Prisoner!Killer!Kylo/OC AU

He’d watched her pulse leap in her pale throat when he sat down. Watched her shrink in her seat. Seen how her pale blue eyes dilated when she saw him. He’d heard her gulp. Heard her breath hitch. That had been hard for him not to smirk wildly at. That he had such an effect upon her...

Seeing her in here after so many goddamn days and years limited purely to the bland familiar sights of fellow prison inmates and guards. Broad men of all sizes. So to suddenly walk in here, and see what little treat sat awaiting him, was like New Years Eve in Paris.

After all, he was a dangerously bored, violent Sociopath...
Sooooo, been sitting on this pretty dark idea for a few months now. Had to get it down. Yes, ok, I'm a sucker for another AU version of tattooed Kylo. and yes I will also be continuing Renegade too now I have the time. But for now, enjoy my Kylo/Kitten pairing... do let me know what you think... as always, thirsts, kudos, comments, anything, hmu my pretties.... love from your friendly, local, Kylo AU, trash pile, punk xxxx

Oh! And um. Mel? You know what you did xxxx basically hashed out this entire novel idea with me and my thirst for the last few months. lots of love to you blessed enabler. You keep me true. I can't claim full responsibility for this fic in the most glorious sense, because in a fun way it was both our brain baby that grew on from our conversations/thirst/smutty ideas. honestly, spring for a crown my love, you are the enabling queen and I am a humble word peasant <3

Buckle up readers; this here be dark, and smutty (and in no way healthy)
Evelyn Winslow was the kind of woman no one ever saw.

Not that this was ever a detrimental feature. Matter of fact, she thrived happily behind this persona. All her life she’d been the bookish one. The shy one. The bibliophile who hid herself away behind her self-constructed, unbreakable, fortress of comfort. Supported by books and her intelligence. Held up faithfully by her own proclivity to be first and foremost, who she was comfortable to be. All for herself, and no one else. Which was just as well. She was a daughter to a single mother, and was raised by both her grandmother and mother alike. It had been many years since she’d lost her granny to cursed old age and her mother to a rotten illness.

She was entirely alone in her world. It was populated now by nothing other than her small corner of cherished hobbies, and her job to fulfil her. It kept her sane, and happy. Even if the loneliness did creep in sometimes… and she was hardly the type of girl to have legions of men fawning after her as lovers… She was a reserved, quiet person who was happy with her own set of well-loved interests.

This was obvious from the first glimpse of her. Drab formal work-wear wrapped around her unremarkable, small, body, swathed in her trusty granny cardigan, with a patch sewn roughly over the worn elbow. Her round, owl-like reading glasses perched happily on her pale face. Her plain hair, chestnut auburn, somewhat shiny, but somewhat straggly, was smoothed back into an artless bun at the back of her neck. Though despite her best efforts, wisps of it still managed to catch in her face, swinging in front of her glasses clad eyes and her ears.

She was perched on the edge of an unfathomably uncomfortable plastic chair. Her small form getting swallowed up into the artless frame the seat offered. One that she couldn’t help but think didn’t mould to cradle the shape of anyone’s ass. Her body was alight with nerves, she tried to absolve her trembling hands on the reliable paperback she’d sloped in her lap, hoping she could lose herself in the words, and they would provide her the usual succour of her favourite novel. But the worn, water warped paper backed book did nothing to aid her. Not when she was in this place.

This great sprawling concrete building took up most of the horizon, like some ugly beast. She had hesitated getting out of the car three times before she bit the bullet and went inside. Entering the place was a challenge in itself. Two forms of ID required, a security check, bag search and finally she was allowed inside this awful, cavernous place.

She’d been escorted along the drab, cold halls by a broad, silent guard. The hallway she’d been led down filled full of the far off clamour of all male noise. The musty air mingled with the stale stench of ancient sterile cleaning products that she was sure had been pasted over the peeling lino floors with a mop, in the not too distant past by some inmate.

The lumbering guard ahead of her didn’t even bat an eyelid when he led her down a walkway, high above what she could discern was a common room of sorts. Down below, she could see pool tables, and normal tables gathered in groups, surrounded by tall columns of orange clad men of all shapes and sizes mingled around them. Heat flooded to her cheeks when came the first wolf whistle aimed up at her. She ignored the rising clamour of shouts and calls that were sent her way. Some voices
more distinguishable than others, unfortunately.

Voices erupted from beside them too. They walked past rows of white barred cells. She flinched out of her skin when one huge man thudded down from his top bunk and rattled the bars of his cell so loud it almost knocked her off her feet. She tried to keep her eyes down as the guard had said, and not interact. But at his rough voice and even rougher words she made the mistake of flickering her eyes across to him.

“Come over here bitch, I wanna get a good look at you.” He all but spat at her. His hands braced on the bars, leaning closer. She fixated on the scar that divided his face. The shaven crop of his hair, and the tattoos that marred his thick arms. By the time he dropped his head to clock her ass, his smile was a leer. The guard seems to take notice of the prisoner and sends back a harsh bark of warning to him.

She found her courage, and her legs re-joined, and she moved off. Her cheeks pink, her shame broadcasting out of every pore. Her fear and her anxiety palpable in the air. Almost as if she could reach out and touch the cloud of nerves surrounding her.

“Don’t let these scum know you’re scared. They’ll eat it up if you do.” The guard casually tossed over his shoulder as they came to another set of stairs, leading away from the commotion of the common room. Evie frowned at his words. And gulped too.

It was obvious from the off, not as if she needed the confirmation, but it was clear this place didn’t welcome nor warm well to outsiders. Eventually her silent bidder of doom led her to another waiting room, and told her to be patient and that the Prison shrink would be with her soon to debrief her about her visit.

So here she found herself. Jiggling with nervousness. Reeling from the rough words of the prisoner who’d gotten off from scaring her half to death. Feasting on her with no more than his eyes like she was a porterhouse steak. Sickness and dread bubbled up in her stomach, cloying sour in her throat. She picked a stray thread off her drab grey skirt. Tucking her teal cardigan tighter around herself. She was feeling clammy and terrified. The dank air in here serving to make pimples raise on her exposed legs.

She’d taken the dress code very seriously. Her sensible grey skirt came to her knees. She wore simple kitten heels on her feet. Her white blouse and her cerulean blue wool cardigan were both buttoned modestly across her décolletage. Nothing to invoke or enflame masculine attention. She was well versed in that rule. Her makeup was practically non-existent. No lip colour, barely any blush. Nothing to conceal the bags under her eyes and only a sweep of mascara to darken her lashes. She’d been scrupulous about everything. Only cursing herself when she lapsed, forgetting the dress code when she spritzed perfume on her wrists and dabbed some on her neck this morning. Assured the guard opposite wasn’t watching, she lifted her wrist to her nose and inhaled. Nothing but the scent of her washing detergent and the soft scent of her skin. She flattered herself she might get away with it…

Nervously tapping her foot, she put her ineffective novel away and reached for the file in her bag. Reacquainting herself with the contents which she was sure she knew off heart by now. She’d read over prisoner ID 623859’s profile numerous times. She’d gone over it time and time again, hoping it would make her feel more prepared. It was an odd thing; there she was, of an evening, curled up on her sunny front porch, in the porch swing, with a glass of white wine, going over the file of this perfect stranger. This whole man in his entirety, having been consigned to a number, and a charge sheet. The absurdity and callous nature of it had struck her as a very cold and brutal thing. To add insult, the file had lacked a mug shot. So she couldn’t even see what he looked like. Her boss had shrugged when she bought it up. The photo had gotten lost or dropped out at some point perhaps…
did it matter? To Evie it did. They could atleast give this man the decency of being treated like a human being.

And now she was here, and it was all so real. She’d be meeting the man behind this file in a mere matter of moments.

She’d interviewed a few prisoners before, all in the line of duty for her work as a crime writer. But they’d been in on minor charges such as breaking and entering, arson, car theft or fraud.

She’d never had to sit across the interrogation table from a killer before.

Because ID 623859 was a lifer, who’d been sent down for five counts of first degree murder four years ago. A step up from her usual inmates doing 2 – 3 years for good behaviour and the district attorney arguing for whittling their case down to community service rather than jail time. Out of her comfort zone couldn’t even describe the place she found herself in right now.

She was so idly consumed in the file, the reverberating clang of bars in front of her echoed in her bones, startling her yet again out of her daze. Looking up she met the gaze of a very run down man who tiredly called out her name in confirmation.

“Winslow?” He asked morosely.

She darted up nervously. Pushing her glasses up her nose. Tucking hair behind her ear. Her anxious tick, she’d always been told by her granny. The laminated name badge pinned to her chest earlier clattered against her arms when she stood. She nervously shut the file and stepped towards the man. Awkwardly jerking her hand out from under the coat folded over her arm.

“Hello. Yes. Uh, you must be Doctor Finch…” She greets politely. Finch assessed her with a fatigued flick, up and down, of his eyes.

“This way…” He greeted with little enthusiasm. Encouraging her to follow. He didn’t return her handshake. He was a short, stout man. Dressed in a drab puce green shirt, with sweat stains at his armpits, and a bland brown tie knotted around his neck like a lifeless noose. His trousers were wrinkled and his shoes looked unloved to say the least. Even with his olive skin, his salt and pepper balding hair and baggy eyes spoke volumes of his jaded despondency with his job. As she followed him she noted the scent of stale sweat, bad coffee and awful cheap cologne followed him as he moved. Everything about this man seemed stale.

She trailed after him obediently in silence, the only sound they made was his lolloping steps from his heavy boots, and the dainty click of her heels hitting the lino floor. It wasn’t until they got to the second door that he spoke. His voice too, was fusty.

“So. You’re here to see Ren…” He lets his question hang in the air.

“Uh. Yes.” She speaks up. “I’m from Armstrong & Lowery Publishing. I was tasked along with a few in house authors to write criminal profiles for a memoir series. Very edgy. Uh, plenty of personal insight into life after conviction…” She explained. He replied with a less than impressed grunt.

“Lucky you.” He answered drily without looking back at her. The pit of hope in her stomach dried up. She wouldn’t be making any friends in here, that was for certain.

“Now listen…” He breathes out blearily. “This isn’t some tame convict whose serving time for joyriding…” He begins. For the first time since they’d met, he turned to her and stared her down deep with the depths of his dark eyes.
“This criminal is a violent, dangerous, sociopath who brutally attacked and killed five men in cold blood.” He tells her. Each word punching out his mouth with heavy gravity. She nods.

“I read his file…” She offers weakly.

He scoffs.

“Then you’ve barely scratched the surface, girly.” He tells her with a hint of amusement in his voice. Do you always make the outside visitors your entertainment? She wonders idly.

“Truthfully. I don’t know what warnings I can give you about Ren.” He starts as he unlocks a barred door from the keys clipped to his belt which strained under the size of his rotunda belly. “One thing I can promise you is that you sure as hell might not get much out of him. He doesn’t tend to like being interrogated by journalists. Ask the last one who came to annoy him with questions.”

Evie froze. He turned around and met her gaze with the threat of his morbid promise glittering in his eyes.

“What happened to the last one?” She asks in a voice that was barely audible.

“They pushed him.” He says. “Ragged on him, dug into his weak points. Delved far too deep into his personal life for his liking…” Finch tells.

“Even handcuffed to the table, he managed to reach across and break their arm in three places. And he didn’t even work up a drop of sweat as he did it.” He warns. “...And don’t go thinking provoking him is the only way to set him off either. Two years ago I was performing a routine eval of him, and he lunged across that table and stabbed my own pen through my hand when I tried to get him to finally open up about his childhood.” As he spoke, he held up his right hand, and she could see the uneven bump of a small jagged scar sat on his palm.

Evie blinks. Her spine felt frozen rigid in fear. It took an enormous portion of her courage to step through the barred door he held open for her.

“If you’ve talked to other prisoners before, then you’re up on the familiar protocol… No reaching over. Don’t pass them anything except paper. Keep your hands to yourself. Dress appropriately. Don’t rile them. And when times called, times up. Visitors and Prisoners both follow the rules, that clear? You stay seated until the prisoner is escorted out by the guards… the usual fuss…” He adds.

She thinks she may have nodded in response. She isn’t entirely sure.

He walks her down another long hallway. This one was much different to the one the other guard had led her down. There were no bars. No open communal spaces. The doors here weren’t bars, they were solid heavy metal. With tiny shuttered windows on each one. She didn’t need to be told what kind of men were kept back behind these doors. She soldiers on. Acutely aware of the clack of her heels that rung through the hallway with each step she took. How unfamiliar a sound like that must be in this miserable, rigid institution.

“What else can you tell me about him?” She braves to ask. “Something that isn’t in his file?”

Finch sighs and goes quiet for a moment, fiddling with the keys in his hands to find the next one for the interrogation room.

“You want my honest opinion?” He speaks up. Standing stiffly and regarding her for a moment. She waits patiently for his assessment.
“He ain’t seen or talked to a woman in three years. You want the truth, I think that’s gonna have a big effect in how he reacts to you. I don’t know if it’ll necessarily help you or hurt you. You may arouse his interest, but that doesn’t mean he’s gonna give you answers. He’s not gonna open up to you just cause you’re a woman. He won’t see you as some compassionate, kind, caring shoulder to lean on. For all I know, you going in there to question him could be putting you in serious danger.” He tells her seriously.

No sugar coating news around here.

That was when he stepped closer and unashamedly took a deep breath next to the air surrounding her shoulder. She shrunk back a little, perturbed.

“Forgive my asking. But did you put perfume on this morning?” He asks her in a bored monotone.

Her cheeks heat. “Habit.” She tells him, embarrassed at having been caught out. His eyes turn to points

“Next time? Don’t. He’ll pick up on that.” He tells her off sharply. She bobbles a nod once again. He turns and continues their long walk to the interrogation room.

“Now. There’ll be guards posted outside the door. And I need to mention for safety all your conversations will be recorded. I’ll be watching the two of you from the anteroom on the video monitor. If he tries anything. We’ll be there hopefully before anything can happen. We’ve learnt the hard way to step our measures when it comes to Ren, for both inmates and visitors.” He tells her.

“I read about his… uh injury… After his sentence here…” She tells Finch. “The altercation with the other prisoner, in the yard.”

“Nastiest thing I’ve seen in a long while.” He tells her. Back to her as he punched a key code into the panel on the wall. A harsh blare opened to cell door, showing her the rows of silver tables and fixed chairs inside.

She’d read in the file about what happened not long after he was first incarcerated. Some gang set after Ren during yard time one day, and the leader took his shiv and carved a scar down from his forehead to his shoulder. Holding him down as he did to teach the new pretty boy who was top dog. They had swaggered off, assured they’d cemented who was the alpha. When Ren, bleeding profusely, and in probably unfathomable amounts of pain, chased the guy down, beat him half to death, buried the guys own shiv in his thigh - and bit out a chunk of the leaders face for good measure. It took four guards to get Ren off him before he killed the fellow prisoner. guards, prisoners and visitors gave him a wide berth after that. No one dare looked in his direction if they knew what was good for them.

“Since that day he’s been in solitary cell confinement for his sentence here. Can’t trust him to be the type to get along with a bunk mate.” Finch spoke under his breath, as if he was speaking disappointedly about an errant child who didn’t gel with other people. He’d gone through two cell mates here in his first month. Both of whom barely escaped with their lives.

He waved his arm, indicating for her to take a seat at one of the tables.

“Standard procedure. The prisoner will be escorted in shortly, Ms Winslow. Take a seat…” He tells her. She steps past. Clutching her coat in her arms as if it could protect her. She chose the table in the far corner. And spread her folded coat across the back of the chair. Nerves squirming in her belly like some rabid, wild animal was trying to burrow into her stomach. She tucked a strand of her hair and took a seat. The worn and scratched metal chair under her making her skin thrash coolly as she
lowered down onto it. Tainting her skin with goosebumps. The hair at the back of her neck was
needled straight on end with terror.

“I’ll be in the monitor room watching. Try not to let him play too many of his games with you, and
remember. Don’t antagonise him…Best of luck…” Finch sniped at her before he shuffled away out of
sight. She tried not to let herself think unpleasant thoughts about the insipid, embittered man who
clearly despised his job and all those involved along with it.

She fiddled with her glasses, and withdrew her notebook and pen from the confines of her bag.
Nervously nibbling on her lower lip. She flexed her cold hands as she flipped to an empty page.
Making last minute, nervous adjustments, fixing her badge. Making sure she was still all buttoned up,
and presentable. She nervously crossed her legs, feeling that her sheer beige tights slid smoothly
along her cold, goose pimpled skin. She wiggled her chilled toes in her shoes. Shamefully aware as
she drew her cardigan over her chest, that she was suddenly freezing. For good measure, she crossed
her arms over her chest and hunched down in her seat, arms under the table and awaited her fate.

The first thing she heard, was the jangle of the keys scuffing the barred doors unlocking then
clanging as they were slid open. She was beginning to understand they were the standard noise to
echo and signify movement about this prison. The sound seemed to rattle through her, ringing
through her skeleton. Making more dread creep through her. She swallows, her eyes darting to the
door where she could hear a few sets of footsteps shuffle and clatter along the vapid lino floor.

There was something else too, along with the heavy sets of treads, she could hear a soft clinking
noise shift in the air. It took her a second to come to realise that she could hear his shackles as the
prisoner was being shifted along. Cuffed at the ankles and the wrists – for her safety. She heard a
door open and close, and Finch’s bored voice rang loud through the halls. They were just metres
away, beyond the barred door.

“You be nice now, Ren.” Finch warns.

The clanking stopped for a moment.

“You know I don’t play well with others.” A deep baritone answered drily. The implication in his
voice was dangerous. It made her blood run cold.

Evie suddenly wanted to shrink down to about three centimetres tall. She wanted to wither away into
the chair like a dried up leaf curling in on itself. She watches Finch unlock the door and then it is
filled by the three figures the other side of it. The tall column of orange prisoner is flanked by two
guards. They, frankly, looked ineffective in comparison to the figure they were there to guard. They
seem more like ineffectual support than anything. Because the solid wall of tall man in the prison
jumpsuit was entirely six feet four of fury, rage and danger hemmed into an orange uniform.

He may have been the incarcerated one, but power pulsed about his figure like a far off threat.
Lingerling in the distance. Always there, chiming gently.

He stands a foot above the two guards, superior, and the small curl of his lips suggests he knows this.
Under an unruly mane of inky hair, his eyes look darker than black zirconia’s. The harsh light of the
room they’re in reflects in a glimmer back off his black, fathomless eyes.

Lifeless eyes, like sharks eyes, she thinks… dead eyes… the knowledge he was a killer somehow
made them more chilling…

He cocks his head at her through the bars and surveys her. Something dark and terrible flares through
her belly. She wants to pull up her book, shield herself. Put something, any barrier really, between
her and his burning eyes that were boring holes into her like flames scorching paper. It was like looking at something grotesque, it unsettled her down in the very marrow of her bones – but her body just wouldn’t let her look away.

She hadn’t expected to find herself so entranced with his looks. He could definitely be classified as intoxicating. She certainly felt under the influence. He was handsome in an unbelievable and impossible way. Strong, broad features, full lips. A clean shaven chin. Face marred by a thick, jagged track of a vivid red scar running from the top of his forehead entirely down his right cheek, slicing its scarred trail deep into his skin. It told of what made him so dangerous, so brutal. The latticework of violence on his skin written with the tip of someone else’s crude knife. It marred well with the tattoos that she could see covered every inch of his torso. The backs of his hands, twined along his large, thick fingers. Hidden at either side of his pale neck by long strands of his hair that fell in waves to his shoulders. Down the front of his neck, by his clavicle and the exposed top buttons of the stark orange jumpsuit. There too shadowy patterns of ink are shouting their dark tales of his life from the surface of his alabaster skin. Appropriately, She can see teeth, bones, skulls, darkness and blood.

The door is slid open and with a final, resounding thunk, this odd entourage steps into the room. The prisoner is walked across to the table. Evie’s hand itches. She wants to do something normal. She wants to rise to her feet, greet him hello, and shake his hand as if this was a business meeting over coffee. But she can’t. She won’t.

Instead she can only sit there, pinned, under the gaze of the gigantic man being led towards her. She felt exposed like this. A rabbit in headlights. Vulnerable. And she wasn’t even the one in shackles here… how was it he still harnessed all the power in the room? She was convinced he managed it by the sheer size of his body alone. He was towering to say the least. She was sure he was a good two feet taller than her. She watched him stride across the room, with the guards shuffling him in by his sides. She saw his long, powerful legs stride him forwards as if he wasn’t even in cuffs, or in this prison at all.

She is cursed to do nothing but watch, as he is led across to her. The guards go either side as he lowers that big body of his into the seat opposite. She fears that he wouldn’t fit onto it. But he eases down and slides his hands forwards onto the metal table top. He unfolds his legs under the table and lets them stretch out, almost hitting hers. He arcs his back and shoulders forwards in the chair and lets his forearms rest on the surface.

She jumps back, flinching in her seat when he drags his shackles harshly across the tables surfaces. The metal whining and shrieking.

Oh, she was sweet. He’d scared the poor little lamb.

She watches the guards chain his joined hands to the metal bar secured on the table top. He sits there, suave, like a king, not even acknowledging the two people securing him. His eyes remained fixed on her.

She wets her lips, and tucks her hair behind her ear. His eyes don’t miss a thing. Evie gives the po-faced guards a wobbly smile, which they do not return, before they shuffle away out of the room. Leaving her all alone to the savage mercy of Kylo Ren.

“You know the rules...” One of them warns him as they shackle his left wrist. How many more
“Is that meant for me, or her, Henderson?” He asks. Looking her right in the eye. Appealing to the guard by name.

She gulps. Again.

“None of your trouble here with the lady. Try not to get yourself thrown in the hole for a month this time…” The Guard bays back to Ren’s snappy mouth. Their conversation ends with the harsh clang of the cell door.

“No promises…” He mutters lowly. Growling lowly at her.

Her mouth gapes lightly. And his smile curls up more in the beginnings of a smirk. She felt her bravery deflate at the fact he was staring his piercing gaze into her soul. Yet still referred to her in the third person. As if she wasn’t in the room. As if she wasn’t even here. To him, she supposed, she was an ineffectual, annoying spec. A fly he wished to swat to death with his very large, tattooed hands.

For what feels like the first time, she lets her frightened gaze meet his. She sits up a little straighter and shuffles in her seat, her eyes switch across to the door as the guards flank it and stand silently. Arms crossed, backs ramrod straight. Eyes daggering into Ren’s back. She timidly reaches her hand out for her notebook. Feeling a little like she was dangerously reaching her hand into a lions enclosure at the zoo.

She wets her lips. Summoning the energy to speak. Ren feels his temper simmering under his skin already. Was the damn girl a fucking mute or what?

“Um, Thank you, for agreeing to meet with me, Mr. Ren…” She begins.

He merely narrows his eyes. Otherwise silent as the grave.

“I’m missing my yard time for this. And for what? So a Librarian can ask me the same fucking questions every journalists wants to ask me?” He all but spits out. She can tell he doesn’t really require an answer.

She shuffles. Tucks her hair behind her ear again. Clearly that outburst made her uncomfortable.

“I’m not a journalist…” She corrects weakly.

His impassive, handsome, face made no move to acknowledge her smidgeon of backbone. She looked about as robust as that godawful fraying, fuzzy, granny cardigan she was wearing. He thought about how the heft of it rudely hid her body shape from his eyes.

“My names Evie Winslow. I’m a writer, actually. I’m from a publishing house that’s very interested in your story as a lifer in here. They’re doing a series of inmates personal memoirs to publish into a volume of…”

“Writer. Journalist. What’s the difference…” He lets out under his breath to himself, unamused. To him, they were both annoying, pushy, arrogant suits who only seemed to swan into this place to grill him with personal and infuriatingly nosy questions…

“You look like you know your way around a book. You’ve doubtless read my file judging by that manila folder sticking out your bag… You’ll know my feelings about bossy journalists asking me their annoying questions….” He warns, his voice a dark purr. His threat hanging around in the air.
As he spoke, he leaned into the table. Pinning her under that dark gaze once again.

That gaze had kept him safe being locked up in here all these years. It made sure people left him-the-fuck alone. Made sure some of the fucking scum that co-inhabited this place knew not to antagonise him.

She bites at the inside of her lower lip. Mulling over his musings.

“Writers have the luxury of imagination.” She offers simply as an answer. Again, he is silent. But she can see activity at the back of those deep dark eyes as he assesses her.

She was meek. There was no doubting that. He somehow found himself giddy at the fact that she leapt out of her skin when she slowly scraped his shackles across the table.

He’d watched her pulse leap in her pale throat when he sat down. Watched her shrink down. Seen how her pale blue eyes dilated when she saw him. He’d heard her gulp. Heard her breath hitch. That had been hard for him not to smirk wildly at. That he had such an effect.

After all, he was a dangerously bored, violent sociopath. Seeing her in here after so many goddamn day and years limited purely to the bland sights of fellow inmates and guards. Broad men of all sizes. So to suddenly walk in here and see what little treat sat awaiting him was like New Years Eve in Paris for him.

A writer, was all he’d been told. British too, apparently. What the fuck does some prim suited, stuck-up writer want with him? Visitor signed in as E. Winslow. He’d expected to walk in and see some balding, academic, authorial fat old man. Not a delectable, petite, shapely, dark haired woman.

When he saw her wet her lips as she looked nervously across, he swore to god his cock leapt up to attention under his jumpsuit. He tried to discern more of her figure as he sat, but her frumpy work wear made that a challenge.

He let his mind drift a little as he was shackled in. His eyes went to her chest for only a second. The fuzzy cardigan did well to hide her shape from him. But he could see under those drab work clothes there most likely his a fine figure. The sight of her buttoned over cleavage and the slight hint of her pale sternum made his mouth water. Aswell as the scent of her…

Her fucking scent he could smell all the way down the corridor.

Sweet honeysuckle or some natural shit like that. Lavender. Peonies. Something other than the scent of the paltry institution detergent they washed the prison suits in. That something other was like ambrosia nectar to him. He thanked the stars that she’d put on perfume too. Giving him something to fucking distract him from this fucking pit if for only a damn second. He could trace warm notes of it in the air around her. Something so bright and floral it was all he could do to concentrate on ignoring it. He wanted to lean across and find out with his lips where abouts she sprayed on her soft, silken neck. He wanted to vice her throat in one hand, squeeze, and feel her pulse go crazy under his palm. Crushing her windpipe lightly under his violent grip.

He can’t say he was familiar with her type. She had a lot of things she tried to hide herself away in. Her messily arranged hair, the librarian owl-like glasses, the dull blouse and the boring cardigan; it all screamed ‘safe’ at him. Polar opposite to him, he thought. His entire demeanour was centred off the fact he never hid a thing. Of course, he tried to blend into society’s norms into what was acceptable. But that was a different thing. He was big, tall, unabashed, broad, unashamed, confident. He brazenly wore his temper, his tattoos, his wealth, his piercings – the few he had left. She was the complete photo negative. She seemed designed to take up as little space as was possible. Her
personality spoke of her living her quiet, shy life in exactly the way she pleased. No wedding ring visible on her slim finger. From that he could discern that meant she didn’t dress up her petite frame for anyone but herself. Never stepping out of her comfort zone. Never doing anything brazen or risky. She looked like a woman who lived well within the parameters of her cosy, cushy, ineffectual little life.

So what was this nice, educated, girl doing in a place like this? Talking to a man like him?

“Call a spade a spade. You’re here to ask me questions. No matter what job you’ve got.” He grilled with a neutral expression. Piercing right to the point.

He’d got her there.

“Well. Yes, I am…” She adds.

He made no move except to harshly exhale. She could see he was still staring her down like he wanted to cut her into strips, simply for being here.

“What more, personally, can you tell me about your conviction? What was that like?” She begins, holding her notebook open. Her pen poised to take notes.

His jaw grit. Tight.

If she thought he was going to sit here like an obedient lapdog, and answer every personal question she wanted to pry into about his own damn personal life, she could think again…

“Long and boring.” He answers stiffly.

“The trial?” She asks.

No answer comes from him.


She blinks, her pen poised over the paper, now blotting a large, sticky ink stain on the creamy lined notebook paper.

“How was it adjusting to prison life?” She ventures. But by now she knows not to get her hopes up for an answer.

“Painful.” Comes the reply with his similar deadpan expression.

“Uh…” She stumbled, trying to find the notes. Flicking through pages and feeling her cheeks glaring red with embarrassment. Her throat was drying up. Her hand trembling. He was so big, and just so terrifying. The veins in his neck were starting to strain up under his skin. Pulsing with the need to keep a foothold on his patience.

“What do you want me to talk about, huh?” He asks suddenly. Bursting forwards even more in his chair. The scraping of the shackles on the table shrieked again. Once more, she jumped at the noise, and he felt his arousal bubbling up with his rage.

“You want me to describe in vivid detail what hurting all those men felt like? How it felt when I held the knife in my hand and ran it into them. Into their skin. Into their guts. How I slit one of their throats and how it felt fucking good to watch the blood pour?” He asks with a little twitch of his head, and morbid fascination in his voice.
“And with another one…. About how I cut his femoral artery, deep, and watched him die so slowly. People don’t reckon they know how much blood is in the human body. But, ohhh, I do, Kitten. And it’s a lot. I know because I watched a man fade slowly away in a pool of his own blood. By the end he was choking on it.” He explained. She wanted to flinch at that pet name he’d assigned her in the middle of his murderous diatribe.

“I think you do want to hear it. On some twisted level. You want people to know how it feels. That’s why people will read your fucking memoirs, baby. They want to read about it because they will never know how it feels to be like me. To be like any of the murderers in this place. They can never know. So, they do the next best thing. They come in here and they poke and prod and dissect us with psych evals and dare to call us crazy. When really, they’d do anything to know what it feels like to be a killer. To fall over that edge.”

She felt somehow both sick and feverish. Frozen.

She said nothing, but looked at him with those big, blue, innocent, scared eyes of hers. And my god, the sight of that almost served to make him rock hard under the goddamn table.

“Is that what all you and your type want to hear? I enjoyed killing them. I glad I did it. No I wouldn’t take it back if I could. I’m glad I killed them all. Yes, I do curse every day I’m trapped in this miserable rotten hellhole, being shuffled around like a caged animal. Being told when to sleep. When to piss. When to shower. I miss my freedom.

She just stares for a second. She wasn’t hard hearted enough to scoff at him in derision. No. She was too sweet, he thought. But he could sense her disappointment at him. She chews on the inside of her lower lip again. And then he watches as she lays her pen down…

“What else do you miss most from outside this place then?” She asks after a long moment of silence. That made him cock his head. It startled him. She’d startled him. The petite, five foot three librarian had astonished the six foot four, gigantic killer.

“What?”

She wet her lips. His big thighs tensed under the table.

“What else do you miss-“

“I heard the goddamn question. Kitten.” He growls with little patience.

Her spine tingled at his oddly soft endearment once again. He knew. Of course he knew. Those pale cheeks went pink, that’s how he knew.

She idly stroked a fingertip over the spine of her closed notebook. He watched her do it. Her hands looked soft. When she glanced over to his, she saw they were marred with scars, calluses, and toughened skin. She wondered how soft they’d feel pressed against hers…

She’d been warned about sharing private information. Warned against sharing anything that wasn’t pertinent to her enquires as a crime writer. But she wanted to level with this dangerous man. As she imagined no one else had ever bothered to do. They took him at face value; a killer, an ID number of six letters. A last name. And that was all. They didn’t look beyond, however hard that may be, and however tricky Ren made it for them, to see the man underneath the prison file.

He was still a human being. Sure, a damaged one. But still…
“I’d miss my garden.” She pipes up.

She flickers her eyes up, watching him as he shifts back to relax slightly into the cold metal cradle of his chair. His wavy hair caught the light, despite what she knew would be years of lax grooming and institution shampoo used on it, it still looked silky. Falling in gentle waves around that unforgettable beautiful face. Most inmates she knew were only allowed bar soap, basic shaving necessities, and loveless bathing products to clean with. He looked like the kind of hardcore man who’d stuck to a strict grooming routine before he came into this place. Cut-throat razor. The finest shaving creams and expensive balms used, to sit lingering their fine fragrance on his skin. Cologne so expensive it was like a scent of the finest luxury with every whiff.

The thought of seeing hot, steamy water run over that broad tattooed figure she knew was lurking under that jumpsuit. Trickling over those rippling muscles in his back, over his shoulder blades, down across his divinely formed- she found herself flushing with longing. She snapped back out of her sordid daydream.

He was clearly reluctant to speak. So she continued. “My Granny left us her house in her will. After my mother passed on also, it became mine. It’s small. Full of hand me downs, antiques, and various knick-knacks. It’s a cheap, dated house now. But it’s warm. Its clean. And it’s all mine. All I have left of my family exists in that house. My little dwelling in the middle of nowhere. One of my earliest memories is planting daisies into terracotta planters with my granny. I must’ve been about, five or six. As a kid I was always outside, playing in the garden. And my mother always roped me into help. And that’s how I came to love it, I guess. I’m at my happiest up to my elbows in dirt putting in a new bed of tulips, or tending my hydrangeas, or seeing my hard labour come to fruition when my jasmine gardenias blossom in the first week of spring. It’s a lovely thing.” She explained. “The smell of my lilac trees on a warm summers morning coming through on the breeze my kitchen window. That’s what I’d miss.

Unless she was very much mistaken, that was a small curl of a smile turning up the corner of his lips. Barely visible. But she knew what she saw…

“Coffee.” Was the word that surprised her when it came sailing out of his lips. A short, staccato bark, really.

She nods.

“I could do without being assaulted daily by Finch’s shitty cologne too. But there’s not a lot I can do to change that either.” He grumbles. His eyes turned up to the corner to fix a dark glare into the camera that was pointed down at them. He knew the chubby man would have his arms crossed over his fat belly, watching him through the monitor.

An unusual feeling spread warmth through his stomach when he saw her fight off a broad smile at that wish. She pushed her glasses back up her pixie like, upturned nose and tried her best not to laugh aloud.

“No accounting for taste.” Ren glares solidly at the camera. Making sure Finch heard it, and saw it.
“Time’s up.” Came a short outburst from the heavy set guard stood flanking the door.

Ren watched the prim Ms. Winslow turn her head, her mouth gaping as she blinked prettily at the two plodding guards who came over to release Ren’s shackles. Once again, he watched her like a hawk, rather than paying attention to what was being done to his hands as they were jerked free of the table. She wondered if his wrists hurt with the careless way they handled him. Tugging and pulling his hands about in the cuffs like he was a nerveless piece of meat. She could see the raised red lines or irritation from the harsh cuffs about his pale, thick inked wrists that looked sore.

He could tell she was disappointed. She had hoped for more from him. Her boss would grill her for days about this. He already found her a thorn in his side. Nothing she ever did was good enough. He proofed, edited and slaughtered her articles and writing proposals before he sent them to print. She didn’t like to reckon what he’d do if she’d go back tomorrow empty handed.

“Come see me again.” Came a baritone rumble from opposite the table.

“Up.” One of the guards instructed plainly. Yapping at him like a baying dog.

Evie blinked. Did he just…?

“Kitten.” He growled a crooked smirk in parting, rising to his full towering height again, eyes pinning her down again before he was tugged away. Shackles clanking. Big broad frame filling the door as he moved through it. Out into the hall. And she watched that tall column of orange flanked between two short navy pillars once more before he is out of her sight.

She’d never been more speechless. And somehow, oddly enthusiastic. He’d spent the first ten minutes glaring at her. Terrified her to the bone. Threatened her and made her shiver in her seat.

And still she felt motivated to come to this awful place again, merely by the way he’d growled his little pet name at her.

~

It was a few days later, and just gone past noon when a tall man strode his confident way into his corner office. His blushing blonde secretary had just handed him his schedule. And he thanked her with a sultry wink. He hadn’t bedded this one yet. But he was going too, he could tell…

Another warning from HR about interpersonal work relationships lecture was sure to be sent his way as a final warning; that he could easily ignore, just as he had done with the last four.

He strode into his office with all the poise of an Emperor. Surveying the expensive, sleek space he’d worked semi hard to earn. His Brioni suit was flawless. His office was kitted out with some new, showy expensive Italian designers collection. Fresh calla lilies adorned the masterpiece of an art vase on his coffee table, and with the sun filtering through his blinded windows just right, he felt good that today was going to be glorious. As most of his days usually were.

His coffee warming his hands, last nights lovers lipstick he was sure was still smeared its cloying kiss
on his neck. And it didn’t hurt that the girl at Starbucks had scrawled her number onto his cup next to his name. He hummed merrily as he crossed to his desk, just as his office phone blared to life. He slung down his cup and answered it. Checking the time on his flawless Panerai watch.

“It’s me.” A gruff greeting came, down the line.

His head shot up. He’d know the baritone match of his relatives voice any day. He smirked.

“He never calls, he never writes…” He chided with his typical grin, leaning back to perch on the edge of his desk.

“I need a favour…” He grunted.

He listened for more that was sure to follow.

“Someone came to see me recently. And I need to know who they are. What they want. I need information and you’re going to get it for me.” They instructed.

“Do you want the usual package of information or something a little…sexier?” He enquired.

“I don’t give a shit. Just come see me with what you know when you find it.”

“I might need some gentle persuading…” Came his playful answer. He didn’t. He just loved riling his twin.

They growled lowly down the other end. How long was it before he crushed the plastic handset to splinters, he wondered?

“Just do it, Ben.” Came a ferocious order. A threat. A promise. And then the line went sharply dead.

Ben Solo put the phone down, lifted his coffee to his lips, and smirked. Today really was destined to be full of surprises after all.
One Week Earlier

Ben had to have Armitage Hux from the first second he saw the man.

There wasn’t a man or woman standing whom he couldn’t charm his way into bed with. He was a smooth talker, a lover, not a fighter. A flighty conquest right now would be just the thing to soothe the restlessness, this ache, in his blood. He believed he’d gotten to a point where each shallow one night stand of late, left him feeling more and more unsatisfied after each go.

He could feel the once exciting rush of sex start dissipate quickly after each blonde or brunette bimbo he brought into his bed, or took back to theirs. Or the married ones he fucked to relieve their ill-fated sexless marriage of the monotony of the person they’d been wed too. Even sordid quickies did nothing for him anymore; and they were always fun. Some rough, wordless fuck, up against a back alley wall of a club, or somewhere semi-public to get his blood pumping. They had always used to be fun; making bedroom eyes and crooking a smirk at some easy girl was usually all it took; not minutes later he had her dress hitched to her waist and was getting his pussy fix; but now, like most addicts, his routine was quickly fading from being satisfactory. He needed something else. Something more.

In plain parlance, he believes he was experiencing what most normal people called boredom.

Ennui. Tedium. Whatever the technical term for it applied, insert here. And it was making him fucking agitated.

Unlike his more violent, twin, counterpart, there was some basic form of rehabilitation and treatment for his antisocial personality disorder. Kylo had no hope but to continually be the very charming, cold way he was. But with the right behavioural or talk therapy, and the right meds to keep some of his conditions in check, Ben had a chance at being semi-normal. Whatever fucking pitiful way to live that was.

He’d coped with some substance addiction issues in his early twenties. Aswell as some anger management episodes. He flattered himself he’d conquered that little problem with the odd joint in his office if his colleagues got way too fucking much to handle. He liked his lifestyle just fine.

He was a thirty year old senior financial adviser at one of the best stock broking firms in the city.
With a corner office. He had (two) Porsche’s, a ruthlessly expensive Italian wardrobe, a multi-million dollar penthouse, and an expense account. He was richer than god, and hung like one too. That didn’t sound like a bad way to exist in the world.

So this was how he found himself in his current predicament. Sat, bored rigid, in the warmly modern, clean lined, scandi-decorated waiting room.

The softly white washed walls teamed well with the dove grey settees and seats that formed the waiting area. Softened by black and white patterned rugs, with bright medallion yellow accents for a flare of colour. The coffee table is crammed full of niche interior magazines, and there are candles gently burning some subtle delicious hygge scent to infuse into the calm air about the muted space.

Ben flicked his eyes over to the front desk, even the curvy receptionist was dressed to match the room; in a yellow blouse and a long grey pencil skirt. He was the only patient now waiting impatiently in the waiting room. She flickered her doe brown eyes up to look across at him. He gave her a slow, sultry assess from head to toe that had her gorgeous caramel skinned cheeks turning rosy pink. She averted her eyes and smiled to herself as she went back to her work.

He could have her if he wanted. He was tempted… but he couldn’t risk anything that would jeopardise yet another doctor.

This was him trying out the third new shrink he’d signed on to see this year. He’d had to quit his first – he slept with that guys wife. Had to call time on the man after he walked in on them using his couch in a way that certainly wasn’t intended. The second was plainly un-amusing. She seemed more interested in hounding her well-tread warpath for diagnosing him as a self-obsessed narcissist more than anything else, so she had to go too. But he’d heard stellar things about Dr. Hux. According to his reviews, he was thoroughly professional, very efficient, and was such a popular clinic that he was booked solid for up to six months in advance.

Ben knew what the subtext of that was; that meant every bored blonde housewife with a love of too many pills, or too much chardonnay went whining to him with their ineffectual problems and he was a kind ear to listen to them and their pitiful dilemmas surrounding their pitiful existence.

Ben sighed, dropping his head back on the cushion of the sofa behind him. His legs spread open wide to nearly engulf the whole damn two seater to himself. He’d come straight from work. Really, he’d much prefer to be at home right now, tossing back three fingers of his 50 year old Glenfiddich before indulging in a steaming hot shower to wash away his long day. His hair was at an unruly length, and he desperately needed to shave away the stubble surrounding his goatee and dark tache. He was famished too. Aching for a rare filet mignon with sautéed French vegetables, washed down with an entire bottle of Chateau Petrus. Then he’d text one of his easy lays to come over for a hard-fuck-marathon, yet in the mood he was in, that probably wouldn’t even be satisfying enough for him, before he kicked them out and collapsed on in his super cali-king bed, with his priceless 1200 thread count, Egyptian cotton sheets.

Instead he was here, probably getting approximately two thousand creases in his charcoal Gucci Monaco suit trousers and jacket, and most likely rumpling his once crisp Oxford, duke white shirt, as he slouched on the damn sofa waiting on this goddamn supposed miracle worker…

His eyes cut across the room when he heard a door latch click and he saw the huge grey wood door slowly slide open across the room. Murmuring, gentle voices filled the quiet room from beyond the door frame.

He watched a very obvious trophy housewife sniffing her - cosmetically enhanced - nose into a
tissue. Her coat folded over her arm, Birkin bag a fixture to the crook of her elbow as she stood teetering in her heels and her too-revealing dress. Blowing noisily into a tissue as she let the Doctor lay a comforting hand on her shoulder as he spoke softly to her. She was all a cloud of Chanel perfume and blonde highlights painstakingly woven into her intricate bouffant hairstyle.

*She was exactly the kind of shallow, immature, gold-digger that might latch onto a moneved conquest like Ben… Yet, he wasn’t even looking at her…*

He sat up straighter, *so quick* he was surprised he didn’t get *whiplash*. His libido and appetite whetted… *And it wasn’t the only thing of his that had sprung suddenly to attention.*

**What was that old saying about feasting first with the eyes?**

Doctor Hux was quite a sight to behold. Tall. Long legs. *Leaner* than Ben usually preferred, but he made it *look fucking good*. He was dressed in a fine Navy suit that made him look expensive it was *well cut*. Like it had been crafted custom to his body. *Which wasn’t implausible. He knew the cut of a Brioni suit when he saw one.* Short thorns of copper red hair sat well-groomed, pushed back from his gorgeous pale face. *He bet that neck would look good with his teeth marks bruising red and purple all over him, and his shoulder blades too.* He imagined that back of his was as *pale* as the rest of him.

*Ben wanted this divine beauty spread-eagled out on his bed in front of him as he sunk his teeth into his shoulder blades and fucked him through til next Sunday.*

He was wearing retro black glasses too, as if Ben wasn’t having *enough trouble* visualising him in enough dirty scenarios as it is. *Bend that pale body over his desk, grab his hips, slide home, deep, and see how long it took to make his glasses fog up.*

Hux comforted the crying housewife and sent her on her way with a reassuring smile, and another handful of tissues to sob into for good measure, and confirmation that he’d see her next week, and *with the* softest smile of encouragement. *Ben didn’t watch her go.* Tottering away in her excruciatingly tall heels. Swaying her cosmetically filled ass. Off away in a puff of her ridiculous perfume. *Oh no. He watched Hux.*

He leaned forwards, braced his elbows on his wide-spread knees, and wet his lips before he smirked. *Smouldering* across at the man. Eyeing the hot doctor from *head to toe.*

He’d barely got *one* glance at the man, and already he wanted to *close in* for the *kill.*

*He couldn’t see a wedding ring on that pale hand. Hopefully that meant he didn’t have some perfect, prim girlfriend or lover waiting on him at home, and even if he did, Ben would be sure to send him off home to them – eventually. After he’d had his fill of the man, that was.*

Hux turned in the doorway, lifting his arm and checking his Prada watch. It was his last client of the day now. As it was running *well* into the evening. All he *really* wanted at this point was a glass of robust red wine, some dinner, and his bed.

He glanced up and saw a colossal man waiting for him, *practically eye fucking him*, across the waiting room. He felt his cheeks heat up a little with the way the dark haired, tall, *frankly gorgeous*, man was *staring* at him. He swallowed and crossed the waiting room to greet his newest patient.

When Ben rose to his feet, *slowly*, Hux swore he felt his *heart stammer* pathetically in his chest. He brushed thoughts of *that nature* away. He was a doctor first. He wouldn’t allow himself to think *that way* about one of his clients. He was one of the best for a reason. *He was a professional.* He’d been
commended time and time again by the Mental Health America board for his transformative work with behavioural therapy.

*Somehow that thought seemed to quake in the face of this handsome stranger.*

“You must be my eight o’clock. It’s *Ben*, isn’t it?” Hux asks, offering his hand out. British too. *He’d never understood what it was to be an anglophile*, but right there, that precise, cut glass voice had him hooked.

*He wanted to force obscene things to come out that precise mouth.*

“Yes it is.” Ben countered, letting his smile curl up *slowly*. And gently letting his hand linger *a little too long* on Hux’s.

“Come *on in. We can get started*…” He gestures, turning around and walking across to his office space. Ben bit his lip slightly. His cologne crested on the air across to him. Something minimal, and decadent. *Sandalwood, pine, pepper and spice*. He watched him walk too. Watched the suit pull across his back when his arms swung. Watching his suit trousers cling to his *well-formed* ass.

He is invited to an office that *mirrors* the design of the waiting room. Clean, grey, ordered and warm. A huge, neat, well kept office space. Hemmed in with pale grey carpets and walls. The books on the shelves arranged by colour. And in here too, the warm scented candle perfumed the air of the cosy space. A floor to ceiling window covered the entire wall of one side of the office, showing Ben the light strewn, dark skyline, vista of downtown below them. Spreading out across the horizon. The doctor shuts the door after him with a soft click. Ben views the room for a second, taking in the personally decorated space.

Hux reaches across his desk for a file, and encourages Ben toward the deco style, shell backed, velvet grey armchair for him to relax into. There was a sofa too, for whom Ben imagined was his more *weepy* or hysterical clients. A box of tissues perched on the coffee table between the soft chairs. *And the shrink awaits*…

Ben watched Hux lean back in his chair, diagonally opposite his own, across the room. Folding his long suited legs and letting the folder relax into his lap.

“I see you’ve been referred to me from.. Doctor Wheeler…” Hux read aloud, politely, from his case file. His voice was urging Ben *for more* information.

“By *personal* choice. Doctor Wheeler and I couldn’t quite see, *eye to eye*…” Ben assured him. “I simply didn’t *buy into* her crusade to diagnose me as a narcissistic asshole.”

Hux’s face was impassive, but he retained his polite tone and concerned expression. He kept his tone soft and empathetic.

“You didn’t agree with that?” Hux asked.

Ben met his eyes.

“I may *be many* nasty things… Arrogant, maybe. *Charming. Cynical*. But I’m aware of my own importance in the world. I know *where* I stand. I’m not *idiotic enough* to have a *grandiose sense* of self.” He repeated with venom in his tone.

“I seldom speak ill of my colleagues in the medical health field…” Hux started.

Ben raised an amused brow at the shrink. Hux’s cheeks heat, pinkening under the rim of his glasses.
Ben felt his the back of collar grow hot.

“But let me say this; there’s a reason Doctor Wheeler’s walls are devoid of commendation certificates…” Hux speaks lowly.

“That sounds about right.” Ben purred lowly. One arm thrown around the side of the chair as he lounged back in it. Moulding his body to the cradle of its shape. He was still giving Hux that ‘look’ that made the gracious doctor shift in his seat.

“Well. I can only say I shall endeavour to be a more capable Shrink than Wheeler…” Hux started.

“Ben I’m not here to try and fit you into a cookie cutter diagnosis at my own behest. I’m here because you present all the symptoms of ASPD, and we both know this, and I am here to help you talk, and sort through whatever problems that may bring to you. That is my role here as your Doctor.” He explained, moving his hands as he talked.

“So. How can I help?” Hux begins.

Ben nods. Averting his eyes to his hand on his thigh, before he looks up. The sheer hunger in those dark, warm russet eyes made Hux gulp.

“Actually. There is something I’d like to discuss…” He spoke up.

Hux put his file away atop his desk intray, and took out his moleskine notebook and mount blanc fountain pen.

“Ok. That’s a great starting point…” Hux smiled, adjusting in his seat.

“It’s rather personal.” Ben warns lowly.

“Personal doesn’t frighten me. We encourage personal in this safe space.” Hux smiles.

“It’s about sex.”

Hux was now about as red as his hair.

“Sex doesn’t frighten me either…” He promised. His mouth was suddenly bone dry and his voice broke on the word. Choking on it. And It was rapidly getting hotter in here.

“I don’t know what it says about me in my file, Doc. But I’m sure there must be some note, or abridgement in there about the nature and frequency of my… sexual proclivity's.” Ben said. Letting the words hang for a moment in the air.

Hux swallowed again.

“Wheeler wrote, ‘Multiple partners of either gender.’ And before that Dr. Hartmann simply wrote, uhm….” Hux paused. Smiling and collecting himself. Nervously scratching his forehead and adjusting his glasses. This wasn’t at all professional, he was usually much more put together than this...

“Lothario…” Their eyes met. A spark of sizzling, white hot electricity shot through the otherwise calm room.

Ben smiled that crooked smile. The one that could seduce anyone he wanted it too.

“I’m not ashamed of my sexual tastes…” Ben announced proudly. Confidently. “Not ashamed at the
quantity of my lovers either…” He told.

“Nor. Uhm.” Hux cleared his throat before continuing. “…Should you be. I’m not a councillor here to lecture you about…safe sex, or indeed to uh…” He paused to swallow again.

“…Shame you for enjoying the number of conquests you have had. But it is my job to seek down to the root of the issue as to why you…indulge in engaging in, quite, so many partners…” Inwardly chiding himself to get a grip.

He passed 4 years of medical school for Christ’s sake. He wasn’t some giggling adolescent blushing at sex ed. There were six framed commendation certificates proudly pinned to his wall just over his shoulder. So why was he having such an issue treating Ben Solo like any other patient?

The answer; he never before wanted to so savagely kiss any of his other patients. Because right now, he wanted nothing more than to storm across this room and crush his mouth to those full lips and let their bodies do the talking instead…

“Are you saying I can’t control my urges?” Ben asks.

“No. No. No. Not at all. It’s healthy to have… an- uh appetite for safe consensual sex…” Hux tells.

Ben tilts his head. Hux soldiers on. It was becoming increasingly more and more difficult to keep his legs crossed. Whilst Ben sat there bold as brass, legs splayed wide. Uncaring if every, not-so-subtle bit of him was obvious to the gaze. Lords, was he easy on the eyes…

“I don’t know if I’d call all my encounters ‘safe’ exactly…” Ben hints wickedly. “Some of them can border on…well. Let’s just say, wild, and leave it at that.” He explains.

Hux was getting flustered, and they both knew it. Ben was fucking drinking it all in.

“What I was trying to uh-say, was that I’d like to understand, why, you feel the need to have multiple partners. If it’s an issue of intimacy, or fear of attachment to-“

“That I can answer simply; I like to fuck.” Ben spat out.

Hux’s hand paused over his notebook. Stranded mid-air. Ben heard the man gulp all the way from across the room. When Hux raised his eyes to Bens once more, something hot and prickling shot up his spine like an arrow. His cheeks were definitely pink. His pale green eyes were definitely blown wide.

He blinks, looking down at his notebook. He was lost for words with the images that last sentence naughtily conjured in his brain.


Hux started to shake his head. Before he bit his lip and reconsidered. This safe space worked on equal trust. And if sharing was required, he’d indulge his client.

“No. I’m- I’m not married.” He answers

“Girlfriend?” Ben seeks.

“Not quite my type, I’m afraid.” He braved.

Ben grinned.
“Boyfriend?” He drawled. *Giddiness roaring through his stomach like a flare going off.*


Hux bit the inside of his lower lip.

“*Blondes actually aren’t…*” He looked up and got lost in Ben’s seductive gaze. “-*my type either…”* He tells. “And the only thing waiting for me at home is my cat and an otherwise cold, dark, and depressingly empty flat.”

“Sounds to me like someone’s a *lonely* workaholic who hasn’t *gotten off* in *months…* Waiting *patiently* to find that certain *someone* to help scratch that damn itch.” Ben purrs.

“Is that your opinion of me, Ben?” Hux asks. *In a professional capacity, of course.*

“I recognise the lifestyle.” Ben tells.

“My little problem of late appears to be that *no matter* how many men or women *I fuck,* no matter *how many times I cum.* It’s *never satisfying.* It’s *never enough.* Now I know how it feels to have a *need, an ache,* that *so badly* needs fulfilling, but *nothing seems* to be able to cut it.” He tells.

Hux let him talk.

“Or atleast *nothing did* until I walked in this office, tonight…” He lets out.

Hux dropped his pen. And stumbled quickly to pick it up again. Cheeks blaring with heat he abruptly stood, took off his glasses. Folded them in his hands and walked across to the front of his desk. Bens eyes followed him as he went. Voracious to see the front of the good doctors trousers were *severely tented.* He was *burning up* in his suit, and sweat was beading on his brow. He tugged at his collar. *But nothing seemed to help.*

“*I feel I need to mention the words Hippocratic Oath. And uhmm-*“ He pants shakily.

Dropping his glasses onto his desk with a clatter. Pinching the bridge of his nose with his hand and rubbing so hard *stars burst* into *supernovas* behind his closed eyelids. He was panting and sweating *all at once.* His head was clouded with lust and the scent of Ben’s cologne and it was *all* he could do to remain *standing he was so turned on.* His blood *pumping hot* through him like molten metal. His stomach *searing* with nerves and the notion of how *fucking disastrous* this whole thing was.

“..The fact that this is a *completely inappropriate* breech of conduct. And that- *we-huhh.*” He swallowed. And when he opened his eyes and turned to brace himself against his desk, perching there, He saw Ben had come to a stand and had *moved closer* to be nearer him. Now he stood dangerously within *touching distance.* Slowly stalking closer. *Like a predator.*

*Hux was babbling. He knew he was. His pulse racing. His head and mouth full of cotton wool. And the look in Ben’s eyes was making him dizzy. Here he was boiling alive, and the goddamned man opposite looked cool as ice.*

Ben stepped *ever closer,* carefully, his hands loosely by his sides. Bedroom eyes fixated on Hux’s *stammering red face.* *He was so worked up. All it would take was a nudge… Poor needy thing probably hadn’t gotten laid in months, he was so jumpy in his own skin. Ben would change that…*

“I could *get fired* from my job and *be discredited* as a physician. And I should probably mention that if *you-we,* engage in *any, physical-uh,* contact that is not within the parameters of my job, *I-ah*
cannot operate any further as your therapist and you’ll have to find someone else who can-
accommodate your uhhh…” He broke off with a complete feral moan as Ben stood in front of him
now, and one big hand reached over and skimmed the front of his thigh.

Hux could feel the heat of his hand even through his trousers. And those dark, doe, come-fuck-me
eyes just flickered across his face and Hux is left silent, panting, watching…

Ben gauges his reaction and steps right up so their pelvises press, deep, into one another’s, caging
Hux to his desk. Erections grinding to rub together. Hux groaned. Ben leered

“Then in that case… You’re not my fucking therapist anymore.” He growls, lightly shaking his head.

Hux pants right onto Bens lips before the man crushes him into the world’s most savage kiss. A
completely needy whine leaves Hux’s throat when Ben’s hand grips his cock, roughly palming it
through his trousers. Feeling it fill out more at his abrupt treatment.

“And how about I just fuck you over your desk instead, baby?” He growls into Hux’s throat.
Leaving one crescent shaped bruise there.

He’d wanted to do that so badly ever since he set eyes on this pale, redheaded creature.

“One thing we didn’t get too about my conquests, Doc.” Ben growls as his hands then sneak under
Hux’s undone shirt and pluck at his pretty, ripe, sensitive red nipples.

By this point, Hux is almost draped back over his desk, moaning Ben’s name like a man possessed.
Hux looks up at him, eyes wide, cheeks pink. Neck already bruised with dark hickies and wet with
Ben’s spit. Hux whined as Ben crouched to his knees. Eye-level with the most beautiful cock he’d
been able to get his hands on in a long while.

“I’ve got a slutty fetish for redheads…”

As he was an expert, it took him no time at all to have Hux’s flies down and undone. It took even
less time to have Hux’s gorgeous, weeping, long, cock buried down his throat. Hux’s pale hands
tangled in his dark hair. Sharp hips rutting into the wet, heavenly, warmth of Ben’s mouth.

He’d have to make a point to come see his shrink more often…

~

One Week Later

Visitation day was the one time when Ben supposed he could describe the atmosphere of the
Silverpine Penitentiary as, busy. There was a hectic energy in the air. Relieving the otherwise tense,
miserable place of its usual sun-shine and rainbows demeanour. It hadn’t changed much. Hallways
still rung with the distant clamour of inmates and rattling bars, and the clanging of cell doors. Ben
was led into the visitation room by a granite faced guard who’d probably never smiled a day in their
He saw this room remained its usual *sombre*, depressing, grey self. Paint peeled on the drab walls. The floor was that ill-looking shade of lino, cracked with canyons of dirt, and years of wear under heavy institution boot treads, and the morose shuffling steps of prisoners. The stout, fixed scratched metal tables gleamed back the harsh, assaulting light cast from the overhead, bare, strip lights. They didn’t have the luxury of the room to themselves today. In the far corner sat a huge, widely set bald guy cuffed to the table talking to a tattooed, scantily dressed woman. The guard directed him to a table, and pointed to it with a crude *jab* of his finger.

“Wait *here*…” He commanded. Ben turned in place, hands in his jean pockets. Giving the man a cutting look. The start of a smirk curling at his lips. Even though he was *itching* to quip back, he kept silent.

He didn’t appreciate being rudely and gruffly manoeuvred about like he was an idiot. *God knows how Kylo had managed to refrain from killing every single, last one of them if this was the way it felt to be treated like an imbecilic object at every turn.*

He felt his *snarky* temper rise to the surface. He tensed his shoulders, squaring them as he stood side on, derisively *eyeing* his discourteous guide.

He probably spent more money in one day than this guard earned in an entire month. He wasn’t in one of his flawless suits today. He wasn’t wasting fine tailoring on this fucking sloppy place. Even if he was visiting family. He kept his look simply to his dark, expensive boss jeans. His heavy calf skin boots, a crisp button down shirt that he can remember cost more than his car, and his softer-than-butter, Burberry lambskin bomber jacket. His big broad frame dripping money and class. Maybe that’s why the guard hated him so much. That thought made him smirk.

Ben turned away and eased himself into the chair and made himself perfectly at home. One knee bent up, ankle resting on his opposite bent knee. His back was stiff as a board and he’d be surprised if he got even an *hours* sleep.

He’d had Hux every which way in bed last night. He was *damned sure* the sun started *to rise* before he *was through* with his thorough use of *his* gorgeous lean redhead. As evident by the tender scratches he could feel from Hux’s nails digging, *clutching, deep* into him for most of the night. They’d been on one another all night since dinner ended.

Hux had surprised him with a home cooked meal. Ben had *repaid him* by spreading him back on his dining table and having *a feast* of his own. He’d lost count of the number of times he’d cum last night. Pretty sure *it might* have slipped into *double* digits. But all he knew was that as he slipped out of bed at dawn, leaving Hux prostrate, dead to the world, wrapped up in the cum stained and soaked sheets, the ache in Ben’s stomach and libido had *finally* been set right.

*All it took was finding the right outlet.* And what better than a pale as sin, beautiful, proper, redhead with a perfect ass and a gorgeous dick?

He idly tapped his foot and waited on his appointment time. Turns out, he didn’t have to wait *long*. In a shuffle of clanging shackles and slow treads, he tilts his head at the sight of his twin being coerced into the room. With the same *double escort* as usual.

Kylo’s face makes no reckoning to acknowledge Ben’s presence. Ben watches those jet black irises that very closely mirrored his own, sweep across his smirking face. He had always thought there were discernible differences between them. To outsiders, strangers, of course, they could never be told apart. But Ben always harboured the idea that where his own eyes were a deep russet, burnt
brown, that Kylo’s eyes were an almost intense shade of jet black.

The door clangs, feet shuffle, cuffs clank all the more, and then his immense brother is in the chair opposite. He’d gotten completely enormous since Ben saw him last. Full well knowing the man would’ve thrown himself head first into his fitness routine. There was fuck-all else to focus on in here after all. His biceps and forearms were trunks, his thighs were wider and stronger than he’d ever seen them. He was willing to bet Kylo didn’t let an ounce of fat stick to his stacked, massive torso either. Though he didn’t do it out of vanity.

He’d always been big. But being in here had toughed his already crude, rough exterior to something even more deadly than the Killer they’d locked up years ago. Kylo didn’t hold his body in any sort of esteem. The pain of his incessant workout was nothing to him. He didn’t even feel it. He was one big tattooed up scar, as far as he was concerned. An opus that had been carved into with a thick, mean knife. He didn’t particularly give a single damn about any godforsaken part of himself.

“How’s things?” Ben chirped sunnily.

“My, my, don’t you look orange…” He quipped at his brother. He couldn’t make a sarcastic comment at the guard. So he’d take it out on Kylo instead.

Kylo glared a look at him so piercing, it could rival the world’s sharpest dagger. His faithful entourage were busily shackling his hands to the table. Ben was lucky they’d just finished securing his wrists in place.

Kylo remained silent until they had shackled him in and slid away. Flanking the door like two solid navy columns. Kylo tilted a look lightly across his shoulder, seeing they were impassively stood. Idly conversing. Not paying attention to either of the convicts in the room, or their visitors.

“Glad to see you haven’t changed at all.” Kylo finally lets out. A hint of bone dry irony rolling in waves off that deep rumble of a voice. Bens and Kylo’s personalities had always grated so against one another’s.

“I’m pleased to see you’re still so perceptive with the mushy familial stuff. I’d give you a hug, Shawshank. But I think, sadly, its frowned upon.” Ben mocked.

Kylo narrowed his eyes at Ben’s witty nickname for him.

He was hunched over in his seat, his shoulders arcing as he braced his forearms on the silver tables surface. He looked like a coiled viper, ready to strike. But then that sensation was nothing new, he was constantly on edge in here. It was how he lived. How he survived. In this prison, he had to be was constantly ready for anything to kick off at any moment. Night and day Kylo lived, slept, walked, ate and breathed with underlying caution. He’d spent these long four years perched on a razor’s edge, and to say he was sick of it was a gross an understatement as any. It had started to mould into him now. To shape the already stoic facets of his cold, steely character.

Kylo had always been the one to quietly brood, or glare. Whereas Ben’s role was to natter away the silences… so he did.

“How many years has it been since I saw you now? What? Two-“ Ben asked.

“Three.” Kylo cut him off stiffly.

Ben nods. “Yes... I don’t know how I’ve stayed away…” He proclaims. Looking around at the peeling, shabby room with disdain.
The words felt odd in his mouth. His roughhewn mouth that was so used to spitting, barking and growling threats at people to back the hell off or get out of his way. He could feel his teeth hesitate, crunching, on the words he rarely ever used. Polite words. Words of concern.

Kylo says them anyway;

“How have you been? Still sleeping with any woman with a pulse I presume?” He asks.

Ben leers a grin.

“Actually, I’ve just landed a huge account at work. And I’ve recently started fucking my shrink…” Ben tells proudly. That smug-solo-smile on his lips.

Some things really do never change. Kylo discerns as he rolls his eyes. Predictable, nearly.

“So typical of you, Ben. What? Was your lawyer not available?” Kylo remarks.

“No. He’s just not hot.” He answers, almost offended, arms crossed over his chest. Kylo had long ago stopped being surprised at the measures his brother would go to, merely to seduce someone.

“Speaking of…” Ben started. Fixing Kylo with a confident, lazy grin. “I did that little favour you asked me for.” He pipes up.

Kylo lifts his head. His way of asserting his renewed interest.

“And?” He asks impatiently.

“Honestly. I don’t think this little piece of yours is gonna bring you any sort of trouble…” Ben predicts. Kylo watches his twins face very carefully. There was more there we wasn’t letting loose. He could tell. Kylo had come into this world a mere minute before Ben. He knew his brother perhaps better than he knew himself.

“Spit it out, Ben.” Kylo demands. Whatever it is you’re not saying, he thinks.

Ben leans even closer, or as close as he can get. Dropping his voice to a husking whisper. Making sure the microphone suspended above them wouldn’t catch what he was about to say.

“Truthfully Kylo? I know you want to find some sort of sordid secret intention about this. But there’s none to give. Just a pretty mundane, sheltered writer doing what her boss has asked of her. She’s been to Kingwood Correctional, the ADX upstate, and now here. She talks to inmates. Gathers their stories. My source at Ashgate told me she even still writes letters to convicts who’ve assisted her. She even left gifts for one guy after he got out. She’s written crime books in the past, but as far as I can tell, she’s never interviewed someone of your calibre before.” He tells him.

If Kylo was surprised, he didn’t show it.

So. The timid little librarian, Ms Winslow, had no agenda other than genuinely wanting some answers from him…

He wondered briefly if she’d come back to see him as he’d asked. He hoped she would. He had seen that fascinated yet terrified glimmer in her eyes. And if it was for work, then a little flicker of something delighted low in his belly told him he’d see that sweet, angelic face again.

“Anything else about her?” He asks

“Your basics. Local. Born here. Went to school here. Grade A+ student. Got her degree and then her
masters from Penn State, in English Lit and Photojournalism…” Ben sucked in a breath, trying to remember what else he’d been able to dig up.

Kylo’s grin tipped up at the corner. Writer my ass, Winslow, he thought as his grin curled.

“She’s worked for the publishing house since she graduated. Quiet life. Single. No pets. She’s a sheltered little thing. Clean credit score. Spotless. Not even so much as a parking ticket. No unpaid bills. Pays $300 a month for a three bed, family sized cabin in the woods left to her in her relatives will. Drives a cheap second hand car. ISA. Hefty pot of savings… she sure as hell ain’t short a pretty penny or two, but by no means a Rockefeller. She seems comfortable. Lives within her means.” Ben describes.

That sounded like her, Kylo had to admit. Safe. Cosy. Never changing. Always staying still. Each day predictable and the same. In part he’d come to understand what that was like.

Somehow it made his calcified heart harden over. His mind flickered, for the briefest of seconds to sadness for her. Weren’t people outside this shitty place supposed to have rich, full, brimming lives? Go and see a russet red Italian sunset over the hills in Tuscany. Drink red wine on a wobbly table, in a tiny café, tucked away on a cobbled street, on some late Parisian afternoon, and dance in every Jazz club in the city until the stars came out. Roast for a week on a tropical spit of sand in the salty pale, Indian ocean.

He dreamt of being anywhere but trapped in here.

He thought in envy of everyone who could come and go as they pleased. At night, in his cell, over and over again he replayed memories to help him get by. That one time he went to Vienna for work, years ago. Stayed in a five star hotel in the historic part of the city and just wandered around all the cold night drinking the sights in. Kisses from his ex-lover where he could still feel their petal soft lips against his. The smell of their perfume. Feel their silken soft hair running through his fingers. The memory as a kid of sand between his toes. Jumping into an ice cold lake off the jetty at the end of the families lake cabin.

Oddly, he felt something else rage in his blood too, when it came to Ms. Winslow. He felt… cheated, for her sake. He couldn’t imagine his life without all the little touches that made it luxurious. His $8,000 suits. His Aston – he swore now if Ben had so much as touched his car whilst he was in here, he was gonna have to turn him inside out and wind his entrails round his neck. He missed the view of a dusky morning from his one of a kind apartment, up in the hills. Better than the stale view of the same four, drab, brick walls each morning. That was for sure.

Right then he thought about what it would feel like to spoil her rotten. Dress her up in jewels, heels and designer dresses.

Or maybe in just the jewels and heels…

Put her in a 136 carat Harry Winston wreath, and Laboutins. Watch her wearing half a million dollars’ worth of luxury and see how that compared to her fucking hum-drum safeness.

It was killing him imagining that soft, small body under that fucking ratty cardigan. And god, was that a thought that tortured his mind when he was in his bunk at night.

The harder he tries to imagine his exes, he finds he can’t. They’ve been replaced. With her. That honeysuckle perfume he smelt the other day. Filling up his senses when he walked into the room. The way she bit her lip. How her cheeks flushed the sweetest pink. He’d watched it. Watched it flourish down her milky collarbone when he made her all scared and flustered. He was willing to bet
her skin was as soft as a pat of butter. He imagined what it would be like to lick the sweet honey that dripped slick from her pussy. Oh, he was willing to bet she was soft as hell, sweet and silky wet, between her legs too.

*That particular wish had been keeping him hard for this entire week.*

Keeping his hard on relentlessly pressed up against the confines of his scrubs when he found himself alone at night. He was barely back from yard time yesterday when he’d only just managed to get his cell door shut behind him. He was dripping sweat, sticky from his workout, flushed cheeks. Hair tacky on his neck.

And he was in agony.

He tore his own clothes off, licked a stripe down his palm, reached into his pants, and wrapped his fingers around his erection. He moaned like a desperate slut. He bet her tiny hands would struggle to get around him. And she certainly would find it hard to get that rosy mouth over the head of his dick.

He then proceeded to beat his cock senseless til he came with a growling moan in a massive spurt all across his own chest. He came over his torso and fingers thinking about gripping her hair in his hand and making her gag to try and swallow his impressive cock down her throat.

He watched his cum drip off him that night. And what waste that was...

He should’ve spent it in Ms. Winslow’s perfect pink pussy. He’d have both those thighs gripped, spread in his hands and watch it drool out. Oh, he wouldn’t have that either. He’d fuck it back into its rightful place with two fingers.

*What was this girl doing to him? Making him needy. Horny. Aching to see her again. His muse. His Kitten.*

“She’s what you might call shy and understated. I know that might be hard for you to grasp…” Kylo ribs at his brother.

Ben smiles at Kylo’s quip. “Ouch.”

“Besides. I saved the best til last… I managed to hack into her emails.” Ben eyes glittered.

Kylo’s eyes glimmered distantly with intrigue. *Impatience. He knew Ben was good for something.*

“Her boss, who I would say is somewhat of a sadistic asshole, is persistently goading her for more details on you. He’s practically bullying her to come see you again for the memoir series…”

Kylo’s shackles shook where he clenched his fists on the table. The thought of some faceless suit bullying her into anything made his temper flare up. His jaw grit tight too. *So tight, the veins burst out suddenly in his neck.*

Ben watched the shade pass over his brothers expression like a cloud passing across a beam of sunshine.

“*Easy*…” Ben warns.

“He’s threatening her over me?” He snarls.

“Boy. If you don’t like this, you’re really not gonna like what other personal details I uncovered…”
Ben warns

“Tell me.” Kylo snaps. Shackles creating a harsh shriek that made the guards look over. Kylo’s haunches were up now. He was nearly panting, flirting closely with the edge of rage.

Ben wets his lips.

“Her ex, actually. Turns out he is a typical frat boy, trust fund, chad, who let’s just say is…. about as exclusive with his partners as I am with mine.” Ben tells.

Kylo bit the inside of his cheek so hard. He almost broke the skin of his mouth. Almost tasted that sour copper and hot penny metal of blood filling his tongue. His eyes were black ice by this point.

“She’s blocked him by phone. But he keeps cropping up in her emails trying to get in touch.” Ben says dimly.

Red mist was now filtering into the upper half of Kylo’s vision. Between the nightmare boss and the douche ex ragging on her. He wanted to tear some limbs off bodies, and feel some blood spraying across his face.

Then, Kylo Ren made a decision that would significantly alter the path of his life… And he made it based off the ache he could feel starting to stir in his cavernous chest.

“All.”

“What?” Ben cocked his head. Leaning in closer.

“I want it all. All you can get me on her. Get it to me…” He demands. Muscles bulging, veins straining. His hackles were up and he wanted one thing only; More of his kitten.

~

Evie sat that night, at her desk, going through her, frankly unimpressive notes on Kylo. It was a mild summers night. Her window opposite her desk was open and he could smell the wild, earthy scents of her garden spilling in over the windowsill. Lilacs, Lavender, and Hyacinths. Being bought in on a gust of cool night air. She shrugged her cardigan up over her shoulder, against her bare skin where it had slipped down. Folding her arms across her chilly self.

