Coming Home
by Anonymous

Summary
Rey arrives home from college for the summer, and meets her long-lost brother, Kylo.

Notes
First: Coming Home (this one)
Next: Popsicles
Last: The Bet

See the end of the work for more notes.

Rey had been driving in the damn car for four hours. It should have been closer to three, but there had been a surprise thunderstorm when she was driving around Indianapolis and people just lose their shit when there's any kind of water on the road. The AC in the car hadn't worked for weeks - she hoped her dad could help her take care of that - so she was sweaty and tired and really, really ready to be home. Well - her parents' house. Was that home? It was her last summer before she would graduate college and have to be a productive member of society, so she figured, sure, it'll be home for one more year.

She was looking forward to it - lots of time to read and write, play cards with dad and talk politics
with mom, hanging out and just living for a few months before getting back to the grind. The only thing she wasn't looking forward to was her loser brother. She didn't even know him, he'd left when she was five and never even sent her a birthday card. (For some reason it was the lack of birthday greetings that always hurt the most. He'd been ten when she was born, he knew her fucking birthday but couldn't give a shit to send a card or make a phone call? Fuck him.) Anyway he'd been mysteriously away, and had just as mysteriously showed up at the door about two weeks before, begging for forgiveness and wanting to be let back in the family. The Prodigal Son, his father had called him in the tearful phone call to let her know what was going down.

Fuck him. Fuck that loser. Fuck him.

She was trying not to worry about that as she stopped by the gas station. She always went to the old Phillips 66 on the corner of Liberty & Lake Shore, not the new BP closer to downtown, because her dad used to be friends with the owner. Dad got upset if she came home with anything less than a half a tank of gas, so she would always stop to add a couple of gallons on the way, just to pacify him. They also sold popsicles for $.50 and she could really use one.

As she was pumping the gas she noticed a guy on the edge of the parking lot working under the hood of a well-preserved black 1969 Ford Mustang. She noticed the car first, looked it over as she kept her eye on the pump, but as she headed inside to buy her popsicle the guy under the hood stood up, and she had to stop to get a look. He was tall, and built, with broad shoulders and thick legs. That was the first thing she noticed. The second thing she noticed was his hair, which was dark and wavy and hung over his face and past his shoulders. The third thing she noticed were his hands, when he used one of them to push the hair back from his face. They were large, so large, and his fingers were long and thick. He was just very large, and she liked it. His face was stupid pretty, big pink lips and a big nose and big brown eyes that met hers across the parking lot, and looked surprised.

Rey couldn't take it, and hustled inside to buy her treat.

The guy had closed the hood of his car and moved to the sidewalk by the time she came back out, cherry popsicle already between her lips. He was really stupid hot, and up close he was obviously a bit older than she was - late 20s or maybe even 30 - and Rey, used to dumb college boys and professors who are married or too old anyway, decided to have some fun. Why not? It's not like she'll ever see him again.

"Hey," she said, after pulling the popsicle out of her mouth with an audible pop, and then looking him down and then up again.

"Hey," he replied, wiping his palms on his jeans and looking a bit nervous. His nervousness gave her confidence.

"Whatcha doin?'" She raised her eyebrows and sucked the popsicle back into her mouth.

"Just, uh, changing the oil."

She hummed and pulled out the popsicle, just barely. Her lips touched it as she spoke. "That's a nice car. 1969 Mustang, right?"

He looked impressed. "Yeah. She's my baby."

"I bet she is," Rey replied, and licked the popsicle. "You live in town?"

"Just moved back in with my parents." He looked nervous again, and Rey smiled.

said, walking towards her car, which was still blocking the gas pump, "I better go. See you around?"

"Yeah," he said.

Rey ran back to the car and hopped in. She didn't think she'd see him again, but it always felt good to flirt with a hot guy.

Ten minutes later, Rey was home, hugging her mom and dad and helping them carry her stuff to her room.

Twenty minutes later, with a sinking heart, she watched a well-preserved black 1969 Ford Mustang pull up the driveway.

Twenty-two minutes later, she was awkwardly hugging her loser brother, trying to ignore the heat that soaked into her from his arms and his stupid big hands, and the way his beautiful pink lips - not nervous now, no, he was fucking smiling, that cheeky asshole - made her feel so very funny in her tummy, and between her legs.

The four of them made small talk for a few minutes, until finally Rey insisted that she just had to go see the barn, and she'd be back inside in time for dinner.

She fled.

