut the light off. Like every night he hunkered down into bed next to you, wrapping the blanket over himself and getting comfortable so that the two of you could slumber in peace. However, tonight, he had something new to say to you:

“We aren’t the same.” He sighed, his voice taking on a newfound emotion. “You’re capable of love, and you’re capable of being loved.” Your eyes flew open as he tossed the word around a few more times, this time in relation to you. Love. Why was he talking about love all of the sudden? Was he trying to put it in your mind that he loved you, or that he deserved your love? That was disgusting,
you didn’t want to imagine that he was delusional enough to love you when you never reciprocated any of the kind feelings he felt toward you. Where would he even get that idea? You hated him, you wanted to get away from him so badly that you were willing to kill him! You couldn’t love him, and he couldn’t–absolutely could not–love you.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that this chapter took so long. I was hit by long hours at work, lots of school work (I wrote a Poem about AO3), and a creative wall to top it all off. I'm glad I managed to get this chapter out.

Also, I foresee this story going way over 30 chapters in length. Be prepared!
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Content warning: Stabbing, blood, and attempted murder are all themes that will appear periodically throughout this chapter. It is skippable, I will provide a recap in the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Each day went by painfully slow as you waited for the perfect opportunity. You sat next to him on the floor every time he cooked, you watched him cut through the meat, the vegetables, the fruit with the knife that you so desperately wanted to hold in your own hand. When you were alone you planned, you schemed about how you would drive that knife through his heart. How you would continually stab him until he expired in his own bed, then you’d have to completely remove his hand, carry it down the stairs and press it against the scanner. You worried that the lack of life in his appendage wouldn’t activate the scanner, that his cold, detached hand wouldn’t have the same effect as his living hand would, but you held out hope. You reached up and fiddled with your necklace thinking of Rose as you reaffirmed your wishes. The fading scar on your cheek was a gruesome reminder of how badly you needed to follow through with your escape.

You were nearing the time you would need your next birth control shot, and you knew he would make you admit your need for him. You were beginning to wonder how much of that was actually for the needs he expected you to have, rather than how much of it he actually needed. He alluded to the fact that he was beginning to fall for you, something that just made no sense to you at all. He hated you, he hated the fact that you wouldn’t submit to him and, for heaven’s sake he referred to you as a vermin when he was angry at you! You spent nights racking your brain about his feelings, trying to follow his train of thought on how he would come to such a conclusion. Was it the physical aspect alone? The forced sex, sharing a bed every night and each meal together? Was he some kind of sadist who gained pleasure from punishing and hurting you, and now it was just all coming to a head? Or was he just some egotistical bastard that got off on the idea that you were to worship him like he was your god? They were all hopeless fates, but either way it ended with some feelings that you absolutely weren’t comfortable with. You would never love him and couldn’t stomach the thought of him loving you.

Keeping the thought of him falling in love with you in the forefront of your mind only fueled your need to get out even more. There was the danger of having to endure unprotected sex with him because he would refuse to allow you a birth control shot if you didn’t lie to him and just him in general. Sure he didn’t physically abuse you anymore, sure he didn’t lock you in the cage. But this was still the same man that dragged your face across raw eggs and spoiled milk, the same man that burned your face with the underside of a frying pan. This was Kylo Ren, an untamed animal that had the capability to harm you at any moment, and it was in your best interest to get away.

And each day crawled painstakingly by. He never dropped the knife, he never even so much as looked away from the knife before placing it back into the block and locking it away from you. He’d command you to stand, telling you it was time to eat and you’d blindly follow him. This would do you no good. You had to take matters into your own hands.

You had to get him to walk away from the knife.
How would you even get him to do such a thing? He always had his eyes on you, he always knew where you were and he always had the option to look into your mind. Truthfully you had no idea how you had even gotten away with planning your escape for so long without him finding out, you were sure if he ever caught wind of you planning his death he would have you put to death. But it was frustrating. You suffered every day thinking of how you would accomplish your seemingly impossible task, until it hit you like a bright light bulb in a dark room. It was easier than you had thought all along.

You waited until he had the knife in his hand and was preoccupied with whatever he was doing, a look of neutrality on his face that could only mean his thoughts were focused on the final product he was crafting. No doubt it would be delicious, but on this particular night the only thing you would be tasting would be the bittersweet taste of your freedom.

Begging your out of control heart to still, you stood to your feet and simply stepped out of the kitchen and into the living room. You had your hands wrapped around yourself as you kept your head low, jumping at the sound of Kylo calling out your nickname in confusion. This was it, your plan was officially set in motion and there would be no going back now.

“Vee, get back here!” Kylo said as you turned to head up the stairs, you stole a look at him and could tell he was irritated with you. There had been times where you confessed to needing a bathroom break while he cooked and he always escorted you to the smaller bathroom on the first floor, so you were certain he knew something was up. The two of you had a stare off as you placed your foot upon the first step, Ren’s fists clenched at his sides as he took a step toward you and you ran up the stairs as fast as you could. You were, however, happy to see that the knife was not in his hand.

Once you got to the top of the stairs you made a sharp left into his bedroom, dropped to your knees as you wanted for him to catch up with you. You were already effective at drawing him away from the knife, now you just had to keep him away. And unfortunately for you, this involved submitting, sexualizing yourself so that he would forget about everything else.

With your arms behind your back you stared at him as he walked into view, a serious look of unamusement hung on his face as he waited for an explanation. But you had none for him. Instead you allowed white noise to flow throughout your mind so he would not catch onto your true motives, he stepped right up to you and just as he was angrily reaching for your face you took it upon yourself to reach for his zipper.

You went as quick as you could so that he could not thwart your plans, once done with his zipper you hastily grasped the waistband of his pants and pulled them down around his ankles. He looked so pathetic in his uniform with his pants down, his arms thrown back in surprise by your actions and you suppressed the urge to simply laugh at him. Your hands came to rest on his hips as you drew yourself in closer to him, pressing your face against his flaccid cock. You could smell him, you could feel the thick muscles in his thighs below you and his body heat seemed to stick to you like glue. His physicality turned you on more than you were willing to admit, but you tried not to let it get to your head. After all, you would be killing him. Then you’d never get to feel him ever again.

“What is this about?” Kylo asked you, you tilted your head back to look at him. You took in a huge breath, the musky scent of his cock and underwear filling your nostrils so much that you exhaled a wanton moan against your better judgment. You felt his body stiffen as your warm breath caressed the front of his underwear, and under your cheek his cock was hardening. It was working, you just had to make it last.

You said nothing as you reached for the band of his underwear, but before you could even touch it he stepped out of your grasp. “What’s gotten into you all of the sudden, Vee? Last week you would
have done anything to avoid this and now you’re begging me for it.” He spoke, and you felt a lump growing in your throat. You couldn’t stand the thought of him stepping away and your plan not working, being subjected to more mind games by him until you could lure him away again. You had to make this good, you had to overstep your boundaries and you had to get this done.

You straightened your back and forcefully threw yourself forward, grasping his underwear and attempting to pull them down before he took both of your hands in his and pushed you off. You grimaced at him, internally you were losing your composure. You knew from experience that Kylo was a sexual creature, why would he be forcing you to your knees one minute and then pushing you away the next?

“Is this truly what you want?” He asked, reaching down and taking your lower jaw in his hand, lifting your face to look at him. You nodded your head, making another move to his cock only to be pushed onto your ankles. “You want my cock, you want me?” He asked, using his free hand to rub across his crotch. His fingers caressed his erection, over, under, and around the head of his growing cock. The sight was making your mouth water, and it was in that moment you realized that he was right. You did want this from a physical standpoint. It wasn’t about Kylo and the fact that he wanted to hear you say that you wanted him as in himself, you just wanted his cock that he had learned how to use so expertly on you. Of course, there were the conflicting feelings inside of you that screamed otherwise, but you compartmentalized them and focused on the task at hand. When you were done, you’d be done and you’d never have to worry about Kylo Ren and his manipulative behaviors ever again.

“I can tell you want it, Vee. But this is where I draw the line.” He said, scowling and letting go of your hand. “I’m sick of these games, I’m sick of the lies and from this…” He waved his hand around over your head, you were the catalyst for this entire conversation and he wanted you to know it. “...I can tell you are too. You want something from me, Vee, I know you do. Just tell me what it is, and you can have it.” He said, cooing at you as if he understood what was stopping you. You let your eyes shut, forcing you to concentrate only what was on your mind and not the temptation that literally dangled right in front of you. You knew this was going to happen. You knew Kylo was going to make you tell him what he wanted to hear. You were so opposed to lying to him before, but now it hardly mattered. If what it takes to get out of here is to lie to him, then so be it. You would scream it to the universe, you would shout it into the stars. You would profess and exclaim your love to Kylo Ren if it meant you got to end his life and run for the hills, even if the majority of it was a lie.

You sat up straighter before once again taking hold of the waistband of his underwear, looked him straight in the eye and said it: “I need you.”

It was as if a huge weight had been lifted from your shoulders as those three little words tumbled from between your lips. A sense of calm, peace, and relief washed over you as you watched his face soften in response to your lie. You could hear your own heartbeat as regret began bubbling in your gut; if it were a lie, why did it feel like you were being truthful? Why did it feel as if you had come clean, washed yourself of your bloodstained deception and had come to terms with your true feelings when you had decided a long, long time ago that you hated Kylo Ren and everything he had done to you? This was not right, and you knew it was nothing but Kylo’s hard work of gaslighting and manipulation finally working in his favor. This is what he wanted, and lucky for him it would be one of the last things he would hear before he met his end.

“What was that?” He asked, you noticed his pupils had dilated just a tad and his lower lip was quivering. It would seem this whole lie was affecting him more than you thought it would. At this point you opened your thoughts up wide for him to look into, you screamed in your head that it was all a lie, that you were lying to him and you weren’t ashamed. “I need you.” You said once again, this time it felt even better. You shut your eyes tight as the words fell from your lips unintentionally
one more time, your hands fell from his hips as he took a step closer to you, falling to his knees in front of you and begging you to say it one more time. He was in a panic, held onto your shoulders as if you couldn’t say it fast enough for him. “Kylo, I need you.” You said, your grip on reality was slowly faltering and you realized, with each passing phrase, it was true. How Kylo had managed to make you feel this way was beyond you. You realized that you were ever so slowly becoming Cass, brainwashed to hell and back and you knew it was only a matter of time before you were worshiping him like she worshiped her General.

Kylo wrapped his arms around you, nearly suffocating you as he held you there on the floor. It was enough of a push to put you in the right state of mind again and the fog lifted from your eyes. This is where you needed him to be, you were doing everything right.

He pushed you onto the floor, his pants coming free of his ankles he straddled you and pressed his lips into your neck, succeeding in drawing out more pleasure than you wanted. “I told you.” He whispered. “I told you this is what you needed.” His body racked suddenly, as if he had just released his emotions just as you had. You could feel it. You could tell he held a passion for you as he kissed his way down and around your neck, coming up and enveloping your mouth against your will. Once again you succumbed to the physical need you held, you wrapped your arms around him and kissed him back, feeling like he was putting you on a high you would never come down from. The words slipped from your mouth again, you couldn’t hold them back as he ground his cock into your underwear, making you wetter and wetter for only him.

“You finally say it, it’s taken you far too long.” He said, leaning up and taking in your sad look of need. You nodded your head, then closed your eyes as you kept the thought of him bleeding under the knife in the back of your mind. “Doesn’t it feel good? Don’t you feel so much better?” He asked, adjusting himself so that he was now sitting up. It did feel good, but you ignorantly put the blame on something else. Your physical need being satiated is what felt so good, not that, for the first time in months since you had been with Kylo, you were being truthful to yourself and to him. You nodded again, kept your eyes held closed as you felt him move off of you, push his hands up under your body and carry you to the bed. It would seem there was nothing else for him to say to you before he dropped you into the bed. You had finally accomplished what you set out to do.

To say Ren made love to you was an understatement. He all but told you he loved while he took his time pleasuring you from head to toe. “I know you think I’m lying, but I do need you, Vee.” He would say before dropping his head between your thighs and edging you on for the 5th, 6th, and 7th time in a row. “You mean so much to me, I--” He started, but was quickly stopped before you reached up and forced his head into to your aching cunt once again. If this was the last time you would be able to enjoy Ren, his mouth, his fingers, and his cock, you wanted to make it good and you didn’t want to hear him be so sappy when you were determined to not believe a word he said. You came on his face, but he wasn’t finished with you. He was determined to reward you for finally obliging him, and so he made sure he satisfied you in bed. This involved 3 position changes, uncountable hickies left into your skin, and so much dirty talk that you were screaming his name as you came for the 3rd time. He finished inside of you, finally all tuckered out he lay splayed out below you after you had given your all in riding him. His hands went from behind his head to your face as he brought you down to him for a kiss, your sweaty bodies covered in a dirty mix of your fluids and his. It was comforting, it was what you needed.

“Come on, get up.” He said, you took a panicked look over at his alarm clock which only read 8:30, the two of you didn’t often go to bed until around 10 so you still had daylight to burn. “Let’s go finish dinner, I’m almost done cooking it shouldn’t take long.”

“Wait!” You shouted, pushing him back down onto the bed. His eyes widened just a hair before his hands came to rest on top of yours, increasing the pressure that you had on him while a slick grin
spread across his face. This was so awful, but you had come so far and you couldn’t give up now. You could suggest a second round for him, but you feared he would become suspicious. You couldn’t suggest just going to bed, it was far too early. You had to think on your feet, to come up with something that would take up as much of his time as possible:

“Let’s go have a bath, I’m not very hungry anyway.” You said, a small smile stretching across your lips. “I promise I’ll wash you like you enjoy!” You said, and that seemed to have been the bait that he needed to hear. He whisked you into the bathroom where the two of you had a long, relaxing bath with one another.

You washed him from head to toe, watched him relax and tried your hardest not to admire him as much as you wanted to. You engaged him for as long as you could, but eventually he said he had to get out, his fingers were wrinkling and the water was growing cold. It had to have been enough time, it just had to be! He rose from the water and then helped you out. The two of you dried off together before making your way back to the bedroom where you initiated yet another round of kissing him just to see if you could occupy his time more, and eventually phase two of your plan was complete: He had fallen asleep without taking another step into the kitchen.

You spent a vast amount of time sitting there wide awake next to him, the seconds ticked by to his murder and, much to your dismay, you were growing cold feet. You shivered as you took a look at his peacefully sleeping form, did he really deserve to die? Could you actually kill him? You turned and stared back up at the ceiling, was your freedom worth his death?

You shook your head. Of course it was! Just because the man had shown you a decent time didn’t mean you dismissed your fight for freedom—or at least it shouldn’t. But he hadn’t even laid a hand on you, he hadn’t demeaned you or called you a vermin at all. You were beginning to enjoy your time here, did you really want to trade it for life on your home planet again?

You had just started to tell yourself no, until your necklace moved from the center of your neck to the side. Sure it was just a result of your moving around and breathing, but you took it as a sign from Rose herself that she wanted you to be out of this situation. You had to do this, and the longer you waited the harder it would be for you to get help after you leave. Your heart came to a standstill in your chest as you carefully sat up as to not disturb him, this had to be done and you get to get away.

You felt weightless as you traversed the hallway and steps, into the kitchen where the stove light was still on. As if Rose herself had sent you a gift, you looked on at the knife as the single light shined on it. Your stomach dropped ten feet into your chest and your limbs became tingly as you realized everything had gone according to your plan, the second to last thing you had to do was carry it up the stairs and end his life.

You held back tears as you walked up to it, took it between your thumb and forefinger. It was much smaller than you had imagined but you felt it could get the job done. You were visibly shaking as you ran your finger lightly over the blade, thinking about the agony you would be putting him in. These were not good thoughts, in fact you could feel bile rising in your throat as you thought about what you were about to do. You gulped, repressing the urge to vomit in the sink as you turned toward the stairs. You had to do this, you needed your freedom! You couldn’t chicken out now, you were so close, weeks of planning had finally paid off and you were only this much closer to running away. You took a step toward the stairs, thinking only of the bad that Kylo had ever done to you.

The knife felt like a 5-ton handle as you carried it up the stairs, into the bedroom, and next to Kylo’s side of the bed. You stood over him, twisting the knife around at your side as you pondered. What would they do to you if they found out you killed the Supreme Leader? They would certainly put you to death, and what if it didn’t work? What if you didn’t kill him and they weren’t able to reattach
his hand? What kind of consequences would you face? You gulped again as you raised the knife confidently above your head, it wouldn’t matter, because you’d be getting out of here tonight. You readjusted your fingers on the handle, focusing on the very center of his chest. All you had to do was close your eyes and stab, that’s it. You had been talking this through with yourself for weeks, you could do this. You were a loper, you would not be kept in captivity. You shut your eyes just as one tear fell down your cheek, counted to three in your mind, then you delivered the first blow.

He let out a mind-numbing howl as the knife pierced his skin the first time, you felt his body move a second after you were able to remove the knife from his chest. There was a bone-chilling resistance, you had to use all your might to free the knife from his thick muscles. You opened your eyes and was terrified to see that he had sat up, there was not a hole in his chest but in his armpit area. You gasped, without thinking brought the knife back behind you to stab him again, to slit his throat or something but before you could he raised his hand and you went flying over the bed, across the bedroom where you were pinned to the wall. When you opened your eyes you could see that he was bleeding, a deep red waterfall ran down his chest and was covering everything, and when he turned to you, a crazed mix of betrayal, anger, and pain on his face, you realized you were no longer holding the knife.

His hand flew up to his stab wound, covering it momentarily before he threw his other hand back toward you, and you only saw the gleam of the blade for a hot second before it penetrated the fleshy part of your hand between your thumb and pointer finger. You screamed, your one true nightmare had come true. You had failed to kill Ren, he was still alive with his hand still attached. You failed. You were now immobile with a knife through your hand in excruciating pain and you had nowhere to go. You knew this would not end well for you, you knew he was going to punish you harder than he ever had before. You openly sobbed, and as he staggered to his feet, blood dripping on the floor in his wake while advancing slowly toward you, you wished he would have aimed the knife for your own heart instead.

The entire time he was letting out groans of agony, if the pain you were in was anything to go by he must have felt like he was dying. His eyes screamed vengeance, his gait screamed horror, and once he got within arms reach of you his hands went to your throat. You cringed, looked away as you thought he was definitely going to choke you out, but your eyes flew back open as you felt the chain of your necklace go slack. He was holding it in his hand, throwing it behind him before he took the knife from your hand and then released you. “No!” You protested between your sobs, but his shallow breathing and pained moans drowned you out. With your mangled hand you crawled toward your necklace only to have Ren kick you in the ribs, sending you flying out the bedroom door with the help of the force. You tried to scramble to your feet, to run away somewhere where he could not get you but you felt another invisible boot in your ribs kick you down the stairs.

Your body tumbled down the stairs, and you were helpless to stop yourself. By the time you were at the bottom you had been covered in your own blood too. You were frozen with the Force and had to watch as Kylo’s shadow crept down the stairs, his hand still over his wound he stumbled, landed on his knees every once in a while before straightening up as best as he could next to you. He bellowed, lifting his hand and used the Force to grasp you by the hair. You were pulled into the kitchen where you came to rest against the door to Cass’s room. You looked up at the sound of the door unlocking and when you turned back around you were staring into the face of a dying man. Everything was covered in his blood, he was slipping and sliding as his mixed with yours. You were petrified, didn’t know what to do, where to go, or how to react other than by screaming your apologies. He looked like a madman capable of killing you, and you were certain that’s what he was going to do.