She was scented of lavender lotion from her hot bath, Sipping her glass of fancy $7 red wine she’d picked up from the grocery store on the way home. Now, she was going through her work emails. Dressed in her favourite cardigan, baby blue vest, and cotton pyjama bottoms that were well-worn, and well-loved. She’d stitched up the worn holes in the knees herself more times than she could count. Her cosiest pair of woollen, cable knit socks were on her feet.

She tucked her softly washed hair behind one ear and sighed as she re-read all the demanding emails from her boss. Pushing her to cut down her crime memoirs deadline. He wanted her to get more from Kylo, otherwise he’d threatened to take her off the project.

Sometimes she wondered if he hated her meekness, or merely her gender. The guys in her office always seemed to be hand-delivered the juicer stories.
Sometimes she thought her boss was being an unfair jerk. But she kept that thought to herself. She was just ready to sign off and call it a night. Her embroidered quilts on her big fluffy bed was calling her, along with a good browse of her favourite Julia Quinn paperback before she went to sleep.

One more email pinged through from her boss; with a strict warning, yet again, about the deadline and the need for Kylo’s memoirs. As much information for the profile as she could get. And then came a real surprise; there were contact details; a secretary's phone number, and and an email, for good measure.

*Kylo Ren had a twin?*

She grabbed her biro and jotted down the digits belonging to one... *Ben Solo*. She sent a reply to her boss that she’d get in touch tomorrow.

What she didn’t know was that across town, at the *same* time, lounging in front of his roaring fireplace, phone in hand, email app open, having just clicked 'send.' A celebratory glass of well-aged Glenfiddich in his hand. He sat there like a sly fox in an old fable;

“Come get me, Gorgeous…” He mumbled with a grin. Letting the taste of his drink spread *sweetly* over his tongue.

*Oh. How he couldn’t wait.*

~

Chapter End Notes

Let the stalking and schmoozing commence...
Evie didn’t need to be told of the calibre of the office she’d stepped into. The offices of Hargreaves Lansdowne & Lowe let her know instantly of the high profile nature of the exceedingly rich, blue-blooded corporation. The lobby was an amalgamation of towering glass and stainless steel. The floor composed of taupe, sleek marble that rattled off a tattling echo of every foot-tread that crossed it. The back wall of the foyer was a warm, walnut tile marbled with blue and silver. The reception desk is an indomitably huge black block taking up a vast quantity of the posh space, each end of it crowned with red and white arrangements of saffron crocus’s, calla lilies’ and orchids that she imagines is twice her height and costing more than her pay check. The desk was squared strategically opposite the revolving door entrances, squat slabs of black sofas are sparsely dotted with the odd white collared worker gabbling into a phone or with their eyes glued to tablet screens before them.

Evie totters slowly over to the desk, to receive a stony look from a snowy pale receptionist with severely elegant cheekbones. Her lips a violent slash of tulip red, her toffee hair silkily piled into a side arrangement. Complex silver accessories dripped from her lobes to her shoulders. Her poky, sharp shoulders made more boxy by the complex Armani tux she wore. Accented with blouse sporting an oversized bow that on anyone else would have softened her appearance. She suspects the reason for the woman’s taciturn glare was due to the fact that she slightly resembled a straggled drowned rat.

She’d taken an Uber here from the office, but the grid of traffic threatened to make her rudely late. So she made a dash for it from a couple of blocks down. The skies had opened an hour prior and she had dodged under awnings and done anything to keep semi-dry, and she had been almost successful. But her dark grey pinafore dress gave away the streaks of water that had been spattered down her as did the slight squelch of her cheap black work heels. Her navy cardigan clad shoulders felt a touch damp, as was doubtless the white blouse she had on underneath her dress. Her hair that she’d pinned back this morning now drooped a fair bit, straggled ends beaded and dark with rain. Her glasses fogged, so she tore them off and clutched them as she approached the desk, praying her simple makeup hadn’t run too much. And that her cold, red nose wasn’t dripping.

She didn’t dare touch the polished surface of the desk as she stood meekly, and timidly stated her purpose to the flawless Chanel mannequin opposite. The woman said nothing as she tapped a number into a phone and gave a very curt response to the other end. When she spoke Evie heard a Baltic or European lilt that beautifully caressed and rolled her voice. “Take a seat.” She orders in a detached voice.

Evie thanks her and slide away, taking up residence nearby on one of the gigantic chunks of leather settees. She shuddered as she walked, pulling her cardigan sleeves up to her knuckles. The cool air in the lobby was starting to creep into her skin. She nudged one foot against the other with disdain. Not only were her shoes wet, but they were scuffed and peeling on one toe. As if she needed reminding
of how shabby she was in comparison to the polished, glittering, refined people that this place was used to welcoming into its ranks. She tries quickly tucking up the worst wet strands of her hair, stuffs her soaked cardigan deep down in her bag. Taking out her notebook and pen in readiness for the interview. She tucks one ankle behind the other and folds back one misbehaving curl of hair behind her ear. Flipping through her notebook for a distraction as she waited. She became aware of a presence awaiting her attention when the clack of heels sounded nearer and nearer in her direction. She looks up when a fawning voice confirms her name.

“Ms. Winslow?” Chirped a greeting. Evie peers up to see who she presumes to be a secretary expectantly hovering near her. She looked like she belonged here. A precision cut blonde bob and bluntly executed fringe framed her angular, made up face. Long lashes spilled across her cheeks. And gold silk spilled across her shoulders. Stretched across her toned body is a long beige pencil skirt that defines her hips and mile-long legs. Big gold bracelets clatter on her wrists, and her bust is framed by a tight peacock blue sweater. Daggering and expensive teal, crocodile skin heels make her taller, even more intimidating. Evie clumsily gathered her things and stumbled after the sun gold goddess who’d been sent to fetch her. A drift of expensive jasmine shampoo fluttering in her wake. She walks her through silver security turnstiles and takes her into a lift which swiftly climbs through the floors.

Evie attempts small talk when the blonde side eyes her appearance. “What a day to forget my umbrella…” She smiles shyly. The secretary merely blinks the two huge spidery fans of eyelashes to her once more. Before she turns back to watch the lift soar through the floors of the building.

Evie nervously clutches her notebook in clammy hands as they exit onto a modern office space. Weaving past cubicles and offices. Up here, the clacks of the goddesses deadly heels were slaughtered on the thick carpet underfoot. The big open bull-pen here seems calmer than the one at the publishing office. Plus, the smell of stale coffee, printing ink and newspaper didn’t seem to hang in the air like it did in her workplace.

The goddess brings them both to a corner of the building. A huge slab of a frosted glass door before them. A huge wall of it signalling the vastness of the office within. Her clanging knock ruptures on the door, and a deep voice from beyond bids her entry. Evie was amazed to see the granite faced deity let a winning, flirty smile split her cherry red lips when she opened the door and chirruped sweetly;

“Your two o’clock is here…” She sunnily informs the room before her.

Evie swallows nervously and steps past the doors threshold. Into the lions den... She gingerly steps into the office and raises her eyes to meet his occupant. She wishes now that she’d put on a nicer dress, and slightly less falling-apart-heels. Ben Solo was just as all-consuming as that of his convicted twin. If it weren’t for the inkless skin, she would have assumed she was looking at the same man; deep eyes, broad, soft lips, pale skin pocked with moles; and a crooked smile that was just as dangerous as his twins.

That same handsome face, except where Kylo was clean shaven and scarred, Ben was sporting a tache and goatee, and his hair was shorter, less wild. Kylo appeared more untamed. But Ben seemed altogether more roguish. Evie stepped past the sun goddess, twisting her head to offer her a small thanks. The woman assessed her as if she’d just offered her up some mangled road-kill. She fluttered her eyes and interested across to her boss instead.

“Do you need anything Mr. Solo? Coffee? Tea?” She asks sweetly. She turns her graceful blonde head across to Evie and her eyes turn acidic.

“Towel?” She mocks, batting the lengthy semi-circle of lashes attached to her eyelids, raising one
wheaten gold, professionally shaped brow in derision. Evie feels her cheeks heat and her spine prickle with embarrassment and shame.

“I’m airing out just fine, thanks.” Evie mumbles in her defence. Hair tucking again. Her nervous little twitch.

“Nothing, Thankyou Helen.” Ben drawls deeply, dismissing her with a winning smile, before he stands to rise from the comfort of his Riviere desk chair.

Evie fought off a smirk at her own little quip inside her head about how appropriate his secretary’s name was.

He rounded his desk and in doing so, allowed Evie to catch a glimpse of the entirety of the man she was dealing with. First of all; he simply oozed money. Todays suit was his much beloved black Tom Ford mohair paired with a Westwood poplin shirt. Peak lapels and a double breasted fastening. A luxurious blend of fabric, well cut to suit his big body. He wasn’t quite as humongous as Kylo. He was slightly less broad in build, but still enough to be overpoweringly large. His shoes screamed tasteful Italian designer and when he buttoned his suit, she saw a huge strap of silver linking around his wrist to be a flawless Bvlgari watch. The man was kitted out in more money than she’d see in her entire lifetime.

She stepped forwards and juggled her notebook and pen into her free hand so she could step toe to toe with this handsome titan. The wall of muscle, man and good suit moved towards her, leisurely taking his time as he strode. So, this was little Ms. Winslow…

He honestly didn’t know what to expect of her. He’d gained a great portion of information about most of her life so far, but boring, straight-laced things like her income, details about her job, her social security number. Bland stuff. He wanted something altogether more juicer, and now he’d seen that this meek little writer was wrapped up in a gorgeous, timid package, he wanted to unwrap every piece. He wanted to delve into the layers of those boring work clothes, take her hair down, and see what submissive, docile beauty hid within.

There was no doubting why Kylo was attracted to her; she was soft on the eyes underneath all that shapeless fabric. When she stepped forwards he watched it cling to the hips and ass that were criminally kept captive under their formal, grey, workwear, prison. He watched how her chest rose when she turned to meekly reply to his bitchy secretary’s comment. Her breasts looked full and rounded. Only under a restrictive tunic dress and blouse it was hard to make out more. Her sweet, angelic face was gorgeous too, and luckily for him there weren’t many ways she could hide it from him. Her beauty was less striking than girls who usually snagged his interest, but she was certainly no less appealing. She had kissable lips and a rosebud pink smile. Her eyes were the colour of a shaded ocean, and it made him smile to see how her chestnut reddish hair was held out of her face with a chunky, vintage hairclip, in an arrangement that must’ve taken mere seconds to accomplish. He curled a smirk at the fact that her hair was still dotted with rain.

She stood firm even with the wall of muscle and man, whose smirk, it had to be said, was making her sweat behind the collar. She could scent a masculine drift of cologne as he drew near too. White pine, Juniper and cranberry. For a hint of sweetness.

“Thankyou so much for agreeing to see me, Mr. Solo. I won’t take up too much of your time. I appreciate this is a chunk of time out your day…” Evie smiles meekly. Extending her hand toward him for a handshake.

Ben considers her.
Oh yes. He see’s what he knew Kylo had seen in her. Ms. Winslow would look so sweet and so good, when she was utterly debauched.

Sweaty. Flushed. Hair tacky and loose. Skirt hitched over her plump ass and thighs. Blouse torn open showing her world class tits. Nipples erect, nipped a sore red from his teeth, and wet from his mouth. That gentle face pinched in pleasure. The crowning glory being him between her thighs, face first in her where she was tight, pink and wet. His tongue curled deep in her tasty pussy making her cream and come apart again, again and again....

His warm cocoa eyes zipped down to her offered hand. His smile lifts. He reaches one huge hand forwards, and brings it under hers...

He was Ben Solo. Dame Tamer. He’s not going to opt for stuffy, formal handshake.

Her pulse races and her heart slams up into the prison of her rib cage when he lifts her delicate hand up and swoops down to kiss the top of her hand.

“Oh.” Evie couldn’t help but let loose a weakly pathetic sigh when she felt that smirk press gently down onto her skin. Her entire arm shot with fizzing nerves that shot through her spine, pooling in her stomach. Reminding her that it had been a long time since a man’s mouth had been on her.

It had been a criminally long time since she’d had a man’s anything near her.

Ben’s eyes shot up to hers when he heard her sigh. His mouth pulled gently away from her hand. When his thumb absently stroked across her knuckles. She really did think she was part way to combusting. Her cheeks felt hot enough for her to know they were probably glaring pink.

“Baby, you can take up my whole day...” He flirts. He retracts his hand when she gently slides hers away and blushes harder. Self consciously examining her shoes.

“That’s... uh very accommodating of you. Mr. Solo. But. Really, just half an hour over coffee would do. I honestly only want some minor details about your brothers case...” She insists.

“And you can drop the Mr. Solo. That makes me sound formal and stuffy; two things of which I most definitely am not. Just Ben will do...” He purrs. Stuffing his hands into his suit pockets. The fabric there abouts straining for dear life.

“Evie.” She tells him.

“That’d be short for Evelyn I assume?” He probes suavely. Asking as if he didn’t already know.

She blinks. Her lips part and her mouth gapes. She can’t remember the last time someone had asked her that.

“Uh-m. My mother, for all her virtues, adored 20’s cinema. She watched them end to end on bed rest when she was pregnant with me. And named me after Evelyn Brent because she loved the film ‘Midnight Molly.’” Evie babbles. Recognising she was doing so.

“Sorry. Uhm. I shouldn’t bore you til I start my questions...” She quips gently. A wide smile breaking her once frail, nervous exterior.

Ben’s crotch tightened when he saw her smile.

“Oh I sincerely doubt you could ever bore me. Gorgeous...” He smiles. “And about this coffee thing?” He adds...
Evie raises her brows in polite questioning.

“Let’s skip that... go straight for lunch instead. You can tell me more about your writing and ask me limitless questions over Maison Novelli’s finest bottle of white Riesling. And may I say that the pan fried scallops with parsnip purée, and asparagus wrapped pancetta is to die for...” He winks at her. Striding across to the door.

Evie fought off a gulp again. Maison Novelli was one of the most luxurious, expensive restaurants in the city. Three Michelin stars proudly crowned its entryway. And its reputation for flawless haute cuisine was legendary. She’d never even step foot in a place like that before. She’s more at home fixing something up in her family kitchen. High class wining and dining, and dishes crafted to be sheer masterpieces was thoroughly out of her depth. *She’d be surprised if they allowed her through the doors.*

She stood stumbling and blinking. He held open the door wide for her.


She eventually kicks her brain into gear and encourages her legs to step forwards. She steps across to his doorway. Now noticing a set of Porsche car keys dangle from his big fingers.

“My treat.” He purrs when she is within touching distance of him. That cologne of his reeling her in once again. And the way he towers over her with such suaveness is *intoxicating.* She finds herself holding her breath.

She is lost for words. And equally more so when she feels that big hand pressed to her lower back as they walk along. Her cheeks heat. *Again.* And she bites the inside of her lip.

More so because she feels the goddesses eyes *stab* into her back as they walk away. Her stomach fizzing with nerves.

And she knew the *root* of that problem was traced indubitably to the giant man whose hand was *on* her dress.

~

Maison Novelli was situated in the rich district of town, the red bricked building stood proud and elegant on the street corner. The air was heavy and wet with fallen rain, tainting the air with a cool mugginess. The blossom trees that lined the sidewalk sprouted a sweet fragrance that mashed with the grimy smell of dirt and traffic that spewed off the sheening wet road. Sun had just started to chip through the immensity of leaden grey storm clouds that perched readily on the horizon.

Evie felt a spark of joy warming her stomach through when she considered how her once boring day was turning out to be a rather more adventurous one; Ben was as entertaining as he was charming. She’d lost count of the number of times he made her laugh and smile as they drove along. His open window ruffled his mane of inky hair, black designer shades slipped on. A flush crept up her neck when she watched his smiling profile break out into a toothy grin at one of her quiet quips. Wrinkling his eyes, dimpling those mole marked cheeks. The way the sun through the window caught the faintest hint of russet in his wavy hair. She lost her *breath.* She’d never before encountered a man
she could call so thoroughly stunning in looks.

What’s worse, was that he appeared to know it too.

She sat so primly in the leather car seat, her hands folded demurely in her lap, clutching her bag like a goddamn Nun. That was worlds away from how girls usually acted when he got them in this flashy sports car. Others did everything possible to display their bodies any which way they could. They’d reach a taloned, manicured hand across to stroke his thigh, or his dick, as he drove. They’d coo filthy things in his ear as he tried to concentrate on the road ahead. More girls had slipped their panties to their ankles in that car seat than he could count. and yet, she seemed to just look at the world outside as it passed them by. She really was a shy, sheltered little thing. It was irresistible.

It made him yearn to teach her, show her. Ruin her. Ruin her so goddamn good she’d never know how to cry out another mans name in her life, ever again.

He sure as hell managed to flicker a look across at how her shapely legs stretched out, knee’s conservatively clasped together before her. God help him, it made him want to be between them. His hands ached to caress those rounded, soft thighs. And he couldn’t help but wonder how those legs would look so fucking good crossed at his lower back as he rutted and pumped into her like a maniac… He had to shift his hips awkwardly in his seat before anything arose due to that wicked little daydream.

As luck would have it, just as they roared down fifth, a spot opened up right across the street to Novelli. Ben swung the car in, and shut it off with effortless ease. He bounded out, and around to help her with her door, but she was already half-way out. Slipping her satchel strap on her shoulder and carefully shutting the door. Ben curled a smirk up at her that she couldn’t decipher the meaning of, if her life had depended on it. A refreshing change from the usual shitty diva attitudes he had to contend with. He guided his hand to her lower back once again and they strode quickly across the street. There was no need for him to open the door for her, as it was swung open by a very snappily dressed maître d, before their toes even touched open the threshold.

Ben breezes them into the posh atmosphere of the place, his hand still gently cupping her back. She wasn’t complaining. They both step into the pristine atmosphere of the restaurant. The air fragrant with some lingering, peppery spice, some rich dish that smelled amazing, and the fine scent of linen. The glass door out front was flanked with two bay trees strung with string lights that gave it a touch of finesse, but inside, Evie could see there was refinement by the bucketful. She had been expecting a overly stuffy place, vaulted ceilings, black tie waiters, a ballroom of a building hemmed in with chandeliers galore, with ice white touches on everything. And one had to have a working knowledge of several language’s just to translate the menu. She certainly wasn’t expecting what was facing her. It was historic, rustic and warm.

A vintage Victorian tile floor mingled well with the off white tiled and trimmed walls. The chairs and tables were all a deep shade of rich walnut. Dark wooden touches flanked the walls. Old clocks, age crusted photo frames. The Bar was the entire back wall, smothered in antique mirrors of all sizes. Instead of chandeliers, they’d opted for several giant metal circles with the lights suspended below shaded out of old, upturned whisky decanters. The crystals shattering the light around the warm white ceiling. She had expected a guy like Ben to bring her to some old-money haunt, frequented by his company higher ups and bigwigs of the city. Instead the place was deco almost, and instantly seemed a lot more relaxed than any haute cuisine place she’d heard of.

The well-groomed host greets Ben with affectionate recognition. An elder man, in a spotless grey suit and navy tie, with neat black hair, and artfully shaved stubble. His bronzed skin and Mediterranean dialect sounded uniquely Italian, and the warmth and depth of his friendliness
confirmed it. He clasped hands with Ben and his smile was dazzling white. When he moved Evie scented the perfume of him. Lime and Bay. It had an almost feminine lilt to it, but it was one of those scents she found she simply wanted to bury herself in. Like everything about Novelli, it was gorgeous.

“Your usual table for you and your lovely signorina, Mr. Solo?” He asks kindly.

“Si.” Ben smirks back. Shooting Evie a wink that earned another nervous hair tuck from her. Set her cheeks to blush too.

They are led to a quiet, well set table for two. The bar just behind them, the fairly busy place abuzz with chatter and some ancient twinkling jazz is softly crooning through the speakers. Filling the air with easiness to compliment the casual space. Ben looms over her as he holds the seat out for her, she is shamefully aware of the heat of him at her back. Stood so close she can feel and scent him. She thanks him with rosy cheeks and a shy smile. When she turned her head his eyes focused on the nape of her neck peeking through her hair. A drift of honeysuckle and lavender reaches his nose, and god, nothing has ever smelled so good on earth to him before than the gentle scent of her. He swallows and crosses to his own seat, taking his menu off the friendly host as he sunk into the plush comfort of the leather chair.

“You come here often?” Evie asks, inferring as to his familiarity with the host. She spoke as she folded her linen napkin across her lap. One ankle behind the other, leaning forwards in the comfort of the chair. Fiddling idly with what Ben just noticed was a small silver locket around her neck.

Ben arches a brow and smiles. “Is that a chat up line, gorgeous?” He seeks amusedly. He smiles more when her eyes widen at his comment.

“Oh, my- I, gosh. No I would never make a client meeting inapprop-“ She stops herself. Noticing the glint in his russet eyes.

“And- You’re teasing me, right?” She asks.

Her tone was jovial, but he could sense some deflation of spirit in her when she spoke those words. And that made him sit up and take notice. Her voice had a gentle resignation about it that told him she had been susceptible to being teased, or picked on in the past. And that makes him ache inside.

“With the best of intentions, I promise. You’ve got a pretty cute blush…” He smiles suavely. She bites her lip feeling said treacherous hotness blaze through her cheeks and flourish down her neck.

Evie turns her eyes instead to the menu before her. Feeling the almost cloth-like quality of the paper beneath her fingertips. She scanned through the luxurious sounding dishes, and her mouth was watering from just reading the list. He was right about what he said in the office, the scallops did sound heavenly. A silent waiter appeared by the side of the table, Ben was draped back in his seat, reclined back in it with his legs crossed. He was the picture definition of an urbane man.

“I think I’ll spring for that bottle of 2004 Prieur Montrachet today, thankyou Gordon…” Ben dismisses him with a lazy grin. He glides away as silently as he’d come.

“I take it white wine is ok?” He raises a brow in enquiry across at her.

“White wine is always ok.” She tells him with a smile. Casting back her mind, she reflects that she’d never been the type to go out and enjoy a boozy long lunch before. Her work break seemed to consist of a sad little sandwich she’d scarf down at her desk as she made notes. Sweeping crumbs off her pages as she went. Once in a while she’d maybe treat herself to something at the deli across the
street.

She was busy reading over the menu again, trying to decide her choices, when Ben’s question broke into her attention.

“So. Why are you writing this piece on my brother?” He asks her. Leaning forwards with interest.

She blinks across at him for a second. “Well, it uh, came across my bosses desk and he assigned me and three other writers the task of collecting inmate insight.” She tells.

Ben could hear in her tone that there was more she wanted to say.

“I’m curious, have you interviewed other murderers before?”

She seemed to answer warily. “No. and I don’t think I did very well about it either. Most of the prisoners I’ve been to see before were brought up on minor charges. They weren’t lifers. But, I liked giving them the chance, the opportunity, to talk.”

Ben tilts his head at her, urging her on, folding his hands on the table top.

“.I know this will probably sound silly. But I enjoy talking to these men. Some of them haven’t had visitors in years. Some of them have no family left either, whether by circumstance or just fate, and, I just believe it makes them feel like a human being again, if only for half an hour. Even with my enquiries into their personal lives. They can feel more like people, and less like criminals. Some even kept in touch with me after they got out via letter, telling me how they’re getting on so forth. And it’s nice to think I might have helped them along in some tiny way.” She tells.

She meets his eyes, then very awkwardly thereafter turned her attention back to her menu. Fiddling with her locket again.

“I think that’s quite a noble deed.” Ben says with a small smile. “And don’t let Kylo’s coldness put you off. He’s just full of rage to be in that fucking place. He takes it out on everyone. I promise you, it’s nothing personal.” He explains.

“When he first looked at me, he looked like he wanted to leap across the table and strangle me with his shackles.” She mumbles.

“Probably.” Ben leers. Knowing full well Kylo probably had several, far dirtier intentions in mind. “But again. It’s nothing personal…” He leers.

“For his standoffish ways, he’s actually somewhat a people person. He can get along with anyone - If he chooses too. Sometimes he can actually be quite charming. He knows how to schmooze.”

“What did he do before he was convicted?” She asks. His file had neglected to mention anything about his job beforehand.

“He was an Architect…” Ben states. Smiling gladly as the silent sommelier returned, and presented the wine. Ben nods and the efficient waiter pours them both a glass of the beautiful, buttery golden wine. Placing it into a cooler, and then seamlessly gliding away again. Silent as the grave.

She should’ve been scribbling notes, but instead she reached for her wine. One sip let the flavours burst across her pallet, and it was gorgeous. Medium bodied, fruity, and juicy but with a zing to finish off the taste. It was sinfully delicious.

“I never would have guessed that…” She says as she stands the elegant wine glass back down.
“He was a residential architect for Maddox & Haig. One of the most innovative architecture and building firms in the city. He was one of the head designers there.” Ben tells. Evie never would have pegged the man for being the sort to have a white collar job.

“He was one of their best…” Ben states. “They fired him two days after he was arrested. And it hit him hard…” Ben can remember his former boss coming to visit him as they held him in custody. The conniving bastard left the room after sliding him his resignation letter across the table and telling him that ‘It was just bad business.’

Kylo had raged.

“That must’ve been horrible…” Evie frowns. That adorable face of hers all pinched with concern again.

“He survived.” Ben smiles offhandedly with a shrug.

“You two aren’t terribly close I take it?” She infers. Reaching for more of that golden ambrosia that was the wine he’d chosen.

He smiles coyly before he answers. “We don’t tend to get along that well.” He offers. His tone was slightly cutting.

“I didn’t mean to pry…” Evie shakes her head. Thinking she’d risked offending him, and that was never her intention.

He grins again. “You’re not prying... But...” He smirks leaning forwards, he grasped the bottle of wine and topped up her glass so it was almost full to the brim.

“Fuck Kylo for now. I would like to hear more about you, gorgeous…” He winks, replacing the bottle in the cooler. It crunched in on the bed of ice.

“Oh, well. there’s nothing very interesting about me, I’m afraid...” She answers humbly. Taking another small sip of her wine. Wiping one clammy hand on her napkin.

“Bullshit.” Ben smirks widely. Heat sprouts across her cheeks and she exhales an amused sound through her smile.

“What’s to tell? I Live in a small house in the woods just outside town. I write memoirs and columns for books for a publishing house. And my only hobby is my well beloved garden…” She offers.

He looks amused.

“See? Not much to tell at all.” She prompts.

“No, partner?” Ben asks as he swirls his wineglass. His eyes darkly hinted at flirtation. His look sent a firework of a thrill to race down her spine. He was certain her answer was no. But if he’d somehow missed something in his investigating – unlikely – then he was going to have to hunt this faceless man down...

Her throat felt dry. She moistened it with wine.

“The last date I went on was eons ago. And my last not-so-very-nice boyfriend seemed to get bored of me, around the 6 month mark...” She explains. Withholding the fact that Jimmy was still trying to claw his way back into clemency via email. She was ignoring him. But she knew it was only a matter of time before he showed up at her door, late one night. Bottle of champagne in hand, blonde
hair coiffed finely as usual, that megawatt smile she fell so hard for, begging her, drawling out soft coos of how he was so sorry. That he wanted to just be with her, just for tonight…

She might have imagined it. But she saw his jaw tense before he spoke again. “Who was he?” He asks.

“He was the head of investments at the City Bank corporation. His father is CEO so naturally, he never had to work in his life. Whatever he wanted, he got given to him. Ego bigger than gods, and about as spoilt as one.”

Ben wanted to cave that spoilt brats face in with a punch.

“He sounds like a top tier asshole.” Ben snarls. “Why’d it end, gorgeous?” He delves deeper.

“He wanted us to see other people…” She told him. “His subtle way of telling me he already was…” She tells. “I think he was bedding a whole pack of girls by the end. He’d show up drunk at my front door occasionally, months after, trying to, beg, his way in again…” her hand idly picked at her locket as she spoke.

“I never saw why he bothered, really. He broke it off saying I was the dullest girl he’d ever had in bed.” She sighed angrily.

When Bens eyes met hers, she felt weak.

“Tell me you put him on his dumb ass, baby?…” Ben drawls lowly. Leaning closer, his voice dropped deep to a purr.

She smiles. Hiding away the fact that, at first, she’d missed him so much, she didn’t resist his drunken advances. Because a small twisted part of her felt good for him still wanting her after all the others. But after the first time he’d charmed his way in, she grew more of a backbone. She locked the door in his face and ignored his pathetic attempts. She wasn’t going to let herself ever feel the way she did after that first time. Laying there in her bed after, in the glow, thinking he was back for good. And when she woke, she was alone again. He’d been so good as to take his leave whilst she slept, and offered a pithy excuse written on a post it note stuck to her fridge.

“Happy to say, I locked the door and ignored him.” She offers.

“That makes me very happy to hear.” He tells her. What a sin it was to waste her gorgeous self on a spoilt prick with no skill in bed. That was almost offensive to him. To think this girl wasn’t getting off right. Or more importantly, wasn’t getting off with the right guy.

Just then, the waiter reappeared to take their orders. Ben gestured a palm to her first; everything on the menu sounded so good she hardly knew where to start.

“What do you recommend more? The Duck or the Scallops?” She asked politely. It was between those two.

“She’ll have both and the bitter chocolate marquise to finish. I’ll have the trout, the venison, and the crème brulee.” Ben orders for the both of them. Smirking dangerously across at her as he hands back the menu’s. He seemed to revel in her surprise.

“I said it was my treat…” He leers.

She has more wine. Otherwise she has a canny feeling she won’t survive this lunch…
It was a calm, but windy evening. Night had gathered slow and dark. The air now thick with noise. Crickets hummed, far off in spreading canopies of trees birds chirruped and sang to the last fire-kissed embers of the dying day.

As ever, Evie was alone, at home. Having a quiet night in to herself. Much like all the other quiet nights in to herself she’d enjoyed throughout her life, they were often and many. She’d potter about her garden before the sun set, watering and getting rid of weeds. Then she’d come in, wash up, enjoy a glass of wine as she made dinner for one – always dinner for one. She’d eat at her dining table, reading a magazine or a book as the sun set. She’d wash up, tidy, and then find something to occupy herself with.

Tonight, that would be a soak in her bath. Her shoulders and lower back aching something terrible from being hunched over at her desk all day. Going over notes that Ben gave her over their lunch date. The thought of it still made her smile. It had done all week.

Her spirits were left exuberant all day after her lunch with Ben. For what felt like the first time in a long while, she’d spoken to someone who was more interested in her, than selling themselves, and their story. She’d almost expected Ben to sit there gloating about himself and knocking back a bottle of $500 wine. Instead, he’d shared that bottle with her, poured her glass after glass, and expressed an interest in her, her writing and her life. He’d made her smile, and laugh and forget that he was a client; by the end of it he felt more like a friend.

A very flirtatious, very handsome friend at that.

After not having drunk much himself, he escorted her back to her office, and deposited her kindly on the doorstep. With another wink and a kiss to the hand he was gone. As suave as he’d come. Said he’d hoped he’d see her again soon. She hoped he wasn’t joking with her. She hightailed it back to her desk, with her notebook, and spent the rest of the day smiling, with her head in the clouds. Replaying her very enjoyable lunch date in her head. Thinking back on every smile, every laugh. He’d had such a melodic laugh.

The sensible part of her head tried telling her that he was only being nice because he was telling her Kylo’s story for own personal gain. The smaller, quieter part of her actually wanted to bask a little in the fact that such a beautiful man had paid her such attention. Taken her to the most expensive meal she’s had in years. Invested his entire afternoon in talking to her. As he’d joked about in his office.
A small smile clung to her lips as she took a glass of cold white wine upstairs, sipping it as she went. She turned all the lights off downstairs, letting only the honey-gold lights flanking both bedside tables gently fill the room. She stood the glass on her dresser and walked into her small ensuite, carefully lighting the brass antique candlesticks her granny had left her. There were two mounted to the wall, by the sink. She placed the old Victorian style candle holder on the stool near the end of the bath. She liked the smell of the beeswax candles as they burned. An aroma that reminded her staunchly of her mother. She used to light them and make a tent out of a washing line and their old rosebud bedsheets, playing with her in the garden when she was little. It sometimes seemed to Evie she was surrounded by ghosts in this warm little house. Memories of her loved ones always chipping in, tapping on the doors and window ledges like rain trying to get in.

One thing that couldn’t be denied about her home; it was stuffed with memories of love and cherished items. Each embroidered quilt, a threadbare rug she can remember laying on as a child to read her story books. The patterned floral wallpaper that had faded in the sun. All of it was a comfort to her, eased the loneliness a little. Being wrapped up in old family comforts helped remind her she was not so isolated as she often felt.

She crossed to her dresser and took off her silver locket. It was practically falling to bits now. The silver was long since tarnished and the chain was fine and wearing thin. She undid the catch and laid it down. Working on the rest of her clothes as she watched out her window. She was the only house for miles in the wood. Her nearest neighbour was Mrs Hobbs, an elderly painter with 6 cats— still, she was three miles away down the track road along the river. As such, she never bothered much with closing her blinds or curtains at night. She liked the view of the tree outside her window soaked in moonlight and thrashing about with the fussing of the wind tossing it about. She loved hearing the noise of the leaves hissing and hitting together as she fell asleep.

She undressed with a quick tidiness, reaching up to tie her hair up into an artless bun as she scampered naked to reach for her dressing gown. She wrapped it about herself, thankful for its warm towelling to ease her gooseflesh from the cold air of her little home. Heat seeped out quickly after the sun sank, after all it was a drafty old house. The sun did well to warm each room, but heat of the day sharply disappeared afterwards. Coldness replaced the warmth ever so swiftly at night.

She wrapped up quickly and reached for her wine. Arm crossed over her cold self as she sipped, crossing to the en-suite and opening the tap quick to pour hot steaming water into the small tub. Heat and steam filled the air for which she was thankful. She couldn’t wait to sink in and feel the warmth take away the chill in her cold toes. Couldn’t wait for it to bite into the gooseflesh of her upper arms and drive it away.

She shivered to herself. Chiding the water to fill the tub quicker. “Hurry up you old thing…” She moans to the ancient, spurting tap.

Her phone rings.

She turns her head and see’s her phone where she left it, vibrating and the screen lighting up on her bedside. It was well past ten. Who on earth was calling at this time of night?

Intrigued she stands her wine down and pads through right to her bedside. The caller ID flashed ‘Unknown’ up at her in glaring white text. She watched the call die. She was in no mood to pick up to some telemarketer this late in the day. She waved it off and crossed back to her bath.

Then it buzzed. Her text tone chiming.

She stops, and again, turns back to look at it. That same unknown number lighting up her screen with notification of a text.
She goes back and picks it up. Two words reaching out to her.

“Hello Evie.”

She frowns. Confused, she puts her phone down. Turning it over and ignoring it. She had to get back to her bath before it ran over. Three more times it chimes. She shuts her bathroom door. Pushing it out of her mind. She strips out of her fluffy gown, hangs it up on the back of the door. And sinks gladly into her bath. Heat stinging, tearing at her every cell.

From beyond the door it chimes again.

She shuts her eyes. Probably some stupid prank like before. Some idiot like Mark, or Eric, at her office asking her to swap stories or wanting a favour off her as she was on the convicts memoirs project. Wanting to swap her out so she could write some dry rubbish about low level scandal about tax expenses for avoiding parking tickets at the mayor’s office or something.

She shuts her eyes. Work could wait til tomorrow. For now, she was enjoying listening to nothing but the trees being whipped in the wind outside her window. The patter of water dripping from the faucet into the tub where she sat. A soft clinking as water sloshes the side of the bath as she moved under the silvery surface of the scented water. The old gurgle and rush of old pipes clanging in the wall, along with the towel heater whirring to life as it warmed the room. Keeping her fluffy ivory coloured towels warmed for when she gets out.

Then again comes a chime from her phone.

She opens her eyes, standing from the tub in a rush of water spitting down to her feet. She yanks her robe off her door, wraps herself up in. The way she moved quickly causing air to disturb the flickering beeswax candles, making eerie shadows dance, flickering up the floral wallpapered walls.

She crosses back into the cold air of her bedroom. Grabs her phone, turns it over and unlocks it. Panting, she opens the messages.

“Hello Evie.” She’d seen. Now it was followed by “Are you having a nice night?” “How’s the wine?” aswell as “Enjoying your soak in the tub, sweet thing?”

Her blood chilled a little. She wet her lips and quickly typed a response.

“Who is this? Do I know you?” and tapped send. Watching it cling to the screen. She watched with alarm as it was instantly read and a reply sent back. fast.

“Not as well as I’d like.” Came the cryptic response. And then another.

“I’d like to know you better so very much, Evie.”

“I want to know you inside out.”

She shook her head, scared and bewildered. “I’m in no mood for a stupid joke. Please leave me alone.”

“Please? How sweet.”

“You really are shy aren’t you my sweet thing?”

“Go and harass someone else. Leave me be.” She signs off. Putting her phone down as if it burned her skin. Blistered her fingertips.
It chimes still.

She steps away and stares at it. It was screen down. She couldn’t see what message this person was sending her. By now, the cold air was prickling the skin on her legs. Every hair needled on end. Painful. She was cold and her hands were trembling. This was some stupid, sick, joke.

She turns it over.

“You don’t want to play? How can that be when you’re already in the game?”

“Game?” She asks herself. “What game?” She whispers. They answer for her…

“Getting close to a killer.”

She stares at her screen and a tear comes to the corner of her eye. She exhales and wets her lips. So she asks the only logical question that comes into her head.

“Do you want to hurt me?”

“Far from it.”

“What DO you want?” She asks, frustrated. Tears now clawing at the back of her eyes. Her chest bubbling over with panic.

“More of this pretty sight…” Comes an unnerving response. And another message. A picture.

It was a picture of her. It was her ten minutes ago when she was undressed before she got into her gown. Taken from outside her bedroom window. There she was. Framed in golden light and hemmed in by the darkness outside her window.

She was now staring at a very naked picture of herself as she’d turned to put up her hair. It was a chiaroscuro of her bare body from the half-light coming from her bedside lamp. She could see the curve of her backside, her hip, and where she’d twisted to her side, the way her breast sloped against her chest. Rosy pink nipple stood erect in the cold.

Another picture wormed its way through.

Now it was one of her, right where she stood, wet, naked, wrapped up in her gown, looking down at her phone. Her hair was wet where it had dipped in the water. The very same wisps she could now feel sticking to her neck. The white light of the screen lighting up her scared, damp face.

“Why don’t you drop that robe again baby?”

“Let me see you.”

“Does that pussy of yours taste as sweet as it looks?”

She throws her phone onto her bed and darts to her window, a whimper escaping her mouth as she drags the curtain across sharply. Pulling each side closed. She staggers back and the phone chimes again from where it was pillowed on her embroidered quilt.

“Oh now. Don’t be shy…. Not just as I’m starting to have fun.”

Another picture.

This time taken of her from the side. Showing the profile of her terror. Stood in the robe, directly in
view from the open second bedroom window to her right. Facing the back of her house. She glanced outside, gulping. All she could see was moonlit trees in the flurry of the wind. Branches scraping against the wood of the house. Scratching down like impatient fingernails trying to rake their way in.


Her heart slams up against her windpipe in terror. She’d left the back door *unlocked*. *What if they’d lied about hurting her?*

She darts for the stairs and races down them. Each step thundering adding to the vicious drum of her quaking heart. Rounding the hallway she sprints quickly for the back door. Her pulse hummed and thumped her throat. Her feet slapping wetly onto the wooden floor as she launches for the door and twists the latch violently in the lock.

She lifts the lace net curtain that covers the small window wedged into her back door and holds it aloft. She looks out at her dark garden. Everything was *ordinary*. Every flower pot was in place. The grass and shrubbery the only things moving as they were rustled in the harsh wind. She blinks, and looks. Listening to her heart pulsing in her ears. Her breath slowing.

*They can’t get in. They can’t hurt you.* She repeats to herself.

She drops the curtain, twists on her heel and marches for the front door. She rattles the lock to test it. Peering out, all was right there too. No one at the gate. No one she could see roaming her front garden. *So why did she still feel like treading dark water, surrounded by things she couldn’t see from the deep, circling her?*

She swallows down her panic, and heads back upstairs. As she approaches her bed, she’d not surprised to see the screen was bright with a new message.

*“Checking the back door? Cute. What a sensible girl you are. I knew you would be.”*  
She picks it up.

“I’ll ask again. What do you want? You want to scare me is that it?” She types.

*“You ask so many questions.”*  
*“You answer none of them.”* She points out.

*“Oh I knew you had a little spec of fire about you, baby. I’d love to see it more…”*  
*“I’d love to see all of you more.”*  
*“I don’t want to scare you. I don’t want to hurt you either.”*  
*“I don’t believe you.”* She dares.

*“No?”* Comes an amused reply.

*“I don’t want to hurt you. I do however, as I keep saying, want to know you better. See you better….Taste you better….”*  
*“For what purpose?”* She asks.
“Tell me your name first.” She tries to bargain.

“Oh sweet thing…” The text mocks. She already knew it.

“This sick flirting game isn’t my idea of fun. Leave me alone and go and…. Assault someone else.”

“I want you.” Comes the simple message.

“Why me?” She seeks.

“Have I offended you in some way? Hurt you?”

“You’ve never hurt anyone a day in your life Evie.” They tell. “Let’s call it… a casual interest, stemming from a favour I owed a friend.”

“Your interest doesn’t feel purely ‘Casual’ to me.” She bites back, referring to the naked photo they’d sent.

“Ok. I lied. I wanna fuck you, and my friend does too. Happy? We both want to get you on your back and spread those pretty legs, and fuck and lick what lies between them... Me most of all…”

“Congrats. That’s the first thing you’ve said that I actually believe.” She snipes.

“We’ll see.” Comes their amused answer.

“Goodnight Sweet Girl. Shows over for tonight. Go drink your wine. Or it’ll be warm now…” They flirt.

Evie watches her phone for a second, waiting for one last message to ping through. A photo. Anything that might give her a clue as to what sick psycho was doing this to her. Hunting her. Lurking around her house. Spewing out about spreading her legs and fucking her like she was a piece of meat.

She unplugged her bath. She threw her wine down the sink. And she slept fitfully with every door locked. Clutching her quilts and trying to let the rustle of leaves outside her window soothe her like it usually did. Fear kept creeping back every time a branch scraped the windowpane. Every time shadows from the crack in the curtains slunk up the wall and flickered, dancing across the carpet like it could reach its long fingers into her bed. Stroking her as she slept.

Across town, in a far richer pad. Someone slept like a king with a grin on his handsome lips. His arms crossed under his mane of hair.

Even further out of town still. In an ugly grey building that took up the horizon. Someone was woken in their bunk by their soundless ringtone buzzing under their mattress. Metal scraped by the vibrations of it. His eyes cracked open. Seeing the shitty cell of his filled with dark and sickly orange from the tower lights in the yard. He reaches under his pathetic excuse for a mattress and pulls out his contraband phone that had been snuck to him two days prior.

He brought it up and let his eyes adjust to the lock screen. His stomach tensed and his blood fired molten when he saw the limber naked frame on sweet display in the picture. He was hard now for sure; but a strange sense of rage tasted sour on his tongue. And there was a single line with the
“Well. If it isn’t my little kitten. Back to see me so soon…” Kylo crooned into the waiting room from the corridor. Just like the first time he saw her, he cocks his head at her through the bars, tilting at her with the start of that curling smirk that reeked of confidence and superiority.

“Watch it, Ren.” Comes a job from the guard. A prod in his ribs from a prison issue nightstick.

Kylo didn’t even feel it. Not now he could look upon her. The sight that fuelled his dreams.

Evie looked up when he spoke, that baritone drawl was playful today. She blinked her heavy eyes and swallowed. Meekly staying put, as usual, Kylo saw her petite body stayed rooted to the spot on the metal chair. Awaiting his presence opposite. Being obedient like the good girl she was.

He wet his lips when he saw what she wore today; it looked like a dress. It was warmer outside today. He could tell cause this fucking place baked like an oven in the open heat of the sun. It had him sweating his balls off already and it was barely past noon. It seems his kitten was taking advantage of the summer climes too. In true style for her, it was a bohemian looking sundress. Blue and white stripe with buttons all along the front, another fucking fuzzy grey cardigan still on her top half – he wondered if she ever left that thing off.

But then again, his little present last night proved that thought true.

He wasn’t able to get back to sleep until he stroked his cock like a randy teen to the shitty little image of her on his phone. Grunting trying to stop moaning too loud, cumming again with a cry of kitten on his lips. At this rate, he’d beat his cock raw if she kept doing this to him. She was the ultimate torment; being able to look all he liked, but never allowed to touch.

One thing he would say in favour for the ugly dress of hers today though – it gave him a hell of a view as they drew close before he sat down. He towered tall he could see right down her cleavage. When he was finally on his seat having his hands shackled, the view was modest once more. An antique silver locket lay cool and smooth against her sternum, practically signposting his eyes to draw downwards to her chest, but he resists to look. Her hair was up, glasses on. He focuses now on her face, and that’s when he saw her eyes were slightly bloodshot, and the crescent moons of her under eyes hung heavy and dark.

He waits until he’s secure, and that they have their much awaited privacy before he speaks.

“Rough night?” He asks. His eyes intently fixed on hers. He sat coolly examining her. Eyes flitting all around to find any detail of her that might be off. He could find none. Save for her tired eyes, she was as she always was.
He knew her. He knew she didn’t have some faceless partner fucking her through the night to keep her up. If she did, she was sure to be in a far better mood than her current state. He finds that even the untrue thought of her having a lover, having someone else fuck her, did make his knuckles clench white with barely restrained fury. No. No. His kitten was wholly single. Wholly alone, and completely ripe for the plucking.

She furrows her brow in that adorable way she does.

“I didn’t sleep very well.” She offers up. “It was windy last night, a branch kept hitting my window and waking me..” She offers pithily with a small, swift smile as she adjusts on the seat, and hair tucks behind her ear. He’d missed that.

She was a fucking terrible liar though, he thinks. She was keeping her terrifying encounter of last night clutched close to her chest. They’d said something about her ‘getting close to a killer.’ And she didn’t fancy another late night visit from her stalking stranger. So she was keeping it all to herself. She wasn’t going to the police – not that they could do much anyway. No actual threat had been made to her. Only their sexual wants had been levelled at her. She’d be too embarrassed to come forwards about it anyway. She might get a lecture for being a stupid girl and not closing her blinds at night. And letting some bored creep get her all scared over nothing.

Kylo just stares at her, makes a vague grunt noise of affirmation. Then he leans forward, those big shoulders and solid wall of his chest coming closer to the table as he braces more on it. Evie fought the urge to scoot back in her chair. Up close she forgot how big he was. How threatening.

It was sweltering in here today. Sweat was present, sheening slightly on his brow. He wore his jumpsuit folded to his trim waist, just above his massive hips. She could see his bare arms where he wore a ribbed black cotton t-shirt. It looked soft in contrast to his hard body. The fabric bobbled with age where it had been lovelessly washed numerous times. It clung tight to his torso. Outlining every muscle, every ridge. It pressed so tightly she could make out two twin rings clinging to the flat discs of where his nipples would be. Under the bagginess of that jumpsuit she’d never been able to see he had nipple rings. Now she could see it all. Every inch he displayed without care. Every slab of him, of each muscle was tough. There was no hint of softness at his belly. It was purely sharp. Every edge of him was. Nothing about Kylo was rounded, soft, or weak. She felt doubly scared when she thought of what made a man to shape him in that way.

When he shifted forwards, she could smell him. Sweat, hot musky skin, and bland clean soap. Institution grooming products did nothing to hide the way his natural scent poured off him.

“No questions for me today? Or did you just wanna sit here gawping at me?” He asks tersely.

Her mouth gapes and her hand flies across for her notebook. The tips of her fingers barely graze the cover and he speaks again. Barks at her.

“No.”

She looks up, uneasy. Watching how he was glowering at her.

“You said.” She begins.

“I don’t want whatever shitty questions your Boss got you to take down. A strict set of utterly boring professional rules. I want real. Go off the cuff, Kitten.”

“You’re a writer aren’t you? Where’s that imagination you told me so much about?” He counters. “I
can promise you limitless questions about my childhood, and trying to understand what I did for a college major won’t tell you shit about why I ended up in this place. Like every other suit seems to think. Ask me something fucking real for once…” He growls.

“Don’t risk boring me, it’s not a route you’d care to take.” He promises with that smirk. Though his eyes remained so dark, and intimidating. His threat lingered in the air.

She glances around nervously. *The guards outside didn’t notice. Finch wasn’t scurrying in to come to her rescue. Of course, he knows this too.*

“Finch is too fucking lazy to be listening in today Kitten.” He assures her. “Mic’s broken.” He says. She peers up to see the small instrument fixed above them, dangling over the table had fraying wires hanging from the base. Her eyes go across to the small surveillance camera in the corner.

“Oh, don’t panic kitten. He’s in there. But he’s not bothering to watch us today. No sound coming through the mic, but he can see us on screen. As long as I don’t make a move to leap over the table or try and grab you, he won’t care; *Neither* will they…” He jerks his head to the side motioning to the guards outside the cell door. But he never took his eyes off her. Still.

Speaking of grabbing her… his hands itch to do what he shouldn’t. He wants her to be the one in shackles instead. He wants to rip her clothes right off her body. Shred them to scraps so she can’t wear them ever again. Snap those fucking glasses in half. He wants her pinned to this table, hands tied, legs viced in his hands, hard enough to bruise her. He wants her whimpering in fear as he spreads her out and eats her until she’d begging and crying for him to stop. He wants tears rolling down that cute face by the time he’s done.

True to form however, Kylo was right; the fat shrink was in the anteroom, glancing at the monitor every now and again to make sure Ren stayed put. Scratching his ear idly. A magazine folded open in his tubby hands, asking the guard with him what he thought of last night’s game as he sipped his mug of coffee.

“He clearly cares about his job.” She comments dryly. Even with all the ways Kylo had pointed out her lack of support, the potential danger she was in, her lack of safety, she felt an almost sense of relief that she could ask him questions without the whole world listening in.

“He hates his patients. Hates the guts of every last one. Everyone hates us in here, Kitten.” He tells her with a small curl of an amused smile.

Her brow furrows again. She probably couldn’t comprehend that, she’d spent her life being liked by everyone and liking everyone in return.

“How in hell do you cope?” She blurts out unbelievingly before she can stop herself. She seems to realise this, because her cheeks heat and she pushes her glasses up her nose again.

“You don’t have to-“ She trails off, letting him know he didn’t need to answer that.

He looks at her for a long second. “You find ways… or you don’t survive.” Comes his promise.

“I believe you.” She tells. Looking for a second at his scar. How could anyone do that to another human being? He’d been conscious when they had done that to him, he would have felt every second of the knife cutting, tearing into him. Into his skin.

“What are your coping methods?” She asks curiously.

“Gym.” He tells. Her eyes flicker to his bulked out arms that looked thicker and stronger than
columns of marble. Columns of Grecian marble, arms of gods, etched with deathly tattoos. Of course.

“Yard. And books.”

That word she knew well.

“Books…” She smiles. “What better way to escape?” She offers. Her eyes meeting his. Blue ocean meets Black depths.

“Sadly. None I know of.”

“Don’t let Finch catch you saying that.” She japes quietly.

He looked amused for a second. Smile tipping up at the corners. One fingertip idly stroked the cool flat of the metal table before him. Skin catching on a worn groove that he traced.

“How do you escape? When life gets too much.” He wonders aloud. His eyes flick to his hand for a second, before tipping back up and striking into her gaze again.

His eyes in hers always seemed to send a sensation through her as if she’d just touched hot metal. Its instant, its consuming, and it scalds her skin every damn time. Yet she never learns not to look. She gets a thrill from it. A hit.

“The normal ways I suppose…” She explains. Wetting her lips and shifting in her seat. When she moved, the worn locket around her neck swung across her décolletage like a silver pendulum. He tried so hard not to follow its movements. He failed. He watched it sweep against the side of her breast. He was aching to sink his teeth in all over those pretty things and make her shriek because of it.

“You and me have very different experiences of normal here, kitten.” He points out, a dangerous edge to his voice,, turning his hands upwards, making his shackles rattle and scrape against the table. She still winces a little when he does. He still loves that she does.

She blinks at her own foolishness. Hair tucks. Chews her lower lip as she thinks.

“My life is probably about as exciting as yours.” She lets out. “I get up, I go to work. I come home. I drink some wine. Maybe watch a movie. Maybe re-read one of my favourite book’s. Do some gardening, if it’s not raining, and if I have the time.”

One glaring discrepancy from that list made him so very happy that he had to fight off a chuckle.

“You not got a man, Kitten?” He asks. He fucking knew she didn’t. But he wanted to hear it come from her lips. His eyes looked ravenous now.

“Haven’t had one of those in my life for quite a long time.” She tells. Wiping her clammy hands on her linen dress. She must’ve sounded so boring and pathetic to a man like him.

“Not even a date?” He pursues.

She shakes her head.

“One night stand atleast?” He purrs. Leaning ever closer. His voice dropping to an octave that melted in her ears like oozing honey.

She outright blushes. He grew slightly hard from watching her. His thighs tensing.
“I’ve never done that…” She says breathlessly. Nervously crossing her legs. When she moved under the table, he could feel the air from her body shift. Giving him that drift of her perfume once more. He has to close his eyes and swallow down something so darkly lustful that had rose up in him.

_Images of his shackled hands slamming her back on this table top and prying her legs apart to bury his face between those - practically virginal - soft, thighs of hers._

“What about marriage?” Kylo asks. “I’d have thought a safe girl like you would have bagged a husband years ago.” He pushes.

She tilts her head. “Never found the right man I suppose.” Then she adds. “Or maybe he never found me? Who knows…” She smiles weakly.

_Good. Kylo smirks. Cause the absolutely wrong one found you instead. You just don’t know it yet._

“Well. Your love life can’t always have been desolate? There’s gotta be some ex lurking somewhere… _unless_…” He draws off.

“Well?” She asks.

“Unless you’ve… never, _had_, a man.” He intones slowly. Letting his insinuation drift in the air like woodsmoke. _If she dares sits there and tells him no man has ever fucked her, pleased her, eaten her pussy to within an inch of her life. Well, then….these shackles wouldn’t even keep him back. They wouldn’t even slow him down._

_Seven_ shades of scarlet could only describe the colour of her cheeks right then.

“I’ve, _been with_, a man.” She manages to gasp out. Unbelieving that _this_ was what he wanted to talk about.

“One more thing I miss from being inside here…” Kylo suggests. “The company and conversation of an intelligent _beautiful_, woman…”

She raises her eyes to meet his. Blood still pouring into her cheeks to _remind_ her they are still glaring pink.

“In that case, your exes sound _far_ more charming than mine…” She tells him.

He tilts his head. A question in itself. _The CEO City Bank douche who was still annoying her via email perhaps…_  

“That _so_?” He urges. Wondering when she’d realise that _he_ was questioning _her_, rather than the other way around.

“Jimmy was not exactly after me and my time for our conversation... I think he took me out for dinner _twice_ in all of the months we dated. He was a natural born charmer. Had his way with anything he wanted. Never understood what he saw in me anyway, he told me so plenty enough times when we argued…”

_Fucking pitiful waste of skin_, treating her like that, Kylo growled to himself.

“Some things about having a relationship with him must’ve been worth it though… right? The intimacy, the closeness. Relying on someone else… Especially _at night_… I know I _sure as hell_ miss having someone next to me in bed.”
“Sure, sex can be nice- but…”

“Nice?” Kylo bites out. If she can describe sex only as ‘nice’ she wasn’t having the right kind. Or the right man.

“Never been fucked so good it leaves you shaking? Thighs trembling, legs weak, heart pounding, voice hoarse, kind of sex…. The kind that means you can’t walk afterwards…” He drawls. Leaning in his seat, looking like he was getting ready to pounce.

She wet her lips. It was suddenly dry in here… If he up stood now she’d get such an obscenely shocking view of his hard on tenting his pants.

She looked adorably confused. “Why would it… do that?” She asks in a curious whisper.

He smirks like the Cheshire cat, and chuckles darkly. “Oh, Kitten…” He husks.

She hadn’t noticed that where they had both leaned into the table, her clasped hands were close enough to his. Close enough to lightly touch. Only just. Which is what happens, she hears the shackles scrape, but she’s too entranced with holding his eyeline to look. Her breath leaves her in a long exhaling rush when she feels Kylo’s fingertip softly brush against her knuckle. His skin was so warm. His skin calloused and tough.

She looks down at the table top at their hands. Able to hear her heartbeat strumming in her ears, wildly thrumming her throat too. Their hands close together, the size differences are almost laughable. He dwarfed her in every sense. Because the second his hand touched upon hers, the whole of her shivered, and clenched. She felt hot, cold and everything in between.

Damn certain by now, she was hyperventilating. Her chest was swelling and falling, yet no air rushed sweetly like relief into her lungs. How could that be? She braves a look up to him, and right there are those intense eyes set in that intensely beautiful, violence hardened face.

“You’ve been surrounded by fools.” He growls in a burnt molasses tone, low enough to strike oil.

His gist was more than clear; if I was lucky enough to be the man fucking you at night kitten, well you’d know of it.

She’s not proud of it; but she scarpers.

“I-I have to go…” She stammers. She tears her hands away from his – though she really didn’t want too - and rushes to gather her things. She shoves them haphazardly into her bag, tripping over her own feet, she clatters to the door as quick as her scared little legs can take her. She rattles the door and it takes far too long to open.

Kylo daggers his eyes into her back as he watches her scurry away. He watches her dress sway around her legs, how the material clings to her hips. To her perfect round ass too. In a swish of that striped linen fabric and her unremarkable perfume she is off down the hallway.

“Waiter?” Kylo calls broadly to the guard. Grinning to himself. They moved to come and unshackle him. His eyes caught on something under the table. A small silver pendant. He makes a fake ploy of reaching for his laces and scoops it up into his hands. Finding the catch on the fine silver chain had snapped. He grins; cause now he had a memento of her too…

*Her locket.*
Yes. Yes I did give Kylo nipple rings. I’m sorry. I got rather fixated on that. Cause, HoLy FucK. If any man could pull them off? It’s this fucker right here....

Any problems with that? Come see me in my office. Let’s talk it out....
Clauses & Favours

Chapter Summary

Evie finds out just far she'll go for answers... and how precarious a path her job is leading her down.... short, I know, hopefully I'll get more up here tomorrow, stay tuned xxxx

oh, & bless you all, so much for your lovely comments thus far, I promise I'll get round to answering them eventually! I appreciate each one. Please don’t think they are being ignored in leau of ungratefulness! I squee with each one, I assure you. all my love and do continue to tell me what you guys think! xxx

(Yes I know this most likely as fuck ain’t true to life or the judicial system at all! But I’m trying to get as close to reality as fiction allows! I’m just so determined to get Kylo right as a sociopath for this fic. I don’t care what else goes on! - well. I do. But- I will not go down as a a bad researcher! Above all else! I’ve spent so long on this now. I’m just aching to make sure I get it, and that you guys, all get it true to form)

Yes. I do ramble sometimes. T’is my weakness. As long as this is being enjoyed I’m going to go drink some wine now and just enjoy my little bunch of AU Kylo’s on here. Ty very much. I love you. A. L. L.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The bar she’d stepped into couldn’t have been more cliched as a ‘hole in the wall’ if it tried. Inside is dark and dense, the atmosphere suffocated by everything. It was full of noise, and an odd tension hung in the air as solidly as the Texan country music that twanged through the speakers in a low drawl.

She let the door clatter shut behind her, and the sound of it hitting the frame made several patrons look over at her as she did. She gulped nervously as she stood on the spot. Timidly glancing around at the many gnarled and unimpressed faces glaring back at her. She bit her lip, walking forwards, her shabby heels scuffing the sawdust and peanut shells that were scattered like debris all across the messy dark wood floor. Neon lights gave off some of the only light in this place. Coors and Budweiser signs lighting up the smoggy air. Smoking bans didn’t seem to apply to places like this, she thinks idly. The smog of the place filled her senses; it was all man, and odorous sweat, ash and beer.

The only bright part of the room was the weakly lit pool table section off to the far left. Two gigantic men squeezed into sleeveless plaid shirts were playing, sipping bottled beer and eyeing her carefully as she picked her gentle way across to the bar. There were a few leather booths along the back wall,
the bar filled the space to the right. Mirrored dusty shelves showed off many bottles of strong, amber
coloured spirits. A few other grizzled, old leather clad bikers were hunched over some of the tables
near the middle, wrapped in bandanas, piercings and tattoos. Noisily munching peanuts as they
watched the football game that roared quietly from the ancient TV in the corner of the bar. A few
chuckles and stares were chucked her way. She bites the inside of her lip and ignores any of them.
They all knew from one glance of her;

_No way in hell a girl like her belonged in a place like this._

It was as if they could sense the trepidation coming off her in waves. As if she was broadcasting it
out of her every pore. The fact she didn’t belong. The fact she was scared. Mingled closely with the
fact that she didn’t know if this was something she should be doing. A meaty, stout barkeep
approaches her, slinging his hairy tatted arms from two draft taps. Chewing gum he flicked her a
sizeable glance up and down, his gold jewellery glinting from his matted chest and fat fingers. There
was a balding ring of greasy hair combed over on his head, and his mauve silk striped shirt would
have been vintage even in the eighties.

“Waitress positions are through the kitchens, princess…” He says dully. Evie shrinks back when a
massive man in a sleeveless denim jacket and jeans turns in his barstool twists about and gives her a
silent assess from under the brim of his black Stetson. His face disguised mostly in shadow from his
sideburns, long tacky black mullet and handlebar moustache. A toothpick lodged in his teeth as he
mates at her like she’d just slapped him.

She shakes her head, nervously adjusting her coat in her hands. Feeling like a mouse in a snake pit,
stood there in her prim white blouse, black tunic, sheer black tights and peeling work heels. She’d
left her hair down, and glasses off.

“I’m actually _meeting_ someone…” She informs him politely.

He grunts. Fed up with her already.

“Drink?” He sighs irascibly.

“Jack and coke please…” She swallows, reaching for the folded dollars in her purse.

He moves away slowly, shabbily shooting the liquor and sweet drink to slosh into the glass. It fizzed
and spit over her hand when she took it off the bar. Sliding him a ten and telling him to keep the
change with a meek smile, before her eyes go to the ground and she steps away

She picks her way across to one of the booths. The mess on the floor scraping under her soles as she
did. When she came to the empty booth she gingerly stood her drink down and tried not to wince
when her skirt stuck to the peeling leather seat. The stench of beer reeking as she sat down on the
seat letting her know it had been soaked and spilled on in the past. She can’t see why an earth a
retired police officer would choose a place like _this_ to meet with her.

Part of her research into Kylo had uncovered more about the arresting officers on his case. She was
also concerned that there weren’t half as many files in his case than she’d come to be used to with
other convicts. It was as if half of the records were missing, or very scant. Which she struggles to
believe. _He’d slaughtered five men like cattle. Killed in cold blood like it was sport to him._ Surely
there was more on him than just one flimsy folder? She’d been relentlessly digging for more
wherever she could find it... and if she couldn’t turn up paperwork, she’d try and turn up some
people to talk too instead. Much more lucid than pieces of paper in the first place, she always found.

She was meeting one Ron Walker, who used to be the Sergeant at the precinct downtown when
Kylo’s case went through it four years ago. He retired by the time Kylo was inside six months later.

She looked around across the dingy bar as she sipped her very boozy drink and tried not to make too much eye contact with everyone who looked like they’d gouge her eyes out if she locked eyes with them for more than three seconds. A glass, a tumbler of bourbon, slamming down onto her table makes her want to squeak and jump out her seat when she looked up to see a grizzled old man stood opposite her.

Ron Walker was a tall, lean man. He had a thin elderly face full of angles, sprouting with thick, combed white hair and a deep grey moustache, was staring down at her with calm interest. His eyes were flat and dark. Strung around his neck was a gold chain. And he wore a dark red plaid shirt and worn jeans adorned with a Texan style belt buckle glinting on his waistline. She was willing to bet there were sturdy brown timberlands, or similar work boots on his feet. His face and hands were brawny and tanned, and the waft of greenery, pine and wood that emanated from his clothes told her he worked with his hands, and had indulged in outdoorsy pursuits after leaving the force.

“Winslow, isn’t it?” He asks her. Shoving his drink along the table and easing his willowy frame into the seat adjacent to her in the sticky, dark booth.

“Yes. Mr Walker…” She rises into an awkward half standing position and shakes his hand. A wide palm full of dry calluses and tough skin grips hers back. “Thankyou for meeting me tonight. Hope I didn’t trouble you too much. I only want to ask you a few questions if its convenient?” She seeks, sitting back down, watching him relax as she reached for her notebook.

He shrugs lazily. A slight smile pushing that tache of his up at the corners as he takes a large draining sip of his drink.

“About Ren, right?” Comes a deep dulcet enquiry.

Her face falls. “I’m afraid so.” She holds out. He chuckles at her.

“If I had a dollar for every time someone approached me to ask about him, I’d be a rich man.” He tells. “His case rocked our precinct. Before him, we’d had a fairly quiet run of DUI’s, domestic disturbances and strings of B&E’s.” He explains. “What he did made every other one of our plain homicide cases look like a fucking papercut…”

Her mouth was dry, as if she’d shoved a handful of that sawdust littering the bars dingy floor in her mouth. Acrid terror floods her tongue. Cloys her throat. It tastes like hot pennies, and copper, it’s sour like blood.

She reached for her drink to moisten it. She’d heard countless times about the severity of Kylo’s crimes, the manner of his cold character, how he’d enjoyed it. He’d said as much to her first time they met; ‘I slit one of their throats and it felt fucking good to watch the blood pour.’ Yet she still found it unnerved her. Sitting opposite a purely clinical sociopath and listening to him describe his crimes with pleasure. Frankly, if she was unphased by it, she’d be more concerned about that.

She begins to wonder if Kylo would ever stop scaring her? Of course he won’t, you foolish girl, she chides herself. He’d almost crafted a fine hobby by now out of unnerving her when he purred lowly, dangerous things and dark desires at her. She woke up last night, very certain a pair of dark, terrible, yet active eyes were the source of depravity that tore her from sleep. Almost as if she could feel that big tatted hand of his crushing her throat under it’s python grip. She woke up gasping for air and drenched in sweat.

She can recall so vividly now off by heart, how those fathomless eyes of his glimmer with ink black
malice, mingled with amusement when he clocked her fear. It makes her shiver. It makes her want to run away. And it so desperately shakes her to her core, she cannot help but be entranced by it. Nothing before had ever made her feel that way. No man had made her feel like that either...

Then again, there were no men like him.

“I didn’t realise his case was so..” Her words die in her throat. She knew what she wanted to say, brutal. That was Kylo Ren all over. Every inch of him. Brutal.

Walker raises a brow at her. He reaches for his drink, and steeplets the glass in his fingers. He nudges his chin across the bar.

“I don’t usually frequent…establishments like this. But for the questions you wanted to ask me, its best that I remain on the cautious side…” He warns.

That made her blood start shooting through her body like hot pins and needles. Pumping out pain from her terrified little heart. She looks across the bar warily… Walker leans in across the table from her.

“Listen. If you’ve got half a brain in that pretty head, like I strongly suspect you have, don’t dig too deep into what, or who, put Ren away.”

Evie froze. Too scared to even take notes. She leaned in, sparing a little glance over her shoulder to the people in the booth behind him. They were too busy munching down greasy fried food from plastic baskets and guzzling beer to notice them.

“Off the record of course. You suspect something?” She asks. Maybe this wasn’t just any ordinary prison case…

He scoffs. “I thought you were a writer?” He asks with a face that seemed to be assessing her motive.

“I am a writer. But unlike most of the men who work for my publishing house I actually have a moral conscience when it comes to the things and more importantly, the people, that I write about… I write because I want to tell the truth. Not because I want to sell out for more money, a bigger office, and a pay rise.” Evie promises. Walker’s smile tugs up. He knew liars. He spent almost 40 years watching people lying to him. He knew enough to know that she wasn’t tugging on his chain. She was a sincere little thing.

He wets his lips before he continues.

“All I know, is that Ren had everyone against him to put him away. He had a team of rich lawyers at his back. He had a previously spotless record. But he stood on that stand and had no qualms about pleading guilty to what he’d done. No resistance. He’d butchered five men and he was never going to deny that. It’s simply not in his nature.” He explains

Evie nods. That sounded familiar.

“As far as I can tell, corrupt judges, and police officers in pocket helped to ensure that he went away for a long, long time. He’d killed some allies of some very powerful people, and I think they wanted him out of sight, out of mind.” He tells.

“Word was, it was some rich, old money type, who paid an awful lot to ensure that his murdered allies were well avenged. He testified against him, and lobbied hard against Kylo. He was always going to end up in prison. Only now, the old man seems to have done a runner for long since passed
crimes. Snake? Or snipe, I think it was… anyway…No one’s heard of him in eons, according to my buddy in homicide. He’d slunk off to some far corner of the world years ago, with his tail between his legs for some misdemeanour or other…”

She’d never doubted Kylo had committed the foul acts that his file scripted. He was a lifer. He’d see the inside of that prison til he reached old age. She took a deep breath. Trying to make sense of all this information…

Only, her pathetic self didn’t think a smart, intelligent man like him should be worthy of being doomed to remain a caged beast all his life.

“He committed five murders without, even a hint, of remorse, it seems the best place for him to be, is in prison…” Evie tells.

Walker nods in obvious agreement.

“But it was a corrupt system that hurried him there…” He speaks up.

Her head was swimming.

“What did you make of it all?”

“Honestly?” Walker says.

“I was at that crime scene. I was shielding behind the cop car with a gun raised at Ren when he walked out of that house, his clothes drenched in blood. He dropped to his knees and he didn’t even try to resist arrest. That’s fool proof.” He accepts.

Or, Evie thinks, it’s a man who knows how his situation looks… She lets him continue on.

“…What wasn’t however, was the fact that even if there was a decent defence for him, it was ripped to shreds without question. Jury, Judge, witnesses who weren’t even at the crime scene gave evidence against him. That, to me, is suspicious.” He clarifies.

“How may witnesses were there?” She seeks.

“For what Ren did to those men? None. Just the five who lost their lives.” He says.

Evie frowns. “Long and short of it is… Whoever it was who paid those people off, made damn sure they were getting their money’s worth.” She offers. He nods in confirmation.

“There was always someone willing to make sure Kylo Ren took the fall for what he did.” Walker explains to her.

To Evie, that sounded like Kylo was only half to blame.

“Look. I’ve always said as much, don’t think the man’s innocent, not by a long shot. He has blood on his hands that’s for damn sure. It just worries me what kind of justice system sent him down. Because I think in my heart of hearts, it was a crooked one. And every man, no matter who he is, deserves a fair trial if he’s crossed to the wrong side of the law.” Walker enlightens.

“I can understand.” She empathises. “I don’t like to think something as crucial as the criminal justice of judicial system is rotten.” She confirms. “I’ve spent half my career visiting inmates and prisoners… and I can’t think of anything worse than being innocent for a crime and being stuck in an institution like theirs. Not that Kylo strikes me as innocent. And I can only hope that I’m telling
people the honest truth about why men were put there…” She tells meekly.

He nods lightly.

“With Ren, you won’t go far wrong before he lets you know it.” He eludes. “He’s a manipulative bastard, but if he trusts you to be telling him the truth, he’ll do you the courtesy of atleast being honest.” He makes plain.

She blinks and nods. Gripping her glass as she took another sip. The fizzy fire heat of cola and whiskey stinging her nose and throat with fluid warmth as it slid down.

“He’s very, calculative.” Evie tells him quietly.

Walkers flat eyes seem to perk up to that.

“You’ve been to see him?” he asks.

She confirms with a timid nod. He smirks.

“He would’ve made mincemeat out of you, kid…” He tells suavely as he sups his bourbon down. She swallows nervously.

“He’s certainly a challenge.” Evie tells. Offloading some of the weight of Kylo’s disastrous effect on her, that had been pressing down her chest these past few weeks. She quickly came to find she didn’t mind it. What was worse was that she had no earthly living soul to tell about how she felt. If she was alive, Evie was certain that her mother in all her glory, would’ve sat her down for a big fat wedge of her lemon and cherry cake, and a steaming teapot full of tea, and wouldn’t let her leave the comfort and safety of the kitchen table until she’d spilled her secrets. She missed that. She missed conversing with someone who understood her down to the very marrow of her bones. She wondered sadly if she’d ever have that again… Maybe one day...

Walker eyes her keenly.

“He can charm the best of them. That’s what was always so dangerous. He’d croon honey in your ear til he gets you close, then he shoves a knife into your spine just as you think you’ve come to know him.” He justifies.

Evie just watches him as he drains his glass.

She thought about how he’d charmed her. Their last meeting; he’d practically purred to her across the table about the fact she’d never been properly fucking… The shame of it still brought heat rising hot to her cheeks. The way he’d looked at her when he called her kitten, it made her want to melt. After that sordid display, she’d practically ran out to her car. Sat gripping the steering wheel with clammy hands for ten minutes just trying to remind herself that there was a dangerous, bored, convict just playing his games with her for his own entertainment. There wasn’t a lot else to sustain him, why not flirt, toy, and play with the pathetic little writer who came to intrude on his privacy?

“My boss tasked me with collecting Ren’s personal story for a memoir series we’re working on…” She tells lowly, and with little pride. She had been glad she’d been chosen to undertake this task. She’d fought tooth and claw to get to her position at the patriarchal publishing company she’d yearned for so long to be a part of. And now he was there, she felt like she was fighting for scraps half the time.

“Truth be told, I think my he just wanted something to put me and my writing to the test. He gave me the hardest convict, the hardest case. He’s doomed me to fail and, I don’t know where else to turn,
really…” She tells him openly. Nervously twisting her pen in her hands.