Twenty minutes after that she'd scavenged some old beer bottles from around the yard and set them up on the fence posts closest to the barn, and was gathering up some rocks, when her brother - he'd been born Ben but insisted on being called Kylo Ren because he was a fucking asshole - sauntered over from the direction of the house. Now that she knew who he was she could see the resemblance, to his old photos that still graced the Hall of Skywalker - the three generations of family photos that hung outside the downstairs bathroom - and also to their parents. Their father's gait, their mother's eyes. But even knowing who he was, that he was her brother, she still thought he was stupid hot. And she hated it.

"Hey," he said, picking up a rock off the ground and handing it to her. "You okay?"

"Fucking embarrassed," she answered angrily. "Did you know who I was?"

"Yeah," he admitted, "I thought it was you. And it was weird. But you're fucking cute, so I didn't mind too much."

She glanced at him, finally. He wasn't looking at her. He was looking at his hands.

"You think I'm cute?"

He didn't answer, but he looked at her and nodded. His expression was serious.

"I think you're cute too."

His eyes shifted to her lips, then back to her eyes.

"I'm your brother, Rey." There was a hint of warning in his voice.

"No you're not," she spat, and walked back to her rock-throwing spot. "My brother's name is Ben, and he left home when I was five and never even sent me a goddamn birthday card. He didn't care about me. You," she spun back to face him, "you're Kylo Ren. You're a stranger I came on to at a gas station. Do you care about me, Kylo Ren?"
"I think I could."

She looked him down and up again, the same way she had at the gas station. "Could you care about me the way I need you to, Kylo Ren?"

He looked like a deer in headlights, and she had to hold back a laugh. "I think I could," he whispered.

"Good," she said, and handed him a rock.

He hadn't even known her an hour, and already he knew she was going to be the death of him. He'd recognized her at the gas station, from photos his parents had shown him on her Facebook. He'd thought her photos were cute, but in like an innocent way - she was a healthy, happy college girl, with hazel eyes and brown hair, very similar to thousands of other girls in the world. Wholesome. He had intended to introduce himself there, but then she'd come out sucking on a popsicle that made her mouth red and she'd looked at him like he was a steak and she wanted to douse him in sauce and chew him up and then either swallow him or spit him out - she hadn't decided - it was like he couldn't control himself. Didn't want to.

Looked like she didn't want to either. He was, surprisingly, okay with that.

So he took the rock.

"Bet you can't hit that bottle," she said, pointing to the closest fence post. He didn't answer, just threw the rock, and when it knocked the bottle down with a clink she looked satisfied.

Kylo Ren liked it when his sister looked satisfied.

Before either of them could comment, there was a shout across the yard.

"Hey, guys," their dad yelled from next to their old pick-up truck. "Good to see you getting along! Your mom and I are driving out to the Lakehouse Grill to get carry out to celebrate. Our first night together as a family for sixteen years! We'll be about an hour, okay?"

Rey and Kylo both waved, and watched as the pick-up drove away.

Kylo looked back at his sister to find her giving him a grin that made him slightly uncomfortable, and also made his cock twitch in his jeans.

"Let's up the ante, shall we?" He shivered, and she handed him another rock and pointed to the next fence post out. "I bet you can't hit the bottle off that one."

His mouth was dry. "What do I get if I win?"

She licked her lips. "You get to kiss me."

"And what do you get if I lose?"

"I get to kiss you."

He was quiet for a moment, as though he were thinking. He was not thinking.

"Sounds like a win either way."

Her grin sharpened. "Whatever you say, brother."
Kylo walked towards her quickly, and he reveled in the surprise on her pretty face as he stepped right up to her, toe-to-toe. He could smell her shampoo, and her sweat.

"You be careful what you ask for, baby sister." She gasped, and he dropped the rock so he could place both hands on her shoulders. "I don't know you, but I know myself. If you kiss me, I'm gonna want to touch you. And if I touch you, I'm gonna want to make you come. If I make you come, I'm gonna want to fuck you."

As he spoke his sister's cheeks turned more and more pink, her mouth opened. She was panting. He leaned down to whisper in her ear, his thumbs pressing into her collarbone.

"I'm gonna fuck your mouth, and I'm gonna fuck your cunt, and I'm gonna fuck your sweet ass. So," he stood back up and looked into her face. She'd closed her eyes, and he thought he might die. "So if you don't want those things, you'd better not kiss me. It's a straight line. It's all or nothing."

Rey opened her eyes; her pupils were so large he couldn't tell what color they were.

"Fuck," she said. "You really know how to convince a girl to do a stupid thing."

And she kissed him.

She kissed him, with her hands in his hair and her tongue in his mouth. She tasted like cherry popsicle and sunshine and sin, and when she pulled away and ran towards the house he was hurt and confused. But then she turned around and let out a primal whoop.

"Come on, Kylo Ren, what are you waiting for?" She cried out. "Mom and dad'll be back in less than an hour! We need to make the time count!" And he hustled in behind her.