You had been leaning against the door when it fell open with the Force, and the second Kylo Ren straightened himself in front of you, you went soaring down the stairs. Your body hadn’t touched a single stair before you landed next to your own bed, coming to a painful stop. This evening had been
ruined, and there was no telling what was in store for you now.

Chapter End Notes

Ya girl here is getting an early birthday gift, my family is helping me pay half on a Surface Pro 6. Costco is selling them in bundles with the keyboard and pen for less than the cost of the tablet by itself. This means I'll have fully functioning keys once again and won't have to wait hours on top of days when it decides it wants to run slowly. It's a prayer that's been answered, especially since my last two classes in my Associate's degree is completely online and I'll be trying to do online classes when I get to my University. I'm so excited!
Chapter 27-Part A *Potentially Triggering, Read Beginning Note*

Chapter Notes

Content Warning: Vee/reader becomes a rapist/commits sexual assault
So, I want to get down and dirty with you guys. You all know I've got a thing for Stockholm Syndrome, and I have quite a fascination of how SHS and rape go hand in hand. When I started this story, I wanted it to be an accurate depiction of how a person develops such a syndrome, and I did my research. Upon doing some research I uncovered a bit of interesting information that read something along these lines: Victims of rape, especially repeated rape and sexual assault often feel like they've lost control of their body and their sexuality. In turn, they sometimes become overly sexual, or feel like they have to sexually abuse another person in order to get that feeling of control back.
So, I decided early on that Vee/reader character would try something along those lines in order to try and regain control of her body, because she is, indeed, a victim of repeated rape. I'm sure this doesn't need to be said, but rape, sexual assault, manipulation, and everything else that is harmful in this story is awful, Kylo is awful, and I in no way condone or wish any of this on anyone; not on myself, nobody, and this includes the scene that is included in this half of the chapter. While writing it my heart broke, I felt so awful for writing out the scene and decided I couldn't do it, so I had to cut it short with Hux barging in and putting an end to it. I decided the best thing to do is make this entirely skippable just as the last scene was, so I broke the chapter down in two parts. There will be a short recap during the next half, and I fully understand if my readers feel the need to skip this scene. If not, keep on reading and know that rape and the mind games being played are real and they have real consequences.

It was pitch black as you tried to orient yourself after Ren had thrown you down the stairs. You hit your head so hard on the side of your bed that you saw stars, and the moment you realized you were missing Rose's necklace, the moment you lifted your hand to your collar bones and felt nothing but your drying blood, you knew you had failed even more than you thought you had.
You sat up, the pain in your hand becoming second next to the emotional pain in your heart, and let out a wail, scrambling to your feet so you could dash up the stairs. Of course the door was locked, of course your cries fell on deaf ears. You babbled on about Rose, about Ren, and about the injury you had, but no help came. At least, no help came from Ren’s home.
The light came on from behind you, and you heard the faintest sound of a tired girl calling out your name. Through your panic you turned around, your eyes were wide as adrenaline shot through you at the sight of Cass in her small, light pink floral nightgown at the bottom of the stairs. “Vee, what’s wrong?” She asked, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. You turned around and went back to banging on the door, demanding Ren’s attention. You cared as much for Cass as you did when she passed you that awful note under the door and didn’t have the capacity to waste your time on her.
“Oh my! Where has all this blood come from?” She shouted, and you could hear the panic in her speech. Flashbacks of the time Ren burned your face came back to you, how she cared so much and tried to help you during your time of need. You closed your eyes as you heard her climbing the stairs behind you, you really didn’t think you had it in you to deal with her being over emotional as well.
“Cass, go away!” You shouted, your voice cracking as you broke down into sobs. Your hand was throbbing, still bleeding all over you and the door and you were so far gone you didn’t think any amount of comfort from anyone could heal you. You had lost your sister and added yet another failure to your growing list, for all you cared you could sit on these stairs and die. Without Rose you had nothing to live for, nothing to fight for, you were certain your life as you knew it had ended.

Against your wishes Cass still ascended the stairs, and when you could feel her standing right behind you and gasp, you knew she had seen the full extent of your injuries. “Vee! You, you’re hand!” She exclaimed, taking a step back. You were certain she had said something similar when she had seen your cheek injury, and it only angered you even more. “Your hand is bleeding! Vee, you have to tell the Supreme--”

“Cass just shut up!” You shouted over her, you couldn’t stand the thought of hearing her suggest asking Ren for help when he was the one who put you in this position. She was so brainwashed, you’d have to be in order to believe that a man like Ren would be willing to help anyone. “He’s the one that did this to me, he cut me and he took my necklace!” You screamed, Cass took another step down away from you. From the look of shock and horror on her face you could tell she wanted to give you your personal space, and for that you were thankful.

You went back to sobbing, turned around and sat on the top step, bringing your hands up to your face without a care in the world. Cass was radio silent in front of you, you couldn’t imagine what she was thinking. Last time she was so quick to help you with your injury but this time she didn’t have that same energy. Clearly she was still angry at you, but that was the very least of your worries; the most important being how the hell you were going to get your necklace back after attempting to murder the Supreme Leader of the First Order.

“He, he stabbed you?” She asked, shy and reserved just as she always was. You nodded your head in reply. “Like, with a knife?” You stopped sobbing momentarily, lifted your head up and looked at Cass in disbelief. “No, with a fucking candle.” You said as sarcastically as you could, but you were sure Cass wasn’t taking you seriously when the right half of your face was covered in blood. “But how did he--”

“For fucks sake, Cass! I was being sarcastic!” You screamed at the top of your lungs, causing her to flinch and stumble backward. You looked on at her as her lower lip trembled, then down at your wound. Your flesh was torn, the bleeding had increased so much by now and you still hadn’t made any attempt to stop it. It hurt, you knew you needed to do something about it, but all of your attention was locked on your necklace. You couldn’t help it, you blamed yourself.

“He probably did it to punish you.” Cass said in an octave above a whisper. You lifted your head again, knit your eyebrows down in confusion at what Cass had just said. You opened your mouth to reply, but couldn’t find any words. Cass was staring at you defiantly, crossing her arms over her chest and talking to you like a disappointed parent. “You did something to him, I know you did. The Supreme Leader is a nice man, like the General. He wouldn’t just stab you for no reason.”

“What the hell are you saying Cass?” You said, standing to your feet and feeling your heart beat rapidly once again. You knew your wound would begin to profusely bleed once you got all worked up, but it truly didn’t matter to you. You were livid, could only see red as you listened to the rest of her explanation.

“You did something to him!” She shouted at you. “You, you provoked him. You acted out because you’re convinced working here is awful and it’s not! It really isn’t, Vee, but you manage to make the worst of it! The General was right about you, you’re nothing but a trouble maker. The Supreme Leader told me he tries to get you to understand but you refuse to because you’re stubborn and you
still think you’re going to get away! You’re a coward, an insufferable coward!”

After Cass was done screaming at you, you found that you couldn’t move. Your feet were cemented to the stairs all while you fumed over her words. She told you that you deserved to be stabbed and that all you had to do was accept your abuse and you’d be happy. The only thing you could think was how dare she? How dare she call you a coward and how dare she make such a suggestion? She wanted you to suffer from the same disease she suffered from, she wanted you to submit. She had basically told you that you deserved losing your sister for good and being stabbed, and all of this hit you at once. You were infuriated, enraged as you ran toward her, down the stairs and across the small room where she made a dive for the bathroom.

You tackled her and pinned her to the ground, managed to tame her flailing limbs with your own as an awful realization set in: The dance they shared at the wedding. It could only be the one reason why she would have such thoughts about Ren. The last time this happened she mentioned she thought Ren was a nice man, but after they danced together all of the sudden she was 100 percent certain he was a great man, just like her General. He must have filled her head with air, must have wooed and wowed her and that’s why they were giggling together.

Which brought you to yet another hateful point: What was it about Cass that everyone enjoyed so much? It would seem everyone around you here had the same thought: You were bad, but Cass was perfect. Cass did as she was told, Cass obeyed. Cass spread her legs when the General wanted to, agreed with this whole pregnancy thing when you knew she was hesitant, and whatever Ren told her about you, she agreed with. Everyone put Cass on a pedestal, she was everyone’s perfect little princess. You dug your nails into her upper arm as she panicked, begged you to get off of her but it was too late. Cass was perfect, she was too perfect. She was the real reason why you were miserable, and it was time to change it.

You justified it in your mind, bringing your mouth down to hers and kissing her against her will. Your train of thought was sloppy and unhinged, but in your mind it made sense. You were raped every day, forced to have sex against your will by Ren every single day. But Cass enjoyed it here, didn’t she? She gave her body up willingly to the General, she wasn’t forced to open her legs for him. And it wasn’t fair. She didn’t have to suffer like you did, so you would show her just why you were, in her terms, a coward.

She cried out for her General as you sat up from her, her lips were so soft and feminine and her fear only fueled your horrible actions even further. She deserved this in your mind. She deserved to have her innocence stripped from her. Your bloody hand traveled down her body and under her nightgown, exposing her pale belly for everything that it was worth. Your other hand went up and held her mouth shut, muffling her screams so that no one would find you molesting her.

Your fingers ran over her white panties, down beneath her legs where you could faintly feel the shape of her sex. You let out a moan, realizing that, for the first time since you were forced to live within the Order, you felt as if you had control of your sex life. You closed your eyes as your fingers ran back up to the elastic of her panties, her body convulsed under you as her sobs picked up but you held her still. You weren’t new to intercourse with another woman, but just the thought of what you were about to do to her turned you on so much.

You had just curled your fingers into Cass’s underwear, a slick smile plastered on your face when suddenly someone grabbed ahold of your hair. You were thrown back, lifted your head to find none other than General Hux staring back angrily at you. You looked past him at Cass who was working her way to her feet, scrambling to get to her General but it would appear that he had other plans.

Instead of Cass being pinned to the ground, now it was you. Instead of you kissing Cass while she
was under you, Hux had you pinned to the floor by your throat and was unleashing the most violent punches against your face. You screamed, did your best to fight him off but the man was much bigger and stronger than you were. He had you held still while Cass begged him to stop, tried to tell him that the entire thing was a misunderstanding, which it wasn’t.

It seemed like an eternity, but eventually your abuse came to an end at the behest of Cass who had pulled him off of you. “General, please stop! Don’t hurt her!” She cried out just as you were sitting up. Your face felt broken and you could tell that you’d have massive amounts of swelling over the next few days due to your assault. You looked up at Cass, the feeling of your nose beginning to bleed becoming evident as you admired your own handiwork; She was covered head to toe in your blood, her nightgown saturated with blood from your wound made it clear that, whatever Hux thought happened to her, you were to blame.

“Vee didn’t do anything, I promise! Please don’t hurt her!” Cass cried, still trying to push him away from you. Even though you were stunned and finding it hard to concentrate on anything other than the things that ailed you, you knew Cass was full of shit. You attacked her, you tried to show her a piece of what you had to experience every day. Why she was defending you was beyond you. It did, however, put it into perspective what you had done to her, how you tried to break her, how you tried to force yourself upon her. You were angry, and your reaction was heinous and, truthfully, unforgivable. Yet here she stood, defending you and trying to simply push her sexual assault under the rug in order to save you, her attacker. You pressed your hands into your sore, swelling eyes. Cass really was brainwashed.

“What do you mean she hasn’t done anything to you? I caught her with her hands up your dress!” Hux shouted at her, to which Cass looked away in shame. “Please, General. It’s not what it looked liked. Vee didn’t hurt me, I promise!” She begged, and you couldn’t take it anymore. You stood to your feet and ran back up the stairs, perched yourself right in front of Re’s door and covered your ears as you heard the two yell back and forth at one another. You didn’t want to hear Hux call out your ruthless, ill thought actions while Cass tried her best to defend her one and only friend. This had probably been the most fucked up situation you had ever found yourself in. In a matter of minutes you had become a sexual predator against in innocent party and had to listen to her defend you.

What was wrong with you?

You sat there with your eyes painfully shut for what felt like an eternity until you had finally heard their voices die down below you. You dropped your hands into your lap just in time to hear Cass’s door slam, and you realized that you were finally alone with your own thoughts. You brought your hands behind your neck, tucked your chin into your neck and began sobbing once again. Ren was right, he had been right all along. You were, indeed, a monster, and a vermin. A pest to anyone and everyone around you, even to the one person that wanted to help you and hadn’t harmed you at all.
Chapter 27 Part B

You gave into your tears, even though you were still bleeding and in pain you sat there crying and wallowing in your self-pity. This was your fault, you couldn’t control your anger and you had likely pushed Cass far, far away from you. You deserved it, you did everything wrong including trying to kill someone. And it wasn’t until you heard footsteps coming from behind the door toward you. Your reaction time was still slowed as you tried to stand, but before you could the door was opening and you were faced with someone you had never seen before.

“Is, is this the girl, Supreme Leader?” He asked, seemingly shocked at your appearance. “There are two down there, she is the one with dark hair.” You heard Ren speak, then heard him walking toward you. You turned fully around, using the help of the stair below you, you attempted to hoist yourself up, but not before you were cowering in the shadow of the very man you had just tried to kill hours before.

You watched as he grimaced at the sight of your mangled skin, took a step forward before grasping you by your shirt and demanding you tell him what happened to you. You almost thought of it as a joke, really. The only people that had access to this room was him, yourself, Cass, and Hux. He hadn’t beat you, so it must have been one of the other two. Was he asking if Cass beat you? The small dainty girl that was afraid of almost everything around her? If not, that only left one person.

“Hux.” You whispered, having already been stabbed, beaten, and dragged through the mud enough for one day you decided not to pick another fight. Ren clenched his teeth, released you back into the stairwell where you did your best to steady yourself before you fell down the stairs again.

“Go fix her hand and anything else you can find, I’m going to have a word with the General.” Ren said, sounding just as angry as you were when Cass crossed you earlier that night. “But, Supreme Leader, you’ve just had a stab wound healed, you can’t just go--” The medic advised him, but Ren would hear none of it. “I said tend to her!” Ren shouted, scaring both you and the medic down the stairs. You had thought by now that you wouldn’t be so afraid of his yelling voice, but he was so loud and animalistic, it always had and always would terrify you.

The door slammed behind the medic and he tumbled into you, in your weak state you had managed to hold both him and yourself up, and when he realized what he was doing was detrimental to you he stood up straight and hastily apologized, but from the way he stuttered and shook it would appear that he was scared even more than you were. You glared at him, letting go of him in favor of simply retreating to your bed. He was here to heal you, it wasn’t as if he would give you any hope of leaving.

After an awkward recap of the plotting, execution, and failure of your escape attempt, after a detailed analysis of where you had stabbed Kylo Ren and where he stabbed you, and after dutifully explaining about how General Hux beat you up after catching you yelling at his assistant (which of course was a lie) the medic finally went about treating you. Your hand was cleaned, closed, and bandaged with a note to keep an eye out for any infection that might have occurred since there was a delay in medical attention. He gave you an anti inflammatory pill for the swelling in your face, but that was all he could do for your attack wounds.

When he was finally finished he ascended the stairs, knocked on the door, and you watched as he awkwardly wanted for someone to answer him. You chuckled to yourself at the thought of Ren’s home being empty and being stuck down here with him alone, surely Ren was anticipating this? You crossed your leg as you looked at your bandaged hand; your poor hand, your poor cheek. You heard the door open and the man stepped back inside of Ren’s home, you fully expected Ren to come
bustling down the stairs to punish you.

But no, you were immediately alone.

And alone you were for the next three days. No Cass, No Ren. You told yourself you’d be stronger once your breakfast came through the slot the next day, that you wouldn’t fall victim to your own conscious telling you that you needed someone to talk to, someone to listen to you and tell you that you were complete garbage. And you were doing well until lunchtime the next day when you realized no one would be coming to save you. Hux no longer trusted you, no matter what Cass said. Cass, even if she was brainwashed into thinking you hadn’t hurt her, wouldn’t want to spend time with you, she told you that you were a coward and you even tried to force yourself upon her. Ren, well ren was Ren. Almost a victim of murder you knew Ren was done with you. You had isolated yourself this time, and you were sure you’d be spending the rest of your time alone in this room.

You didn’t cry this time, luckily. You still hated yourself and blamed yourself for everything that had happened, but you did not cry. The hole in your heart sat completely empty and you had no one to turn to, no one to pass note with and no one to interact with until the sound of your next meal coming through the meal slot caught your eye.

It rattled, and it didn’t usually do that. You stood from your beanbag chair and got a closer look, observing as the slot opened and closed in less than five seconds. It appeared as if something was loose inside of it, something that held it to the wall. You got up on your bed, ignoring the average looking food that was now sitting on the nightstand and looking as close to the slot as you possibly could. You tried to dig your fingers into the slot as best as you could, but try as you might it would not open. Banging your palm against it yielded the same rattling noise as before, but you couldn’t figure out where it was coming from. You were yet again disappointed in yourself; why hadn’t you thought of this as a means of escape before? It was just smaller than a typical port window, and you thought you might have had enough room to worm your way outside, but you’d have to do so when the person delivering your food wasn’t looking. If it were broken, you’d already have a chance, but not until the next day when your breakfast would come.

The next morning you woke bright and early, seeing if you could catch the food delivery when it happened, to see if you could figure out what was rattling and if there was anything you could do about it. You thought maybe if you jammed a fork or a knife into it you could hold it open for long enough to slip through, but you would never know if your food never came. Unfortunately for you, there was a reason it didn’t come, and that reason was currently marching down the stairs from his own home.

You shut your eyes, preparing for the absolute worst. He would surely kill you, he would torture you, he would tell you he was never going to give you your necklace back. With each passing step your fear grew and grew, you reached up and touched your neck, Rose was gone and you felt like you had no one to protect you from his wrath. Before when Kylo beat you, when he repeatedly raped you, you felt you could still stand up to him and his abuse. You were fighting for Rose, you were fighting so that she could see you succeed. But now? You had nothing. Nothing but the skin that surrounded your bones to call yours. Ren had almost succeeded in breaking you, you were sure whatever was to come next would be the final nail into your coffin.

You quickly turned and faced Cass’s bed and refused to look him in the eye. He got to the final stair and simply stood there, the room was so quiet you could hear his angry breathing. You shut your eyes as he whispered your name, but refused to turn around. If these were going to be your last moments then you would die fighting your greatest enemy: Kylo Ren.

“Vee, I will not tolerate this after all you’ve put me through.” His voice thundered throughout the
small room, but you refused to even move. You heard him shuffle around behind you, the sound of a thin chain clanking together made your heart race as you realized there was only one thing it could be. You turned around and, sure enough, Ren was dangling your necklace right in front of his body. You gasped, scrambled to your feet and jumped out of the bed, up to Kylo where you lunged for the necklace. Being the arrogant bastard he was, he moved it just out of your grasp, causing you to topple into him. You expected him to love this kind of contact after not seeing you for three whole days, to wrap his arms around you and catch you, but that was not the case. He simply let you fall into him, and when you found your footing and stood up straight all he did was beckon you to follow him with his finger. The uninterested and cold state he gave you before turning and heading up the stairs unsettled you, and you knew no good would come when you necklace stood in the balance of things.

He sat you upon his bed, cross legged and moving your knees as a nervous wreck. He took a moment to pace in front of you, to stare you down and intimidate you as he normally did before asking you one simple question: “Are you proud of yourself?” You cocked a brow at him, for what? Not having an anxiety attack like last time while he was gone? For harming Cass? For stabbing him? When you didn’t answer he took it upon himself to speak once again, this time clearing up your confusion.