“…On the other side of it though. And I know its. bordering on insane. But, Kylo fascinates me… and terrifies me.” She points out rightly.

“From the first moment I sat down to interview him he looks like he wants to strangle me, but, there’s something so wounded about him its almost pitiful. A man as he was, reduced to a mere six digit number and a charge sheet.” She lets out.

Feeling like she’d spoken too much, let too much loose, she sips her drink. Remembering she was talking to, basically, a perfect stranger.

“The only advice I can give you for Ren? Just keep on at him…. He’s let you get this far, there must be something about you he likes. Trusts in. Or else, as I understand it, he would’ve started ripping off body parts by now.” Walker smiles lightly.

Evie takes a deep breath.

“I was just surprised at how little there was to go on. His files are so scant, I can scarce believe it. I interviewed a convict at Ashcroft last month, for a simple burglary, and his file was four volumes long.” She says in disbelief.

Walker tilts his head at her. Slams his drink back, and wipes his hand on the back of his mouth.

“Well, there wouldn’t be, would there? Not now…” He says. Twirling the glass in the circles of condensation on the table. Not making eye contact with her.

She frowns. “I don’t understand…”

“His case is under review right as we speak…..” He speaks plainly. Revelling in her surprise.

Evie’s stomach shrivelled up like a dried leaf.

“Under review?” She blinks. When she spoke, her voice sounded disjointed. Far off. Like it was underwater, ten feet away from her sensible head.

“You didn’t know about this?” He asks.

She bobbles her head like an idiot.

“His team of very expensive lawyers are combing through them. Something about a DNA, cross contamination of evidence. He may have confessed to the crime, but they can no longer pin him to the scene, evidence is turning up a blank, and the original witnesses who testified are nowhere to be found, its casting judgement on his testimony, they can qualify that he was wrongly accused based on flimsy evidence, and that the prosecution paid off members of the jury …”

She was certain she could taste her heart in her tonsils.

“Re-trial will take months though, surely?” She asks. The judicial and criminal system moves at a snail’s pace at best of times.

“Of course.” Walker insists.

“But if his lawyers find one weakness in his case, which will be his lack of witnesses to those five murders, and if they are all worth and as good as the extortionate amounts of money he’s paying them, they’ll find a clause, and then…..he’ll walk…” Walker promises with an edge to his voice.
Evie gulps. *Kylo, might get freed from prison?*

She doesn’t know why, but that thought *haunts* her all night long…

~

He parked in the *usual* spot. Far from the house, hidden down an old track, car concealed by a tangle of greenery and low bushes. No light catching on windows or paintwork to give his game away. He strode quickly through the woods, his powerful, suited legs carrying him high with purpose. He could feel twigs and leaves crunching underfoot, the soft muggy heat of summer made the ground damp.

He wasn’t worried about being seen or heard. The nearest neighbouring cottage was miles away, and he’s been diligently watching all night. He watched her scurry home, and then he’d watched her leave not thirty minutes later. The house now empty and dark. Night had fallen over it, soft and quiet. No gentle honey gold glows lit up the windows. No music softly hummed in the kitchen as she cooked. No study light on til the small hours as she sat at her desk, overlooking the window.

He rounds the perimeter of her front garden, and unlatches the creaking little gate and lets it swing open. He’s gotten used to the noise it makes now. There was more, too. The patch of buckled floorboards, covered by a worn, bohemian floral rug by the bottom of the stairs that squeaked when his foot trod it. The back door handle that caught in the lock when it was twisted. A slight patch of damp crinkling the wallpaper on the hallway wall. The wobbly banister stop. A chip or two in the painted skirting boards. The place wasn’t shabby or in neglect, it actually felt like a very well loved house. Just needed a fix or two in a few places. He’s become so accustomed to *all* the odd quirks and characterful features of her cosy little home.

How many times now, had he come in whilst she was out, eight? Maybe nine times? He’d never bothered to keep count.

He loved the scent of the flowers that tantalised his senses as he walked up the path to the front door. Sweet blossoming nectar and honeyed lilac. Her whole house reeked of it too. Warm sunshine and lilac flowers. It filtered through the crack under every door and every window, so now the whole of her home was perfumed with it. He steps up onto the porch and brazenly heads for the front door, yanking open the screen door, already reaching for the lock pick tools stowed in his pocket. He sunk his knees to a crouch and jimmed the old lock twisting the tools, searching for that sweet spot he knew off by heart as he’d done so before. He was after all, an *expert* at finding peoples sweet spots.

A grin breaks his lips when he hears the tumblers shift and click. *Just like that and he was in.*
He stands and swings open the door. The net curtains covering the window in the door lazily drifted and swayed from the other side as he pushed his way in. He pockets his tools and saunters in. Peering around at the sight of her cherished little home shrouded in darkness. Still. Quiet. The only noise coming from chittering birds far off in the woods. As well as the crickets humming their croaking melody on her lawn. The air in here is hot and sticky tonight, the warmth of day just starting to seep away as night takes over with its cool crushing grip. He feels it stick the back of his shirt collar to his neck, sweat starting to gather there.

He starts for the study, directly to his left. Ducking under the moulded archway and into the beloved space that he knew was one of her favourite spots in the house. Bookshelves crowded the walls. Piled in stacks on the floor where she’d run out of space. Crammed in here is a squidgy looking old sofa too. Covered in granny style embroidered cushions and a ratty worn wool blanket that looked like it had come off the Ark.

She really clung on tight to her sentimental objects. Cute.

She curled up on that sofa at night sometimes and read her books. Or she threw a blanket over her feet and sat at her laptop. Her little touches, reminders, of her were everywhere in this room. Post-its stuck everywhere, paperwork messily unorganised in the intray, a cracked leather fila fax, pots of blossoming little houseplants sat well -watered and happy on the desk, a tube of her favourite hand cream there too. He picks up the small tube and looks at the flavour. Geranium and Lemon. He smiles, rolling the thing in his hands, lifting the cap to his nose. Did her sweet, soft little hands smell of this stuff?

A spare pair of ancient looking glasses lay strewn amongst the nest of papers and spilled open books. As if she’d torn them off hurriedly, having forgotten the time…

Rushing off somewhere perhaps?

He tilts his head at the desk, stands the hand cream down. Careful not to disturb things too much, he flips open the cover of the prehistoric fila fax and strikes through the pages to get to today’s date; one thing is messily scribbled on the page: Sergeant Ron Walker, Eddies Bar, at 9:30.

A smirk curled up one corner of his lips.

“What are you up to now, gorgeous?” He asks aloud to himself.

His fingertip strokes over the indent her shitty biro had left on the page. He taps the scrawl of her writing. Before he reaches into his pocket and sets down the small, rectangular Mont Blanc box on her desk.

No more crappy cheap biros for his shy writer. No. He was giving her a little teasing taste of the finer things.

He gently slaps her diary closed. Leaving it as it was. He was just toying. Doing what he does best. Being a flirt. Not that he was too concerned with getting caught red handed by her anytime soon.

She’d left not long since, it took a good twenty minutes to get out the woods and possibly thirty or so minutes to get across town to the dump that was the bar in question. That left him a lot of spare time here to explore. More time than he needed really, but he wasn’t complaining.

He scanned her desk for any more items of interest. He smiled when he found her typed out notes on Kylo. A sneer left his lips with a chuckle with her scribbles and notes etched onto the paper on the transcripts of her interviews with him. He read over them, before he grew bored and slipped them
back where they’d been. It was fascinating to read what she personally reckoned of that big bad man.

Kylo was as fascinating and as all-consuming a black hole. Dark matter that fed on everything it wanted too. He had a feeling the little Ms. Winslow had been perched at the edge of that dark precipice, on the verge of falling in, getting consumed. *If she hadn’t fallen in yet, she would soon. Or had she already?*

Abandoning her busy little study, he heads directly opposite, into the mouth of the kitchen doorway. Looking at family photos and vintage prints in their rustic frames from the walls. Showing him the old farmhouse style of the room. A wooden topped kitchen island dominated that space, cream painted counters and cabinets lining the walls. The sink gurgled from across the room, a shaft of moonlight striking the bleached white porcelain. The air alive with the three or four herbs that sat in the planter on the windowsill. Her pots and pans were strung from a hanging rack above the island, along with a couple of garlands of dried spices, flowers and herbs. Copper pots glinting in the moonlight.

Purely on instinct, he goes for the fridge and swings it open. Warm yellow light and chilled air lighting up the room as he peered inside. Trays of leftovers boxed neatly in Tupperware. Half a cold roasted chicken, potatoes and a hefty amount of fresh homegrown veg and some meat. He knew she grew her own, there was a tiny vegetable patch out back, as he’d discovered the other day. There were also a couple bottles of white and pink wine sat clinking together in the door, rattling when he opened it. He twiddled the necks around to see the names and vintages. He wasn’t surprised to find it was a cheap brand grocery store wine. He smiled and shut the door. Slamming it shut with a soft *wicked* little idea pinging in his brain as he’s glimpsed the half empty bottle, used glass and bottle opener on the side near where he stood. His brain abuzz with ideas, stomach tingling *giddy* with possibility.

*For another time, perhaps…*

He twists around and considers the dark stairs. He’d not been up there yet. He’d glimpsed her in her bedroom plenty of times. Watched her undress. Watched her go to take a shower. But he’d actually never been in the room himself. Now seemed as good a time as any. He strode for the stairs and took them at his leisure. Looking again at more of the family portraits that lined the flowered wall. It was hand painted, he noticed. Did Evie do that? wasn’t hard to imagine so. Stood bare foot on these stairs in paint splattered clothes, paintbrush in hand as she reached on tiptoes to paint the soft peach roses on the wall. He smirks. She was so *predictable* to him now.

He came to the landing, and looked directly to his left, seeing her neatly made bed. His cock jerked a little stiffer in his trousers.

*Her bed.*

He bit his lip as he stalked slowly into the room. He could imagine her on that bed. He could imagine himself on that bed with her too. Pretty face of hers crushed into the pillows, ass and hips pulled high into the air as he pounds her from behind. Hand dug in her hair as he rutted his hips into her like a sexually starved *beast*. Arching her spine to make her stick that perfect ass out for him to fuck her better. *Oh* she’d moan for him. She’d scream his name before he was done. She’d be choking on it.

*Oh, and how she would cum for him too.* He wouldn’t stop fucking her until there was a puddle of them combined under her. Dripping slick down her slippery hot thighs. With every scream, gasp or groan she gave him, he’d pound *harder*. He’d abuse that poor little pink clit of hers like it had never been before. *He’d use her in ways no other lover of hers would have even dared.* Wringing every ounce of pleasure, and cum, out of her that he could manage. Make her say his name. Force her to groan out that she’d never had another man like him…
He turned and saw her chest of drawers opposite the end of her bed. He tugs one of the solid drawers open and rifles through. Nothing but neat piles of clothes stacked in orderly lines.

*Until,* that is, he gets to the bottom one. There, buried under a cosy sweater, right at the back. Is a little zipped up pouch. He smiles and lifts it out, fingering the zip, he tugs it open with one hand and peers inside.

He chuckles.

Her sex toy was practically gathering cobwebs and dust. He doubted it had been used this calendar year.

It was a little finger massager. A tiny vibrating bullet that when he flicked the switch, barely, hummed to life in his hand. It was weedy, weak and practically primordial as far as sex toys went.

“Oh, baby.” He chuckles. “I can get you something far better than this shitty little thing to get you off…” He smirks.

Turning it over in his hands. He switched it to silence. Shoved it back in the pouch, and replaced it to it’s snug little hiding place in the drawer. Folding it back under her fuzzy knitted jumper.

He made a mental note to order her something much more, powerful. A Hitachi wand maybe, or the most expensive, effective bullet vibe he could find from coco de mer. *He wasn’t going to skimp on a toy for his little toy.*

He crossed to her wrought iron bed, his eyes taking in the antique, distressed headboard. It was pretty, another faded family heirloom, he guessed.

He could see her hands clutching onto that frame for dear life as he lay under her and made her ride him. She’d look so small and cute, impaled on his big dick, grinding over his wide hips. Bury his mouth in those pretty tits of hers whilst his cock was burrowed balls deep in her pussy. Splitting her open where she was hot, wet and tight. *And when he’s done? He’d lick her clean. Every fucking inch.* Lap his tongue at every single part of her. Lick up her sweet sweat. Every drop of her cum. Litter her body with bruises from his lips. Soothe the sore little reminders of his hungry teeth with his hot mouth.

He wanted her to pass out from pleasure whilst he was busying himself suckling on those pert pink nipples.

He patted the frame with his hand. Biting his lip at the oncoming semi he had growing restless in his suit trousers. Making his blood slow and sluggish. His skin itching for something he could do to relieve the sexual tension pushing up under his skin. Tightening his groin and making him ache.

He can’t resist it. He braces one knee on the bed, and bends to sink his nose into one of her pillows. A pure wall of her fragrance hits him. *Evie.* He groans at the scent of her. A mashing amalgamation of her shampoo, some tart citrus face cream, and that divinely simple geranium and honeysuckle perfume she wore. He took a deep breath, groaning deeper, his free hand going to palm his erection. *So much for trying to gather information tonight.* Too many tempting images, scents and thoughts of her stirring his cock to life…

He turns and sits on the edge of her bed, his hips keening into the caress of his heavy hand. He looks at her dresser opposite. An antique, again most likely a hand me down piece of furniture like most things in this house were. A crumple of clothes piled atop it caught his eye. Sat next to her big oval vanity mirror. Everything else about her house was neat and orderly. So that must have been a
freshly removed pile of clothes which she couldn’t spare the time to put away, when she was home earlier.

He stands and crosses to them. Pulling apart the pile in his hands. Silky sheer tights, an undone blouse, a boring grey skirt that felt woollen and scratchy under his palms. Then, a practically *virginal* white bra fell to his feet.

*Shit.* Just when he thought he couldn’t yearn for her tits any fucking more. She had to go and make him wonder how they looked plainly presented in those modest, lace trimmed cups. *Delicious he bet.*

Made his mouth water to think about yanking the cups down whilst it was still on her. Shoving his mouth down upon them, his scratchy facial hair rubbing a stinging burn on her soft skin, until it chafed, as he tugged on those nipples of hers with his teeth. They were patterned with small little stitched daisies too. *Fuck,* she was really winding up his innocence kink. *Yet…*

That bra was *nothing* compared to the pair of silky cotton panties he now held in his hands.


He drops the rest of her clothes, and lifts that delicate scrap of cotton to his face. His cock was throbbing, straining *so hard* against his underwear now, he wondered it didn’t tear through. His balls felt heavier and tighter than iron. Pushing up against his body, desperate to be emptied *soon.*

*He wished he could empty them across her body. He’d fucking paint her with this. All over. Watch it drip off her ass, her tits. He’d watch it drool out her mouth and out that divine pussy, if, he ever got his hands on her.*

*Sweet holy fuck.* His eyes rolled back in his head, his mouth salivated. The scent of her *bare* pussy. This was uniquely *her.* Her body. The most intimate scent straight from the pretty wet source between her thighs. She smelt far better than any perfume, any body products she used. This was more intimate and so much more fucking hot than any of those other things. It was *raw.*

His hand trembled as he shucked the tab of his fly down, tore open his trousers and shoved his hand down into his underwear, freeing his erection from the confines of the tight fabric. He staggers back to sit on her bed again, groaning desperately when his large hand closed around his hard-on. He stroked lazily from base to head, finding that her name slipped from his mouth when he stroked over the tip. Already leaking pre-come into his hand, drooling with it, streaks of it wetting up and down his length as he stroked harder.

“*Oh, fuck, Evie. Fuckk…baby.*” He croons, his head dropping back. His free hand with her panties still bunched in his fingers, he lifts to his face again as he jerks his cock. As he moans, open mouthed, he salivates a little onto the fabric. His heavy, hot broken breaths coming out almost like sobs. His thighs shiver when he experimentally rubs his thumb over his weeping head again.

He adjusted on the bed, leaning back, putting her panties down to ruck his expensive shirt further up over his abs, pressing his spread flies open more across his thighs. Slowly stroking all the while he did. Mumbling and cursing.

His eyes rolled into his head again, as he visualised *her…*

He thought about how she’d look on her knees between his legs, with the thick girth of his cock stretching open her spit wet mouth. Her lips wet and ruddy pink from sucking him. Her cheeks smeared wet, sheening in the half-light with spit and his pre-come. He wanted to hear the *filthy* sloppy, sucking, squelching noises as he fist ed her hair in his hand and shoved her head down, deep
throating his length as she choked on him. Those fucking precious blue eyes, wetly looking up at him when he told her too. Those small hands of hers digging into his tense thick thighs.

He’d call her a good girl for taking him so well. It was no easy task, he was fucking hung this was no secret. Then he’d drag her up by the hair and crush her lips to his. Sucking into her mouth, running his tongue along her teeth, tasting where the salt and tang of his pre come sat on her tongue. He’d ask her if she was a filthy girl. If she enjoyed sucking his cock. Enjoyed the taste of him in her mouth. He’d ask as he runs a thumb along her lips and shoved two of his thick fingers, curling to the hilt in her pussy. See if she was lying to him. After all, a wet cunt never lied...

He brought the panties to his face again, unable to help it, his tongue slid out and licked along the crotch. He growled. He wanted to taste her. He’d been watching her for nights now. And he’d never so badly wanted to get a woman on her back before. He liked to eat pussy, he liked the feel, the act of it, he was also damn good at it too. but he’d never before ached so badly to get his head between a girls legs. Usually he only thought about what oral sex would get him in return. But with Evie? He craved it.

He craved to know her taste, how to drive her wild. Attack her clit with his teeth to see how she moans. Lick and suck her labia into his mouth and flood his tongue with the taste of her. Drink down whatever that sweet pussy of hers drooled for him. Make her gush in his mouth, right down his throat. Eat her like a man on death row, and she was his last allowed meal.

Eat her alive like a fucking animal.

His cock slides slick through his fist. So fucking hard – hot and heavy. She was making a wanton slut out of him and he was dying to let her know it. He’s growing restless with just the sight of her, metres away through the woods at a window. He could only pathetically tug his cock to completion so many times, sat watching her in the woods, or from his car. It would only satisfy him for so long. He was a man, he needed more. He needed a fix. He was dying for a touch, a taste.

He’d taste her til the end of time if he could have his way. Sit her on his face and not let her leave. Make her cum pour into his mouth til it sated him. Eased his hunger.

Sweet, sweet Evie. Sweet Evie and her sweet pussy.

His chest was heaving, he was so close. Liable to spill over his fist at any second. He was a mess too, flung back on her bed, grumbling, moaning, sweating. Biting his lip. Hips thrusting up into his hand desperately. Seeking the friction his palm provided. But nothing was good enough for him now, now he’s caught the scent of her, he was like predator catching a trail of his prey in the forest. The scent was not enough. He needed all of her to truly make a meal and sate himself.

Dirty whispers trip from his lips. As if she was here in the fucking room with him.

“That’s it gorgeous- oh fuck, shit, baby. Fuck yeah, that feels so good…” He whines, his thighs shivering as he fucks up into his hand. His head thrown so back, he felt the sweat slide down his throat. It was muggy in here, too. He’d open a window if he wasn’t so sure he’d moan loud enough to wake the dead when he cums.

Getting closer he fists those fucking innocent panties in his hand, and used them to guide up and down his cock. The silky material sliding quickly up and down his erection. Every vein straining, throbbing, pulsing with the need to cum. He imagined he was fucking up into her silky, hot pussy as she sat trying to write at her desk.

He’d make her glasses askew, fog up, and tear away clothes that were in his way in his quest to get
her to cum as he bent her double over her desk. His hips smacking into her, bruising her, bashing her cervix with each thrust. His teeth sinking into the tense, perfumed column of her neck and her shoulder as he spurted his cum *deep* into her.

He came with a cry, watching his hand jerk away so he wouldn’t ruin the panties, his cum bursting all across his lap. Trickling down his abs. smeared across his pale scrunched stomach. *Fuck, he was keeping these panties come hell or high water.* He didn’t want to sully their scent with his own.

“*Shit, baby.*” He gasps as his hand slows. Cock throbbing to squeeze out every last drop. He bit the panties between his teeth again. The taste wetting under his tongue, giving him a little *sample* of the cunt he *so* craved.

He sat up, examining the mess he made. He didn’t get any cum on her bed, thankfully. But a few drops had spattered down onto his shoes and suit trousers. *Fucks sake,* these were Dolce, too.

He awkwardly half stands and yanks the box of tissues from her night stand into his hands, mopping up his mess. Uncaring, he threw the remains haphazardly into the waste bin under her vanity dresser.

Idly he smirks and *wonders* if she’ll catch onto the salty tang of him, *of his cum,* drying on the discarded tissues later on. *He would be lying if he said he didn’t want her too.*

He stands and rights his clothes in the mirror. Tucking her panties into his pocket. They were half covered in his spit, he *just had* to take them. They were a *sexy memento* to him. For him to cherish over.

His attention snapped to the window as he saw headlights wind their way up the drive, cutting across the striped bars of the banister. He darted for her door, hearing her car pull up near the house. Engine purring before she killed it. One thing was apparent; he’d taken *far longer* than he should’ve… He’d gotten distracted…

*Fuck.*

~

Evie trudged up the porch steps, and pulled out her keys to let herself in. To her surprise, her key jammed in the lock. She sighed to herself.

“*Idiot…*” She murmurs as she opens the door she must’ve *forgot* to lock earlier in her haste to go and meet Ron. She throws her keys down on the side table and shucks her back and coat where they belonged. Her bag, by the door. Her coat, hooked up onto the stand.

She doesn’t turn any lights on, why bother? She wants her bed. She wants to slip on her night dress - the heat was sticky and stifling out there now. And then she wanted to take in a few pages of her well-worn copy of ‘*The Girl with the make believe husband*’ before she goes to sleep.

She merely crosses to the fridge and pulls out a half bottle of wine. She pours a tiny tipple into a clean glass and tips it back. Ruminating on the news Ron had told her tonight.
Actually, she’d been trying hard not to ruminate too much on that thought all night. What would happen if… she chides herself and cuts off her dangerous thought. He’s a lifer. You’re safe.

Evie crosses to her study to shut down her laptop. She’d just crossed onto the hallway rug, when a creaking floorboard whines. That wasn’t her moving. She turns to look at the back door. That was the floorboard around by the back porch...

She watches her back door. It was silent. Still. Just the wind rattling the trees outside as usual.

Shrugging, she carries on into her study. Tipping wine back as she went. Not investigating.

If she had, she would’ve found his big, hulking body pressed with his back flat to the wall just beside her back door. Panting. Shirt still semi unbuttoned. His belt barely done. And her underwear balled up in his pocket. He let the cool night air carve around him, cooling his flushed skin. He looked up to the heavens and fought back a chuckle.

“Soon baby…” he whispers. “Oh fuck. I’m gonna have you so soon…” He pledges.

He taps the wall beside him gently, for emphasis in his promise. Before he slips off silently through her garden, back through the woods to his car. Off into the night as silently as a shadow.

~

Chapter End Notes

This fic it’s honestly only just little old me rolling around in my dead dove trash pile wanting a murdery kylo w nipple rings to fuck me senseless.

Come join me in my non con garbage pile, folks. Gets pretty lonely down here.

If you need me; I can be found under a tonne of dirty washing and surrounded by half empty cups of cold tea, and crisp packets. Thinking about what fucked up thing is gonna happen on this next...
It was hard for someone like Kylo to take to the foreboding institution that was prison. He was a man who thrived in his own space. Not in being shut in with others.

It hadn't been easy. Right from when he was shuffled in, in shackles, on his first day. His skin already crawling with the starchy scratch of the hideous jumpsuit he’d wrangled himself into, rasping against his skin. The powder smell of the itchy thing burning his nose. For a man who felt most at home in a thousand dollar Brioni suit, and tie, this was a fucking all time low for him. He felt it. And it pissed him right the hell off.

He was escorted in by two thick set guards, his presence surrounded by a throttling, dark cloud of barely restrained fury emanating from his grim expression. They had to go and put full body shackles on him too. A glaring neon sign of humiliation and letting every inmate and guard know he was bad news. His beefy arms linked in front of him, the orange fabric around his arms and thighs stretched to the limit by his frame. Even the biggest size uniform they'd given him still pinched and pulled in places. His dark, dead gaze centred straight ahead of him down the dank hallway, even with the clamour and commotion that was breaking out in the cells around him as he was walked through.

Cries of “Fresh meat.” And other shouts of “Hey, pretty boy.” setting his teeth on edge. He doesn’t give them the satisfaction of a reaction. If one of them so much as came near him, or tried to touch him, god help them. He’d snap bones or limbs. That was a guaranteed promise.

They bring him to the barred wall of a cell, one bunk already filled with a scrawny, lean guy with an angular face covered in scars, one weedy calligraphic tattoo scrawled on his neck that he probably thought made him look like a hard guy. The guard shoves Ren’s paltry box of belongings down onto the bottom bunk and sneers for him to make himself at home as his colleague undoes the shackles and sets him loose. Scrawny guy is reading a magazine and trying to size up the sheer heft his new bunk mate.

“You’re rooming with O’Malley here, Ren. Try and get along with each other.” They sneer. Shoving Ren in the cell. Or, atleast they tried. Those muscles and that strength didn’t go anywhere it didn’t want too.

With a clang of the cell door, they are shut in together, with the soundtrack of dirty comments coming from surrounding cells about O’Malley having a new ‘boyfriend’ to play with and thus; the start of Kylo’s indeterminable life sentence commences…
The start of his troubles begin when his smarmy cell mate slithers down from his top bunk and does his best to be all top dog with Kylo. He was doing nothing but sitting on his shitty bunk and looking at the few things that he’d bought with him. No photos. No mementos of home. Barely anything rattled around in his possessions box. But his attention was drawn to the puny man who was now trying to intimidate him, stood opposite.

Kylo raises his eyes to him, but otherwise, he stays stock still.

“I wanna make one thing clear. You’re not the boss of this place. I am. And if you get in my way, I’ll shiv you in the ribs. Ya hear me?” His accent drowning thick with a dumb jersey lilt.

Kylo gives him nothing but icy silence.

That night, O’Malley’s sleep is rudely disturbed when something sharp tears across his neck and then a waterfall of wet, warm. Blood. It pours down his chest as he clutches onto his throat, choking for dear life. His eyes bugging out of his gaunt face, that was now splattered with drops of his own blood. A tatted arm wrenches in his collar, the pathetic creep actually whimpers when he’s pulled close, and Kylo’s mouth is by the snake’s ear as he rasps in a calm voice;

“Oughta be more careful where you keep those shiv’s of yours. You threaten me again, I’ll cut your shitty lying tongue out.” He promises.

Then he sneers. “Ya hear me?” He mocks.

The guards bustled in to soundly bruise and beat him with nightsticks before dragging him away. Kylo sneers to himself after they lock him in solitary. His face was busted, lip bleeding, eye swelling. But he didn’t care.

That little encounter earns him four weeks. And on his first day too. O’Malley survives the encounter - only just - as Kylo had intended, he’d cut to scare, not to kill. They managed to get him to the infirmary and pump him full of enough blood to keep him alive. Shame.

Kylo gets a new bunk mate after he’s out of the hole. And it comes as no shock that that circumstance is short lived also.

Mainly because his next bunk mate is a flexing, preening, greasy haired prick called Vaughn who thinks he’s gods gift to the world. He was fresh meat too, and hadn’t heard about the ill-fate of his predecessor. He talks. Rabbits on and on, non-stop. The guy was a paranoid malignant narcissist who was locked up for numerous counts of sexual assault.

Kylo was in the canteen one night, trying not to let his stomach turn at the inedible slop they called food, when he heard his slimy companions voice rising above the din. Bragging. Floating about the size of his dick. Taking pride in the nature of his assaults on all those women. Thinking everyone would be impressed. Calling them out for being sluts who wanted it, who’d liked what he did, begged for it like bitches in heat, who’d wanted him but just didn’t know it. Kylo takes a deep breath to steady himself. Rage started to boil up in his stomach, seeping into his bloodstream.

They are barely back in the cell, when Kylo grabs the back of Vaughn’s greasy, dark head and slams it forcefully into the cell bars with a heavy clang, again, and again and until he see’s those white cell bars drip red. He lets the guys limp, semi-unconscious body slip from his grip, slumping to the floor. He kicks him in the ribs for good measure. Gripping the bars with bloodied hands and watching as the guards rushed, keys jangling as they quickly tore into the room.

Grumbles and groans, whines, sound from the floor from his trembling lips, something along the
lines of “You’re fucking insane.”

“Shut the fuck up, Vaughn, you pile of narcissistic shit.” Kylo sneers down at him. His foot slamming into the guys back. He spits on the low life scum before the guards reach him and yank him away to solitary. Atleast he’d get some fucking peace and quiet. *At last.*

He’s certain that one of the guards broke two of his ribs before that particular escort. Vaughn had lasting trauma and slight brain damage. But it was *worth it.*

There is *no* third bunk mate.

He is prodded and poked by shrinks and declared too dangerous to be on D-wing.

They finally saw past the *façade* he sold everyone, finally learned that he was not a safe man to have in captivity. If they wanted to avoid daily riots, they were safer locking him up *without* company. He is moved to a room all of his own on the lifers wing. Security is stepped up. Less privileges, less yard time. Strictly supervised leisure time. As long as he gets his access time to the gym, and the yard he doesn’t care. They were his privileges, *his ways of coping with this shitty place and people.*

Two weeks after he’d settled into the lifers wing came about the incident that leaves him his impressively morbid scar from forehead to shoulder.

He had been out in the yard, minding his own business as per usual. Kicking gravel underfoot and letting the rare sunshine warm his face. He’d just walked past a group of guys gaggled around by the basketball court, trading smokes and drugs, probably. He ignores the shouts at first, cause he thinks that they can’t possibly be levelled at him. But they *were.*

“Hey, rich scum, I’m *talkin* to you.” Comes a harsh shout.

Kylo stops, turning to see a hulked up bodybuilder a golden fuzz buzzcut on his head.

He had a mean, flat face. Tribal rings marring his big tanned biceps, sauntering towards him with all the confidence of a god. Lifers weren’t allowed to interact with each other much. Likelihood was they’d heard that he was new on the wing, and were a powerful gang taking the chance to *introduce* themselves.

Kylo looks the man dead in the eye. He didn’t move. He didn’t back down. He simply *looked* at the trouble that was ambling his way.

“They say you’re insane, *crazy* rich boy. Killed five guys. You think that makes you *crazy huh*?” He mocks, his gaggle of ugly companions laughing along with him. Kylo quickly sized him up. Fascist tattoos, white trash religious fanatic, dumb drawling accent. This guy was all *bark,* and no *bite.*

He watches himself get sized up by the no-brains asshole. Eyes taking in his hulking muscles and his dark tattoos.

“I’m sick of rich shit like you *crowding* up my yard. Walking around like y’all are fucking special. Well in here? You’re *not.* You don’t mean *shit* to no-one, you ain’t dangerous, or *crazy.* You’re a fucking pussy, and don’t fucking forget it. You’re in my yard now, rich fuck, you do what I tell you too. *I own* this place…”

“I wouldn’t have picked the ugliest motherfucker to run the yard. But congrats…” Kylo growls.

Tension rises high. Prickling in the air. Some people scarper out of the way around them, and his band of shaved gorillas stand up straighter and start to surround him. There were four of them
shuffling around their so called pack leader. That doesn’t scare him. Nothing scares him. He’s had worse odds. The leader pulls a crudely made shiv from his pocket.

Kylo doesn’t register it. He merely continues to look at the guy. But his fists clench white.

“What’d you say to me, rich shit?” He barks. Spit flying from his misshapen teeth.

“You deaf too?” Kylo asks stepping toe to toe with the man.

“Yeah, I’m rich shit. I’d rather be rich shit than a redneck cunt like you. Run along, ain’t you got a cousin of yours in here to go fuck?” Kylo snaps calmly at him.

Daring him on. Jerking his head over his shoulders at his companions in insinuation.

The guy socks Kylo across the face, blood pours into his mouth. Kylo kicks his ugly assailant to his knees in the dirt, swings at his legs, knocking him off balance. Somehow the other four manage to wrangle him kneeling after he got in a few swipes. A few broken noses, shredded knuckles. He gets one of them with a head butt that knocked them on their stupid ass, sprawled away on the ground with a bloodied nose.

But then they hold him steady as the gang leader knots his beefy fingers in Kylo’s hair and wrenches his head back. Kylo bares his red teeth and snarls to get off him. Black eyes brimming cold, dead and wild. Blood already dripping, staining his teeth, rolling down his chin. Red mist clouding his eyes beyond any other sight.

The guy playfully weighs the shiv in his hands. A toothbrush crudely split into with a razor.

“Let’s put a scar on that pretty face, rich pussy.” The guy levels at him with a shit eating smile.

And so he does, he holds Kylo’s forehead and carves in deep.

Kylo tries to grit his teeth and not give them the satisfaction of shouting. But the pain is too great. He shouts, he writhes, he tries to claw at the meaty hands that held him. To no avail. The guy laughs at him in sick pleasure as he comes to his neck. His adams apple leaps when he grazes his throat with the tip of the knife. When he gets to his shoulder he slashes outwards, quickly drawing the blade down over his upper chest and shoulder.

He is thrown forwards into the dirt. Bleeding like hell. Every nerve in his body shrieking in pain. Fizzling with hatred and adrenaline and rage. White hot fury souring the back of his tongue, along with the hot metal copper of blood pouring into his mouth.

Where he’d be kneeling it had begun to fall down and stain his thighs, and it was rushing off his face like a macabre waterfall. It dripped off his fingers, and in rivulets down his arm. It pattered down his side from his face as he heaves himself up. His head hung and he watched it slowly taken up into his jumpsuit - orange blossoming into dark crimson like a fading sunset.

One hand he hooked steady on his ribs, looking downtrodden, beaten, defeated. Curled into himself on the yard floor.

The leader crouches by him. Hands covered in Kylo’s blood. As was the sticky bloodied shiv he wiped on his trousers. He watched Kylo hunched over in the dirt, sneering at him.

“You got anything else you wanna say to me, Rich little pussy?” He spits at Kylo.

By now alarms were blaring around them and the yard is starting to empty as more guards are
summoned to help curb the fight.

Kylo spits a mouthful of blood at his feet, looking shaky and weak. Submissive, even. Eyes glaring up at him through his half pale, half bloodied face. Hair matted with dirt and caked with blood.

He looked like a wounded animal.

He slowly shifts his hand forwards in the gravel, steadying himself on all fours.

“Actually…” Kylo wheezes. His dark eyes burn and flicker like lit gunpowder.

He strikes.

His hand darts out and grabs the shiv, and with no hesitation, he drives the thing down and plunges it to the hilt in the guys thigh and twists. He hears the plastic snap. Embedded the sharp thing in the wound. He doesn’t care. He want’s blood. He wants to see it. Wants to feel it drip off his hands.

He rears up onto his feet and pummels the guy with hit, after hit. He hears bones break, feels skin split and bruise under his hands and he doesn’t let up. The crowd of his friends try to yank him off but its no use. The guys shrill screams pierce louder and louder and still Kylo doesn’t let up. He keeps on. Pounding, kicking and beating. He can hear harsh shouts echo around them. He’s sure he’s broken ribs, a wrist, collarbone, possibly his nose and his jaw. His face is a caved in mess of bone, mangled skin and blood.

“You come near me again and I’ll be delighted to rip more parts off you, piece by piece…”

His screams torn to shrieks when Kylo sinks down and rips away a chunk of his cheek with his teeth. Spitting the chunk of flesh and gobbets of black oozing blood at one of his friends who looms close and tries to get him off.

Hands yank into him, wrench him away. Eight pairs of hands. Four guards. That’s what it took to battle Kylo’s rage when he got going. Four grown men and they still struggled to pry him away. He is hauled off to the infirmary where they begin to treat his wounds, stitch up his face and call Finch to come and prod him with yet more questions. 3 months solitary after he healed.

If he wasn’t labelled as crazy with inmates before, he’s sure as hell earned that reputation after that altercation.

The thug who attacked him was transferred to the ADX upstate. And he is, finally much to his reprieve, given a wide birth from other inmates. They leave him alone and watch from a distance. Morbidly fascinated by the man who’d started one of the worst, bloodiest yard fights the prison had seen in years. Gangs left him alone. Smart asses kept their mouths shut around him. His name was tossed around the prison in whispers like a forbidden taboo. His hulking frame and brooding demeanour attracted attention from any newbie asking who he was. People were quick to correct them. His reputation quickly became solidified;

Don’t mess with Ren. Don’t look at him the wrong way, or not even god can help you.

He fell into his routine after a few months. He had his own cell, his own space. He had his privileges that only just kept him sane. He didn’t have to mix with anyone. He settled, if he could call it that. He didn’t cause any trouble, save for those who came to interrogate him with annoying questions. And that minor incident when he stabbed a pen through Finch’s hand. But then again, he did hate
the mans guts and the feeling was mutual.

Kylo hated him. Hated his sloppiness. Hated his lazy attitude. Hated that *shitty* cologne of his, combined with his stench of flop sweat, that burned his nostrils like acid whenever the fat asshole came near him. He was crooked too. He had locked people in solitary for no reason whatsoever for his own sick pleasure, hoping the warden didn’t pick up on it. If he did, he made up excuses. When Kylo went there, atleast he knew he deserved it, because he’d drawn blood or broken bone. But he’d seen Finch or some of the guards beat inmates to pulp for a hell of a lot less.

He clung hard to the things that kept him lucid. Which was his workout time. Nine times out of ten, he could be found in the gym. The drab, echoing, sweat scented room that was always freezing. A dank grey, concrete basement, filled with years of out of date gym equipment.

He liked working up a sweat, purely for the fact it kept him warm. He’d just finished pounding through his 15k on the ratty old treadmill. Now he was getting started on bench pressing his usual trained limit, when Finch barged open the door and plodded his way over to him.

“Ren, *visitor*...” He barks down at him. Two guards trailing after him ready to shackle him. He sounded bored as per usual, leaning one arm on the non-mobile part of the machine. Picking his teeth as he did. Today’s shirt was a dowdy brown, teamed with a disgusting blue tie that had a flowering coffee stain on it.

The black pit where his heart should be lifted a little when he heard the word ‘*Visitor.*’

*My, but his kitten was a keen one.*

He growls as he lifts up once more, making him wait. Feeling the sweat slide down his forehead, sticking to his white tee, and down his colossal arms. His spotter tries to help him guide the weights back into the hold. Kylo tells him to fuck off.

“I forget, you have *no* manners.” Finch snipes at him rudely. Knowing full well what would happen if Ren retaliated in front of two guards. A swift clip around the cheekbone with a nightstick, that’s what he’d get, if he retorted.

Kylo grits his jaw. He’s just spent the last half an hour lifting the damn thing. He didn’t need help at this point. His arms strained and he hooks the weights back where they belonged.

“How’s the wife?” Kylo asks his shrink curiously. Finch glowers down at his cruel jab.

His wife had run away with a truck driver from Colorado six months ago. Whatever in the first place, possessed a woman marry that impotent, balding, sadistic, fat *fuck,* Kylo had *no clue.*

He sits up feeling his muscles stretch and fit into place. His big orange legs split either side of the bench. His stomach scrunched under the tight top that was drenched with sweat. He had the sleeves knotted about his middle.

The guards descended on his arms and clapped him in cuffs. Doing them up so they cut into his skin. Biting into his wrists. He swings a leg over the bench and towers to his full height. Shuffling after the terrible threesome. Finch leading the way to the interview room. The guards and the doctor made chit-chat all the way there. Kylo was largely ignored.

With every step that jolted through his body, the closer he got to the interviewing room, he felt his smile growing. His groin tightened with the thought of seeing her. Seeing his *timid Ms. Winslow.*

Just as he was disregarded, he in turn, flouts their conversation as it happens around him. But he
“You should see the sweet little writer whose coming to see this one. *Fuckin’* gorgeous.” Finch leers filthily to the guards. Not even turning to acknowledge Kylo. Holding his cupped hands out by his chest to signify he was talking about her rack.

“Hey, I’m married, Doc.” One of the guards points out with a grin.

“I *was* married. I’d still bend that fucking cute ass over a desk and *do her*…” Finch smirks. Laughing like a jackal. When he opened his mouth Kylo could see his twisted, crooked, coffee stained teeth.

“Fucking sweetie she is. Got that whole *hot* librarian thing fuckin’ goin’ for her. Glasses and all.” He drawls with longing. The guards laugh and smile.

*You so much as touch her, I’ll snap your fucking neck.* Kylo growls to himself. And that was a promise. Hell, it was a *certainty*…

Kylo doesn’t realise he’s staring at the shrink. Only when the man turns and frowns at him does he realise he is.


Kylo bites his tongue. Though it had been *months* since he felt bones or skin shatter under his hands. He was *itching* to do something to sate the fury simmering in his blood.

“No. No problem.” Kylo lies.

“Nice *shirt.*” He bites out dryly instead. Finch glowers in that ‘*Fuck you*’ way of his. Kylo sends that look right back at him. Tugging him into the interview room. He’s marched through the barred doors and he clenches in anticipation to see his writer sat at one of the tables.

It wasn’t her. It was *his* lawyer.

His middle aged, groomed, bespectacled, ice man of a lawyer. As refined as he was ruthless. In his spotless grey suit and trimmed brown hair. Kylo tilts his head at him. He narrows his eyes.

“This can’t be *good* seeing you here, Hendricks…” Kylo burrs lowly as he’s shackled in. His big body lowers to the metal seat. Getting ready for whatever this was.

His shark of a lawyer chuckles, and lays down his smartphone for the briefest of seconds. Kylo watches as he withdraws his ludicrously expensive calfskin briefcase, and lays out some files before him.

“On the contrary, Ren. I actually come bearing *good* news.” He smirks lethally. Unscrewing the cap of his Parker ink pen.

Kylo raised a brow.

~
The end of her busy work week was heralded in by another long, arduous Friday evening at the public records office. She’d been there so long the clerk coming and to lock up was what proved to jolt her out of her investigative digging. She sighs and sits up, stretching her back, checking her watch and rubbing a knuckle into her tired dusty eyes. She scoops and gathers up the books and paperwork she came in with, and scurries out of the building, arms full of paper and literature as she meekly smiles at the clerk to have a nice weekend.

She totters across to her car, heels clacking on the rain-wet tarmac. She juggles the things in her arms about as she wrangles with the keys that were annoyingly evading the grip of her fingers. She only just manages to bundle everything onto the drivers seat before she loses her hold on it all.

Just her luck that a few pages do escape and slap, sticking to the ground. She curses her life and bends down to retrieve the soggy information she’d just sullied. As she peels it from the sidewalk, the skin on the back of her neck prickles. Hair standing to needle on end as something uncertain washes over her.

The kind of unease that surfaced from having an unknown pair of eyes diligently watching her.

She blinks, brings the paper into her hands, straightening up, she twists around and scans across the parking lot. It was dark, and empty. The only sounds to be heard was distant clamour from the street beyond. The rush of car tyres on the wet tarmac. Clatter of pedestrians, and the bustle of traffic. All of it hummed along in tune to the rain splattered yet humid night. Warily, she climbs into her car and shoves her work over, unsticking a piece of paper from the back of her bare legs.

She shakes her head. She was being silly. She hadn’t heard from that creeper in days. They’d most likely gotten bored with her and moved onto a newer, prettier, more interesting target.

“Story of your life, Winslow…” She mumbles dejectedly to herself. “Even the unwanted creeps leave you eventually…” She japes lightly with herself.

But her nerves are jittery, prickly, and she can’t stop flickering her eyes to her rear view mirror. She’s starting to get cold in the nipping bite of the air that raises goosebumps on her skin. She tries to put thoughts of all those tropes of crazed, psychotic serial killers who lurked in the back of single women’s cars, out her head.

As if she was expected a hooded figure to sit up any second, and reach over with big leather clad hands to garrotte her from the backseat.

She feels better the more distance she puts between her and that dark parking lot. She heads into town, and the warmth and friendliness of its small, local charm washes away her fear. The plastic vines wrapped around every lamppost. The hay bales in front of some stores decoratively announcing the arrival of summer. The Capra-esque, cute quality of her well known little town seeps some warmth and comfort back into her bones. The familiar general stores all neatly turned out for the oncoming business of summer. Having been repainted and tidied weeks in advance. It was the same every year.

Todd’s hardware store that put up the same display of tools and plastic flowers as it had done every summer since she was three. The smallest bank branch ever, which employed one of her favourite people on this earth; George, he was the teller that ironically couldn’t count very well, who’d proudly been at that bank since 1934, he always liked to boast. The hairdressers with its sassy patron,
Marge, whose hair colour that changed every other week. Evie slowed the car to a crawl as she turned into the tiny grocery store’s lot. She needed sugary sustenance for her sad single evening alone. Rocky road ice cream and white wine should do the trick.

She steps into the store, waving hello to Flo, on the checkout counter. The old sweetie and most determined harridan who’d been best friends with her dear old gran when she was still alive. Flo had Evie around for her first thanksgiving, after she’d lost her last remaining relative, and been left with no one. That first year the loneliness cut Evie deep. Flo had not taken any prisoners. She wouldn’t have anyone she knew, or loved feeling lonesome. She shoehorned Evie into her family gathering, her family was wide and vast as Flo herself was one of six siblings, and Evie was made more than welcome among their ranks. She sent Evie home that night stuffed full of pumpkin pie, clutching enough leftovers to feed an army, and filling her dearest friend to the brim with familial love. Letting her know, that no one who has friends, ever need feel alone.

Evie had an unfortunate feeling that if Flo’s grandson was a few years older, taller and not so pocked with acne, then wedding bells would’ve started to toll by now. Plus Flo always said he needed a few more years to grow into his jug handle ears.

She breezed through the sunny yellow aisles, tapping across the navy and white tiled floor, her stomach gurgling, reminding her that yet again she’d skipped lunch in lieu of being hunched over a desk pawing over dusty files in the records office. Luckily she had leftovers from last night to reheat at home. She merely needed a good bottle or two. She grabs an armful, and spends a good few seconds deliberating over cookies and cream, or rocky road. Tapping the toe of her heel, agonising over the choice. Looking down in abject approval at her basket which contained three bottles of wine, and a single meringue pie. Flo’d tsk at her for that.

Her phone chimes in her mac coat pocket.

She hooks her basket over her other arm and reaches in for it. Her blood froze.

“Cookies and cream is my preferred favourite, gorgeous.”

Her head whips up and she spins about, eyeing either end of the frozen aisle. They were shutting soon, it was near eight o’clock. Hardly anyone was shuffling around the place now. Only people who were, were a couple of last minute rushing mothers trailing kids after them. And some older folk queuing up quietly with their canned goods. Evie swallows, quickly she scoops butter pecan crunch ice cream into her basket, and decides to risk a reply;

“Can you see me, right now?” She asks. Their reply darts through quicker than she can comprehend.

“Of course I can.”

“Prove it.”

She swallows, quickly striding to the check-out. She’d feel better if she was near people. She queues up behind a mother trying to get her two squalling kids to behave. Unable to help it, she turns her head, and scans behind her, looking all around the store. Her eyes glancing over every aisle. She couldn’t see anyone that stood out. No lonely figure stood purveying her.

“Five foot three. Chestnut red hair. Gorgeous curves to die for, sexy legs. Mac trench coat.” Came pinging through in another message.

She was transfixed by her phone screen. Her heart felt like it was pressing on her throat. As if it was suddenly going to beat up and out her horrified mouth.
“Miss?” Comes a soft coo from behind her. At the same time a gentle hand is laid on her shoulder from the patient old timer behind her. She jumps out of her skin.

“Evie?” Flo asks from in front of her too.

She mumbles an apology with red cheeks and lays a hand over the flat of her chest.

She snaps her head up when she sees Flo before her leaning against the counter, eyeing her with a curious expression. She smiles and steps forwards, unloading her basket.

“No. Flo. My er-boss.” She waves off, looking frustrated as she slips her phone back into her pocket. Willing it to silence. True to form, Flo does let out a tutt at the contents of her basket. But she bags them up for her anyway, ringing her purchases through.

Her elderly friend also asks her if she needs to see to that boss of hers for working her too hard – as she was looking far too skinny.

“You know if you need, proper feedin’ all you gotta do is knock on my door, honey. Always got me a house full to cook for.” She rolls her eyes, smiling gladly. Her pink rinse scooped back into its usual updo. Her scarlet lipstick contrasting with the blue of her cats eye glasses that sat on the pearly chain around her pale, wrinkled neck.

“Thank you for the offer. Really. But all I have the energy for tonight is a glass of wine, my bed, and my book.” She smiles. Flo fondly clutches her hand.

“I knew you’d like it.” She smiles.

Evie’s cheeks warm and she leans over the checkout as Flo pulls her in for a kiss. A great blooming cloud of her essence of roses perfume, mixed with talc, smacks her in the nose like a wall, as it always did. Evie laughs when her friend tells her to scram the hell outta there, so she can serve her other customers.

Evie clutches her paper bag to her chest and steps warily out of the store, into the night. A few pedestrians are crowding the pavement. Everyone most likely on their way back from the town meeting in the hall just down the street. She weaves through crowds, bidding hello’s where they were due to those she knew. She brushed against someone, and called a quick meek apology over her shoulder, slipping away to the store lot.

She is almost at her car when her phone chimes once more. She knows she shouldn’t reach for it, she should just ignore it. Against her gut instinct, she lifts it from her coat.

“I could smell your hair Evie. Even as I slipped it in your pocket.”

She almost drops what she was holding. She stares down at her phone with an impossible expression of bewildered disbelief. They couldn’t be here? She opens her car, shoves her things in the seat. Then she darts back for the street, panting as she strode. She comes out to the main street where she’d just walked, scanning left and right, both ways down the road. Her phone was still cradled in her hand. Hung limp by her side. She can’t see anything again. Whoever this was they were doing a terrific job of scaring her. And they certainly knew how to stay hidden, she’d give them that.

She thinks over what they said, and searches her coat pockets. In her left one, her hand brushes something soft, and silken.
Her whole body feels like a nervous pit of worry when she pulls out what it is, and clutches it in her stiff, cold fingers.

There sits a single red rose.

~

She drives home under a cloud of unease. Checking her mirrors every two seconds. Paranoia hanging over her like a storm cloud. Were they a few cars back in the same lane? Following her home? Mind, if their previous conversation is anything to go by. They already knew where she lived. They knew most everything about her, she was certain. It was disturbing to say the least.

She passes through the dark wood, reassured lightly by the fact that she can’t see the tell-tale giveaway of headlights following after her car. She relaxes a little down into the seat. They were trying to rile her, winding her up. They might have slipped that rose in her pocket at any point throughout the day. Her coat had been folded over the back of the chair in the office, she’d not been near it all day. Nipping in and out for files or books. They were probably just misdirecting her with false information to try and make her panic all the more.

And they had said that hadn’t wanted to hurt, or, scare her. So far they had done the latter, but not the former. She was wary all the same. What’s to stop the possessed creep slipping into her house at night and slitting her throat whilst she sleeps?

She grips the steering wheel and wills that ugly thought away. Shaking her head. She chides herself for being moronic just as she pulls into her drive. Shutting off her engine, she sits in the seat for a moment. Surveying over her house now it was fully dark outside. It was fairly still tonight, the forest dewed in wet from the earlier rain. The smell of it still rising from the ground, wetting and chilling the hot air. Raindrops still patter down from the swishing of the swaying trees, where the wetness had been kept on every budding green leaf, now it was being shaken off. A few of them splatter onto her hair and forehead as she wrangles herself out of the car, grabbing her groceries.

She leaves her messy paperwork and research bundled on the car seat. And makes her way through the front gate. It swung open with barely the faintest creak. She frowns down at it. Usually it whined like a banshee. She pulls it back and pushes it open again, and nothing. She knew the hinges were well overdue some oil on them. And one of them was rusting away, to the point of nearly falling off. She’d been meaning to mend it for months now. She peers down and sees a brand new hinge, shining, gleaming proudly up at her.

What in the hell?

She shuts the gate and soldiers on into her house. Striding quickly up the porch to unlock her door. She lets herself in and scrambles to lock the door after her. Pushing it too with a slam. She peers out her curtains. Seeing that outside was still dark and quiet. It was just her, for miles. There were no signs of anyone else. Maybe the creeper was done with her for the night. Maybe the rose in the pocket was tonight’s little scare over and done with.

Speaking of, she flicks the light on in the kitchen and steps through. Placing her paper bag down on the island, she reaches in her pocket for the red rose. Holding it out, her thumb delicately cards over the petals. It really was a beautiful thing. Deep crimson, petals unfolding and blossoming just so. The fragrance a sickly sweet green that she could sense even from far away. He brow furrows in
indecision. She leaves the rose on her windowsill where it’d be warmed by the sun in the morning.

She hands her coat up, and sets about preparing dinner for herself. She’d have to take Flo up on her offer one night. She was tired of eating sad single meals alone. She much preferred the bustle and heartiness of a family dinner. Gathering everyone together at the end of the day, to join in conversation, over the comfort of some good home cooked food. Dinnertime in her family, was really a way of bringing everyone together. She remarks silently to herself how much she misses it as she puts her food away where it belonged.

She’s just set her casserole to warm through on the hob, and decides to pour a glass of wine from the half empty bottle in her fridge. When from her coat pocket, her phone chimes again. She listens to the sound ring in her ears. Chipping into the silence of her house.

She stands her glass down and walks softly into the hall. Pulling it out to see what her persistent creeper had to say.

“Did you like the rose? I knew you’d appreciate it.”

Evie thinks for a second. Red; colour of passion, colour of desire, of lust. She’d read a dozen books on the Victorians understanding and meaning behind certain species of flora and fauna. She was a keen gardener, she knew what the symbolism was behind red roses. The flower of love. The flower that was well beyond associated with lovers, romance and Valentine’s day.

Another text comes through.

“A rose by any other name would still smell as sweet…” Was she being wooed by this person? That thought is beyond distressing.

“Robert Burns said that.” She responds.

“Clever, clever girl.”

“Isn’t there someone else in your life you can send red roses too?” She seeks.

The answer comes through quick, as per usual. She’d settled with her wine in her study. Curling up and putting her cold feet under a rug to warm them through. She didn’t feel ready to relax though, not yet. She couldn’t.

“No one else, gorgeous. Just you. Only you.” They flatter.

“Did you know in most cultures. A red rose is associated with love. In ancient Rome, it was believed red roses were linked to Venus, The Goddess of Love. In Indian philosophy their God, Vishnu, created the supreme goddess Laxmi out of rose petals. Therefore red roses in eastern culture are not only an icon of love, but also of sacred and divine beauty.” They explained.

She swallows.

“How romantic.” She comments. This felt anything but. They were sending her flowers like some crazed, stalking ex-lover. Sending her pictures of her naked body and taunting her with it. This all felt so surreal. Now they were romancing her with red roses like a valentines date would.

“I could be so very romantic to you, if you wanted.” They told.

“What do you want from me?” she begs again. “Are you taunting me for fun? Do you want money? I’ve hardly got any money. I haven’t got anything to give you.” She tells.
That makes him chuckle under his breath from his hiding spot, *oh, yes you have baby.* He smirks. His cock twitches when he imagines her spreading those legs for him to give him what he was after.

“I don’t want money.” Comes the response.

“Then what are you doing this for?” She fired back quickly.

“A mutual friend told me to keep an eye on you.”

“We have a mutual friend?” She seeks.

“This mutual friend is also very insistent that I take good care of you. Keep you safe.” They add.

“You’re watching over me?” She asks.

“Of sorts.” Comes the enigmatic answer.

“How’s that front gate?”

She feels an odd mixture of petrified and astounded.

“How do you know about my front gate?” She asks back.

“I know a lot of things. Especially where you’re concerned, Evie.”

Evie shifts on the sofa and peers around outside, as far as her eyes would allow she scans the woods looking for any signs of activity or life. She searches hard for figures hidden within the dark trees. She finds none.

“How have you been to my house?” She asks.

“I’ve done one better than that, gorgeous.”

She freezes. Her phone chimes yet again.

“Do you trust me?”

“No.” she answers rapidly.

“Go to your back door.”

Evie stays rooted to her sofa. Glued to the spot. Resisting the urge to bolt for her bathroom. Lock herself in, and call the cops.

“Have I hurt you yet baby? Come on, trust me, you might be pleasantly surprised.” Comes a goading text.

She slowly rises from the sofa, her stockinged feet brush against the rug, grounding her. She feels her work blouse tighten across her chest, and the zipper of her boring black work skirt is tugging tight about her middle. Pinching her nearly. Reminding her to regain her senses. But she doesn’t listen.

She goes out of her study and walks past the stairs, down her hallway until she comes to the back door. She rattles the door handle. Still locked. She reaches for the key from its hiding place, and unlocks it.

They key glides through easily. No grating locks. No tugging and turning. She didn’t wrench her
arm out of the socket trying to open the bloody thing like she usually did. She unlocks the door and examines the handle. It looked the same as the old one, but it wasn’t scratched or scuffed. It was a brand new lock. And the smell of shaved wood is strong in the air, she notices.

She hurriedly shuts and locks it. Before racing back to her phone.

“You’ve been in my house.” She states matter of factly. Trying to quash down the rising panic that was tying her tongue and stomach in tight, squeezing knots.

“Maybe.” They tease. “Consider my little fixes a gesture of goodwill and trust. Do you trust me now? Trust that I won’t hurt you? If I wanted to do you harm, you and I both know I would have had several chances already. Chances that I haven’t taken.”

They sounded like a lawyer. Or someone who had a very persuasive silver tongue. Honey tongued devils are greater trouble than they look, her gran had always warned her when she was young.

Despite her instincts of fear, she can’t deny the logicality and rational nature of their excellent point. They’d never threatened her. She hasn’t been harmed by this mysterious person. They’d not so much as even made an attempt to directly disturb her in person. They kept their distance.

“You’ll also find that the damp on the downstairs ceiling has been taken care of. As well as the wobbly banister stop and the chipped skirting boards have been repainted.”

She was so beyond speechless. She’d have to invent a new word for what she currently was…

“There’s an even sexier surprise for you upstairs, gorgeous…”

She casts a glance up her staircase. “Another gesture of goodwill?” She asks.

Her phone chimes again.

“Not exactly.” They croon.

She begins climbing her staircase slowly, phone in hand. Feeling her calves stretch and her skirt chafe the back of her legs with each step. Her bedroom door is pulled ajar. She doesn’t know what to expect. So she pushes it open softly and looks inside. Not knowing what she was in for.

*Her brain conjures up a ridiculous image of her mysterious Casanova reclining naked on her bed, waiting for her, with a rose caught between his teeth…*

Regretfully. *None.* No dark, dashing, tall stranger waiting to pounce. Just her dark and empty bedroom. Curtains swaying in the breeze from her open sash windows. Filling the room with hot summer air which was perfumes with lilacs from the purple flowered tree outside her window.

Her eye is drawn quickly, however, to one stark dot of colour on her nightstand. A single *red rose* in a sleek glass vase. His preferred calling card of the evening. She crosses to it and strokes a petal idly, her brow still furrowed into a frown.

Chimes ring. She looks down in her hand. “*Wardrobe.*”

She looks to her right, and steps across, pulling open the doors, when she does a gasp falls unbridled from her lips. She jumps back like she’d been burned. More bewildered and distressed than before.

*Lingerie.*

There, proudly displayed on a velvet wrapped hanger, sits a silky slip of a nightdress under a silken
Evie had never seen anything so beautifully crafted in all her life.

The colour flirted somewhere between sapphire and teal. She is almost scared to touch it, but she does. The gown is sumptuously soft. She gently grazes her hands over it. Before she unwraps the bow and better sees the satin slip underneath it.

Whispers of silver tulle, sheer cups are embroidered with curling feathered blue and grey birds, and coiling palm plants. The neckline leaves little to the imagination, but she supposes, that was the point of such a garment. If she wore that her whole chest, nipples and all would be on brazen display. Right down to the ribs, the stitched sheer fabric reaches, the silk trim starts at the lower half, spilling down to a mid-thigh cut. The straps are thin blue silk. It looks like something a seductively decadent 1920’s heiress would wear, lounging in her boudoir, waiting on her lover as she combed her hair and awaited on her bright young thing. Evie can picture this powerful woman. She can picture her long, slender willowy body draped in that robe, with pom-pom heeled mules on her feet.

There is a red rose tied to the hanger too. Just to make her understand who it’s from.

Evie steps back from the disastrously beautiful thing. Taking her hand off it. Her phone buzzes again.

“Third drawer dresser.” They tell her.

She does as she told and goes for it nonetheless. She tugs open the stubborn, heavy wooden drawer and her eyes fall on a small wrapped golden box tied with a white ribbon. She crouches and tugs the box out, untying the satiny bow she lifts the lid,

And promptly drops the box in shock. Her hand clasped over her mouth. Was that?

A niggling little chime from her phone interrupts her reveries.

“It won’t bite you, baby.” They mock teasingly.

Evie picks the box up and lays it on her bed, taking out the small, odd shaped device from its bed of scented tissue paper.

A vibrator.

It was a bronzed chrome. Glinting in the half-light when she turned on her bedside lamp. It was fairly flat oval shape, slight tear dropped end was curved up, split with a gap almost down to the middle. There were a small button on the bulbous flat opposite end. A switch she imagines. She shoves it back in the box and tucks in under her bed. Her cheeks glaring red. Mortified. She wiped her clammy hands on her skirt.

“Have some wine, gorgeous. Then give that toy a go. I promise you’ll get every penny’s worth of pleasure from it. Be dirty for me. Sweet dreams.”

She feels an odd sort of relief when she see’s him sign off with that last text. Her eyes cast over the divine lingerie that had been left for her.

She does as suggested, eats her dinner, pours a glass of wine, and then another, until she’s finished the bottle. And then slips in the shower. And that’s when she starts to feel it…

An odd sort of drowsiness creeps up her spine, slithers into her limbs. She braces one hand against
the tiled shower wall. She started to feel exhaustion grate down into her bones. She gets out, trying to just stay awake. Her eyes felt so heavy, so drowsy.

She’s so sleepy she doesn’t even bother to pull on underwear, just her oversized, blue cotton striped nightshirt that falls to her thighs. She only just manages to brush her dry hair and put her body lotion on her arms and legs. Spritz a little perfume on her wrists.

She pads across to her bed and sits down on it, she lies back for a second. Blinks up at her ceiling, once, twice, and then she’s out of it. It had drained her energy dry to merely lift her legs onto the bed.

Unbeknownst to her unconscious state, the empty wine glass she drank from sat guiltily by her bedside.

~

Chapter End Notes

Up next; Evies creeper pays her another visit... its about to get very intimately... personal.

Is it just me being a filthy porn gremlin that loves Dom violent Kylo or what?

How am I doing? What do we think so far? HMU Feed my inbox addiction if you will.

for second half: This right here is a naughty dirty filthy little link to what the creepers little 'Present' looks like.. If anyone's interested (personally I think its real fucking pretty and i'm a sucker for anything 1920's honestly: be warned children t’is a sex shop website) https://www.coco-de-mer.com/product/the-va-by-coco-de-mer-lovers-palm-slip/

Oh. And one more thing: to the shall remain nameless person who inboxed me today saying this was a rapey, abhorrent, degenerate pile of shit with Star Wars characters stuck in it -

Firstly - Thankyou. You’ve made me chuckle and belly laugh at the comment all evening. (I especially loved the part where you called me a pig)

Secondly - learn to read the story tags love. Plenty of fair warning in those. Hugs and kisses to you darling, you sure made me laugh xoxox
Kylo was woken by the sound of grating metal. The furious whine of his phone ringing where it met with the metal frame of his bed, where he kept his contraband, solidly tucked away under his mattress. He hated being disjointed rudely from his sleep. He slept shallowly as it was. He’d always been cursed to be a light sleeper.

He growls soundly as he flips on his side, and feels for his phone. Still half groggy with sleep, his bare torso slightly sheened with his sweat that slipped slick down the valleys of his chest. He felt hot, and his room was unbearably muggy. Sweat clung to his brow and where his neck rested on his scratchy pillow.

He got his fingers around his phone, his hips still pressing fully to the bed where his torso twisted half to rest on his side, muscles bunching, as he brought the infernal thing to his ear.

“What?” He snaps muzzily down the phone when he answers it. He all but barks. His voice a husked, sleepy growl.

“You should see her right now.” Burrs a rasping voice down the other end. So turned on, his voice is no more than an aching echo of its usual confident self. He could hear his twin’s smile.

That got Kylo’s attention. He was definitely awake now.

His eyes snap open and he sits up, pushing himself onto one elbow. His thick legs tangling in his blankets as he shuffled up. He must be dreaming. Delirious. His ears prick up and he was listening out for Kittens voice down the phone. He can hear no indication of her.

“What are you doing?” Kylo asks.

“Just up to my usual tricks…” Ben sighs quietly with a smirk.

He pushed himself away from leaning against the frame of her bedroom door. Slowly stalking across to the bed where she lay. Out cold. She looked so fucking perfect right now.

Their perfect kitten, stretched out in moonlight, in a room brimming full of lilac. Sweet, calm and dark.

That divine, small, body of hers, thrown out across the bed as she crashed out. She wasn’t under the
covers, like he thought she would’ve been. *Oh, this was so much better.* Her head was thrown to stretch her neck out on the pillows, hair mussed, but not obscuring her resting face. One arm was bent up by her head on the pillow, the other lazily folded down her side. She was flat on her back, legs apart, resting with one almost tucked under the other. Her windows were still open, letting a gentle hot breeze carve over her body.

It tickled her hair, ruffled the wrinkled linen collar of her blue nightshirt. The thing was transparent to Ben’s greedy eyes. Where she lay a shaft of speckled moons light poured over her from the window.

He could see those bare breasts of hers, the round gentle mounds that rose and fell as she slept. He licked his lips when he spied her pert nipples pressing up under the fabric, begging for his attention. *Screaming for the hot caress of his mouth.* The scratch of his rough goatee against where she was soft and sensitive. He’s salivating in want of those pretty nipples under his tongue.

Where she’d left the shirt undone he could see right down the pale valley than ran between them. He could glimpse the frail bone of her sternum, the start of her ribs. All those curves and edges of her bones under her exposed flesh. Soft shapes and slender muscle stretched under supple skin. The dip of her ribs, the outline of the small rounded swell of her belly.

The faint contour under that fabric of the mound between her thighs.

He felt his cock twitch at the fact her shirt was undone so much, he could see the curve of her shoulder where her thin item of clothing had slipped off. If that wasn’t enough to make him grow hard, then the sight of where the thing had ridden up her soft, delicate thighs sure as hell was. He could see her upper legs, her inner thighs where she was silky soft and perfectly untouched. The round of each of her thighs would look *so* good in the span of his hands grip.

He comes to a stand at the end of her bed. One hand of his curling around the antique bedstead. Those warm, bronze eyes watching her chest rise and fall. Listening to her quiet, deep breaths drawing in and out of her lungs. He watched her torso. Watched it swell, then watched it sink.

“What have you done to her?” Kylo asks him in a drawl. He was satisfied enough with knowing Ben to know he never in a million years would have hurt her.

His brother *was* an enormous pervert, but he was no sadist.

Ben doesn’t answer. He’s too busy feasting his eyes on the perfection that was strewn out half naked before him on the bed.

Practically serving her out to him on an embroidered floral platter.

“How have you done to her?” Ben asks as he rounds the bed.

She twists in her sleep, a soft groan leaving her lips as her hips pressed up from the bed, and she turns her head to the side. Partially hidden in her downy pillow. The rosebud stitched bedspread and feathery duvet rustled under her as she moved. When her chest shifts, the light catches on the sheen of sweat between her tits. Catches on the beads of it that wriggled down her throat.

Kylo swallowed. *God, that groan.* That sweet yearning noise he caught coming from her, stabbed into him. Studded straight into the pit near the sharp beat of his brutal heart – rams itself right in there like an arrow. It somehow made him both shudder and tense at the same time.

He wets his lips before he asks: “I presume you gave her the, *usual*, Ben Solo cocktail?” A hint of judgement, disapproval, lingering in his tone.
Ben sneers.

“A drop or two of GHB in her white wine. Poor greedy little kitten drank the whole thing down.” He explains.

Coming now to stand to the foot of the bed, to her left. Still towering down over her. He slowly eased himself down onto the bed with a satisfied groan as he sunk into the mattress, carefully reaching one hand over to toy with a lock of hair that had messily fallen over her face. His thumb carding a gentle caress over the soft of her cheek. She turned her head into the so-slight embrace of his hand, a deep breath morphed into a nearly moan from within her throat.

He heard Kylo swear down the line. Biting off a brutal curse word hearing her moan. He couldn’t deny he was fighting a raging hard on just from hearing her breathy, sleepy mewls. His hips rutted, humping into his bunk. He groaned loudly.

His worried eyes snapped across his muggy, foggy orange lit cell. Checking for signs of foot treads able to be glimpsed beneath the light from under the crack in his cell door. He’d need to bite his lip lest he wants a guard busting in on him.

Ben just watched for a moment at the delicate slope of her face fitting into his hand. As if he needed reminding of how massive he was in comparison to how petite she is. The curving arc of his thumb, as he slipped his fingers down her slender neck.

“She really is your little Kitten, Ky. She’s just pining to be touched…petted.” Ben purrs deeply down the phone.

His last word comes out as a husking whisper as his hands slips from her face, further south. His fingers skim down from her rosy cheek, to her chin, his finger blazing a trail down over her sticky neck. His chest rising and falling quickly as surely as his cock was starting to fill out in his jeans.

Kylo can’t decide if he’s so livid, or so turned on. Either way, he felt like he might burst.

If he was a free man right then, he’d have dragged his twin off her, tied him at the end of the bed - close enough to touch but not quite able - and make Ben watch, as Kylo took her, over and over.

Ben watched his fingers move across the skin, over her sternum. Unable to resist, he dips under her night dress and feels the shape of her breast, her nipple puckering up, into his palm. When his big fingers closed over the most smooth skin he’s sure he’s ever felt. Cupping her in his hand, he growls, leaning in to drag his plush lips across her bare shoulder.

“foh fuck, she smells so fucking good.” Ben mumbles into her skin. Licking up her sweat, tasting her perfume, her skin, on his palate. Wetting his appetite for more. Dragging his unshaven chin into her to let her feel its scrape. Its rasp. His teeth fight to sink down on her skin. Leave her a mystery hickey to wake up too in the morning.

“Her perfume…” Kylo agrees knowingly in a moan. He wishes he was the one with his mouth at her neck.

“Mmmn.” Ben growls back as he nuzzles his face to her. Mashing his nose and lips into the warm crook of her neck.

He breathes openly against her skin. His fingers rolling her under his grasp. His teeth coming into the fray, scraping against her neck. He had to be careful he didn’t give her a tender red rash from the scratch of his facial hair.
Ben had never smelt anything so exquisite as the subtle scent of the floral heat that emanated from the thrumming pulse point in her neck. It was such a simple, scent. But she made it so thrillingly erotic. He was almost giddy when another moan sailed out her mouth, her back arching as she unknowingly pressed herself up into him. Her body, her tits, crushing squarely into his chest.

“Sensitive neck…” He remarks, letting his thumb catch on her stiff nipple, feeling with his mouth the gooseflesh that he was proud to have made pimple across her skin. “I’ll have to remember that…” He whispers to himself. Laying his phone down on her bedside. Freeing up both hands.

“How sensitive is the rest of you, baby?” Ben asks her. Loud enough for Kylo to hear him. Unable to resist sucking lightly on her collarbone. His nose nudging to prod into her neck. Getting lost in the addictive pull of her perfume again.

Kylo can hear every suck. Every kiss. Every move Ben made against her body. He could hear it all.

If there was ever a karmic, cosmic punishment awaiting him in this life, or his next: he’s certain it’d be something like this.

Listening to the man he - almost - hates, fucking his toy.

Ben lets his hand travel further south. He, reluctantly, leaves her breast and slips down. Over her belly. Fingers dragging across the soft linen of her nightshirt. Her hot skin searing under his hand. Her thighs shifted as his hand came down on them. He let three fingertips carefully dig in, caressing her.

“Her skins so damn soft. Fucking gorgeous. All of her is…” Ben yearns aloud. Watching carefully where her legs had lifted. Where they resettled, she’d spread them wider.

Ben swallows.

“Oh, baby…” He purrs in warning. “Tell me you haven’t…”

Kylo can’t believe how hard he is merely from overhearing this conversation. His length is rock hard now. Throbbing up against his regulation sleepwear, sending shivers to wrack through every vertebrae of his spine. The fabric snagging against his length where it was twitching, the way it was chafing against his clothing made him grit his teeth. Head thrown back on his pillow. Fist clenched.

He can’t help it.

He’d rather he’d not have this erotic fantasy moment of his kitten featuring his air-headed brother. But, this was the closest thing to action he’d had in four years. This was the most he was ever gonna get.

Kylo swallows. Trying to ignore the heaviness of his cock. “What?…” He asks hungrily. Seeking an answer.

Bens hand slipped under the hem of her shirt, and cupped bare flesh. No panties. His hips jerked upwards in sheer want when his hand meets the tender softness of her - smoothly shaved - pussy. Better yet, her wet pussy. she was streaming with it. Her slick stuck to his fingers when he just inched two of his digits against her lips.

Sweet, sweet Evie, and her bare, shaven, wet, pussy.

He wouldn’t tear his hand away for anything in the world right now. Apocalypse? Incoming hurricane? Global genocide? No chance. He finally had his fingers a hairs breadth away from the cunt he’d been after for weeks.
“Shit. She’s not wearing panties.” Ben could feel his cock weeping in his underwear. Why did he have to wear jeans tonight? They were so fucking stiff and he was stiff enough as it is. It almost hurt how hard he was.