He jogged in the kitchen door ready to warn her about being thoughtful and encouraging her to consent - because, let's face it, the decision to fuck your long-lost brother isn't one to be made in haste - but she had already thrown off her tank top, and she was kicking her shorts and panties across the room. And fuck if she wasn't the cutest thing he'd ever seen, freckled and grinning with her messy buns starting to fall out, naked except for her socks.

What the hell.

"Okay, Kylo, what did you say? If I kissed you, you'd want to touch me?"

"Yeah," he confirmed, pulling his black teeshirt over his head. "That's what I said."

When Rey saw his naked torso, her eyes bugged. "Fucking hell, you are jacked. Come on, touch me already." She propped her butt against the kitchen table and leaned back on her hands.

Her tits were right there so that's where he started. They were small and round and topped by the sweetest nipples he thought he'd ever seen. His hands dwarfed them, but neither of them cared.

"Does licking count as touching?" Kylo asked, giving her nipples a pinch. "I don't want to cheat."

"I sure as fucking hope so," Rey replied with a moan. "Get your fucking mouth on me."

Her nipples were as delicious as he'd thought they would be, and the noises she made when he sucked on them made him very, very happy. All of her skin tasted good, from her chest down to her stomach and lower, through the hair on her mons and all the way down. He lifted her up on the table and helped her lie back.
"Are you okay, baby?" He asked, holding her knees together until he was sure it was good to keep going.

"I am so good, brother," she answered, and as he spread her knees and pressed his hands against her inner thighs to open up her cunt, she kept talking. "I love calling you brother, is that weird? It's hot. You know, I was so angry at you for leaving, and I'm still angry, but I'm not really angry right now..." But then her words devolved to moaning, because his ass had found a chair and his face had found her cunt, and he liked to think that she was too overwhelmed for speech.

That was how he felt, too.

His sister's cunt was perfect, is all. All pink and swollen - he thought, maybe, she'd been as turned on as he had since their meeting at the gas station - and slick and sweet and perfect. He took his time with it, licking gently until she starting making more noise, then adding more pressure, then sucking her lips until they swelled up even more and she was begging him to touch her clit.

"I'm so close, brother, so close," she keened. "Lick my clit, please, just a little bit. Just once, I'll come, I will, I promise. I'll be so good for you, just please make me come now, please." Her begging was beautiful. He wanted to make her beg like that every day.

Instead of touching her clit he pressed a finger into her cunt, all the way, and she wailed. He laughed at her distress.

"Begging is unseemly for a young woman, sister," he said, pumping his finger slowly in and out of her slick hole. With any luck he was going to be sticking his cock in there very soon, and he could already tell it was going to feel amazing. "So as a punishment, you're going to have to wait a bit longer to come."

"Yes, yesyesyes," she moaned, and attempted to wiggle her ass. He was holding her too tight, and she wailed in frustration. "I can wait, yes."

"Good girl," he crooned, and kissed her lower lips tenderly, then gave her a strong lick that didn't quite reach her clit. "While we're doing this, there is an important conversation we need to have. Can you talk with me right now?"

Rey moaned, but answered, "yes, my brain is not completely shot, we can talk now."

"I told you I would touch you, and make you come, and fuck you, and I really, really want to fuck your cunt right now."

"Yesyesyes, I consent. I fucking consent, you asshole," Rey howled. "What the fuck, do whatever you want to me, I fucking consent."

Kylo smiled into her cunt. "That's very sweet, sister, but it's not my point. My point is that I don't have any condoms, and we really, really do not want to have to explain to mom and dad how we went and made a new baby Solo of our own. So I need to know if I can actually fuck your cunt, or if we need to reevaluate our options."

"Mom helped me get an IUD when I turned eighteen," Rey laughed. "She insisted on it. So I'm not getting pregnant. And I've only had sex five times before, and I only ever used condoms, so I know I'm clean."

"God, that sounds like mom," Kylo said, "and I was just tested." It was true; it was one of the first things he'd done when he decided it was time to come home. "So I can promise I won't give you anything."
Rey laughed. "It'll be just like my birthdays growing up."

Kylo nipped the meat of her left cheek and took pleasure in her answering shriek. "That's what bad girls get. I thought you were a good little sister, not a bad little sister."

"I can be both." She was still trying to wiggle, and he liked her answer, so he crooked the finger inside her and gave her clit a good suck. Her orgasm was the best thing he'd heard or felt in months, in years, and he knew he was in deep because immediately he wanted to hear that sound again. It was the only sound he wanted.

But she needed him; his sister, she needed him. She was shaking, so he stood up and laid his body over hers, and kissed her. She licked his lips and into his mouth, tasting herself, and sighed.