“For stabbing your Supreme Leader, your boss and the only person that cares about you in this entire galaxy.” You chuckled at him, manipulation at it’s finest. “Actually I am. My plan worked, didn’t it?” You grinned, knowing it would put you in some very hot water. He lifted his eyebrows at you while clutching your necklace harder in his hand. It made you nervous, but not nervous enough to stop toying with him. You had already accepted that something tragic would happen to you when you plunged the knife into his chest, it was nothing new.

“Attempted murder against the Supreme Leader of the First Order is deserving of death, a public execution. No ifs, ands, or buts, Vermin.” He said, looking at you from the smallest slits in his eyes. You sighed, if he wasn’t planning on giving you your necklace back then you figured death would be better than living out the remainder of your time here with him. “I had several calling for your death, including Armitage Hux. He tells me that you tried to rape his assistant. Is there any truth to that statement?” He asked, you rolled your eyes as your cheeks burned in guilt. You couldn’t bring yourself to answer him, you were sure you would never forgive yourself for hurting Cass and just talking about it hurt you.

“Very well then. I’ll take your silence as a guilty plea.” He said, crossing the room to the stand that he kept his helmet on. For the first time since he brought you up to his bedroom you grew nervous. You sat forward as he raised his hand over the pile of ash, the hand that had Rose’s ashes encased in your necklace. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Was this your punishment? “You should be ashamed of yourself, Vermin. You are unruly, chaotic, and you still don’t see how you ruin the lives around you?”

“Wait!” You shouted, standing to your feet and running toward him. “No, I understand!” You realized a little too late what he was planning on doing. “Please, you can’t do this. That’s my sister!” You said, pleading with him not to do the unthinkable, but it would seem his mind was already made up. His eyes never left yours as he flexed his fingers, he stared coldly and unforgivingly at you as your sister’s ashes fell right on the very top of the other ashes as you cried out for mercy. A light, black, dusting added to his victims, and it absolutely killed you on the inside.

You screamed as he stepped away from the stand, watched as he used the Force to swirl the ashes around and round, mixing your sisters in with his. “You’re lucky that I’m so fond of you, that this is
a suitable punishment for you, Vee.” He said, finally stopping the swirling and stepping in front you. You trembled, you fumed, you finally broke down and cried. With a wild scream you ran at him, jumping onto him and trying your best to harm him any further. Your sister was gone, you thought he would just keep it away from you, to one day reward you with it if you did good. But no, he added her to his morbid collection. Rose had officially become a victim to Ren, and you were such a shit sister that you couldn’t stop him.

He fought you every step of the way, wrangling your arms and legs still as he wrestled you to the floor. He took you by the neck and began moving you back toward the bed. You hadn’t realized he was putting you *there* until you were staring at his feet between the gray bars. The cage door closed behind you with a heartbreaking lock, and your only response was to curl into a ball on the cage floor and bawl your eyes out. “I’m sorry it has to be this way, Vee. We had been making so much progress, we had grown so close. But you only had one person to blame: Yourself.” Ren said, but you could hardly hear him above your sobs. He was right, once again you had failed, only this time you failed the one person that you wanted to please: Rose.

There was no greater feeling of pain or disappointment.
Chapter 28

You thought that, perhaps, the reason why you weren’t moving, crying, or freaking out over being in the cage was because you were convinced the last physical piece of Rose that you had held onto was still there, feet away from you. It wasn’t as if he had dumped them into the trash to be carried out the next day, or flushed them down the toilet, or ate them, or anything creepy like that. You were still shaking, your fingers still jittered as you lay there a broken mess on the concrete floor, but you couldn’t shake the feeling that Ren had given you just the smallest bit of mercy in adding her ashes to his victims. Because she would always be there, she would always exist in his home. You shut your eyes as the most sinister thought crept through your mind, like a spider slowly moving in on its prey; what if this was his plan all along? To place her ashes with his so you would be forever tied to him, so that you felt like you couldn’t leave here and you’d have to remain with him. A high pitched whine escaped from your throat at the thought. You were certain that the most evil entity that roamed the galaxy was none other than Kylo Ren, the man that lived to make you suffer.

You felt like this was the lowest point of your life. You didn’t think there was any possible way your life could get worse than this. You had already endured starvation, prostitution, and loneliness at the hands of your parents, rape, abuse, and torture at the hands of Ren, and to top it all off you, yourself had become an abuser to the one person on this forsaken ship that tried to befriend you, to help you cope with your pain. You lost your sister, you had practically lost your will to live. All you could do was sit here on top of the unforgiving, cold, concrete, the metal bars surrounding and mocking you like every other person you had ever met in your life had. You almost wished the bars would give out, to collapse on you and put you out of your misery. When he dumped her ashes into that pile, it felt like a black hole had swallowed you up, eating you from the inside out. It was an awful feeling, and you were sure there would be nothing he could do to right his wrong.

So you sat there. Time passed, you didn’t know how much. It could have been seconds, hours, days, months, and you were none the wiser. You heard him before you saw him, heard his comment on you looking dead because you hadn’t moved since he was last up here, but you didn’t have the strength to move. “Come, Vee. I’ve made dinner.” He said, you heard the cage opening, felt the faint vibrations in the concrete as he opened the cage door. You didn’t move a single inch, just sat there curled in a ball simply waiting for the next devastating blow. “Vee, I haven’t got all day. Come eat your soup.” He coaxed you again, but you made no effort to move. What was the point of eating when you no longer had a reason to live? Why would he even offer you food after he told you your crime was fitting of death? You curled yourself tighter into a ball and simply ignored him. You would not be eating tonight or ever.

When you refused to comply he walked away with an angered huff, slamming the door of the cage. What did he expect from someone that he had essentially killed? You sighed, opened your eyes again and stared at the wall space between the two bars. There was truly nothing left for you here now.

Ren tried to make it a routine to let you out of the cage at every meal to use the bathroom and to stretch your legs, but the first time you complied with him was on the second day at lunch time. You held your urine for as long as you could, refusing his food offerings helped in the long run but that morning you gave up. After he left with your uneaten breakfast you urinated all over yourself and the
floor of the cage, something you hadn't done since you were young. You shivered as it dried on you, making you feel uncomfortable but it was an incredibly small issue to deal with and you found it easy to shrug off your shoulders. Instead you crawled all the way to the end of the cage on a dry area of concrete and went to sulking yet again. It was the only thing you felt you had the capacity to do.

When Ren found out he was furious. Apparently you held so much that it leaked out onto his carpet and stained it, and it was apparently worthy of the worst physical treatment you had faced by him in a long time. He forcibly pulled you out of the cage, throughout the puddle you had left and dragged you to the bathroom where he tore your clothes from your back and forced you into the shower. He was so angry, his face was red the entire time and you thought for sure he was going to hurt you, but when he finally had both of you in the shower he took on a completely different demeanor.

Although you stood there stagnant, your arms wrapped around yourself while staring emptily at the wet ground, Kylo took the time to run the soapy washcloth all over your body for you. “Lift up your arms.” He asked of you, but you refused to do so. If he thought being gentle and caring after taking your sister away from you would fall to your knees and profess your love to him, then he was dead wrong. You tucked your hands into your armpits and squared your shoulders, it was apparent that Ren cared about you at least in the slightest bit after you had tried to kill him, but you refused to give into his kindness. In your mind, there was nothing he could do to make it up to you.

“You have to be clean.” He said, sternly. “Come on, you have to be clean.” You closed your eyes, shook your head just once. You didn’t want to be cleaned, you wanted your sister.

Ren dropped his hand to his side and you felt his intense gaze on the top of your head. It was uncomfortable, now more than ever did you feel so small standing there next to him. You felt like this is how he wanted you to think of yourself when you first came to live with him, instead of fighting him he wanted you to fear him. He was finally getting his wish, why was he still disappointed in you?

“Fine.” He said, clearly irritated with your insubordination. Behind you the water shut off and he was pushing you out of his shower. “I won’t force you. Go get dressed, you know where your clothing is.” He said before disappearing out into the hallway. You eyed the closet, wondering if you had it in you to get dressed or not. With a heavy sigh you had been harboring for quite some time you turned, placed one foot in front of the other and marched into the closet where you retrieved one of Kylo’s long black shirts, one that dangled past your knee. You had gone to be in more than one occasion in one of his shirts after multiple rounds of sex, usually it meant he would want you in the morning before work too. But this time, it meant you lacked the energy to put on pants and still wanted to stay warm on the cold concrete cage floor.

You exited the bathroom just as Kylo reentered with a bowl of tomato soup and a package of crackers. “No more of this nonsense.” He said, looking at you with a look crossed between anger and seriousness. He placed the bowl on the bedside table, placed his hands upon your shoulders and forced you to sit on his side of the bed. The action left you feeling empty on the inside as he stared at you, expecting you to just start eating but it felt as if your stomach was already full to bursting; a stark contrast to the void feeling you had felt previously. “You haven’t eaten anything at all, I will not allow you to starve yourself. Eat.” He commanded, all you could do was stare at the pale red liquid. He had made this for you before, tomato basil soup with milk instead of water to make it thicker and creamier. You remembered it was the best food you had ever eaten, but now the thought was making you feel ill.

“I can’t.” You whispered. “I’m not hungry.”

“I will only tell you once, Vee. Eat the damn food or I will force it down your throat.” You stared up
at him, wishing you had been successful in your attempt to murder him at this point. Food didn’t matter to you; you weren’t hungry and there was no point in nourishing yourself. You looked back at the soup, even though you did not want to imagine how you’d feel after eating some you were sure having it all forced down your throat at once would be even worse. Once again you sighed, repositioned yourself in the bed so that you would have an easier time eating, reached for the spoon and brought it to your lips. Every fiber in your body was telling you not to, to spit the soup out and to never even so much as look at it again, but Kylo would never allow that. Instead you forced yourself to swallow, felt the warm liquid travel down your throat and into your sore stomach, an action you came to immediately regret it. You closed your eyes as you struggled to keep the food down, an internal battle of wills that felt like it went on and on forever.

Until a sudden, sharp, pain in your arm immediately drew your attention away from the food. You let out a yelp and jumped, looked over to see Kylo pushing a needle with an unknown clear substance into your arm. You were horrified, too horrified to react as he pulled it out lightning quick, creating a searing pain throughout your arm. He squeezed your arm for a second, causing some of the fluid to seep back out, then cursed and covered it with his finger. You were mortified, Kylo wasn’t a doctor, he wasn’t a nurse or a med aid, where did he get off thinking he could administer some kind of medication into your arm like that? “What, what was that--”

“Your birth control.” He said, retracting the needle and placing the entire thing in some kind of plastic casing, then putting it in the pocket of his jacket. Had you had anything in your mouth at the time you were sure you would have spat it back out at him.

“ You just gave me my birth control?” You asked, reaching up and rubbing your arm. Ren rolled his eyes at you, pointing to your soup and commanding you to eat once again. You lifted your hand and noticed the smallest amount of blood, your mind began racing with thoughts on how much different this felt than the first time you got a shot by an actual medical professional:

For starters, he had given it in the wrong spot. He jabbed you in the center of your upper arm rather than closer to your shoulder. It didn’t even feel like he had gotten it deep enough, when you looked down you could still see part of the silver needle before he pulled it out. You weren’t as sore as you were the first time you had gotten the shot, which probably meant he hadn’t gotten all the way down into your muscle, where the medication belonged. It was obvious when he squeezed the fat of your arm too late, the medical assistant that gave you your first shot squeezed your arm when she gave it, Kylo didn’t squeeze your arm until afterword.

Your jaw hung opened as you thought of all the possibilities. For one, this marked around 6 months of captivity for you and it was so difficult to believe it had been six full months. Six months of mind games, torture, rape, abuse, and confusion. Six months with Kylo Ren and you had only been out of his home twice. It only took six months for you to lose your necklace, which meant you had to go an entire year without her now. It was hard to believe. After losing your necklace it felt you had been here for less than a day, and to think you had come so far to only have a year left until you got your freedom back. It was so close, yet so far away.

Another possibility was what if the medication was not as effective because of how it was administered? Would he even listen to you if you voiced your concerns? Right now it didn’t seem like he cared, he just wanted you to eat. It was worth a try, but was there anything that could be done to remedy the situation? Your body still got a full dose of birth control, what would happen if you got another? An overdose, perhaps? But in the end it didn’t matter, because clearly he administered the medication because he didn’t want you to leave his home, part of your punishment you guessed. You sighed, there was no use. You hardly even cared for yourself at the moment, and you were so exhausted you didn’t feel like fighting. Instead, under his scrutinizing gaze, you at the rest of your
soup and ate exactly two crackers. You had no energy to argue about his inability to administer your medication or his persistence to get you to eat, so you bowed to him. You ate, you stared at him, and you waited for his next command.

“Don’t you feel much better?” He asked, you looked down at his feet before shaking your head. Not only did you have everything else that bothered you before weighing you and your conscious down, but now you’d have the constant anxiety on if your birth control was working or not. So no, you did not feel better and you wanted to be damn sure he knew that he was the cause of all your problems.

“Stubborn vermin.” He said, flicking his wrist at his side. He grasped you by the front of your shirt and threw you to the floor on your hands and knees. “In.” He said cruelly, and you knew it was time to enter your prison once again. You hung your head as you allowed the shame of submitting to consume you, how you crawled on your hands and knees into the cage obediently, how you hardly even flinched as he slammed the door closed behind you an walked out. You were left alone in your cage again, left wondering why you weren’t completely breaking down. Rubbing your eyes and blinking back tears, you figured it was just on the lower end of the totem pole of your worries and were certain Kylo would not leave you locked in here forever. You collapsed onto your sore stomach and closed your eyes, falling asleep to the thought of Rose, hoping she didn’t hate you for the poor choices you had made.

Days past, and it was always the same routine. Kylo would wake you up with breakfast every morning and you’d be made to eat it all, he’d take you to the bathroom and then put you back in the cage until your next meal, and then he’d leave you alone until you fell asleep for the night. By far the most humiliating aspect of life in the cage would be when Kylo would sleep on top of you. After dinner he’d put you in the cage, go off and do something for a few hours and come back to the bedroom to shower, climb into bed, and go to sleep. It really put into perspective on how your living arrangements had changed. When he was not in the room with you, you were simply too numb to care. You only thought about how much you had failed, how you would never get Rose back and how badly you wished you could just disappear. But it was totally different when you could hear his movements, his breathing, and know he existed away from you. The first time you were put in this cage you distinctly remembered thinking if he were trying to sleep you’d scream as loud as you could, and even though the roof of the cage was concrete you would be kicking as hard as you could to disrupt his sleep.

But now, you couldn’t. Every night he slept soundly above you and you could only think of everything you were missing. It was like every other night when he was away, only the cage increased your emotions tenfold. You were an emotional wreck there in the cage, and you felt disgustingly out of place on night when you reached your hand through the bars to try and feel for him, to tell him you were sorry and to hold and care for you. But he didn’t, he was likely still asleep and didn’t care for your expressions of apology and need. He would simply wake the next morning, let you out for a shower and breakfast and put you back in, you had to wonder when this punishment would end.

You had no reason to believe that this day, whatever day this was in the cage, would be any different. By now the guilt was washing away and you’d go through periods of internal panic of your claustrophobia, holding onto the bars so hard that your knuckles would turn white while silently begging Ren to end your suffering. Then another wave of depressing thoughts would roam through you and you’d run out of energy to care. It would seem you were being tortured at all hours of the day; if you weren’t panicking due to your claustrophobia, you were battling your self-hatred and
depression over the loss of your sister and of Cass. There was no end, you were constantly being torn apart and no one, not even Kylo Ren, was willing to help you.

And that clearly became evident the night you heard two sets of footsteps coming up the stairs instead of just one.

You pried your eyes open and listened closely, wondering if it was only part of your imagination or if it were real. Even though he had lifted the bedskirt so that you would not feel as confined and could see the bedroom you could hardly hear anything else. Maybe you had really gone a little bit crazy in your isolation and were hallucinating. You curled back up and closed your eyes, perhaps you just needed more sleep.

The sound of the door opening seconds later made you jump, and to your horror you watched as two sets of feet walked through the door, ones that were large that clearly belonged to Kylo, and ones that were much smaller and more feminine. The blood within your body ran still as you watched both of them move further into the room, and you found yourself rushing to your hands and knees to stagger to the end of the cage. You flopped back down on your belly to try and get a better look at just who this woman was, but you were disappointed to find that your view was obstructed by the top of the bed. You had no words, your greatest, unspoken fear was seemingly becoming true before your very eyes. Ren truly wanted you to suffer for your crimes.

“Come on in, don’t be shy.” He spoke, his voice soft and silky like smooth chocolate. You should have expected this, really. That he would be kind to another woman yet cruel to you, after all he had a lesson for you to learn, and you had failed him once again when you tried to kill him. He had to start over at square one.

“Do you know why I’ve brought you here?” He asked, and you watched him step forward, closer to the woman he had brought into your shared bedroom. You watched as her body twisted toward you, her knees bent as you realized she was trying to get a better look at you in your cage. It wasn’t until she opened her mouth, asked Ren a question that you got the biggest, most upsetting shock of your life, one that you never would have predicted in a million years.

“Supreme Leader,” She muttered, creating an alarming sense of familiarity in your head. “You, you keep her in a cage when she’s not downstairs?” Your jaw flew off its hinge as none other than Cass’s voice echoed throughout your ears. It couldn’t be, no. There was no way Ren would be depraved enough to bring Cass Hux into his home when she was so loyal to the General. You blinked, once again pressing your face down into the floor to confirm your suspicions. The woman bent down just a bit more and you caught a glimpse of the lower half of her face. You recognized the small bit of blonde hair that hung down, her cute button nose, and her green eyes. It was Cass Hux, the person you had assaulted, the person that damned you for not following suit. She was up here, in nothing but her nightgown, standing freely next to you while you were caged. This could not be real.

Kylo placed his hand under her chin and lifted her face to his once again, out of your field of vision. “You don’t worry about her, she deserves to be in there after what she has done to you.” He purred, and all you could do in response was shake. It wasn’t until much later when you realized he was doing this on purpose, to smite and to punish you harder than he ever had before. Your body jolted as you sat up and pressed yourself against the bars, gasping as your words came back to you a little too late.

“Cass!” You cried, you watched as Cass’s body jumped at the sound of your voice. Even though she defended you, you were certain she was still angry and wouldn’t want to hear from you. But that didn’t matter. Ren was a manipulative man, and you didn’t want to even know how he managed to get her this far away from her room. You didn’t know what he was planning, but whatever it was it
was definitely to hurt you, but you knew Cass would end up hurt in the process. You didn’t want to see her hurt or suffer as you would, you had to do something. She more than anyone did not deserve Ren’s abuse, and you knew that for a fact.

“Remember what I told you at the dance? About how I wished to have you instead of her?” He said, you felt your stomach drop ten feet in your own body. “Look at how beautiful you are, so dainty and so…” He faltered, likely unable to think of anything else. “Obedient. Don’t you think it’s sad that Vee can’t obey? She earned that cage, my dear. And I know you would never do anything to deserve such a fate.”