“You trying to make me cum in my underwear kitten? Cause holy fuck, you’re going about it the right way…” Ben whispers as he shifts on the bed.

He tilts his head across to the bedside table. Reaching out to grab his phone, he adjusts, and rests it against her lampshade – camera facing outwards.

Touch was nothing compared to sight. And he was a thoroughly visual creature. He gets between her splayed legs and gently pushes up her shirt. Keeping it pressed up against her lower abdomen.

It’s then that Ben Solo comes eye level with the most perfect pussy he’s ever set his eyes on.

He swallows once more, grins, and uses one thumb to spread open her sweet labia. Giving him a view of all of her. All of her pussy that was tight, wet and so fucking pink, he thought he might lose his mind.

“She’s damn pretty down here too, Kylo…” Ben mumbles. Those shadowed bronze eyes peeking up under his hair, drinking her in, as he rubbed his big thumb against her clit. She bucks and whines for him. Her head thrashes on her pillow and her hips press up against his hand again. He rubs harder. Her thighs shiver and tremble for him. Her legs shifting and moving on the bed with the pleasure he was making course through her.

He removes his thumb and sucks it. Groaning in bliss at his first sample of her taste. “I can’t resist a pussy, baby. Especially not one as pretty as this…” He grumbles. And replaces the touch of his hand, with his tongue instead.

Down the line, Kylo is fully stroking himself now, hand having torn into his briefs and his pants. Chest full of rage and hunger. “I fucking hate you Ben. Ah-fuck. I hate you so damn much right now you f- ugh.” He grumbles as he twists his hand on his hard length. “How is she?” He demands stiffly. Ben can hear his voice drifting over the speaker.

He sinks his mouth down slowly. And from the first touch of her sitting wet and soft on his tongue. His eyes roll back in his head and he fully groans into her. His deep voice pulses, vibrating into her and she whines in her drugged state.

“Heaven.” Is his answer.

Kylo shuts his eyes. Feeling his throbbing cock pulse into his hand when he heard Ben’s answer.

He licks up into her – snuffling his face right in. delirious with hunger from the first taste. He is starving and he’s acting like it. He moans louder when he swallows down a taste of her, and his spit. Slick. Hot. Filthy. His hips hump against the side of the bed, he’s so turned on.

His fingers curl around her hip, clamp into her thigh. Hold her open, spread her wide. He feels her slick pour down his chin. Drenching into his beard, he feels it run down his tache, into his waiting mouth. Can sense it dripping out of her, directly onto his tongue as he laps, curls, twists. Suckles at her like the delicacy she is.

He wants the power to somehow be able to eat her, and have his mouth at her neck at the same time. Nip at the vein there with his teeth. Feel her jugular pulse under his tongue as she cries his name in a string of babble, with how good he’s making her cum.
Her groans come so frequently now. Ben laps one long lick at her with the whole flat of his tongue to experiment. She groans and thrashes on the bed. Moving her body so wildly, one breast peeks out of her shirt. Barely covered. Rosy red nipple stiff and stark against the blue. That sweat sheened body writhing on the end of his tongue.

He smiles as he looks over to the phone when he licks her up flat, and slow. He might as well make this entertaining for Kylo to watch later on.

He sinks a finger into her, deep. She thrashes, opening her legs wider for him. He encourages her.

“That’s it baby, you’re so fucking needy, aren’t you? Been waiting for me…. You don’t know how badly you need me. How much you need this. You need me to show this pretty pussy how to cum. That shitty ex of yours will never pleasure you like I can… bet that whiskey-dick never even made you cum during sex. Huh? Sinful.” Ben ramble’s on at her.

Inbetween his words, he is sucking down the taste of her cunt like it was ambrosia nectar of the gods, and withdrawing and pushing his finger to slide along her walls. Teasing, tantalising. Flicking over spots he wanted to feel when she gushes up his arm. He made a note to make her do that too. Then he’d be able to lap her clean afterward.

She clenched around his finger so tight. Drenched velvet.

“Bet he never made her cum on his dick either…” Kylo growls over the phone.

He’d damn well make her cum on this one if he could. Kylo groans to himself. Looking down at the generous, meaty heft of his erection, red, veiny and impatient in his palm. Both hands in play now. Phone discarded on his pillow so he could still hear. His other soundly teasing around one nipple ring.

“You’re so fucking beautiful baby. You know that? What you don’t know is how badly we both want you. We want you so, so fucking goddamn much.” Ben babbles.

Now he’s shaking his head from side to side, running his tongue in sharp figures of eight, all around her clt. There was a puddle under her pussy, slipping and dripping over his fingers. He ate up every drop he could. Her ripe little clt pulsing hard under his tongue. He smiles, opening his mouth, he smirks, leaving his tongue to dig deep into her pussy for more.

“You need to cum, don’t you Kitten? I can feel it…” Ben tells her, moving his finger faster, circling a motion and curling upward to push against her sweet malleable spot.

Kylo gruffs down the phone. “Fuck. Make her cum. I wanna hear her…” He groans breathlessly. His tone terse and short. His free hand tugging firmly on his left nipple ring as his other beat his cock senseless. Images of Evie’s pussy tantalising him behind his closed eyelids. He imagined he was face first in her. Tasting her, feeling her slick, her cum, coat the lower half of his face.

“I’m insulted you even have to tell me that…” Ben purrs to his twin. Before suckling her clt into his mouth and dragging his fingers to press upwards against where he knew they would feel good. She does sound so pretty as she cums.

She writhes, bucks, and whines, and mewls. Her head was thrown back so Ben couldn’t see her expression. But he could feel her quivering soft thighs clamp his face. They too wet with his spit trailing from her leaking pussy. He smiles and continues to slurp and suck her clt til he can’t hear her whines anymore. Sufficiently suckling her clean. Satisfied with having made her orgasm gush down his throat. Her cum poured into his mouth and he greedily had it all.
Kylo is cursing Ben’s name as he lays there. Spent from his own enormous orgasm, with the evidence of it, once again, pooling on his toned, tattooed stomach. Ben didn’t quite have the luxury of an orgasm right here before him.

“She’s too out of it for me to do much more with…” He sighs regretfully to the phone. Licking his lips. His tache. Getting every drop of taste that remained. Some of it had even run down his neck.

“How chivalrous of you…” Kylo burrs dangerously.

Ben shifts off the bed, and grabs his phone. Trying to put aside the infernal tightness of his cock, and the way his balls felt like two tonne weights. Ben palms his dick through his jeans for a moment. Head thrown back to the ceiling as he whines with the brief snippet of instantaneous relief.

“I need Hux.” Ben decides. Heading out of the door with some very blue balls.

“Thanks for calling.” Kylo grunts dryly.

Ben hangs up. His response to Kylo comes in the form of a shocking picture; Kylo nearly crushes his phone in hand when he sees the grainy, dark video clip of his twin smirking openly as he ate his kitten’s pussy. Winking at the camera with his tongue buried in her to the hilt.

“Fucker.” Kylo growls. Throwing his phone away.

~

Chapter End Notes

Yes. I know. I know. I need Jesus. Ain’t enough holy water in the world to keep my mind clean.

I think about kylo tugging his nipple rings when he cums more often than I should...
Lessons & Pursuit

Chapter Summary

Lesson for this chapter; Don’t mess with what’s Kylo’s. Does kitten finally learn the nature of his fascination with her? Bless her. I think she does.

I wrote this on my phone so the formats a little meh. I’ll edit it properly at some later point. In the meantime: enjoy Kylo’s innocence kink for Kitten. Oh he’s such a filthy boy. Hmu with your thirsts good people... I live for my inbox.

And oh my god. You guys. Your comments are all so nice!!! My god I love you all so much and Thankyou for joining me on this little adventure of filth. (Honestly I hope you know every comment is so so cherished!!!)

Any ideas lurking in those gorgeous minds about scenarios for the story? Come chat <3

He was walked along the abysmal hallway. As usual. With two guards posted at his sides. Keeping vigilant watch on him. Their steps rung heavy down the hall. Shattering and ricocheting up into the echoing dank corridor around them.

The guards spoke; but not to him. Today’s thrilling monotony was last night’s football game. Kylo wanted to roll his eyes in annoyance. He never understood the appeal of sports. Didn’t get the attraction to it. He’d always had other interests at heart... Perhaps he just despised wasting his time. Who knows. Who cares.

The knuckle-headed guards continue to plod him along all the same. Yammering on and on about the players in the offense. What they don’t realise is that they should’ve been paying closer attention to the very bored sociopath walking between them.

First big mistake.

Kylo purposefully tangled his foot in with the guard on his left as they walked along. Jones his name was. A big, portly, brute. Not the brightest of the bunch. Matter of fact he was dumber than a box of rocks. Henderson was on his right. He was equally as stupid too.
Kylo could’ve outwitted the morons in his sleep with his hands tied behind his back.

He causes them both to stumble off into the wall. The side of Kylo’s hip slams into the wall to keep him upright. His body half colliding with the man’s. Who didn’t pay attention to where Kylo’s hands went in the impact.

*They went to his key belt.*

Kylo straightens and quickly pockets what he’d stolen. Stumbling quickly forwards. Grunting when the other guard unsheathes his nightstick and soundly whacks Kylo upward’s across his back. He hunched his shoulders over lightly and turns to give the offender that black ice glare of his.

Feeling the heat of the assault already bruise it’s pain up his back. Flowering outwards it’s black and blue petals onto his skin. He was used to being battered. Used to wearing evidence of it on his skin. Nestled next to his tattoos like a story.

“None of your tricks Ren. I ain’t *stupid.*” They spit at him hatefully.

Kylo turns and carries on walking. Shuffling away. Respectfully disagreeing in odes to what now sat concealed in his pocket.

He’d taken Jones’ keycard. And he had taken Henderson’s weeks ago. The one for the interview room was a key card. Most guards were issued with one. Which was overkill. Only one was needed. The door locked automatically after it was shut.

He timed it perfectly. The other high ranking guards he knew had keys were all on rota working the other side of the prison. It would take a while for them to get here.

He didn’t need long. A few minutes at best.

Kylo had seen fit to wedge the interview room door open last time he was in there. A small piece of stone he pocketed from the yard stopping the latch from closing. Keeping the door open until he closed it.
And he was in possession of the only two keys for miles. He keeps his smirk to himself at his plot.

They all come up to the interview room.

“Huh. Doors stuck. Shitty thing probably needs replacin’.” Henderson laughs dryly as he swings it open. He’d been two seconds away from reaching for his belt for the card that he wouldn’t find hooked there.

“Don’t need those key cards today.” Jones smiles at his companion. “Just station outside the door on the chairs. Take a breather for a few. He won’t be trouble He’s been level these past few weeks. Probably that pretty writer keepin him in line.” Jones drawls.

“Amen to that. I need to take five anyway... Rest my damn feet. Been pulling double’s all week.” One laughs back at the other.

“Keep it clean, inmate.” Henderson gruffs to Ren. Manoeuvring him through the door.

“Yeah. No humping the pretty lady. You hear?” One of them mocks him. They share laughter once again.

He ignores their stupidity. Talking to him like he was a damned dog.

Instead he looks into the room ahead, and a smirk curls it’s way onto his lips at the sight already sat awaiting him at their usual table.

Sweet Kitten.

She hadn’t seen him yet. She was too busy scribbling notes in her little pad.

She wore her hair up today. No glasses. And that same brand of uninteresting workwear doing very little to accentuate the gorgeousness of her body. He’d seen - intimately - the fullness of her breasts. The soft, round curve of her full backside and thighs. Now he’d seen the limber stretch of her naked,
he finds boring clothes an offensive addition to her body.

He’s getting so fed up of looking at her. He needs a touch. A taste. He needs it soon.

The unwitting guard to his right opens the door for him, and Jones walks him in. Kylo lingers in the doorway, kicking away the stone.

The door won’t stay open now.

Jones takes him across to the table. And he doesn’t bother shackling him in.

Next big mistake.

Evie looks nervously over at the man, seeking an explanation. Kylo watched her cute little expression fret. His hands were shackled. But they weren’t cuffing him in to the table like they usually did.

She shrinks a little in her seat. “No shackling into the table today?” She asks to no one in particular. Eyes flickered between Kylo and the guard.

“He’s earned a privilege for recent good behaviour.” The guard mumbles gruffly. Raising his brows and peering down at Ren.

“Try and keep it up.” He’s warned. Before the heavy man plods out the room. Recommencing his conversation with his friend outside the cell door.

The lock clicks in the door. Kylo sneers a little at it. They were too thick to realise it just yet. They settle down in the chairs and talk some more. About football. About their shitty insignificant lives. It doesn’t matter to him.

The only person that matters now is across the table from him.

“I thought I scared you off when last we talked. Kitten.” He drawls lowly. Smiling darkly at her.
Evie remembers. His voice purring about fucking her haunted her dreams. Of course she remembered.

“I’m sorry. That was very unprofessional of me.” She stammers in regret. Fleeing like that was the height of silliness and nothing short of rude.

“I don’t want your apology.” He smirks. Because of course he doesn’t.

She looks up and meets his eyes. Shaded blue sky speaking volumes of her shame of fleeing in such a manner.

“Well. Perhaps we can put it behind us?” Evie asks.

Us. Us.

He likes the sound of that word coming from her lips.

But, god, it conjures up images that it shouldn’t. Images of them together. Curled into each other. Joined as one. Fucking and rutting like desperate beasts. Cursing and wailing in pleasure.

Him on top so he didn’t crush her. Railing his heavy, huge dick into her with all his furious might whilst she grappled at the bedsheets and took it in her tight dripping cunt. Sweat dripping from his body onto her. He’d rub it into her tits with his big hands. Mark her with his scent. His cum. Spit in her pussy and terrorise her clit with his fingers. Fuck her open. Split her in two and not stop til she’s screeching his name like an animal in heat. Taking him as many times as he wanted to fuck her. She’d take it. Take him. Take him like the good girl she was.


She swallows. “You’ll be pleased to hear, none from my notebook. I’m going off the cuff again.” She tells with a small smile.
Kylo assesses her with a hint of a pleased smirk. His eyes glimmered, sparkling darkly.

“My, my. My kitten’s learning quick.” He purrs. He liked that she wanted to please him. Truth be told, it turned him on.

“I hear you’re an architect...” She begins. She didn’t bring up Ben. She wasn’t sure if they were in good terms. She didn’t want to provoke a bad reaction.

“I was. Now I’m a convict.” He smarts at her.

“I think being an architect sounds amazing.” She continues.

“I was a fucking good one too. I loved my job.” He rewards her with emphasis.

If he fed her little useful, true, things sometimes: she’d keep coming back. If he gave away every spec of information about himself away upfront. She’d have stopped coming after one visit. And he couldn’t have that...

She was his gorgeous distraction from this hellhole.

“I imagine a lot of travel is involved with being a residential architect. So much inspiration everywhere...” She goads.


*And now he was incarcerated in here, in this soulless, doomed place.*

“I know it can’t be easy to talk about...” she adds in an attempt at understanding.

“I always wish I’d traveled more. Gone to Italy. Seen Rome or Venice. Gone to a Tuscan Vineyard. Seen the Eiffel tower with my own two eyes... just once...” She dreams. Trailing off. Her words ending with a lull, just like the pursuit of her wish.
“We both know what’s stopping me.” He rattles his shackles to prove a point. “What’s stopping you?” He demands.

She blinks in alarm. He had just spat harsh words at her.

“Salary of a lowly columnist and novelist is um... well... it’s bleak at best. Not exactly a whole host of opportunity’s for someone who used to write for a two-bit pensioners clothing catalogue, to seek expensive adventures abroad in Tuscany.” She says.

“Some things are always out of our reach. So I shall have to content myself with dreams I can actively achieve... a new tree planted in my garden. A, ugh, new set of first edition folios from my local book shop.” She smiles gently. Falsely boasting her optimism.

Not mentioning that she had an entire wall bookshelf full of Italian travel books. Postcards of Milan scenery pinned to her fridge, and a yearning to go see the gorgeous country for herself. She let those facts die a quiet, unaired death. Once more, buries her yearning. Locks it up down deep.

Kylo tilts his head at her. “Who knows... you may get there one day.” He pledges.

They are interrupted as another guard comes along and swipes the door access with his card. Ready another prisoner to come in.

Right on time. Kylo thinks. Glancing up at the clock on the wall.

Murray the guard escorts a broad chested, muscled guy inside. His head was shaven and he had a bald tattooed head marked with tribal style ink. His eyes were dark and his face was young and puppyish. Linetti. A jumped up little jerk from the other wing. A troublemaker. Car thief. Drug dealer. And some counts of ABH. Nothing terribly harmful. No one of serious consequence. Not to Kylo anyway...

That’s exactly what Kylo thought of him. Especially as he was out in the yard the other day for his usual allotted hour. He was reclining against the chain link fence. Enjoying the heat on his sun starved skin, when he overheard Linetti shooting hoops with his buddies. Cackling.
Laughing and leering about his Evie.

In-between the clinking pangs of the basketball being dribbled against the court. He could hear the shitty idiot talking to his friends.

“That cute broad that came in the other day? They walked her through D-wing. Holy fuck. Saw right up her fucking skirt. She got a real cute cunt man. I swear. Then she looks at me, right at me, licks her fucking lips like she wants to suck my dick. I bet she’d look fucking good on her knees. Only she goes off to interview some shithead from lifers or somethin... she looked at me with those come fuck me eyes man. I’m tellin ya. Fucking bitch was horny for me. Panting like a dog for my dick in her throat....”

The moron had failed to notice Kylo was at the fence. Hearing every word. Every word that dripped within innuendo from from his disgusting mouth he would pay sorely for. He’d bet his life on it.

Evie glances up at the pair entering the room, ending their solitude. Kylo watches as Linetti’s eyes turn foul and sleazy as he eyes up Evie where she sat. Smile leering at her. Tilting his head to size up her ass and legs under the table.

Her cheeks heat and she glances sharply away when he levels a suggestive playful kiss across at her. His pointed tongue licking his lips as he did. Waggling his tongue ring at her.

The guard sits him down. Evie notices that Kylo’s eyes don’t leave the inmate.

“For your visitor will be along in minute. Keep quiet til then Linetti.” Then the guard leaves the room. Letting the door lock and saying goodbye in passing to his colleagues.

Linetti’s visitor wouldn’t be along in a minute. Or in two minutes. Or at all. Kylo had manipulated Ben into booking a visit under a false name for him. He needed him in this room. He needed him alone. In a room only he had keys too.

Needed to remind people what happens when they lust after his things. Evie tried to resume talking. But the idiot lounges in his chair and calls across to her;

“Why don’t you come over here sweetie? I got some stuff you could take down...” He flirts across at her. Grabbing his crotch in a crude gesture. Evie looks flushed. Embarrassed.
Not on his watch. Not his kitten.


She does as told. His look bolstered her. It gave her - possibly false - belief that he would keep her safe in whatever tension now flared up in the air around them. Kylo switched his attention to the other inmate.

And he doesn’t stop staring daggers at the guy. If Linetti was smart. That was the point when he’d shut his mouth. And not continue. Only, he wasn’t smart...

“Shut your stupid fucking mouth, Linetti.” Kylo tells him. Head slowly turning to him. Moving slowly. Like a reptile. His only semblance of a warning in the way he tilts his head.

Linetti scoffs.

“Or what Ren? You’re a jacked up nobody. Old man. Everyone on here says you’re fucking crazy. But you couldn’t take me. Now stop monopolising the sweet pussy and let me get a good look at those pretty tits...” He smirks. Launching from his table and coming across, a predator, headed for Evie.

She gapes, standing up from her seat and bolting back a few steps. Now near the wall by the door. He was backing her into a corner.

Oh, hell no.

Kylo shoots from his seat like an idiot seeking missile. Coming to his full disarming height opposite the moron. Directly blocking his path. Inserting himself between his kitten and this jumped up shit.

Guarding. Warning him off. Protecting what is his.

By now. The guards opposite were apoplectic. At the cell door. Screeching for Ren to back off.
“You lay even one finger on her. Your head gets ripped from your shoulders...” Kylo tells. “That how you wanna die, dipshit?” He seeks. “I’d be only too happy to oblige.”

“The guards are coming in. What you gonna do to me, fuckhead?” He braves.

Kylo reaches into his pocket and plainly brings out both guards key cards. They shout loudly from the door. Kylo merely smirks at them. Dumb fucks.

The playful light of confident bravery in Linetti’s eyes, fades.

“What makes you think they’re coming in?” Kylo asks in a deathly calm voice.

He had the balls to know to look terrified now.

He weakly tried to fend Kylo off with a lousy right hook. It didn’t work. Kylo caught his thrown punch and used his own weight and momentum to spin him around. Linetti can barely shout out before Kylo kicks his feet out under him. And links his own shackles across his neck. Pulling them tight. Tugging them across the idiots throat.

And he looked completely unfazed by the nature of his violence.

He listens to the man gasp and grapple for breath. Air and drool bubbling out his lips. His eyes bugging. Face starting to turn red. Starving for air that Kylo wouldn’t allow him to reach.

“You wanna try and gawp at her now, huh, you sick fuck?” He asks. Linetti weakly tried to shake his head.

“I don’t think she can hear you.” Kylo taunts. Yanking tighter, making it impossible. His words escaped in a foaming gurgle as his eyes started to close.

She wants to say something to stop him. But what words can she say to stop Kylo Ren?
She can only watch in horror. Crowded, cowering low into the corner as the inmate in front of Kylo stops clawing at the strong trunks of his orange clad thighs. And gets thrown to the floor. Kicked away to roll limp on his side. Unconscious.

Kylo pants with anger as he looked down on the useless pile of man slumped on the floor at his feet. Hammers his boot right into his spine.

That’d teach him to covet his things. His toys. Teach him not to put his grubby eyes on her. Checking her out sleazily like she was his fucking piece of meat.

She was his toy. His possession. She belonged to him. She was made for him and him only. His.

He looks up at her. She wants to sob.

His hair was wild and free, black locks strung slightly in his face. His ink hued eyes flickering black, like discs of a distant glimpse of stars in a night sky. When he slowly raised his eyes to her, her lips part and she tries to push away the fear and panic that was clouding up her lungs. Sitting heavy on her chest as if trying to squeeze every last gasp of air out her body. Just like he’d done to Linetti.

She’s shivering like a cowed dog. And that curling smirk that creeps into his face is an indication of his knowledge of that fact.

“Please... please... Kylo.” She whispers in a whimper though what for, she has no clue.

He steps over the choked prisoner, now laying crimson purple in the face, with a crossed chain of the shackles indents etched, carved to bruise, into his neck. A permanent purple chain now ringing his throat. Evie can see, thankfully, his chest flutters lightly. Showing he was - barely - still living.

She can’t concentrate on him now. She can only raise her head and comprehend the massive man whose hellbent on coming toward her.


Free to do what he liked to her, Undoubtedly by his own design. Taking away the guards keys so
they couldn’t come in took planning. Getting Linetti in here alone to choke him out took planning. She’d trusted too much in his calm façade. She dared to forget what cold, soulless monster lurked behind his clever, deceptively humanoid, front.

She’d lost her safety net. Having him chained to that table each time they spoke was what kept her feeling secure. Safe. As it was meant too.

But now he’s worked his way out of his chains, and is no longer restrained under any sense. His temper was free. His arms were free. And she was locked into the interview room with the man who she can’t decide if he is a blessing or a curse.

His presence did what it did best. Suffocated everything else in the room to her senses. He engulfed everything about her attention and kept it trained on him. It’s intoxicating. It’s dangerous.

It’s so utterly wrong that she’s started to crave it so much.

She’s put it out her mind each time she talks to him. Thinks about him. But here it is, those thoughts, those wants, that she thought buried are surfacing and firing up, yearning to buzz through her blood. Forcing her to look at the feeling that squirmed in her stomach and rotted her useless brain; she could diagnose it more cleanly, clearly, now that her unbidden desire is striding towards her unhinged.

She knows now that it’s her attraction and her lust. Mingled with fear. However wrong it all may be, She can’t deny it:

She’s lusting for a Killer.

It’s slamming into her like a two tonne force, just as the six foot four, broad, strapping man before her was about too.

He’s spent a month tethered down opposite a metal table from her; he steps damn close when he gets near at last. She can hear him breathing heavily. She can smell his scent on the cresting air that he moves, bringing it with him. The heavy tread of his steps thunder in her ears. Moving ever closer and closer...

His scent is simple but effective. Sterile washing powder. An echo of faded sweat. Musk of warm skin. Pure 100% Male.
It was silly - but the gradual nearness of him brought an old forgotten verse of Sylvia Plath harping back in her scared mind. “The panthers tread is on the stairs. Coming up and up the stairs...”

The poem that presents so finely an image of the persona within as being the pray of a powerful, irresistible, ultimately destructive, panther.

*That sounded eerily familiar to her at this point...*

To Evie, the poem has always spoken ravenously about gut-pull. About indomitable attraction of which one party knew so greatly the danger of it. Much like that doomed persona in that dark poem, Like them, she ran from it. Bolting doors in its wake, locking it out - yet all attempts were plainly futile.

She’d tried to escape this attraction. But it had sought her out and found her all the same.

*Appalled by secret want - I rush. Only she can’t rush.*

He stops just shy of her toes pressing into his. Her head barely grazes his collarbone. She fixes her gaze there. On the gap she can see in his uniform. Letting her see up close, the sharp edges of ink cutting away his bare skin at the divot of his suprasternal notch. Crawling ink reaches up his neck, dark glyphs and skulls. Death and despair. She’s fixating on the peeping collar of his white t-shirt. From here, she could see that there was not even a drop of sweat lingering on him. Even though he just choked a man out. She’d be surprised if his heart rate got over 90 as he raged.

She gulps, pulse pounding in her throat when one bloodied, bruising and mangled set of fingers and knuckles come to sweep a curl of hair back from her clammy forehead. His hands were huge. She shuddered thinking all the ways those big palms and fingers could hurt her. And not hurt her.

Sensation of his skin touching on hers flutters through her. By now her body was prickling so much with both hot and cold, she can’t tell what she is anymore. Her cheeks might be blooming red with heat but she can’t fathom it, for she’s shivering with cold.

Her chest trembles with torrid air that barely circulates and fails to expand her weak little lungs.
She screws her eyes shut and prays her lower lip doesn’t wobble. She doesn’t want her last image of this world to be of this awful, depressing place. Her brows furrow earnestly on her face. And she gulps again. Drawing in what’s she sure to be her last breath.

His fingers skim the side of cheek, and then her jaw. Ending their journey by tucking under her chin... She goes rigid. Her breathing so shallow and fast it aches her straining heart.

“Look at me.” He commands softly. Two thick fingers that slipped under her chin tilting her head up. His tone left little room for disobedience.

His voice rails through her like an electric shock. Spreading it’s low hum about her body at its baritone rumble. It seeps through her limbs like scalding water being flushed into her bloodstream. Radiating outwards from the very centre of her.

She peels her eyes open. And does as he says. She’d be a fool not too. She nearly whimpers when she does.

Her heart beat hurts when she takes in that intensely gorgeous face looking at her with such unrestrained desire. Yet his eyes seem drawn back, assessing, calculating. No change there. Dissecting her and pinning her down like they always did. Piercing deep into her own like two hot black knives. His beauty knocked her square in the gut.

Those plush lips were so close to her. That pale face with its broad, roman features is sloped down, close - so very close - it’s intimidating. He stares a little longer. Sizing up his kill. She can feel his breath. And the sheer raw hot body heat that comes off him in waves.

Scorching her. Charring her. Mind and soul. She’s a ravened woman for him.

“Why aren’t you screaming at the top of your lungs for the guards right now, Kitten? I could snap your neck so easily if I wanted too...” He tells her firmly.

Hammering his point home when his other fingers slip and slide against her neck. His skin tough, dry and so hot. He was an inhuman furnace.

His voice is deep, low and level. Like a dark melody being strummed on a double bass. She’d describe his voice as melodic and enchanting if her knees weren’t quite so weak with fear. Ready to
buckle under her weight. His hand felt like the only thing anchoring her up. Keeping her standing.

It took all of Evie’s willpower. And unsticking her tongue from the roof of her mouth to answer. In sheer terror, her tongue felt too big to fit her mouth anymore. Not to mention her voice seemed to have absconded out of sight and reach of her mind.

“Do you want to snap my neck kylo?” She asks. Pretty certain her heart was trying to pound out of the clutch of her ribcage as if it were being held in captivity against its will. Pressing into her neck. Pressing heat and blood into her face.

He tilts his head and gazed down at her throat. Where her chest swelled and sunk, he watched the veins in her neck pulsing and tugging.

“There’s so many things I’d do to your body given half the chance, Evie...” He tells her. She whimpers when his hand shifts. Her gaze trying to stay stuck in his. Her lips pursed. Her fear so palpable in the air it was another intruder on their conversation.

“But harming it... isn’t among them...” He adds. Purring. Leaning in to be even closer.

His eyes shutter down to her lips as his joined hands leave her neck, falling away outside the close embrace of their bodies. Her breathing quickens, blood gonging in her ears. He reaches for his pockets and she finally takes her eyes away from his gaze and squirms shut in terror again. She had no desire to look down at whatever weapon he was about to pull out of his pocket... No desire whatsoever to glimpse at her own murder weapon...

“Do you trust me?” Kylo’s asking her offhand. She can hear the shackles clink together.

“I trust that you don’t want to harm me.” She answers. He is stone cold silent again. But he was unsatisfied with her evasive answer.

She opens her eyes when she feels cool metal being pressed into her palm. Eyes springing open when she feels the familiar shape and weight of one of her possessions in her grasp.

Kylo finishes slithering the long chain into her hand and lets it coil to rest there. Taking his hands away when he was done. But he kept the closeness. He liked it. He was going to be battered black and blue and thrown in solitary for weeks on end after this. He’d drink in her contact like a starved
man while he had the chance.

Breathe in her perfume. That scent he craves; Geranium. Clean simple soap. Bay leaves and greenery. Memorise once again the slopes and shapes of her face. The shade of her hair. The hollows around her gorgeous little body that made up her unique shape. Committing every negative and positive formation of her to memory.

“My locket?” She gasps weakly in amazement. Looking down. He feasts on her as she does.

“How did-“ She asks him. Trailing off. He’d kept it to give back to her. Cherishing it almost. Knowing it was one of her beloved belongings.

“Shoddy clasp kitten. The things falling to pieces. You may wanna see to that.” He suggests stiffly.

His eyes dart behind her to see the clamour once again out in the hallway beyond the cell door. The shouts and the din they’d been deaf too in this precious moment of privacy that had been strictly theirs. She twists her head and sees them too now. She can see Finch hissing orders at people. Thick set guards fumbling for the right keys to open the door with to “free” her.

She doesn’t think she can ever be truly “free” from a man like Kylo.

“I think our times coming to a close.” He rasps at her.

Disappointment and fury starting to burrow into his stomach. He’d tasted utopia being this close to her. And now, like always, it was being snatched away. Yet again.

“I think Finch will be very angry with you.” She predicts obviously. Looking at the orange slump of the fallen inmate over his shoulder. Hearing the shrink bellowing warnings and threats at him through the bars. Warning him what will happen if he hurts, or so much as touches, Ms. Winslow.

Kylo looks over her shoulder at the irate man and smirks. One big paw of his cupping her hip through her clothes. Reeling her body to his so very slowly. Cupping them together with a tenderness that makes her lose her breath. She can feel his pelvis brush up on her. Can feel the meat of his thighs pressing in. Can feel his cock at half mast under his jumpsuit. Her hot little body right up against him. How could he not be hard?
Holy lord. She trembles because of it. Just the force of his body did so many things...

“You know. I never was any good at doing what I’m told....” Kylo growls. Those black eyes bursting into dark flame.

“And why would I bother wasting worry on what Finch is gonna have done to me? It got me near to you.” He pants.

“I’d rip ten men apart into bloodied pieces if it meant I got to be this close to you.” He tells her.

“Why would you do that just to be near me?” She asks.

He rolls his hips into her as if to make a statement. That big body clipping into hers so she could get a feel of how tough every single slab of muscle was. He was all, sheer, man. An aroused man at that. Judging by what beast she could feel nudged between his thighs.

Kylo leans in. His breath rolls over her ear and sets her skin quivering with need. Her knees knock. Spine crawling with shoots of bursting hot desire. She wants to groan. She wants to be kissed by this man.

He wants to throw her on one of the tables, bunch that drab skirt up and slam his cock into her hot, tight, little cunt.

He’d say this for something; beating his cock with his hand used to be enough for him. An easy way to get off for a bit of light relief when needed. Settle the antsy nerves in his blood. Make him feel less on edge. But since Evie? Since her nothing is satisfying enough. He’s bored of his hand. So weary of tugging his nipple ring for the pain, whilst his hand slicks up and down his erection for the pleasure. He’s sick of coming whilst he imagines her behind closed eyes. Fed up of watching his cum drool out only to be wasted on his skin.

He needs her. She needs him.

Fuck his brother. Fuck him for already having been able to indulge in eating her pussy. Fuck him for watching her cum and lapping her clean. Tasting every last drop of her. She belonged to him. Her
sweet pussy belonged to him and only him. If he were free he’d be pounding her cunt every morning, noon and night. He’d get his face buried between those thighs for hours on end and wouldn’t let up til she passes out.

“Haven’t you figured it out yet in that, big, intelligent brain of yours kitten? You’re mine.” He intones in a fatal sounding husk. His tone was all dominance and bite. And sex.

His mouth moves against her neck and she does gasp and pant, combusting, when he presses a single closed mouth kiss to the side of her jaw. Claiming her with his touch. Branding her.

Never before had so few words and actions done so much to her...

He lets another breath roll over her neck. Tantalising her. Blazing and fogging hot against her skin like a dirty little secret. She wants to close her eyes at the bliss of it. She wants to moisten her dry mouth. But she has an unfortunate feeling that every drop of wetness in her body has another location in mind. She hates her traitorous lust for making her feel that way about him.


The guards, and a very irate Finch, finally burst their way into the room. Kylo is ripped away from her and beaten down onto his knees. Shoved down onto his kneecaps with a force that looked like it could shatter bone. He’s rammed in the ribs, the legs with nightsticks. And he doesn’t even flinch.

She feels an iron grip tug painful on her wrist. She feels it. Yet she doesn’t. She’s numb. She lets her unfeeling body get tugged roughly from the room.

She can’t take her eyes off him. Nor him, her.

Even on his knees in cuffs he still looks powerful. How he did it, she knows now. She’d finally learnt. He did it with the sheer mass of his frame. The heft is his shoulders. Powerful intelligence and superiority that seeps from him. The bulk of his arms and legs so strong no one could quash him down into insignificance.

Those dark eyes never leave her. Especially the way Finch has his flabby, fat - disgusting - fingers curled about her tiny wrist. Her bones as delicate as a baby bird’s. His grasp would bruise her.
Kylo glares a warning to his shrink to back off her. He almost hopes the fat fuck doesn’t listen. That would finally give Kylo an excuse to slit his throat like he’s dreamt of doing for so long.

“You get your fucking hands off her.” He hisses through the bars.

The shrink glares back at his rioting inmate. He still hasn’t let go of her wrist. Her fingers twitched as the man squeezes tighter. Hurting her.

“You don’t give the orders in here Ren. How many times I gotta say it?” Finch sneers at the pathetic inmate.

*The sick bastard was using her pain to prove a point.* Trying to keep Ren in line.

Evie whimpers and tries to rip her arm away. “Finch. *Let me go.*”

Kylo lurches for the door when he hears her mewl of distress. Numerous pairs of hands from the guards descend to subdue him where he knelt. The air about him humming with unchecked rage.

*Her caged beast can’t defend her out here. No matter how hard he tries.* Finch thinks.

“Please, let go of my arm...” She grits out through clenched teeth. Though a little more forcefully. She wrenches and reminds him that she’s there. Her skin pinched and sore under his grip.

“Don’t say *please* to scum like him Kitten.” Kylo tells her. His eyes were pools of pure hatred as they fixed on the Shrink. He’s been tugged to his feet now.

She grapples her arm out of his hold and steps backwards.

“Next time you want to *hurt* someone to prove a point, Dr. You better think twice about trying to make it *me.*” Evie tells him in a shaky voice. Her jaw set. Her eyes trying their very best to be stern.
Fuck. It’s adorable and his cock twitches with longing and Kylo’s oddly glimmering with pride at her in that moment for standing up to the scummy man.

*There was his kittens little spark of fire. He knew it would rise if she was pushed...*

Kylo grins. Where they’d beat him blood dropped down his chin. And dripped from a gash in his cheekbone where it had split.

She holds herself tall and gives him one last look. Clutching her bag. Trying to muster her dignity. Before she side eyes Finch and then turns to scurry away. Her heels clacking down the hallway. Her weak, still trembling legs spiriting her away from the terrifying encounter that she know she needs a *lot* of alcohol and a *lot* of bravery to recover from.

She turns back and sees the giant form of him as he was ushered out the room with three guards wrangling him. He stops for a moment and turns his head to look at her. And there’s that smirk.

Her stomach quivers and the air is electric. Charged hot and heavy when their eyes meet.

She can *feel* his smirk and his eyes weigh on her even as she walks away. Burning holes in her back. She can hear his rasping voice purring at her as she walks off. Even though he hadn’t said a word.

*You’re mine now, Kitten.*

Oh, She’s in *no end* of trouble.

~
Crawling out my trash pile and I’ve been doing just fine

How about this for angst; Kylo finally getting what he wants....

Then having his kitten snatched away by guess who; all to keep him in line. He hits Kylo where it hurts and takes away his pretty toy.

I know I don’t do angst often. But there’s a very good reason for it that shall come to fruition in about - roughly - 3 chapters’ time...

Hang in there folks.

4 Weeks later

The next time Kylo is sat down across from her. Evie has never realised she could feel such pain on another human beings behalf. But she feels it for Kylo. She feels it then - a sharp pang in her heart like a piercing hot dagger - when she sees the sorry state of him;

When he lowers down into the seat. He moves slowly, too slowly, carefully. Almost wincing when his torso shifted. She held no false illusions as to diagnosing his pain: he’d been beaten. Hard. She watches his glance wash over her as his cuffs are attended too.

They’d clapped him in full body irons like a disgraced circus animal. A dangerous attraction, scarred, beaten and brought to heel. Beasts in the Circus always seemed the most pitiful sight to her. A glorious, wild, beautiful animal reduced to prancing and performing for the entertainment of others. Trodden down. And kept in chains.

Chains wrapped around his waist. Joined his feet. Kept his hands closely bound to his body. And they did remember to fix him into the table this time.

His face was bruised and the several cuts that split his skin looked recent. A gash above his eyebrow looked swollen. It almost married with the blossoming spread of a purple-blue bruise under his eye. His plump lower lip was split too. And the highest plane of his cheekbone bore another dark, ugly
bruise surrounding another thin fissure in the skin.

She swallows back something sour and sad that feels like grief stinging the back of her throat. She’s angry too, but that isn’t what consumes her. That will come later when the guard makes a snotty comment to him. Or when Finch undoubtedly reminds him whose in charge with that horrible, coffee stained sneer, that shows off his crooked smile.

She has a persistently domestic wish taking up all thought in her head at the moment: a desire to rub an ointment balm on those wounds to help them heal. Helping cleanse away the cuts of dried blood on his face with a flannel. Silly stupid romantic notions. Holding an ice pack to his sore face to calm the swelling.

She’d have to start giving those sappy Veronica Henry novels she loves so much, a rest, she thinks. Or she’ll start imagining herself as Florence Nightingale mopping the poor man’s fevered brow.

He looked at her across the table like he usually does. With that expression of his she had never quite learned how to read. And the start of his trademark curling smirk tugging on his battered lips. Face: as ever impassive. Eyes: as ever, assessing.

He watched her adorable little face fall the second he was shuffled into view. That furrow so deeply set in her brow, it bunched up her whole forehead. She swallowed and he saw her eyes flicker across every wound of his visible to view. He watched her small body hunched up in her seat as she gazes at him with an expression and air to her, like a kicked puppy.

“Kitten. I’ve had far worse.” He explains when the guard sidles away. Today they are given no liberties. A guard stands watch in the room. One stationed outside the door too.

She shuffled in her seat. Not saying a thing. Then again. She didn’t need too. She opens her mouth and he answers before she can speak.

“I can read your earnest, worried little face like a book.” He tells. Resting his arms on the table. His back and shoulders were too sore to lean against anything. He seriously suspects Finch may have broken one or two of his ribs. Again.

Lord help him, the fact she was almost in tears over seeing him was the most adorable thing.
“It’s not right...” She says lowly. “They shouldn’t be able to treat you that way, and get away with such brutality.” She says gravely. Her face still pinched. She looked across to the guard who stood stony faced. Not listening in. Luckily.

“They can do what the hell they want to me. They aren’t the ones in cuffs, and they let me know it.” He tells her. “Don’t get upset about things you can’t change, Evie.” He warns her.

She swallows. He sees something then that only he could pick up on. She averts her eyes. And looks down at her lap; worrying her lower lip with her teeth. Was that guilt he could see? He narrows his eyes slightly. What was she up to in that sweet, kind head of hers?

“Since you’re here. Am I to assume you’ve yet more, questions?” Kylo says with an air of amusement lingering on his tone.

She wets her lips. And nods slightly. Yet everything she had to ask seemed so pathetic in the face of current events.

“I wanted to start by thanking you - if it isn’t too trite.” She tells.

Kylo silently tilts his head. That, she had learned, was her queue to keep talking.

“I accessed Linetti’s files. Turns out he was brought in for...” She trails off. Finding her words. “Raping and mutilating a prostitute.” She says quietly. “Apparently he carved up her face. Tortured her. Then laughed at her pain.”

“I shudder to think what might have happened if...” bile rises in her throat. Shutting down her words before they could make it past her teeth.

‘If he got his hands on me,’ were the words she didn’t have the courage to say.

Kylo recognised she had been truly shaken by the experience. He’d forgotten that she wasn’t from inside this place: she was sweet. And good. Kind. She still had that sort of naïve innocence about not knowing and being oblivious to what some men were really like.
She’d never seen the truly ugly side of human nature that Kylo had seen. Both inside this place, and out of it. He’s seen things that would make her little weak heart shudder.

“I wouldn’t have let him lay so much as one finger on you. Kitten. Believe me.” He tells her firmly. Merely by the look in those flickering gunpowder eyes; she trusts him to be telling her the truth. He’d said it then and he reaffirmed it now.

*Kylo always protected what was his.*

She nods. Bolstering her courage. A small smile raising her rosebud mouth.

“Well. Thankyou for defending me so thoroughly from him. I realise you put yourself in harms way with some very serious repercussions for my benefit.” She apologises. He says nothing but he does smirk.

“Worth every bruise and broken bone the way I got to touch you.” Kylo lusts at her. His piercing eyes never leaving hers as he looked at her longingly over the table. As if he wanted to rip it right up out the floor it was screwed into to get it out his way. Chuck it aside, take her in his arms again and-

She blushes. And then, of course, tucks that straying piece of hair back behind her ear.

“It was, *uh-*” heat poured into her face more when she recalled what happened when he touched her.

Her blush betrayed her; over and over at night. Whenever she closed her eyes, laying in her soft bed, she could still feel the rasp of his fingers as they skimmed her skin. She felt his touch echo through her. From the tips of her toes to the root of her hair. It consumed her. Ate her alive with longing. Such desire that was chewing her up, heart, body and soul for him.

She also can’t deny every time she reflected on it, it had made her nipples prickle hard, pushing up under her nightgown. And an annoying knot of energy pulses in her abdomen. Rushing heat and longing between her legs. She ignored it every time. It was an impossible want. *He* was an unattainable want.

“It was not objectionable...” She finally answers. Nervously fingering her notebook. Averting her eyes to watch her fingertip skim over the pages.
“Calm it with that dirty talk. You’ll get me ripping through my jumpsuit.” He flirts. His ribs hurt with mirth.

Of course, another part of him is highly flattered. He’d unleashed such, desires, such things in her, that she, a writer, didn’t have enough coherent vocabulary to fully describe the effect his nearness had on her.

*She was so goddamn cute. How was it a lion like him had become obsessed with such a meek little lamb?*

She smiles at his joke. Cheeks flushing at her choice of words. He must think she’s a frumpy boring idiot by this point.

“Well. I don’t want to make you uncomfortable. You really won’t be in the mood to give me any answers then.” She piped up.

“Chance your luck. I’m feeling generous today.” He lets out with a lopsided grin.

“Where do I start?” She asks rhetorically.

He was taking this golden opportunity with both - shackled - hands.

Kylo’s eyes flashed with something wicked. “Let’s swap questions. I get to ask you one. You get to ask me one.” He smarts.

She folds her arms in her lap and leans forwards a little. Shuffling closer on her seat. “*Ok* then, Ren. We’ll play it your way.”

*They’d been playing it his way the second she first stepped foot in this prison.*

“What happened to calling me Kylo? Kitten?” He teases.
“Does that count as one of your questions?” She asks slyly. That makes him smirk.

Were he not in cuffs, he’d have her on his lap, or over his knee for cheeky questions like that. Spank that peachy ass a raw crimson. Watch the shape of his massive hand blossom red across her round little ass. She’d be crying out his name, *his first fucking name too*, in that limbo state between both pain and pleasure.

Then he’d curl two big fingers deep in her pussy and feel how *wet* he’s made her. Feel her tight hot cunt gripping his fingers like drenched velvet as he plunges then deep. *So goddamn* deep. To places none of her shitty exes had ever bothered to reach for her.

And he just *knew* she’d be drooling and dripping for him when he’s done. His good little kitten was just aching to be shown how much she liked being bad and wanton, all for him. That’s half the reason she was attracted to him. The aspect of his danger. He flattered himself he was the ultimate “wrong side of the tracks” bad boy fantasy. She thought she could tame him? Think again. He’d never be tamed. His very nature was polar opposite.

“Absolutely not.” He warns with a playful edge. Coming out of his erotic daydream and back down the earth. He can never help himself. He always sits through their conversations with his cock straining half-hard.

Even when she first met him. The way she shuddered and flinched, scared from him rattling his shackles. That sent a jolting thrill through him like nothing had before. Got him so raging hard it almost *hurt*.

“Show me your left arm.” He demands.

Evie doesn’t need to point out that wasn’t a question, and more of a command. Judging by that incontestable hardness in his eyes, she’d comply without fuss. She hesitates for a second.

He urges her onward. Gruffly.

“Sleeve. Kitten. *Now.*”

She does as she’s told.
He watched as her small hand reached over for her cardigan sleeve, and slowly peeled the sleeve down over her nimble wrist. He sits and watches until he see’s what he knew he’d find.

It seems he wasn’t the only one wearing bruises.

A ring of them circled her lower forearm. Yellow green streaks sat in the thick shape of hand having gripped her too hard.

He never knew he could feel such throat-choking hatred for a man he already loathed to hell and back. But now he saw the letch’s fingertip bruises gripping her arm, he knew it to be possible.

His expression went stiff and his jaw set.

“It doesn’t hurt.” She tries to assuage him. Putting her sleeve back up. Needless to say, her gentle persuasion doesn’t work. Nothing will. The man was under his skin now. In his sights, and his haunches were raised. He was a predator who’d scented blood and now he was on the trail, there was no stopping him.

“I’m gonna fucking-“ He starts in a growl.

He snaps his gaze from her arm back up to her face when she hides the bruises again.

“My turn, Kylo.” She starts softly. He did promise, after all.

Distraction. Cheap ploy. Little minx.

“Why did you take away the guards keycards and get Linetti alone in here?” She enquires quietly. Almost under her breath so the guard wouldn’t hear.

He smirks lightly. “That’s what you’re curious about?”
She nods. “You planned so diligently to get him in here. Why?” She asks.

*Because of you;* Is what he doesn’t say.

“He was rude.” He answers simply.

Evie blinks at the simplicity of his answer. “Rude to you?...” She seeks.

Anytime he thought back on the filth he overheard the moron was spouting about her. It set his teeth clenching. ‘*She got a real cute cunt man. I swear. Then she looks at me, right at me, licks her fucking lips like she wants to suck my dick. I bet she’d look fucking good on her knees.*’

He couldn’t stand to have that fucked up pervert have fantasies of his kitten in his head. Therefore, the only choice he had left was to beat him senseless, stamp those fantasies out of reach and yearning of that fuckers stupid brain.

His knuckles clenched into a fist, cracking and popping where he had them resting in his lap.

“Just rude.” He adds succinctly. Confirming his point.

She nods in understanding. He was short fused in his temper. She’d come to know that about him at the very least. It didn’t take much to get his temper going. What was so chilling was the fact he always seemed level headed, so calm, even in his anger.

She’d watched him choke a man half to death and he’d not even turned a shade.

“My turn.” His dark eyes glinting bright with intrigue. She wets her lips in anticipation.

“Do you enjoy coming to see me?” He asks calmly. Tilting his head at her in that dangerous way he does.

“You’re... very.” She swallows “Intimidating.” She says weakly.
“No. There’s more you want to say to me...” He tells her in a drawl. He wasn’t wrong.

“At first you scared me. And if we’re being completely honest with each other. You still scare me now.” She tells.

*Good.* He thinks. He wants his kitten to remain wary. Even if it was of him. He can’t have her letting her guard down for anyone.

“You play with me. Toy with me. Challenged me. And yes, I can’t explain how, but I have come to look forward to our conversations. There’s no one I’ve ever met that’s quite like *you*, Kylo.” She explains.

She was worried she’d offend him with her honesty. But he was sat back smiling at her proudly.

“I can explain how...” He tells her lowly. Looking her dead in the eyes. Sitting forwards in his chair. Getting as close as he could. Where his hands are shackled, he lets them slide under the table, onto his knees.

“I intrigue you. Maybe I even excite you a little bit.” He predicts. Narrowing his eyes with pleasure at her blushing cheeks.

“You think no one see’s you. That no one notices you for what you are. You don’t believe anyone could want you. Desire you. But I *do*. I noticed you from the second I saw you kitten.” He tells her.

“And maybe, yes, you are here because you like your job and you’re good at it. But I know a small part of you craves to see me because I’m everything you shouldn’t want. But you can’t stay away. Your boss won’t let you. Your curiosity won’t let you. Your *desire* for me won’t let you.” He smiles.

Her mouth gapes and she looks across at the guard. He refocuses her attention back on him by slipping his hand forwards and softly letting two fingertips brush over her bare kneecap.

He listens to her breath hitch. Her skin pulsing with goosebumps, and he doesn’t need her to tell him he’s right.
“How come you always make it so I hardly know what to say?...” She asks in a breathy whisper.

“It’s called longing, kitten.” He explains. Hand still on her knee. His thumb brushing over the knobbled bone beneath her skin. Even through the silk of her sheer tights, he could feel how soft her skin was.

She’d never felt something as potent as this rock her body before. It sent thrills through her nerves like fireworks popping in the November night sky. Bursting. Shrieking. Clanging loud. He made her lungs stutter. And turned her into a weak limbed idiot.

“But-“ She begins. She wanted to point out the illogicality of this. This attraction that could never be. Never go anywhere. Never flourish into anything more...

“Don’t say it.” He warns her. His eyes brimming with desire. Don’t even think it. Not whilst we’re like this. He adds.

Not whilst I’ve got my hands on you at fucking last, Kitten.

“Time.” Barks the guard from across the room. The sharp clatter of his voice disturbs the private little bubble they were so all wrapped up in. The utopia of each other’s company.

Evie shrinks back in her chair and gathers her bag. Kylo recognises her withdrawal. Her confidence burrowing in on itself.

“Don’t you dare try and stay away from me, Kitten.” He tells her in a low growl at the guard is almost upon them.

Evie looks across at him. She watches those dark eyes set in that beautiful, full featured face. Plush lips. Bruised and battered. And it sends a bolt of desire through her. Maybe this was a losing game. Maybe it was like tethering herself to a sinking ship. It could only end in disaster and pain.

But she didn’t care- everything he’d said was right. She just couldn’t keep away from his indomitable, dangerous man.
“I won’t.” She promises. “I don’t break my promises.” She adds. The guard is yanking his chains free. And hauling him up and away. Out towards the door.

But not before he gives her that dark grin that has her knee deep in so much trouble.

~

When she gets back to her office that afternoon, she is stuck solidly in her own head. Replaying their conversations and meeting over in her head on a loop, like she usually did.

She gets to her sad little cubicle desk. Drapes her coat across the back of her chair. Pulls out her notes. And gets going on another long day of compiling and gathering evidence.

A sharp call of her name brings her back into reality.

“Winslow.” They shout sharply.

Her boss.

He’d stuck his head out his office door and called her name in a disapproving bark. When she turned to look. He crooked two fingers at her and beckoned her over with a face full of thunder.

Mr. Stewart - Don Stewart - was a portly, greying man, thoroughly middle aged. With thick square rimmed black glasses sitting centre on his broad featured face. He was a typical white collared, embittered, true American. He was harsh and unforgiving as a Boss. Played golf more than he was in the office, and was so transparently patriarchal it made her want to roll her eyes - if she’d been a braver woman.
She eased from her seat and crosses to his office. He was already behind his desk. “Shut the door.”
He demands blithely.

She does as she’s bid. Shutting the door so it clicks with dreadful finality in the latch.

She waits to be addressed. She doesn’t want to sit on one of the chairs offered opposite his desk. She had a feeling by the terseness of his voice, she wasn’t in here to be told she was employee of the month.

She stands opposite his desk. Hands folded. Face creased in agony with waiting on whatever he had to say.

“You’re off the Ren case.” He starts with a crushing blow. Her mouth gapes and she feels her ribs crushing in on her heart like a vice. Squeezing air out of her strangled lungs.

“If it’s a matter of the deadline, I just need a couple more visits. Kylo isn’t the easiest of prisoners to negotiate with—” she tries to defend. He cuts her off.

“It isn’t a matter of deadline. It’s a matter of you personally and recklessly damaging the name of this great publishing house.” He tells her. Folding his hands on his desktop. His gaze was stern and horrible, set on her.

Her heart felt like it was in her oesophagus with dread.

“I’m afraid don’t understand...” She gasps weakly. A hand going across her middle. She felt like her sides were splitting.

“You didn’t deserve such a high profile case. And I was foolish to have given it to such a middling writer. I can see that now.” His words jabbed like thorns, pricking at her sore pride and drawing blood.

“I got an email today from Dr. Gregory Finch. The shrink at Silverpine Penitentiary. He informed me you’ve been discourteous, unprofessional and have formed an unnatural attachment to one of his inmates. In doing so you have caused this prisoner to incite unrest and make life very dangerous for
him, and his fellow prison guards... He’s asked for you to be removed from the case for the inmates own good. Which is exactly what I’m going to do....” He says. Idly flicking through some paperwork.

Evie shook her head. “I was just talking to him, asking questions. There was nothing unnatural about the meetings I had with Ren. Exactly what you briefed me to do-” She argues.

He stops her talking as he holds up his hand to halt her. He wasn’t even looking at her now. He was reading the manuscript before him.

“You may have given the guy a hard-on Winslow. But you didn’t get anything useful from him. You didn’t do your job.”

She bites back tears and the grief that cloyed thick in her throat. Making the back of her tongue feel sour.

“May I ask whose been assigned onto the case instead of me?” She asks.

“I’ve given it to Michaels. He’s one of our best writers.” He jabs at her.

Michaels was a coked up playboy with a superiority complex. His writing was, at best, sub par. The same writer who did coke at the Xmas party and had an affair with the married Editor from the fifth floor, all over the office. The kind of nasty, womanising ass who thought he was lord and master of everyone and everything in this office.

“Kylo will not reveal anything to Michaels. He’s...” She struggled for the words. “He won’t talk to people he doesn’t know or trust. Michaels will get nothing out of him. He’s just going to antagonise him.” She points out.

“It’s my decision to make. Winslow. I wasn’t impressed with your output. And I will not risk this case. I’m only annoyed with myself I gave it to a writer who isn’t worthy of it.”

Evie swallows. Tears prickle, spearing, at the corner of her eyes.
“You were taking too long on research. And your writing process for this, has been lazy and abysmal.” He informs. “I can no longer have you ruining the name of this company.”

“I-“ She exhales through a broken chest. Looking up to try and stop the bawling tears bursting from her. He holds his hand up again. Shutting her up, the same way he did in team meetings. Treating her like an annoyance.

“You may take the rest of the afternoon to clear your desk. Winslow. You’re fired.” He finally swings the axe.

Nodding his head to the door in terse dismissal. Answering his phone which had begun to ring. Spinning around in his desk chair. Ignoring her.

_That was it._ That was all the attention she deserved, apparently.

She blinks and turns on her heel. Heading for the door. Not knowing what else to say. She wipes away angry sad, hot tears that spilled as she heads to her desk and begins to clear it. She lets more tears fall as she meekly loads up a paper box with her things. A desk plant. Her pens. Her books.

She then glances across at the notes she’d made on Kylo. Her draft of three chapters of his life’s story and his inmate experience. She wrenches it into her hands and consigns it to its doom in the bin. Wiping the back of her hand over the salty wet gathering down her cheeks. Stinging her eyes behind her glasses.

The guys in surrounding cubicles have her a wide berth. Acted awkwardly like she wasn’t even there. _Too awkward to even look at the only crying female in the office._

She is still lumping stuff miserably into a box when a knock comes on her cubicle wall. She looks over to see Michaels suavely leaning against her desk.

“Knock, Knock” He grins. His smile was too white, and toothy. He was tall and lean. And had a foppish manner about him, head full of golden curls. His eyes were a racing green colour, and cool, distant, like bottled poison.

“What do you want?” She asks in a tiny, croaking voice. Heaping her shelf of notebooks into the box. Heaving her coat across her shoulders. She was just about done here.
“I wondered if you had any pointers on this, Kyle, guy...” He asks. Because, yes, he was just that tactless to the girl who’d just been fired. Always putting himself first...

Evie hauls her box of things into her hands. She sniffs. Straightens. And turns to him.

“Be very, very, careful. Michaels. Kylo will see right through a guy like you.” She warns ominously.

Before she skirts around him and walks away. Her heart dragging heavy at her feet like a ball and chain, dragging solidly after her, across the drab grey carpet.

Her career and professional dignity had just been dashed on the rocks like a splintered shipwreck. And all she could feel was sadness and pain;

Because she’d vowed to Kylo she’d never stay away. And the misery of that broken promise shattered her pathetic heart.

~
Morons & Twins

Chapter Summary

Murdery Kylo takes no prisoners (pun intended)

Again. Wrote this on my phone so format is a little off.


Kylo found himself now almost, dare he say it, enjoying, the long walk to the interrogation room. The prospect of such a sweet treat as seeing his Kitten after such a boring, heartless week was making him ache with anticipation.

He smiled lightly to himself as he thought back to their last meeting. She was so reticent about it, but he knew if he just lay the sweetness on thick, she’d start to become enchanted by him. He was giddy over the fact that she mentioned he still scared her. That made him oddly proud. He liked keeping his obedient and tame little kitten on her toes. Keeping her wary.

_Sugar is sweeter than salt after all..._ His mother used to say.

Kylo had her now in the sweet spot, right where he wanted her: weakly susceptible. Emotionally involved. And starting to blindside her attentions to that of his vicious nature.

Evie wasn’t a fool. But she _was_ a romantic.

By now she had certainly been taken in by the showcase of charm he chose to perform for her. The battered and bruised state of him last week had all but sealed that fate for her. Clinched it. Bound it in, tight, and enshrined it in truth. He knew exactly what it had done. He’d seen that desperate and invested look shift across her blue ocean eyes;

She’d started to feel for him. Started to understand that what she felt for him was lust, attraction, and understanding mingled with _hope_.

Her hope blossomed like a rare bud, unfolding merrily in the fake belief that he wasn’t as bad or as dangerous as they all made him out to be.

*That* made him almost chuckle. She’s romanticised him as some poor, beaten down, inmate. A caged wild beast made tame for her. He taught her that beloved beasts could still bite when provoked. He’d thought almost snapping Linetti’s neck like dry kindling, on her last visit would see to that. But that appeared only to intrigue her.

She was hoping her softness, her kindness and her infallibly, ever-prevailing goodness would brush off on him like indelible pollen dust.

*Oh kitten.* He thinks with a wry ‘tsk’ of disappointment. *How wrong you are...*

*Her hope would the first and the sweetest thing about her that he’d shatter into pieces.*

He’d snap that feeble hope in two with his big brute hands. Then he’d get started on the other parts of her he dreamt were just as sweet, in his fevered, sexually charged imagination. Ben’s little video stunt the other day confirmed a long held suspicion he had of his kitten;

She was sugar sweet from head to toe.

And he wasn’t even talking about her disposition; he was intending that remark to the soft pink heaven between her thighs. *Sweet pussy. Sweet tits.* And a delicious body he wanted under him from dusk til dawn in his bed.

His hand wasn’t anywhere near enough for him. Not anymore. Now he’d heard her moan. Heard how divine her pussy tasted. Heard her *cum.* It’s all he can think about. And the want has settled in his body like rotting matter and it’s eating at him alive. Akin to some hideous, dark growth taking up permanent residence under his skin.

He’s snappy about everything. Anyone who gets too close gets snapped at. Anyone who pisses him off gets a warning look or terse glares. His dark mood clouding his gunpowder eyes. She was haunting him at night. Stoking his lustful thoughts whenever his mind dares to wander for even a second. She was behind his eyelids as he slept and on his shoulder when he ate and showered. By his side, in him, *on* at him, restlessly always, night and day.
And though he’s never done drugs or debased and wrecked his body in such a way; now he knows what addicts feel like. He knows what it is to need. He almost prays there’s no hope to free him; cause if he is let loose, god only knows what he’ll do to her.

All he does know is this; she’ll barely be able to hang on for her dear little life.

And after? She’d be so wrecked she’d never know how to want another man beside him, ever again. Once he slams his way into her life, and her pussy, she’s claimed evermore as his. He’d make damn certain of that fact.

His eyes switch up from his various reveries as the guards and himself round the corner to the long hallway where the meeting room was. Kylo was itching to round that doorway and see her again. She was like a balm to his hardened eyes. She was the only thing is this fucking place worth looking at. Admiring.

Whether it’s adoring the blush perpetually sat on her cheeks. Or the colour of her lips he swears could be the exact same shade as that of a blush pink rose. He also can’t deny the glasses and workwear was starting to turn him on so much too. It was drab and plain in itself, put she made it so mouth watering dressing up those curves in such a loveless manner. It made him raring to get at the figure underneath.

He knew there lay a big pair of rounded hips she doesn’t know how to show off. He knows under her artless blouse sits a pair of tits so full and pretty, in a probably simple and unexciting bra, yet she never took cares to wear a top that flaunts her cleavage. She has perfectly shaped legs. And a soft, cute, round ass that was designed by the gods uniquely for the palms of his hands. She also had the most ivory-velvet skin. Soft. Just like her. Comfortable. Sensible. Predictable.

He. Knows. It. All. He knows about all of her. Every fucking inch.

He can’t deny how her virginal bookish-ness really fires up his inner animal. Gets him going on imagining the ways he can corrupt her. Wreck her. He knows she’s never even coped with having a lover like him. She’s been wasted on trust fund pricks and low-life womanisers who aren’t even worth their weight in gold. They weren’t even worth a thought in his brain.

She’s never been debauched by a man like him. Never had someone like him make her cream in her innocent panties just from his voice alone as his teeth nip her neck black to bruise.
Never experienced what it’s like to have her legs over his shoulders as he fingers her pussy and looks her directly in the eyes as he does. Watched his two thick fingers stretch her tiny tight pink cunt right open. Make her watch when her orgasm soaks his hand. Nowhere to hide away from him as he pleases her to heaven and back.

Never felt a cock like the one he’s packing, stretched to the hilt inside her. So big it’d barely leave room. Her whole world would narrow to the tip of his cock pressed inside her. She’d feel him in her stomach he’s so big and so deep. Her cunt struggling to cope with the sheer size of him, feeling his heartbeat throb through the veins on his length. And then she’d know. She’d just, know, in her pounding weak heart, that there will, never, be another man like him, for her.

He liked the way when he walked along this hall, that was usually when he started to sense the drift of her perfume. Notes of it lingering in the air to tantalise at his bored senses. She wasn’t supposed to wear scent. But he was so fucking glad she flouted that rule. He liked to selfishly think she wore it for his benefit.

He liked to daydream about her wearing just her perfume on her hot, lust-flushed skin, just for his benefit, too. How much longer he can sit at the fucking table with a cute morsel like her opposite, is making him antsy to hear from his lawyers again.

He promptly filed away his urges for Kitten when he sees Finch step into the hallway ahead from the anteroom. His jaw ticks, the muscles there gritting when Kylo can see the leech is smiling. Finch never smiles. He doesn’t know how. Yet there it is, a smug grin sits there, leering at him.

He narrows his eyes. Silver black slits. Like pinpoints. Needling at the shrink. His whole demeanour tenses. Corded muscles in his neck and shoulders strain tight, clenched in readiness, for whatever ugliness Finch is smirking about.

Kylo’s body was curling up into its broad, alert stance. The same way a predator poses for a fight. Or a challenge. He has a sick feeling in his rotting black heart that Finch knows something he doesn’t.

“What’s with the face?” Finch asks. Taunting him. Patronising him. That smile was so sickly sweet and morbid it’s starting to make Kylo’s stomach turn.

“Don’t feel so singled out. You know I’m never fucking pleased to see you.” Kylo answers gruffly. Gauging for the man’s response...
His grin splits wider and he chuckles.

That was abnormal. Any sort of barbed comment Kylo made in retaliation to Finch, usually earned him a bruise worthy jab in the ribs or thigh from a nightstick. This time? None came.

Kylo doesn’t let his face betray the angry curiosity that was starting to slither, cool and slow, up his spine. He keeps his expression neutral.

“I’m never pleased to see you either, Ren. I’m glad the feelings mutual. Now go enjoy your visit. I think it’ll be a, really, memorable one for you...” He laughs in emphasis. Leaning in for the cell door and opening it for him. That toothy, stained grin still mocking him.

Kylo’s watching his Shrink’s every move with restrained caution. His black ice eyes hard, cold, like two shards of stone cold, black flint, nestled on the beach, wetted by the frigid oceans tide.

It was such a macabre thing to see on his usually glum, stale and tired face. It was like seeing a dog walk on its hind legs. Unexpected. And shocking.

It’s mocking nature giving Kylo’s gut instinct a sharp elbow in the ribs and whispering in a hiss it’s paranoia to him. Because whatever was making Finch smile like that, most likely meant he was revelling in tormenting someone and drinking in their pain, the way one would an antidote to poison. Finch would take it in greedily like a man starved. For he liked causing pain.

Kylo’s guides step him up to the door and he looks into the room, stony faced to see it only had one occupant.

*Not Kitten.*

His gut rages and storms with unease needling at his innards. He tightens his jaw and assesses the blonde man whose waiting on him.

Plain navy blue suit, cheap fabric. Teamed with a trying-to-be-expensive shirt. Tacky watch that was trying to look like a rich one. He had unruly blonde hair and when he locked eyes with Kylo, he can see they are jade green. Coldly so.
Kylo hates him. Already. Merely by the way his disastrously cut-price suit tried to look expensive. He can’t hide it. This guy was trying to be something he’s not. Kylo feels sickened to the stomach by his attempts at pretence.

His blood starts to fidget and shift with anger and annoyance. Pecking in away his once good mood. Where the hell was his kitten?

As he’s walked across and nudged into a seat, the man doesn’t even look up from twiddling both his thumbs to type a text into his phone. Leaning casually back in his chair, one ankle resting to balance on the opposite knee. Barely acknowledging Kylo as he’s clamped in, onto the table.

That annoyance Kylo felt seconds ago, was quickly flaring up into white-hot rage. And no one was safe from it’s reaches when that wrathful storm inside him snapped, and struck, like a terrible clap of thunder and lightning.

The guy finally managed to look up and flash a half bothered grin at him. Kylo tilts his head in a glare that would have sensible men pissing themselves with fear.

Strike two for blondie; He wasn’t taking him or his danger seriously. That will come back to sting him.

“Mr. Ren. My name is Doug Michaels I’m from Armstrong & Lowery. As you’re probably aware, I’m here to complete your criminal profile for our book.” He starts.

Kylo has none of it.

“Where’s Evie?” He demands in a voice so dark and quick it was a growling snap.

Michaels leers lightly at him as he unscrews a pen and flips over a page on his yellow legal pad. He averts his gaze when he answers; looking at his notes and not the six foot four, stacked, bottled-up-hurricane of anger, growing fouler in temper, opposite him.

That sets Kylo’s teeth on edge, too. Being ignored.
“Evelyn Winslow?” He asks. “I think she put in for a transfer or something to a different prisoner weeks ago. Don’t really know...” He says. Idly itching his chin.

Kylo’s teeth almost turn to dust, his jaw grits so tightly together.

“She requested a transfer from me?” Kylo asks again. His voice wire thin. Close to snapping. Fraying as sure as his temper was.

“Yeah, haven’t seen her round the office much either. I think she’s out on assignment a lot.” He adds in boredom.

Kylo was taking deep breaths in through his nose so as to try and keep on the right level side of sanity. When what he really wanted to do, was rampage.

He wanted to snap the chains off from around his wrists. Tear this room to nothing but coiling metal shreds, brick dust and rubble. Destroy every last person stood in his way who was pissing him off with his bare hands, until bloodied scraps of them, like chum, was all that was left. Burn this whole asylum to the ground until all there was remaining of it, is ash and bone.

He wanted to do something to get rid of the wrath boiling over in his blood at Kittens betrayal. He wasn’t comfortable with loss. It made him angry. Made him violent.

Kylo didn’t know what was keeping him sane. He was holding onto his temper with what felt like the skin of his teeth.

“What makes you think I have any interest in talking to you?” Kylo grunts across the table. Dreaming about getting his hands around blondies neck until that satisfying snapping crunch of bone shatters out from under his hands.

“I don’t want fame or money.” Kylo tells stiffly. “I wanna he left the fuck alone, by people like you, blondie.”

“Well. I gotta tell ya, chicks really dig the whole money and fame thing.” Michaels grins.

Kylo glares harder.

“Look, buddy-” Michaels starts.

“I’m not your buddy.” Kylo spits out. Shaking his head in a low warning.

“This article could make or break my career. And I’m glad it’s been given to me. Evie, good as she was, didn’t really have the right fit for this project. Sure, her writings alright, but she couldn’t hack something like this case. It’s way over her head. She’s way too quiet. Her writing is much better suited to something more bland and let’s face it, simple.”

“You think?” Kylo asks. One inky brow raising.

Cause to Kylo, her work was nuanced, intelligent, but approachable. She told her stories in an enticing and simple way. Yet kept a good flow of detail and fact. Whereas Michaels was a load of over-fluffed dribble, complex to follow and soulless. His writing style spoke of an expensive Ivy League education wasted on a stupid moron.

“Oh god, totally. Now, don’t get me wrong she’s a sweet girl. Hell, she’s fucking babe. But she just isn’t right for this job. I don’t know what made my boss pick her for this if I’m honest. She clearly couldn’t hack it.”

Kylo’s knuckles cracked together under the table. Knuckles whitening. He knew he had to root out more from this idiot.

“You like her?” He asks. Trying to maintain an air of distanced disinterest. Make it appear he was asking from a small-talk point of view.
Michaels let’s out a smarmy chuckle. “We ugh, screwed around a little on a desk at the Xmas party last year. You know under all that innocent girl vibe, she’s a fucking lioness, man. Got some liquor in her that night, and she could barely keep her hands off me. Quite the insatiable slut when she’s drunk.” He lied.

*His kitten wouldn’t touch a man like him with a ten foot pole.*

Kylo tipped a smirk up at the corner of his mouth. His eyes now entirely black. No light even refracting off them. Deep pools of inky antimatter.

He was picturing in his minds eye of how good it’d feel to watch the tip of a knife push into his throat and unleash a river of warm red blood to spray over his skin.

“I think she’s intimidated by me though. Around the office, nowadays, she’s as quiet as a mouse. Quite the shame compared to the whorish drunk girl I fucked that night. Almost tempted to try my luck again with her, now I know what an easy lay she is…” He thinks aloud.

Kylo changed his mind; no knife. This scumbag didn’t deserve it quick. Maybe he’d plunge his bare hands into blondie’s guts and strangle him with his own entrails, instead.

*Why Armstrong & Lowery’s head publisher thought fit to send him the biggest delusional prick on the planet, he’d no idea.*

His mind was made up the minute he saw the cheap suit. Now with the other crap that has come spewing out the guys moronic mouth, he knew what he had to do to soothe the itch for violence in his blood...

“You make her sound like she’s gagging for it.” Kylo adds with a little smirk. Leaning in. Conversing like they were best pals.

The idiot falls for it. *Hook, line, sinker.*

“Between you and me, I’ve had every available woman in my office. The secretary’s are the easiest. They’re like putty for a bit of excitement. Evie was exactly the same. Bored. Needed a distraction. They come crawling on hands and knees when they see what I can offer.” He smirks proudly.
Kylo’s heart lifts when after he leaned in closer and looks, he can, undoubtedly, confirm the source of the guys babbling words and showing off; blown pupils, sweaty demeanour, erratic speech.... He grins. *Blondie was on something...*

“They must be putty now considering your boss gave you the biggest case on the office floor.” Kylo interjects. Leading him onwards. Flattering the peacocking idiot.

“Hey well. Man. Sorry to say this to a prison inmate like you who must be missing life outside these walls. But. By the end of this month, I’ll have more pussy than I know to fucking, *do*, with. You get me?” He laughs.

Kylo smiles. And then nods slowly.