"That was really good," she murmured. "Is it always that good?"

"I dunno," he replied. "We're gonna have to find out." And he picked her up from the table and carried her all the way up to the attic. Kylo's parents had long ago converted his old room to his mom's home office, so he was sleeping under the eaves, alongside boxes of Christmas decorations and grandma's quilting kits that she wouldn't let them give away even though she would never be able to finish them. He didn't mind; it was better than where he'd been.

His bed was a loose mattress on the floor, but the sheets had been changed that morning and they were quality. It felt weird, but he wanted their first time together to be on clean sheets. He laid her down, and she pulled down the blanket and top sheet and watched him take off his jeans. She gasped when she saw his cock, and he preened; it was a good one, he knew, big but not too big, with a pronounced head that was very purple, just at the moment. He kicked off his jeans, and Rey stood up, too, and gestured to the bed.

"On your back," she said, still looking at his cock. "I need to be in control the first time. I'm a little worried about whether or not I'm going to be handle that thing."

Kylo laid down as she'd requested, but instead of climbing on him she knelt next to him and took his cock in her hands. "Can I suck it?" she asked imploringly, and it was so sweet he reached out and stroked her cheek. "It's just very suckable."

"Like your popsicle?"

She blushed, and shook her head. "So much better than that popsicle."

"Yeah, okay, I guess."

She rolled her eyes. "Asshole." But even if she did think he was an asshole it didn't stop her. She took just the head in her mouth, and sucked it gently, then ran her tongue around the top and the edge. Her hands embraced the shaft, squeezing it rhythmically. It felt good, but after a few minutes it just became frustrating. So he stroked her cheek again.

"Time to climb on, baby sister, I want to make you come on it."

She blushed - even after all they'd done already she was still blushing, and it was adorable. So she climbed onto his torso, and ran her still-very-wet cunt up and down the length of his cock.

"I really want to do this," she whispered, staring into his eyes. "Are you ready? It feels like a big deal."

"Yeah," he whispered back, his hands on her hips, pushing her down harder as she continued to rub
herself on him. "I want to, and it's a big deal. Mom and dad would kill us if they found out."

"We'll only do it when they're not home," Rey said, reasonably, and moved forward far enough that the head of his cock notched in her opening. "We won't flirt. We won't do anything outside, only inside." She started to rotate her hips, and Kylo had to control his desire to grip her hips harder and push her right onto him. It would be so easy and it would feel so good.

"Yes," he replied. "Yes, good rules. Now please fuck me before I go crazy."

With a grin, Rey shifted her hips back and sat up, hilting Kylo's cock in a fraction of a second.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, loudly, and then continued moaning as she figured out how to move. "Oh fuck, my fucking god, holy shit your cock is perfect." She continued babbling about fuck and shit and perfect cock, but Kylo couldn't speak at all because as soon as it was inside her it wanted to release, and he was doing everything he could to keep that from happening until his sister - his beautiful, perfect, amazing and wonderful in all ways little sister - could have an orgasm on it. He had promised, and he owed her sixteen years of birthday cards. He was going to give her so many orgasms to make up for it, it was going to be amazing, but he had to start with this one.

His thumbs found her clit, and it didn't take long after that. He did have to hold her hips to keep her from flying off, and he could see why they needed an only do it when mom and dad aren't home rule because jesus christ she was a yeller. She yelled, and cried, and howled, and keened and sobbed and he loved every sound that came out of her beautiful, perfect throat.

And then he came, and it was the best orgasm he'd had in his life. He thought to himself, it's like we were born for each other. And then he rethought it, and decided that it was weird, but okay. They were just going to be like that.

When they were finished Rey climbed off him, and they lay together under the eaves, holding each other, until the old alarm clock on the floor next to the mattress blinked that 45 minutes had passed since their parents left to get dinner. Rey sat up and stretched.

"Need to get up and get dressed. Shit, our clothes are still all over the kitchen. And I stink like sex."

Kylo took a long sniff and sighed. "You sure do. I marked you good, no other man's going to want to fuck you now." Rey laughed and smacked his shoulder.

"Silly man. Anyway, I'm going to take a quick shower, you need to get your shirt."

As she stood, he watched his spend coat her inner thighs.

"Hey, Rey?"

She turned around at the doorway and gave him a little smile. "Brother?"

He felt warm inside. "This is a thing, right? This is going to happen again."

Rey laughed. "I bloody hope so. You're the best fuck ever, and you owe me for sixteen years of missed birthdays. You're going to be paying me back for that forever. Okay?"

"Okay."

Rey left to shower, and Kylo pulled his jeans back on and went to find his shirt.
End Notes

Next: Popsicles

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