“Cass don’t listen to him!” You cried out, grinding your face into the bars and pleading with Cass. You saw her body turn to you but a movement from Ren would suggest he had forced her face to him again. “Please, Cass don’t let that asshole--” You said, but suddenly your mouth was held shut with the Force. You mumbled into the invisible hand that was clapped over your mouth, clawing desperately at it to free yourself but you were in a bind, unsuccessful in warning your friend about what was to come.

“I’m sorry, was she distracting you?” He asked, you took to banging your hands against the bars as your only attempt to communicate with Cass.

“N-No, Supreme Leader. No, not at all, but I swear, Vee didn’t do anything to me. I, I don’t think she deserves to be in a cage. Can’t you--” Cass’s speech was cut off by Ren shushing her, you watched in heart piercing silence as she took a step back only for him to chase her.

“Relax, dear. Vee deserves this. Don’t worry about her. No, why don’t we talk about you, and your issues?” He said, sounding like a viper about to attack its weak, defenseless prey. “The General has been going around flaunting about how he’s going to be fathering an heir with his assistant soon, and that’s you, right?” Both you and Cass were shaking, you were feeling as if you were going to vomit as you put the pieces of the puzzle together while they fell to you second handedly. “But, I notice it’s been a while, and it would seem you’re not with child. Is that true?” There was silence before Ren let out a near silent giggle, then begin speaking once again.

“You know I have access to everyone’s records in the First Order, including yours and the Generals. I saw that he took you for a check-up, and you came back perfectly healthy. You do know what that means, right?” He asked, Cass took yet another step back and you screamed into the invisible hand.

“N-No, Supreme Leader. But, I really don’t think I can stand being up here if Vee is--”

“It means it isn’t your fault, Cassie. It’s your Generals.” Kylo said, and with that the last piece of the puzzle fell into place. Ren was using something that Cass wanted so badly against her in order to tear you down. Your body wracked against the bars as you came to the realization, out of everything Ren had ever done to you, anything he had ever said to you, and anything he would ever do to you, this was certainly the most depraved, animalistic thing you had ever seen him do. You even thought manipulating Cass topped trashin your sister’s ashes, because at the end of the day that necklace was a material thing. What was about to be done to Cass would live with her forever in her mind, and there would be no way to fix it and heal. And then what would Hux do if he found out? He was overly protective of Cass! If he found out Ren had done this to her, who knows what would happen to either of them. Ren was only putting Cass in danger by doing this, and it just wasn’t fair to anyone involved.

“No, Supreme Leader. I don’t think that’s correct.” She said, sounding unsure of herself. “The General would have told me if there was something prohibiting him from impregnating me, he wouldn’t keep that a secret.”
“Oh, dear Cassie. Don’t you know that the General is a bold face liar?” You heard Cass gasp, witnessed Kylo take another step closer to her and was mortified to hear that this wasn’t the end of Kylo’s tirade. “Yes, Cass. Being infertile is an embarrassing fact to admit. I wouldn’t admit it to Vee either. But that’s okay, because you love your General, and you don’t want to disappoint him. Isn’t that right?” You were rapidly shaking your head, banging your forehead and palms against the bars. Now visibly crying you couldn’t hold your anger back, Cass was brainwashed, she was so far gone but she couldn’t possibly fall for such a disgusting tactic.

“N-No sir.” She whispered, but you could hear that she was losing control too.

“So why don’t you let your Supreme Leader help you? I am in good health, I could give you a child that you and the General could raise together.” Once again, you screamed at the top of your lungs, frustrated tears fell from your cheeks and your heart absolutely shattered for Cass. You didn’t think neither you nor Cass would ever heal from this situation. “Sure the child may have my features, but you could easily explain that your father looked a lot like me and the General would believe you.”

“I, I don’t know. Supreme Leader. I don’t think I can lie to him.” Cass said, and now they were standing toe to toe.

“Oh, Cass. You are such a doting and dutiful assistant. But don’t you remember how we connected while we were dancing? Remember how you blushed when I complimented your figure, or when I let my hands go far too low for Hux’s taste?” He asked, your cheeks burned in envy. He had spent so much time assuring you that he wanted you and only you, only to turn around and have sex with another woman right on top of you. This was a trainwreck, only if you had the opportunity to look away, to run into another room and never come out, you would surely take it.

Cass never replied to him, and it was pretty clear why. You watched as the two of them circled around one another, now Cass was closer to you yet facing away from you, she was dangerously close to the bed and Ren was zeroing in on her like a hawk. “Why don’t we try to recreate that, huh? If not for a child, why don’t you let me show you how much I appreciate how hard you work for the General?” Suddenly Cass was sitting on the bed, her speed and the small gasp she let out told you that Ren had pushed her down.

“Supreme Leader! You aren’t suggesting that we have sex, are you?” Cass asked, and if you weren’t already suffering an emotional melt down you would have rolled your eyes at her.

“Yes Cass. I want you to produce a child for your General, I wouldn’t want him to be disappointed in you.” You watched Ren drop to a squat in front of her, from the way his body leaned into hers you could tell he has begun running his hands up and down her thighs. “Only if you consent. I wouldn’t want to be like Vee, I still can’t believe she’s so wild and unruly, once again, I’m sorry.” As Cass’s legs dangled helplessly over the bed you had officially declared Ren dead to you. Ren was so cruel to put such thoughts in Cass’s mind, as if he hadn’t raped you any time in the last six months. Once again you pressed yourself against the bars and screamed at them as best you could, praying to every higher power out there that Cass would not fall victim to the man that clearly enjoyed tormenting innocent young women.

“So what’s your answer, Cassie. Will you allow your Supreme Leader to help you?” He asked, you could almost feel the slick, shit eating grin across his face. You closed your eyes, shook your head and repeated the words ‘no’ in your mind ten thousand times before Cass uttered her answer, barely audible above a whisper:

“I’ll do it, but only for the General.”

You felt the blood stop cold throughout your entire body. You heard Ren whisper the word
‘excellent’ before he stood once again. You heard some movement around amongst the two and within seconds a pair of light blue panties hit the floor right in front of you. Ren stepped out of his underwear and threw them on top of Cass’s, then squat back down in front of you. “Scoot back.” He commanded her, then her legs disappeared above you. You were face to face with Kylo’s flaccid cock, and as some dubious fleshy and mouthy noises began to fill the room you watched as it began to rise and harden before you. It didn’t take much imagination to wonder what was going on, but of course Cass was still confused.

“Supreme Leader! She cried, a moan following quickly behind her words. “What are you, that’s now what--!” You watched as Ren leaned back up, stopping his movements so suddenly and reaching in between his legs to stroke his cock. “What is it, does the General really not do this for you?” He asked, and in the background you were still breaking down. “I can’t believe it, you taste so wonderful.” He said, sending even more dagger through your already abused heart. His hand left his cock in favor for Cass once again, and soon the room was alive with moans from each party, the thick, musky smell of sex filled the air and you felt like you had lost the fight. You broke down into sobs as you listened to Ren give Cass the pleasure he had given you many of times. It hurt more than you thought it would, it hurt more than when he lied and told you he was off cheating on you—which he very well could have been now that you knew he was willing to cheat on you right in front of you. All this emotional abuse, the hot and cold, the caring and uncaring, it left you with nothing. Not a shard of dignity, no self worth, nothing. Without your sister, without even the thought that Ren may care just the slightest bit about you, you were but an empty shell of yourself. There was no way you would ever fully recover from this massive blow.

The last thing you saw was Ren’s cock leaking precum all over the floor of his bedroom, fully hard he stood and you watched his cock bob up and down. You watched each one of his legs disappear onto the bed, heard Ren remark about how irresistibly wet she had gotten, and then decided you didn’t have it in you to listen to this abuse. You curled onto the side and plugged your ears, rocking back and forth as your tears flowed steadily onto the concrete floor. You could feel the bed moving obnoxiously above you, indicating that the actual intercourse had begun, could hear Cass screaming and moaning loudly every once and a while no matter how hard you tried to block it out. Ren had driven the final nail into your coffin. You were dead on the inside, and there was nothing, nothing in existence that could bring you back.

Chapter End Notes

This story will have a happy ending
I repeat:
This story WILL have a happy ending.
I've had it planned since the beginning :P
Author Update, Not a Chapter

Wow, I don't know what to say. So I'll just say this for right now:

Chapter Twenty Nine is complete. I took everyone's comments seriously and I sat down and really thought about what to do with this story. The last chapter was not received well, and I honestly didn't see it coming at all.

For those that left hateful comments stating you were done with me and this story, that's okay. I respect your decision and wish you the best.

For those who uplifted me, wrote me comments when you don't usually comment at all urging me to continue the story, my loyal readers who have been with me since the beginning, my newer readers who have only recently fallen in love with my work, I can say one thing and one thing only: Thank you. While the comments poured in I really did go through the motions, I didn't know what to do or how to proceed, but after long chats with my writer friends, seeking the help of another well known writer in the Kylo Community, spending some time away from the computer with my family, I think I've figured out how to make things work.

The ending I had in mind hasn't changed, as far as I'm concerned it's a happy ending. It never really involved Vee and Kylo falling in love with each other, and it probably never will. The process of getting to said ending has changed, and but only some details have been chopped but it's more or less the same.

Some suggested Vee become suicidal, and I will say that this next chapter will have Vee seeking out suicide as an end, but suicides are one thing I can't bring myself to write and she fails due to another characters intervention. Some suggested self-harm, which is another difficult theme for me to write (I myself have not been suicidal, depressed, or have attempted self-harm yet it still pains me to write about it) but I did try. I will say that that I have changed the scene to be a hallucination that Kylo has placed in her head as a last ditch effort to "punish" her for trying to kill him, which is what the majority of people in the comments wanted. It doesn't affect Vee any less, she is still just as traumatized as she would have been if it were real and I do have it written that she gets medical attention.

I know a lot of you were worried about me, and for that I thank you. Writing is my passion, I changed up my major in school to pursue a degree in writing and I don't ever plan on stopping. I still plan on writing this story to completion, but I don't know when I'll feel up to editing and posting the next chapter.

I know I don't always write about the most positive subjects, some of you may be hanging on by a thread wondering if it's worth continuing. I am opening my inbox to everyone if you'd like me to confess my plans for the story, to make the decision if you'd like to still read it or just ask any questions in general. My writing email is jennifernoirwrites@outlook.com, please don't hesitate to ask anything you need to and I will answer to the best of my ability.

I guess this is just an announcement to say I'm back, and I'm feeling better than ever.

Thank you for all your love and support, dear readers. As always, I don't know where I would be without you.

Much love,
You thought you heard more words being exchanged above you. You thought you felt the bed move and thought you heard footsteps exiting the bedroom, but you couldn’t be so sure. You had your ears plugged so you could block out as much noise as possible, were banging your forehead on the bars to create a distraction. That couldn’t have possibly happened, could it have? What happened to what he told you before, that he had paid so much money for you he wouldn’t dare take another woman? Was this really only done to punish you?

And Cass. Cass, the brainwashed, childlike woman that hated you for attempting to get away. Cass, the woman that was so excited to finally have a friend when you first got here. Cass, Cass, Cass. Why, Cass? Why would she do such a depraved thing? She wanted you to love Ren, she wanted you to grow close to him and obey him so that you’d be happier like she wanted. But then she went and fucked him, only to fuel her now questionable loyalty to her General. Nothing made sense, why were you feeling so betrayed by Ren? Why were you so angry at Cass? Why did it matter if they had sex because you weren’t attached to any of them? At least that’s what you desperately attempted to tell yourself, and it clearly was not working. You sadly moaned as you ground your teeth together, pushed your forehead into the bars even further as just these thoughts pained you.

In reality, what you were unable to tell yourself was it hurt. You were missing Ren’s company, his body, and his compassion down here in the cage and you needed him now more than you ever did. His use of psychological warfare had worked just the way he wanted and he set up your body and mind to only want him. He took away your sister, yet you wanted him. He locked you in a cage for days, yet you still wanted him. And now? After doing something so sickeningly wrong, so detrimental to your mental health, so dangerous to Cass who was being abused just as you were, some deranged, unkept, unhealthy part of you still wanted him. You roared in frustration, brought your head back and slammed it as hard as you could against the bars. Stars floated in your vision and your tears instantly stopped, you were hopeless. Hopeless and sure the only thing that would completely numb you to the everlasting pain you’d surely experience for the rest of your days was death and only death.

Suddenly you were lurching backward, your eyes flew open and you were met with a dark room. You looked around in a panic, before you closed your eyes Ren had just one lamp on. You looked around, jittery as ever as you came to the conclusion that, after his trist of ‘revenge sex’ he had readied himself for bed, not caring that you would be in the cage broken beyond repair below him. You shut your eyes again only to tear them back open when a dull light flickered on around you. He had turned the light on again, and now you were beyond stumped. You turned your head and found him squatting at the side of the cage, it was unlocked and open and he was holding his hand out to you.

You sat straight up, a cold sweat breaking out over your skin while your heart raced in your chest. “If you think I’m going to leave this cage and come with you, you’re, you’re--!” You started to say, falling short as the sound of one of Cass’s moans soared through your head. You plugged your ears
once more, leaned back against the corner of the cage and closed your eyes, blocking him out as best as you could. You screamed at the top of your lungs as, seemingly against your own will, images of Cass’s panties falling to the ground followed by Kylo’s flooded your mind. No matter what you did, no matter how you combated them the painful memories flashed through your mind. You were panicking, trying your hardest to keep composed but it proved to be impossible. You slumped over on your side, once again bashing your head against the concrete floor in an attempt to dull the pain. But the only thing that gave you relief was the lurching feeling once again.

Everything seemed to come to a standstill around you, you opened your eyes to see Kylo still squatting at the end of the cage, still as a statue as if he hadn’t moved at all. There were flashes behind your eyes stars still decorated your vision, but as they cleared you realized something was wrong.

You focused all of your attention on him, him and his full uniform complete with boots and gloves. What was this? Had you really became so detached from reality that you didn’t remember hearing him dress? Was it the next day? Were you really losing your mind?

“How is your arm?” He asked, and for a second you didn’t know what he was talking about.

“What’s happened to my arm?” You asked, looking down the length of both of your arms at the same time. You were worried you had forgotten about something critical that he had done to you during the time he was with Cass.

“Your shot?” He asked, but you still had no idea. You watched as he chuckled, looked down between his knees and then reached into the cage for you one more time. “It looks like your punishment was successful, come, let’s eat dinner.” He spoke, but your stomach did a full flip inside of your body. You plugged your ears once again, hadn’t he already brought you dinner? In fact, he never took the plate. He left it in the corner of your cage, but when you opened your eyes you realized the corner was empty. You looked around, sat up and looked behind you but the plate was gone, nowhere to be seen. The details weren’t adding up, and you were left wondering if you were even experiencing reality or not.

Evidently you had taken too long to reply to him, and he didn’t appreciate it at all. He reached into the cage and seized you by the front of the shirt, forcibly removed you from your confine and dragged you out into the bedroom. He pulled you to your feet and stood you in the center of the room, and in your shock you took a long look around. The bed was perfectly made, despite the bed skirt still being thrown up over the bed, and there were no clothes strewn about the floor. You took another terrified look at him, the gears in your head had stopped spinning all together and you didn’t know what was going on. Surely they hadn’t gotten away that quickly, surely you would have heard them putting the bed back together, cleaning up their clothes, and so on. You looked back up at him shedding his uniform in front of you, you didn’t even know what to think.

You didn’t think it was worth the fight, you pushed the thought to the back of your mind and silently followed him down into the kitchen where you were met with something extravagant. Food. Tons of food. In fact, you counted five of your all time favorite dishes that Kylo had cooked for you in the past. How long could it have possibly taken to cook all of this? Your head was beginning to hurt, you were doubting yourself once again. Maybe what he had done to Cass had finally done it, he had finally killed you and you were sent to suffer in hell for the rest of eternity with him in his home, where nothing made sense. It was the only reasonable explanation you could think of for the nonsense going on around you.

He made you to sit at the table where he brought you a plate of all of your favorite things in smaller moderation, then returned and fetched an entire plate for himself. From there he sat in front of you
and ate like it was nothing, like he hadn’t even caged you in the first place and you hadn’t tried to kill
him. He dug in, cutting into parts of his food and lifting them gracefully to his mouth as if he had no
cares in the world. You looked down at your own plate and realized that a crucial part was missing:
 utensils. You closed your eyes and allowed the melancholy to flow freely through you before
dropping your head and renouncing your meal for the night. You didn’t think you had the capacity to
eat after having to endure such madness, and evidently he didn’t approve.

“Eat, Vee.” He spoke in between chewing his food. “It’s your reward, for taking your punishment so
well.” Your jaw fell open as the word ‘punishment’ rang through your mind. Punishment? Is that
really what he considered it to be? A punishment? You could hardly believe your ears. The
emotional trauma and confinement you had to suffer was not a form of punishment, and if he thought
he could ‘reward’ you for making it out alive then he was entirely full of shit.

The thought of him rewarding you for anything sent you into yet another break down. The sounds of
their love making played through your ears and instant, insatiable anger coursed through your body.
In one swift movement you brought your arm behind your back and sent your plate of food flying. It
was filled with all the rage you had been harboring toward Kylo for a while now, and just like the
wild, untamed, abused animal he thought you were you continued your tirade onto the table.
Knocking your glass of water to the floor you crawled on your hands and knees across the table to
Ren where you looked him deep into his evil, honey brown eyes, searching for answers that you
knew were better left unearthed.

“Punishment? You call that a punishment?” You asked, a lump forming in your throat. In front of
you he sat composed, seemingly daring you to move another centimeter further. “A punishment
wouldn’t leave me emotionally scarred like this, a punishment wouldn’t endanger another innocent
person like Cass!” You shouted, but his lack of a response only fueled your anger even further. With
an angry growl you sat back on your ankles and seized his plate with both hands, wound it behind
your back and threw it off to the side where it shattered and created an ugly mess of colorful foods
on his wall.

“You sick bastard.” You shouted, feeling your emotions creeping up on you again. “You sick, sick
bastard!” Visions of your emotional abuse flashed back in your mind, and soon you found your arm
wound back ready to slap him across the face. However, much to your detriment Kylo caught on,
grasping you by your arm and pulling you up off the table and onto the floor. You landed with a
grunt, twisting yourself onto your backside in a last ditch effort to fight for your life. When you
weren’t looking Ren seized you by your arm, hauling you up onto your feet and dragging you into
the kitchen.

“You’re hurt, I get it Vee.” He said as you kicked, screamed, and fought him every step of the way.
It didn’t take long to figure out that he was dragging you to your safe haven downstairs. “I thought
you would have learned from your punishment, but I guess not.” He spoke, dragging you up to the
door. You still could not wrap your head around the word ‘punishment,’ and you definitely didn’t
know what you were in store for now that you had, apparently, not learned the first time. The door
opened and Ren pushed you down, you managed to scramble to your feet just in time to avoid
tumbling down the stairs. Behind you the door slammed shut causing you to jump nearly out of your
skin and then you were alone.

You felt like you were just here, perched atop the first step trying to block out the sounds of Hux and
Cass arguing about you assaultng her. That memory was painful in and of itself, but remembering
Cass also brought on the memories of her and Ren. The sounds, the smells, the feelings all hit you at
once, weighing down on you while the guilt of attacking Cass climbed its way up. The moans hit
you hard and you found yourself plugging your ears and slamming your head against the wall like
the little broken doll you were, biting back the tears but in the end the dam broke loose and you were
helplessly sobbing, blocking out the sounds as best as you could. Nothing around you mattered other than your suffering, and the fact that you didn’t know when it would end petrified you to no end.