“I *get* you.” He explains eerily calm, with the start of that smirk forming on his lips.

And a *plan* forming in his head...

~

Evie stepped out onto her sun warmed porch, cast aglow by the almost setting sun. That red-rust tinge of evening light casting its warm fingers across every bit of greenery it could lay hands on across the woods. Ever green leaf on every tree shone amber in the hot summers evening.
The day had been a muggy, dry one. The clouds trapping in the heat. But now the sun was out and shining brightly. Casting over every blossoming, well nurtured shrub and tree in Evie’s garden.

The hot breeze of evening is replete with the dying slopes rusty sunshine. Scented with warm green earth and sun baked wood dampened by muggy heat. Dancing along on the air too, there are warm notes of plants. Fragrances of lilac, lavender, jasmine and geranium.

She shuffled across to the corner of the front porch where her bench swing and deep wicker chairs sat. One of them amply filled by a fiercely stubborn yet frail, elderly frame.

“Here you go, Flo...” Evie says, handing one of her oldest friends a cold glass of homemade sweet iced tea. An Amber tumbler glass full with lemon wedges, ice cubes, and some of the mint she grows in her herb planter outback. Trusting to Flo’s fiery spirit, she’d requested a shot of bourbon to turn it into what she called a “dirty after hours” kind of tipple.

“Aw, bless your heart, Honey.” Flo grins, taking the glass from her and having a sip. Sighing in content after her first taste.

“I tell ya. Just like your Gran’ma used to make it. No one I know makes sweet tea like you Winslow’s.” She cackles fondly. Resting her old knees back in the comfort of her seat.

Evie smiles and eases herself to curl up on the creaking porch swing. None of Flo’s boozy sweet iced tea for her. She stuck to a steaming mug of jasmine and camomile tea to warm her hands. She folds her knees up and relaxes back into the age old embroidered linen cushions behind her.

Dressed to relax in her bobbled grey cardigan, scoop neck blue shirt, worn grey leggings and tatty old slippers. Flo has long since made it clear their companionship need not require any sort of dolling or dressing up on either of their behalves. As was evident by the fact she too was in her slippers, stretchy pants and wrinkled rose pink cotton button up. Her thick, sleek pink rinse swept smoothly into her usual clipped up beehive.

Evie cradles her mug of tea in her hands and lets the swing gently rock, as she listens contentedly to the sounds of the fading day dwindling around them. The swallows dipped and looped in the peach and blue sky above. Birdsong merrily cooed across the busy sounding wood. Bouncing and springing off every tree.
Flo had called in unexpectedly, bearing an armful of full pie dishes - her very famous cherry and peach - and a sympathetic ear for her recently unemployed friend.

“Don’t get yourself down about your job sugar. It happens to even the best of us. Hell. I got fired six hours into my first day as a filing clerk for a company in town cause I kept typing my words up all wrong. I squared my shoulders and called them a bunch of shallow assholes for not letting a gal make a simple mistake.” Flo smiles merrily as she happily rocks in the creaking old rocking chair. Ironically the same chair her gran used to favour.

Because although her granny was long gone. It was a soothing balm to Evie to know that her granny’s role in life had been - so lovingly - almost immediately supplemented by a sweet, southern, fiery old spitfire of a dame like Flo. She had a feeling her Granny looked down smiling on the pair of them. Chuckling to see Flo kept up dutifully to her role as Evie’s sole family member and carer left on this earth.

“I think I could’ve been a Pulitzer Prize winning writer. And my boss would still have found fault...” Evie pipes up. Gently sipping her tea.

“Then forget the man. And be well shot of him, and that job honey. It was wearing you thin.” Flo points out. “You worked your little bony ass off night and day for that company. And see how they repaid you? I seen you come into the market some nights worn ragged. Bags under your eyes blacker than tar. And you’ve looked all done in, more than once, too, let me tell ya.” She berates sternly.

Evie rested the side of her temple on her hand. Elbow crooked to rest on the arm of the swing. Tasseled blanket beneath her bottom dragged along the warm wood deck. Toasted by the suns heat during the day.

“I’ve never been dismissed in my life. It’s one of the most unsettling thing’s that’s ever happened to me.” She tells. “Even when I was at school, a teacher never so much as raised their voices to me. I’ve never been one to be in trouble, or get fired.” She adds in gentle disbelief.

“Sounds like you were overdue, then.” Flo barks bitterly with a laugh, and a smile. Evie smiles, averting her eyes to watch her finger as she traced the rim of her steaming tea cup.

Flo watched her with the keenest eagle eyes. She raises her glass to her lips to sip. Before she thinks better of it and speaks instead. Evie looked so crestfallen. So disappointed with herself.
And inside, she was downcast with herself for more reasons than she was letting on... Her broken promise to Kylo still being the main one that clamped down painfully on her sore heart.

“Oh. Listen here honey. I know you’re probably feeling a little vulnerable right now. And I know you’re a good, sweet and kind girl who can make heads nor tails of the fact you feel like you’ve let yourself down... now, may I give you some advice, here, peaches?” She begins.

Evie took a sip of her tea as she spoke. But smiled and raised her eyes to her friend as she utilised her nickname from childhood.

Evie blinks up at her. “You’re not usually one to ask before doling out your stern brand of advice...” She tells.

Flo sends her a dangerous look.

“I know right now you can’t see the wood for the tree’s, but, in time I think this may turn out to be a blessing for ya.” She begins. “You’re a great writer Evie. And that company and those jerks weren’t seeing the whole of your value. So use this opportunity and this scary new path to forge your way into a job where you can be respected, and appreciated. And don’t have to fight every day against spoilt pricks to prove you’re worthy enough.” She insists.

Evie smiles at her. Leaning forwards and cupping the back of Flo’s hand. “Thankyou for the honesty.” She grants seriously.

Truthfully? She was scared. And she didn’t know where she wanted to turn, or what her next stepping stone would be. But Flo was making it plain to her, that the uncertainty and the overwhelming sense of not knowing, could actually be a positive thing.

Evie had been stewing for days with nothing but the panicking commentary rambling on in her own head with such negative, anxious worries, she never even stopped to consider this could be a good thing for her, and her career. And dammit. Flo was right. Lately, she had been growing bone tired of proving herself with each assignment she took.

“Now.” Flo demands. Slapping her nobbled knees with her bony hands, as she stands her drink down on the small coffee table before them. “Tell me what else had cute face of yours all pinched and worried...” She demands in a staccato gruff.
Flo was one tenth psychic. Evie was certain of it. The wizened old biddy could peer into her mind with the same skilful capability other people used to plainly read a book.

Evie keeps ahold of her mug. And sighs gently. “It’s nothing. Really.” Flo arches a snowy white brow at her in exasperation, and a ‘who-are-you-trying-to-kid?’ look in her steely, unimpressed eyes.

“There’s this....inmate I’ve been talking too for the past couple of months... and, uh, well- he...” She starts. Nervously picking fingertips at the smooth patterns printed on her mug.

“He’s hot, isn’t he?” Flo asks straight up.

“Flo!” Evie squeaks. Cheeks pinking up.

“You blushed. Sugar. You always do when you bring up a man ya fancy.” Flo winks. “You blush. And you tuck your hair behind your ear, there.” Flo tells her. Waving a knowing finger at her ears.

Evie’s hand sheepishly falls from where she had just been about to do that very thing.

“He’s in prison for murder Flo.” Evie tells.

“Honey. Deep down. We’re all animals.” The old timer insists with a flirty wink.

“I can’t believe I’m hearing this, come from you!” Evie laughs, bewildered. Where had her southern paragon of christian virtue gone?

“You’re gonna miss his hot ass. Does that about sum it up?” Flo seeks.

Evie swallows and sips her tea. Her cheeks still insultingly blushed.

“Maybe?” Evie tells, with furrowed brow. “In all honesty? I don’t truly know. He’s a very, intense... terrifying sort of man. I’ve grown so used going to see him. His visits have become so frequent in my life, it’s hard to imagine not having them.” She tells.
“Then go back and see him. Probably make his day, a hot lil number like you.” Flo insists. Evie fights off another blush.

“I don’t think he’ll want to see me anymore.” She tells glumly. “I broke a promise to him. And knowing him as I do. He’ll... build up his walls again. There’s no hope.” She accepts with defeat.

Flo lowers her glass of tea from her lips. Scrutinising her.

“You really are gonna miss him, aren’t you?” She asks.

Evie bites her lip. Chewing the inside of her lower one in thought. She closes her eyes and gently shakes her head.

She needed to break away from all thought of Kylo Ren. Those consuming eyes and his purring voice. That terrible white smirk she saw, curling into a grin in her dark dreams. He was a lifer. What hope did she have of getting infatuated with an incarcerated man? None was the answer. Better she sever the ties now. As painful as it was. And as much as he meant to her. It was time to let him go...

She can’t deny parting with such a divinely beautiful man as him would be agony for her. She keeps that pain locked down, and all to herself. She didn’t even fully understand it.

Maybe it was a passing crush, or a fleeting fancy on her behalf. Now she could chalk down their meetings as a jolt of a thrill, like an adrenaline junkie getting a quick fix, and now she can continue on with her career.

*Thing was... why did it feel like it was killing her to pull away from him?*

Why was the memory of his touch a thing that made her pine, and ache? Why was his face the one she saw in her fevered dreams each night? Tormenting her with that dark wavy hair, gunpowder eyes, and tattooed muscles built like a Roman gods with his unforgettable beauty to match. And why was it his voice she’d forever miss, darkly cooing ‘Kitten’ at her.

She swallows and looks up to Flo again. “Maybe I just, pity him. He’s quite a character. Perhaps it’s just my silly nature losing someone else that I’ve come to depend on seeing.” She offers. Flo nods.
She didn’t agree one bit with Evie’s lame offering of an excuse. But she nods.

That girl had her harlequin romance novel face on. The kind that Flo had seen when Evie’s paramours had surfaced before, in the past. She had this far off look about her, dully glinting in the back of her eyes. She’d known the dear girl since she was a babe in her cot. She knew when Winslow was holding something back… whatever it was, she could usually coax it out, eventually. But for tonight? She’d go easy on the girl. Clearly she was a bit bruised in ego from the setback in her career.

“Well, Darlin. My advice still stands. Grab life by the horns and go see him one last time. If you think it’ll help, that is…” Flo says.

Creaking back on the old wooden rockers of her chair that whines under her slight frame. Her bony, being and pale hands sloped together in her lap as they cherish the quiet, hot, evening together. Flo rocked in her chair. Evie let the breeze gently sway her in her seat. And they listened contentedly to nature calling and fussing around them.

“You know… I think I dated a guy who’d been to prison once…” Flo pipes up after a few minutes of silence. Her face cocked gently in thought. Combing through her memories.

Evie laughs as she lifts her mug to her lips.

“Oh, stop it, Flo.” She chides gently. Teasing.

“He was, quite, the whirlwind let me tell ya. But my goodness, used to pick me up on his motorcycle - that wound my old papa up something crazy - and then he’d drive me to the beach late at night. The things we got up too in the sand? I tell ya. It’d make Satan himself swoon like a nun in July.” Flo reminisced fondly.

Evie nearly spat out her tea.

“I’m not sure whatever it is you’re getting at, Flo. But drop it.” Evie accuses with a pointing finger of warning. Narrowing her eyes playfully at the elder woman.
“No harm in an innocent flirt. Who knows. This inmate could finally spell and end to your dating slump of late, sweets.” Flo leans forwards and nods with a knowingly sly smile. A smile that as cunning as the trickster of a fox in old fables.

“I’m not on a dating slump.” Evie admits. But quickly finds she can’t seek any evidence to back up her claim.

“Always thought of it more as a dating.... *drought*, myself.” She adds with a morose sort of gloominess to her jaded tone. Glumly standing down her empty mug. Leaning back and tucking her knees off to the side. Tugging a flowery, frilly trimmed pillow into her lap. Idly tracing a fingertip at the stitches in the fabric.

“Please tell me that Jim Guy ain’t still harassing ya online?” Flo growls in displeasure.

“He continues to send his *best* and his contrition via email...” Evie sighs. Flo ‘tsk’s and rolls her eyes so far back, they flip backwards in her head like bluey grey marbles.

“Pack that cocksucker in, Evie. He *never* treated you right.” Flo tells. Evie blinks a little at her short fused choice of words. She remembers vividly how ‘not right’ he used to treat her. Also remembers how he used to emotionally blackmail her into sex, too.

And sex with Jimmy had been, *nothing*. Nothing compared to way she felt when a certain convict got his hands on her... *Oh dear lord*. Kylo’s touch had made her shiver, and ache. Made her feverish. Flipping between hot, cold and breathless. It made her mouth dry, and her head spin and she wondered, dirtily, for a brief second of all that a dangerous man like him was capable of *doing to* her.

There was something about his sheer size that made her feel quite... *faint*, almost. Something about his confidence, the way he purred dirty words. His dominance over her.

He’d been right. Damn him. He was every bad, inked up, muscled, sociopathic, murderous thing she shouldn’t want. *Yet she carried on craving him anyway.*

She almost started to wonder if his feeling was mutual. And then came *that kiss*...

*She’d never been seduced or kissed that way in her whole life.* It undid her. Completely wrecked her of every right feeling she understood. Addled her sensible brain. Made her knees weak. Made her
wonder what it would feel like if Kylo got her into bed...

If he got her into bed with him. She had a feeling she’d soon know about that weak legs feeling he spoke so knowingly of.

_Sweet Christ,_ she can’t even allow herself to finish that dirty thought. Even the barest intimation of that idling fancy left her chest flushing up her neck, and beyond.

She berates her, filthy, mind. And refocuses onto Flo’s derisive comment about her worthless ex.

“He’ll forget me after the next bit of leggy blonde skirt comes along...” Evie promised Flo. After all, he’d said she was the _dullest_ girl he’d ever been with in bed. Her wounded heart would never forget that barbed little comment of his.

Flo rolls her eyes and scoffs about Men. As she finishes her drink. Melted ice clinking against the glass as she sips it down.

Their solitude and grousing and griping about the nature of some of the odd creatures from planet mars, is interrupted by a shiny white van trundling it’s way along the woods dusty lane. Evie sits up straighter when the van pulls up, into the end of her drives turn in.

She burrows her brow and reads the side of van to make clearer it’s business name; Sara Lawson Floristry, of all places.

Flo raises her brows and lets loose a low whistle. “Fancy place. You expectin’ somethin, sugar?” She asks.

Evie’s mind boggles. She stammers her answer. “N-no. Not in the least. Certainly not from _the_ most expensive florist in the state...” She offers.

A young delivery guy hops out the van and springs to the back. Opening the wide doors and bringing out a smooth, polished round box with artful print of the company name emblazoned expensively in rich gold.
Evie stands and heads for her front gate. The guy approached with a courteous smile. “Flowers for Evelyn Winslow?” He beams brightly.

Evie nods. Crossing her arms. Trying not to look as puzzled as she felt. She squiggles a signature on the paper clipboard he offers. And then the giant hat box of expensive greenery is gifted into her hands. She looks down at it, in disbelief. She captures the guy’s attention before he leaves.

“I’m sorry to bother you- was there a name left with this?” She asks.

“No name, I’m afraid, Ma’am. But a card was filled out. It’s inside.” He grins. Before tipping his baseball cap and clambering back into the truck.

Evie steps back up into her porch and sets the box down on the table. Her and Flo both lean in as she prizes off the lid. Evie gasps seeing what was inside.

These weren’t flowers. This was a work of artistry. Purple, green and white flowers all fused together, tied with thick grey velvety ribbon. The bunch was as big as her arm. Hyacinths, lilacs, freesias, violets, studded with ivory, wild delphiniums, eucalyptus and green bell. The scent of them was glorious. Heavenly sweet buds in bloom.

“This- this is...” Evie is in shock. She was never the girl who got sent flowers. And never flowers like these...

“This has got to be at least $600 worth of flowers...” She gasps.

Flo plucks out the note and brings it to her eyes faster than Evie can stop her. Sweat nervously begins to line her brow. What if it was her creeper upgrading from his usual vice of red roses?

Flo reads it aloud; “Evie, baby. Do me the compliment of joining me for dinner at 8, tomorrow at the Regis on fore street. - Ben.” She finishes.

“Who the hell is Ben?” Flo interrogates. “You holdin out on me Winslow? Whose this joker?” Her beady eyes sparkling with interest at Evie. Who blushed as she lowers her nose to sniff at the intoxicating lovely perfume of her flowers. Flo could see her blush behind the purple white and green of the blooms masking her lower face. The sides of her eyes creased in mirth too. Flo could sense her smile, even if it was hidden.
“Twin of the inmate I told you about.” Evie offers. Gently carding a fingertip over a silky soft purple hyacinth petal.

“He hot too?” Flo asks after a short silence. Evie doesn’t answer but her *blush* does so for her.

“That’s it.” Flo barks. Stomping her foot in proverbial finality.

“I’ve had about *enough* timid Evie for one night! I’m booking you in with Marge for highlights - she *owes me* a favour. You’re getting that tea dress and those vintage shoes from the boutique in town. And tomorrow? You *will* be going out with this hot Ben twin. Maybe it’ll get you over your inmate *funk*.” Flo commands as if her words were holy scripture.

Evie opens her mouth to protest and offer a shy excuse. But Flo shuts her up with a held out palm as the old Harriden shuffles inside to use her phone. Holding the note hostage. Evie doesn’t miss the old biddies words under her breath as she creaks past her young friend - as was doubtless intended.

“Who knows, maybe this guy can *finally* give you some *sex*, too.” Flo grumbles.

Evie hides her blush in the gorgeous flowers. Shaking her head. As she admires them, her stomach sinks a little when she thinks about Bens twin counterpart. Locked up on the opposite side of town.

She can’t *easily* put aside - no matter how she tries - that guilty *twinge* of pain.

~
Dates & Dreams

Chapter Summary

Oh it’s filthy at the end. Oh it is so filthy. And can I just say thank you all for being so patient! Yes I’ve been a little mean and let Evie flip flop between twins - but in two chapters time - all my evil evil smutty plans shall come to fruition. Personal Punk promise.

Lots of love you filthy darlings

And you can take the “it was a dream” trope from my gnarled cold dead hands

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ben Solo was decadently dressed. A veritable picture definition of an urbane man. Sat at the bar with whiskey in his hand - it was his natural position.

Well - that, and a few others he’d mastered over his lifetime were his natural ones. Especially those positions involving far less clothing.

The bar of the restaurant was trendy, and chic. A lounge bar with a restaurant abutting it. The walls dominated with walnut tile. The floor a dark mahogany wood. Fixed with grey and white finishes.

His suit tonight was a tasteful Italian number. A clean lined black Valentino suit. Hemmed in to look crisp, simply paired with a white shirt and glimmering black Ferragamo brogues.

He looked like a poster boy for Italian vogue. Sat suavely at the bar, drinking his Disaronno sour. Letting the sweet burning tang of it sit on his tongue. Waiting patiently on his perfectly shy little date.
He smiled to himself wondering what cute number she’d be sporting tonight. He was just itching to find out. He had his eyes *trained* on the door. Waiting for her to come.

*Mind* - that was his state for most of his time recently. *He always* had one beady eye trained on their Evie.

He took another sip of his drink, turning back to look at the neat bottles of strong amber booze lined up on the back wall of the bar. When he turned his eyes back to the door - a grin broke out across his lips.

*There* she was.

Just stepping in the door. Thanking the polite person who held it open for her. Ben tilts his head, smile curling. And lets his eyes sweep from head to toe. *Feasting first with the eyes, so they say...*

Her dress was a foamy sea green. Jade, teal, and cobalt blue all rolled into one shade. The cut was vintage. A bias cut diamond waistline where the bodice met the skirt. A teasing little row of buttons sat below the V neck of her cleavage. The short bunched-shouldered sleeves flowed beautifully when she moved, much like the skirts, which swung to rest just above her knees. The dress clung to her round hips and complimented her gorgeous ass.

His eyes lingered on the pale of her décolletage. He wanted to press his face between those gorgeous breasts and tease her nipples stiff with his fingers whilst his mouth sucks at *that very* patch of her skin. After all - he’d his hands on her pretty pert nipples. Now all that’s left is to taste and tease them to hard rosy red peaks. She had the *perfect* shade of skin to show off his marks. Show off the path of his teeth and his lips as if he were charting a map of her body. Her skin was like a snowy pale vat of cream he wanted to lap up - It was just *begging* for his brand on her. And *oh*, he’d be sure not to be too gentle about it, either.

She searches for him for a moment. Craning out her neck, peering around for the sight of him. Holding her clutch bag in her hands. Folded demurely in front of her.

This caused soft waves of her hair to fall over the side of her face. That was different too. Shinier, sleek. A chestnut red shot through with rich russet undertones. Teased into a wavy vintage look to match that of her dress. She never usually wore her hair down as such. One section of it, true to her style, was tucked behind one ear. Showing him the glittering earrings sat in her lobes.
She looked like a 40’s starlet that had stepped straight out of the black and white Hollywood screen. But he liked that facets of her ‘Evie-ness’ still remained. She didn’t go all out to show off her body in a slutty dress like most of his dates usually did. She wore a beautiful garment to feel exactly that, in it. To feel and look beautiful.

Even if the wasn’t used to the deep crimson she’d painted on her lips for tonight. Even if her new silver shoes looked amazing, but pinched her toes a bit. She didn’t mind. She wasn’t at all used to being asked on a date with a man like Ben. So she soothes herself by thinking that tonight, however scary, she can settle for new experiences. And she can damn well enjoy them. As Flo had chided at her.

She finally lays eyes on him and her face breaks into a glad expression. Her smile stretching out. Ben puts down his drink and twists about in his seat. She walks over slowly. Edging closer until she comes to the empty tall bar seat available next to him. He eyes the way that dress of hers swishes and laps at her knees.

She comes towards him. So unaware. The same way meek unsuspecting animals walk unknowingly into hunters traps.

“Don’t you look fucking beautiful tonight, baby...” He tells her in a purr. Scanning her up and down. Ending by sinking those warm cocoa eyes into hers. Her blushed cheeks tint a little pinker.

She nervously bites her lip when he reached for her hand. Once again bringing it up to press a kiss to the back of her palm. Smelling the clean salt and tang of soap and geranium perfume on her skin. His eyes don’t leave hers as he presses his lips onto her gently.

He knows it’s making goosebumps erupt across her skin. He also knows it’s making those beautiful tits of hers heave with a heavy breath. Her ribs swelling and sinking and her body alight with the way he had his plush lips on her.

“You look lovely too.” Evie assures him with a smile. Her voice a little breathy. Because she wasn’t lying. He did. He looked like he should be on a high fashion magazine cover. His devastating beauty combined with his decadent taste in designer suits left him looking like a very dangerous womaniser of a man.

To be devastatingly beautiful is something he carries off well. She would, and had, felt devastated to watch his gorgeous face and body leave the room.
His hand was still clutching onto hers. Shooting sparks through her skin. Settling heat up in her cheeks, and, not surprisingly, between her legs too. It would take a deeply powerful woman to resist Ben Solo’s charms.

She speaks up to distract the simmering lust she can see flaring up in his dark eyes. “Thankyou for the flowers Ben. They’re so beautiful. You shouldn’t have.” She smiles, settling into the seat beside him.

“If it made you smile? That’s more than enough thanks for me.” Ben smiles across at her.

When her skirts brushed against his knee, he bit back a growl in his throat. Trying not to imagine his hand crawling up that blue skirt and sliding along one of those soft, virginal thighs of hers.

Because to him, and Kylo too, she was as good as a virgin to the both of their voracious appetites when it comes to pleasing their lovers. Her meek nature to them, was more irresistible than any sirens call. It was two wolves chasing after a lamb. It was perverse. And sinfully wrong. But god, the chase felt fucking good.

It would feel fucking good when they finally caught her too. They’d make her feel good. So good that their shy little lamb won’t ever think of leaving them again.

She settled into her seat. Folded one ankle behind the other. And gingerly rests her elbows on the polished bar top. The attentive barkeep slides her a drinks napkin and asks what she’s having.

“Dirty martini, straight up, with a twist please.” She surprises him. He’d have pegged her down for a glass of dry white.

“Sounds delicious. Same for me.” Ben grins. Again. His eyes didn’t leave her.

“One of my favourite drinks baby. How’d you know?” He smiles.

“I had a hunch.” She tells him with narrowed eyes. “A man who wears fine suits as you do. And enjoys doubtlessly fine restaurants. Classic drink for a classic man. Just adds up.” She offers.
“Well. I would’ve thought a girl as sweet, and gentle like you, wouldn’t go for spirits. Something elegantly understated. Something for the taste. A fine white wine. Robust red maybe.” He predicts. The bartender slides them over their drinks. Placing each of the filled, ice cold martini glasses before them. The garnish of lemon coiling through the chilled drink.

“Here’s to you.” Ben smiles as he lifts his glass to her and proposes a toast. “For gorgeous writers and their successful book sales.” Ben leers. Clinking glasses with hers. Evie puts on a smile. And they both sip their delicious drinks.

When Ben stands his down. She pipes up.

“Actually. Ben. I think it’s prudent I tell you that I’m not going to be a successful writer.” She starts. Ben gazes at her with his brows straightened with concern. She continues.

“Nor am I going to be on your brothers case anymore...” She tells him.

That sure as hell makes him sit up straighter. “Baby?” He asks her with a tilted head and a soft searching tone.

Evie takes a big gulp of her drink. Almost jumping out her skin when Ben gently lays a hand on her knee.

“You can tell me.” He warrants softly. His thumb stroking over her kneecap. Daringly stroking up the soft of her leg. His eyes flashing bright with warm concern. Those cocoa depths starting to melt for her.

She bites her bottom lip gently and gasps breathily a little at the feeling of all his hand on her skin did to her.

She stands her glass down and breaks out in a courage bolstering smile.

“Actually. I was fired.” She tells him. Dropping the bombshell. Gauging his reaction. Nervously fidgeting with her hands. Drinking in his expression.
“Your boss must be a fucking jackass to let you go, Evie. I’ve read your stuff. That piece you did last year on the ADX prisoners you interviewed. Almost made me weep.” He tells seriously. His lighthearted comment made her smile break through into a laugh.

“You did not weep!” She teases him.

“I wept buckets.” He holds firm. Making her laugh even more. Her head tilted forwards as he watched that crimson white smile. Watched her toffee russet red hair catch the light as it shifted forwards almost onto her pale pink cheek.

He made a note for his simmering anger and his protectiveness for her to get onto her asshole boss, and get the particulars of her sacking another time. For now; he had a much sweeter pastime in mind. Her.

“So. There you have it. I haven’t got any more questions for you. No more interfering, pesky, writer after you to annoy you with details about Kylo.” She tells him.

“No?” He asks her. Raising a wry brow at her. “Now that’s a great pity. Winslow. I was enjoying knowing my little writer was so eager for me.” He smiles warmly.

She looks across at him. She too smiling gently. Before a question came careering forwards from the back of her head.

“If it’s not rude of me to ask- why did you invite me on this date?” She seeks. Here was a man who probably had models, or film stars on his phone contacts. And yet here he was, with her, a glorified librarian who felt more at home in cardigans than Jimmy Choo’s.

Ben smiles cunningly.

“Because I wanted to. After our lunch the other day, couldn’t stop thinking about you...” He explains.

Her mouth gapes open. She’s certain she’s blushing through her rouge powder.
And it was then she registered that his hand was still on her knee. His big palm covering most of it. Making her flush thinking of how he was just as big, and as all consuming as his twins. But where Kylo was dark and bad. Ben was more playful. More teasing. More exuberant in nature.

“Well. You certainly know how to make a girl feel so...” she stumbles for the word.

“Breathless? Weak kneed?” He purrs at her. His fingers skimming patterns on her skin left her brain absconding elsewhere. And her silly girly nerves all squirly with passion.

“Adored.” She answers. Meeting his eyes and feeling a surge of sparking, hot, lust roll through her when she did. Because he was looking at her in exactly the same way. With such heat and yearning in his eyes it makes her weak heart skip a beat.

It was also making her shiver and goosebumps pimple her skin. Which she was positive he could feel under his hand. Knowing the effect he was having on her. It was so, tempting.

Her spine felt as if it was as strong as paper. Barely keeping her sat upright on her seat. Ben Solo, she’s decided, was a wickedly charming man. Too wicked for womankind’s own good. He was a dangerous man to be attracted too.

*Lord in heaven, it just occurs to her, now she was on the receiving end of knowing two of them.*

“May I also ask if there’s any particular sort of, *agenda*, to this evening?” She seeks.

“None at all - except getting to know you better. Baby.” Sweeping a coil of hair off her cheek, as he speaks to her openly.

*Lying through his teeth of course.* He knew everything he wanted to know about her. He’s eaten her sweet pussy and made her *cum* for christ’s sake. But now he has all the time in the world to seduce her before Kylo gets wind of it. He can send flowers, shower her in gifts and romance. Feed the mania for her that runs through his blood.

Feed the wildness of his feral urges to get her in his bed and moaning his name til she’s hoarse and he fucks her eight ways til Sunday. How he was dying, aching, for that day to come. And it would.
He could do it again tonight. He could drug her drink and have her spread eagled on his bed as he
eats her pussy out again. But no. He wants her compliant. Willing. He wants to feel her nails taking
down his back bringing blood with them. He wants to know the sounds he’ll draw from her, like
music from an instrument. The sounds she’ll make for him when she can’t stop cumming. How she’ll
look fucking herself on his cock for her pleasure, at his whim. He wants her to be fully aware of
every dirty debauched thing he’ll do to her body-

He wants to fuck her, and sate her. Pleasure her, again and again to the brink of madness. - Then
wants her to groan a sob as he flips her over and starts on her all over again.

A polite cough behind them signals a waiter coming to inform Ben his table was ready. He curls a
grin and helps his date down from her barstool. As they walk to the table his hand remains on her
lower back when they walk. It makes her tingle with toe curling pleasure whenever he touched her.

Evie wonders briefly for a second, looking at Ben’s suave, pantie dropping smile, if he knows his
proud smirk looks eerily similar to that of his dark, sociopathic twins.

Then she finds herself painfully aching to notice that actually, it wasn’t quite the same. He was
different to Kylo. And why did that make her feel quite so sad and disjointed?

~

Dinner was exquisite. As she’d known it would be. With Ben, she’d never concluded that their
decadent date would be any less.

She’d had a pièce de résistance of a quail. Soft as butter, served white wine and shallot joux, on a
bed of truffle ravioli. Ben has opted for seared steak cutlets with cauliflower purée and chanterelle
mushrooms, drenched in a fine red wine sauce.

He’d cut her a bite and fed it to her, watching her seductively with a heated smile as she ate it gently
off his offered fork. Licking red wine sauce away from the corner of her lips. She returned the favour of offerance with a morsel of her delicately beautiful quail. The moan of approval he gave when she put the fork to his lips made her cheeks pink. He was even cheeky enough to capture her hand and suck away the drop that fell from her fork onto her skin; purring afterwards “Now that, is, delicious.” And grinning like the cheshire cat.

How in hell the whole restaurant wasn’t gagging at their flirting was a complete miracle. But she was too enraptured and smiling to care.

More so when they fought over sharing a devilishly dark, chocolate French cotillon for dessert. Layers of silky smooth mousse tucked between spongecake. Their forks tussled over who managed to spear the last mouthful of the pudding.

“What happened to ladies come first?” Evie remarks kindly with a teasing smile. Though she wasn’t used to flirting that’s what she supposed her tone was.

The way Ben looked across, raising an arched inky brow of his, made her realise the double meaning behind her words. Which makes her gasp out a blush as she laughs.

“I always make sure the lady, comes, first, Baby.” He flirts at her. Judging by the glint in his eyes matched with his swoon worthy smile. She trusts him to be telling the truth on that dirty matter.

She rectified the situation; she takes her fork, slides the plate closer and jimmies the fork straight down the centre of the mouthful of pudding left. Dividing it in two. Before sliding the plate back toward him on the linen tablecloth. He watched her, suavely taking a sip of his red Malbec.

“Luckily for you, I’m a selfless lady who can share nicely.” She smiles. Nibbling at her piece.

He hungrily watches her slide the fork from her lips. He knows if he kisses her right then. She’d taste gorgeous. She tastes gorgeous anyway - but he knew in that moment, he’d be able to taste fine red wine and rich bitter chocolate on her sweet crimson lips.

“I never doubted that...” He leers. Leaning forwards and bringing his own fork to his lips and taking his share. Licking his utensil like a teasing devil designed to tempt her.

After he has an espresso, and she indulges herself in a deep domed glass of nutty almond-sweet
amaretto. When the cheque comes, Ben covers her hand before she can even reach for her purse. He winks and lays down a company card. Which is whisked away and billed into his account. She smiles shyly when he insists dinner was always his treat.

They leave together. His hand on her back in that nice way again. The way that makes her libido shiver in pleasure. As he escorts her to his car. A discreet chauffeur service too - she was beginning to feel like royalty today. He even draped his jacket over her shoulders when they come to the breezy cool night of the sidewalk. The hot night chilled with the threat of oncoming rain.

It’s starting to spit, drizzling, from the heavens a little by the time the car gets through the woods and gets her home. They quickly dodge the worst of the pattering rain, he bounds up her creaking little front porch steps with her, to see her to the door, at the end of their date.

She fumbles in her clutch for her keys. As they stood together under safety of her porch. The air rife with cold, the scent of wet damp moss of the forest, thick wet earthy greenery, and dewy rain surrounding them. It can be heard too, the hiss and smack of raindrops pelting the canopy of trees up above.

Her legs prickle with goosebumps. And she cannot know if that’s from the cold air sneaking up her skirts. Or the man standing before her, very close, making her breathless.

She can feel the blazing body heat coming off him through his thin white shirt as he steps flush with her. Crowding her back into the porch railing. She gulps and tilts her head up to look at him as he stares down with a furnace in those warm bronzed eyes. It was damp, dark, and she’d forgotten to leave the porch light on. But she can see the glimmer coming off those eyes and the way he’s looking at her.

It’s a good thing the railing is there to lean up against and help keep her standing.

She regains her senses, and shifts his very expensive suit off her shoulders to give back to him. She’d balked a little in worry when she saw the Valentino label crowning the neck of the jacket as he hooked it over her shoulders. When she’d enquired as to his getting cold from only being in a thin shirt, he waves her off with a casual “I run hot, babydoll.”

She slips it down her arms and is about to shrug out of it when his attention goes to the arm she just unveiled. His big hand reaches up and gently thumbs over the crook of her elbow. She looks down and sees what he was so transfixed by. She had a couple of small band aids taped to her lower forearm. Surrounded by more jagged like scratches of cuts. She’d forgotten entirely about those.
“I meant to ask you earlier how those came about...” He says gently with a smile. He’d clocked them when they sat down at the bar. They quickly grew too wrapped up in conversation, and each other, for him to ask.

She chuckles. Luckily Finch’s groping bruise had mostly disappeared now - otherwise she’d have to explain that too.

“I was pruning my rosebush this afternoon. It uh, fought me back...” She says in good humour. He softly swipes his thumb over one of the cuts. Some of the grazes were still a little sore. The thorns she caught herself in were long and jagged. She’d torn her arm away and now it looked as if she’d fought off a hellcat.

Ben smiles hungrily. Before leaning down, bringing her arm up to press sweet kisses to her marred skin. The scratch of his facial hair brushed along her skin sending a flurry of need, want. Electric shock and clammy cold racing through her nerves. Alighting every one. She gasps. *She can’t help it.* It’s so erotic and so passionately caring, it isn’t a wonder how her lungs empty in under a second.

“Oughta be more careful where you put those pretty hands of yours.” He husks against her skin. His free hand slips around her hip and pulls her closer. Pulling their aching bodies to press together. By now, her spine is racing and thrashing with need.

*Doubly* so now she was cosied up, wrapped up in the heavenly press of his body. All hard, Male muscle, standing firm and powerfully solid against the softness of her curves. She can feel his toned stomach, the rounded meat of his thighs and the trim slope of where his torso tapered into his waist.

Feeling the heat of his hand through the silk of her dress makes her thighs shiver, trembling as they clenched together. His hand that wrapped around the dip of her hip, skims up her back and encourages the jacket to fall away from her shoulders, pooling to the floor at the back of her ankles.

She wants to rush and catch it before it fell. *But, oh how she can’t...*

“Your jacket...” She whispers breathily. Wetting her lips thereafter, unsure where to place her free hand on him. It lingers, unsure. Perfectly overwhelmed by this big man and how deftly he was kissing her injured arm.

“*Fuck* the jacket.” He leers.
His lips abandon her arm, feeling how much he was making her tremble, he sets his seductive sights on another goal. He lowers her arm, and his hand curves around her lower back, keeping her crushed flat to his chest as he nudged her head to the side and goes now to pluck, kiss and suck at her neck. Smiling at the weight of her heavy breaths he could hear pounding out her chest.

He growls when he captures her corded neck with his teeth. Able to smell her perfume. Tasting the hot race of her pulse leaping under his tongue.

“Ben...” She shivers weakly. Her voice so hoarse, it made him hard. Which she could doubtlessly feel. The hard heat of his growing semi sloping to press onto her hip. The way her little whimpers and moans couldn’t help falling out her lips made his heavy cock twitch.

“Evie...” He answers in a teasing husk. He could feel her hands clawing into the shirt at his shoulders. Digging into fabric like her little fingertips would tear through.

*What was this man doing to her? One kiss to the neck had turned her to a mushy, needy puddle...*

“How long has it been since you’ve been kissed, like this?” He whispers, before sucking on a patch of skin behind her ear. Using teeth to sting. To tease.

He chuckles onto the straining vein he was biting around on her neck, when she has to press one hand behind her to the wooden railing to keep herself steady.

“I haven’t...” she pauses to whimper. “Ever... been, *kissed*, like this before...” she answers in a gasping rush of words.

*Well - once you have*, her traitorous brain points out.

“You know just what a guy likes to hear baby.” He purrs in her ear. Nipping naughtily around her earring. He can hear how her desire making her voice thick.

*Gorgeous.* He thinks. *He wants that voice crying out for his cock, his mouth, his fingers.* He’d give *anything* to hear that voice calling out for him tonight.
He spreads his hands down over her ass and cups it to tug her to grind onto his hard cock, pressing into her he thought would give him a grinding bit of friction and relief. But all that does is make it worse.

*Jesus dear god all he wants in his life right then is to sink his cock into her hot pussy and pound her and the night away. After that proves enough for him, he’d get her legs spread and spend hours lapping up the sweet cream from between these lovely thighs.*

He grows desperate - hungry. *Ravenous.*

*“Oh fuck Evie. Baby. You’ve no idea what you do to me...*fuck”* He growls. And she means, *growled.* It's smoky rasp rumbled low in his throat like the distant thunder that was now gathering across the distant stormy grey sky.

The only way he knows how to sate himself with his severe case of blue balls for the evening ahead, is to grab one side of her neck and mash his lips into hers firmly. His tongue plunging into her weak little mouth, sucking and exploring. His big body now pinning her to the porch rail. Free hand clawing into the flesh of her thigh, skimming up her skirt as his tongue wrangled all the breath from her body and all the rational thoughts from her head.

He swallows all her whimpers and her groans. He gives her a kiss that made her body fall to absolute bits under his attention. His beard scratching her skin where his lips were soft like a pat of butter. He tasted of red wine and bitter coffee and she can’t deny how marvellously sexy it all is - His hands holding her with such passionate, bruising force, makes her feel like a boneless sack of skin, hot nerves, and need.

*It was almost cruel of him to make her need so much with just one kiss. Cruel. And definitely one of Ben Solo’s most powerful weapons against girls he had stashed away in his armoury of seduction.*

When he pulls back, and far too soon too, she follows his retreat without knowing it. Her head tilting up to capture every last bit of the kiss she could. *She’d be a fool if she didn’t, after a kiss like that.*

That kiss should’ve been in cinematic Technicolor with Dolby surround sound. The audience should be on their feet clapping, weeping and cheering after such an embrace like that one.

He looks down at her with beautiful kiss bruised lips on his gorgeous face. She wants to gasp again
at the sheer bronze of his eyes that had turned now to be darker than burnt molasses. It takes her a moment to sink back down to the earth’s surface as he sweeps stray hairs off her cheek.

“I should really go.” He says huskily. In a way that makes her heart pang with longing. Her body snapping back with disappointment. Acting as if he told her he was just shipping off to war. Not merely taking his leave for the night.

She manages to gather together enough brain cells to nod. Arching into his touch, as he stroked her cheek gently.

“I’d give anything to be in that pretty pussy of yours tonight baby. However, I got an early meeting tomorrow. Still some stuff I gotta do to... get ready for it.” He smiles, voice husky as he leans in and presses a kiss upside her still-thrumming jugular. Humming in contentment as he did. She blushed seven shades of rosy pink at his filthy words. He finds it adorable.

“It’s ok. I understand. I’m actually quite envious. Being unemployed and all.” She jokes with a small smile.

“And Thankyou for dinner...it was, so, lovely.” She adds.

“God. You’re so fuckin’ sweet.” Ben rasps cupping her ass tighter as he grinned down at her. She squeaks when he gives her one more quick hungry kiss. He leans down into her again to grasp his jacket from behind her ankles.

She does that nervous hair tucking thing as his hand trails down behind her body to collect his jacket once more. Bringing it into his big fingers, their bodies part from each other. Albeit reluctantly.

“Goodnight baby.” He smiles sexily. After leaning in again to press a kiss to her cheek that makes her shudder. The way his voice rasps. And how his bread tickles against her skin makes that annoying knot of desire flare up low in her belly once more.

And then he’s off. slinging his jacket off his shoulder on two hooked fingers. Bounding away down her porch steps. Off to the waiting sleek Mercedes perched on the end of her drive in the pattering rain.

She waves gingerly after he flashes her one last wink and ducks into the car. The headlights flash
over her and her quietly dark little house. And then her exuberant, charismatic, handsome date is gone. And it's just her. Again. *Alone.*

As came naturally to her - being alone.

She unlocks her door and shuffles inside. Listening to the rain spit against the windows and the roof. She admires the calm, quiet of her dark home for a second. She kicks off her mutinously painful heels, and throws her clutch onto the hallway side dresser.

She then leans her back against the front door. Pressing it shut as she does so. Letting her eyes scan all over. Up the stairs. Along the hall. Into her study and the kitchen.

For the first time in an awfully long time. Her home. Her wonderful, warm, cosy little house crammed full of memories, Knick knacks, and love -

She comes to realise that it isn’t a place she wants to be alone in anymore. And where in the bewildering hell has that desire sprung suddenly from?

~

Silver pine. She was inside Silver pine penitentiary. She could recognise that drab hallway out of
hundreds. Know the familiar foul heat of the disinfectant, burning hypochlorite bleach, in the air. She felt clammy, hot and boiling over in her own skin. That cavernous, concrete beast of a place did well to trap the heat in its bowels during the hot day. It didn’t do so well letting it out. The place was a suntrap. Warmth was slow to dissipate.

She steps gingerly towards the interrogation room. A well-learned route for her by now. She listens to her heels clack on the cracked lino. Heard it echo back at her down to her. Ricocheting out. Signaling her movement.

She comes to the door, and it’s already swung wide open for her. She cautiously steps on through. Across the threshold and she’s in. The room is brightly lit. And empty. She scans around for a second. Looking past the rows of tables, to the two way mirror at the far end.

She can see her reflection in it. Workwear. Hair up. Cardigan and blouse buttoned. Glasses on. Ever the ready and professional, capable writer.

She watches in the mirror as her reflection is joined by another. Specifically - by a tall column of orange.

Before she can even whip around to face him. Hands are on her. All over her. Grasping one hip tight enough to bruise - even through her clothing. The other wrapped entirely its big reaching span, around her throat. Ink tattoos on his tanned hands stark against her lily white neck.

A hot mouth is at her throat too, and a hard, tall body is strong, firm, against her back. Like a brick wall. A brick wall built of muscle, man and fury. Wrapped up in raven-haired, tattooed, beauty

“Finally come to your senses have you, Kitten? Finally come to me?” Comes a vicious growl slithering into her ear. Tone like dripping honey. But the rasp of it was all smoke and gravel. His breath spitting heat over her ear and neck as he spoke. Dragging pimples across her fine delicate skin.

She’s in his hold. She can’t help it. And she certainly can’t escape it.

She tries to choke out words. But his hand squeezes the dear life out her neck. She goes to claw at his arms. Watching him behind her in the mirrors reflection as he watches them too. Tears get pressed out the corner of her eyes. Her breath - that of it still remaining - comes out in ragged spurts.
She wheezes out a strained whimper when one hand of his comes out and tears at one side of her blouse. Ripping it apart as easily as if he were tearing paper. Buttons fly. Fabric shrieks - as does she try too, also. He’d ripped the cardigan from her body too. Away to the floor, kicked in the corner. And now her blouse is lying limp around her waist, exposing her bra to his eyes. Exposing her vulnerable breasts, pimpled with goose flesh and her fear.

He hums in low approval against her ear. She can feel the heat of his breath sink into her skin. One big inked up paw dipping under the cup and grabbing her breast in his grip. He finds her that rosy nipple and tweaks, pinches hard at the perky pebble of it, between his index and middle finger. Rolling a wave of pain and darting pleasure to make her weak knees quake, where she stood still hooked to him.

“You’ve been driving me up the fucking goddamn wall with these beautiful tits Kitten. It’s all I can see of you when you sit across that table. And do you know how long I’ve waited to do this to you? Pinch at these pretty tits til you cry, or cum? Or both.” He snaps in her ear.

“I’ve been waiting a real fucking long time. Haven’t touched a woman in four years. Do you know what that does to a man? To be able to see, and look. But never able to touch. Have you any kind of fucking idea what hell that is...” He points out. “What pain.....To be denied something you crave.” He drawls to her. Moving from one breast to the other. Making more tears come. More pain mingled with ecstasy. More whimpers spill from her restricted throat.

He’s watching her intently in the mirror. As if his very life depended on it. His head cushioned to the side of her hair. His lips still at her ear. He leans down and rubs his face, nuzzles, into the side of her neck. His nose prods into her pulse point. Feeling it go wild under his hand. Which he then withdraws. He takes a deep drag of her perfume, her hair, groaning as his hands go lower. Sliding over her hips to her drab wool skirt fastening.

With a growl that turns into annoyance. He doesn’t bother with the hook and eye closure, the button, and the zip. He grabs material in one hand, and heartily tugs. When she trembles at that, he gives his reason;

“Waited longer than you can ever fucking know to see you naked Kitten. Don’t you dare think I’m gonna be a nice, patient man about it.” He grunts. Tearing her ruined skirt down her legs. Jerking it over her knees and getting it off her.

This leaves her bare before him in nothing but a boring white bra. Sage green cotton panties. Sheer hold up, beige stockings. And her uninteresting, not very tall, work heels.
“Now, that’s more like it.” He grins at her neck. His eyes were dark pits as he drank her in. Two black discs of obsidian as he glances over her small, pale, trembling body. Stretched before him like a poor, doomed carcass on a butchers counter.

When he’s done looking - he brings a hand up to his mouth and spits messily on two fingers. Before they quickly skim the length of her belly, past the hem of her panties, and plunged straight between her labia, parting her open, and diving into her slick pussy in one thrust.

She yelps at the unexpected sudden intrusion. And her head thuds to his shoulder. Until he yanks her chin forwards to make her watch. Punishing her with a sharp, fierce bite to the vein bulging in her throat.

She yelled because actually, his fingers - whilst sudden - felt awfully good plunging into her, stretching her out.

“Filthy Kitten. Gushing for me already. Dripping slick and I’ve barely fucking touched you. Fuck. I’m gonna touch you everywhere now. Now I can have you? I’m gonna pound you, pleasure you sore with my fingers, my tongue, and my cock.” He pledges into her neck.

His thick digits twist and move inside her. Splitting out her tight walls. Getting her used to the size of his digits pressing deep. Spearing, curling into her until he hit spots that made her cunt tighten and flutter. Sucking him in deeper for more. Greedy fucking thing. And oh, how he’d give it his all.

“Your wet, tiny, cunt is just begging for me. Have to warm you up. Work you open. Or else I’ll split you in two, Kitten. And I can’t have that. Not for my favourite pink little pussy.” He growls in her ear. Damn near drooling at the sight of his tattooed hand disappearing down the crotch of her innocent panties.

Ruin ing her. Debauching her and her sweet, goddamned innocence. And he was loving every second.

“Hold still baby. You’ll fucking love this.” He assures her. Sweeping her up in his hold and over to the nearest table. He slams her ass down onto her surface and keeps her still. Clasping the shackles there, around her wrists.

Now she couldn’t move. She was the one chained in. Let’s see how she liked it...
She’s caged into the table. Literally. Her knees spread wide with his hands. Her arms cuffed to the
table each side. His hands spread flat by her thighs as he drinks her in again after ripping off her bra.
That too consigned to shreds on the floor. He watched those pretty tits heave. Nipples hard and rosy
and made to be sat on his tongue being sucked at like hard candies.

He made quite the picture in all his dominant, sexual rage. Cheeks flushed high with pink, eyes
blown out widely black under a dark messy tangle that bore more close resemblance to a mane, than
hair. Usual orange jumpsuit covers his form. But no item of clothing can contain the way his fat,
heavy and impossibly long cock is laying erect against his hip. Trapped in his underwear. Aching to
be touched. Straining to plunge into her hot slick pussy.

But not yet. He hasn’t helped himself to a taste of his kitten yet...

He’s tempted to taste her off his fingers. But instead he does one better than that. He crouched to his
knees and yanks her forwards to skid across the table, closer to his touch. Her knees he pins wide
open, and brutally tugs at the ugly shade of green cotton til it snaps off her. Body jiggling and jolting
as he undressed her roughly.

He eyes up the gorgeous cunt he’s now at eye level with. The slick pink lips that wept her oozing
wetness, her want, onto the shiny surface of the table. Shiny pink, wet, looking like strawberries and
cream to taste.

He reaches out one thumb and swipes it across her needy clit. The noise she makes for him is
delicious.

“And have you ever had this pussy properly eaten, by a real man?” He asks her. Looking up at her. His
rough eyes demanding an answer.

She shakes her head and a weak “No.” drools out stupidly from her mouth. Her toes were curling
already in anticipation. The shackles crunched when she moved. Tits jolting a little with her
movement.

He turns his eyes southwards again. “I dreamt of this gorgeous fucking pussy Kitten. Did you know
that? I dreamt of sucking your clit in my mouth... of you riding and grinding that sweet cleft down on
my face til you cum and squirt all over me. There’s nothing like eating a nice, juicy wet cunt.” He
hums to himself.
“Truth be told. I’ve fucking missed doing it.” He growls. “It’s the mark of a real man; to be able to correctly pleasure a girl with your mouth til she cums.” He explains. His mind drifting as he stroked her.

“Are you a squirter baby? You a messy girl when you cum?” He taunts. Circling her clit slowly as if he had all the time in the world. “You gonna give me lots to lap up here afterwards, when I’m done?” He adds.

He watched a bead of her wetness drip from her waiting pussy, down onto the tabletop. He despises it when other people play with their food. So he stops being a hypocrite to that rule. And feasts away...

He wastes no time. Stroking right into her, deep, with his tongue. Fucking her on it. Curling it. Lapping at the tasty wetness she’s giving to him. He eagerly gets up every drop. The squish and squelch of his tongue striking into her is loud and harsh as a lapping, slurping sound. He takes a swallow. Gets a good taste of her and lets it coat to the back of his tongue and all across his mouth. Does it several times with a flat, slow, lick.

“This pussy does not disappoint. Kitten. In fact, nothing else can dare compare to this tasty cunt... to my, tasty little cunt” He tells her roughly as his mouth grows restless for more. His tongue curls, he sucks her clit. Her labia. Rubs his tongue from hood of her clit all the way down and up again. No part of her left untouched or missed by his mouth. His hands shove her legs wider so he can shove his whole face right in. Getting her slick all over his top lip, and have it running down his chin, too.

He slurps, sucks and swirls his tongue until her little body tenses and shivers up under him. One paw of his reaches up and tugs sharply on her nipple. Feeling her tender flesh ripple as she jerks under his rough touches. It had been a while after all; and this place had beaten any of the softness he’d possessed out of him - not that he had much in the first place mind.

“Fucking cum on my face. Kitten. I wanna feel it drip...” He warns as he feels her pussy flutter around his tongue. The tart taste of her stronger and wetter now. Bittersweet. Like almonds and honey.

She finally finds her head enough to groan out his name. Yelling it to echo about the room. Bouncing back to them again and again as she whimpers and cries and shudders our her orgasm for him. He is more than pleased with the steady hot stream that pulses from her pussy, and into his waiting mouth. Right onto his tongue, she cums.

He grins. Her cream slipping down his chin. Because she was a messy girl when she came. Just how
he likes it... nothing on earth was better than his dirty, messy girl cumming all over him.

Coming down from her high, she’s making noises and cries as if she’s been recently tortured. As if he’d put her on a stretching rack, or broken her ribs. When in reality he’d only done several very dirty, pleasurable things instead.

“I like you messy. Kitten. And I just love the way your pretty cunt squirts all for me.” He moans. Mouthing sharp, biting kisses up her scrunched, soft tummy. Licking up the sweat that’s gathered under the hang of her breasts. Sucking open mouthed into her sternum until he’s sure bruises will blossom their flowering way up on her skin by the time he’s done.

“Oh. You’re enjoying being my little captive? Huh baby?” He hums against a nipple. Sucking it in the scorching heat of his mouth. Playing with it. With rolling tongue and teasing teeth. Scraping. Everything pleasurable he did is mixed with an edge of pain. It somehow makes the pleasure that much sweeter.

“Always the quiet ones. Who knew under those glasses and that hot librarian look, that my filthy little sex kitten was just aching to be let free.” He smirks darkly. Biting her collarbone until she sags against him, sighing. Her stiff nipples brushing against the scratchy starch of his prison jumpsuit. Daggering into his chest.

She feels his free hand fidget with his zipper, tugging it open down his chest and past his crotch. He was bare underneath the jumpsuit. Nothing but tattooed skin peeks out underneath the parting, unzipped orange. His nipple rings glint in the light. He shucks his arms out his jumpsuit, let’s the sleeves drag down his diving trim waist. His big, dark inky torso full of glyphs, skulls, dark patterns and intricate designs that screamed how expensive his taste in ink was. The worth of every bit of ink on his body probably went well into the millions.

So focused on his massive body, she gasps when two thick fingers of his sink into her pussy again. It was like going home...

“Look at me.” He demands. One hand gripping her face, gripping her chin as he stretched her open with two thick digits again. Letting her feel their drag along her walls. Letting her feel every vein, every ridge of his fingers. So tight inside her, she fancies she can feel his heartbeat twitching outwards from his appendages. He looks her deep in the eyes as he pushes in, and out. So slowly it actually is like torture.

Sweat beads on her brow and she wants to fidget and shrink away from the vulnerable way she’s laid bare, looking deep into his fathomless inky eyes. She gasps with every move he makes.
“You love my fingers that much. You’re gonna go crazy for my dick, Kitten. Let’s see if I can’t make a cock-hungry slut outta you, yet.” He bets. He pulls his hand to yank her face down to see where he had that - more than - impressive monster of his cock fisted in his other hand. Slowly stroking from base to tip. Squeezing and twisting his hand. A shiny film of precome drips in a droplet from his fat head. Stringing to the table that was also sheened in remnants of her messy orgasm. Lord, he’s fucking hung.

Her entire abdomen shivers at the sight of the fat, thick beast of his length in hand. He might have been right in his quip about splitting her. A cock as big as his would surely tear her open.

And why is she so turned on by that awful fact? Why is her body aching and whining for that girthy long monster of his to be to the hilt inside her?

Her answer comes when he grips her neck tight again and shifts one thigh open wider. He slaps the thick bulbous head of himself against her dripping wet slit, rubbing the silky velvet of his head against her - to tease, to thrill. To make her anticipate and clench for it. To savour the last few seconds before he gets his cock inside her and fucks her feral. Fucks her right out of her sane mind.

“I’ve been wanting to eat your pussy for months. Baby. But I’ve been waiting to fuck you like this from the minute I saw you.” Is what he says as he slams his way into her. Going deeper and deeper inside her fluttering tight walls with each thrust. She clutched at him so goddamn tight he has to claw his free hand into her ass just to grab at something close. Relieve the pleasure she’s causing as she vices his dick like this pussy was made to be stretched around him.

He’s too much. He’s not even to the hilt yet. And he’s too much. And too much has never felt so goddamned good. He stole her breath with each push. It felt as if each stroke pushed into her chest and slammed her lungs dry. He tilts her pelvis back with his, and brings her to the edge of the table, scooping a hand under her ass, groping the whole cheek of her in his hand and pounding her silly.

“Ohh. Kitten. This tight cunt was worth every second I waited for it. Hmmng.” He groans as he circles his hips sharply. Making sure to grind up to her, catch her clit on his body to rub them together and cause the friction to drive her out her mind. Tears drip from her eyes as her finally bottoms out that fat cock to the hilt inside her. So goddamn much.

His hand around her neck tightens as he flexes his fingers. “Shit. Baby. This pussy’ll be the goddamn death of me. You’ve no idea...so perfect. So mine.” He purrs.
Her shackles are long enough that when he grabs her hands and tugs it to his chest, it just about reaches. Chain pulled taut. He hooks her small little fingertip in his nipple ring and gets her to pull gently. She almost frets.

“Won’t that hurt?” She gasps out. Glasses slipping down the bridge of her nose. Her milky skinned neck and cheeks flushing. Tits jolting with every thrust as he pounds into her. She feels one of her heels slip off her foot as he thrusts harder. He shifts one thigh to wrap around his hip. Smirking as he plunged deeper and hit a new angle with which to spear into her leaking pussy.

“It’s the hurt that I like, Kitten.” He grins. She moans as he strikes a blissful spot inside her. He felt her clench down when he told her that.

“Kylo...” She warns as her peak comes faster upon her. He wasn’t giving her a choice. He was plucking this orgasm out of her relentlessly fast. Not giving her any room to get away from it. He is as brutal in fucking as he is in every other facet of his life.

He grips into her throat so tight she can barely see. Barely breathe. All she can feel is pleasure radiating outwards from every pore in her body.

“You’re mine? You hear me Kitten? Mine. Not my brother’s. Not that shitty ex’s of yours. You are mine. You belong to me. And I’ll gut, or rip limbs, and break bones of anyone else who dares touch what, is, mine.” He growls. Nearly roaring his words as his orgasm approaches.

Using every deep plunging thrust into her to punctuate his words. Her toes are curling, body shaking and her walls are fluttering about him so tightly he grits his teeth and curses through his pleasure, snapping his hips real fast. Soaking them both in sweat as their bodies rub together. Her clit scrapes three more times against his hard body and then she simply falls apart. Shatters.

She gushed over his cock, and he spurts his heavy, hot load deep inside her. Filling her with evidence of of his brand. His growl of “Mine.” Rolling around in her head like spilt marbles. His grin is dark, terrible. Menacing. He flashes those sharp white teeth at her in a leer. He smirked because he could feel their cum dripping from her spent cunt.

His hand doesn’t stop. He fists her throat so tight, her chest hurts, her lungs burst, he chuckles and she screams, clawing for life, for breath-

Her eyes snap open and she jerks up in bed. Pulse shaking her head. Throat dry. Body drenched in
clammy cooling sweat. Heart going a million miles a second. She peers across to her window as her heart races. Seeing that a branch hitting the rain smeared window was the loudness that had woken her up from her strangely vivid dream.

Her thighs were hot and sticky. Her lower abdomen clenching at the memory of her and Kylo’s, *session*.

When shoves the covers off, and lies back down. Her heartbeat gongs in her ears and she lets her body try and cool down. Ignoring the niggling nag of her subconscious yapping at her like a baying dog.

*The heart wants, what it wants. And hers was clearly smitten with Kylo Ren.*

~

Chapter End Notes

Feed me all your thirsty thoughts please people. I live off them
Chapter Summary

No one: literally no one;
No one at all;
No one Ever;
Me and my shitbag brain; For this chap I think we need a little reminder of how fucked up and dangerous Kylo is!!

Anyway it’s 2am. And I’m starting the next part of this here chap in which Evie goes to say goodbye to her convict. How the hell that ones gonna go I’ve no clue- might not be pretty... (btw I’m sorry if the two part update on chapters is annoying it’s just the way I get me writing done)

TTFN xxxx

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a rare occurrence that Kylo arrived before his visitor. But today, it was him treated to an empty interrogation room, as opposed to the poor victim coming to talk with him. He was the one now lying in wait.

He is shoved, carelessly as ever, into the loveless metal chair that slams hard into his back, cutting into the back of his knees. He doesn’t grunt. He doesn’t object. By now, he’s used to the brutal shoves and bruises he gains from tussles with the terse tempered guards.

It was a sad thing - not that he realised it. But to anyone else it would be. Being used to becoming an object that’s merely roughly handled by all those surrounding him. Familiar with unfriendly hands jerking his wrists, or shoving his shoulders. Every beat and every touch putting him in his place. Reminding him, that to them, he was seen as little more than a large violent jumpsuit filled with
muscle, with a short fuse of a temper problem.

Blondie was coming back today - Kylo made sure of it. He’d layered the charm on real thick on their last appointment. Spoke and talked to the man as if he were his oldest, dearest friend in the world. He - gruffly - answered every question that Michaels brought up about his childhood, his college degree, his job. For fuck’s sake, he’d even thrown in the name of the damn dog his family had growing up.

Blondie ate it up like a man starved.

Kylo spoke to the man like butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth. Only the fool was too busy bragging about his love life, and making notes on Kylo’s answers to comprehend how his dark eyes glowed with malice. And his curling smirk never left his lips. Not once. He was too thick to understand how dangerous that reaction was from a bored sociopath.

Blondie parted when their time was up, with his notebook bursting will filled pages. Scrawled with his notes detailing Kylo’s life. From his place of birth, his high school roll of honour, right through to his award winning career as one of the most innovative brutalist, mid century modern style of architect’s this city had ever seen.

He’d stood up from the table, doubly brimming with vigour and pride at himself. He scoffed a dry laugh as he gathered in his things, remarking that he didn’t know what Evie had been bitching about, he’d never had such an easy time talking to a prisoner. Kylo sneers at his musing. Muttering a deep and dark “That so?” One brow arcing up. Tilting his head at the guy. Before he left the room, he’d told Kylo he’d be back the same time next week for another chat.

Idiot should’ve been running for the fucking hills.

He watched his interviewer swagger away with such ill-fated confidence. Kylo smiled to himself all the way back to his cell. He then discreetly put a call into Ben. Not knowing that night, he was actually tearing away his twin from a very pleasant date with a somewhat familiar bookish writer.

Ben had to do a double take when he heard of Kylo’s demand - it wasn’t unreasonable. Just an unusual one. One that would involve some of Ben’s shadier set of contacts.

His twin had raised a brow in disbelief - but acquiesced to Kylo’s request after he explained tersely over the phone.
“Can you do it?” Kylo growls lowly. “I wanna see that fucker get what he deserves.” He adds in a growl.

“Of course I can do it.” Ben smiles with a laugh. “You assume I can’t?” He adds.

“I don’t know how short your memory is Kylo. But just remember that it wasn’t just your efforts that landed you in that place.” He reminds him with his usual off brand of dark humour.

“I remember.” His twin answers lowly.

_Every day he wake’s up in his shithole in a drab cell, in this rotten hell-scape, he remembers that it wasn’t just his actions that served to get him locked up._

“That’s why you’re gonna do this favour for me.” He coerces.

“At least give me a challenge with the next one.” Ben leers.

“Do I have the pleasure of your company at my re-trial the week after next?” Kylo enquires.

“Unfortunately. You don’t.” Ben sighs for him. “But I’ll have my fingers crossed for your imminent release.”

Kylo scoffs. “Tuesday. Get it done for then.” He barks.

“Sending you my usual batch of goodbye kisses.” Ben toys lovingly, sickly sweet, before Kylo slams his phone down, then heading straight out for some yard time.

Once again he was off to do Kylo’s bidding. Working off the favour that would last him, most likely, a lifetime. As he had helped to doom Kylo’s life to becoming an incarcerated one. He was always hooked to owing his Twin the few and in-between favours he asked for. It was his penance, after all. Much as they liked to deny it, they _were_ family. Blood thicker than water and all that.

So he got it done, as he was so gruffly told to do. And today, Kylo would get to see his request pay
Blondies polished footsteps clattering along the corridor served to make him smile. He recognised the slow slap of the fuckers cheap brogues hitting the lino with every stride. He sits up straighter, shackles clinking, as he looks to the cell door, twisting his head to see his newest source of aggravation amble into view.

Today his latest annoyance wore a light grey suit. Tan shoes and a navy design of a Burberry jacquard tie pointing down his chest. His blonde swirling curls are in disarray and he’s tugging lightly at his tie. Trying to loosen it. His brow is dewy with a thin film of sweat. He looks breathless and his chest is falling and heaving trying to snatch some much needed air into his lungs.

His clammy hands struggle to latch onto his notebooks slung in his arms. His whole demeanour looks ailing and he’s stooping. His pallor ashen. Stance taken down a peg or two from last week’s confident attitude. The guard next to him swipes open the door for him to go through. Kylo watched him amble in with a veiled expression of interest.

He eyes him as he gets to the chair, gently easing into it. Sitting his morose frame down gingerly. Wiping his brow on his sleeve as he gets himself ready. Kylo’s eyes zero in on his throat. His pulse is erratically throbbing in his clammy neck as sweat slips down his skin.

Kylo watches his adam’s apple bob as he swallows. When Blondie looks up and nods at him, Kylo takes note of how his pupils are blown wide and glazed over.

“Where did we ugh-” He starts. His shivering hands unscrewing his pen lid. He drops it unexpectedly and it clatters onto the table-top. Skidding away. “Get to last week?” He asks. Trembling slightly in his suit. Rubbing a knuckle into his eyes once again.

Kylo fights a smile. “You feeling alright?” He asks lowly. Leaning forwards with interest as he speaks.

Michaels waves him off with a wafting jerk of a hand. When he puts it back down on the table, Kylo catches how he trembles still. Shaking in his own skin like a leaf trembling in the wind.

“It’s...” He staggers for the word. His brain shorting and spluttering. The man looks like he wants to collapse his head into his hands in despair and sink to the ground.
“Can you tell me a bit more about what happened on the day of the crime you were charged with? With regards to more detail of what you- did to Snoke’s guys...” He rambles in a mad rush, his voice fighting for air and sound as one battled against the other.

Kylo sits back into his seat. Examining him with a distant look of false concern. He didn’t want blondie spooked until he decided it was time.

He doesn’t answer his question. But he does tip his head sideways to better look at his tie. Definitely a Burberry. Probably the cheapest designer thing his measly $40k a year could get him. He’s not sure if he admires that, or loathes it.

Mind, he was a man who before this hideous institution, was used to living in his clean lined, five figure designer suits. Handmade shoes that cost more than his custom painted - bone black - Aston Martin DBS Superleggera. And he had more watches than days of the week to wear on his wrist. He had three Patek Phillipe wrist watches which weighed in at well over tens of millions. A Rolex Daytona. As well as a Breitling limited edition. And several antique Louis Moinet’s - all of them were the best of the best - the top quality that money could buy. Nothing less would do.

He was a scrupulous man of very high taste. He liked his well crafted luxuries. From the hand stitched House of Testoni shoes he wore, to the car he drove. Every last detail in his mid century, two story, multi million dollar house was meticulously designed - by his very good self. Even down to the personalised, tailor made Ormonde Jayne cologne he had shipped in specially from London. A scent that took months to make. Cost six figures. And was crafted solely to him, in his engraved bottle.

He was a man who relished in his expensive fineries. And now look at him... clapped in shackles in this place, wearing a fucking scratchy tangerine shaded onesie, with a perverted egomaniac who could barely afford a slip of a Burberry tie, sat opposite him.

Kylo finds that he actually doesn’t loathe the guy for that - but it makes him fucking cagey.

He learnt from Ben’s reconnaissance of Evie that novelists income did differ from year to year. However. She was a clever girl. Kitten was sensible. Always ensuring she kept some of her lamented relatives savings back for rent, bills and utilities each year, not frittering them away on trivialities.

Unlike the male colleague of hers sat opposite. Who’d been in the red and maxed out his credit card limit more than several times. Had the debt collector hovering near his door mat every week clamouring for repayment. His bank account was a long list of too many drinks, at every club in the city. Too many vices to count. Prowling for cheap, shallow sex. Drink. Drugs.
“That’s a very nice tie.” Kylo offers up to blondie. Dragging his eyes up the pervs neck. And onto his stubbled jaw, ashen face. Sweat now trickling down over his brow. Beads of it inching past his widely black eyes. - almost matching the jet black look of the inmate opposite.

“Than-“ His interviewer goes to thank him. But he’s stopped when a streak of red slips from his nose, hot and coppery thick, landing in a crimson smudge on his shirt. Dribbling an indelible stain down him. He stems the dribbling blood with the sleeve of his suit. His arm shivering still.

His wheaten brows pull down. He pulls his sleeve away and looks at the rust coloured pool now soaking the cuff of his jacket. His cheeks flushed. And his pulse is still beating faster than it should be.

“Would’ve thought a guy who snorts to as much blow as you do, Michaels, would be up on what toll that can take on your nose.” Kylo smiles.

He simply loves the way blondies paranoid eyes look up at him like he’s suddenly sprouted another head. Pure horror etched on his face.

“What?” He barks quickly. Trying to laugh it off. But more blood drips. Chest rising and falling quickly in panic. Lungs ballooning out, then in. Face getting rudder, sweatier. His shivering is getting out of hand. Sleeve to his nose again. Kylo speaks up.

“Don’t mistake me for a brainless guy. I wasn’t the one who ate up all that bullshit I fed you last week about my life. Blondie.” He tells.

If there was a face for bewildered mixed with anger, Michaels currently wore it best. “No. No no no. Stop it. You-you told me all about your high school, prom, your degree. Your childhood summers in Martha’s Vineyard on the beach. All of that...” He rasps weakly. Offended.


“There was a guy who grew up on the same street as me. His story seemed to fit whatever the fuck you were expecting to get from me.” Kylo shrugs. Big, meaty shoulder lifting up then sinking with his gesture of indifference.
“You goddam-“ Michaels starts. Pointing an accusing finger. His temper turning ugly. Voice raising before he seems to recall where he is, and who, he’s talking too. He pulls back.

Kylo isn’t riled by his rage. He merely smiles a macabre grin at it. If he burst into a rampage every time someone took his name in vain. Or cursed at him. He’d fly off the handle roughly 20,000 times a day.

“I’d be careful with the temper. Your heart rate and blood pressure will be through the roof, right now.” Kylo predicts. Narrowing his black pits of eyes at the man. Measuring Ben’s progress...

“Your pulse is rocketing. And you’re sweating buckets. You must feel sick cause you look green. You’re paranoid, anxious, on edge. Probably side effects you’re so familiar with. As I know you take your hits of coke couple times a day...” He drawls.

“You’re a junkie for it. Getting fixes. Getting high. Thinking you’re the golden boy of the office. When all you really are is a jumped up lackey, in a disgustingly cheap suit, and you can’t write for shit.” Kylo tells him.

“You think purely because you went to Brown, when Daddy pulled strings, and paid for you to get in, that means you’re a phenomenal writer.” Kylo tsks. Mocking him cruelly.

“You and your ‘fixes’ are why your credit score is shot to shit. You’ve no savings. No ISA. You blow your wages on coke, drink, and E’s. You have no hobbies. Come from a high class, divorced, very republican set of parents. Nasty drinking, pill-popping Mom. Workaholic, short fused, emotionally abusive Dad. They don’t know about your drug habits. You keep it under wraps from your folks. Your father would cut you off if he knew his only son was a junkie. That wouldn’t do for his aspiring political career, now would it?”

Michaels is paralysed to his seat. Mouth gaping like a brain dead goldfish.

“You’ve no life. You trawl bars every night after work looking for cheap easy women to fuck. When you’re not snorting lines at your desk, in the publishing house bathroom, or on the coffee table of your shitty apartment on eighth street.” Kylo rattles off slowly. “Or off the awful, sagging tits of that married middle-aged editor from the fifth floor, when you used to hook up in the janitor closets on your lunch break.” He adds. Sprinkling salt in the wound.

“You get off from being a risk it all, live life on the edge, kind of a guy. Such a fucked up
egomaniac, you get off from the idea of cutting lines, right before you get in your car, and come and interview me, in here.” Kylo informs.

“How the fuck do you know all this?” Michael’s asks in a whimper. Panicking, peering around lightly at the guards. Rubbing his clammy hands on his knees. His black eyes were darting and anxious.

“I have very good spies outside this place.” Kylo tells him.

“Look I can’t lose my fucking job over this, alright? I can’t. I can’t. My folks would- and, and, I’ll pay you. I can pay you big to keep quiet.”

“You think I don’t know you’re almost flat broke?” Kylo deadpans.

Michaels sniffs. Rubbing his nose. Pinching the bridge of it. His face running with sweat now.

“What do you want Ren? Huh? What do you want from me?” He grits out quickly. Feeling like the walls were closing in. Choking him. Squeezing the life out of him.

“There’s nothing you have, that you could possibly, tempt me, with.” Kylo says in a bored manner. Sat back in his chair like a king. A god. A god with a weak mortal begging at his divine feet.

“Well. There is one thing you could offer me....” He teases. His eyes were pure venom. Michaels is so desperate he’d kneel before him to beg if they weren’t encumbered by a heavy metal table.