You didn’t know how long you sat there simply banging your head against the wall. Your forehead hurt but it was the only thing that would dull the emotional pain, so you continued. Over and over your head collided with the wall until there was a tap on your shoulder. Your first instinct was to turn around, but when you opened your eyes you were met with none other than Cass herself. She had a look of resentment and fear on her face as she brought her hand back, but even with her look of concern she was the last person you wanted to see.

“Vee?” She asked, as if she couldn’t tell it was you. “Are you okay, I haven’t seen you in--” Cass began to say, but your previous views of her being a helpless victim in this mess had changed drastically within a matter of seconds. With an angry howl you jumped to your feet, grasped Cass by the front of her shirt and tossed her down the stairs. She screamed the entire way down, and you were hot on her tail.

“You little bitch.” You said between clenched teeth, once again you found yourself sitting on top of her, your hands wrung around her neck as you allowed all your pent up anger to escape from you to her. Her face went from pale white, to red, to blue as you cut her airway off, calling her every name in the book before reality hit you and you realized what you were doing to her was no better than what she had done to you. Your grip eased off of her windpipe and you watched her gasp for air below you. She had tears in her eyes as she sat up, her breaths shallow as she was sobbing and heaving. You felt no sympathy or remorse, instead you reached behind you and slapped her across the face, an action you reserved only for Ren finally come into fruition.

Cass reeled to the side and collapsed on her face in a frenzy of tears. “Vee, I don’t, I don’t understand!” She sobbed, finally gaining the courage to face you after you beat her once again.

“Don’t you fucking play dumb, you skank!” You shouted, the sight of her face brought the painful memories right back and you instantly felt the need to slap her again.

“Vee, I have absolutely no idea what you’re talking about! You’ve been gone for the last week, and after you attacked me the General has been keeping me upstairs until today!!” She cried, her refusal to answer you put you off even more. You spat in her face causing her to flinch and look away, you couldn’t stand this perfect little princess any longer.

“Stop being stupid, I saw you, I saw you with him!” You shouted, but Cass still looked just as lost as she always was. “You saw me in the cage, and you still slept with him!” Cass blinked, raised her hands to her face and wiped away her tears before once again telling you that she had no idea what you were talking about. You shouted in frustration, slammed your fists down into the carpet next to her head and began balling one more time. Why couldn’t she just admit it? Why was she making you go through the pain of reliving those memories? It was like she was smiting you one last time, getting one up on you one more time, and it drove you mad.

“Vee I would never sleep with the Supreme Leader, he’s big, and he’s scary, and I’ve seen what he can do to you! I’m too loyal to the General, I can’t sleep with the Supreme Leader!” Cass said, sitting up fast enough to throw you off of her. She took you by surprise, she had always been such a passive person, always let everyone step all over her yet here she was. All of the sudden strong enough to push you up and off of her. You watched as she scurried to her feet, pressed the palm of her hand into her nose to wipe the snot from her face and then sulked over to the end of her bed where she sat, holding her arms around herself and refusing to look you in the eye.

You squint your eyes at her, things still weren’t adding up but you were blinded by rage. You couldn't justify doing anything else, not the fact that you had just seen Cass in her nightgown and
now she was dressed in black dressy overalls and a white T shirt as if she had gone out with Hux, and not the fact that her hair was much longer than it was when you had last seen her. It was shoulder length just hours ago, like how it was when you attacked her the first time, but now it went down to her shoulder blades. You stared at her as the gears started turning in your head, or come to a halt as everything hit you at once. Was what you experienced hours ago even real?

“...I can’t believe how awful you are, Vee. You’re such a mean person!” Cass sniffed and looked up at you, and for the first time you actually recognized the hurt you had caused her. “This is the first night in a week I’ve been allowed my own space again, the General had to keep me upstairs to keep me away from you and I missed my room so much. Now I’m back and this is what you do to me? You beat me again and you accuse me of…” she trails off, looking around as if she’s expecting someone to materialize out of thin air and punish her for even talking to you. “...having sex with your boss, what kind of monster to you take me for?” She whispered the words ‘having sex’ as if they were curse words, as if Hux were going to hear and storm down and slap her across the face for simply uttering them.

It felt as if the world around you stopped. The only thing you could focus on was the blurring image of Cass in your mind, then everything faded.

This wasn’t real. It wasn’t real. Cass wasn’t real. You weren’t real. But Kylo? He was real. He was the one torturing you, allowing this psychological abuse to take place in the first place. How much of it had been a lie? A Hallucination? Was the shot he was referring to real? Was the cage real? The wedding, the frying pan? Had he been messing with your mind the entire time? Your heart seemed to stop dead in your chest, you collapsed to your knees, placed your face to the floor and bawled. Everything hurt, your body, your head, your eyes. All you could feel was pain, pain and never ending suffering.

“V- Vee?” Cass spoke, once again sounding apprehensive. “Vee, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to--”

“Cass!” You screamed at the top of your lungs, finally feeling like you had had enough. You jumped to your feet to find Cass standing next to you, you took her by the shoulders and shook her frantically, watching her head bob back and forth. “Cass I can’t take it anymore! I can’t, I’m not strong enough!” You wailed, but Cass could only stare at you like some kind of freak. “Cass, you have to help me, please, I don’t know what’s real anymore and I can’t take it!”

“You can’t think like that! Don’t say that!” She cried, squinting and trying to move her hands off of your neck. “I can’t kill you! What are you saying?!?”

“He’s a monster, Cass. He’s a monster and he won’t stop until I’m dead. He wants to see me suffer, he wants me to die and I can’t take it anymore!” You pleaded over her whimpers, you held her hands tightly to your neck, just tight enough so that you could feel your breath catching in your throat. You closed your eyes as you took your last breath, waited for death to caress your being, to put you at peace until Cass managed to snatch her hands from your throat.

She took a step back from you, looking horrified as she ran up the stairs to the General’s home while screaming for him. General. General!

I’m very loyal to the General, Supreme Leader.
You screamed as the thoughts rushed back to you again. Plugged your ears as you ran to the nearest wall and began banging your head against it. “Make. It. Stop!” You cried. “Cass, make. It. Stop!” The physical pain could only dull the emotional pain for so long, and soon hitting your head on the wall did nothing for you.

“General! Come please! I need you!” You heard Cass scream, when you picked your head up off the wall there was visible blood spatter. But it wasn’t enough to take your pain away. You screamed once again, took a look around and found the one thing that could possibly help aid you in finding peace: Cass’s now finished scarf for Hux.

You dove for it, seizing it and frantically looking for a place to hang it. There was nothing on the ceiling, no door ways you could throw it over. There was nothing, you felt hopeless as your eyes swept the entire room before settling on Cass’s head board. Maybe, just maybe, it would work. But only if you acted fast enough.

With tears in your eyes you mounted Cass’s bed, tossed the one end over the bars and tried to tie it before your plans were thwarted once again. Cass had gotten a running start and crashed into you, throwing your body to the floor underneath of hers. She had you pinned to the floor, your face in the carpet while she sobbed into your neck. “Please, Vee. You can’t leave like this! I need you!” She said, squeezing your arms around you tighter. “Please, Vee, hold on a little bit longer, the General is on his way.”

Please, Vee.

Please.

Please…

Cass’s voice turned into a cryptic whisper, but the last thing she whispered left goosebumps breaking out over your skin. It was your name. Your actual name. The name you had not ever told her, nor the General. Your eyes flew open, wide as saucers as you picked your head up and looked around. The only thing you could see was dark hair dangling down past your shoulders, hair that did not belong to you. There was a scent, a particular scent that triggered a familiar feeling inside of you, something you hadn’t felt since you were in school.

Please be strong, I know it’s tough, I know you’re hurting, but be strong, baby sister.

“R-Rose?” You asked, trying your hardest to turn on your back to see your sister again.

Little loper you are, I’m so proud of you.

“Rose! Is it really you?” You asked, but once again whoever was holding you down wouldn’t allow you to turn.

Hold on, hold on for as long as you can. You’ve survived this long, you can survive a little bit longer.

You shut your eyes as your tears pattered into the carpet below you. You stopped fighting as for the first time in the last six months a feeling of peace, true peace enveloped your entire body. Your breathing became even once again, your tears dried and it felt as if you had become free. You exhaled as Rose was lifted off of you and you sprawled your limbs out over the floor.

“General, Vee needs help!” You heard Cass say in the distance. “She’s broken, she’s asked me to kill her!” You cringed as you realized even Rose was a farce, the one thing that had put you at ease was now gone. You were back in reality, the painful reality that you were certain would send you to your
“Ren and his atrocious mindgames, he’s officially gone too far.” You heard Hux say, felt his footsteps making their way over to you.

“No, no please.” You said weakly, clutching your fingers into the carpet. You felt of pair of large hands at your hips, pulling you backward slightly. “Wait, you can’t take me, Rose, I need to be with Rose!” You cried out, feeling hopeless once again. Those same hands managed to flip your deadweight onto your back, and when you opened your eyes you came face to face with none other than the stoic General himself, Cass standing off behind him looking horrified.

“He treats his assistant like a toy he can just replace. What a disgrace.” He said, shoving his hands under your broken body and lifting you into the air.

“Can, please tell me you can help her General!” Cass said, but you only kept your eyes open long enough to watch her grasp his shoulder.

“Cass, there’s only so much I can do. The woman has tried to hang herself with that scarf over there for heaven’s sake!” You felt him moving, carrying you to the stairs where his movement turned jagged and bumpy. “She needs medical attention, this is not the same woman I have encountered in the last few times I’ve seen her.” Hux said, and it was the verbal confirmation you needed to know that you were no longer you, but an empty shell of what you used to be. “Stay here, Cass. I’m taking her to the medbay.” He commanded just as he reached the stairs.

“But wait, General!” Cass shouted, sounding surprised, as if she had just been stabbed in the gut. “I can’t stay down here, what if, what if he comes looking for her?!” You shut your eyes, once again your thoughts traveled back to the dangerous place you weren’t even sure was true or not. Cass and Kylo alone, it only hurt you even more.

Hux let out an exasperated sigh as he readjusted you in his arms, you looked down to see terrified little Cass standing and looking at him from the bottom of the stairs. “Get up here, Cass.” He said, she didn’t hesitate to bolt right up toward you. “Faster! Hurry, and don’t open the front door for anyone while I’m gone.” The General turned and from behind you the door slammed, shaking you to your core. You could say nothing though, because as soon as you made it into the General’s home you knew you were safe, away from the tyrant Ren who could only hurt you even more.
Chapter Thirty

Chapter Notes

https://linkto.run/p/4Z2X7ALC
Take a look at this poll. I know some of you were interested in seeing a Vee/Cass/Hux scene and decided to create a poll. I don't think I'd be able to work it into the story, but I'd be willing to write a one shot about it lol. I kinda already have, but that's besides the point.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were tests, there were needles. There were people moving fast, there were people panicking. White lights, darkness. Blurred vision, crisp pictures of people with masks above you. Oxygen in your nose, fluids in your arms, pills forced down your throat, straps at your ankles and wrists to hold you down. *Has anyone alerted the Supreme Leader?*

No, please don’t do that.

*No, and let’s keep it that way.*

You tried to relax but there was too much chaos, people shifting your head replacing the tube of oxygen back into your nose, and then you were moving once again. Throughout this chaos only one thing remained the same: You were too broken to go on.

This continued for a while. You didn’t know how long really, until your eyes were opening at the sound of someone talking. Their voices were muffled but as your eyes adjusted you were able to focus clearly on each person speaking.

“She’s spent the last five hours in the bacta tank, the only thing left we can do for her is let her rest before your decision is made.” You moved your eyes to where the interaction was taking place, the words ‘your decision’ made you think Ren was standing in the room, and after recent events you were sure you weren’t ready to face him again. You strained your eyes hard but you couldn’t see who was in your room and didn’t have the strength to move your entire head. Instead you shut your eyes and focused on the second voice, which by now was impossible to mistake.

“The type of torture she’s suffered has been psychological. My assistant tells me he put some kind of apparition in her head, one where he had intercourse with my Cass while she was caged under them.” It was none other than General Hux, the man that had pulled you from your break down with Cass. For some reason you felt yourself relax as the sound of his voice caressed your eardrums, far better for it to be him than Ren.

“Have her speak with my personal psychiatrist, I’ve sent Cass to speak to her on more than one occasion and she’s very good to her.” Hux said, you had never even heard the word *psychiatrist* before. “The issue has been presented to other members of the Order, the documentation has been presented to Ren but he’s refused. We’ll have to take it outside of the Order.” You had no idea what Hux was talking about, but in a moment you felt his eyes hovering over you. Reluctantly you opened your eyes to find him standing rigidly over your cot, looking at you with the deepest sympathy. “This poor, poor girl. Ren is a ruthless animal.”
Hux ran his hands through your hair, his eyes glazing over before pulling his hand from you. You watched as he turned around asked the doctor for a minute and returned to your side once again. There was a stare off, you weren’t sure if you could trust him fully when you hadn’t trusted him before, but at the time you were defeated and immobile. You had no other choice.

“You know, the assistant program was my vision. I was the one who brought it to life, and I’ve had a front row seat in watching Ren ruin it for everyone.” He said, sighing heavily and looking down the length of your body which was concealed by a flimsy hospital blanket. “Word travels fast when a suicide is attempted on this ship, and when they found it a valued member of the program was the one being tortured everyone demanded to know who their owner was and that they be terminated. But, you can’t terminate your Supreme Leader.” He said, you could tell he was pained by your mistreatment just as anyone should be. It also took you by surprise that Hux was the one who started the program, you wondered if it started with Cass and then others were interested in his idea. In the very back of your mind you felt like the deserved the blame, he created the program that drafted the contract you were tricked into signing, but in the end you realized you were deflecting. Ren made you need him, Ren had messed with your head enough to make you believe, even just for a moment, that he wasn’t to blame for any of this. Ren was a bastard, and you knew he had ruined you.

“It didn’t take long for people to talk, there was an assistant in the emergency room and Ren was charging around in the middle of the night wanting to know what happened to his. They connected the dots and realized Ren had done the unthinkable, and they called for some kind of action.” You listened intently, unable to convince yourself that people--multiple people-- cared enough about you that they wanted to take action to save your life. All this time Ren had made it seem like no one cared about you, but that certainly wasn’t the truth at this point in time.

“There was an emergency meeting held, me and everyone else taking place in the program gathered to discuss your treatment. There had never been a case as extreme as yours, sure there was the occasional slap to the face that would get an officer reprimanded and their assistant taken away, but after a while things like that started to get overlooked because they were rare and often resulted in the assistant willingly go back to their superior. Your case was different, your parents sold you and told us to teach you a lesson, to instill respect and values into you and Ren took the challenge too seriously. And thus, this happens.” He said, waving his hand over you after his long-winded explanation. “My only regret is that I hadn’t pulled you from that situation sooner. Ren informed me that you deserved everything he did to punish you, but no one deserves to be abused as you have for anything, Vee. I can only offer you my deepest apologies.”

You didn’t need his apologies, apologies wouldn’t make the multitude of scars you had accumulated during your time here fade away faster; the marks on your feet, the burn on your face, and the stab wound on your hand. And his apologies certainly wouldn’t make your mental scars go away either. This entire situation almost caused you to end your life, no apology would be able to fix any of it. You looked away from him, not wanting to hear any more of what he had to say. You didn’t know why he was hyping up all this to you, according to Cass he didn’t even like you. Why was he taking the time to kiss up to you when you mattered so little to him.

“All this to say, the outcome of the meeting determined you needed to be removed from Ren’s care.” You gasped, was it really that easy? All it took to be saved was to try to hang yourself and there was a vote to finally liberate you? You couldn’t help but to wonder why this intervention hadn’t happened before. They would have saved you a lot of suffering.

You smiled at him, waiting for him to tell you that you’d be kissing him and everyone else goodbye and going back to your parents, but that’s hardly what you got. Instead his face faded into a deep frown, once again his eyes darted down to your body. “So I confronted him, told him that he had violated the contract he had signed taking ownership of you. Owners are to protect their assistants,
but all he did was push me out of his way to the medbay to see you. I wasn’t able to stop him no one was, and upon seeing you floating the bacta tank he broke down into tears. He started banging his fists on the glass as if he were trying to break you out but he was dragged away under the promise he’d be the first to be alerted when you woke up. That hasn’t happened yet, of course, but we are still determined to get you out.” He leaned in close to you, grabbed your hand and held it there on your thigh. “Even if it means ending the entire program and releasing all of the assistants currently on record.” You blinked at him, you weren’t being liberated after all.

You snatched your hand from his, lifted your blanket to your chin and rolled over on your side away from him. “Thanks for absolutely nothing.” You said, your throat completely dry. You didn’t realize at the time that releasing all of the assistants in the program also meant Cass, but you also didn’t think Hux would give her up that easily. He said nothing else to you, only the sound of his footsteps exiting your room could be heard before you were alone again. Just the way you liked it.

The next time you awoke it was to the light sound of tapping on a keyboard. You opened your eyes, thoroughly irritated that your rest was being interrupted yet again by someone infringing on your privacy. You were still on your side and felt very weak, but still took the time to flip onto your back and try to look around. Your eyes met with a younger lady sitting in the corner of your room typing away on a small laptop in her lap. You squint your eyes at her, once again skeptical about all these people invading your privacy but your thoughts quickly ceased as she became aware of your consciousness.

Her eyes lifted to yours and she smiled at you momentarily before looking back down at her computer and whispering a quiet “good afternoon” to you. You grumbled, only wanting to be alone but it would seem everyone on this forsaken ship was out to bother you.

“Vee, is it?” She asked, lifting her eyes up to you again. That wasn’t your name, but you might as well have rolled with it since it had been your alias for so long. You nodded, she turned back to her laptop and typed away for just a second before closing it and replacing it with a pad of paper and a pen. “Well it’s good to meet you, Miss Vee. I’m Doctor Viara Timon, chief Psychiatrist here onboard the Supremacy. General Armitage Hux sent me to speak with you.” She said, smiling at you. You were unimpressed, you didn’t want to talk to anyone that was playing a role in keeping you imprisoned— which was everyone on this ship.

When you didn’t reply doctor Timon took in a breath and continued to speak to you against your will. “I’ve seen people from all walks of life on this ship, anyone from the maintenance workers, the storm troopers, and I’ve even once evaluated The Supreme Leader himself.” You raised a brow at her, the fact that she had spoken to Ren made you nervous. Did that mean he was the one who was behind all this? Was he really the one sending her to ‘evaluate’ you? You closed your eyes, your mind wandering back to what Hux had said about Ren banging on the glass of the bacta tank you were in, about his tears and you didn’t know what to feel. Remorse? Was it remorse for injuring you so much that you had to sit in a bacta tank for hours? Or was he just upset that his reign of terror had come to an end and he was about to lose his outlet of abuse for good? You wrinkled your nose as the image of him bawling in front of the bacta tank fizzled from your mind. What a bastard.

“I don’t want you to think that everything you say to me will make it to the Supreme Leader.” She said, clearing her throat and squirming in her chair. “Everything you say will be kept between you and I, doctor-patient confidentiality is kept sacred here in the Order and I cannot share your answers with anyone—not even him.” She said, but for some reason you didn’t believe her.

“Really?” You asked, unashamed to show your distrust. “It’s not different because I’m his little toy,
or whatever?”

She shook her head firmly, jotting more notes down on her notepad. “Absolutely not. There are laws put in place within the Order that protect you and I, especially in the midst of this hot button debate over whether or not the Assistant Program is ethical or not.” You let out a giggle, you would definitely have not called it a ‘hot button debate.’

“What’s there to debate about? Aren’t I a good enough example?” You asked, but the hard line that formed over her lips told you no.

“Well, that’s one of the reasons why I’ve been summoned to speak with you.” She said, her frown turning into a soft smile. “My findings will only be presented before the council members deciding on whether or not the program should be ceased, and only the relevant details on my decision if you should be removed from Ren’s care and if the program should be eliminated.” You rolled your eyes, why did it take a doctor to determine these things? You could have saved her a lot of time by simply telling her that both of those decisions should have been yes. But, clearly that’s not how Ren ran this ship. You could imagine that he would be fighting to keep you, and if the only way to earn your freedom was to talk to this person, then you would have to talk. You nodded your head, prompting her to sit up a little bit straighter and start writing on her pad again.

“So, Vee,” She said, clearing her throat and finally lifting her eyes to you. “Tell me how you first met the Supreme Leader?”

You spilled your entire heart out to the doctor. You started from the very beginning and didn’t stop until you had gotten to current events. You had broken down into tears halfway through and had to take a break to eat some bread and drink some water, but after that you were ready to continue your sad story. She had only asked one or two questions here and there, questions about how this made you feel, or how that made you react. What your thoughts were about this and how you responded to that. There were questions about his brainwashing, about his guilting you left and right, and in the end she said it was clear. His mind manipulation and psychological warfare had worked to his advantage and your body had obeyed. There was no doubt that Kylo had succeeded in breaking you down to nothing, and she would be your only hope in restoring your sanity as best as she could.

“You were exceptionally brave, Miss Vee.” She said, packing up her laptop and cradling it like an infant along with her writing pad. “The detail you’ve given me, I know it was painful for you but I’ll give you my word that I’ll fight for your freedom at the next meeting.” She said, reaching out and shaking your hand. You smiled at her, but just couldn’t shake the feeling that she wasn’t as genuine as she seemed.

You spent five days in the medbay constantly looking at the door, untrusting of anyone and everyone that walked through the door. The doctors, the nurses, the housekeeping, the food delivery people, and even more so Dr. Timon when she came back two days after her initial visit. She informed you that the proposal to end the program was once again shot down by Ren and she needed more information to present at the third and hopefully final meeting. She told you she couldn’t tell why Ren was fighting so hard to keep the program going, she stressed the state of mind you were currently in and stressed the damage he had caused you, but Ren’s final word was that not a single assistant in the First Order was going anywhere--especially not you.

“However, from my understanding The Supreme Leader does understand that you’re in a very fragile state of mind due to his treatment of you, he knows it’s best if he stays away from you while
you’re in the medbay. It would seem that it took this horrific situation for him to finally respect your boundaries, but I can’t promise you that it’ll get much better than this.” You blinked at her, choosing not to believe that there would be anything that could happen to make Ren respect you at all. Nothing in your dynamic with him indicated respect from any party and you intended to keep it that way.

“I don’t care what he thinks of me now,” You said to her, sitting up now that your back wasn’t in constant pain. “Just get me out of here.”

You never heard the outcome of this so called second meeting by the time you were getting ready for discharge. You tried to stay positive, to think that Ren had finally come to his senses and let you go, but you realized too late that it wasn’t the case.

You had come face to face with Ren’s front door, the people who had wheeled you in your wheelchair knocked on the door and waited until he answered to start wheeling you in. You couldn’t look at him, you simply stared straight ahead as a restrictive lump grew in your throat. Your wheelchair stopped and your lip quivered, the first of your tears began rolling down your cheeks as the doors closed and you were alone with the man that was responsible for all this. Dr. Timon spent a lot of her time assuring you that none of it was your fault, that Ren was the aggressor and was 100 percent responsible for the destruction of your body and mind, but as you counted his steps toward you you couldn’t think straight. The only thing you could think of was the pain he would no doubt cause you, what fake memory he would put in your mind next, and how long it would take before he was successful in ending your life--whether by his hand or your own.

You felt him step around you and closed your eyes, in your mind you chanted to yourself that Ren was wrong, that you didn’t trust anything he said or did to you, and that none of your actions were your fault. The fact that you were brought back here probably meant that the second meeting was a bust too, Ren just didn’t want to let go of his little toy. The toy that he got to abuse and manipulate, the toy that was apparently his most prized possession. His trophy, his sex toy, his Vee.

You heard his clothing ruffle, opened one of your eyes to find him squatting down in front of you with a look of concern adorning his face. You immediately shut your eyes and covered your face with your hands, losing all control of your emotions and breaking down into ugly sobs. You couldn’t believe you were back here with him, that the medbay would allow you to be released to the man behind your suicide attempt. What would you do now, other than rot and accept the fact that you’ll never be happy again for as long as you’re living here with Ren?

“Vee,” Was the first thing he said to you. Your nickname, but you didn’t care. If you hadn’t been frozen in fear you would have gotten up and fought your way out, but being in front of your abuser truck a paralyzing fear in your heart. “Vee, I know. I know you know what I’ve done to you, and I know you know it was wrong. Please, will you just listen to me?” Kylo asked, you felt your rage burning inside of you.

“Stay away from me!” You shouted, kicking at him and violently jolting your body toward him. You couldn’t fucking believe this, you were nothing but a liability to the Order, a plaything trapped in the middle of two parties; on one end was the rest of the First Order who was fighting to free you, and on the other was the much more powerful Kylo Ren who was determined to keep you trapped right where you were.

“Vee, I just want you to know that I’m sorry.” Kylo said to you, reaching for your jaw and forcing you to face him. “I’m sorry, to put that scene in your mind, it was too much it was--” You pulled your chin back and spat at him, unlike the first time you attempted this the glob of saliva actually hit
his face.

“So it took me being allowed my freedom again to get you to apologize and realize I’m not just some expendable thing you can torture?” You asked him, finally finding it within you to stand and just walk away from him. “Because you weren’t sorry when you were telling me it was a ‘punishment,’ you didn’t think it had gone too far when you tried to push me down the stairs!” You screamed at him, turning away and throwing the wheelchair you had been carted in to your right. “You weren’t sorry when you burned my fucking face, you weren’t sorry when you slid my face across those raw eggs. You aren’t sorry, you’re afraid! Afraid that you’re going to lose the thing you love to abuse!” You said, your anger taking complete control of you. You screamed, you dug your fingernails into your face as the emotional pain radiated throughout your body. You didn’t want to listen to what he had to say, you didn’t care. This wasn’t fair, he wanted to hold you here as his prisoner and you were sure there would be nothing or no one that would stand in his way of doing so.

As you were standing in the middle of his living room crying your eyes out, trying to recenter yourself he started talking once again, but no matter how hard you ignored him you found yourself listening to what he had to say.

“They’re trying to take you away from me. Trying to end the program, but I won’t let them.” He said, a ridiculous statement that didn’t even need to be spoken. “They told me you were sick, they wouldn’t allow me to see you. They said it was my fault, and that I’m dangerous. And I am, at one point in time you meant nothing to me, Vee. But now, things have changed.” He said, but you couldn’t entertain the idea that now, after the threat of being taken away, you meant ‘more’ to him.

“I refused to end the program, but they refuse to let up. I told them to end the program, but told them you’d be staying with me and they didn’t like that either. They offered me my pick of any of the prisoners in our prisons, said I could have any of them to torture instead of you, an innocent woman, and I told them no. Do you want to know why, Vee?” He asked, but you were still caught up on his persistence. None of this meant anything to you, and you didn’t think you could stomach his fucked up reasons for wanting to keep you so badly.

“Because I want you, Vee. That’s why!” He said, he took your silence as his turn to become enraged, raising his voice above your cries and throwing his hand behind him. Through the use of the force he knocked the wheelchair farther than you had thrown it before, an attempt at intimidating you that had almost worked in his favor. “You’re the most resilient, strong, and inspiring woman I’ve ever come to know. Until I had put that image in your head I was sure I couldn’t break you, I thought I was wasting my time. You had showed me repeatedly that you were as large as a mountain, immovable, indestructible, and now, it’s finally happened. I’ve broken you, I’ve done what I had previously thought was impossible. I almost lost you, a woman that I had admired so much, and I wouldn’t know what to do.” He said, but it still all sounded like bullshit coming from his mouth. “You want to leave, they want to take you from me, and there’s nothing, nothing I can do to correct my unforgivable actions.” He said, finally coming to a calm.

There was silence between the two of you, you had silenced your cries while he had silenced his screams, turned and looked at you in the eyes while he pulled the one item you hadn’t wanted to see at all from his pocket.

“Except, for this.” He spoke softly, holding the leather collar he had forced onto your neck more times than you could count. His eyes never left yours as he stepped up to you, undoing the collar and holding it in both of his hands. You gasped, thinking this was as surreal as it could get. Your eyes bulged out from your head as you took a step back, thinking and hoping Kylo could not be this delusional. He took another step after you, holding the collar out in front of him and nodding his head. “It’s, it’s the only thing I can do.” He said, his voice thick with emotion. “It’s the last thing I
You’re fucking crazy!” You shouted, your hands flying immediately to your throat. “I’ve been through enough, I’m not putting that shit on!” You screamed, only to have Ren scream at you one more time. He took three giant steps toward you, cornering you in the far corner of his living room while his massive shadow was cast over you. You shut your eyes, knowing that collar was going to end up around your neck whether you wanted it to or not. For as long as you were here, with him, you would be his little pet, his plaything, and that’s exactly what the collar would represent.

Only, the collar didn’t end up around your neck.

Kylo seethed as he held your wrist tight, shoved the leather into the palm of your hand. You opened your eyes and stared at it, remembering he would want you to put it on, not him. You bared your teeth, lifting your hand next to your head to throw it as far away from you as you could but he stopped you, taking ahold of your wrist again. Both of you had tears in your eyes as he held you there, towering over you like a statue. He sniffed, stuck his chin out before lifting your hand to his neck, pressing the collar to his adam's apple. You were momentarily confused until the reality hit you harder than anything ever had;

Kylo didn’t want you to wear the collar so that he could have power over you, he wanted you to put the collar on him, so you would have power over him.

Chapter End Notes

My son's birthday was on the First, he just turned two. We went to Build a Bear and I made a Kylo Ren bear :P
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Hope you guys are ready for Humiliation kink Kylo.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You sick fuck.” You said. “You sick, sick bastard!” With all of your might you pushed him away, dropping the collar at his feet and making a sudden move past him. What was this about? Did he really think you would put that dreaded collar on him and that would make everything okay? Like a small bandage on a wound featuring a protruding bone, collaring him would do nothing for you. You kept your eyes to the ground as you shoved past him, but like Kylo often did he wrapped one strong arm around you and pulled you back to him. The collar came floating up and into your hand, and once again Kylo was pushing the leather into his throat.

“Do it.” he begged, tears slipping down his face and onto your hand.

“No, no!” You cried, but he wouldn’t let you go.

“Vee, I need it. You need it.” He said, his voice thick with emotion.

“If you think for one minute that turning me into the abuser, making me do all the things you did to me is going to fix this then you’re wrong.” You said, feeling your own tears cascading down your face, over your lips and onto your shirt. “Nothing, not a single thing you can do will fix me. You’ve ruined me, I just want to die!”

Kylo swallowed, you watched as his adam's apple bobbed up and down under the collar and you tried to pull your hand away. Kylo forced you back to him, picking up your other hand and swinging it around the other side of his neck. “Yes, Vee.” He pleaded, but you shook your head. Your bodies pressed together as you tried desperately to get away from him, but he just wouldn’t let up. He wanted you to put this collar on him and it was crystal clear he wouldn’t stop until you did.

You fought against him until you couldn’t stand it, collapsing into his chest and sobbing uncontrollably. Nothing was ever simple with Kylo. When you were with Kylo all you had was pain and suffering, even down to this intimate moment where he wanted you to take control. If you had control you’d be long gone, you’d demanded he release you and you’d run far, far away. Instead he was holding you against him, forcing you into yet another interaction that you didn’t deserve.

“You don’t deserve it, no.” Ren said, finally bringing your hands from around his head. He rested your palms on his hot cheeks, allowing you to feel his slick face for everything it was worth. “But I deserve it. I deserve everything bad about you, Vee. Put the collar on, take control and punish me.” You shook your head, once again violently pushing away from him until he finally let you go.

“You’re disgusting.” You said, wrapping your arms around yourself and finally moving past him. You dropped down on the couch facing away from him, doubled over in so much emotional pain you didn’t think you were able to even look at him. He whispered your name but you threw your hand up to block him, even though you knew if he really wanted to he could force you into doing anything he wanted you to. It was your last resort, and as you screamed at him to leave you alone you felt like you had only gotten a fraction of your pent up anger and stress off of your chest.
The rest went melting away minutes later when you realized when you quieted your sobs everything else around you went to silence. You looked up, shocked to hell and back when you realized that you were alone. Kylo had left you alone just like you told him, or maybe he was causing you to hallucinate again. You stood up, ducked into the kitchen and dining room to find it completely empty. Even though you should have been happy, content with having Ren away from you, a part of you worried endlessly when you couldn’t see him. A result of his mind games no doubt and it didn’t feel good in the slightest. You clenched your fists at your side as you walked to the steps, looking up and wondering if you wanted to confront him.

You didn’t even fully know what he wanted. What did the collar mean when it was on him? Would it mean the same thing for you? When Kylo put the collar on you it meant he had complete control. But on him? You were certain there was no way the high and mighty Supreme Leader would ever bend over and give up his control. That’s what this entire “agreement” was about afterall. He wanted control over you and he got it, there was nothing more to it.

*Come, let me show you.*

Kylo spoke in your head. Show you what? You hadn’t the slightest idea of what he was talking about, but it was the invitation you needed to make sense of the situation. You sprinted up the stairs and turned toward the bedroom where you stopped cold in your tracks. Flashbacks of the wedding came rushing back to you, when you found the collar tethered to the bedpost and wondered what it was about. You blinked, the sight before you had finally brought your doubts to life and you didn’t know how to react.

Kylo had taken his shirt off, he was only dressed in a pair of sweatpants. Clearly he wanted to be comfortable while he set this up for you. Around his neck was the collar he had begged you to put on him, and tethered snuggly to the bed frame was the leash. He had tied himself to the bed just as he had done to you several times; Your mind went completely blank and you didn’t know how to react.

“You don’t have to say anything.” Kylo said to you, folding his hands neatly in his lap. “You just have to know that this is serious. That I *want* this from you.” You sneered at him, turned to walk away in disgust but found that you couldn’t make your feet move. It was him. Kylo was like a giant magnet pulling you closer and closer. You wanted to reveal all of his secrets one by one, starting with the number one burning question on your mind:

“Why?”

“I’ve told you, because I deserve this.”

“No, why did you deceive me? Why did you make me think you cheated on me with Cass?”

You heard Kylo chuckle and instantly felt the blood rushing to your cheeks in anger. You turned around and meant to shout at him, to tell him that nothing was funny and this was your mental health he was playing with, but he swiftly cut you off like he always did.

“You just said it, Vee. *I cheated* on you.”

“Yeah, you did.” You said, stomping toward the bed. “I get that, but why--”

“I *cheated* on you. Vee. Say it out loud. Understand what those words mean.” You squint your eyes at him, saying it in your mind just as he told you to out loud. It finally struck you like a hot pan to the face what he meant, and when you fully understood you doubled over in pain.

“Hell, no!” You gagged, trying to convince yourself that it wasn’t true. “You mean nothing to me!
Don’t you for a minute think that I ever thought, that I would think…” It hurt, to say the words that you knew were true. It was a continuous see-saw. One minute you were riding high, knew exactly what he had done to you. You knew that your mind wanted him—needed him. You knew your mind loved him against everything that you told yourself. Then the next you’d come plummeting down, smacking yourself painfully on the ass as you told yourself no. You didn’t love him, you didn’t want him, you didn’t need him. He was a detriment to you, and if it wasn’t evident enough back then, then it was truly evident enough now that you had absentmindedly admitted that you felt there was a relationship between the two of you to cheat on. He saw the doubt in your mind, he knew you felt things for him and he exploited your one flaw. And, for him, it worked just the way he wanted it to.

“Vee.” Kylo said your name sternly, bringing you out of your panic once again. You stood straight up, locked eyes with him for one second and realized he had become emotional once again. “It doesn’t matter. I know the damage I’ve caused you, and that’s why I’m giving you the opportunity to take control of the most powerful man in the galaxy.” You shook your head once again, started to tell him that letting you do such a thing would never fix what he had broken but he cut you off. “I realize that there’s nothing I can do to fix it, but this…” He brought his hand up to the bedpost, untied the leash with one hand and stood. “…this is the only thing I can do to make it up to you.” He held the leash out to you and you did nothing but stare at it. How many times would he say this to you, that this was the one thing he could do? If this was going to be a game of tug of war, him pulling at you to take control and you pulling yourself away, a silly game where neither of you won in the end. What was the point of putting in effort? If all you were going to do was exhaust yourself by constantly pulling, fighting for your sanity only to end up face down in the dirt, then you would have to pay Kylo’s game. And you would have to play it dirty.

So you stopped pulling. You sent Kylo spiraling down into the mud and you did so with an evil smile on your face. He held the leash out for you and you took it from him, squeezed your hand around it momentarily before violently yanking it behind you. Kylo, the heavily muscled man that could pick you up with one arm and toss you down a set of stairs, went flying past you and plummeted to the floor. You turned around and beamed at your handiwork; the sight of Ren on all fours breathing heavily struck a very happy cord in your heart.

He turned his head and looked at you from over his shoulder, uttered the word ‘good’ before your foot made contact with his stomach. He arched his back and let out a pained grunt, looked back up at you from over his shoulder as if he were an abused puppy. It only made the smile on your face grow more, and now you were standing tall in front of him, holding his jaw in your hand and forcing his gaze up to you. “You don’t get to talk.” You screamed at him just as he had done to you many times. The hurt face that stared back at you might have broken your heart at one point, but you didn’t care. He started muttering something about burning you, he must have forgotten what you had said earlier. You corrected him with a harsh slap across his face. His face reeled left and his cheek immediately started to redden, you didn’t think this would ever feel so good.

“I didn’t tell your stupid ass you could talk.” You warned, but all Kylo could do was nod. You smirked at him, repressed the urge laugh in his stupid face while he regained himself, shifting his weight on his arms. This new found power over him was amazing. You were still constantly reminding yourself that it wasn’t going to cure you, but it still felt good.
You reached down and took ahold of the front of his shirt, pulling him to his knees and barking at him to sit up. You took a good look at him, he was pathetic. Shirtless on his knees being abused by the one that he loved to abuse, and as your eyes roamed downward you noticed the most pathetic aspect of him yet. You burst into laughter as you pointed to his obvious erection poking from the underside of his pants. “Really?” You asked him, his cheeks burned even redder than your handprint did. “Really, asshole? Is this really why you wanted me to do this?” He had finally learned his lesson, not answering you when you asked him. Instead his erection grew in his pants. He made it bounce slightly and it was your only cue that his answer was yes. You took a hold of his face and go close to him. “Pathetic.” You seethed between your teeth. “You’re so fucking pathetic.”