When Kylo’s eyes strike into the blown green discs of blondies eyes, his heart stammers. This man was all malice. There was nothing redeemable, or good, or kind, in his body. Sure, he made a convincing show of being human; but all there was to him, was fury and coldness. Ice ran through his veins. Not blood. He couldn’t be bargained with. He had no pity. And there wasn’t a single ounce of leniency anywhere in his heart - if he had one at all.

If indeed, the eyes were the windows to ones soul. Kylo’s soul was blacker than the ace of spades.

“In roughly, four minutes?” He guesses. “I’ll have that one thing I want from you.” He assures him.
Then he swings the axe down on this miserable morons little, drugged up life.

“Your nose is still bleeding. Don’t you know it’s very dangerous to speedball a fatal dose of coke and an unholy amount of sleeping pills...” He tells.

“That stuff can kill you.” Kylo explains slowly. Face eerily calm. The start of a smirk is on his lips.

Michaels shakily stands, aghast, face filled with horror in looking at the murderer opposite him. He shrinks back from the chair, stepping out. But his weak legs can’t hold him and he collapses sideways almost onto the tables edge. He tries to cling on, to stop the fall - he barely manages to grapple on.

Kylo continues to toy with him, the way a hunter plays with their prey before devouring it whole.

“That really is a nice tie.” He repeats. Nodding as he looks at the bloodstained blue ringing his flushed neck. Then his eyes turn to steel black. “Now go choke on it.” He says softly.

Blondie collapses to the floor in a puddle of blood, and sweat. Shivering and whimpering. By the time the guards yell for a medic, and tear into the room. There’s nothing they can do.

Finch appears irate from the anteroom. Kylo probably disturbed him gawping slack-jawed at some sleazy porno mags disguised in his newspaper - again. The mic was still out of order, due to the glory’s of budget cuts it hasn’t been fixed. And nothing had been amiss in the security camera feed.

When his tubby body wobbles, storming into the room to take in the scene. His eyes blow wide with suspicion, he rakes his eyes over the people crowded and fussing around blondies soon-to-be corpse. Before looking at Ren with a blend of caution and rage.

“I didn’t touch him.” Kylo defends. Showing off his shackled hands. The feed too, when played back, would confirm he never so much a reached across the table. Didn’t raise a finger.

Now he lounges back in the chair with those confident deep dark eyes of his, incorrectly hinting at his innocence - His masterful puppy dog eyed innocence. He sits there as calm as ever whilst Michaels heart stops beating.
“How could I possibly have killed a man without touching him?” Kylo asks seriously. Tilting his head at his horrified Shrink. Inside however, he was grinning.

*That'll teach people to insult, and covet after his kitten.*
Her body felt leaden. She can’t believe her weak legs have sustained her for this far. When the whole way here it felt like they’d snap like feeble scorched matchsticks. Matter of fact, her whole body feels just weak. Bubbling with horrible sad grey nerves that sit like heavy tonne weights dragging down her chest.

It wasn’t easy for Evie to function in this world knowing she’s caused someone upset. Or to think ill of her. Never mind that someone was a man who could snap her neck like a dry twig if he so chose.

Today it was as if she were a paper doll that had been torched. Liable to crumple at any second. That’s how anxious she’s sure she felt and looked, stepping along the hallway that’s so familiar to her, she’s even started to see it in her dreams of late. In odes to the intimate nature of her more recent reverie about this place - and some of its more intense, tattooed occupants.

Knows the feel of the cracked and bumpy lino underfoot as she trod along. Knows the awful scent of the muggy air and clinical bleach, pasted into the floor, that lingers and burns at the back of her nose. She’s become so used to the sounds and clamouring of Silver Pine Penitentiary by now, she wonders if she’ll miss it.
She’s deliberately chosen a day that Finch is off rota to be here. She has an awful sinking suspicion the man wouldn’t even let her near the interview room - let alone into it to talk to her inmate associate.

The guard steps up to that white cell bar door in front of her and swipes it open. She gulps. Her mouth sticky. She thanks him with a wobbly nod and a smile. Stepping into the room, seeing its occupant was already inside.

His enormous frame dwarfs one side of their usual table. He may aswell have filled up half the air and space in the room. That hulking, orange clad body sat shoulders curled forwards to rest his inked up, trunk-like forearms on the table.

She’d never noticed before that he had a glyph of text running right up along the outer side of his left arm.

Or the way his hair caught the light. She’d always assumed it was just black. But it wasn’t. As the light shone off it, she could make out the russet tinge to the darkness. All the brown colours that tipped his waving mane. Colours of rich hickory, deep walnut, cinnamon, cedar, and burnt umber stroking through those soft locks.

She can see the small raised track of a bumpy scar swiped down his neck on the left side too. Rolling under the wave of a tattoo. Scent his cologne, the aura of his fragrance, lilting the air. Sweat, musky, soap and something distantly spicy like cologne. Perhaps it was the balm he patted on his cheeks after he shaved.

She admires for a second his side profile that she’s sure is one of the most unusual - but most striking faces she’s ever seen.

His jaw was grit tight. Cause he’s known who’d been coming down that corridor from the second he heard the gentle footsteps - like a baby deers treads. Fragile and cautious. He didn’t need to know it was her, because he could smell that geranium honeysuckle perfume ebb into the room on the air she moved in.

Her stomach withers and curls up with dread when Kylo turns his dark head and eyes toward her in a stone cold glare. No quips. No flirting. Stoic hate is what is sent her way today.
“Hello Kylo.” She splutters feebly like a little mouse.

She feels herself stagger back, faltering in a step when she comes on the receiving end of his hardened stare. It’s making clammy dread spike along her spine. Letting her feel the full force of his disappointment and anger.

She’d never seen those sable eyes look so glittering and dark. Hatred lingering in his gaze. Daggering into her like a piercing tip of a hot arrow.

She gingerly steps to the chair and sets the folded coat on the back of her chair.

Kylo doesn’t want to watch her move. Doesn’t want to react to the way her goddamned frustratingly simple - yet effective - perfume slides along his skin and strokes his jaw, caressing his big jawbone the way a lover would. He doesn’t want to. But he does. He watches as she puts her back to him for the barest second to ease into the seat.

He clenches his knuckles so hard they crack, splintering the air with the sound. She wasn’t in her usual work wear. Not today. Today she was dressed down. A simple pair of indigo jeans stretched tight across her shapely little legs. Right across her ass. Under that dove grey cardigan he’s seen on her so many times, she’s wearing a wrinkled linen, lace trimmed, off white camisole - that completely fucking winds up his innocence kink to see it on her. Losing his mind because of the mole he’s never noticed pocked to her pale décolletage. She also wore blush coloured ballet flats on her feet, and her hair was down. Shiny. Sleeker and shot through with more rusty red than he remembers on her chestnut brown locks. And the infamously lost locket is back in place strung around her neck, glinting silver.

She sets her modestly dated Kate Spade handbag to loop over the back of the chair. Setting into it with an expression pinching her face. Brows drawn into a deep set furrow. Wetting her lips and nervously wringing her hands in her lap.

Still he glares. Torn over his anger at her for abandoning him, and why she was here now if she’d requested a transfer to another inmate. He had to admit he was curious as to why she’d come crawling back to him.

“I know you must be very angry at me and confused...” She starts. Eyes in her lap as she speaks, because she knows if she looks up, she’ll see that pair of brutally black irises sending his violent
brand of rage at her across the silver table.

She dares a look - he silently does *that* head tilt at her. The one she’s come to know as a very dangerous indication coming from him.

The silence on his end was making her clammy with fear.

His eyes narrow slightly and he tips his chin sideways.

“My boss gave the case to another writer. He gave yours instead to one of the most *indiscreet*, morons in our office, and overruled my objections that you and Michaels wouldn’t be a good fit.” She explains.

“I’m *so very sorry* you were put through such a, difficult transition.” She adds. “I know you don’t like people messing you around, Kylo. *Especially* people who come to question you.” She offers.

“You think you know me? I think *I* got a better grasp on what annoys me, rather than you, Winslow.” He says sternly. Snapping, baring his white teeth, biting out his words with little patience. Making it painfully evident she was his new aggravation. The newest thorn in his side.

*She’d been downgraded from Kitten, then.*

She blinks several times. Trying to stem back the burn of tears. Just as she feared. Why ever did she think the violent sociopath she’d come to know would be understanding? *Fools errand* or some other such mockery at her pathetic nature of vain hope, sing-songs at her cruelly in her head.

“I really *am* sorry.” She bursts out quietly.

His jaw twitches. “*Oh.* I feel so much better now.” He intones darkly. Throwing her apologetic comment right back in her face. His eyes colder and sharper than rough cut, black diamonds.

*Nothing* she can say to this man will clear the air between them. No magic words spoken will act as a balm to Kylo’s sore temper. She lets go of her last fraying hope that she could patch up the damage her sexist idiot of a boss had caused in switching her from Kylo’s case.
Evie sets her lips and looks down into her lap. Biting the inside of her lower lip. Trying not to let the tears flow their bitter sharp salty track down her cheeks.

“I know I’m not much liked by you at this very moment. But please allow me to say that I did come to enjoy our talks.” She says to him. Still fidgeting with her hands and avoiding the frost emanating from his eyes.

“You petrified me you know... you were utterly terrifying from the first second I sat down opposite you. You’ve never stopped scaring me either. You’re big and intense, and... do you know, it was the most unlikely, out of character, thing I’ve ever done. To push past my fear, and take on such a high profile man to write about as yourself. I was trying to prove myself a decent, capable writer and I failed miserably.” She let’s out.

“I failed as a novelist to my boss. And I failed you as a decent human being.” Evie says to him with a gravely hurt tone. Managing a hair tuck behind the ear out of sheer nerves once again.

“Talking to you, made me want to be less scared. Less comfortable. So for the appointments you devoted to talk to me, I’d like to thank you. I realise it took up your time and that I irritated you a great deal.” She explains.

“You’ve no idea...” Kylo hisses lowly in reply to her irritation comment.

She’d no clue of just exactly how much she’d irritated him. She’d worked her quiet, humble way under his skin and tormented him morning, noon and night. Driving him right out of his feral, sane mind. Pushing him to the brink of need. Need so strong in power, it felt almost like fury.

Fury at her for looking so irresistible. Smelling so good. Being so fucking innocent and untouchable it made him daydream about sinking his teeth into her neck as she spoke - just to hear her innocent screams of pleasure. He’d pleasure her to the moon and back if he could. Instead, he’s cursed to sit there in shackles and have his want, cravings for her, heaped up on him, more and more, like clutter, with each visit she granted him. Messing up his once idle mind. The need growing stronger and stronger until it tore him apart limb from limb.

Ironically enough; she made him weak. Weak and distracted. She spoke of irritation. Yet he’s been irritated from the second he saw her. - not in the way she’s thinking or speaking of, either.
His irritation at her is rather more born out of sheer lust and hunger. Quickly turning into a wild sort of uncomfortable rage when she betrayed him and left him. It was unimaginable agony for him to have his possessions snatched away. Without even being able to fight, for their stay.

The day Evie had failed to show up - that blonde, coked up, skirt chaser sat in her place instead - Kylo had never known a feeling like it. Something bubbled up like sea-foam in his chest. It was bitter. Dark and cloying. Burnt at the back of his tongue like acid.

When he got back to his cell that day, afterwards. The door slams behind him. And his chest swells and dips so fast his heart was strangled for air. He didn’t try and suffocate his rage. He let it rule him instead.

He attacks the brick wall beside the door until his knuckles are a mangled, shredded mess of bone, blood and bruises. The white wall now stained garnet red. He flips over his mattress and kicks a dent to cave in the side of his bedside cabinet. All the while in his fury soaked mind is a question repeating: Why did she leave?

All he’d done to keep her safe. Strangled Linetti. Had Michaels killed. Had Ben watch her vigilantly. All that and she was lost to him all the same.

He’s unfamiliar with the feeling of being powerless. He doesn’t understand it. Doesn’t like how it settles. Not entirely sure it had - all he knew for certain was that Evie was gone at her own doing. And it pissed him off. It pissed him off to be weak.

He’d been angry, every day, for four years, nine months, and eighteen days. It wasn’t foreign to him. Angry because he wasn’t in control anymore. That barb stung deeper than anything else.

He looks at her now across the table, seeing her small frame huddled into her seat in her shame. Chewing her bottom lip. Looking like the nervous, shy creature he first met her as all those months ago. He’s hurt her with his coarse words - he’s certain of that.

She’d thought if she came in with her tail tucked between her legs in shame and apology - that he’d be a kind and gentle man. Wrong again. She was far too hopeful.

She pulls her eyes from her lap and meets his terse gaze.
“I don’t know what else there is to say...” She let’s out in a weak rasp.

He makes the final move. Turns his head to the guard outside the door.

“They finished with me.” He says gruffly. Looking her dead in the eye. His voice flat with boredom. His look as dead in emotion and expression as his dry tone was. Stone cold.

“We’re done here.” Kylo says. Narrowing his eyes slightly at her. Her stomach feels like it drops out at her feet. Splattering to the floor and shattering into shards, like glass.

Hurt pangs in her heart like something burrowing into her insides. Tearing at flesh and bone to get in.

She shuffled to stand as the guard swings open the door and marched across for Ren to loosen his shackles and free the dark, massive beast.

She folds her coat into her arms. Face morosely sad. Hooks her bag up her arm. Before she turns her head to him for one last time;

“You have your retrial in a week or two I hear?” She asks. Knowing full well by now not to expect an answer. She’d talk at him instead of to him.

He just stares again as his cuffs are attended too. Black ice in his look.

“Best of luck.” She offers. Before she ducks her head, and starts towards the door. Slowly striding away.

She didn’t look back. And he didn’t watch her leave.

She barely makes it to the car. Slumping into the drivers seat. Then, alone again, she finally lets her tears come freely.
Four days had finally boiled down to this crucial moment.

He’d sat through cross examinations, witnesses for both the prosecution and the defence. Testimony’s read aloud. Evidence given against the previous corrupted sort.

In simple terms: Kylo’s lawyers were ruthless. Able to argue a media frenzy, and pressure on the police department to make an arrest, secured him a false imprisonment due to corrupt judges and crooked police officers all tucked nicely in Snoke’s money lined pockets.

The DNA evidence was faulty; contaminated. *Planted.*

Kylo Ren had *rotted* for four years in the hellish space that was prison. For a crime that the new evidence proved he *didn’t* commit.

They argued he pleaded guilty as a byproduct of bias from the media and undue pressure for the case to be closed and an arrest to be made. And he was the perfect scapegoat for it.

He stood to rise in the box as the Judge started to deliver her verdict. Still in cuffs - but far more finely attired, in something other than those *fucking* scratchy orange jumpsuits.
He wore his Brioni black suit and obsidian shirt. Feeling more like himself in his luxury clothes that was more like a second skin to him. The velvet lapels of the suit doing nothing to soften his hard, crude image.

His hands cuffed and joined at his front as he looked across the pine panelled courtroom, brimming suits, lawyers and press - His top three, least favourite kind of people.

“Given the new evidence presented in your favour Mr Ren. I find there to be a shocking amount of illegality and police corruption staining your case, and aiding your false imprisonment...it grieves me to see such treatment to an innocent party.” the judge starts.

Kylo’s heart pounds. Pulse leaping in his ears. Calling him innocent was like calling a great white shark harmless - blindingly futile.

“It’s gives me great honour to agree with the jury of your peers verdict of, not guilty. And given what your lawyers have expressed here today, I concur with that ruling. It pains me to see the injustice you suffered at the hands of a corrupt system.” She says with a tone of almost, emotion. Her face stoic, and firm. Professional and neutral.

He watched her slim hand close around the gavel.

“In the matter of the state versus Kylo Ren, this case is dismissed, your sentence is terminated. Mr. Ren. You are hereby free to leave.”

The sharp clatter of the slamming gavel cuts through the air.

The guards come to escort him off the stand and free his cuffs. It takes him a moment to realise his wrists are without restraints for the first time in what feels like centuries.

*He was free.*
Chapter End Notes

Hell is empty. And all the devils are here...
Freedoms & Attacks

Chapter Summary

I suggest getting comfy with a glass of wine (or beer or tea, I don’t judge) for this chapter and the one to follow it.

This had been on the cards from the very first. So please do enjoy.... ;)

Btw. Omg. You guys. The comments on this are phenomenal. Please never stop! I’m blushing that you all love it so much. Lots of filthiness awaits your patient eyes. You will all be very well fed. I assure you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Ben was at the prison gates when Kylo was walked out. Leaning suavely against his chauffeur driven car in his Gucci midnight ink suit trousers and his cedar coloured Prada suede Derby’s. Smoking through a pack of vogue cigarettes as he waited. His duck egg shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows in the stickiness of the afternoon muggy heat. His collar stuck to the back of his neck, and his shirt clung tacky to the wide flat of his sternum and his pecs.

His jaeger-lecoultre watch glinted gold in the sparkling bright sun as he lifted his hand to throw away the stub he’s smoked right down to the filter. Flicking it away to the grassy patch of sidewalk beside where he was waiting. Reclining back on the sleek merc with one hand in his pocket as he let the last
drag of the cig fill his lungs with sweet sickly smoke.

He turned his face sunwards and let the rays of it warm his face. Catching on the Burberry sunglasses resting on his eyes. Helping soothe last night’s hangover, ex-lover, and too many glasses of very good red wine. The wine turned out better than the girl he took home for the night. That left him antsy and unfulfilled.

His head snaps to where the huge chain link fence was now dragging along the tarmac, a lone figure off in the distance headed with purpose towards the gate.

His twin he was safely able to spot from a mile off. The drab tarmac and grey of the front prison yard, amalgamated with the chowder silver of the chain link fences, and Kylo’s hulking black frame stood out like a sore thumb.

It had been a frigid fall day when he’d been locked up in this place - and here he was walking out on a blazing summers afternoon.

His thick jeans undoubtedly intended to be a fall item of clothing. As was his black pea coat, collar pointed up over his neck, paired with a raven black Tom Ford button down and his favourite worn pair of Givenchy Chelsea boots, topping his strong, long legs. Of which took great pleasure in striding him away from this godawful place.

He clutched onto nothing in his hands. No box full of possessions. Not even a paper bag for his phone, wallet and keys. Because on pain of death was he leaving his car keys to his beloved baby anywhere Ben could lay his sticky hands on them.

He’d slid his things into his coat pockets and told the guard who’d served him back his belongings, to get rid of the rest. He didn’t want to keep anything he’d taken into that place. Only what he needed.

The guard who opened the small door out onto the front yard and the stretch onto the road, sneers a “Be good, Ren.” at him. Kylo parts with a stony glare aimed his way.

He walks out onto the road, hearing the gates clamp and lock in his wake. He takes his first few breaths and steps as a free man - and he can’t ever remember much else in his life ever feeling sweeter than those things.
He clocks his Twin awaiting on him by a car parked a little way up the sidewalk. Ben smiles, another cig hanging from his grinning lips.

He turns and opens the car door and brings out Kylo’s welcome home present. A bottle of MacAllan rare cask, single malt whiskey. A trashy helium welcome balloon tethered to the neck with garish silver string. A cheap ‘welcome home’ bobbing about in playful red text on the foil shape. Kylo rolls his eyes as he comes closer.

Ben chucks the bottle whiskey at him when he comes close enough. Kylo catches it one handed.

“Wellcome home, Shawshank.” He smiles, smoke curling out his lips as he steps from the car. Coming face to face with his brother as the now freed convict flicks the cap off the whiskey and takes a straight sip.

It was a damn awful way to drink it, he’d have preferred putting it in a thin glass tumbler to let the flavours mellow and aerate - but he was too starved of fine things to care. Four years without whiskey, good coffee. Four years without even a goddamn crappy bottled beer. He chugs a huge mouthful back - doesn’t hiss at the sting. He’s missed it.

“Well wasn’t expecting you here...” Kylo grunts lowly. The start of a smile on his mouth.

In truth, he expected no one here to meet him. He thought the most he’d get from Ben would be a trite text to welcome him out with. Ben yanks off his shades. Looking his big brother - by two minutes - up and down.

“I am your pleasant surprise of the evening. Big guy.” Ben leers. Flicking away another done with cigarette. His hands go back to his pockets once more and he and Kylo just watch each other for a second.

Ben scoffs and makes the first move. He steps close and Kylo’s hand comes up to clasp his twins in a friendly, manly handshake when their hands clapped. They both smile a little. Ben’s grin was larger than Kylo’s of course - but Ben knew when his brother was genuinely happy to see somebody.

Well. Happy was a bit of a stretch. Not pissed off to see him would settle more accurately. And he’d be the same if he’d just been released from the hell-scape behind them. The jagged concrete beast sprawled along the vista as far as the eye could see. Kylo couldn’t wait to watch it grow smaller and
smaller until it was nothing but a smeared grey *spec* on his horizon.

“Lets bounce?” Ben asks with a face full of disdain. “That fucking ugly place is hurting my eyes to look at.” He winces. Nodding towards Silver Pine with a grimace.

“*God, yes.*” Kylo intones as he moves around to the side door. Ben slips in the car and tells the obedient driver to haul ass.

Kylo eases himself into the leather bucket seat. Wanting to groan in bliss with the comfort that he’s missed. He throws the lid of the whiskey away - not caring where - and takes another long chug of it.

“You gonna hog that thing all night?” Ben asks with interest. Lounging back in his own seat as the car speeds off, back into the city.

Kylo looks sternly at his twin before he acquiesces and passes it over. *Just like old times.* When they were teenagers getting up to no good. Drinking liquor before they should and one would usually drag the other into trouble - Ben usually led the way on that front.

Ben takes a sip, cringing at the fiery heat that trickled down his throat undiluted. He was used to whiskey sours. Or cocktails made with it. Trust Kylo to be a man to drink straight whiskey as if it were no more than water.

There is an odd sort of silence in the back seat. Ben can put it down to Kylo’s uncertain, angry vibe that pulses out of him like body heat.

Ben decides to fill that silence - as he always does. Always had done since the day he could speak as a kid.


Ben continues to babble. “Strip club? Dinner? What can I *treat* you too...” He asks with his signature charming smirk.

Kylo stares right ahead. Watching the car drive. Feeling the world pass him by. It was going by at
such an excruciatingly fast blur compared to his glacial pace these past few years. Being trapped with the same sights, scents and scenes each day grew stale after a week.

It was still sinking in that he was truly free. His case had been thrown out - his sentence terminated.

Tragic thing was, he was waiting to jolt awake and find himself back in that shitty orange jumpsuit on his wildly uncomfortable bunk. He almost snaps the glass bottle in his hand to shards - he’s angry. He’s spitting rage with contemplating the fact that they’ve institutionalised him.

He needs to cut that shitty, spreading paranoia out with a sharp knife. He needs to stab it dead.


“I think so.” He answers his brother.

Ben watched his colossal twins stern face. Sat there looking as impassive as an Easter island head. If it was him fresh out that place - he’d be hopping with excitement. Kylo seemed to be silently fuming.


“Then I want a steak. Maybe two. And the greasiest fries, onion rings and junk on the side. I’ve been dreaming of a rare fillet of steak for four damn years.” He adds.

He sips more whiskey.

“And then I want to drink my own body weight in beer and whiskey tonight... fall asleep in my $10,000 bed and finally have a decent nights rest.” He growls. Resting his head back on the seat. Shutting his eyes. Letting the taste of fine whiskey coat his gullet. His head getting lost in it already. He hasn’t had so much as a strong drink in years. His body revelled in the taste.

“Not what I thought you’d want on your release.” Ben leers, one flat brow jerking up his head.
Kylo glares at him. Ben would have thought instead of wanting to crawl inside a whiskey bottle now he was free, his brother would far prefer being in someone else a lot sweeter instead.

“What about Evie?” Ben asks him offhandedly.

Kylo’s jaw grits. Ben watches the muscles there twitch and bunch. Teeth grinding. Face irate. Those black ink drops he had for irises looking gloomily dark.

“Fuck her.” Kylo dismisses tersely.

Ben’s brow jumps. Definitely not the reaction he was expecting. He had a strong premonition his brother would have her on her back, with his hips between her thighs, within the hour after his freedom.

“Well. We can do that too.” Ben grins across at him.

Kylo is silent for the rest of the ride. He just drinks.

Ben was feeling lenient today towards his brother. He takes him home so he could have his anticipated shower and change his clothes.

Kylo felt more himself in a different pair of ink black suit trousers, Chelsea boots and a ash-black shirt. He kept the wool black peacoat with him too. It got chilly at night. Ben takes him to the hipster style, chain steakhouse and orders a bottle of bourbon for them both - most expensive one on the menu. And one of every side dish available to go with their 15 oz t-bone steaks.

The place was all warm cedar wood, decorated with vintage posters and neon beer signs. Fans spun lazily on the ceiling. The bar is well stocked - but not quite the calibre of fine wine both boys were used to drinking. It didn’t matter. The beer was cold and the whiskey strong. They didn’t need more than that.

The pair of them sat at the bar, shelling and munching peanuts, drinking shot after shot of bourbon and slowly devouring succulent red meat drowned in just the perfect amount of mushroom sauce. Big fat greasy onion rings, fries, shrimp cocktail and fried tomatoes smothered in garlic butter. Kylo had most of it, and half of Ben’s steak.
His brother laughed at his twins appetite as he ate everything in sight. He tipped another shot of bourbon to his lips. Sipping it back. Watching his hulking brother wolf it all down.

“As mom used to say, you’ll have the pattern off the plate.” Ben remarks as Kylo spears his fork into his last morsel of steak.

“You try eating that disgusting slop they call food in prison.” Kylo growls. “You’d be howling for a rare steak and Chateau Petrus within five minutes.” He promises. Alright so this grill house wasn’t the finest in the city. But tonight? He swore it was one of the best things he’d ever eaten. With a side of ice cold beers and strong sweet whiskey - Kylo’s a man in heaven.

A platter of cheap, but good steak before him and a belly full of good greasy food. He hadn’t been full, or as slightly drunk, in years. It’s bliss.

Ben chuckles at Kylo’s quip about the food. “I think the no sex or women would wear thin on me rather quickly...” He adds instead.

Kylo turns to his twin as he sinks another shot. “You? No sex? You stopped fucking every man and woman that walks past since last I met you?” He asks gruffly.

“My flavour of the month changes now and again. As much as I enjoy a good, hard dick from time to time. Sometimes just can’t beat getting a good, old-fashioned pussy fix.” Ben leers with heat in his drunken bronze eyes.

Kylo grunts and drinks his liquor.

“I’ve forgotten just what a grouchy old bear you are.” Ben teases. “I’d have thought you’d be skipping out that hell mouth today.”

Kylo turns to him with a deadpan expression and black ice in his eyes. “I seldom skip.” He snarls deeply.

“What’s rattled your cage? If you’ll excuse the pun.” Ben smiles his big dumb smile.
Noticing how the cocktail waitress kept making eyes at them down the bar from where she was pouring drinks. Ben saw her eye up Kylo’s inky forearms, exposes by his black rolled sleeves. She kept sneaking looks at his torso, too. His twin wasn’t stupid. He knew when a woman was checking him out. Ben’s grin twitches up on one side.

“Ohhh I see how it is...” Ben purrs smugly. Kylo had indeed noticed the waitress eyeing him up with her deep brown ‘cfm’ eyes.

But his massively proportioned twin had snubbed the girls attentions to drink his fill, to the bottom of his glass of sweet whiskey instead. The flirty waitress would get nowhere - for Kylo’s attentions and libido were thoroughly engaged thinking of another woman.

He wasn’t saying it. But Now he’s had a few drinks and a good dinner in him - Evie is weighing on his drunk mind. Swimming prominent in his swirling thoughts.

He leans in and pours Kylo another shot of bourbon.

“You know she didn’t lobby to stop seeing you, right? She never requested a transfer or any other shit like that. Whatever that blonde fuck-head told you isn’t true.” Ben tells him. Sliding the shot glass towards him.

Kylo turns his head in Ben’s direction as he picked up his glass. Pausing in lifting the drink to his lips. He said nothing. His face showing nothing. But Ben could see his brothers eyes glinting with calculations. Like moonlight dancing on a body of dark black water. There was something happening under the surface. Kylo’s eyes didn’t meet Ben’s. Even as he spoke.

“What?” He asks lowly. Forcing Ben to repeat himself.

“Her boss fired her, Kylo. Told her she didn’t get the information required for her brief out of you. Ruined her career. Told her she wasn’t good enough. Fired her on the spot, in the office, after your last meeting. Thought that dirty Machiavellian was a wiser choice.” Ben tells with venom edging his tone.

Continuing his mood of the evening - Kylo was silent. Absorbing the information.
He pours himself another shot of bourbon. The bottle was getting low by this point. By now only a scant amount of the amber nectar was left staining the bottom of the bottle. Kylo has sunk more than Ben. It barely affected him, also.

“I’m glad I got to watch that dipshit, die.” Kylo remarks to himself.

Though it *itches* at him that it wasn’t by his own hand. It wasn’t him, personally, that delivered the fatal blow. He had a couple of others lingering on his kill-list too. He’d come to that another day. Tonight he was consumed with just celebrating his freedom from the hell-hole.

“You’re very welcome.” Ben congratulates himself. Swigging down his half finished Budweiser. *He* was the one who’d gone to real effort, after all. Being the one who snuck into the morons apartment whilst he was out, and switching out his usual dose for the one that would go on to kill him.

“All that shit he spewed to you was a goddamn lie.” Ben tells. “Evie didn’t leave you. She was forced too - stuck her career on the line and it ended real nasty.” His twin explains.

*Kitten.* Kylo’s trying as he might to put her out of his head. But she keeps springing back up. Like wheat thrashing on the breeze. Kept coming back to him. Tormenting him still, enchanting him even when she was nowhere around.

“Where too next? Want me to buy a free man a lap dance?” Ben leers filthily.

The thought of some sickly sweet perfumed, glitter covered, hooker writhing in his lap made his skin *crawl.* Trashy validation from a cosmetically enhanced slut may have been Ben’s forte. But *his?*

*Lately his own ran more towards meek librarians.*

Kylo chugs down almost all of the rest of the depleting bourbon. Letting the sting of it tear at his throat. Ebbing sluggish heat into his bloodstream.

He fiddled with his empty glass. Ben could sense his brother’s suffocating what he really wanted. Quashing his wants, needs, deep down. Ben is unfamiliar with such a deed. When he wanted something, he *took* it.
“Haven’t you got a boyfriend, and his cat, to slink off home too?” He asks Ben, stiffly. “Or has the shrink already started to see through all your commitment bullshit?” Kylo adds lowly.

“Nothing like a good dicking-down to keep my slutty little redhead quiet.” Ben grins.

Watching the waitress size them up again as she swayed past with a tray of beer pitchers. Making a show of swinging her hips at them. Wagging her rear end for their benefit. Ben snuck a peek. Kylo did not.

“That’s a ‘yes’ then.” Kylo rasps as he chucks back his shot. Ben has said his newest catch was a Shrink. No way would he misread the obvious signs of a hardcore, cheating philanderer.

He leans forwards, chasing stray peanut shells around the bar top with his finger. He’s sour to find his mood was deteriorating. He thought steak and whiskey would fix what ails him. But it’s still squirming at stomach like worms.

He can’t deny what he wants. It’s staring him plain in the face. Making a fool out of him the longer he tries to resist it.

The friendly, tubby bartender sidles over and surveys both their empty plates. Giving them a polite grin he speaks to his two best paying patrons. “You all done here gentlemen?”

Ben nods and slides the plates across to the genial man. They are collected and whisked away along with their used shot glasses. Ben leaves a great thick wad of notes on the bar top for the bill.

“You boy’s have yourselves a great night, now. Any plans at all?” The barkeep enquires kindly. It was a slow night. He was fairly busy, several tables were filled. But the bar was emptying by now. It was drawing close to eleven. He was just a nice man making conversation.

Kylo looks at him for a long moment.

“Yes. Matter of fact. We do.” Kylo answers quickly and stiffly. He downs the bourbon. Grabs his coat, hooking it off his chair. And marching off towards the door.
The barkeep’s words snapped something deep within Kylo. *Broke a dam.* He knew deep down where he wanted to go. Why was he denying himself this base pleasure? She’d reciprocated his feelings. His lust had found symmetry in hers. And now he knew the truth? There was *literally* nothing whatsoever standing in his way.

Ben thanks the man. And follows quickly after his striding, terse twin. He comes to the door and slips out of it, following Kylo’s irate wake.

Ben takes a chance to slip a cig between his lips from his pocket. Coming out in the cold purple black evening. Night air rushed muggy hot along the sidewalk. And the sky is strung with clusters of white stars. Tacked into the sky like lace netting.

Ben lights his cigarette as Kylo strides for the car. “Where we headed?” Ben asks suavely. Coming into step behind his twin.

Kyko answers him. Ben grins through curls of smoke ripping out his lips.

“For *dessert.*” Kylo tells him darkly.
Evie had a miserable night in to herself. She usually was jovial of an evening. Finding something to do. But tonight? She finds pleasure in nothing.

She doesn’t want to weed her garden. She doesn’t want to take to her kitchen and try out a new casserole recipe. She finds she wants to wallow.

She curls herself up in the quilt bedspread that her Granny embroidered her, for her eighteenth birthday. The one stitched with tulips, roses and spreading vines. Stitched in thick seams of various shades of blues, pinks and greens. The other side is candy pink stripe. She cocoons in her nest. After having a hot bath and throwing on her dressing gown, and blue linen vest and short pyjamas that were ratty, but comfy.

Who did she have to dress up for anyway?

Thirty years from now she’d still be sat as a lonely spinster, comfy in her uniquely body-shaped groove on this very sofa. Doing exactly this. Only instead with a drastically changed fashion sense on her scragglier, elderly body - some pearls and a cardigan maybe - and with some partially incomplete knitting at her feet, awaiting her attention. Whilst jeopardy blares through her telly for her hard of hearing ears.

When she finally passed on from this world - after noticing she hadn’t been seen for weeks. Someone would come and find her decayed skeleton, still, hunched on this bloody couch.

She lets her cherished blanket curl, forming around her shoulders as she huddles up on her in her chilly room, on her cold couch. It may have been muggy outside, but the warmth hadn’t reached her yet. She sticks something sappy on TV, a Richard Curtis movie of all things, and drowns her pathetic sorrows in red wine. Snivelling her tears away when they came.

She hardly bothered with putting lights on. The entire house was dark to match her mood. She lit two small jasmine scented candles, tiny ones in jars on her coffee table. They flicker and flutter as she curls up in her nest of misery.

Maybe she’d try her hand at online dating? One thing the attention from Kylo has forced her to realise was that she was so sick of feeling lonely. And it was either date, or get a dog. And she quite
fancied having something, someone, that had a chance to outlive her. She’d heard some disastrous urban horror stories about blind dates from online.

Older men posing as younger men. People exaggerating their job, or lying about their prospects or looks. She doesn’t relish the prospect of another turbulent journey in her life.

But after all, as he was now currently unemployed she had plenty of time to cruise for a new candidate, who had the potential to become the newfound love of her life.

Love-match.com luckily had a section for unemployed singles. Plenty of fish in the sea, and all that, she tries to perk herself up cheerily- it sadly doesn’t pass muster.

She takes another big gulp of wine instead. Well on her way to a second glass by this point. Hugh Grant has just fallen helplessly in love with a pretty American, when there comes a rattling, persistent knock at her front door.

She frowns. She sits up, struggling for the remote she shuts the telly off. Blinking in the absence of the light it cast across the room. She listens, hearing the sounds of trees outside, knocking branches and leaves in the wind. Again it comes. A rapping knock.

She swallows nervous. Only one person she could think of would be at her door this late at night. Her mood souring instantly. Must be jimmy back to try and woo her into bed...

She snatches herself into a stand, annoyed at her evening being disturbed by a man she really didn’t have the energy or patience to deal with. She pads barefoot out into her dark hall, and crosses the cold rugs on the hardwood floor. Cushioning her treads as she comes to the front door.

She doesn’t peer out the net curtain. It was on the chain. She unlocks it and opens it a tiny slither, and speaks into the gap.

“Jimmy. Take a hint. I don’t want to deal with you right now, or ever in fact-“ Her words halt.

Her mouth falls open, and she blinks fantastically shocked, at the sight of Ben Solo leering at her from the other side of the door.
“Ben?” She exclaims. He loves the way his mere presence made her cheeks flush a little.

“What are you doing here?” She asks. Tucking hair behind her ear as she speaks. After their date she’d heard nothing from him. She was beginning to suspect he had better offers taking up his time.


He was leaning with one arm braced straight on the doorframe. The other folded behind his back. He brings his other arm around. She can see two bottles of vintage Dom Pérignon clutched in one hand. Offered up to her view. Racing green bottles, sleekly emblazoned with a gold band of a label. Expensive.

With Ben she’s come to learn that expensive is his preferred style.

“Looking for a gorgeous drinking buddy...” He smiles. “Care to indulge me?” He seeks.

His grin charming and persuasive. His eyes like pools of salted warm caramel as he eyed up her fluffy towel dressing gown through the gap in the door. That thing would have to go for a start.

His brow is dewy, she notices, bronzed eyes dark under the brim of his messy hair. He smelled like spicy sweet whiskey, and his juniper cologne.

She fidgets for a moment. There was every possibility he just wanted to get into her bed. That makes her heart hurt a little. Then again, gorgeous guys didn’t come milling around her way very often. Carpe Diem and all that bother...

What was a nightcap drink between friends after all?

She smiles meekly. “Of course.” She shuts the door and unlatched the chain.

She re-opens her door, widening it for him and his big frame to come in. “Come on in...” she tells.

Feeling a tad insecure she was in her ridiculous fluffy gown that she certainly hoped he didn’t
commit to memory, the sight of her in the big, slouchy old thing. She certainly hadn’t been expecting handsome company. But if she went and changed now; her insecurity would stick out like a sore thumb. She was doomed to remain as she was - compare to the women he was used too, he probably now thinks her frumpy, boring and sensible. As per usual.

She steps back from the door. He sways inside and shuts it behind with a kick of his polished shoe. She stands facing him. Opening her mouth to offer him some glasses, but is swiftly silenced.

Ben stalks right up to her, snatches a hand into the back of her hair and gives her a kiss. The force of which makes her stumble back, squeaking onto his soft lips as he corners her into the rail by the bottom of the stairs. Her back pressing into the wood. Her arms flail and her legs go weak. Numb.

The arm holding the champagne goes round her back. Herding her into his hard, hot body. Forcing her lithe form up into his wide chest.

His stubbled beard scratches hard onto her skin. His tongue all but shoves down her throat. He licks her up. Groans at her taste. It’s filthy. But it’s good. Her cheeks blush furiously pink, and she barely knows to clutch onto him. Still shocked from his sudden, vicious passionate attack.

After he pulls all the air out of her needy weak lungs, he parts from her lips and his hand slips down her back, cupping her ass through the thick towel of her gown. Rubbing his entire body against her own as he caresses her ass with a hand that easily dwarfs the size of her ample bottom.

She tries to stutter his name as his mouth swerves to suck at her neck. Nudging her head to tilt out of his way. Letting his tache scrape there, rasping against her tender skin.

“B-Ben... Ben-wait...” She whines through a moan. Bringing her hands up to his shirt clad shoulders. His teeth nibble her neck before he pulls away. He feels under his tongue, how that makes her shiver.

“You always smell so damn good baby...” He husks into her collarbone. His lashes shutter and tickle her skin.

She swallows and steps back from being huddled up against the stairs. Stepping back into the open space of the corridor to the living room. The darkened hall and the back door stood directly behind her.
“What are- we...” She sighs. “Can I ask what *is* this, here, with us?” She seeks.

His answer confuses her beyond belief.

With kiss bruised lips, he smirks. Sizing her up like a hungry wolf who’s just cornered a lamb. His eyes are so dark, they look like dull bronze coins.

He looks over her shoulder... She furrows her brow. His answer chills her blood.

“A *distraction.*” Ben awards her. Arching his left hip to lean into her banister. Left elbow bent dangling off there. Making himself *right* at home.

She hears the creak of a floorboard behind her far too late. Ben smiles wider. *Darker.*

She lets out a distressed yelp when a big body smashes into her own from behind. Her back arches and her arms flail. An arm secured thick and bulging, encircling her waist. Her hands press to the limb. She feels a thick wool coat under her clawing hands.


She struggled because now a *knife* was cold and pricking against the front of her throat. A massive, strong, tattooed hand held it there. Letting the sting of its sharpness press, but not drawing blood. *Yet.*

A hot mouth is fanning breath, muggy at her ear. She can *hear* his smirk. It brings tears to her eyes and dread to curl, shredding at her every nerve.

“Hi *Kitten.*” Comes a crooning, dark purr.
Chapter End Notes

Not long to go now... the fuckening be upon us

Come on. Feed me those frustrations I know there must be some
... and here it is. It’s lonnnnng. And filled to the brim with dirty dark things. It would be quicker to list the warnings that, aren’t, in this

Now I know it’s not “everything” in this here chap. But I needed to split it all up-otherwise it would have been colossally long. Working on the next part to come (pun intended) as we speak; and yes that does feature an ungodly amount of dark unholy fucking...

Thankyou for baring with me precious ones. Your comments are my lifesblood. ❤

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was safe to say - however scared Evie had been in her interviews with Kylo. She needed a whole new scale of terror for her current situation.

Here he was. Free. Untamed. His temper unrestrained. His body unshackled. He was free to run wild.

She makes a very un-funny quip to herself in her head that they’d be finding her decaying body a lot sooner than she’d reckoned. She foolishly thought she had several decades left on this earth; but it
appears she didn’t count on what can occur when she pisses off a very violent sociopath.

Her body shivers and wants to curl in on itself, but the big man behind her won’t let her. She gulps and whimpers when she feels her throat bob under the cool press of the knives edge - that was her current predicament down to a tee. On a knives edge.

Her chest heaves when she feels him nuzzle into her neck, his breath scorching her clammy skin, he grumbles low in the back of his throat in appreciation. She shuts her eyes and lets a full body shiver wrack through her.

“I forgot how fucking soft your skin is, Kitten.” He husks, she feels his lips and the sharpness of his teeth as he spoke. Some of his long raven hair trapped between her cheek and his.

His voice so deep and dark it plunged into her skin. Humming into her. He smiles as he noses into her hair takes an inhale of the scent that driven him insane for all those months.

“I think you’re scaring the poor girl. Ky.” Ben smiles from his position, vertically reclining on the stair banister, opposite. Smiling at the two of them.

“Am I scaring you baby? The knife scaring you?” Kylo asks her. Crooning at her playfully.

“I’m more scared by the man whose holding it there.” She gets out. Her voice a pathetic whimper of its usual self. Kylo chuckles. She feels it rumble against her throat.

“Clever girl.” Ben tutts in approval. She flinches a little at the sound of him uncorking one of the bottles of Dom. Squeezing the cork out, letting it clatter away in the hallway. She peels her eyes open and watches him sip at the tangy white froth that spurts from the neck of the bottle. Tipping it right back and having a swig of the sparkling fizz. Enjoying the show. The spectacle of her fear.

“We gonna get on with this or what Kylo?” Ben asks.

Eyes slipping from her feet to her hips, up to her chest. Licking his lips free from drops of ludicrously expensive champagne. Ones that dropped into his dark tache.
Though he’d much rather be licking her cum off his beard instead.

Panic bubbles up, hysteria simmers to boiling point in her blood. Crushing her chest. “Oh god. Oh god-Please don’t hurt me.” She begs.

“I’m not on the story anymore! I was taken off it I swear. I told Ben. I was fired. I’m not on the story. I won’t write anything. I swear! Please...Kylo, please.” She’s babbling. Awfully close to sobbing.

She tries appealing to him in whatever way she can. Calls him by his name. Hoping the rapport - of sorts - they built might be measure enough to keep her from being killed.

She twists her head trying to look at her big, dark captor. But she only gets so far as to tilt her head back, hitting his massive meaty shoulder. Feeling his lips move by her temple. Soft, pliable lips. His breath gently kissed with the scent of whiskey.

“Easy, baby...” He coos to her darkly. She can feel his big hands travel down her waist. Feeling the shape of her hip through her gown.

“Adorable as this thing is...” He husks. “I need it out of my way for the fun part” He tells. Speaking in a hush into her throat.

His free hand works at the towelling knot around her waist. He tugs it with little patience. Her hips jerk forwards when he pulls on the ties to make them fall open. When it is, he brings his fingers up and drags it slowly down her shoulders. Gauging her reaction. The slow rush of it brushing off her skin is like an endless caress. Her body thrums with sparking lust fizzing at her nerves.

It sags in a useless heap to the back of her ankles. She hears and feels it fall. Pinned under both their gazes as they both roam over her newly exposed body. Her arms feel like awkward lead weights dangling from her shoulders.

“Fucking beautiful.” Ben growls lowly, swigging back more champagne. He was growing more drunk off thoughts of her than he was off the very fine champagne he had to hand. His greedy eyes lustfully raking up and down her body. Fixated on the sweet camisole set she wore - he wanted to tear it to shreds.
Kylo feels the same way - if she wore this goddamn innocent set of pyjamas to bed; it wouldn’t remain on her body for long. He’d slide it down her legs and tear the vest open with both sides. Ripping it away.

Her eyes close. Breath shaky. Chest heaving. Goosebumps prickle her exposed skin. *She didn’t know if she was aroused or terrified.*

Kylo exhales next to her ear. Wetting his lips. “Much better.” He hums. His bare hand now skims up her thigh. Cupping at the round of her thigh. Silky hot skin under his hand. Teasing gently under the hem of her lace trimmed shorts. She bites her lip. Not quite understanding what feelings he’s making coarse through her veins.

“Did you ever think about me, I wonder?” Kylo asks absentmindedly. Letting his toughened hands rasp against her goosebumped skin.

“You sat opposite me for two months, baby. You must’ve started, *wondering...*” He smiles.

“I-“ Her own words choke her.

“Don’t be shy. Tell me...” Kylo demands. She winces when the knife relocates to the V neckline of her top. “And if you fancy lying to me, Kitten...well, in *that case...*” He leaves open as a threat.

She understands why when the tip of the knife pressed down hard on where the top is suspended over her breasts. The edge of it beginning to tear her top open. Splitting it in two.

She pants harder in panic. “Ok-ok. I ugh. I- I thought once, or twice, maybe, ab-about your hands.” She let’s out.

The knife stills.

“What *about* my hands?” He presses. His face pressing down into the crook her her neck. Her eyes flutter shut. She just felt him and his body against her. It was *almost* as if it were a private moment between the two of them.
She tries to be braver than she felt. “I thought about- what your hands would feel like, touching me. How they’d feel against my skin.” She let’s out truthfully.

“Like this?” Kylo asks. Letting his free hand cup her hip.

She doesn’t answer, but the way her breathing hitches is enough of an answer for him.

“Or, like this?” He asks. His big hand reaching down and cupping her pussy through her clothes.

The completely needy moan that sails out her mouth betrays her.

Kylo plunges his hand sharply down. Shredding the top down to her ribs. She yelps in distress.

“You lied to me.” He growls. Displeased. But at the same time, he was ecstatic that she’d thought about what his brute big fingers would feel like in her tight little cunt. She’d tried to make light of that dirty fact. His smile is deceptive.

_His fingers would stretch her tiny tightness open like no man’s hand ever had before._

“I did think about-” She trails off.

“Finish that dirty thought for me, baby.” He commands roughly.

“I thought....about kissing you.” She admits quietly. “About what it would be like to...” She can’t even say the words. She averts her eyes floor-wards.

“I have no qualms about taking you over my knee to make you talk.” He points out. He’d spank her cute ass sore to get words out of her if he had too. He’d spank her for the sheer pleasure of it alone, too.

“I thought about what you’d look like with no clothes on. I-I wanted to see, all, of you.” She admits. Her cheeks are hot pink by now. She’s sure of it.
She’d thought about the hulking heft that was Kylo’s body, too many times to count. Thought about exploring those tattooed muscles. His arms, legs, torso, and inky shoulder blades with the tips of her fingers. Wondered if his skin was tough, or smooth. If he was hairy or sleeker on his chest. If he was as divine in beauty when naked, as he was with clothes on. She had a feeling her canny brain already knew the answer to that one...

“Well here I am, Kitten. Don’t you wanna find out? You must be curious by now...” Kylo asks.

Her mouth gapes. And no words come to her aid.

“I can feel you shivering...” He husks breathily into her ear.

Ben grins. Thunking the champagne down on her side table. Stepping closer. He comes right up. Flush to her body. Close enough that she can feel his shirt wrinkle and brush against her. He smiles and playfully runs a fingertip to hook into the now ruined neckline, running his fingers down from her shoulder to her sternum. Dancing across her sensitive skin.

She was helplessly sandwiched between two giant, hulking men.

“You said you wanted to get close to a killer, babydoll.” He smiles. “Here’s your chance.” He explains.

“How were you to know you were actually getting close to two.” Ben adds in a grin.

She goes stock still. Her watery blue eyes glancing scared, up to Ben.

“You, aswell?” She asks in a breathy gasp. Her chest ragged. She’d gone on a date with a murderer. Kissed him goodnight too. Shared a pudding with him. Lusted after him, a bit.

Ben half heartedly shrugs. “Never killed anyone the way Kylo has. But I’ve certainly done several very naughty things.” He winks at her.
Ben tilts his head, crooking it lightly, as he lifts a stray tendril of hair off her face.

Kylo jabs the knife at her throat in deeper. Reminding her that he was there - not that she was in danger of ever forgetting. Her body went weak whether he came near. It knew what all that big bad man in his entirety, was capable of doing.

“I meant what I said, Evie. When I said you don’t know what you do to me.” Kylo begins.

“Did you know what you did, coming to see to me in prison? You drove me crazy...” He growls lowly at her. His voice harsh and angered.

“Ditto...” Ben smirks. Those cotton blue panties of hers he pocketed had lost her scent now. And it was making him anxious for another taste. Sharpish.

“I never meant to upset you. Either of you. I followed every rule. I didn’t think I did anything wrong...” She sighs weakly.

Kylo’s teeth graze her neck as he smiles, and laughs. She trembles like a leaf.

“Not that kind of crazy, kitten...” He tells. Bringing one hand over her stomach. Big paw covering it easily, he pulls her hips back and lets her feel the entire enormity of his hard cock pressing through his trousers, nudging forwards into her body.

“I-oh. My god.” She gasps. Wanting to clasp a hand over her mouth. He was a monster. Her lips felt dry and chapped.

He was endowed like a god, there was no mistaking it.

“That’s all you...” He smiles, his tongue tipping out to teasingly trace the shell of her ear.

“I can’t count how many nights I stroked myself off, cumming over my lap and thinking instead of fucking the goddamn living hell right outta you.” Kylo’s snarling into her ear.
Ben’s fingers gently stroke over her cheek. His thumb feeling over her blushing skin.

“Would you like that Evie?” He asks. “Me and my brother both pleasing you, fucking you senseless, licking out your pussy until you squirt so hard, you can’t walk.” He leers. Her brain short fused.

“You? Both, want to-?” She trails off. Gulping again. She’s pretty certain she’s going to black out in a moment. They both grin at her shyness.

Kylo fidgets with something behind her for a second, before he grabs her by the wrist, fingers wrapping around, and tugging her hand behind her to front of his trousers. Her thighs shiver and nearly pile her body to the floor in a boneless heap as he guides her hand inside his trousers, and into his underwear, holding her hand there, cupping the long, fat length of him.

Scorching hot velvet skin wrapped around his rock hard cock. He was smooth, and heavy in her hand. She could only just get her tiny little fingers to meet around his engorged size.

“That’s what you do to me.” Kylo tells. “You make me so damn hard and horny I can’t think straight. I’ll have a clearer head after tonight Kitten. Cause I will have fucked you raw, in every position your little body can take. And I won’t be stopping until I can’t hold out for one single more thrust. Show you what happens when men like us are devoted to making you cum.” He leers.

He growls into her ear. “Do you think you could take me baby? Take me to the hilt in that tight pussy of yours?” He snarls. Not letting her hand retreat. Shifting her wrist. Showing her how to rub up and down on him. Gripping just enough. He grits his teeth, baring them when she shifts her fist up over the wide of his head. Feeling oozing precome coat slick to her palm. His brows furrow in pleasure.

He closes his eyes for a second. *Fuck.* He hadn’t had a woman’s touch in years. He’s emphatically overwhelmed by the sheer fact that it’s someone else’s hand stroking him rather than his own. The fact it was his kitten? *Oh so fucking hot.* Showing his shy girl how to pleasure him. His hips struggled not to fuck up into the grip of her fist - heaven wasn’t the steak and whiskey dinner he had earlier. Heaven was now. *It was this.*

He groans, unabashed. She fights to clench her thighs together. Her arousal sweeps through her unhindered now. It’s choking the life out of her. Kylo’s had months of waiting. And now he’d had a taste of what she could do to him; he wants *more.*
So close to being able to enjoy her hot little pussy. He wouldn’t wait any longer.

“Keep the fuck still.” Kylo warns. She does so. But she does squeal a little when he slams the knife down her front. Severing her top in two. He tears that away. The sound of shrieking, tearing fabric filling the air along with her screams.

Kylo looks down, towering over her to finally take in the sight of her tits. He’d been right; her nipples were the most rosy orange pink he’d ever seen. Like two pebbled peach candies he wants melting on his tongue. He’s willing to bet she tastes twice as sweet as peaches too.

He wants to spend an hour purely on those nipples. Sucking, nuzzling, biting and working her up into a frenzy as he fucks her with two fingers until she squirts right up his wrist.

He’s feeling playful. He brings the tip of his engraved, Farrer & Tanner folding knife to stroke along her collarbone. Leaving a slight red line in its wake. He wants to wake up next to her tomorrow, and see the slight marks his weapon made on her. Like lines of a well travelled map. He hears and feels her breath hitch and it makes his cock jolt stiffer - if that was even possible. He was fit to burst already. Achingly hard.

He drags the knife down her sternum, lets it hop over every rib. Skimming past all the little moles that pocked her chest. He traces each round of her breasts with it slightly too. Teasing. The cool of the metal, and the threat of its bite makes her nipples tighten harder. He watches her react to it. Feels her lust start to come forward. Making itself known.

She can’t deny that the danger of this situation is making her pant with what she recognised as a bit more than fear. She can’t understand it. This was dark and twisted and wrong. But she knows it’s happening. And it’s making her shiver with need for one of these men. Or both.

She doesn’t know how she’ll survive this night. Not fully certain Kylo won’t slit her throat after he’s done with her.

Ben bites his lip, snapping into action too. Crouching. Sticking his thumbs to stroke over her hipbones, before catching in her shorts and yanking them down her shapely legs. Hearing the gentle rasp of the linen against her skin as he whips the things down to her feet.

He smiles at the pretty white, scalloped edged, panties covering her sweet cleft. Stitched with fucking adorable pink roses. Fuck, if her innocent, safe little style wasn’t the sexiest thing on earth he’s ever
seen - then he didn’t deserve to have eyes. He was at eye-level to her cunt. And there was nowhere else he’d rather be. He wets his lips, his hands stroke upside her thighs, feeling her excitement making the fleshy things quiver.

He peeks up at her. She notices the bronzed warm hickory that stains his irises, now is almost as black as Kylo’s ink hued eyes.

She retreats back into Kylo’s body out of sheer instinct when, whilst looking her deep in the eyes, Ben noses into the space between her legs, his wide, flat tongue lapping over the top of her panties. Nudging into the bump of her petal soft lips under the fabric of the crotch. He could smell the scent of her that gets his mouth watering.

Cotton scented washing powder. Salty clean Soap. Lavender body lotion. Pure tang of her aroused cunt soaking her panties right through. His eyes roll back in his head in bliss.

She groans.

Kylo’s hand grips tighter to her wrist, her hand still cupping his cock. He tightens his grasp when he hears her moan because of Ben.

Kylo grits his teeth. “I’ve waited months for her. I get her first. You can watch, until I say otherwise.” He orders.

Evie’s left shivering, wedged half naked between their broad hot bodies, in nothing but her knickers as they practically fight a tug of war over her. Like two dogs fighting over the same bone.

“He’s very protective of you, baby. I’ll have to watch out what I do to you.” Ben winks up at her. “Trust me when I say I won’t do anything that doesn’t make you have several, screaming loud orgasms.” He pledges. “Cause what he doesn’t want to admit is that you’re a little bit mine too. And I always enjoy making my girls cum.” Ben smiles

His sneaky tongue then snuck under the hem of her panties and rubbed along one side of her labia, curling at it with his tongue. Getting her exquisite wetness on his palate. Coating the tip of his tongue in her pussy slick. She shivers out a whimper.

“What’s the matter Ben? I thought you enjoyed being a voyeur...” Kylo grunts. Nibbling the lobe of
her ear. Still having her small hand jerking his cock with shy little movements.

“Then make good on your promise, and stop playing with your food.” Ben husks up to him teasingly.

His twins jaw twitches when he clenches it to grit tight. His teeth clacking together. Evie whimpers as he bites down a little too hard on her ear. Kylo narrows his eyes.

And does just as suggested.

Kylo takes the knife away and hooks it over the fabric of her panties by her hips. He pushes the edge outward, and pushes until the scalloped material breaks away with a snap. He does it each side, and lets the pathetic scrap of soaked underwear fall away to the floor, at Ben’s feet.

She barely has time to be insecure over the fact she’s stood stark bollock naked in her dark hallway. About to cover her freed breasts with one arm. When Kylo jerks her around, tears her arm away, before one big paw grabs, sinking, her the globe of her bare ass and heaves her up in his arms. Carrying her roughly as if she weighed no more than a sack of flour.

There was that brute strength of his, put to action.

Her hands clutch onto the thick wool of his dark coat. He walks them down the hall a way, into her study, and all but throws her onto the big couch in there. She jolts as she bounces back into it. Facing him.

For the first time tonight, she’s getting her glimpse of Kylo as a freed beast. He’s stood true to his nature as a tall, dark tower of a man. Hair wild. Eyes set to piercing-glare. His big chest rises and falls, and down the front of his undone trousers is his obscenely big erection pasted to and up his hip in his briefs. Where his shirt neckline is unbuttoned low, she can see a sheen of sweat on his chest. Dewing his tatted black skin.

His black shirt is tight, and she can see every ridge and edge of him. All that hard muscle, strength and rage that’s shaped him to be so crudely stacked with muscle. He quickly sheds his coat and throws it haphazardly over the chair in the far corner. The knife chucked atop it. Leaving him in an ink black button down and charcoal jeans.
She registers Ben watching, drinking champagne, again, from the arched doorway behind him. But she can only focus on Kylo, now.

Her eyes widen in panic when he opens his sable coloured belt, and slips it free from every loop with a slow *swish* of the leather as it left.

He chuckles, looping it in hand - before dropping it to the floor beside him. He raised a brow at her. She exhales a sigh of relief.

“T’d give a penny for those kinky thoughts, Kitten.” He says. “Did you think I’d be using that, on you?” He wonders.

Her sheepish averting of her eyes gives his answer. She drops her eyes to his chest.

He steps close and brings one finger under her chin. Crooking it upwards to make her pretty face gaze up at him. She sat with her hands clasped to her lap. Trying not to crawl and hide her nakedness under the nearest blanket for fear of the punishment he’d dole out, for her covering up what he’d waited so patiently to see.

He watches her pretty blue eyes, dilated with want, admires her cheekbones and the flush of pink sat high on them. Thinks about the memory he had of how her soft lips taste.

“Do you *want* me to use it? Cause I will. If you’re very bad... or maybe if you’re very good. Seeings as you seem so *wary* of it.” He smiles.

She swallows. Opening her mouth to answer. He cuts her off, his thumb stroking over the corner of her mouth.

“Maybe later I’ll bind your hands to the headboard with it. Eat your pussy after I’ve made a creampie of it. Eat my cum outta you for hours and watch you writhe and buck like a *wild* bronco for me, all tied up.” He thinks to himself. Tucking a straying hair sweetly behind her ear. His touch on her cheek made her shut her eyes in bliss.

*His dirty mouth would be the sinful end of her.*
When she hears him crouch in front of her, She opens them. Seeing now he was digging his hands into her kneecaps and inserting himself between her legs. Coming closer, parting her thighs until he can slot between them. His torso almost touching hers.

“You want me, don’t you, Kitten?” He reaffirms.

She finds the strength to nod. “Yes. I do.” She whispers. Unable to believe her weak brain could manage that much.

His eyes zip to her lips. “You ever thought about kissing me, again?” He asks. Flirting. He thought about that day in the interrogation room so often, the memory was worn thin.

“All the time...” She sighs. He leans forwards and plucks gentle kisses to the corner of her mouth. She groans as he teases around where she needs him most.

“I’ve thought about kissing you every second I’m awake.” He tells, with closed eyes as he kisses nearer her bottom lip. Her heart squeezes painfully. She’d never known she’d put him through such torment. She wants to groan. He flips between desperately horny and taking his sweet unhurried time. She never knows what’s coming next.

Not until two big fingers of his brush against her clit. His chest keeping her legs splayed wide open.

They are joined by Ben, who slinks in beside her on the sofa. Smelling champagne on his breath. He hums a smile and leans over into her and starts to suck on her neck. She gasps in pleasure as he works on her neck, Kylo begins his advance on her cunt. Her skin erupting in blissful prickles.

“Now I’m gonna kiss you... Gonna kiss you properly, where I’ve wanted to for weeks now.” Kylo tells.

Tilting her hips back for access, leaning her back, pushing her into Ben, who bites her collarbone red as his hand strokes around one pebbled nipple. She’s shivering and thrumming with pleasure and they’ve barely begun.

“Keep her still. She’ll squirm.” Kylo warns Ben. He shuffles down, and lowers his mouth to her pussy. Feasting with his eyes first as he presses closed mouth kisses all over her slavering pink lips.
Getting a sampling taste of her on his tongue. Ben’s busy giving her champagne kisses, but he speaks up when Kylo makes her squeak a moan, by kissing over her clit with his plump lips.

“You haven’t eaten pussy in quite a while. Ky. Need me to demonstrate how it’s done, for you?” Ben leers. His tongue lapping at a spot below her ear.

Kylo glares up at his brother - before he spears his tongue into her pussy. He smells her. Tastes her. At last.

His black eyes roll back in his head.

His hips arch forwards and he bumps his hard, clothed erection against the couch where he’s knelt on the floor - he’s sure he’s tasting the most perfect pussy there’s ever been.

“Holy fuck. Kitten.” He snarls into her. Humming. Not breaking away from licking her for even a second. He wants to swallow her cunt whole. He nuzzles his nose and face right in. Making his tongue at home in her blazing hot, pink, tightness. She pants and moans and gasps his name like a prayer.

“No other man’s getting his mouth on this pussy whilst I live and breathe. Not ever. I’ll kill them for it. It’s mine now.” He warns. “This tight pink pussy belongs to me.” He mumbles. Drunk off her taste.

She’s sweet, tart and slick. Like warm honey and champagne. Her clit feels made to be in his mouth, or rolling under his tongue. He suckles on her there. There, where she’s tight, hot and wet.

“I want a taste of her later, when you’re quite finished.” Ben mumbles into her ear. Speaking to Kylo. The man seemed possessed by what was between her legs. Hands clawing into her thighs, hot tongue curling and lapping, shrewd wet sounds of his sucking tongue and mouth filling the air. It’s filthy. It’s so good.

Evie’s legs tremble, but Kylo keeps them anchored. His nails dig into her thighs tugging her closer onto his face. She can feel his tongue explore every inch of her. Dipping and prodding. His nose nudging against her cleft.
“My poor brother hasn’t eaten pussy for four excruciating years, baby. I’m amazed he hasn’t got you on that bed of yours, sitting that cute cunt on his face. I’m gonna have to have that particular honour of you riding my face.” Ben hushes to her in-between kisses to her neck. Sucking bruises into her skin. One hand gently tracing fingers around her puckered nipple.

Ben smirks when he sees her fingers clawing into the cushion beside her. The other grasping his thigh as she throws her head back, eyes shut, face screwed up in pleasure.

“Here baby...” Ben takes her hand and brings it to cover his clothed cock. “I got something much better you can grab onto.” She sighs and opens her eyes to look at him when she feels he’s every bit as, blessed, as his brother in regards to the godly size of his cock.

“Can’t wait to get my dick in you.” He growls as she gently rubs him, urged on by his hand guiding her. “Harder-Oh fuck yeah... baby-good girl.” He smirks at her neck, she’d gripped him tightly when Kylo playfully drags a finger over her dripping lips.

He feasts his eyes on her when he pulls back and sees her drooling pussy dripping his spit and her arousal right down onto the wooden floor. A string of it trailing slick from her. Her wetness sheening his chin and full lips. His mouth bruised wet and shiny red where he’d been sucking on her.

He’s wearing the essence of her pussy all over his lower face. And that makes her hot, silk walls flutter around the finger he now slowly presses inside her.

She grips Ben’s cock tight again. Groaning a low and slow, drawn out sound.


She feels Ben’s hips thrust up under her hand. Twitching.

“Fuck-Gorgeous. You grip me like that again, and I’m at risk of cumming right here in my boxers. Haven’t done that since ninth grade.” Ben chuckles. Biting her neck and pinching lightly at her nipple.

She writhes up into Kylo’s mouth at that, making his fingers sink into her deeper. Ben reaches her chin with his fingers and tilts her head down to make her look at Kylo.
“I want to see the look on your pretty face when you watch him split your pussy open with his fingers.” He sighs into her ear. She swallows and keeps her eyes locked into Kylo’s gaze.

“You take your eyes off me. And I stop Kitten. Understand.” He tells. She nods through a ragged breath. Her cheeks and chest blazing pink with heat. It’s spread it’s furiously hot way down her neck too.

She looks him dead in the eye, mouth slack, as Kylo brings two fingers to her weeping pink core, and slowly sinks them deep into her. Stretching her obscenely open wide. Cause his hands were big.

She could feel how tight she was with his digits pressing into her. She bites her lip and keeps her glance in his, her legs fighting to tremble and clench together.

Ben is watching his brothers slick fingers fuck her open. Watching the thick things disappear into her. His eyes filled with heat. Unable to resist watching.

“You like when I stuff your cunt with my fingers, Kitten?” Kylo asks her. He looks up and sees Ben eyeing up how his finger glistened with evidence of her drooling pussy. Coated in her.

“Ben likes it too, by the looks of things.” Kylo speaks to her. His cock leapt under her hand. “Like me, he’s obsessed with your cunt, baby.” He adds. Grinning at finally having the upper hand.

Ben swallows. Getting rid of the saliva that had built from watching Kylo stuffing her full.

“Oh Kylo-uh.” However hard she wants to throw her head back. She tries to do as he said. Which he made hard to accomplish as he leans down an slurps at her taut clit. Teeth naughtily scraping it, to see her reaction. And he smirks open mouthed against her when he sees how makes her shiver and jolt.

Ben leans away from her for a second, reaching for something. Evie darts a look across when she hears the clinging of glass and a faint slosh of liquid. He tips the neck of the bottle up to his lips, taking a sip. He stands it down and leans across for her once more. Big hand cups her face and brings her mouth to his.
She yelps - the squeaking sound muffled into Ben’s mouth. Firstly, because Kylo’s fingers then struck at a soft, sweet spot inside her that sent searing pleasure sparking entirely through her lower body.

And secondly, because Ben lets a hot stream of fizzing, tangy champagne flow into her mouth from his. Pushing his tongue into her mouth. Sharing the fruity, sparkling tang of it. Making her swallow it. Making her submit to his champagne kisses.

He tasted heavenly. His lips moving in a passionate onslaught against her own. His free hand wandered for her breast, groping once more at her nipple. She jerks and moans into his mouth because of Kylo battering her delicate spot with his brute fingers. He finally lets her pull away for breath. They part with a moan.

When she looks down to Kylo once again, she sees the black pits of his eyes were gleaming up at her. Watching them. He refocuses her attention back to him by lapping at her clit again. She could feel that pulsing energy knotting in her abdomen, coiling and tightening. Rushing her towards one of the most powerful orgasms she’s sure she’s ever felt.

She faked it with Jimmy. Of course - sex with him felt good. But she was never entirely satisfied by it. These two seemed designed to wring out every last ounce of pleasure they could - like wringing oil from a cloth. She’d be spent and limp by the time they were sated.

“When...” She warns breathily. Her thighs fighting not to clamp about his head. Her hands clutch for Ben.

He impatiently shucks down his fly, undoes the button on his trousers and gets her hand around his cock. Skin to skin. Helping show her how he likes to be stroked. She twisted her wrist around his head, and he chuckles. Precome wetting her palm. There was a lot of it.

“I have to admit. I’m very jealous of my brother right now. I may get to have your sweet little hand around my dick. But he gets to be face first in your tasty pussy.” He moans into her ear. Before surprising her by leaning forwards and sucking the breast closest to him into his mouth. Tongue rolling her stiff nipple under it.

It’s overwhelming. A sudden onslaught of sensations bursting over her body. Molten heat replacing her bloodstream as pure ecstasy shatters across her body like lightning.
The sensations she feels emanating from her pussy made her shift, and try to retreat back from the mercilessness of Kylo’s fingers and tongue. It’s almost a pain she feels as his fingers press inside her to that spongy spot. It feels like something wants to burst out of her and she tries to escape from it.

“I can’t. It’s too- ugh. Oh god. I can’t...” she whines. Shaking and shivering. Tears spearing her eyes at the sheer overwhelming nature of the feelings he’s pleasuring her into.

“Yes you fucking can, Kitten. You better. Or I won’t stop doing this until you do cum for me...” Kylo growls. “I’ve been dreaming of tasting your cum in my mouth for a month now. You better not disappoint me...” He snarls up at her. Lapping her furiously.

Her body curls and arches. She yanks her hand, hard, the back Ben’s hair where his head was still on her chest. Licking at her nipples. She feels her thighs tremble, and before she knows it, her body arches and convulses. Shuddering as her climax blindingly powers through her. Her small body jerking and pulsing.

She cums violently fast, and loud. Screeching Kylo’s name in a blissful benediction. He’d never liked the sound of his own name more, than when it fell in rapture from her lips.

He’s doubly pleased with the amount of cum she gives him to lick up. Drinking it in. Her orgasm had successfully drenched down to his wrist. That was a good start. He pulls his fingers from her and is quick to place them on his tongue. Sucking up her cream that coated his hand. Loving how her eager pussy still drooled for him.

She’s collapsed back into Ben’s side. Head tipped back, staring at the ceiling. Her skin tacky with sweat. Chest heaving. Flushed. She sits up to look at him with dazed eyes and a parted mouth when she feels him press his body into her chest.

“You still scared of me now?” He flirts with a smirk. Her wetness still sheening his chin. He leans down and nuzzles into her sternum. Rubbing her cum and scent all over. Marking her with it. He kisses the spots where her moles lay. Feeling her heart thrum under his lips. His big, dry, callused hands skim over her tummy, ribs, breasts. Feeling her everywhere he could reach.

“Only a little, I suppose...” She let’s out with a slight shy smile. He smirks mirthfully against her nipple before he sucks on it.

“Let’s remedy that...” He smiles. His fingers reach for his shirt buttons and he strips them open.
Pulling it off his arms, and wrangling his shoulders free of the black garment. Letting it fall away to the floor behind him.

The tattooed chest she so often wonders about finally comes into view. She doesn’t realise she’s staring at it until Kylo chuckles, his hand sliding for hers.

“You wanna touch me baby?” He asks her.

She bites her lip and blinks down at his torso. She nods slightly. He comes closer, that broad wall of muscle. He brings her hand to touch his shoulder.

“Do it.” He whispers hotly. Voice thick with need. His free hand hooking round her back and yanking her into his chest. Her breasts crush to him. Her thighs about his waist. She’s barely on the lip of the sofa. His body pinned her in place well.

She feels breathless all over again when those hard slabs of power and muscle are skin to skin with her. That handsome face close, his breath fanning against her lips. Dark black eyes watching her vigilantly like a predator. She tilts her head to look down at his right shoulder. Fingers tracing a complex pattern that followed his collarbone. Skimming over the skull inked onto his shoulder to mirror the one opposite. Nipple rings gleaming a darting glimmer of silver in the half light.

She feels his chest dip and swell under her hand. Feels the body heat keeping him burning hot. Ben had told her he ran hot. Kylo felt the same.

“What I said... earlier...” She begins. Her words bursting out softly in an insane fit of bravery. Kylo’s smirk curls in that way it so often did.

“That I wanted to... well. I wanted to kiss-“ she starts. He doesn’t give her a chance to shrink away. He cups the side of her neck. Fingertips sinking into her hair, and he gives her the most hard and sultry kiss she’s ever experienced in her life.

Her face creases in soundless pleasure as their lips meet properly for the first time. It felt good. It felt right. They melted into each other with heavy breaths, lust and the promise of more pleasure to come lingered.

She gingerly lets her hands twine into his hair. It’s silky black and so soft. She lets her hands card
He kisses her thorough and proper. His tongue, tasting of her, plunged into her mouth. Stealing her breath and her sanity. It could be the point her heart starts wanting to throw itself after this intense man.

He pulls back first - in control as ever. One hand keeping to her neck as the other slides up and down her thigh. As if he himself wasn’t a gorgeous enough sight already. With kiss bruised lips and flushed cheeks, he manages to look about as sinful as the apple that first tempted Eve in the garden of Eden.

“We’ll be needing to use that bed of yours kitten. For the way I’m gonna fuck you, you’ll need something soft under you.” He grins at her. Before standing and hauling her up in his arms.

“I get her pussy now. Only fair now you’ve had a turn...” Ben states from his position lounged out on her sofa. Trousers undone, underwear shoved down over his cock, which sat weeping and angry red, smearing precome against his pale belly button where his blue shirt had been rucked up. He still had that bottle of Dom in hand. Rolled against his thigh. No shame at all in the way he sat exposing himself. Legs spread wide.