You placed your hand over his face and forced his pants down, he seemed to get the idea and wiggled to help aid your endeavors. There he sat, his pants around his knees and his cock high as a flagpole. He looked good, good and stupid at the same time. You didn’t think you had ever seen him this flustered and turned on before. Why hadn’t he told you this from the very beginning? Maybe he was ashamed. Maybe he felt like being a submissive wasn’t manly enough and needed someone to dominate. Really, he had been giving off cues that he enjoyed things like this for a while, you just never felt the need to explore it with him when he was busy abusing you.

“Are you humiliated enough yet?” You asked him, he only let out a grunt. “I don’t think so. You say you regret everything you’ve ever done for me, why don’t you start confessing?” You said, feeling quite warm and bubbly on the inside. “Start from the very beginning and go until now. I want to hear you beg for my forgiveness.”

“V-Vee, I’m sorry that I kidnap--I mean, I’m sorry that I forced you into signing--” You cut him off with yet another slip to the face.

“Wrong!” You shouted, you watched as spittle from your mouth landed on his already emotional face. “Try it again.”

“I’m sorry that I tricked you into signing that contract. I’m, I’m sorry that I tore your sister’s dress and I’m sorry that I threw it away.” He said, the more you paid attention to him the more confusing things got. Ren went blubbering on about how sorry he was for this and for that, all the times he had raped you and for the one time he burned your face with a frying pan. The tears that slipped down his cheeks and his eventual sobs told you that this was very serious for him, that he was an emotional wreck and, on some level, was sorry for what he had done to you (even if it was because I was on the verge of losing you). However, the bead of precum that seeped from the head of his cock told you that he was enjoying this. It disgusted you. Your mood immediately went from 100 to zero in a matter of seconds. “And, and I’m sorry for putting you into this position.” His lower lip pouted ever so slightly. Fucking pathetic.

You reached down and swiped up his precum before it seeped down into the carpet, holding it up in front of his face. “You think this is meant to turn you on?” You asked him, the poor man looked afraid. Of what, you weren’t sure of, but that was beside the point. You were still angry at him for enjoying this more than he should have. “You’re disgusting. Have some respect for the woman you’re afraid to lose for once in your miserable life.” You could feel yourself getting heated, could feel the negative feelings falling back onto your shoulders. Everything you had done to your parents, everything you had done to Cass, it came rushing back to you like an enraged bull, and it was possibly the worst feeling ever. You were quaking in anger as you shoved your dirty fingers into his mouth, pressing down on his tongue and making him taste himself as one final punishment before uttered your next demand.

“I, I don’t think you’re genuine.” You said, looking at him through your eyelashes. “Keep apologizing, and don’t stop until I forgive you.” He mumbled around your fingers and you removed
them, reaching down and wiping them across his chest to dry them from his nasty fluids as best as you could.

“I’m so, so sorry, Vee.” Kylo said quietly, but it did nothing to extinguish the painful images of Cass flailing helplessly under your body before you sexually assaulted her. “I’m sorry that you’re broken, I’m sorry that I’m the one that’s broken you. I’m sorry, please you have to believe me.” Tears threatened your eyes once again, you tried to tell yourself that this was his fault, but your mind refused to comply.

“Louder. I still don’t believe you!”

“I’m sorry!” He shouted, crawling closer to you and grasping your hips. “I don’t think you’ll ever understand how sorry I am, Vee. You mean so much more to me than you know. I don’t want to lose you. So please, forgive me for everything that I’ve done.” His words were full of emotion and that didn’t help your situation at all. The first of your own sobs fell from your mouth and you buckled over in pain. Unable to convince yourself that this was his fault you let the guilt take over. Ren pulled you into him and pressed his head into your belly in an act of comfort while he continued to apologize, but you didn’t fall for it. Angrily you pushed him away, watched him stumble back onto his ankles right where you wanted him.

“Tell me, tell me that nothing bad that I’ve done is my fault.” You said, reaching up and wiping your eyes. “Tell me that everything I’ve done is your fault!”

“What, what are you talking about?” Kylo asked, speaking out of line. But you didn’t care. You were in the middle of your own breakdown and didn’t care about him in the moment.

“Everything you’ve said I’ve done to my family, everything I’ve done to Cass. It’s all your fault. Tell me that you made me do it!” You said, trying your hardest to shift the blame onto him. Kylo shook his head, leaning up and grasping you at the bottom of your ribs. He had an urgent look in his eye that screamed fear and resentment.

“Nothing is your fault, Vee.” He said, and as soon as the words left his mouth you collapsed into his arms, an emotionally exhausted mess that just didn’t care for anything anymore. “I did this to you. I ruined you and your entire life. Me, it was me, Vee. Not you.” He stood to his full height and held you there against him. Normally every fiber of your body would be screaming at you to push away, to swear and beat him as hard as you could, but not today. Today you had nothing. The high you were on from slapping him around had come crashing down around you and now you felt deader than you already had.

“You, stop it. Don’t think like that.” Kylo said, pushing you away and lifting your face to look at him. Tears streamed down his face just as they had yours, his look of hurt did nothing but cause your tears to run even harder. “That’s enough of this game. It’s over, you’re just working yourself up now. You’re not to blame for anything that’s taken place to anyone here.” He sniffed, his own sadness finally coming to an end. “Please, let’s take a break. We can try again later.” He pleaded, taking your hand and kissing your knuckles.

“I, I…” You stammered, looking down into his bare chest. “I don’t believe you.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that this fic has kinda taken a back seat. I’ve become quite obsessed with my
newer work Scent.
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

Few warnings about this chapter:
Talks about changing one's home after a suicide attempt as well as more from a psychiatrist.
These are two experiences I've never had and have reached out to a few different sources for help writing them, and I apologize for any inconsistencies.

From that day forward everything had changed. Taking note of your fragile mental state objects that were deemed too “dangerous” for your wellbeing were removed. Anything made of glass was removed, the silverware drawer was now locked just like the knives were, all chemicals were locked away, among other things. It was humiliating, but every once and a while when you received a moment of clarity, away from your dark and depressed thoughts, you realized that it was for your own good. The treatment you had gotten in the medbay along with being able to push Ren around could only do so much; you were still broken, your mind was still fragile and you honestly didn’t think there would be anything to fix you.

That’s not to say every day was bad. For example, sometimes Kylo stayed home all day and allowed you control. On this particular day you decided to have popcorn, a glass of red wine, and a movie you had never seen before. “Don’t spill my wine.” You warned Kylo as you set the glass down on his back. He had been doing well during the entire duration of the movie, but you had noticed that his stance had started to falter. Regardless, he said he’d do anything for you so you continued to treat him like an object, just as he had done to you. You sat back and readjusted your feet on his back, pressing your heels into his spine to add insult to injury. Today, he was your footstool, and you had heard no complaints from him yet.

“Is it almost--” He asked, but you hadn’t given him permission to speak so you told him to shut his mouth. Things were just starting to get good between the two characters, a steamy love scene in the shower commenced and a smile grew on your face. Two wet bodies in a confined space, both aroused and ready to fuck each other. It was exciting, and probably the first time you had viewed sex positively since you had been in the Order.

The man leaned into the woman and kissed down her neck, the exaggerated looks of pleasure shot straight through you to your sex. You hunkered down on the couch, pressed your heels into Kylo’s back as you enjoyed the scene in front of you. In fact, you liked it so much that you had immediately thought of a new use for your footstool.

“Sit up, Ren.” You commanded, reaching down for your wine and removing your feet from him. He did as you said, rising to his knees in front of you and listening dutifully for his next command. You smiled at him, ran your fingers through his hair before looking back at the TV. He was sweet when he wanted to be, but unluckily for him sweet wouldn’t save him from your revenge.

“I need your mouth.” You said, seizing the remote and rewinding the sex scene to the very beginning. You watched his eyes glimmer with excitement as he looked down in between your legs momentarily, then back at you as he scooted closer to you.

“Anything you need.” He said, sounding more excited than you would want him to. He reached for
your pajama shorts and began to tug them off of you. You scooted yourself down and allowed your clothing to come free. As soon as you felt his tongue nudging at your clit you relaxed, played the movie once again, and allowed the man to bring you to orgasm. By the time he was leaning up, showing off his shiny face and seemingly asking for ‘his turn,’ you were fully satisfied and not interested in getting him off too.

“On your knees, I want my feet up again.” You said. Without even so much as a peep Ren dropped to his knees and you picked your wine up from the table next to you and took a long swing. You put your feet back on his back not so gently and placed your wine at the base of his neck. “Good job. Now don’t spill it.” You said, bringing your attention back to the movie.

You and Kylo learned how to coexist together with this new agreement. He didn’t always want to submit to you, and when he didn’t he wasn’t nearly as cruel as he was before. However, when he did go into sub-mode he made it clear that you could be as mean as you wanted to. So you were. You degraded him, you hit him, and as you gradually warmed up to the sensation, you used him for sex.

You used him essentially as a sex toy, to acclimate yourself back to the normal motions of sex. You knew it probably wasn't the healthiest way to reclaim yourself, but at the moment it was the only thing you had. The control, the domination, it all felt good and made you feel comfortable with the idea of sex again. You were sure it wouldn't work for everyone, but, at the time, it did work for you. It was difficult at first, to force yourself onto his cock while his hands were tied above him on the bed. You gagged him with a washcloth and put a makeshift blindfold over his face, demanding that he stay still and quiet as to not throw off your concentration. At this point, you were doing this for you and your pleasure. Not him. You would hold your eyes closed as long as you could, focusing on making yourself cum and nothing else. The first few times you always fell short when Kylo would be unable to hold himself back. Almost every time you were able to remove yourself from his cock before he came, and on the rare occasion that you couldn’t you were left to soak in your disappointment.

Eventually you got tired of it, and after yet another round of sex where you didn’t cum before him you decided that he would have to suffer for standing in the way of your goals. You started early one morning before he left for work, waking him up with a blow job and going until he was just about to cum. As soon as you caught it you resurfaced from under the covers and rolled off of him, kissing him goodbye and rolling back over to your side of the bed. You could feel him staring at you in disbelief, but you decided to sit there glowing in your power.

And it didn’t stop there. When he came home for lunch and dinner you blue balled him each time, only coming to an end at midnight where you allowed him to have doggy style till he finished within minutes. You sat there with your back arched and your hands holding up your head, smiling as the loudest, most wanton moan bellowed out from over you. For some reason knowing you were in control of his sexual urges turned you on so much that you found yourself cumming unexpectedly with him. It was among the first orgasms you had that were under your control, and, truthfully, you wouldn’t have had it any other way.

“If you aren’t going to work today I want to go see my psychologist.” You said, spinning happily around in Kylo’s desk chair while he stood and did his work at his desk instead. It was childish and silly, but every real unnecessary action you put Kylo through you justified by simply saying ‘why not?’ Why sit on the floor when you can sit in his perfectly good chair?
“Psychiatrist, Vee.” Kylo reminded you as he typed away on his computer. “You are seeing a psychiatrist.”

“I haven’t seen her in weeks, Kylo. I just want to give her an update and see what she has to say.” You begged. Really you wanted an update on this trial that was going on about if you were going to be removed from the ship or not. As much fun as you were having contolling him and gaining control of yourself once again, you were sure you didn’t want to live out the remainder of your time here. You had already tried your luck with demanding Ren let you go early on in your newfound power and he still refused, took the beating for it too.

“If what you’re looking for is an update on your case, there are none.” He said, clearly having looked into your mind. “I’ve told them, all of them, no one is taking you away from me.” He said without even looking at you. You rolled your eyes at him, thinking to yourself that he was so fucking selfish. There were thousands of people begging him to let you go and he still refused. You had to wonder if he was hoping letting you have control would make you want to stay, if you would stop pursuing an escape. Unfortunately for him that was not the case. Here you had control, but not your freedom. Here you were able to teach Kylo a lesson from what he had done to you, but you were not free. You closed your eyes and leaned back in the chair. You still had one more option for escape: The meal slot downstairs.

True to his submissive word Kylo did take you to see Dr. Timon. Sadly she informed you that, between the time you had left the medbay to now, there had been another meeting on your safety. The outcome had been the exact same, only this time Kylo tried to convince the group that you were happy where you were and didn’t want to leave. You laughed and told her that that definitely wasn’t true. “He’s done this new thing, like, he’s submissive. He lets me control him instead of him controlling me.” You updated her, to which she clicked her pen and writing down more notes. “Oh really?” She said, asking for more detail. “Would you say the sex you have in consensual now?”

“I mean, yeah?” You said, sounding greatly unsure of yourself. “I don’t really think him doing this is negating what he’s done in the past. But, yeah. I’ve kinda been using him to get over my fear of sex. It’s working, kind of. I don’t feel forced into doing anything.” You crossed your feet and looked away from her, hoping she didn’t take it as an admission that you were willing to stay with him-- because you weren’t.

“And does this change your opinion on him, if anything?”

“No, not really.” You said, feeling the uneasiness that came with lying creeping up over your shoulder. You had felt yourself becoming more attracted to Kylo than ever since this whole thing had started. You had done a good job reminding yourself that he was still the same abusive man he was when you first met him. You remembered to remind him about all the bad things he had done to you, but after a long day where Kylo waited on you hand and foot you often rewarded him with cuddles at night in bed. And it didn’t feel forced, it didn’t feel stiff and scary. It felt genuine, like he actually did care for you and you for him. Doctor Timon smiled at you and told you it was still likely a result of the psychological torture he had subjected you to. Your body still wanted him and there wasn’t much you could do about it before you were released.

The two of you discussed more aspects of your healing mental health before she released you back to Ren. You couldn’t find it within yourself to speak with him after learning that there was yet another attempt to pull you out of this disparaging situation, so instead you just walked silently next to him. The man was relentless, knew what he wanted and wouldn’t allow anyone to come between you two. It was frustrating, and when he reached for your hand to hold in the hallway you snatched it
away. He was a tyrant, and this time when you were angry you had the option to ignore him.

When you got back to his home he followed you like a sick puppy, awaiting your next command. You had decided during your conversation with Doctor Timon that your next move would be to spend some time away from him. You would need to go downstairs, confront Cass just like Doctor Timon asked you to do.

When it came down to Cass Doctor Timon dutifully listened to your explanation on how your relationship with Cass had evolved over time. She told you that you were definitely well within your right to find her to be a nuisance. You made it clear that you knew Cass was brainwashed to hell and back and that you couldn’t fault her too much for thinking this place was perfect for both of you. But some of the things that she said about your unwillingness to conform just pushed you over the edge, and your psychiatrist agreed wholeheartedly. She wanted you to tell Cass you appreciated her efforts in keeping you alive on that dreadful day, but make it clear to her that you don’t like it here and never would.

It seemed easy enough to do. When Ren reluctantly opened the door and told you to knock when you were ready to come back up, you descended the stairs and simply waited impatiently for Cass to finish whatever she was doing upstairs. In the meantime you reflected on your recent time with Kylo just as you wanted to, and when you just couldn’t stand your indecisiveness and conflict you focused 100 percent of your attention on the loose screws in the meal slot. Using both of your hands you rattled the door around some, tried to pry the door open to see if you could get some kind of tool and dismantle it, but you had no luck. You were frustrated, but it didn’t bring your hopes down. This was your last resort in getting out if Ren wasn’t willing to let you go. This just had to work for you.

As you were fiddling with it the door to Hux’s home opened and you heard Cass happily say ‘goodbye General’ as she always did. You closed your eyes and sighed, realizing that you didn’t want to be down here with her and you didn’t want to be upstairs with Ren. It made your heart pound in your chest, sweat began to break out over your brow. The last time you were down here you had tried to end your life, and for whatever reason Cass and her presence was the catalyst to bring that trauma back.

You held on tight to the meal slot as her footsteps got closer and closer to you, and when she finally came to the last few steps you heard her gasp. “Oh my--Vee!” She squealed, then you heard her charge at you full speed. You turned around just in time to see her and her beaming grin jumping at you as if she were ready to tackle you, yet got to move out of her way just in time. You watched as she bared her weight down on her hands on the table in front of the meal slot then turned and looked at you with a look of betrayed shock. You said nothing as she stood up, fixed her heavy dress and then smiled at you. “Vee, I can’t believe you’re back!” She exclaimed, once again running at you with her arms open. You, however, had different plans.

You held your hand up to stop her from running at you and, in response, Cass looked at you like an abused puppy. Clearly she didn’t understand why you had rejected her, but that was okay because you were more than ready to explain yourself.

“Listen, Cass,” You started, taking a step back and still holding your hands out to her. Her face drops just like it did when you told her that you were planning on running away. “Before we go any further, I just want to say one thing to you.” You took in a shaky breath as the memories of your hallucinations hit you square in the chest, threatening oncoming tears at any moment. You tried your best to not appear angry, because you weren’t angry at Cass for stepping in and saving you. But your response to feeling challenged and not in control was always to react in anger, and it was like
fighting a raging bull inside of you to not lose your cool. You swallowed a thick wad of saliva hoping the lump in your throat would dissipate, but you had no luck and decided to just power through it.

“I just want to tell you that I appreciate your efforts in saving me, saving my life the other day. I know you probably know this, but, but…” You had started to say that Ren was the reason behind your break down that day, that it was his fault and not hers, but thought better of it. It would only open Cass up to defend him and that would only make you even angrier. “But it wasn’t your fault that it happened.” Cass blinked, clearly still not understanding what you said.

“Yeah, it’s not your fault. I don’t want you to think it is. And one more thing…” You said, taking in a breath and fully expecting the second part of this conversation to push her into a rage. “I know you enjoy your time here, and I know you’re fond of both Hux and Ren, but my psychiatrist wanted me to be firm in telling you that I don’t like it here and I never will.” You stare directly into Cass’s eyes as she stares back in a state of shock. You feel like you’ve caused more damage than you set out to fix and immediately rush to think of something else to say when she takes you by complete surprise.

“Yeah, my doctor told me the same thing.” She says with a hefty sigh before sitting down and sulking on her side of the bed. “She told me it’s fine to like it here, and to love the General but I can’t force those emotions on you.” A moment of satisfying silence washes over you and just as soon as you can feel yourself relaxing Cass is springing to her feet in front of you panicking. “I-- I mean people! Not you, just, people in general.” Her eyes are so wide you worry that they’re going to roll right out of her head and she’s biting down on her lip hard. Clearly she regretted something that she said to you, and when you don’t realize what it is Cass unfortunately goes into a tangent.

“I’m, I’m sorry Vee. I know you don’t like it when I talk about you, but The General told me it’s important that I be as honest with Doctor Timon as I can. He told me I have to tell her everything about you and him and the Supreme Leader. I’m sorry, please don’t hate me!” In the blink of an eye Cass is throwing her arms around you and nearly pushing you to the floor sobbing. You can’t think to do anything else except hold her, meditating on her words carefully. For one she was seeing Doctor Timon as well, talking about her time in the Order just as you had. It hadn’t occurred to you that Cass would need to be evaluated as well, because at this point it wasn’t just about you; the order wanted to release all of the assistants.

In your mind you couldn’t decide if it was a good thing or a bad thing that Cass was being evaluated like you. On one hand Cass was deeply disturbed, anyone could see that she was suffering from Stockholm Syndrome far more than you were and that would definitely help your case. But on the other, you didn’t care about anyone other than yourself. Cass could stay here if she wanted to, it didn’t matter to you as long as you made it out safely.

A sudden wave of sadness washed over to you as you realized how devastated Cass would be without Hux. She likely didn’t even know it but plans were being made to have both of you released from the Order. Ren even gave the go ahead to release her, but nothing actually happened because he wasn’t willing to release you. She wouldn’t understand. The only thing she knew was to serve Hux and Hux alone. Without him Cass was literally nothing, and as much as she annoyed you, as much as you hated her severe brainwashing, you couldn’t help but to feel heartbroken at the thought of removing her from Hux.

“It’s going to be okay, Cass.” You said to her, patting her back and trying to comfort her while you still had the opportunity. You opened your eyes and looked out at the meal slot. Either way you were going to be escorted off of this ship or you’d be running off with or without Cass. You could only hope that she’d be able to cope with the loss of her beloved General and her only perceived friend. Because once you were gone, you were never coming back.
Chapter 33

As the days went by you noticed a strange development about Ren: He became particularly obsessed with taking you out. It started one morning when he woke you early and asked you to dress in a lovely grey dress with sequins strewn about it. You had never seen this dress before and could only assume Ren had just recently bought it for you. You did as you were told, thinking you were once again becoming stir crazy and at least would have a chance to try and escape. You were certain it wouldn’t work, but for what it was worth gaining a breath of new air and seeing all of the people around you would be quite a lot of fun.

Ren said nothing as he led you around the Supremacy, the two of you just simply walked and took in the sights and sounds you didn’t often get to see. Storm troopers marching throughout the halls while their boots thumped past you, officers speaking with each other on First Order affairs with their noses tucked in their tablet, droids of all shapes, sizes, and colors wheeling past you beeping, grunting, and making other mechanical noises. It was calming, relaxing, and exactly what you needed.

Ren reached down and took your hand in his, an act that abruptly stole you from your people watching. The thick leather gloves clung tight to your skin and blocked out every emotion you thought he was trying to convey to you. It was an odd sensation, you couldn’t even remember the last time you had interacted with Kylo when he had the gloves on and, honestly, it was lacking. He felt cold and empty when you couldn’t feel him and his hands that he had worked so expertly across your back the previous night, felt like the soulless Kylo you had learned to hate after so much time. Regardless, you let him hold your hand as the two of you continued to your destination. It felt like he had earned just the slightest bit of affection from you and you didn’t mind the extra attention it got you.

As the two of you carried on you realized parts of the hallways he sent you through were beginning to look familiar. “Where are we going?” You asked, looking up to him. He didn’t look at you, however. He kept the same stoic, unreadable look on his face as he gave you the shortest, most disappointing explanation ever: “On a walk.”

“A walk?” You asked him, looking around and realizing that you were getting closer and closer to his home once again. “A walk to where?”

“Around the ship.” Ren explained, finally looking down to you. By now you only had another fifteen minutes or so before you made it back to his home, back to your prison where you’d be forced to sit and wait for him for another. You were wholeheartedly disappointed but figured the last hour you had spent walking around had been worth it. Other than your feet being a bit sore and your back hurting due to the fact that you don’t get out this often, it was a very positive experience.

Ren left you at the door with a kiss on your cheek, one that felt genuine enough. He told you he’d be back that evening and walked away to wherever he was going, leaving you thoroughly satisfied with how your morning went. It came as a complete surprise and truly put you in a great mood for the day. If you were to be held here against your will for the next year, then you wouldn’t mind being paraded around the base as you just were every few days.

These little outings continued over the next few weeks. It wouldn’t always be a walk, some days Kylo would take you to the fancy restaurant to eat (and let you order what you wanted), sometimes he’d take you to the bar for a sip of alcohol. By far your favorite was the walks he’d take you on, because most of the time he would stay quiet and you were allowed to be happy in peace.
This day in particular Kylo decided to take you to the gardens. You were skeptical from the very beginning about how plants could exist on a Star Destroyer floating about space, let alone an entire garden. He had made you breakfast that day and invited you there with him right afterword, but you were not feeling it. It was a combination of your depression and being tired and achy that particular day, you didn’t want to do much of anything but Kylo insisted. You were irritated at him but thought it could do no harm. You had never actually been to a garden before, and from what Cass had told you it was extraordinary. He hadn’t taken you anywhere in the last three days and you thought that could have possibly been the culprit behind your low mood, so you decided to let him take you out.

The gardens were quite exquisite, you were taken aback with how lifelike everything was. The air was clean and fresh, the flowers were vibrant, and everything screamed naturality. By far your favorite part was the river that ran down the center of the biodome. You had never seen a stream of running water before and the plant life that existed just under the water’s clear blue surface impressed you more than anything. Kylo held your hand as he led you over the small wooden bridge, but the sight of something along the river’s edge caused you to let go briefly.

“Wait, can we stop here?” You asked, watching as the bright orange fish swam from one side of the stream to the other. You were mesmerized, leaning over the bridge and looking at all the little aquatic creatures moving about. The smell of fresh rain lifted up from the water and into your nostrils, rain was the only thing you had to compare it to and it was so fresh and relaxing.

Kylo placed his hand on your back and leaned over the rail with you. “Anything you’d like.” Suddenly you were happy you decided to adventure out of the house. This place was quiet and serene, exactly what you thought you needed.

“How is this able to exist on a ship?” You asked him, tearing your eyes away from the running water to look at him once again. He shrugged his shoulders, ran his hand up your back to your shoulder. It was such an intimate moment between the two of you, a welcome gesture at the time that only masqueraded your dysfunctional relationship with him.

“We have people that take care of them. Feed them, give them a nice place to live, make sure their environment is clean and all that. In return, they’re happy to be here.” He said, leaning over the rail with you. You laughed at him, looking from him back to the small golden fish that swam around in lazy, repetitive circles. Kylo wasn’t slick, you knew what he was doing from the moment he opened his mouth.

“No contract needed, right?” You asked him snarkily. He looked down at you with a proud grin.

“You’re incredibly smart.” His hand fell from your shoulder to your hip where he pulled you into him and placed a kiss on your cheek. “Something I’ve admired about you since day one. Your strength, your beauty, and your intelligence.” You rolled your eyes at him, his body comforted you but his words felt empty and were without meaning.

“I don’t think you really admire anything about me, but okay.” You said. Irritation grew within you and you found it almost impossible to concentrate on your little slice of heaven here over him and his overbearing, ‘caring’ attitude.

“You’re, wrong, Vee.” He breathed, relaxing his grip on you ever so slightly. “You just refuse to see it. You throw up walls and isolate yourself, won’t accept what I have to offer.” His persistence angered you more than it probably should have, and in a swift moment you were out of his embrace, facing him with your hands over your chest.

“Are you trying to tell me you love me again, Ren?” You asked him accusingly. “Because you don’t. I know you don’t and you’ll never convince me otherwise.” Ren looked at you for a few
moments before sighing and looking back to the river. From there no more words were exchanged between you. After Ren stopped engaging you you simply turned back to the running river, allowing the sounds of the water flowing over the rocks to comfort you in your time of need. It was wonderful, you found yourself actually starting to relax once again when someone calling your name from the other side of the bridge.

“Vee! Vee, hi!” You turned your head and found none other than Cass sitting on a bench not too far away. Her hand sat possessively in Hux’s and it would seem Hux was not too happy to see the two of you.

“You were too loud, you drew their attention.” Ren said with a sigh, but you were still too irritated at him to reply. You observed Cass as she whispered something to Hux with a distressed look on her face, pointed to you and then clasped her hands together as if she were begging him for something. Hux rolled his eyes before nodding his head and mouthing something to her, to which she clapped her hands in excitement. You watched as Hux patted her belly and stood, watched Cass shove her hands underneath her exposed thighs that showed right below her white sundress and you immediately started to worry. You hadn’t seen her in such a long time, was she pregnant finally? A chill ran up your spine, you wouldn’t be able to stomach the thought of Hux taking advantage of her so.

Hux waltzed over to the two of you, respectfully nodded his head at you but said nothing as he stood toe to toe with Ren. You knew they hated each other, knew that their relationship was particularly strained due to the drama going on about the assistant program, but the tension between the two was amusing all the same. You took a step back and watched as Hux bit out Ren’s name from his tightly clenched teeth. Kylo did nothing, didn’t move, didn’t even so much as blink when Hux stepped up to him. Instead Hux continued the conversation, despite the lack of reaction he got.

“Cass hasn’t been feeling well lately, I’ve taken the day off to care for her. I’m sure you understand, Ren, what with this fight you’ve been putting up in the courts.” You watched Ren’s chest rise and fall, could tell he was angry under his unmoving facade and it made a sly smile form on your lips. You still did feel bad for Cass, you imagined that she’d be crushed if faced with the tragedy of being forced from the one thing she had come to love. However, at the end of the day, it didn’t matter. The only thing that you cared about was if you were being released, everyone else on this ship could burn in hell for all you cared.

Once again, Kylo refused to reply. He was holding it together for some reason and you knew he was finding it to be difficult. His cheeks burned red at the mention of the failed meetings and you could only imagine he was hoping Hux wouldn’t slip up and say something that would infuriate him. Ren was still trying to convince you that you wanted to stay with him, keeping his cool and not losing his cool around you, in his mind, would make you want him. But that was far, far beyond you.

“Anway, Vee, my dear,” Hux said as he turned toward you, a stiff smile greeted you and you were startled to have the conversation turned to you so suddenly. “Cass is excited to see her friend after so long. May I ask that you go talk to your friend while I have a word with Ren here?” You turned to look at Cass who was sitting cross-legged on the bench, waiting for someone to return to her. She hated being alone, and once again you didn’t want her to suffer.

You turned back and, against your will, you turned to Ren. Before you even realized what you were automatically doing Ren was answering Hux for you. “Certainly. Vee, go talk to your friend. Let the General and I speak in private.” You huffed, Ren had you trained to seek his permission before you made your own decisions. It was an automatic response, but you had decided not to let it get to you. Instead you turned and walked over the bridge toward Cass, who began vibrating in excitement the closer you got to her.
“Veeeeeeee!” She squealed once you came within earshot of her. Her smile looked as if it could have broken her face in two. You smiled weakly at her as you greeted her, wishing instead that you could have eavesdropped on the important conversation Ren and Hux were having. “Vee, yesterday I started feeling sick and the General stayed home with me. Today I’m not feeling any better and he thinks I might actually be pregnant this time!” She said so enthusiastically. It made your stomach churn but, again, it didn’t matter.

“That’s cool.” You said to her, only to have her continue to babble on and on about babies and pregnancy and anything else she could think of. The entire time you kept the thought of your birth control in the back of your mind. If there was one thing Ren had done right in this relationship of yours it was assuring you that you wouldn’t end up pregnant.

“So he took me here so I can get some fresh air, but my stomach is still kinda sore so I’m still hopeful! We can take a test in a few days!” Cass said, giddily shaking as if she couldn’t control herself. You were just about to give her another mundane, uninterested reply when she suddenly gasped like you had startled her. “Oh, it’s good that you and the Supreme Leader are here. Because The General said he needed to talk to Ren about the next meeting…” Her happy demeanor crashed immediately. All of a sudden she was nervous, trailing off and looking at you like she was stepping on eggshells. “…he says that the Supreme Leader has been taking you around to prove that you’re happy with him. I know you don’t like talking about this, but he says if you’re not happy you’d have to go away.” Her lower lip trembled and you realized Cass really could be pregnant. Her mood swings were in full force today and the thought almost made you laugh at her in the most inappropriate moment.

“I hope you know that I really do care for you, and I don’t want you to go away. So maybe you can tell the Supreme Leader not to listen to The General. Tell him to keep taking you out because it makes you happy. That way, when my baby is born you can be its godmother.” She smiled lovingly at you, placed her hand on yours for a hot second and you snatched it away. The anger that overtook you in that moment sent you to your feet and towering over her.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” You said, a little louder than you probably should have. Truth be told, had you not sat her down and told her you’d never be happy here last time you saw her you wouldn’t be so upset at her. But you had told her time, after time, after time that this place was your personal hell, and she was so brainwashed, so out of her right mind, that she still believed being happy in your abuse would fix all of your problems. At this point, you were insulted. You didn’t know what it would take to drill it into her thick skull, and you knew that you would suffer each and every time she made the suggestion. “How many times do I have to tell you, you fucking idiot? I’ve never been, nor will I ever be, happy here. Especially not with you harassing me about it every time I see you!”

Cass cowered in fear in front of you was irritating enough, playing victim to the circumstances she created. But what was even more infuriating was the sound of Ren losing his shit on the bridge behind you.

“Shes staying with me, and there is nothing anyone can do to change that!”

You snapped your head toward the bridge and found Kylo holding Hux by his throat, redfaced with a large purple vein popping out of his neck. Your mouth fell open as you watched the struggle ensue. Cass suddenly didn’t matter as everyone around you turned to look at the two men fighting, and as soon as Hux managed to free himself from Kylo’s grasp he was hobbling over to the two of you. “Come Cass, we are leaving at once!” Hux was red in the face as well, his once perfect hair disheveled and sweat beads had formed on his forehead.
“Vee, get up. We’re going home.” Kylo was hot on his tail. While Hux gently grabbed Cass’s arm and merely helped Cass to her feet Kylo’s actions were much different. He violently ripped you from the bench and started dragging you away from the scene while Cass looked on terrified from Hux’s embrace.

“You can’t keep her forever, Ren!” Hux shouted after you as Kylo continued to drag you away. “I won’t let that woman sit in the care of someone who abuses her!”

“Bullshit!” Kylo called out over you. It had been a long time since you had seen Ren this angry and you knew exactly what to do in situations like this. Stay quiet and don’t make him angrier.

Ren dragged you all the way back to his home and threw you into the living room. You stood there cowering in his shadow as he turned his back to you, pin drop silence rang in your ears and you didn’t know what to do or say next. You had learned a multitude of information from Cass, even if she hadn’t meant to give it up. Originally you were suspicious of Ren’s actions about taking you around the ship, even when he offered to take you to another planet just to have a change of scenery it all sounded like bullshit to you. Now you learned he was showing you off. He was showing everyone else how happy he made you, your smiles as you ate, as you walked and observed everyone else. It was a tragedy, especially since what he had been doing to you during the last few weeks could have seriously jeopardized your chances of being freed. The thought made your head hurt, the body aches and hopelessness that were present before you left for your walk came creeping up on you once again and you felt like you could collapse into tears.

“No one is taking you away from me. No one!” Kylo screamed at the top of his lungs, moving to the next closest object, a half-full bottle of white wine that had been left on the table next to the couch last night, picked it up and sent it crashing against the wall. The noise startled you, you had heard more than your share of glass objects breaking but this one, in particular, was terrifying. You plugged your ears with your fingers and looked on at him as he continued to lose control of his anger, reaching for anything and everything to destroy. The animalistic howls and growls that Kylo emitted didn’t help. You knew you were in danger, you knew Kylo was more than able to ignite his saber and end your life in his anger. You knew that if you didn’t make it out on your own, you would die here. All of it, Kylo’s failed explanation about the fish, what you learned from Cass, the fight him and Hux got in over you, and the rage Kylo was in, it all hit you at once and you became too emotional for your own good.

Kylo went on to yell about how these assholes didn’t know what they were talking about, they didn’t know a thing about your real relationship with him and that you were not, under any circumstances, leaving his side. It was torture, and by the time he had turned to look in your direction you had turned to nothing but full-blown, ugly sobs. It seemed to be what Kylo needed to calm himself, because instantly he became still and the only thing that could be heard was your own emotional outburst because you couldn’t be bothered to do or say anything else.

Kylo stared at you for a good few seconds before taking a few steps toward you and holding his arms out for you. “Vee, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you.” He said as he started to wrap his arms around you but you wouldn’t have any of it.

“No, stay away from me, you monster!” You shouted just as loud as he had before. “You manipulative, slimy asshole. Cass told me. She told me what you did!” You pointed your finger at him and took a step away. It would seem all he needed to be calm was the knowledge that you were having a breakdown, it’s too bad you didn’t think of this earlier.

“You want to keep me here, but for what? Why? You’ve made me feel like I’m shit, like I mean
nothing to you. Now all of a sudden it’s changed? You’ve said it yourself, you’ve said you won’t stop until you’ve broken me down. You’ve done that already, you’ve made me into nothing, and you won’t give me up!” It felt as if your soul were pouring out of your mouth, your words were so overly emotional as you demanded answers. It truly made no sense to you, why Kylo would keep you around for so long and fight so hard for it. Was he planning on introducing the abuse again once he was out from under the microscope? Was he hoping to marry you and start a new life with you, because starting over with a new woman he's tricked into living with him would be too difficult? You pleaded with him to tell you, to give you some kind of closure so you could move on to something different in your miserable life.

“You need me, Vee.” Kylo said as calmly as he could. “I know you don’t understand, or refuse to do so, but you need me.” Kylo reached his hand out to you again, but you angrily pushed it away. Bullshit. All that was spewing from his mouth was bullshit.

“I need you for what? You’re not fucking answering my question!” You shouted as loudly as you could, then did the worst possible thing you could probably think of. You slapped him. Right across his stupid, concerned face. And you slapped him as hard as you possibly could have. It didn’t matter that he hadn’t communicated to you that he had gone into “sub mode,” it didn’t matter that he was still strung out on emotion just as you were. You reacted, and whether or not it was the right reaction would be up in the air until Kylo reacted to you. “Answer the damn question, Kylo! Answer me!” You screamed, letting months and months of frustration out at a time. It was enough to numb your pain momentarily, but it was quickly cut off by Kylo grabbing you by the neck and pushing you back against the nearest wall.

“I need you because I....” He trailed off, unable to finish his sentence. He held you there, not tight enough to cut off your airway, just tight enough to scare you into paying very close attention to him. You didn’t know if he misspoke or if he meant what he said by claiming he was the one who needed you, but the look in his eye made you forget about it momentarily. His eyes shined as tears welled within them, his face dropped from anger to need and you realized there was much more going on than what met the eyes. “...because you need me to protect you.”

“What, Kylo?” You asked, feeling all sorts of emotions flowing rapidly through your veins.

“I need to protect you. From everything.” His hand fell from your throat and went to his hair, an action you noticed he did when he was stressed and needed a moment to calm himself. “The galaxy is dangerous, and if I simply let you go, you would get massacred. Slaughtered, you’d never survive on your own.” You shook your head, you had never heard of a more terrible lie.

“That’s not what you were going to tell me.” You whispered. “That’s not what you were going to say, and you know it.” Ren was unable to look you in the eye as he backed away, over to the broken wine bottle where he stuck his boot in the mess and pushed the broken glass around.

“It’s true, Vee. You’ve gotten too used to it here. The luxuries I’ve given you, you won’t find them anywhere else.” You were stunned beyond speaking, felt cold and numb as his lies went through one ear and out the other. Why was he so awful? Why was he so stubborn, so manipulative, and such an awful liar?

“Why, Kylo?” You asked, feeling your heart break more and more as the seconds ticked on. “You want me to trust you, you want me to let you take care of me but you can’t be truthful. Why?”

“You know what, I think you should spend a few days downstairs with your friend.” Kylo said, abruptly standing up and heading into the kitchen. “You heard what Hux said. She misses her friend, Vee.” He produced the key that unlocked the door and held it open for you, and after having all of your emotional energy drained for the day you felt like you couldn’t put up the fight. It felt like you...
were floating as you stepped past the mess of wine, into the kitchen and past the tall, clearly distressed man that was waiting for you exit the room. He couldn’t even look at you when you turned to look at him. All he could do was close the door after you, the sound of the lock playing in your ears meant that you were once again stuck down here. Not only with your own emotional baggage, but with Kylo’s burdening your shoulders as well.

Works inspired by this one: **Enchanted, Enchanting** by **Cheeky_monkey**

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