It wasn’t as if he had anything to be shy about.

Kylo turns to look back at his twin. Ben leers at him.

“We had an agreement to share nicely. Those pretty lips get a seat on my face. You can have her cute little mouth, and get to be the first one of us to fuck her.” Ben suggests.

Evie bites her lip from where she’s standing. Encircled in Kylo’s arms. Crushed to his chest. Feeling his erection bob against her thigh, through his jeans at Ben’s proposition.

“Fine.” Kylo gruffs. Turning to Evie and scooping his big hand under the back of her hair to tantalise her soft, small neck. Where she stood, she can feel her wetness trickling down her legs, almost to her knees.

“I wanted to see these pretty lips stretched around the head of my dick, anyway.” Kylo smiles dirtily at her. Leaning in the kiss the corner of her mouth. His playful tongue tipping against her lips. He...
pulls back and she’s never felt more naked.

She self consciously curls up in on herself. Arms over her chest as they decide who was doing what to her next. Kylo yanks her arms away and tugs her into his body.

Her bare nipples brushing hard against the friction of warm his chest makes him growl. His nipple rings thrashing cold against her skin. His hand comes round from her shoulders to squeeze at her throat again. His fingers lightly fluttering pressure against her jugular.

“No you fucking don’t. Don’t dare try and fucking hide any part of your gorgeous body from me. Kitten.” He warns lowly. His hand grabs her face in both hands, and he crowds her back as he steps close. Making her look up at him as he stoops to roar filthy promises at her.

“I’ve been wanting to see all of you. And all of you is exactly what I’ll have.” He makes clear. “You disobey me again and I’ll tie your fucking hands behind your back.” He swears.

She nods slowly. A weak “Sorry.” Leaving her lips.

“Don’t be sorry. Just get over here...” Kylo urges roughly yanking her up into his arms. Her thighs split open to go either side of his body. Her aching wet pussy rubbing against the fastening of his trousers. His hands cupped her ass. Feeling it’s shape.

“Ready for round two, Kitten?” He asks. Nibbling on her ear as he whisks her away, out and upstairs into the hall. Up to her bedroom.

~
If you’d like to feed my comment addiction, you lovely babes know what to do...
A hearty welcome to punk’s porn den! And to think, this is part two of three....

Now all I need to do is stop my phone changing Kylo to Kyko.

She’s hauled away upstairs. Carried up and away in the dizzying height of Kylo’s hold, She remarks to herself how she’s never felt so small when in a man’s arms.

She clutched onto the back of Kylo’s neck, her fingers curl gently into his fine, soft hair at the nape. Her nose and mouth burying into his shoulder. Taking in a lungful of his blissful cologne. She’s never scented anything like it.

Trust Kylo Ren to be the most singular man she’s ever encountered.

Each note of it was exquisite. Woody cedar, sharp pepper, bright packs of zesty orange. It’s as beautiful and finely crafted as the man who wears it.

Kylo rounds her bedroom door frame, walking them across to her bed. His smirk quirks up wider when he spots her neatly made, queen size. Plenty of room for what he had in mind.

He doesn’t exactly place her down onto the bed gently. She jolts a little as she’s thrown back. Kylo watches her gorgeous tits bounce with the abrupt movement.
She leans back on her elbows, nervously chewing her lower lip. Legs draped over the edge of the bed as she gazes up at him.

His eyes linger on what’s between her legs.

How her sweet slick coats her thighs. Shimmering wet, like a sirens beacon, in the otherwise dark room. No light save for the reaches of the speckled moonshine, masked by the tree outside her window. Where Kylo stood, the bright light peppered across his alabaster, inky torso.

She forgot she left her window open earlier. Cool rushes in. Yet she’s never felt so warm. Her bedroom dark, quiet and sweetly fragranced with hot purple sweet lilac. Dark and delicious.

Speaking of...

Kylo kicks off his shoes and socks, and stands barefoot, smirking at her. Where she didn’t move to close her legs, he wets his lips at the sight of her pussy. Loving how the taste of her still lingered on his tongue.

He drawls at her in a sexy purr “Kitten. You got such a fucking cute cunt.” Smiling darkly at it. “I’m in fucking love with it already.” He sneers.

With him stood, and her sat, their size difference was plainly obvious. She sits up and his hands pin to her waist and he pulls her forwards to bring her into his body. Catching her hands he makes her watch as he puts them on his trouser waist.

Ben breezes into the room beside them. She sees him cross the end of the bed and then feels when his weight dips the mattress where he sprawls out behind her. His big hand dances teasing traces up her spine.

Kylo is sure to grip her chin and keep her focused on him. “Eyes front and centre, baby.” He warns with a soft growl.

She glances up at him as she starts to undo his buttons, and work on the fastener of his jeans. She pulls it down, and he shucks them off his legs, kicking them away. Now in his underwear, he gives her the nod and she pulls those down too, swallowing nervously when his red angry monster of a cock wags free, not inches from her face.
‘You’re gonna take me in your mouth. Whilst Ben sit’s that sweet pussy of yours on his face.’

Ben is behind her. Purring encouragement in her ear. ‘Come on baby. *Suck* him. Make him feel good with your mouth.’ He toys. Both hands sliding round to cup her breasts as his lazy grin bites into her neck.

Her cheeks heat in shame. She looks like she opens her mouth to speak, before looking down. Kylo sense’s her hesitation and grips her face. Index finger under her chin. Thumb stroking her cheek.

*He knew when his Kitten wanted to say something.*

‘What is it?’ Kylo demands from her. He was roughly two seconds away from fucking her hot little mouth. He wasn’t going to be patient or gentle.

‘My ex told me I was- never really any good at...it.” She confesses nervously. Looking up to Kylo.

Ben scoffs around his teeth sunk into her neck. ‘Your ex sounds like a prissy cunt, to me.”

Kylo grabs her hand and wraps it in his. Guiding her to stroke his cock. He shudders, catching his lower lip between his teeth. She clenches her thighs.

‘Kitten. Your douche bag shit of an ex isn’t here right now. Luckily for him. But I *am*. And I intend fuck your hot little mouth.” He tells her.

‘Open up...” He commands.

She gingerly leans forwards and presses her tiny hands into Kylo’s big hips. His skin burning her palms. He carefully steadies himself with one hand, stroking up and down before gripping the monster-girth base of it. She leans in and gently and lets her tongue hang out. He nudged it closer and sighs when he watches it slip slowly onto her waiting pink tongue.

The sight of his weeping, pulsing dick disappearing into her mouth was like a heavenly mirage. *He*
couldn’t believe this was finally happening.

“Such a good girl…” Ben rasps into her ear. “Go ahead and swallow my brothers big fat dick.” He growls hotly. Her cheeks can’t get much redder than they are right now.

Intimidated by the size of him, she starts off slow. Lightly sucking on his head. Letting her lips close around him. Stretching wide to accommodate. Tasting his musky skin and salty precome. All male. He felt so hard and heavy in her mouth. She swallows and the taste of him coats her throat.

Kylo growls so loud she almost tears back off him. But when she looks up, there’s nothing but pleasure on his face.

“That’s it baby... mmmmmmm-fuck. Your mouth is as sweet as -ah, your pussy kitten.” Kylo groans through her gently sucking on him. She pulls back a little and wets her lips.

She’s not surprised to find Ben’s filthy mouth at her ear as she blows Kylo. His hand’s continue to play with her tits. Rolling them. Toy ing with them. Teasing them with gentle touches before overwhelming her with hard plucking twists with the ends of his fingers.

“I don’t know how he’s survived this long without being blown. I wouldn’t last a week. Drool all over his big dick, baby. I’d say the poor guy deserves to have his cock sucked by a gorgeous girl like you.” Ben teases the shell of her ear with a bite. Evie can feel his smile. Though she’s too focused on hollowing her cheeks and trying to take Kylo deeper in her mouth.

“Never had one this big, have you Kitten?” Kylo smirks down at her.

Cupping the back of her head. Hand tangling into her mussed hair. Pulling her forwards until he nudged against the back of her throat. Tears spear at her eyes, she’s struggling to breathe and he’s choking her with the heft of his twelve inch dick stuffed down her throat.

He thrusts his hips gently. Mumbling to himself. “God I wanna fuck that cute face. Dreamt about it so many damn times. My thoughts of it could never compare to this…” He smiles down at her.

A long, sticky string of drool falls from the underside of his cock, down her chin. He drags his thumb through it. Thumbs across her lower lip.
“My messy girl...” He grins down at her. The way those blue eyes look up at him wet and pleading, makes his balls tighten up. He grips her hand and grunts out a curse when he curls one of her little hands to brush against his balls. Cupping them.

She can’t deny - as nervous as she is about doing this and wanting to please him as much as she’s able - He looks *sinfully* beautiful when he throws his head back and moans. His cheeks still flushed. Brows furrowed. His straining body curved towards her, lips parted in a slack jawed groan. Feeling her bob her head. Trying in vain to make her mouth meet the fist she had groped at the base of his shaft.

When he looks down at her once more. His eyes are smouldering black.

“You’re doing *so* good Kitten.” He rewards her. “Like you were *made* to be sucking on my dick.” He tells her, his eyes lazily transfixed, watching his flushed red length slide in and out of her spit wet lips. His lips gape as he takes in the sight of her.

When she pulls off him once more. His hand shoots out to cup her throat. He doesn’t squeeze - this time. But he does keep her mouth from going to his cock again.

“Just the tip in your mouth now kitten. Suck gently. Tease me. Little circles with your tongue...” He suggests. She complied.

She leans in again, but not before he slides two fingers into her mouth and pushes in all the drool, spit and precome smeared around her lips.

She decided to damn her meekness, and be playful - She curls her tongue around his thick fingers, sucking, exploring their shape with her mouth; seeing it made his erection *wag* before her. She watches his eyes shift darker. Glinting distantly like black skies on a starry night.

“Oh, baby....” He growls. Eyes pinning her down. “Tempt me like that again, and you *will* suffer the consequences.” He warns heatedly. She lets his fingers trail from her mouth. Leaving behind a slick trail of spit, connecting them together.

She carefully guides his thick head into her mouth again and sucks him gently, like he asked. She swirls on his head like a lollipop. Sucking, dragging, swirling her tongue flat, and then in short little licks. His cock is weeping readily onto her tongue and she swallows it all. Humming around him.
Kylo digs his hands in her hair again. Trying hard not to fuck her face, and plow her with his powerful hips.

“Greedy baby. You like the taste of cock on your tongue?” Ben asks with a smirk.

She whimpers loud around Kylo’s cock. Facial expression drawing into utter pleasure, toe’s curling, nipples hard, when Ben’s fingers sneak around her hip and dive into her hot slippery pussy.

Kylo grabs her head hard when she moans and hums around him. He shoves in her throat deeper to hear it more. She gags and drools. The wet squelch as he fucks her throat is filthy. And hot as hell.

“Wet cunts don’t lie. Pretty girl. I think you do love a cock being stuffed in your little mouth.” Ben leers.

Kylo grunts. Grabbing her throat again. Jerking it up, forcing her to look at him.

“Get his face in your pussy. Kitten. Maybe that’ll shut him the fuck up.” He growls. Then he can have his dick sucked in peace...

Ben leaps into action, like an overexcited kid. Biting his lip. He leaps away - not before pinching her bottom - and hastily undressing on the other side of the bed. Evie can hear the rustle of clothes on skin. Zippers being yanked down. Shoes kicked off. The bed shifts again, his big body taking up so much space she almost rolls back into him.

He grasps her hips. And she unlatched her mouth from Kylo, turning back. Ben is flat on his back, width ways across her bed, guiding her to kneel across the bridge of his face.

“Get those lips on my face right the fuck now.” He demands.

His big hands easily dwarf her pale thighs. Splitting her legs, he hungrily brings her down on his mouth before she can protest. His lips and jaw to be her seat.

Her hand shoots out to grasp the bedstead to her immediate left. Her hands gripping onto the wrought iron frame for dear life. A whine sails loud out her lips.
God, the things Ben Solo could do a woman with his tongue.

He hums into her wet lips. Shaking his head side to side. What with being a messy, unorganised guy in most things: his approach to eating pussy was no different. Kylo was more intense, he swooped straight in for the sweet spot, and had relentlessly utilised it against her. Merciless. Ben was more playful. He lets his tongue slather over every inch of her. Tucking into every hidden spot he could find. Slurping and sucking deeper, harder, when she moans.

“So soft...” Ben mumbles. Sucking her thigh where slick that dared to escape her slid out. He sucks it into his mouth and bites a hickey on her innocent inner thigh at the same time. He licks his lips, tasting the pure sweet flavour of pussy running into his mouth. “So fucking wet...” He growls. Smiling as he dives in again. His eyes crease where he smiles. But the panty-dropping smirk is hidden by her cunt.

Bronze eyes watch her carefully from the frame of her spread thighs.

“Eat her good for me Ben. I want those pink pussy lips swollen, and her body trembling for me by the time I get to fuck her.” Kylo dictates. Seeing she was obviously very much affected by what Ben was doing.

*He wants her pleasured walls fluttering around his cock when he finally gets to drive all fat, twelve inches of it home inside her.*

She pants a gasp out at his dirty words. “Oh-hhmm-god.” She whines.

Kylo tangles his hand in her hair, brings her forwards, and with one sharp snap of his hips, his cock is buried down her hot throat.

Her hands grapple for Kylo’s tensed thighs. Hooking around his hips as he indulged in his wish from earlier. Pulling him closer. He chuckles at that. Gently starting to fuck his cock to spear deeper and deeper into her mouth. Stroking her hair with his big hands. Watching her blue eyes as she drools and slobbers all over his cock.

“I think my brothers loosing himself in you Kitten. He’s barely able to pull his mouth off your delicious pussy...” He croons down to her. Listening to the wet slaps of his cock, the way his heavy sac hits her chin as he pounds lightly. Smearing against her drool that dropped there.
She feels Ben rubbing his prominent nose into her. Indulging himself in the cunt that’s been driving him to distraction for weeks. He thought her panties were a decent souvenir - they are nothing but a useless scrap now he’s got her honey-sweet pussy sucked into his mouth. Sitting on his tongue as he fucks it up into her, and grinds her on his face. Hands on her hips making her move.

Timed well with the way Kylo bobs her head on him, Ben grinds her over his mouth, making her ride his face. Slippery hot lips moving with ease. Slicked up with spit and arousal. Ben swallows it all down like it was his duty. Almost as if it were his life’s force. In a dirty way, it was Given his reputation.

She’s humming so much about Kylo’s length that was jammed in her mouth, he has to pull back before he pumps his cum down her throat in a hot load. As much as he wants to see her swallow it, his cum belongs in her pussy tonight. He won’t settle for anything less.

He yanks her head back by her hair, she comes away from him strung with spit. Lips wet and red. Panting for breath, groaning with slight relief as oxygen rushed into her starved lungs. Cheeks pink, some small curls of hair stuck wet to her cheeks. Pasted there with sweat.

She looks uncertain - surprised that he pulled away. He didn’t manage to get her nose pressed to his groin like he wanted. But he had to warm her up for that kind of feat. They’d have plenty more nights to practice that, after all - cause she was his now. Whether she wanted to be, or not.

“You were born to suck my cock like that baby. You did so good. But when I do cum tonight, It will be, deep, inside you.” He pledges.

Kylo sinks down and hungrily kisses her. His tongue runs along her teeth. Dominating. He sucks the taste of his precome onto his tongue, as it forcefully curls into her shy one. Licking into her mouth. She muffled a moan onto his tongue that sounds like a crying worship of his name.

“I like the taste of me in your mouth.” He purrs. Pulling back from their messy, tongue-tangling, filthy hot kiss. He kissed her like he was fighting to own her. She wants to tell him that he needn’t bother with that inclination. For he already does.

When he peers down at her. He unsticks hair from her cheek. Admiring the way her expression is pinched in the onslaught of her orgasm. Her thighs shake and quiver. She’s so wet, by the sounds of it, she’s simply pouring slick and cum into Ben’s mouth. Moving her body in a frenzy. Drenched in sweat. Ready to fall apart.
He can smell her cunt from where he’s standing.

Kylo helps her along. He thumbs her nipples. She squeaks. He sees Ben already left several bruises and purple-black bites across them. Making her sore already. *Good.*

He was going to show her what toll a *proper fucking* took on her. He wants her bed bound tomorrow. And he’s going to go all night to achieve that aim, if he must. He had a lot of sex to catch up on. - four years worth of celibacy and masturbation, were a poor substitute for proper fucking.

Proper hard fucking. And a pussy like hers. He’d have waited a lifetime to fuck her if necessary.

He twists at her nipples. Tweaking. She squeals loudly. Bucking on his twins face. He’s able to ignore his own weeping red cock, focusing instead on how his kitten looks when she cum’s. He likes that he can see red lines from his knife scratched along her skin. Like brutal kisses.

“Cum in his mouth.” Kylo urges. “Show him how good you can *gush*, Kitten.” He leers. Cupping her neck one side, looking at how his tattooed hand looks beside her flushed skin. Her mouth opens and several gasps and groans escape her as her shivering body rubs against Ben. Cumming all over his face.

Kylo watches a slick burst dribble down Ben’s cheeks. He’s jealous watching his twins tongue sucking her up. Licking her clean. He lifts her off him, and lies propped on his side beside her prostrate body. Erection tenting his boxers. Wet spot leaking through.

Evie sags, dropping down onto all fours. Her arms and legs spasming wildly. Her head hanging low as he finished pulling air into her lungs. She screams anew when Ben pulls his face away and plunges a finger into her. Swirling it, listening to the sound of her cum swilling around his finger in a dirty wet squish.

She drips down his hand. And he licks it all away. Devouring her off his fingers. Messily wiping off his cum-stained face. Grinning madly like a kid in a candy store.

“You were right Ky. Such a messy girl. Can’t believe how much *cum* you gave me gorgeous.” Ben smirks. Bringing a hand down to smack her ass. She shivers. ”Almost drowned me, sweetie. Good
thing I happen to love licking you clean.”

“I’ve never...” She sighs. “Had orgasms like those before...” She’s panting. But when she looks up and sees the way Kylo is watching her - she knows her night is far from over.

“Turn around. We’re just getting warmed up with you, Kitten.” He smirks. She gulps. Not sure if she wants to smile - or sob. She felt so spent already, and she’s only cum twice.

She pivots around on her knees, turning around and positioning herself with her hands on the bed. She intakes a sharp breath when Kylo charges into her from behind. Climbing onto the bed from behind her. Nudging her knees apart, snapping her hips back to slam to his in his massive hands.

His needy cock rubs into her backside. Almost red-purple with longing by now. Slicking his oozing precome all over her ass cheeks. She whines when she feels the hard hotness of his cock. He was on his knees behind her - his whole big body was a raging furnace where hers was cooling and clammy. She can’t deny how intoxicating it is to have a man of all his Titan-like strength and size pressed to her back. He completely dwarfs her - and there’s something about that she loves.

He takes his cock to hand, stroking the heavy shaft before bringing it under her parted legs and slapping it to her clit, prodding it into the hood of it. She tried to close her legs in bliss. His velvet hot head stroking her pussy, causes prickles to ripple at her skin. Choking on her moans Sheer pleasure pulsing around her leaking core. There was a wet spot beneath her on the bed by now. She’s shivering like a cowed dog, waiting to be given his cock.

Once again, he grips her neck from behind in his free hand, his other still tantalising her with his length. His mouth fogs and chills her ear with his breath when he speaks.

“I’m gonna fuck you so good, Kitten. You’ll be praying you never laid eyes on me. Cause once I get inside this pussy, I’m gonna wreck you for any other man.” He assures her.

“Too late for that...” She answers with a whimper. He chuckles. His sharp, white, wolffish teeth snacking on her earlobe.

She feels his blunt head stretch her open, she breathes through the burning sting of it. And then he deftly plunges in....
It’s so good, it’s almost a painful ache. He hammers home with a deep plunge of his hips. It felt as if he shifted everything in her body up, in order purely to make room for his cock to fit inside her. Her whole focus, her whole reason for being, tapered down to the feeling of having this big, brute, beautiful, man inside her. Slapping and slurping his way into her tight wet heat.

She can feel herself clenching so tightly, she can savour the feel of every pulsing vein, and every smooth ridge of him. So filled - She feels his heartbeat down there as it echos out in her cunt from his girth. They moan and shift together. He’s cursing. She’s whining.

“Fuck baby. You been holding out this tiny tight cunt from me for two months? Oh I should’ve bent you over the table and taken you like this the first time you stepped foot in that room...” He ponders. Hot breath kissing her ear. Slamming his cock in deep. Giving her scant few seconds to adjust. Listening to how her wetness squelched with each thrust.

“You’re so very wet baby. So full of your cum. I can feel it, thick hot around me.” Kylo remarks in a grunt. Feeling her cream slip down and out his cock, down his balls. Leaking down his thighs, there was so much of it in her. So much of it they’d coaxed out of her.

She whines aloud like she’s being slowly slaughtered when he hits her cervix.

If she’d have opened her eyes - she would’ve got a glimpse of Ben lying on his side. Greedy bronze eyes watching the way Kylo’s cock split her tiny body wide open. Stretching her needy pink hole to the brim. His hand was a jerking lump in his boxers as he stroked himself to the sight of Kylo fucking her hard, from behind. *Ever the voyeur.*

Kylo catches sight of his desperate twin and grins. “Open your eyes.” He gruffs to her. She does.

When she sees Ben, it makes her cunt clench over Kylo’s pounding length. He curses.

“Fuck- Kitten. Look at him. Look how desperate he is.... See? See how fucking bad he wants you? Greedy son of bitch that he is wants you impaled on his dick like this. Riding him. Stretching your perfect cunt wide open...” He begins

“But instead. He’s gonna sit there and watch. He’s gonna watch me as I fuck you so full of my cum.” He promises. Thrusting harder and harder as he spoke.
“He’s gonna fuck you when I’m done. I’ll let him do it. Because I know he’s gonna feel me after I empty deep in your pussy. And he’s gonna have to get used to fact that I had you first.” He adds.

“Look at her Ben. Look how her pussy drools.... how much do you want to fuck her right now? Huh? How much do you wish it’s you making her gorgeous cunt cream all over your dick...” He leers at his twin.

He lifts her thighs open and lets Ben see as he paws her hips, allowing him a glimpse of how her pussy is drooling wet, and creamy, running in rivulets onto his shining red cock. He spanks her ass too, as he fucks her. Hand landing firm. Sharp slaps making her flesh jiggle.

He may have been speaking to Evie. But Kylo’s eyes were solidly fixed on Ben. Growling into her neck, kissing her, squeezing her throat. Fucking her whilst locking eyes with his Twin. And grinning.

“Fucking show off...” Ben snaps at him. His hips thrusting into his hands when he sees how swollen wet her pussy lips are. A desperate moan leaving his mouth. He can’t take his eyes off off it.

“You should see how swollen red her cunt is right now. Fucking amazing...” Ben moans, throwing his head back. Hand squeezing faster and twisting up over his head. Thumbing the wet tip.

The sight of Kylo’s dick tightly clenched in-between her weeping lips, is making his cock leak obscene amounts of precome. Making him want to drink in her pussy again. He closes his eyes and listens to the sounds, and sighs she makes. Hears how wet sounds of their fucking fills the room.

When he opens his eyes, Evie is sobbing in bliss in Kylo’s arms. He’s clenching her throat and hissing in her ear with a smile as his other hand viciously teases her clit with big rough circles. Ben can honest to god see tears fall, dripping down her pleasured, blushing face.

“I can feel you cumming. Feel your wet pussy splashing against my thighs. Be a good Kitten and cum for me. Cum all over this cock and show me how much you love it.” Kylo urges. His thrusts and words getting shorter and sharper.

“Scream for us, Baby. Scream loud. No ones here to hear you...fuck” Ben whines, head thrown back on her bed as his cum spurts, coating his hand, shooting in thick creamy ropes over his stomach. He growls in bliss. Not taking his eyes from Evie’s pussy. Licking his lips.
Her hand is clasped over Kylo’s on her neck. Her vision blurring at the edges. Her head swimming. Her body lost in pleasure. It’s sweeping through her so powerfully she doesn’t feel like she’s in control of herself anymore - of course she isn’t; Kylo is. And he’s drawing pleasure from her with such deft knowledge, she’s wondering how in the hell she’s still conscious.

Her shaking hands claw into him and he bites down, clamping his sharp teeth over her neck as they both cum. Evie doesn’t hear herself scream and whine, but they do. She sighs, and pleads god’s name, alongside Kylo’s.

“He can’t help you now.” Kylo teases into her ear with a strained smirk. Still pumping his hips inside her. His hand on her breast, and throat. Feeling her flushed and dripping sweat. She’s dripping their cum too.

Kylo’s thrusts slow. And he seems satisfied for a second. But not before he throws her back down on the bed. Yanks her thigh wide in his hands. Splaying her open. Looking at the evidence of them. Globs of white cum joining them together.

“What a gorgeous creamy pussy...” He remarks, looking up at her. He slams into her again and goes hell for leather.

“Fuck. You just made me cum baby. But I need to keep ahahhh- going. Shit.” He bites out. She feels a steady stream of him still continue to pour into her. Pumping his hips into her, pounding air out of her. Ecstasy pulsing through her supremely sore pussy that had just taken the most immense pounding of its life.

And Kylo was still cumming.

Drenching deep in her abdomen. Filling her with unending spurts of his hot, thick cum. He throws his head back and moans as she cums around him again. Bursting over him. Twitching. Sweaty neck thrown back to the pillows. Hair wrecked. Body blushing a furious pink. Hands clawed into the bedspread.

She is entirely debauched. Breathless. Sweating. Spent and purring his name. Cunt wrecked for any other man.

Kylo pulls back, a puddle of oozing white flows from her swollen core. Leaking a giant wet spot below her.
He tilts his head. Panting in pride. “My perfect little creampie.” He growls. Dipping his head to slosh his tongue right into her. Lapping them up. She writhes up and tries to escape him. Body sore from too much pleasure.

Searing tears drip from the corners of her eyes into the pillows. Kylo watches her chest heave, his still hard dick smearing cum against her thigh. Smirking down at his ruined kitten.

“I’ll be nice and let you recover, only for a bit though, Kitten. Cause now it’s Ben’s turn with you.” He coos.

Evie shuts her eyes. Sighing as she feels her pussy flutter. She’s just absolutely ruined - and she doesn’t know why but her pained and sore, treacherous body can’t wait for more...

Chapter End Notes

How’d that filth go for you folks?
Chapter Summary

Holy wow I love youse guy’s comments. They honestly mean the world, several moons, and the entire solar system to me. ❤️ I’m blessed with such a set of lovely readers and commenters.

And doubly holy wow reaching 200 comments, 60 bookmarks and 500 kudos - holy fu ck. I honestly never expected that kinda love. I just wanted to thirst over a dark murderer kylo in prison. So every one of you get some multiple xoxoxo from me

Just in case you’re fed up of the porn (I highly suspect not) but this is the final part 3 of it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo watches Evie as she drifts off in their post-fuck afterglow.

Her heaving chest dips softer and slower, peachy pebbled nipples rocking, before her breathing finally evened out. Gentle and easy. He notices, smirking, how her love-bitten tits rise and fall. Sweat sheened along every inch and svelte curved plain of her small body. Her neck and collarbone are still flushed a rosy pink.

His gorgeous, fucked out, sleepy Kitten.

His arms still cage her to the bed, his still eager cock is hard and prodding at her thigh. Slicking into the smeared mess of the both of them. He pulls right back and lowers his gaze to the apex of her thighs. Watching the oozing white mess there, leak out. Soaking into her rosebud patterned bedsheets.

Ben had been right - her well used pussy was so swollen and pink. He imagines she was most likely
well on the way to being sore by now. The way they’d both been at her cunt, she was probably oversensitised, too.

He smirks down as he swipes his big thumb over her taut ripe clit. Her hips shuddered as he did. He kneels back and off her, one leg resting bent under him, the other on the floor.

A hot gush of lilac infused air from the open window sweeps over his naked body. Ruffling at Kylo and her damp, sweaty hair. Skimming both their clammy flushed skin.

The floorboard creaks behind him, and he just realised Ben had left her bedroom a long time ago. He was too caught up staring to care.

He went off to clean himself up in her small en-suite. He now waltzed back into the room from downstairs, boxers slung on his hips. Two glass tumblers in one hand. A bottle of Glenfiddich he brought with him in the other.

He chuck Kylo a glass and pours him a great slug of it. Kylo watches his twin cast a sweeping eye over her body as she rests in the centre of the bed. Supping whiskey back as he does.

“Poor thing must be exhausted.” Ben coos.

Kylo throws back the amber contents of his glass. Groaning at the taste of whiskey and his earlier taste of kitten mixing on his palate. He places it on her bedside, before he stands, body creaking into motion. Shoulders straining back into place, knees cracking. Snags his underwear from the floor and hoists it back on.

He stretched out his beefy, hulking frame. Gazing for a moment out of her window as he unwound his tightly strung muscles. Watching the tree branches sway in the hot summer wind. Scattered in drops of white moonlight from the spreaded canopy of stars up above.

A good fuck can clear the mind. His felt remarkably lucid from being in her pussy just the once. But he knew the energy pulsing in his blood means he’ll need to fuck her again. Fuck her raw before the night is out.

The tension in his neck and shoulders feels eased. And his thighs and calves stretch. Neck cracking, as he settles back down near the foot of the bed with his whiskey in hand. He drains the glass and
stands the empty thing on his thigh. Looking up the bed to her.

Ben threw his whiskey down his throat. Wiping away what little of it had soaked into his tache and beard. He thunked his glass down on the drawers opposite. His eyes not once, leaving Evie. Once again, shoves his boxers down past his knees. Freeing his thick, burgeoning erection.

The bed frame creaked and cracked as Ben moved onto it. Moving across on his knees. His hands smoothed up her thighs and he eyes up her pussy like it’s the most gorgeous delicacy on planet Earth.

His flat tongue curled out and sucked on her clit, her legs shifted on the bed. A soft groan tumbled through her. Ben gets close and spits right into her pussy. Before he straightens and gets up on his knees between her spread ones. He grasps his cock by the base and drags it against her core. Still dripping wet, slick, from Kylo’s use earlier.

His mouth goes slack as he drags his cock all across her pussy. Feeling her wetness string and smear against his head.

“So hot, baby. Look at you. Dripping with cream and you still look so fucking innocent.” He growls.

“Though I gotta say; you look simply damn irresistible, oozing a guys cum.”

He strokes up to his heavy base before he leans in and grabs her hips. Sinking himself, inch by inch, inside her blissful heat.

He throws his head back when he bottoms out inside her. Her sweet tight walls clamping down on him like a drenched velvet vice. She rubs him perfectly. She’s so tight, he’s almost forced out.

But he doesn’t let himself get forced out. That’s not his style. He grabs her body and slams in deeper. His thighs clenching as he felt himself bump against her cervix. She groans again in her sleep. Shifting now, waking up a bit more as Ben hammers into her, each upward stroke getting harder and harder. His balls slapping against her. Back muscles, sinewy and corded, straining to maintain his pounding.

Kylo watched his Kitten slowly come too. Coming too, now aware of the feeling of Ben fucking into her as she rested. His dirty motor-mouth began spouting its usual filth...
“You’re far from finished tonight. Sweet thing. Now it’s my turn to feel your cunt clenching down on my big dick.” He croons to her. “I’m gonna stuff you so damn full…” He pledges, with another pump of his wide hips.

He can hear her wet pussy slurp and slap around him as he plunges in. Kylo sups whiskey with a grin when she flutters her eyes open, her chest heaving fast again, with a groan. A groan that shifts into the most needy whine with the way Ben circles his hips. Dragging his body to shift and grind up against her clit.

“Oh.” She gasps as she wakes.

Ben grins like the smug slut that he is. “Ahhh. There she is.” He purrs with a chuckle. “My little insatiable, babydoll.” He flirts down at her. With his cock jabbing deep into her cervix.

Evie’s mouth opens in a soundless cry. Brows creased in pleasure. Fingers clutching white onto the bedsheets below. Blinking awake to the big man above her, sawing into her earnestly. Stuffing her to the hilt with his big veiny cock.

“Hope you didn’t forget about me, baby?” He asks. She tries to answer that she hadn’t dared, but he makes that impossible.

Shifting to the side slightly to pump harder against the weakness of her g-spot. Knowing he was hitting the right place when her screams began to shatter the air around them. Punctuated by slapping hips, and the marrying of wet flesh. Her pussy swilled so much wetness around his cock, it was unreal.

“Oh, you take my cock so well sweet girl. I can feel how tightly I’m stretching your perfect pussy. So good.” He whines. “Such a fucking good pussy.” Slowing down, letting her feel the slick tug and plunge of him. Every vein of his length pulsing. Every ridge, was rock hard.

He slows down enough to enjoy the sight of himself pushing into her. Angry flushed red column of him, covered in her white cream and slick. Sinfully pretty.

Ben sits back on his heels, taking himself in hand, he then messily slaps his head to her leaking lips. Pushing his precome and her wetness all around her cleft and inner thighs. Smelling the tang of her arousal hanging in the air between them. His white teeth snag his lower lip in a smile as he fights off
the urge to throw her legs in the air, hold them open and *eat* her heart out. Swallow all that divinely tasty sticky white cream her pussy is *so good* at gushing for him.

*He’d drowned in it when she sat on his face.*

He just stuck his tongue out and let her shudder it all over it, when her cum burst from her in a hot sweet stream. Let the taste of her slide down his throat like the fine champagne he drank earlier. Only this was far more *exclusive*, and far more priceless.

He still had the taste of her, her *cum*, dripping from his facial hair too. Her pussy was everywhere on him. He was wearing it like cologne on his cheeks and neck, where she came, dripping all over him when she sat on his face. Wearing her cunt’s scent like perfume. And he *fucking loves it*.

His attention is taken up by the view he gets of her spread wide legs. His eyes flutter downwards from her pink cunt. Lingering on the tiny tightness that was her ass.

Ben licks his lips. Dark bronzed eyes flicking up to her own terrified blue ones. Evie is about to ask why he looks so elated, when he ducks his head and licks a stripe down her cunt, *and* lower, prodding his soft tongue around her puckering hole.

She jerks and moans at the unexpected and strange intrusion of his hot wet tongue toying with her ass.

“You really *are* sweet everywhere..” Ben mumbles against her ass. The vibrations humming odd against her skin. That was before he gives it another flicking lick with his tongue. The tip of it started to push into her puckered skin.

She sits up on her elbows on the bed. Panic glinting in her shaded ocean eyes. Apprehension coiling up in her body.

“Have you ever had a man *fuck* you in the ass baby?” He asks with a grin that outdid the Cheshire Cat.

She wants to burst into flames and die of heat and shame. Her cheeks blaring pink. Flushing down her neck. Eyes blow wide in surprise.
She gulps. “No ones ever-” She can’t bring herself to repeat his words. “...done that with me.”

Comes her shy explanation.

Ben grins.


“I don’t think you’d-“ She looks down at the gigantic thing between hanging stiff between his legs. “Fit.” She adds quickly.

She was a somewhat clever woman. She had a fully functioning knowledge of metaphysics and the inner workings within the world of sciences, engineering and mathematics. But still she couldn’t concede that his massive, fat, beast of a cock had fit inside her, so snugly, only moments previously.

“You’d be surprised, gorgeous.” He winks. His thumb swiping over her perineum, down to its destination of her slippery wet ass.

“Don’t get any of your stupid ideas. You’ll hurt her.” Kylo growls in an interjection from the end of the bed.

Compared to how Ben rambles on and on, Kylo was mute in comparison. He studied. Brooded. Used his eyes and otherwise kept silent. Hearing his deep, rich voice was like showering cool rain after a years drought.

She likes the baritone husk of Kylo’s voice. She wants to hear more of it. Wants to bathe and bask in its richness like a bath of hot water, infused with sumptuous body oils.

“Just take what I’m allowing you to have. And be thankful I haven’t given you a black eye by this point.” He warns lowly.

Evie daggers a look over to Kylo. Whose dark eyes were so bright and piercing at her, she loses a breath. She looks back to Ben when his hand shifts.
He rubs his thumb over her ass one last time. “Spoilsport.” He leers to Kylo. However, his eyes definitively locked in with hers. There was hunger ebbing up in them.

He doesn’t give her a gentle approach this time. He widens his knees, and rails into her with one thrust. The sounds that come out of her she doesn’t recognise. She’s never moaned so carnally, so feral, in all her life. So loud she hears the sound shatter and bounce off her flowery wallpapered bedroom walls.

“Ohhoo-Yeah baby. You love this dick don’t you? Oh god I know you do. Your pretty face gives it all away.”

Her noises served to make Kylo instantly hard. Cock springing up to wag against the confines of his boxers. Where his semi-erect cock had rested on his thigh, still coated in cum from both of them, a slick puddle now oozes and sticks against his leg. Stringing to the head of him.

Ben starts to pound away. Hands on her hips, like clamps, slamming her forwards up onto him. Fucking himself into her body like a man possessed. A man possessed with her pussy, that was for damn sure.

“This cunt, sweetie-Fuck. Finest damn thing I’ve ever had. Anything else after this will be a fucking disappointment.” Ben moans. She whines his name in a plea.

“Never dreamed this pussy could be so perfect around my cock.” He adds.

“It’s the only time you’ll get to enjoy it. So make the most of her.” Kylo warns. More whiskey poured in his glass. It’s trickling heat sliding down his throat as he sips. Eyeing how well her swollen pink lips stretch wide to take Ben. It really was a glorious sight. Made him damn hungry.

“You’re just jealous big guy. Uh- Having to watch how I get to rail her senseless. Now it’s your turn to sit back and watch. I could’ve had her on her back before you got out. But I wanted you here to watch when I do.... this.” He rambles.

He fucks deeper and rougher. Cupping her body close. Giving her no room to escape each dominant thrust. Angling himself upwards to batter her g-spot again. His fingers rubbing swirls over her clit that peeked out, shiny pink and taut, from under its hood with the way he held her.
She practically screams. *Loudly.* Sobbing Ben’s name. Her face creased in so much pleasure, it almost looks like she’s squirming in agony. *She isn’t. Even if her pussy feels red raw by now.*

She’s just getting to grips with his brutal rhythm. Pleasure and sore pain in equal measure bursting through her body. His punching thrusts knocking her breathless. When he stops, and yanks her up off the cushions into his arms.

She gets hauled around the bed. Seated on the edge as Ben kneels naked on the floorboards between her thighs. Mouth sucking one breast as fingers play with the other.

“I’ll be Mr. Nice guy. Give you a choice of how you wanna be pounded apart with my dick.” He smirks. Fingers playing with her stiff nipple as he spoke.

“All fours? Or legs on my shoulders?” He asks wickedly. Kylos cock twitches at the mentioned visual of both positions.

Evie’s mouth gaped. For a girl who only ever seemed to have unsatisfying, vanilla, missionary sex; this was overwhelming and caught her off guard. *Everything* about this evening had trapped her unawares.

“Legs on shoulders?” She asks with a little frown. She’s never heard of that one before.

Ben leaps up and grabs her legs, pulling her so her bottom came flush with the edge of the bed. He stands and splits her legs in his massive hands. Toying with the way he teases the head of his dick to rub and tantalise the clit he rubbed sore not seconds ago. She shivers. His silky wet head felt *so good* grinding up into her.

“Oh, Ben...” She coos softly from the bed. Her voice a breathy gasp of its previous self. She’s so worn out. Body sore from being pleasured. *Just a bit more can’t hurt?...* the devil on her shoulder cackles.

“Would ask if your ready for me... but judging by the way your pretty pussy is just drooling real good for me. I think that’s my answer. Hold tight if you need to baby. This’ll be the fucking *ride* of your life.” Ben warns before sinking in again.

His hips flush to her, he then drapes her shapely legs either side of his shoulders, hands cupping her
shins as he bends her nearly double, back into the bed. His cock slamming into her again. She loses her breath.

He’s spearing his thickness into her and she’s struggling to remain sane. The pleasure it makes pulse through her abdomen is unlike anything she’s ever felt before. It’s jolting up her spine, nearly wrecking her. It’s sharp and brutal. And it rags on every nerve it can find.

He leaves her legs pressed against his sweating pecs. Pressed together to make her pussy tighter than it already was. Her hot wet walls gripping tight and not letting go. Fluttering and clenching around him the way he wanted her too.

His hands then go and cup her ass and lift her off the bed. Keeping her flush to his pubic bone as he grinds in deep. Spanking her ass a couple of times with light slaps whilst he pistons his hips.

“Bet your shit-bag of an ex never did this with you? Did he sweetie? Never fucked you on his pathetic cock the way this pussy deserves to be pounded.” He babbles in a smile.

“Your ex never had a dick like mine. You’ll be sore to sit down for a week. Evie. Every time your raw pussy clenches in pain. You’re gonna think of me.” He punctuates with a deep pump of his hips. She whines a nod. Biting her lip. His mouth having fallen perpetually slack, with the amazing way she grips at him.

Big rough mitts suddenly cupping her tits make her jerk in pleasure and surprise. She tilts her head round and sees Kylo is knelt opposite Ben, on the far side of the bed. His shoulders arching over her, arms reached out forwards to cup over her breasts. His mouth at her ear.

“I’m certain your ex never had a dick the size of ours.” Kylo croons huskily in her ear. “I could tell from the way your eyes widened when you saw me for the first time.” He chuckles. Thumbs stroking over her hard nipples, that bounced with Bens thrusts. Evie’s head falls back to hit Kylo’s tattooed, beefy shoulder and he turns his head, ducking to suck love-bites onto her sweaty throat.

“What was he? Four inches?” Kylo teases into her ear. Ben chuckles.

“How’s that compare to our girthy twelves?” Ben then adds into the mockery. Stroking up her thigh with one hand. Shoving his twelve inches deep.
“I ought to hunt that fucker down and teach him a damn lesson for not having the decency to fuck you properly, like you needed, Kitten.” Kylo mused into her ear. Nibbling the skin of her flushed neck to bruise. Her throat would be crowned with a wreath of spreading black and blue come tomorrow.

Her hands are scrabbling for bedsheets as Ben plows her. Kylo won’t have that - as her and Ben’s obscene wet smacks fill the bedroom where their bodies meet, he takes one of her hands and brings them behind her head, to grip into the tatted trunk of his hefty bicep.

“Dig your hands into me if you need something to grab onto baby.” He tells her. “Leave your marks on me.” He smiles. Sucking on her neck, nosing into her with his plump lips on her sensitive neck. He knows that makes her quake with longing.

She twists her head to try and meet his eyes. “I’m worried I’ll hurt you..” She moans.

Kylo chuckles darkly into her neck. “You’re so adorable. I doubt you could hurt me even if you tried, Kitten.” He explains. His voice a rasp. Growing hoarse and horny as she digs her nails into his flesh to sting when Ben at rubs her clit. Kylo’s hips clip into the bed, seeking sweet friction against his hard on. The pain morphing into pleasure. *He liked the edge of it.*

“Kylo...” She suddenly gasps out loudly. His teeth sunk into her neck and he smirks up at Ben. Her neck was stretched back to arc back, her head hitting on his shoulder.

“How come I’m balls deep in her pussy, and she’s still moaning *your* name?” Ben smirks. Going faster, harder, listening to how she yelps. His thumb relentlessly stroking her clit. Feeling how that made her walls clamp down on him.

“I’m sorry, Ben I didn’t- I-Oh.” She sobs as she feels her release start to mount upon her. Flaring through her belly, white hot heat racing up her spine.

“No hard feelings. Baby. I’ll be more mad if you don’t *cum*. Now just focus on my dick and how much you’re gonna cream for me. *Scream* again sweetie. I wanna hear my name out that pretty mouth...” He urges. The way she gripped him tight was *unholy*. It felt too damn good to be true.

She pants, gasps, and as it was with Kylo making her orgasm earlier, her body is being used and abused into whole unexplored galaxies of pleasure. And she’s enjoying every second. No matter how unhealthy this whole arrangement was. They were debauching her, and fucking her like feral
beasts. She’s never had men like them, in bed. Or in her.

She doesn’t know if she’s blessed or cursed by that fact.

“I’m gonn-I’m gonna...” She squeals between moans. Her whole body rigid. Ben’s hands pushing her legs tight together to make her pussy unfathomably tight, all the better for him to cum into.

“Fucking-ah, Hell. Baby I’ll cum in you so deep you’re gonna fucking feel it in your chest. Shit.” He warns. His hips screwing into her so damn fast and hard she’s sure she can’t breathe. Especially when Kylo’s hand clutches at both her nipples. Pinching the pebbles nubs tightly between his fingers.

Pleasure hummed through every pulse point in her body. Flared through her pussy, her clit. Spread like sweet fire through her nipples and she sobs, and sobs, and finally cums.

Her free hand clutches Kylo’s hair. And shoulder, and Ben feels her toes curl against his body, legs quivering, as he fucks her through her mind-shattering orgasm that bled her body dry of everything she had to give.

He came as he pulls her legs apart wide and watches the way his cock splits her. Watched her sticky-white slick drool over his length.

She milked his dick of every drop he could give her. She lit up with pleasure. It sang through her in a hum and she is plucked apart by it.

He listens to his balls slap wetly against her as he watches himself, and Kylo, dominate her with enough pleasure to drive her out of her once innocent little mind. They’ve ruined her. As they said they would. She’ll never be satisfied by anyone else.

Only their cocks, fingers and tongues would ever be enough for her now they’ve stuffed and pleased her greedy body full to the brim. No one normal would ever be good enough again now she’s tasted this dark, delicious, delirious depravity.

He shudders and spurts his orgasm into her slowly. Feeling himself drag and stroke along her tight walls. Now hot and packed tightly with his cum. He pulls himself back out of her, watching her stretched out cunt shrink back down to its normal tight size. She’s dribbling the oozing white
evidence of him out of her. So full now it had burst back out over him.

Now it’s leaking in strings and streaks across the edge of the bed. Some of it leaked down onto her bare wood floor. His mouth waters for her.

She’s spent. But he isn’t. He scoops her thighs into his hands, cups her under ass, and brings that heavenly pussy to his mouth. She sits up gasping as Ben’s tongue dives into her deep. Licking away everything he could. No qualms about tasting himself in her. It was Ben after all. Of course he had no qualms.

He hummed in pleasure lapping up the combined sticky mess of them. Every time his tongue strokes over her sensitive lips, she jolts. Trying to scurry away from his hot, greedy mouth. Ben swallowed them down, pushing his luck when he pushed a thick finger in to feel her silken walls that had taken a goddamn pounding.

“So full of me, aren’t you?” He smirks. Kissing over her clit. Licking that clean too. Licking everywhere his tongue could travel. Chasing after every drop.

“We taste so damn good together, gorgeous.” Ben tells. His eyes looking up past her body to meet Kylo’s.

Ben winks at his twin. Kylo snaps. He was so easy to rile up.

He scrambles quickly over the bed, tugging his underwear off as he goes. His enormous hard-on freed. Wagging between his legs. Ready for her again.

He all but yanks her into his hands. Ben steps away, sucking on his fingers. Curling his tongue slowly around each one. Humming a groan again at the taste of her still there. Her cum stringing on his digits.

Evie shrinks when Kylo gets his hands on her. She yells when his brute hands get her hips. “On your knees.” He demands in a threatening growl.

She’s so spent, and weak. She tries to twist around but it wasn’t quick enough for him. He grabs and flips her over. Shoving her more onto the bed with his big hips. She sobs his name and is wracked with shivers, trembling when he slams that big cock of his into her poor, debased pussy. Stroking her
hot walls.

“Fuck, Kitten.” He grits his teeth. Hands clamping her hips to ram himself into her. *How was she always so beyond perfect to fuck?*

Ever since Ben had suggested doing her doggy, its a visual he couldn’t scrub from his mind.

He’d be sinking his cock into this pussy every damn night from now on. Every morning he wakes up too. He wants *her. All of her.* He thought it was only lust that made him ache for her. But it wasn’t. She was strangling his very thought. Haunting him so finely he’ll never escape her.

She’d carefully ebbed her humble, adorable self into the black pit where his rotten heart lay. Studded in deep. Like shrapnel he could never bear to have removed. It could kill him. But that was a risk he’s willing to take.

Pleasure is zinging up her spine. Curling her toes so tight. Her legs shook and hurt.

Everything feels sore. The way he’s fucking her is both pleasure, but there’s also a pain emanating through her like a pinching cramp in her torso.

Her wet walls take him in so well. Punched out, battered gasps leave her lip with every thrust. His cock-head rubbing at a spot so so deep within her, she is soon crying out ragged whimpers with each pound of his hips. She was stretched tight to her limits.

“Clench that heavenly pussy for me, Kitten. I’m gonna make *such* a fucking creampie out of you. You’ll feel me dripping out for days to come.” He growls. Snarling at her. Big hand sinking into her hair and arching her spine, curving into her deeper. Feeling like every jab of his cock tore her further and further apart.

She opens her eyes and then she understands why Kylo’s hand was tugging up her head.

She sobs when Ben, knelt in front of her, strokes her cheek and slips his thick Cock past her lips. Plunging into her mouth. Stroking along her tongue. Her muffled sounds ripple along his dick stuffed in her mouth.
“Clean me off baby. Get a taste of your wet pretty pussy on my dick.” He smiles. She sucks and swirls to the best of her ability. Humming around him when she whines.

She couldn’t fathom she had both their impressive lengths pressed into her body. It’s the most insanely dirty position she’s ever been in.

Kylo’s hand leaves its knot in her hair. Going back to grasping her hips. Bens takes its place. Softly feeling the shape of her skull. Guiding her. Loving how her spit began to coat him. She’s already gagging on him. Tasting the addictive tang of her, and the salt of him, mingled together.

Tears of bliss and pain drip from her eyes and she cannot be sure which one of them is causing it.

Kylo’s fucking so fast now. Ben grins at his twin. “Rub her clit, I want her choking on her moans.”

Kylo’s rough hand does just that. Swirling against her clit, her wetness splashing against his hand.

“Cum all over me Kitten... Drench me.” He grins out roughly. His snapping hips stabbing up into her.

With this orgasm, she has little choice in the matter, it rolls up and crests like a crashing wave. Over and over again it breaks. Smashing its way through her body as Kylo spurts a big hot load of his cum in her.

She cries onto Ben. He pulls out to listen to her whines with a keen smile.

Like last time, Kylo doesn’t stop until his thrusts start to chafe with too much sensitivity curling against his hard on. Finally finished emptying in her, he pulls out, a slick rush following his retreat. He’d made her gush once again. It dripped down his thigh and spattered onto the bed. He watches her weakened body tremble, leaking evidence of their pleasure spilling freely from her swollen lips.


Kylo cleans up their mess of his cock with his boxers scrunched in his hand. Before he climbs back
She flinched when Kylo reaches for her again. She whines a sob. He’d call it a fighting cry. Only there was no fight left in it.

“No more. I can’t do anymore. Please. I can’t” She pleads. Her voice a weakened, hoarse, little beg.

Kylo picks her up by the waist and brings her backwards, shushing her.

“Quiet now, Kitten.” He orders gently.

His mouth nestled in her hair. He guides her back to his chest, one hand covering her hip in its entirety, he curls her thighs and ass into his as he lays on his left side, tucking her into his body. His big arms bunched around her middle. Resting their heads on the pillow, she’s encircled, lost in this man’s arms, she feels so small. Feeling their sweaty bodies tacky, sticking together. His hot skin radiating notes of his faded cologne out to her. He gently cards a hand through her hair. His mouth against her neck, nuzzling into the sweat that stuck there. It kissed against his lips and he sucks beads of it away where they fell.

“You did fucking good, sweetie...” Ben mumbles as he lies down. Arms crossed behind his head, beside her on the next pillow. “Who knew such a tiny pussy could take such a big pounding.” He grins at her.

She’s flushed from head to toe but she still blushes. She puts that not entirely down to Ben. The way Kylo’s big hands were skimming her body. Dragging knuckles down her thigh. Up over the shape of her hip. Counting each rib.

She feels his nose and lips smile as he mashes his face into her neck. And sweeps hair off her sticky hot forehead. The way his arms tighten around her made her feel as safe as she’s ever known. Her small body swallowed up whole in this massive man’s arms.

Why had she ever been scared of this big brute man?
He smiles kisses sweetly into her neck between words. “Rest now, Kitten. You’ve more than earned it.”

Chapter End Notes

I don’t need Jesus by this point. I’m beyond that. I think I need an exorcism....

And if you want to see Sinnermans “Killer Kylo” playlist; it be here https://open.spotify.com/user/libbyvioletturner/playlist/3D35N77ff39RC04kwb3Wah?si=SIISXcSAQ6qwWP17CiSkbg
Her eyes opened lazily. Gently blinking open to see the familiar dark stretch of her bedroom walls.

The warmest butter yellow wallpaper, scrawled with roses and violets. The sheer lace curtains
drifting hazily, like white smoke, in the breeze from the open window.

The purple blurred dots swaying outside the window focus into what she recognised as the lilac tree, beyond the frame of the open window-sill, where the moonlight spilled in.

She snuffles her nose into the pillow, mumbling a sleepy groan as she does. Resting her head on the pillow.

Then she feels the warm breath buffeting against the back of her neck. Fogging up her skin.

She blinks just that little bit wider awake.

Her body is a bit slower to the catch. However, when she shifts her hips, she can feel a big, solid arm wrapped around her middle, draped over her hip. Like a strong tree root that had wrapped around her in her sleep. As if a solid vine was growing especially to keep her rooted to the spot. Except vines didn’t have sleeve tattoos. Nor did they smell so invitingly of Ormonde Jayne cologne.

She glances down and sees his ink mottled arm wedges her into the bed, and into the giant safe furnace of his body. His nipple rings hot and hard against her shoulders. His hair bleeding across to join with hers on the pillow. His hair was like an ink stain. Black in the middle, but a russet tinge of brown sullied the outer reaches of it. His cologne ebbing across on the hot air. She wonders if it would be detectable on her pillows. His scent soaking into them the way her perfume does, too.

His big fingers are also hooked between her legs. Almost in her pussy. Thick fingertips dipping in her wetness ever so slightly.

Even in his sleep Kylo keeps a claim on what is his.

She takes a second to feel his cavernous chest swelling and sinking behind her. She twists ever so slightly about to see him asleep at her back. That brutal, intense face gently sloped in rest, looked so impossibly benign and gentle, it makes her abdomen flutter.

He looked so kissable like this. So inviting. She wants to curl up into the hollow of his wide shoulder. Nestle her face there and kiss at his neck. Let her fingers trace those swirling patterns stabbed into his skin. Follow the scar that damned, rotten prison left him with. But if there was ever a man she knew to be volatile, it was him. She rescinds a prison visitors golden rule, and decides to
keep her curious hands to herself.

She didn’t feel like he’d harm her. *Not now.* But still, there in him, an edge lurked. A dangerous one that she hasn’t quite mastered the knack of it yet. She errs on the cautious side. As always.

She can’t help but notice how his full lips looked so tempting. And his dark eyelashes cast a spidery shadow down his fine cheek. She wants to reach out and touch him, admire this sleeping *god* of a man. The bedspread he’d draped over his hip, covering the sleeping giant she could feel resting limp against on his thigh. Still bloody huge even when he wasn’t erect.

She wants to stay curled up like a housecat into his Grecian god form - but, her throat is rasping sore and crying out for a drink to moisten it.

She reaches for Kylo’s arm, and gently slides it, *out,* and off her. Groaning breathily as his fingers brush her clit. She lets the enormous deadweight of it slip back to the bed. Cushioned into the mattress.

She shifts over, but finds her path blocked by another big wall of broad-backed muscle. She intakes a breath seeing Ben sprawled across her bed, head turned toward her, shaggy hair a mess against her flowery patterned pillows. His thick pale arms were crossing his chest and tummy. She half wonders to herself if Kylo hadn’t shoved his twins wandering paws away from her naked body, if they came prowling across in the night.

She’s sandwiched between two hulking, hot, colossal bodies. With no easy means of escape. How ironic.

There’s no way she can get past his massive body, without waking him. So she decides for a very ungraceful shimmying down and over his feet. Her legs wobble as she stretched one over him, and places it to the floor. The cold wood zinging a cool tingle up her leg. She felt the spasm of an ache flare sharply through her body when she finally comes to her feet.

She was actually amazed she could stand upright. Her legs feel rubbery and useless, she did have to clutch into the bedstead to support herself as she stands and gets her breath back as silently as she can. Not intending to give a rude awakening to the slumbering titans behind her.

She presses a hand to her belly. Her entire lower half felt sore. It wasn’t a wonder. Inspecting her body with a glance, she see’s that there’s not many places she isn’t bruised. *Branded.*
Marked with the evidence of two *sinful*, big men using her body like their own playground of pleasure.

Feeling discomfort at the fact she was naked. She staggers on uncertain feet across to her dresser, gently yanking open the drawer, and slipping a crisp, cotton striped nightshirt over her head. Brushing it down her thighs. Cloaking her sore, loved-up body, in a cool swathe of cotton that smelt like washing powder, lilac and home.

She helps herself move along, not trusting to her legs just yet, she clings onto door frames and the top of her dresser to help ease her weakened way to her bathroom. A few wobbly steps from spasming legs and she makes it. She pushes the door shut and curses a little wince at its whining, creaking complaint.

She didn’t lock it - the scratch and twist of the latch was far too loud. Leaving the door ajar, she stumbles for her Victorian free standing, porcelain sink. Cushioning the bare slap of her feet on the small mat in front of it. Fumbling for the twin lights flanking the mirror, she fiddles with the brass dimmer switch, and a gentle glow floods her eyes.

She blinks at the sight of her unveiled from darkness in the mirrors reflection. Her cheeks were still ruddy, hair that barely warranted its name. It was a messy, jumbled, tangle. Her neck, and chest is what made her gasp in fright. It looked someone had attempted a *strangling*.

No one had ever left marks like those on her. Trust it to be *those two* to break that rule. Blue, yellow, green and tiny hints and pinpricks of red were ringing her neck in huge bite marks. Strung around her throat the way fine jewellery would. Kylo she suspects to be the main culprit for those. She’d drifted off to sleep knowing his mouth was sucking her sweat away, and his tongue and sharp teeth curling at her jugular, the same way his smirk did.

That wasn’t the only way he’d left little reminders of his attentions. Her inner thighs felt sticky and slippery still. When she pressed her legs together, she felt slick *string* between them as she pulled apart. The slightest movement against her cunt made her shiver in the dull aching it caused.

She’s an uncanny feeling this was the aforementioned, blissed out, “*jelly-limbed*” state Kylo had growled at her in prison. Being fucked so good her legs don’t work. Hers are barely keeping her standing. The sink is the pillar currently holding her upright.

She pours herself a glass full of water from the toothbrush stand. Not minding the aftertaste of minty
toothpaste. Her throat soothed by the cool drink that pours like ambrosia down her dry throat.

She’d been awfully vocal earlier - after all. She suspects she’s also now hoarse, too.

Then she splashes some cool water on her burning hot cheeks. Helping them to calm. And dries her face on her lavender scented towels. Sighing into the fabric as she cups it to her face. When she takes it away, and steps back to the mirror, her body reels and leaps in fright upon seeing the deep dark pair of eyes joining her own reflection in the mirror.

She’s pressed forward into the sink, feeling the cold of it through her nightshirt. Her hand braced on the sides, as big hands claw into the back of her hips. Hot breath rolls over her ear, drifting lazily through her hair, shifting it forwards. His presence in her narrow little bathroom managed to suck all the air out of it in one fell swoop.

She shivers when a sharp tache and rough goatee scrape onto her tender neck. She catches his smirk, half hidden in her hair. Stark white teeth of his looking sharp and cutting in his sinister smile. She feels his thick fingers slowly advancing their march on her thighs, hiking up the hem of her over-large night shirt.

“Don’t keep hiding this fucking beautiful body from us, babe.” He commands. “You hide it away from Kylo, and me, again, and he’ll tie you face down on the bed and spank your ass red raw.” He tells. “And if gladly watch him redden your hot little ass with his handprints.”

She watches him in the mirror as he’s cornered her into the sink the way a pouncing predator cunningly senses its prey’s desired moment of weakness. It was all it took.

“Ben...” She gasps in shock. Heart ramming into her ribs like a battering ram. The force of its pounding felt like it could shatter bone. Her word transcends into a groan. He both made her tremble with the way he kisses her weak neck, and the way his chin presses into the tender bruises. Flutters of pain. Mixed with flutters of pleasure.

Her mouth gapes and she grips the sink tight when he hitched the shirt up over her ass, watching both cheeks jiggles with his rough treatment. He presses the shirt to her lower back, whilst his other hand curves her back towards the sink. Forcing her into an arc, jutting out her plump ass towards him. She wants to interject something, but he stunts her words as he grumbles a kiss into the back of her thigh.
“You sore baby? Need something nice and hot, and soothing, on your pussy?” He asks her. Her toes curl and bunch into the rug below her at the rasp of his voice. So low she feels it sink into her skin, osmosis, humming through her. Dirty mouth making her **melt**.

“I know *exactly* what your pretty cunt needs...” He hums to himself in pride. Sucking another kissing bite, lower down her thigh. Tasting her slick and a faint tang of dried cum trickling there.

She bites on her lip when his tongue sticks out and curls up under her, stroking her clit, resting under her spread legs, jamming his face into her from behind. She manages to snatch her brain back for one last thought before it twirls up to heaven like an escaped balloon.

“Wha-what about Kylo? About what h-he said?” She whimpers quietly. Flickering her worried eyes to the door, trying to look beyond it to see if he’d come bursting in on them.

“You worried about me, or yourself baby?” Ben asks, before suckling her whole pussy into his mouth, spearing his tongue into her. That should keep her quiet.

He hums in pleasure at her honeyed taste that he finds he’s missed having on his palate. His hands take the globes of her ass in each hand, spreading her open wider. Smirking with how she thrust her hips back into him for more. *Greedy girl.*

He releases her from his mouth with a sloppy pop. Her arousal stringing to his lips.

“Kylo won’t hurt you, gorgeous. He’d rip men in half for so much as being rude to you. He never hurts what is his. And he won’t hurt me. That’s one perk of being his Twin. I’m *family*. I’m exempt from his raging warpath.” He chuckles. Lapping at her again. A squishing wet, sloshing noise echoes out as he fucks her with his long sinful tongue.

“Now. Be a good girl, simmer down and gimme some of that cum of yours I love so fucking much.” He smirks. Nuzzling his nose and lips into her.

“I wanna feel your cream gush in my mouth, pour down my throat again.” He adds. Finding her clit and edging it in slow circles with the tip of his clever tongue. He simply couldn’t satisfy himself with just one taste. Just one fuck. He needs more.

“Can’t get enough of this delicious pussy, sweetie.” He moans. By now that was obvious to the both
of them. He’d had it sat on his face half the evening and he hasn’t even come close to drinking his fill yet.

Then he’s dragging his plump mouth over her dripping sex. Just letting her drool down his chin. Soaking slick hot into his beard. He loves everything about it. His nose pressed so close to her, he gets that real, raw forbidden private scent that was all woman. Bare, sweet, wet pussy.

He swallows down spit from how he salivates for her. Loving how her soft ass fit perfectly into his hands. She lets out a keen whimper, his licks slow their pace.

“Quiet now, baby. We don’t wanna wake the beast.” He smiles into her inner thighs. He loves this part of skin on his partner - male or female - he loves how the delicate skin seems stretched so thin, almost to breaking point. And always tender soft, like butter, especially hers.

Needing more, He rises to his feet, boxers tenting his erection that is barely contained. His hands slip up her shirt and cups her tits. Loving how she shudders into his hands. Nipples like hard pebbles under his palms.

His mouth is at her neck again, watching the pair of them in the mirror. Watching her cheeks flush, and her eyes glaze over with the lust he’d ambushed her with.

“Seeings as my brothers so intent on keeping you all to himself. I better make the most of you while he’s not paying attention.” He whispers in her ear. Caressing her, plucking at her nipples and making her bite her lip to stem her noises.

“Does that excite you? Get you all wet thinking how he’s fast asleep just through that door. And I’m gonna be in here, fucking you full of cum.” He promises. One hand slipping back, shoving his boxers to his knees and letting his well-endowed length smear precome against her ass. The hot slick of it trailing its salty path across her skin.

She can’t believe in her sorry bruised state - how her hips tilt back to brush against him. Hearing his groan when her soft ass meets his hardness.

She’s too open. Too vulnerable. It’s like he stabbed her nerves, pinned them out, and is toying with them to make her shiver. His eyes don’t leave hers in the mirror, she watches his hands roam her skin. Rolling lumps that run under her shirt.
“Let’s make the most of this, huh? I wanna see those pretty tits bounce when I fuck you.” He explains, lifting her shirt off her. Still crowding her into the sink. He throws it away across his shoulder and it’s forgotten. His hands exploring her now naked body with renewed hunger.

“Fuck, Evie. You’re too goddamn irresistible.” He tells her, gripping his cock and plunging his thick head into her slick heat. She groans loudly.

He covers her mouth with one hand. The other bending her forwards at her lower back, keeping her in place as he rams into her. Sinking into her pussy, for him, is nothing short of heaven.

He loves the sight of her like this. His prim little librarian all debauched. Eyes hungry, with his cock stuffed deep in her greedy cunt. Her watery blue eyes looking pleadingly at him in the mirror. Face half hidden by his hand covering her lips. Smothering her squeals into his palm. Her brows stitched together in ecstasy.

It hurts when his plowing hips thrust her into the harsh press of the sinks edge. His sharp hips set a brutal pace battering her already sore sex. Slamming into her again and again. Letting her feel how he splits and stretched her open. In the small room of her muggy en-suite, and how they’re packed so tightly together, rubbing and grinding, their bodies soon become slick with sweat.

Ben’s hair is tacky on his forehead, and her body sheens in the foggy mirror. Her breath, where it could escape between the cracks of his thick fingers, marred the glass with every breath. Every moan that’s swallowed up into his palm.

Ben’s relentless, hickory eyes watch her in the mirror. Watches how she writhes and moves for him.

“You take me so well Kitten. Fuck. If you ever find yourself needing a cock to sit on baby, this divine pussy is always welcome to a place in my lap.” He huffs into her ear. His stomach pinching in pleasure when he hears her sloppy sounds squish around his plunging cock.

He moans and watches how he sinks into her. Abandoning her mouth, and grabbing her ass in both hands and yanking her plump cheeks apart to see how she took him. He bites his lip watching. So damn hot.

She simply oozes over his length. Her sweet cream coating his dick. Makes him want to get her on her knees and watch her lap it all away.
He looks back into the mirror, seeing she’s biting her lip to keep quiet. Her face in agony over it. He grasps her then and yanks her round. She slips off his long cock with a wet pop. She clenches around the disastrously empty space he left behind.

In no time at all, he’s then pressing her back into the wall beside the sink. Keeping her there, and hauling her thighs into his hands. Keeping his mitts cupping her outer thighs, and forcing her to string her arms around his neck to hold on tight.

Her head thuds into the wall, and Ben leans in to give the most filthy, tongue tangling, sloppy kiss she’s ever experienced. He curls up into her mouth and grins when she moans at how her taste is all over him. Cheeks, chin, nose. His entire lower face is ripe with her scent.

In this precarious position, Ben was literally holding her by the hips to fuck her onto his dick. Hoisting her up in his strong arms. And watching them where they’re joined. This sex position may as well have his name written all over it.

When he pulls back from sucking her lungs dry and making her belly flip, he nods down to where his hot, slick cock, rubs against her drooling cunt. Grinning, making her watch as he slowly pushes into her. Pulling her open wide.

“See how good we look together?” He leers. Snapping his hips and shoving in deep. She looks down to where his obscenely big cock rails into her. Hitting spots no other men ever had - save for his dark twin hours ago.

She tangles her fingers in his sweaty nape and lets herself get fucked senseless by this gorgeous hurricane of a man. They move and writhe until they’re a sweaty, slamming, moaning, trembling mess. Ben shuts her up with hungry kisses as he spurts his load deep in her pussy. She cums so much it drips down the inside of his legs.

He gives her a wolfish smile. Guiding her to the safety of the floor as he eats her out again. Mumbling how good they *taste* together too.

In the next room however, Kylo had been awake ever since the first second she left his arms. A curling smirk on his lips as he reflects on how he might solve this little problem.
Birdsong. He woke up the fluttering chirp of birdsong.

He hasn’t woken up to that gentle, kind sound since he can remember. Since he was a kid at least.

He can remember when dawn broke outside his bedroom window, when he was a teen. He’d listen to the day being heralded in by the chorus of sweet simple sound. Seeing the purple-pink of dawn bleach the sky of the clinging night. He’d always found it an annoyance - but today it feels peaceful.

It feels new. And so fucking refreshing to the clamour and clang of cell doors and a bellowing wake up grunt from a sour-faced guard.

Easing into consciousness, he lets his eyes peel open and focus onto the cosy surroundings. A slanted cool dawn spills in from the window where a starry hot night had poured in only hours
previously.

He turns his head, feather pillow crinkling under his head, seeing his Kitten slumbering soundly next to him. Facing him, hair messy, cheeks still tinged rosy. He lets his eyes roam over the thin blanket tucked around her curves. And he smiles.

The mighty, fearsome Kylo Ren, in all his wrath. Was smirking at the sight of the small woman next to him in bed. Curled up against his chest like, ironically, a dozing kitten.

The soft purrs of her breathing he could hear as she slept. Her hands clasped in front of her. One under her pillow, the other resting crooked over her waist. He smirks wider in pride and longing when he reaches over and brushes her matted toffee-chestnut hair out the way, seeing the love bites carnally marking her shoulders and neck.

She wore his possession of her so well on her pretty neck.

He lets his fingers and eyes caress her there. Skimming his fingertips against her soft warm skin. She groaned when he touched her. A breathy rumble that bubbles up from her throat.

And she smiles.

That hit him square in the stomach like a wrecking ball. It’s been so long since a woman smiled at his touch. Warmed to his hand. Yearned. Leaned into it. She was nuzzling into the reach of his fingers when he cupped her cheek. Letting the backs of his fingers stroke her jaw.

Such a big brute bastard like him. Such a sweet small girl like her. It was Hades falling for Persephone all over again. The God of the underworld yearning for the Goddess of spring. An unlikely match.

He heard his interfering twin scarper from the scene earlier. Kylo felt a weight dip on the bed, and the wet pressing sound of one last kiss.

Behind closed eyelids he’d listened to them whisper;
“I’m gonna take my leave, gorgeous.” Ben told her. There was a rustling as he pulled on his clothes. Wrinkled from the floor no doubt, but he’d pay it no mind.

“Oh.” She said, in shy dejection.

“It’s the middle of the night.” She points out sweetly.

“I got a boyfriend waiting on me at home, baby. Can’t keep him worrying.” He winks. Kylo just knew, he would’ve winked at her.

He imagined his twin then must’ve nodded in Kylo’s slumbering direction, as it prompted him to say: “Kylo will stay.” He offers.

“I think he’d prefer not to see me when he wakes.” He adds. There’s a clink as he does up his belt and a shriek of the pants zipper.

“Remember my offer, though babe. You’re ever on your own one might, and need a man to eat your pussy. If I’m not the first number you dial, I’ll be fucking offended.” He flirts. Kylo can hear his grin. Wants to roll his eyes - except he’s got to keep them shut.

“Thanks for the great, great, fuck.” He said sincerely. The bed dipped as one knee bent to it. A smack of lips kissing cheek, hand or mouth. And then the mattress levels out again. “Truly, sensational baby.” He adds.

Whining of floorboards then comes over from her bedroom door, posh designer soles scattering on the bare wood. A creak as his body twists back. Looking at her on the bed.

“Make sure he treats you right, sweetie. Come find me if things go sour.” He flirts inappropriately. Kylo heard him walk away.

“I’d have that sweet ass of yours in a New York minute...” He calls loudly as he clatters down the stairs. The front door opens, and shuts, clanging to silence.

And then there were two.
He must’ve dropped off to sleep after that. Busy day and all - plus the whiskey made his blood slow and lazy. Next thing he remembers is now. Waking up to a bright dawn. And birds. And wafting breeze perfumed of lilac tickling his nose. Brushing his hands along Evie’s soft body. Such cosyworn bedsheets wrapped around him.

Sheets that smelt of a green garden and fresh linen. He’s ebbed away into rest again. Watching how his big fingers rake through her hair. He lifts up, letting the silk of it comb past his thick digits. In the light, he watched the incoming sun of a new day turn it into spun fire. Picking up the slight rust hue of her hair. Hickory. Toffee. Cinder. And chestnut in those locks too.

She doesn’t stir - and he finds he can’t either. He lets his eyes drift closed. And tucks one big arm around her hip. Stroking her with his thumb. He is pulled back into rest. Peace.

Because when the hell was the last time he can ever remember feeling peaceful. Or calm? Fucking never. Thats when. Maybe some foggy, hazy watercolour memories of it as a child. A few rose tinted snippets of time. But his early life had very few moments of happiness for a young boy like him to find, and to cling on too.

He’s lost to the world again. And when he opens his eyes another time, he blinks and finds a sunny window came into view soaking a splashing pool of yellow-gold onto her bedroom floor. Warming the worn rug that sat there. Outside is green and bright. That lilac tree thrashed on a keen wind.

The bed next to him is empty. The sheets rustled where his small bed mate had left them.

Shame. He rather wanted to spend all morning eating her out. Perhaps that would have to wait.

The dip of her body in the blankets, Her faded perfume inhabited, lingering on in the groove on her pillow. He splays his arm out and feels the bedspread was still luke-warm to the touch. She’d not been gone long.

He shifts round onto his back, flopping back against the cocoon of blankets they’d inched over themselves in the night. Nefarious, marathon sex had left them with clammy, cooling bodies that demanded swathing in nearby blankets. He feels his hips click, his neck stretch, and his body is humming in delight and relief for the cosy, firm bed below him, that beat a metal bunk and a slither of shitty foam, any day.
He swings his legs over the bed, and lets his body acclimate to being awake. The covers pool at his waist. He’d slept nude and forgot how damn good it felt. Especially with a naked girl next to him within arms reach.

In fact, it felt particularly damned good. Especially with his nude girl next to him. Purring and stretched out like a kitten.

His bare feet touch to the tepid wood floor. The house was old, and the wood underfoot has buckled a while ago. It’s quirky. It suits her, this place. Well hemmed in with comforts, and antiques. He doesn’t understand the taste, but he does understand how it’s completely, her.

Memories, love, and warmth tethered to this place like anchors on ships. It’s in the vintage wallpaper, the buckled floors, and the beyond beloved way each room practically hugs it’s occupant upon entry.

Her bedroom was no different. Dried flowers pressed in numerous frames, scattered on the wall. Taking up each inch on offer. Old photos of relatives enshrined there too. Her bed laden with lace ruffled bedspreads, throw pillows and an obscene amount of tasteful floral sheets. The old wooden furniture painted a shabby-chic white and chipped and rubbed with age. Lace curtains and an enamel jug of wildflowers, no doubt from her garden, decorating one windowsill. Each bloom catching the light and shivering in the mornings breeze.

He spots a slender glass of water, inching condensation to her bedside table. He smirks. She was an angel. He reaches for it and drains it dry. Three big gulps and it’s gone. Cold heaven pouring down his throat.

When he hears a soft ripple of water, his attention is turned to her en-suite. He sees the door is pressed ajar again. No sounds of his twin fucking her in it this time. Thank fuck.

He senses something else drifting on the air then. Something sickly like roses, tinged with a note of something else floral. Less sweet. More green. Something like geranium.

He stands, colossal thighs stretching into use. Striding for the door. Keeping the under-sheet from the bed knotted about his waist. Trailing to his ankles like a flowery, Pottery Barn, toga.

When he comes close to the en-suite, he feels muggy wet heat glide there abouts on the air. Rose and Geranium for sure. The scent of it is so strong now, it’s smacking him in the face, like a slap of stuffy, plant strangled air, from first walking into a greenhouse.
He smirks. He had a sneaky feeling he knew what she up too in there, this time. And it was far more palatable for him than her earlier activities.

He didn’t blame her, it had to be said. He was stupid enough to tell Ben Solo he couldn’t have something. Been that way since they were kids. It was never a safe utterance in denying him. Nothing was safe from his reaches - if he decided he was horn enough for it.

He smiles and pushes open the creaking door. Seeing her half glowing little bathroom. The claw foot tub squeezed into the alcove of the wall opposite the sink. Shower curtain patterned with pink rosebuds, railed far to one side. The bath was filled. The air was steamy. And his small, pink little creature sat submerged in her tub. Looking damn impossibly cute covered in suds and sheening wet with water. Swishing her toes around in the heat.

Toes tapping along to some invisible tune. Sponge in her hand. Squeezing water to trickle and splatter down over her arm as she idly lounged. He likes that she’s caught her unaware. She’s facing away from him after all - and he was good at not being heard when he wants to be. Her hair is messily knotted atop her head. Some wisps sticking down, tamped dark and curly to her wet skin.

His tall body and broad frame fill the door, he leans there with one hip. Arms crossed, smiling down at the sight of her.

“Room for two in there?” He drawls. His voice all husk and smoke at this time in the morning. A yummy baritone that makes her skin tingle.

She flinches in surprise and twists to face him. Water sloshing about her. He watches her peach coloured nipples and tits bobbing in the waterline. She brings her knees to her chest and sits up a little. Then, oh then, she hair tucks.

“Morning. Oh gosh-Hope I didn’t wake you... Did I?” She frets. Hooking both hands to the lip of the bath.

He steps closer and sinks to a crouch opposite her. Loving how she smelt like flowers. And was all entirely wet for him. Like some soaked little water nymph. Cheeky waif-like temptress, splashing, playful and beckoning and meant entirely to seduce him. With wet beading on her eyelashes and her ruddy pink cheeks, water trickling down between her breasts, she sure as hell fits the bill as one.
This was his Kittens charm. She didn’t know she was turning him on, even when she blatantly was. Completely oblivious to what she does to him.

He strokes her cheek. As he did abed earlier. She tries to huddle up in on herself. Aware there was only scant bubbles and a cloudy soap of waters surface between her nakedness, and his eyes. She stops when he narrows his eyes and smirks.

“We’ve been over that...” He reprimands stiffly. She lets her limbs stay open, uncurled, where they are. Water clinking against the side of the bath.

“Needed a soak, did you kitten?” He asked with a somewhat restrained smile of pride. One brow kinks up.

“I used bath salts that are supposed to be good on, sore muscles.” She explains shyly. Tucking the sponge back to the shelf on the side. Where she also had several thick wedges of speckled soap. A pile of flannels. A wooden long scrub brush, and a saucer and cup of tea, steaming away.

He smiles.

“Know what else is good on aching muscles?” He asks, coming to a stand. She tilts her head up. If he were any taller, she wouldn’t be able to talk to him easily.

She swallowed. Shaking her head. “What’s that?” She dares.

“Massage.” He answers.

His hand snatched for his hip, and he quickly drops the bedsheets to crumple to the floor. Her eyes remain on his face. And doesn’t slip to the amply filled anatomy between his legs. At her eye level.

She had to admit the thought of those thick strong fingers kneading into her tired skin, made her sigh in wanting.

He tilts his head to her upwards. “Up, babydoll.” He demands.
She rises to her feet. He watches the water rush and drip off her. He wants to lick away every drop. And then she’s standing there all pink, slippery-warm and naked. Sheening in beauty. Again, like Aphrodite emerging from the tepid salty sea in her clam shell.

She was every Goddess under the sun, to him this morning, so it seems.

He keeps his dark eyes on her face. And steps in the bath with her. Moving with feline grace, he sinks down and hauls her, face-to-face with him. In his lap. Her tub was ridiculously small, and he had to bend his knees. Filling almost all of it, but he gets them snuggled down, heaped as one, under the stinging hot water. It slapped and sloshed around them, and narrowly avoided the floor.

She bends her knees, and perches on his lap. Feeling his tensely packed muscles underneath her. Warm and wet, just starting to tinge pink. His hands secure themselves to her ass cheeks. And they can both feel how she’s sat, trapping his erection to his tummy.

Then his big hands slide up her back, and she both shivers, and melts. Her face furrowed in pleasure. Sighing with relief when his fingertips dig into her spine. He bobs harder under the water when she moans.

“That feels so nice.” She whines.

“You feel fucking nice.” He intones right back at her with a grin. Dark halo of hair brimming shade over his glittering eyes. That sparkles like starlight off dark black ocean. Wet skin sliding against wet hands so easily. He marvels at how her skin is so smooth.

He is careful around her tender neck. She gasps when he catches on a bruise. Soothing her with a kiss to the throat. Mopping sweet droplets of hot water with his lips. Letting them melt on his tongue.

“Sorry, Kitten.” He husks into her ear. Nuzzling his dry nose into her wet hairline at her ear. Shuttering his eyes as he sucks another drip away. Tasting her, and her perfume on his palate. She lets her hands hook over his shoulders. Curling into him gently as he caresses her. He watches her examine his tattoos with veiled interest.

He stops, and slides her hand down to just above his meaty pec, where she’d been staring so intently. He decides to indulge her.
“Touch me. Baby. I’m not made of glass.” He explains. Sliding his hand over hers. Pinning it to his body. She could feel his heartbeat under her palm. One cold nipple ring. Feel the heat of him raging by comparison. His other hand stays covering her fleshy wide hip.

She drops her eyes, looking where her hand was to see the flawlessly expensive designs, criss crossed over every inch of him. Strictly black - and sepia where his skin peeks through. No colours at all. She lets her eyes make out the dark artwork she can see on his chest.

His hands slid back to her hips and he watched her explore.

In old sailor style - a bleeding cupid-heart being pinched by a hand. Black scaled snakes, coiling around Geometric black shapes ringing his collarbone, surrounding a masterpiece of what looked like a 3D, shaded, demonic rendition of Michelangelo’s David, the bottom of it bleeding into a toothless realistic skull. The crushing hand one has a twin on his other pec. A hand holding a dying flower with petals raining off. Petals dripping blood. Blood. Skulls. Death. Snakes and angels morphing into demons.

She skims her fingertips over the Michelangelo one. Even though his dark taste was shades away from her own. She really did find it beautiful on him. She loses herself in his skin. As he had done with her body, last night.

Kylo flickers his eyes down to see what she was so transfixed by. Her hand lingers on his pec. He smirks.

“That one alone, was $40,000.” He explains. Her eyes widen and her hand jerks off him as if it burned. As if she’d sully it by touching it. He chuckles.

This man was a walking, multi-million, art exhibit.

“I had it done in Moscow when I was there. Took two weeks to complete.” He reminisces. “Other ones I picked up here, or about on my work travels. I got the best guy on the east coat as my personal tattoo artist, over here.” He tells.

Her curious fingers then splay over the bump of his neck scar. The one that reached from forehead to shoulder. The one the gang in prison marked him with.
“You already know how I got that. Finch loved warning people off me with that story.” He says with grit teeth.

“Made me feel like I was a untamed beast.” He spits. That’s how his mother-fucking shrink made him feel for four years. Was it a wonder his sharp temper was the first thing people saw to him. Never looking past that. His dark demeanour all but solidified it.

She cups her hand over the space where his heart is. Or where he supposed it should be. She feels it’s rhythm bump her hand. This was a man’s heart. Not a monster. Nor a beast.

“Well. If it’s of any consolation, I don’t agree with him. And I think you’re well shot of him now.” She heralds sweetly. Smiling gently at him. He smirks at her cute smile. Couldn’t resist it.

“I couldn’t be more glad of it” He accepts. Which was true. He counted every second as bliss that the ugly son-of-a-bitch was out his life. Slipping his hands around he copped a feel of her ass. Taking it all into his hands.

She reaches out and strokes his damp hair. Waves of it falling around his gorgeous face. She cups his jaw in her hand and feels his growing stubble there prick at her palm.

“I really don’t think you’re a beast at all Kylo.” She tells him seriously. Hating how Finch had verbally tried to batter the big man down for years.

His eyes turn hard for a second. The black glittery ocean from earlier, frosting over with frigid arctic ice.

“You’d get a glimpse, if anyone ever dares try and hurt you.” He tells sternly.

“You’re mine, Kitten. That much I made clear. I always protect what is mine, from harm.” He tells. Squeezing her closer so their chests almost touched. Noses pressed together. His hand became anchors on her body. Clamps digging in, as a reminder.

She nods. Not scared by his stiff voice. Already acclimated to the lengths he’d go to keep her safe. What’s worrying was that it didn’t shock or scare her. She. Almost expected it.
Her answer is to lean in and gently peck a kiss to his cheek. Huddling into his chest. Letting the press of her wet body try and soothe his bitter mood.

Meanwhile, he was sat there, swearing a silent vow to himself as he hugs her tighter. *Nothing, and no one, will ever bring her harm so long as he breathes. She was his possession. His to guard. His to satisfy.*

“Might I offer you a massage in return? Your shoulders feel awfully tense...” She offers. He grins.

“Go right ahead.” He answers. Stroking her jaw with one finger.

She leans up and reaches over him for the soap, on the shelf over his shoulder. Raising up on her knees, she didn’t notice how this brought her tits swaying into his face. Made evident, when he leans in and sucks the water off them. Playfully tonguing her nipple and smirking.

She gasps for the side of the bath, and the other hand cupping the nape of his neck to keep herself steady. His other hand disappears under the cloudy, milky white of the soapy water to pluck at her clit.

She gasps and arches to look down at him, blissed out sensations panging like curling hot coils of desire, shooting right through her. His big knuckles rubbed at her pussy, and his smirk is as devilish as some of his more demonic tattoos.

“I never said I was done playing *yet. Kitten.*” He smirks, lapping at her nipple. Sucking and catching water on his tongue.

~
They fooled around for a while in the bath. He didn’t exactly have the ideal ample space to move around, so, he impaled her on his stiff cock and made her ride him.

Determined to outdo his Twin. He didn’t let her off his cock till she came three times. With Ben, judging by her moans, she’d only cum twice. He’d rectify that sad tally.

His shy kitten was soon bouncing in ecstasy on his cock, cumming like a champ. His teeth tugging her nipples as he pounded her senseless - yet again. Obscene slaps of the water smacking around the room.

They got out after cleaning off with her cakes of handmade, dried flower studded soap. The fun he had passing soapy hands all across her tits and ass was almost unreal. She dries off with wobbly legs, and wraps herself up in a stunning blue silk gown. Pottering away with pink cheeks, down into the kitchen. She shyly mumbles something about coffee. He smiles and smacks her ass as she goes.

He stays in the bedroom. Pulling on his clothes that she neatly folded across the end of the bed. They’d left quite the breadcrumb trail through her house the night before. He tugs on his coat as he heads down the stairs. Figuring he’ll disappear out of her way.

He had a neglected house, high up in the hills to get back too. Ben had been looking after it from time to time. God only knows what state he’d find it in. He wouldn’t be at all surprised if he returned home to find a pile of ash left for him.
He folds the collar of his pea coat up at the back of his neck as he comes to the last step. Huffing in annoyance when he saw Ben’s little parting gift on the side dresser in her hall - a bottle of Dom Pérignon, the neck of which was draped in her ruined white panties.

He rolls his eyes, and his big body lumbers for the door. He looked through to the kitchen in his passing. Phone in hand, ready to catch an Uber home. He wouldn’t bother with a goodbye. It hardly seemed necessary.

He’s almost at the front door, and out of it. Feet on the doormat, ready to go-

When sees two places being set by her at the cosy dining table across the kitchen. The round thing drenched in sunny warmth from the window as she had her back to him, arranging cutlery to flank beside two Luxembourg patterned, white and blue china plates.

The places were set opposite each other on the circular table. She fluffs up the small bunch of - hand picked - wildflowers that nestled in her granny’s chipped spode blue, cream jug. The antique thing brimming with Peonies. Small daisy’s. Stalks of lavender and two hyacinths.

She turns back around to reach for her coffee pot, smiling wider when she sees him lurking in the kitchen doorway. Reaching for two mugs off the hook of her dresser.

Then her face falls when she sees he had his coat on.

“You’re not staying for breakfast?” She asks him. Voice shy and verging on an upset tone. Her cute brow all furrowed and taut with worry. Her thumb fidgets on the handle of the pot in her hands.

He’d upset her hopes.

He blinks a couple times, before reaching back and shrugging off it coat. Pegging it up on the stand. Leaving him in his Tom Ford button down and suit trousers. Polished boots on his feet. He strides across the kitchen and her smile grows back. He leans over and placates her with a sweet kiss to the neck.

Her beaming smile grows back. He admires the way she’s pinned her hair back off her face. Shining
like honey, chestnut and rust in the warm light of her merry little kitchen. Petite ballet slippers on her feet, she is in nothing but her dressing gown tied right across her nimble waist. Showing him the stretch of her curves. How her elegant body flared and dipped. She truly was a gorgeous sight like this. How she didn’t know it, drove him fucking insane.

He eased down into the wooden farmhouse chair. Tied to the seat was a little stripy cushion to soften his fall. In no time at all, she’s whisked a coffee mug, with a cute Latin named, anatomical picture of a bee on it, and had poured him a generous glug of dark hickory coffee. Her own cup opposite his steamed with a taupe, milky breakfast tea. He could smell notes of it brewing in the air.

“I can’t promise my coffee comes up to your Italian espresso standard. But I’ve rarely had complaints.” She smiles.

Drawing back, she rounds to the stove across from them. He turned his head and caught a wafting scent and something sizzling in the two iron skillets she had on her gas range. Something sweet. And then something salty. It tantalised his stomach. If it growled and complained much more it was at risk of trying to crawl out of his body, in wanting of whatever glorious thing she had cooking.

He sat there astounded, the cup of coffee warming his hands. He sips it. It wasn’t as strong as he cared for. But it was damn good. Spiced with lashings of cinnamon and chicory. Her own blend. He smiles at the taste. Draining half a cup before he knows it

He can’t pin point back to the last time someone cooked breakfast for him. Much less laid the table with flowers, and the earnestly sweet intention of having and enjoying a meal with him.

Of course, there were the couple of exes drifting somewhere in the back of his mind. But they weren’t exactly what he’d deem as homely.

*Cosmetic. Not Domestic.*

They were money-grabbing, wannabe Insta models and socialites. More concerned with him forking out for the latest Versace dress for them to wear, to the newest, most expensive Michelin star restaurant they wanted to eat, and be seen at. Or they’d throw a strop with him. They’d wanted no more than to hang off his arm like baubles. Be his cock warmer, so long as he shelled out plenty from his wallet. He’d had to chuck one because she wanted him to pay for ass fillers. And the other had at least three rich men on the go, feeding her Louis Vuitton purses, and drug addictions.
Evie was worth ten-thousand of such trashy, shallow girls.

It makes him want to desperately to spoil the ever-living fuck out of her. Cause she was so much more worthy, deserving, of his time and money. She wasn’t taking him to bed for what she could get out of him. She took let him in her bed for him as a whole.

That thought strikes him like fucking lightning.

The girls he dated before aren’t like his Kitten. Much to his relief. The last person he has a vague recollection cooking breakfast for him, was his mother. Or grandma.

Cooking breakfast for her twins on very rare occasions. Birthdays maybe, or one of the very few days she wasn’t working, if she took it off to spend at home. They woke up to bacon, scrambled eggs and freshly squeezed OJ. His grandma was more the mothering type to him and Ben. She fed them sugary cereals and chocolate milk every chance they had to stay over at hers. Always snuck them wrapped sweets from her cardigan pockets.

He watched her flip some things onto two plates and bring them over. A great wave of incredible smelling food coming with her. She places an incredible pile of food before him. Pancakes, bacon, and sunny side up, fried eggs. He sees there’s much more piled on his, than hers. She’d given him extra bacon and two eggs. He looks up to her with a glad expression of mirth on his face.

“I have some berries in the fridge. Grew them myself in the greenhouse. And the eggs are fresh too. Laid just yesterday by my very fickle flock of chickens.” She says.

“You have chickens?” He asks.

“I do. Outback. And befittingly, they are all named after Jane Austen heroines.” She beams shyly. placing the syrup jug down beside him.

Before going for the fridge behind him. Bringing back a heaped high bowl of blueberries, raspberries, strawberries and cranberries. The homegrown fruit she spoke of. She pauses and spoons some into his pancakes for him. Sucking some juice off her thumb. Standing the fruit bowl down

He thanks her with a solid pat to her ass, before he then brings her sideways across his big lap and thanks her even more with a toe curling kiss that makes her sink her hands into his hair. Hungry and
“Looks amazing, Kitten.” He lets out gladly when he breaks away and nips at her lip with his sharp teeth. She basks in his lap with pleasure.

“Even the coffee?” She asks in amazement. Sliding off him and sitting herself down in the seat opposite. Folding a napkin in her lap. She thought a big intense guy like him would turn his nose up at her sweet, lightly spiced blend. She pops a strawberry on her tongue and he *so* badly wants to chase its tart, sugary taste. He sips coffee instead. Hunched forwards in his chair.

Not dissimilar to how they looked when they first *met*, as a matter of fact. Except here, there are no shackles. And no one loitering over their conversation - calling time on it. They have all the time they want for each other. And Evie feels how that warms her tummy through to her backbone.

“*Especially* the coffee. Robust and warm.” He explains. He finds he likes it. He drains another cup and goes back for more.

She pinks a little at his praise. Before grabbing a fork and digging in herself. He stabs some bacon into his fork and takes a greedy mouthful of all of the things she’s cooked for him. Comes as no shock that everything tastes perfect.

“Who taught you to cook?” He asks out of interest.

“My gran was the cook. My mother was the gardener. I’m a healthy mix of two influences.” She beams. Sipping her tea. And she was, beaming.

He can’t lay aside how domiciliary this all is. The slope of sunshine twirling dust mites in the air onto the table. Catching the steaming coffee cups. The sunlight warming both their faces. The way the sash window next to them is open, and scents of her garden spills in. The way the light looks on her hair and lips as they smile and make easy conversation.

Last night’s event could have easily made her more shy, and awkward. But it *didn’t*. She looked more irresistible to him this morning - love bruised, blissed out and dressed in a gown - than she ever *had* looked to him.

He doesn’t know *what* he feels, sat eating breakfast at her dining table, in her cosy warm farmhouse
kitchen. When the foods finished, they push plates and cutlery away in a messy stack, and they just talk. About everything and nothing. He sinks at least three cups of coffee as they chatter. He makes her laugh. A beautiful sound. He’d never heard it before.

It’s all so easy - insultingy easy. And he can’t believe it’s this easy to just talk to her about her home, her family. He’d never wanted to bother talking to the bimbos he’d dated before. They’d never had intelligent conversation. Just listened to them whine and bitch about how he was so difficult to please. Or how they were fat. Or how they needed lip fillers.

One of them had once gotten high and turned up on his doorstep like a mess, and railed, yelled at him, stumbling around in her ridiculous heels. She threw things, smashed things, it was ugly. Screeching at him that he was a fucked up mess. Didn’t care about anyone but himself. That stung it’s wound deep. Never forgetting how she made him feel that night. It made him vow to try and find someone, good. Not someone rotten liked her. He impolitely told her to get the fuck out of his life after that. Last he heard she was a reformed trophy wife to some poor bastard, booking into the Betty Ford clinic.

As they natter, he lets out a little about himself. Mostly about how his family weren’t so inclined towards being kind and domestically capable. Ben was about as capable as a broken clock. He had a workaholic mother who worked three jobs. And a father who was a stranger, even when he was home. Always off, overseas.

He can see now, why she’s stayed so comfy. So strung to home, when her home was as nice as this one. Jane Austen named chickens out back. A vegetable garden. Enough flowering plants in bloom in the gardens, to sink the titanic. A house stuffed full of crazy furnishing and shabby-chic antiques. Anyone would be a fool not to settle for this cushy, safe lifestyle.

Anyone would be a fool not to settle for her. He would be a fool not too.

Kylo starts feeling things then, that he never suspected he had the capacity too. She calmed him. Made him feel, for the first time in four years, hopeful. It was so peaceful, this intimate moment they shared. It was more intimate than fucking - for him. Because she’s devoted time and energy to him. And that was an awfully rare thing for people to do.

Sat with her, eating breakfast, he feels strange. Because he knows he’s coming to see her as so much than his pretty, little fuck-toy. She was becoming an obsession. A fixation. An addiction. More so now, than ever before.

He finished his coffee, and helped heap plates into the sink. Just as the Uber he’s ordered rolls up the
drive and honks. She steps out into the sun-filled porch, showing him to the door. The scent of sunshine and moist, dark dense greenery surrounding them, ebbing in from the woods.

He pulls on his coat for real this time. Stood patting down his pockets for his wallet and house keys. It felt odd to think he was now going home. Home to his cold, dark, echoing empty, most likely *trashed* house. Thanks to the incompetence of his awful house sitter.

Might just go the whole hog and burn the place down himself. Save himself some ball ache and trouble.

He looks back to his Kitten, stood demurely with her arms folded behind her back as she leans against the front door frame. The sun tangling in her hair and on her silk gown. Once more the goddess of spring is back.

He hooks his hand between her ass and the door, and levies her into his chest. Hauling her up for a kiss. Shoving his tongue down her throat, making her squeak and blush again.

The Uber driver is probably fidgeting with impatience. But Kylo couldn’t give less of a shit - let them wait. He had some kissing to do.

When he pulls back, she whines needily. Her hands curling under his coat, feeling his hard, soft chest through his crisp shirt.

“By the way, what your ex said to you about what you’re like *in* bed?” He smirks.

“He’s, in my opinion, completely *fucking wrong.*” He growls at her. Squeezing her ass in both hands. Loving how her small hands unknowingly rubbed friction against his nipple rings. Making him bite his lip. Lust squirming at his stomach.

“Be seeing you around, Kitten.” He departs with one last hot kiss to her lips. Then she watches her big tattooed ex-convict stride away. Off into the sunny morning.

She watches the car leave. Remarking to herself how at one time, or another, she dreaded him being released. *But now?* She’s never been more *mistaken* about anything in her life to date.
Chapter End Notes

Thots? Thirsts? Hmu now. Don’t be shy.
The end part of this is steamyyyy. And a lil bit romantic. Did someone say sticky hot Evie x Kylo quickie?

No? Oh well.

But do please enjoy the marvels of the wondrous Flo Bernstein for now...

Flo’s house was such a picture of southern hospitality, and charm, it should’ve been pasted on a postcard for the gallant pastoral south.

Flo and her husband Arthur bought the run down farmhouse, on a desolate acre of overgrown weeds for a few hundred dollars back in the 70’s, and they’d since turned it around into their dream home. Extended it to be a big farmhouse, and had it stuffed to the seams. Always busy with family, cooking food, pets, noise, and love.

Kindness and homœyness permeated every nook, and every cranny of that big, wooden house. Everyone who stepped on those porch steps was welcomed in like family. Gathered into the open arms of the Bernstein family as if they were one of their very own.

The old, off white, colonial farmhouse had everything. It truly was a dream house. Pristine charcoal shutters on the sash windows, rocking chairs on the wrap around porch. A swing. Hung off the branch of the massive angel oak trees, in the garden, which spread their leafy and green canopy to cover all over the house. Sheltering it. Right down the the lazy old Hound dog resting in the sunbeams on the porch. A pile of rusty furry red. Their old faithful bloodhound Buster snores lazily at the door, as he always did.
An apple pie, July 4th, true style colonial American home.

The house now nestled happily in a masterpiece of a garden, trimmed and manicured to perfection by Arthur’s keen green hands. Where the outdoors were his domain, Flo had the run of the whole house. She’d filled the place with their children, and grandchildren, great grandchildren. Nieces, nephews, her three sisters, two brothers, and everyone she could get her hands on. Their house burst at the seams. Along with twelve budgies. Three cats. Four dogs, eighteen fish, and a horse and several cow’s in the field far outback.

Arthur and Flo lived a full, kind life. They never turned anyone away, and they loved earnestly with their whole hearts.

Flo had been known to hook in people less fortunate than themselves at all times. A home packed to burst, and she still offered meals and a bed and board to those in town who were down and out. Last thanksgiving she’d not taken any prisoners and even had all of the local homeless sat at her dinner table that the shelter couldn’t take. She gave them clothes, a bath, and a banquet of a hot meal. Even helped them find work after the holidays were over - she knew everyone and everyone knew her.

Even in her frail old age of 88, she was not to be messed with. No one says ‘No’ to Flo Bernstein.

Today, sticky and sunny as it was, drenched the house in speckles of sunlight that chipped through the trees. There’s not even a breath of wind on the air. A truly typical sticky summers afternoon. The air stifling, hot with the smell of sickly jasmine, freshly mowed lawn, green, Sharp and muggy. From the house a buttery pastry smell poured out the open windows and the front door.

As Evie pulled up in her car, she smiles merely at the sight of the busy, loving house before her. Two raucous great-grandkids, boys, were playing with a football on the lawn. Another, a girl, sat swinging on the suspended rope tree swing. Her pink dress swayed like pink flower petals, on her movements. She can also see Arthur, pottering around his flower beds in his gardening hat, and raggedy trousers, shears in hand as he trimmed back an unruly shrub.

She smiles watching the busy house as relatives come and go from Flo’s kitchen. Carrying heaped bowls of food over to the long stretch of rickety set tables set on the lush emerald lawn. Too many chairs to count crammed around the table, laid with a daisy stitched table runner. And citrus candles in mason jars burned to keep the insects away. There were far too many people to cram into the small dining room today.

Evie’s glad of it. She needs a distraction. This week if she wasn’t baking, or gardening, washing or cleaning, or out canvassing for a new job. She was finding other ways to keep busy.
Keeping distracted so her thoughts wouldn’t double back to him.

It had been a whole week since the infamous night in question. And she hadn’t heard a peep. So she scrubbed her porch, or indexed her cookery books, or spent hours pruning weeds from her veggie patch. Anything to not think about the possible loneliness or sting of rejection she was sure there was to come.

“Be seeing you around, Kitten.” Those were his final parting words to her. How she’s turned those over and over in her head like a demented broken record. She didn’t know how to decipher his speech. Was she supposed to contact him? She’d no phone number, no address. Was it down to her? Or him? She was agony over trying to decide what was what. And what she should do next.

So she’d been only all too glad to accept an invite over to Flo’s for lunch on what was to be an otherwise lonely Saturday. She’d made two enormous peach pies, a cherry cobbler, and three thick mushroom and bacon quiches to boot.

She hauls her cooking off the backseat, and smiles when the three grandkids came charging over to greet her. Full of beans, all three of them envelope her in a crushing hug. Clamouring her name. Pinning their little arms around her waist. Daisy, Eddy and Zack. Some of her biggest fans. She greets each of them in turn.

“You’ve grown up so big since I’ve last seen you guys.” She smiles merrily down at them. Hugging them back. The boys fight over who gets to take the peach pies into the kitchen. She gives them one China pie dish each and thanks her strong helpers. Daisy slips her hand into Evie’s and drags her across the front lawn and up onto the porch. Evie nearly walks out her strappy silver sandals.

It was too sticky hot to wear something that wasn’t airy. She’d decided on her plainly simple blush pink, wrap around chiffon dress. Ending mid thigh, trimmed with ruffles down the front, and the hem. The sleeves were flowy, floaty. Ending at her elbows. It was almost sheer on the sleeves and trims, when the sun shone on it. Turned it into a gauzy, foam pink.

It was dotted with polka dots and swirled with flowers. The trims differed between the two patterns. Stitched like a gauzy sheer patchwork quilt of roses and dots. It was one of her fancier summer dresses, one she’d bought years ago. She didn’t exactly budget herself for new dresses very often.

She took the time to make herself prettily presentable today. A slip of rose pink on her lips. Mascara fluttered on her eyelashes. Blush powdered across her cheeks. A silver bracelet that was once her
grandma’s, clinked about on her wrist. Her hair she’d left loose, it’s short toffee caramel waves framing her smiling face. Tucked behind her ears, making her simple jewelled silver earrings there, catch the sparse light.

Daisy drags her to the porch, hollering into the house in her tiny shout for her mom, and grandma Flo. Evie lets herself through the screen door, pushing it open for the both of them. Daisy asks excitedly if she’d braid her hair in that fancy way she had done last time.

Evie lets the excited girl lead her through the Knick knack cluttered, yet unceasingly tidy house. They come to the sunny, cream tiled and wood kitchen. The middle island swathed with bowls and cooking in progress from the heavily pregnant, middle aged woman in an apron and her spitfire of a mother next to her.

“Daisy! Let Evie breathe...” May says with a sigh rolling out her smile, as she layered pastry over the top of one of the pot pies. Daisy’s colouring came from the dazzlingly maternal blonde. May, who was Flo’s youngest daughter. Close to age in Evie. The family lived two states away. But never missed Saturday lunch.

“It’s quite alright, May. How are you doing?” Evie asks with warm, smiling sympathy, steering Daisy into the bar stool to help Flo take some fresh baked flaky biscuits off a baking tray.

She sets her brought cooking down beside the other bowls and plates heaped full of it. May was eight months and three weeks and about ready to burst any day now.

“Very pregnant.” She grumbles a smile in response. Placing a hand to her aching back.

“I tried to get her to sit down. But would she listen to me?” Flo asks Evie. Before tugging the woman in for a kiss and a hug. And her staple greeting of “Hey, there. Sugar.”

“Wonder where she gets that from.” Evie teases genially. Digging in, she lifts her quiche out of its bowl, and lays it onto a waiting plate. Daisy giggles. Showing off her gap grin where she lost a tooth a while back. Evie reaches over and rights Daisy’s little hair bow that had come askew.

“I dread to ask, but, Can I help with anything? May you should definitely be in a chair with your feet up, and a cold drink in hand, in this heat.” Evie suggests softly. Moving across to tie one of Flo’s spare waist apron around her waist. Blue. Frilly. Trimmed with yellow and red flowers.
May huffs a wisp of blonde hair out her face and wiped her hands on the cloth beside where she was rolling out shortcrust pastry.

“But I’ve g-“ she pauses and reflects. “You’re sure you don’t mind?” She asks. Breathy with exertion and red cheeked. “I wouldn’t say no to resting my back for a little while.” She winces. Rubbing at the sore spot.

Flo eyes her daughter sharply. “Get going honey. I’ll be out there with a glass of lemonade soon.” Flo warns with her infamous piercing stare.

May smiles and kisses Evie on the cheek. “You’re a treasure.” She smiles as she waddles past. Taking off her apron. She sticks her hand out for Daisy to grab. “Come on sweets. Lets go find Grandpa.” She grins, ushering her sweet ball of energy out of the kitchen.

Evie takes over on the pastry. And Flo zips close to her when May and Daisy leave the kitchen.

“You are holding out on me. Winslow. And so help me lord. If you don’t open up about those damn hickies all over your neck, and who put them there, I might just throw you out a damn window. You can pick the window. But that’s how it’s gonna be unless you start spillin’ me some deet’s.” Flo ushers lowly at her. One shrivelled, pale hand on her hip. The other on the counter, boxing Evie into the sink as she started to peel and wash the corn.

She was beet red now. Self consciously her fingers brushing against her curtain of hair hiding her slightly bruised neck from prying eyes. She’d forgotten rule two; nothing gets past Flo Bernstein.

Something like a sigh mixed with a laugh falls out her mouth. She hair tucks and finishes stripping off the corn. Wiping dirty hands on her apron. By this point, Flo had gone to the fridge and poured two gigantic glasses of white wine.

“Don’t like drinkin’ in front of May. It gets her all antsy. Poor girl. I couldn’t last a day without my wine now. Lord knows how I had five babies all those damn years ago.” She mumbles to herself as she pours and pours. Her measurements were famously generous.

“Well. I suppose it started-“ Evie begins shyly.

Flo shoves a glass of wine in her hands, and crooks a finger at her friend. Her short, elderly frame
shuffled through her house, back out to the front porch. She swings the screen door open and Evie can see she is being herded towards the rocking chairs. Flo pats the lazy lump of Buster as she goes, his tail lazily wags at her.

As they leave the house, Evie rolls her eyes as Flo sets a Blossom Dearie Jazz record spinning on her ancient turntable. To twinkle her crooning song out the window. And mask their conversation from the kids and family to the side of the house.

She smiles as Flo eases them down and starts creaking back in the chair, setting it to rock as they sip wine.

“Now.” Flo clears her throat. “From the top. And don’t you dare leave any of the dirty parts out.” Flo leers at her.

“Well. I went out on the date with Ben. The one who sent flowers. It was very nice. Goodnight kiss at the door. Very genial and sweet.”

“But...” Flo coaxes.

“His brother was released from prison last week.” Evie says. Nervously biting her lip.

Flo’s brows rose. A filthy smile stretched her lips. “Holy hell. That’s the one I’m assuming?....” She peters out, pointing towards Evie’s neck.

Evie blushes and nods gently.

“What’s he like?” She seeks keenly. “Only That bossy boots, motor mouth neighbour of yours, Mrs Hobbs, says she was taking a constitutional last week. And saw a very dashing, tall man covered in tattoos, shove his tongue down your throat on the front porch.” Flo grins.

“And I’ll be damned if I get a piece of news second to that old frumpy biddy.” She barks.

Evie laughs. She was such a spitfire. A nosy one. But a spitfire nonetheless.
“He is, very tall. And big. And yes, he has a lot of tattoos. Dark hair and he’s-just…” Evie shrugs picking at the rim of her wineglass as she looked down into her lap.

“He’s the most gorgeous looking man I’ve ever met.” She tells honestly.

Flo chuckled. “Oh, honey. I meant what’s he like, in the bedroom.” She winks.

Evie splutters. And wine drips down her chin. She nearly chokes on it.


“Thorough, I’m guessing.” She adds. Evie shuts her eyes and shakes her head. But she can’t wipe off her smile.

The two ladies rock in silence for a minute. Listening to Blossom. Smelling the food simmering away in the oven. Mixed with hot air perfumed with Arthur’s flowering garden. Magnolias and jasmine. They listened to crickets creak. And the clamour of Flo’s big family out back. Setting the table. Bringing out plates upon plates of heaped food to the table. Lunch was being served soon.

“You look sad, sweetie.” Flo remarks.

Evie chews the inside of her lower lip. “Maybe. I don’t know. Haven’t heard from him. And-perhaps…” she shrugs. Leaving it there. His face swimming in her mind makes her body ache.

She takes stock of the funny grey pit furrowing in her stomach. Does she miss him?

“If he’s been around you for more than five minutes, and can’t figure out what a lovely girl you are, and what a lucky man he could be to have ya, then he’s the fool, Evie. And you’d be well rid of him.” Flo presses seriously. Seeing her quiet, shy friend needed bucking up.

She lifts her wine to her mouth. “No matter how good he was in bed. No man is worth any measurable thing, if can leave you like that, or with a sore heart.” Flo tells her.
Evie nods. But a spark of hope flickered in her gut. She hopes very sincerely that Flo was wrong. That Kylo would show up again. She really did.

“I better go finish that corn. Lunch won’t make itself.” She explains with pink cheeks. Walking back into the kitchen. She occupies herself with tasks to keep her mind busy, once again.

Every now and then Flo tried to catch her eye as she helps May with the hot spicy chicken wings. Evie lets herself smile and get roped into playing with the grandkids. Letting herself forget.

Even if just for this sunny, glorious afternoon with her second family. She wouldn’t let Flo coax out her biggest fear: that she was scared of loving the wrong man and being left alone, again.

~


Blossom Dearie from Flo’s record player is still drifting across the lawn. Birds tweet overhead. Clinking of cutlery hitting crockery and laughter can be heard as everyone tucks in. Evie is next to Arthur at the head of the table. Daisy desperately clamoured to be on her other side. They are sharing biscuits, and Evie is smiling and chatting away to Arthur about her new tomato crops this year.
May leans over to her mother, from opposite the table. Speaking in hushed tones.

“Is Evie alright, ma? She seem ok to you? She seems awful distracted. Like she’s trying to keep busy to keep from thinking.” May admits as they watch her talk to Grandpa, in-between buttering a big wedge of corn bread for her and Daisy.

Flo picks up her wine and smiles meekly at her daughter. Before she too, turns to look at her friend.

“I think she’s smitten with someone. Only she doesn’t quite know if he’s, there, for her yet.” Flo explains.

May looked surprised. “I mean I’d heard the rumour around town. But I didn’t know she had a guy...”

“I think it’s fairly recent.” Flo winks knowingly at her eldest daughter.

“She hasn’t been with someone in so long. Poor girl must be lonely, and now that thing with her job.” May says with sympathy. She’d never be so bold as to say this to Evie’s face. As their dearest friend wouldn’t like to think she was a pity case. And they didn’t pity her. They loved her.

“It’s odd to see her like this. And I don’t want to see her heartbroken again. If that no good son of a-“

“Mom.” May chides.

“Well. If he doesn’t do the deed and return her feelings. I’m gonna beat the damn tar outta the stupid guy.” Flo promises. “Our girl needs a man. Someone good. Someone who won’t take her kindness for granted.” Flo insists.

“He rode her like a dime store pony and now she’s trying not to make it look like she’s waitin’ for his call.” Flo tells.

May nudges her mother in false disgust. Unable to help laughing.
“What?” Flo asks offhandedly.

“You and your dustbin thoughts.” May chides.

May nods. “Besides. I would’ve thought you’d have stuck your nose in, by now, and set her up with a man.” May says, sipping on her lemonade.

“All the eligible men I know ain’t good enough. Plus most of them are ugly. No. She needs to find her own dashing stranger. One who falls for her quiet charms.”

“Well. From the sounds of things, circulating around town. She caught quite a looker.” May intones.

Flo leans in and clutches her daughters hand. “Tell me what you know.” She says, narrowing her eyes.

“Mrs Hobbs was spreading it around like wildfire. Six foot four guy on her porch. She said he looked rich. Dangerous. And was covered in tattoos.” May spills.

Flo raised a brow. “I never thought she’d be the kind of a gal to land a dark and dangerous type. Her exes have all been safe, city guys.”

“Apparently he didn’t look very safe to Mrs. H.” May declares.

Flo says with a deadpan expression, sipping her wine; “Any Guy walking down the street, looks threatening to that woman. She’s a paranoid crazy cat lady.” She tells seriously.

“Evie deserves someone. She does. All alone in that house after her ma, and her grandma died. It’s almost sad that someone so nice, is so lonely.” May admits. “I know she comes over and spends time with our crazy relatives. I just worry about her, is all.”

“Me too.” Flo admits. “Before Win died, she promised me to watch over Evie. I told my best friend she didn’t even have to ask me that. Of course I would...” Flo tells.
“I know. You still miss her sometimes, huh?” May says. Stroking her dear mother’s hand as she spoke fondly of her lost friend.

“I miss that stubborn old girl like crazy some days. When the wind blows right…” she chuckles.

“If I hear her favourite oldie song on the radio. Or eat a slice of pecan pie. If someone I see on the street wears the same shoes she used too. I’m reminded of her every day.” Flo says. Winnifred Winslow, and Flo Bernstein were as thick as thieves in their youth. Cemented as firm friends for life.

They’d met eons ago, when Flo first moved here, in the early 70’s. Not a year later, a single mother with a young daughter moved here from a little town called Surrey, in England. Both being outsiders, Flo and Winnie got along like a house on fire. They grew up in this place, starting their families. Coming to know the ins-and-outs of this small, friendly town. They grew up, and elderly together. Win’s daughter, Annie, had her own baby daughter at 22. A little pink bundle of gorgeousness, christened as Evelyn Beatrice Winslow. The scoundrel of a father, whom barely warranted a name, skipped town three weeks after she was born. Flo had a mind to hunt him down and set to him with a baseball bat.

But Winslow girls were made of strong, stiff upper lipped, mettle; they pulled through together.

Flo had been besotted with Annie and Winnie. And she simply doted like hell upon their little Evie. Even with a family of her own growing in size, she always made time for her dearest friends. Flo always cooked an impressive spread, and made a point of telling anyone if they ever struggled for food, or got behind on rent, or simply didn’t have the budget to afford either rent or groceries - then no arguments, no matter of pride or manner of pitying charity case, pull up a chair at her table, and she’d see to it good, home cooked food would soon reach their hungry bellies.

Winnie had prevailed on that many times for her and Annie when they first came. Stacking shelves in the local market, and working at the hairdressers too, wasn’t such a well paid set of jobs for a single mother trying to put a kid through school, and make rent on the side.

Flo felt all gooey and sad thinking of her dearly departed friend. The feelings and the vow she made all stemming from her protectiveness, and fierce desire to see her Win’s Evie, finally settled and happy. With the love of a good man.

“The love of a kind decent man, could make a girl move mountains. It’d be good for her to love someone again. Be looked after. And care after someone in return. And it don’t hurt if the sex ain’t
too bad either.” Flo winks at May. “Matter of fact good bedroom manners makes it almost worth having a guy.”

May shakes her head. “You be careful next time you step foot in church. Filthy lady.” She japes. She wouldn’t be surprised if thunder and lightning struck the church steeple.

They look back to Evie to see she’s passing a platter of her peach pie down to Mays husband, Joe. She smiles at something he says to her. But they can both see it doesn’t reach her eyes.

“We can only hope this guy comes through for her, I guess.” May winces. Shrugging. Though full well knowing they both wished they could kick this guys ass into gear for their great girl.

“If he doesn’t...” Flo warns. Trailing off. Her threat open ended. She sips more wine in her simmering rage.

May hands her mother a piece of corn. “I don’t doubt you could take him, ma.” She smiles. Leaning over to give her a one armed hug.

Lunch draws to a lazy close. The kids run off with Arthur to go help feed the cows. The guys gather plates to help wash up. The ladies set about clearing away the Tudor sized banquet of food. Apart from May, who went off for a post-lunch nap. Evie is ticking leftover things in cling wrap, when Flo totters over and helps her heap a great pile of dirty dishes onto a tray, ready to go back in the kitchen.

“Your pies were great sweetie. You know I can’t resist a Graham cracker crust.” Flo says. Stealing more pieces of peach from the half eaten pie dish.

“Well. I know how much Arthur likes the Cherry cobbler. But the peaches on my trees were in season. And one person came to mind.” She smiles. Folding napkins. Flo pats her hand. Her bony one covering it. Her skin so wrinkled and soft, where her golden wedding band sat, her hand shaped around it, like gnarled roots of a tree growing around something foreign. Evie always thought that was the most beautiful thing about old age. Seeing a dull and beloved wedding ring almost welded into the skin of an aged old hand.

“You’re a sweet girl Evelyn. Come to think of it. I think you’re the sweetest girl I know.”

Evie clasps her hand back over her friends.
“Screw being scared, sugar. You wanna see that man of yours, go get him. I promise you, he won’t think any less of ya. But if not being with him is making you unhappy. Then that must mean he’s worth something awful special to ya.” She admits.

“I’m sorry if I brow-beat your bony ass earlier. You know what I’m like once I sniff out a rumour.” She smiles in deprecation at herself.

“If you’ve fallen for this man of yours. Then there’s nothing wrong with that. He must be a very spectacular fella to deserve you.” She adds. “Don’t get all hung up on who should phone who. Do what makes you happy. Scary as it is. Reach out. I promise if it’s meant to be, it’ll be worth it, and you’ll be so glad you did. Don’t let him slip you by kiddo.” She encourages.

Evie wondered if Flo would be so encouraging if she knew about Kylo’s tendency toward a darker nature.

She thinks she’s kidding herself. Her stupid heart falling for a man who literally couldn’t love. Infatuated with a violent sociopath. It’s such an irony she wants to weep.

“I just- I don’t want to get hurt. Not by him. I couldn’t take the hurt of his rejection. It scares me to think I’ll end up unwanted, again.” She sighs morosely. Folding napkins over sharply. Now she’s thinking of him, all that worry about rejection and humiliation is bubbling up like poison in her blood.

“Don’t get ahead of your paranoia. Toots. Stamp it out. It hasn’t been that long. Let us see what time brings, huh?” She winks. Folding Evie into a hug. She grips back the short, caring, elderly little frame of her adopted grandmother.

Evie took a deep breath. She’d needed talking down from her panicking ledge. Stewing over her worries had made her ugly old fears surface this past week. Flo was good at talking straight, honest sense. She dabbed at the tears that threatened at the corner of her eyes.

“Dry your eyes sugar. And hang the dishes. My lazy, no good sons can do this. We did all the cookin after all. Come sit with an old lady whilst I have my afternoon whiskey. I can tell you all about my own experience with a tattooed biker.” Flo winks.

Evie laughs as Flo takes her across the lawn to the porch. Daisy was on the lawn, playing with Flo’s
shaggy golden retrievers. Bo and Bonnie. Chucking a frisbee round. It whizzed on the air and dogs barked chasing after it.

Evie creaks Flo into her rocking chair and fetches her a dram of Glenlivet. They once again sit and natter about nothing in particular. Amber evening sun starts to drift through the trees. Some tired parents come to wrangle their kids into the bath before bed. Evie stands to take her leave from Flo. As the house still clamoured, inside and out. In the kindly light of the setting day.

“Don’t forget, its them town shindigs next weekend. Open air movie in the park. And bake sale in two weeks. You’re cookin for it right?” Flo asks as she totters down the path with her friend, seeing her to the car.

“Of course.” She smiles.

She’d promised no less than fifteen pies and eight cakes for the fundraiser for fixing the library roof. The small town library, where of course, she volunteered part time. Unpaid position. She mostly just organised books and help unpack new donations - Shaking moths and cobwebs out of those new donations more like. She didn’t do it for money. She did it for pleasure - and to be near the books.

“Be seeing ya, toots.” Flo smiles as she tiptoes up on her feet to kiss Evie’s cheek. A wary of talc and roses smacks Evie in the face. She hugs Flo tight and opens her car door as she watches her second grandma hold Daisy’s hand and help lead her into the house. Dogs following suit. Baying at Flo’s ankles.

She stands at her opened car door, letting the heat out.

Evie looks back up at the gorgeous dream house, now surrounded, hemmed in, by a rusty sunset. The ochre grass ablaze. The treetops tinged amber. Honey light spills from the upstairs window. Noise and music, and voices, still pour out the windows from downstairs.

A glimpse of the life she thought she’d have, by now. In truth it hacks at her heart that she’s still an unwed spinster who no one wants. She ducks into her car with a glum sigh, and starts the drive home.

All the way her mind is occupied with confusing, embittered thoughts and dashed hopes. Flo told her not to give up on Kylo just yet - but part of her wants to let all her hope drain away now. Before it had a chance to build its home in her heart.
She turns the radio onto a golden oldies station. Lets the humming melody soothe her ears as a distraction as she enters the woods near home. The windows rolled down, letting a cool breeze flutter at her face. Tug at her hair. She watches stripes of orange light cast through the trees, onto her car, skipping over her as she passed. Down onto the little lane, bound homeward.

She watches her little house come into view. Half shaded chiaroscuro from trees shade, and sticky sunlight. The air was still stifling and muggy. Sticking her thin dress to her back. Her soft thighs dripping sweat where they touched. She felt it beading on her neck and collarbone too. She considers a cold shower as she climbs out her car, and locks it.

She gets the front gate, casting her eyes over her garden, when her stomach tenses and falls in a heavy heap right to her toes. All breath leaves her in a gasp.

For there is a sable-haired, tattooed, dashing god of a man, reclined back on her porch wicker armchair.

Watching her with deep, greedy eyes and a lazy smile. His long, thick legs stretched out far in front of him. In black suit trousers. His shirt was a hunter green. Unbuttoned low, between his pecs. Italian black brogues on his feet. His jacket is slung carelessly over the arm of his chair that his big body swallowed up. His tie too, flopped over the chair.

He’d eschewed formality. His expensive suit watered down now to shirt and trousers in the strangling heat. In one hand, she saw he held a whiskey glass with a slither of amber in it, to one thigh. Swirling it as he watched her catch sight of him. Those piercing eyes she can feel staring at her already. They make her legs turn to mush, and her lungs completely sucked dry.

She opens the gate with a renewed excitement. Latching it behind her and walking through the garden and up onto the porch to join him. Her cardigan and keys in her hand. He drinks her in.

He swore to god if anymore sunlight shone on that dress, it would turn see-through. He could already see the twin columns of her pale thighs through the gauzy skirts. Gauzy thin like light shining through moths wings. His eyes travelled upwards, taking in her soft body draped in innocent pink chiffon. Slips of sandals on her feet. She steps up opposite.

One part of her wants to be reserved - the other part wants to jump on him.
He’s sheened in sweat. He can see she’s the same. It was a sticky hot evening. Muggy forest drifts lazily around them. Encircling them. She’s lost in the lust of his hot eyes that scorched her. Bedroom eyes if she ever saw them. She recognised how her lust came alive for him too - merely on the sight of him. It was electric.

He tilts his head, urging her closer. He stands down his whiskey and draws her near, knocking her body into his knees as he sits up. Looking up at her as his palms skim up the backs of her thighs. She drops her things. He smirks up at her. She could smell the whiskey on him. His slow movements indicated he’d had a few.

“Get over here and sit on my cock, Kitten.” He demands on a husk.

He’d wanted her for hours. Wanted her back in his arms ever since he left here. Wanted her sweet body to indulge in after the pleasing events of his hectic week. As soon as he saw her in this flimsy dress, he wanted to watch his brute hands tear strips of it off, to get at her skin underneath. Seeing her rosy nipples stiffen for him. Puckering up, waiting for the kiss of his mouth.

She moans when he tugs her off the ground, into his lap. Knees split over him. His hands going under her dress, hooking into her underwear. Slippery wetness already drips over his fingers. He finds it there, all entirely for him this time.

“This all for me huh? It’d be a great shame to let this gorgeous wet pussy of mine go to waste.” He hums into her neck. His fingers dipping in her cunt, diving into her, as his teeth remark her now faded bitten-neck.

She melts. God help her, she just crumbles into his arms. Sighing in bliss, head thrown back, her fingers clutch to his shoulders. Feeling his massive hard cock beneath her lap. Even through his trousers. Stiff as a board.

“What if someone sees us? She worries. Eyes flickering around the empty woodland. Looking for shady figures hunched in the far away trees.

Her hands sink into his hair as he kisses her neck. Licking up her sweat and perfume. Feeling their desperate, boiling bodies writhe with each other in the hot, breathless air. Not even a whisper of wind to cool them. They were both burning up - with need, and heat.

“Then I’ll kill them.” He states sweetly, his hips humping up into her as he gets two fingers inside her.
He groans deeply. As does she. He’s circling her clit with two slick, thick fingers dripping in her own wetness. She’s thrusting her body into his, seeking more.

“You’ve needed me to fill you up all week, haven’t you Kitten? Rub this clit. Finger this tight pussy. Fuck it raw again like last time, til you cum all over me. Gushing cream for me, like my good girl.” He mumbles into her ear.

“Get your hand on my cock Kitten. That’s what I’ve been needing all week. Those little hands of yours, stroking my big dick.” He orders hotly. Her hand searches for his zipper, and quickly fumbles to unleash the beastly sized cock that she was grinding up against. She’s missed him, and this.

He growls lowly in pleasure as she stroked him. Shuddering in wanton pleasure when she gets his hardness in hand again. He is ever more impatient today, so it seems, because he then drags her panties to the side, takes her by the hips and presses his cock inside her. Slapping their sweaty bodies into one.

Her shout echoes off the house. Shattering off each tree and coming back twice as loud. He sets her bouncing on him, the way he liked. Feeling her squelch around each long inch of him. Her hands struggled for his shoulders, clinging on for dear life. He throws his head back, sweat sliding down his throat and on his forehead, leaking into his hair. He’s sweaty. So is she. They’re dripping. It’s filthy. So hot. Too hot. And fucking glorious.

“Fuck. I’ve missed this pussy. I’ve missed this pussy so fucking goddamn much Kitten. A week without it feels like a fucking year.” He snarls as his hips snap faster, plowing into her deeper. Pressing at all those amazing spots.

She can’t speak. She can barely gasp. She’s being fucked too well to talk. Her hands slide down his shirt, her palm drifts under the lip of it, to feel his powerful, hard, sweating body as he curses and grunts through her riding him. He rips the shirt open, indulging her. Letting her grope and grab at more of him as he fucks her silly.

Her mouth falls open. Cheeks reddening as he tears open the front of her dress. Burying his mouth in her sticky sternum. Her skin warm, her heartbeat pumping hot and hard against his mouth. She grasps his hair as he sucks at her skin. Tonguing at her breasts, biting them down to the cups of her bra. Helping guide how her hips grind onto his length. He watched his cock punch the breath out of her.
“Kylo. -Oh. You’re so big.” She whines. Almost sobbing it. Each time he pounds, pleasure and almost-too-much-pain flares through her belly. Her hands gently flickering her thumbs over his nipple rings, where they were still hooked under his shirt. He jolts. Fucks up harder. She clenches around him. Tight.

“I want this perfect pussy on my lap every day.” He moans. “I’m gonna fucking have it, day and night.” He vows. Swirling her hips over him. Feeding the sweet friction. The pleasure. Her clit is catching on something. And each bounce and grind feels more and more amazing.

“Kylo.” She groans.

He smirks.

Her ass now in his hands, he tugs and fucks, and fucks, and sucks on her neck until they both cum loudly. He muffled his cries. Sinking down on her throat. She quashes hers down into his shoulder. Her hips shuddering for every last spasm. He spurts deep inside her and doesn’t stop pouring cum into her til the pleasure blurs into too much.

Much as last time, he feels her wetness, sweat and slick trail down his length, his balls, and the front of his trousers. Her pussy slick leaving wet-sticky stains where they’d spilled out of her. Their breathing is mismatched. They pant and groan onto each other’s sweaty bodies. Gasping for breath in the muggy air. Feeling hot from head to toe. Drenched in both sweat and joined wet with bodily fluids where their laps met.

“Oh, holy god.” Evie gasps into his ear as he strokes down her legs. Both so blissed out, you could’ve poured the pair of them out that chair.

Kylo closes his eyes and nuzzles into her neck. Her scent lingered there; geranium perfume. Sweat. Washing powder. And butter. His Evie.

“Sorry I kept you waiting so long for my big cock. Kitten.” He grins a kiss against her ear. Smug.

She gasps as he shifts inside her. Still hard. She pulls back and strokes some tamped curls away from his sticky forehead.
“I- I missed, all of you.” She admits in a shy little confession.

“Same here.” He leers right back at her. She’s been fucking haunting him ever since she left. Her touch, her scent, her body. Her damn lilac scent infused on his clothes. The way he could barely sleep for want of her hot pussy clenching around him. His big, luxurious bed felt too wide without her soft body to lean into and grab at.

_Damnit_, here he was going and getting all used to her.

But then again - seeing as he’s just spent a weeks worth of built up cum inside her tight walls, and had the most blissful orgasm he can remember. He starts to let go of that inclination to worry about attachments.

“I didn’t know if you’d come back.” She admits also. Nervously twirling fingertips over his tattoos.

“I told you, Evie. You’re _mine_. If I could’ve been here every night dicking you down until you scream, I would’ve _leapt_ at the chance.” He explains.

“Work got in the way this week. I actually came here to celebrate. What better way to do that than my sweet kitten riding my dick?” He smirks.

He dips a finger to where her pussy was stretched over him still. Scooping up a generous taste of her on his finger, he makes her watch as he sucks it clean.

“Better than _any_ champagne…” He growls. Giving her a savagely possessive kiss. Tasting herself, her tang, on his tongue. And the spiking taste of whiskey spice too.

She pulls back, and he attacks her neck. Makes her legs go all wobbly. More so than usual.

“May I ask what you’re celebrating?” She asks. Curling her toes against the wicker seat. One fingertip ribbing circles, following the shape of his nipple ring. He pulls away with a smile. Letting her skin release with a wet pop. Seeing the red welt he left behind.

“Starting up my own company. Bankrupting the pricks that fired me from Maddox & Haig. Finding
a new site for office. And securing a business investor for my firm. You’ve just the ridden the CEO’s dick, baby.” He grins. “How’s that feel?” He asks shifting hair off her damp aghast face.

“CEOs of your own architecture firm?” She asks. “Kylo. That’s amazing.” She smiles.

*God, she was just so good. So Uncorrupted. Yet still sat stretched on his cock.*

He smiles, a little smugly, at her. “I start hiring next week.” He says. “Which leaves me a few days spare to spend inside my kitten, in bed.” He grumbles sexily. Smiling into her throat.

She goes all shy and red at the comment. But she can’t deny she wants that - very much so.

“Well. How could I turn down such a, wonderful invitation?” She asks with a lazy, spent smile. Feeling the scar dripping down his neck as she nestled into the crook of his shoulder. Eyes flitting all over him.

“It’s not an invitation.” He corrects. “It’s an order.” He says with a beaming smile.

An order she knows the conniving devil on her shoulder will make her obey.

She tries to ease off him, her legs as wobbly and spasming like a baby foals. She shudders a gasp when he slips out. Leaving her stretched wide after the horribly empty gap he left inside her. She was growing used to the feeling of his cock stuffing her to the hilt.

“Easy, Kitten.” Kylo commends. Uncaring for the mess, he brings her back into his lap, draped across his sideways. Her right side pressing into his left, legs folded over his thighs. Wet pussy and cum soaking into his trousers.

Fuck the mess - he can buy another suit. He doesn’t give a fuck about the five figures it cost that he’s ruining with their mess. He just wants her near. He actually grows harder, feeling their cum soaking into his thigh. He tucks himself away into his briefs and tugs her close with one big hand dwarfing around her waist.

“Jelly legs baby. Aftermath of a truly great fuck.” He warns happily.
She relaxes into him. He welcomes her there. Sucking at her neck again. Making her weak. Like he always does.

He closes his eyes. Exhaling against her neck. Feeling the sun's heat hit them both square in the back. He takes a lungful. A drag of her. Feeling his mind just switch off for a minute. Hazy. Spent. Unwound.

Listens to birds chirp in the trees. The crickets. Swaying leaves hissing on the barely there, breeze. He lets it's simplicity soothe his rarely calm, black rotten soul.

She speaks up, fiddling with his expensive Alexander McQueen shirt buttons. Her toes fidget too. Both shoes slipped off where they'd fucked so hard.

“Did you want to stay for dinner?” She asks him.

His eyes snap open. Still foggy brain searching for an answer. Evie can see he looks unsettled.

“But, I'm- not dressed for it.” He offers.

She sits up away from his lap and looks him up and down. She smiles. With her red cheeks, shaded blue eyes, bitten blue neck and freshly fucked look, rumpling her pristine dress. He can’t think of a more irresistible sight.

“You look perfectly decent to me. Mr. Ren.” She smiles. “We’re pretty relaxed about the dress code here at Maison Winslow.” She jokes lightheartedly.

His brain stutters. The girls he was used too were always clamouring for Michelin star gourmet restaurants. In which any dress code below a Gucci suit, was a good enough reason to refuse service. He was accustomed to five star style dining. And fashion to match. His brain did not compute her simple, cute offer.

His face turns serious. Brow furrowed. Dark eyes looking bewildered.
“You don’t have to stay if you don’t want—” she says. Trying to placate the confusion that’s ebbing off him in waves.

He brings her close and shuts her up with a melting kiss. It curls her toes and zings her spine.

“Dinner sounds great. I can go out and get some wine if my hostess requires it.”

“No need.” She beams. “I have plenty in the cellar. My grandma kept it well stocked. You can choose one if you like...” She slowly eases off his lap. Feeling her panties slip back into place. His cum pouring into them when she stands on spasming thighs.

“Home made spaghetti and meatballs alright?” She asks sweetly. Reaching for her keys, the keys she’d dropped when he tugged her into the crushing embrace of his arms.

He doesn’t let her hand slip off him. Rather he keeps a hold on it. And tugs her palm to his lips. Kissing her sweaty skin.

“You’re perfect.” He sighs happily to her.

“You won’t be saying that when I need those strong arms to help me with the washing up.” She teases, opening her door and slipping inside.


“Careful, Kitten.” He warns playfully. Eyes gleaming hot black. Like coals.
Once again, when Kylo woke up in her antique, cosy little bed. Naked, clammy from sleep, and wrapped in bedsheets he’d made her cum all over the night before. The same thing happened as last time...

He stretched out his big hand to find his soft, bare kitten. And found only cooling bedsheets in her place. The warmth still on them his only imprint of company.

His eyes peel fully open. The suns not even fully awake in the sky yet either. Purple and peach bruise the sky in a fantastic array of colours. Where she’s left the window open, the chilling bite of the air tells him the day isn’t even thawing away the cool of night just yet.

He growls lowly in the back of his throat. His incessant morning wood already strangling his mood to become a sour one. For his perfect, personal pussy isn’t here, by his side, for him to sink his Cock into. That sets off a spreading annoyance to spear into his chest. It’s almost immature of him, in a way, his mood being set crooked and enraged by the mere fact he wasn’t fucking her half to death already.

He growls again and heaves himself up out of bed. Mood turning like a cold shift of wind on a warm summers day. Thunder clouds gathering in his eyes. Making his impatient cock throb more annoyingly where it wagged straight between his legs.
He grabs his underwear, and yanks it sharply up to his hips. He slams a hand to the bathroom door, it clatters open and shows him the narrow, dark of her empty en-suite.

He rounds her bedroom door to the landing and his feet pound the steps as he goes down each one. The old wood creaked and cracked under his fury and his weight. The kitchen is devoid of her. As is her study and the living room.

*No Kitten.*

His dark eyes turn toward the front door. In the dimness of the hallway where the mornings barely lit it. His pupils shimmer black and the whites of his eyes glint silver as he scans the gardens.

The ache between his thighs, and tugging like a hooked fishing line caught in his stomach, was starting to become unbearable. He needs his soft, small little toy under him. On top of him. Stretched split wide on his erection. He needs her right *fucking now.* Before the antsy anger in his blood boils over.

He heads for the front door and hauls it open. Curtains over the window slap on the sudden air. He steps onto the porch. Cold wooden boards tingling his soles underfoot. He treads the boards until he comes to the side of the house. Eyes fixating on the small figure that bobbed and weaved amongst the greenery of her vegetable garden.

She stood out stark from the surrounding woods. A purple blue morning oozed our from the background of the woods. Every patch of her garden was dark green and dense before sunlight got to it. She was an outstanding spec of colour amongst the sea of green. Especially in her tatty blue shirt and jeans. And a flouncy, drooping straw hat sat on her head.

She was fixated. Currently bending right over to pull out some weeds with her gloved hands. Taunting him with that round little ass in tight indigo jeans. The ass in question belonged back in bed. Beside him. Or being pounded into by his powerful hips as he did her doggy from behind.

His cock pulses and throbs heavy with *that* temptation.

He’s barefoot and naked, save for severely tented boxers. But that doesn’t stop him. Nothing will. He bounds down the steps and feels cool earth dig between his toes. He strides over to where she’s stood.
So close now he can smell her perfume on the air. See the coil of her hair folded forwards over her shoulder. The way her clothes rustled, rasping as she steps over a neat row of cabbages.

She jerks and squeaks in surprise when he hooks a thick finger in her belt loop, and tugs her back into the safe strong harbour of his tatted chest. His arm bunches around her middle. Pressing her tummy back into his swaying body.

He rips the hat off her and skims it away on the air like a frisbee. It lands over by her lettuces. Cushioned by their greenery. His greedy mouth comes low across her ear.

“I had hoped I could have my breakfast served up to me in bed, this morning.” He rumbles. Teasing his hand to the seam of her jeans. Running along her crotch. Palm cupping her pussy. His previously mentioned ‘breakfast.’

The only thing she had to do to feed him in the morning, was spread her legs and arch her hips. And he’d consider himself a well-fed man.

She shudders. Wanting to grind down onto his hand. She drops the basket she had crooked over her fingers. Produce within lumping around, rolling together. Cast to the wayside in the wake of Kylo’s appetite.

”Sorry.” She winces. She hated waking up alone too.

She had planned on omelettes for their breakfast. With herbs and vegetables used from her garden. But it appears the shift in Kylo’s hunger was turning in a different direction than a culinary inclined one.

His touch turns to a grip.

“I didn’t much like waking up alone in your bed. Again.” He warns lowly.

She feebly opens her mouth to offer her excuse up for him to shred to pieces. “S-sorry Kylo. I just wanted to get a few weeds up before it got hotter. I didn’t think you’d mind me leaving you asleep.” She hushes.
Silence. Wrong fucking answer.

“You didn’t think I’d mind?” He repeats in stiff mocking. His voice all stone and coldness. Unflinching. Hard. Like a stoic statue of icy marble.

She’s shut up real quick when a very long, hard cock is pressed against her ass. Throbbing. Even through her thick jeans she can feel how desperately hard he is.

She opens her mouth to once again say how sorry she is. Her cheeks heating in shame, she is closed in his iron grip. And hauled off. He walks them closer to the garden. Near the fence.

His meaning becomes clear as the day’s about to break over the purple dawn, when he shoves her hands onto the rough bark of the nearest thick tree. Splits her legs wide with one knee. Slams her ass to grind against his cock and growls in pleasure. Like a rutting animal finally getting its mate on all fours.

“Good thing you love taking a big cock from behind kitten.” He tells her. “I might be a nice guy and fuck you open after your punishment.” He growls down at her. Spitting dark fury at her. She doesn’t need to look behind her to see that his eyes are piercing and darker than obsidian. His teeth are bared and there’s no stopping him now. Not for all the world.

He’s going to punish her. Pound her. And He’s not going to give in until her cream drips down to her trembling knees.

She hides her face when his brute hands rip open and shove down her jeans. He snap’s her cotton underwear right off her. Tearing away at her hips. She feels its sting. He looks at her ruined panties in his hand and smirks. Between him and his twin squirrelling them away, she’d risk running out soon. Except he wouldn’t replace the simple cotton briefs. He’d lavish her in coco de mer, or agent provocateur. Something much more expensive for her sweet little pussy to drool slick into. Sexy lace and fine Silk. And all for him to find, tug at, and explore with his fingers.

He refocuses his aim downwards on her backside.

Her pale little ass now fully exposed to him. Her velvet skin almost glowed white here in the half dark.
He watches his hand span one cheek. Gripping it tight. Squeezing her. Before he pulls back and his palm collides in a sharp smack against her ass that makes all the birds overhead, scatter and flap out the trees. Off into the horizon.

She muffled her crying mouth onto her stretched out forearm. Smothering her moans. The sting. The heat. All of it rushed painfully to the surface of her ass where his handprint now sat in stark flaming scarlet. Each finger. The span of his palm. It branded her.

Blood poured into her cheeks. And she’s struggling to keep her knees upright. They're knocking together as they shake.


“Wh-one.” She gasps out weakly. He soothes the sting with his hand and feels the shivers run through her.

His hand lands again and she feels her treacherous sex freely pour slick to her inner thighs. Slippery and hot as she clenches her thighs together. Counting the second strike.

“Two.” She trembles. Her voice breaking messily as she squeaks. Toes curling up in her grubby converse. She’s never had any other man do this to her. It’s perverse and painful. Yet, amazingly, she still finds herself turned on by it.

“Three.” His palm hits her again. Her nails rake down the bark. Tears streaming down her face. She can’t tell if this is addictive or repulsive.

“F-four.” She sobs. Trying to stop her hips from carting forwards too far. Shrinking out of his touch. She’s hiccuping with sobs by now. She arches her back when he slides a hand up her top, and around her ribs to clutch one breast in his hand.

He’s not gentle when he tugs and pinches her nipple. She whines his name.

“Yes, Kitten?” He mocks.
Then comes another smack. She starts to feel how the pain radiates through her much more powerfully than the pleasure. Now, it’s starting to bite it’s sting into her with full force. She’s sure her nail marks are embedded in the bark.

“Five.” She says. He loves how her voice is no more than a strained squeak. She’s either gasping or sobbing. It’s making him harder in his boxers.

Her eyes are screwed so tightly shut in anticipation of the sixth. She gasps right through it when it comes. The seventh is the same. The eighth made her tears come. The ninth and she’s sobbing.

The tenth makes her howl with relief, so loud, she’s sure her nosy, elderly deaf neighbour will hear it - sans hearing aid. She hears it come back to her, off every tree trunk surrounding them. Recoiling back to her. Re-reminding her of her shame.

His hand smoothed over her ass once more. Loving the heated skin passing so softly under his palm.

“I think that’s enough. Sugar is always sweeter than salt, after all Kitten.” He explains. She understands his reasoning when two thick fingers are shoved roughly into her pussy. Curling upwards. Dragging against the spot that threatens to make her knees collapse from right under her.

She doesn’t even recognise the noises she’s making. She can’t fathom how such desperate, feral, animalistic moans are coming from her mouth. But she can hear how her slick cunt sounds squishing around his fingers as he fucks her open.

She goes to moan his name. But only gets so far as “Kyl-“ before her own moan interrupts her, when he changes the angle to pummel at her sweet spot.

He shoves his fingers harder and harder til he feels her thighs tense. Her slick spurting over his hand. Watching how he practically tortured her with pleasure.

“You ever gonna leave me on my own in bed, again?” He asks her in a snarl.

She can’t answer ‘no’ fast enough. She shakes her head. Whines. Arches her spine for him. Her pussy fluttering around the relentless plunge of his fingers.
Tears sting her eyes. She’s definitely sobbing now. Her ass is on fire and her cunt is on fire, weeping over his palm to his wrist as he slaps against her. Curling and prodding that amazing spot deep inside.

She’s edged on tiptoes. And a crushing orgasm wracks her spent body of every ounce of energy. He’s wrung her out like he’s twisting a piece of cloth. Savouring every drop. His eyes drink in how she cums down his forearm. His fingers strung with her sticky slick.

He pulls away gently. Letting her feel every ridge and vein in his fingers. He swirls his fingers in a wide circle before he pulls out. Loving how tightly strung out his little kitten was. He wets his lips looking at her red ass, and swollen pussy. Sheening wet in the half light with her own fluids.

He drags her ass into both big hands, opens her apart, and fucks her into the tree with one push of his powerful hips. Plunging into her scorching hot heat. Stepping closer. Hips smacking together.

His mouth goes slack when he feels how he stretched open her tiny cunt. God, she was always so tight for him. He’s never going to get tired of how she has to work hard just to fit him inside her. He stuffed her so full she’d never know what to do with herself. It felt like his every plunge distended her belly.

He moans now. It was his turn to be loud. He groans louder with every deep thrust he pushes further into her body. His hips are pounding hard into her sore ass. But that doesn’t deter him. She needed to learn no one left Kylo Ren alone, hard, un-satisfied and un-fucked in bed. Especially when he needed her sweet pussy on his face for his breakfast.

When she’s recovered from this; which would be a while, maybe by tonight, he’ll have her hands bound to her headboard with his belt. Eating her out til she passes out. He’s been itching for that since he saw she had a antique brass bedstead.

He grabs fistfuls of her ass and fucks her nice and deep. His thighs shoving her hard against the scratchy tree. She’s being rubbed and chafed from the back, and the front. But the ripples of pleasure that invade her lower body. Singing up her spine, and rocketing down her legs, makes her gasp and beg for more.

She’s black and blue. And yet she’s never before been screaming for more. It’s obscene.
“Where’s that spot I _love_ fucking so much...” He asks. Slowing his hips to a languid pace. The squelch of their bodies meeting softens as he slows. He shifts her leg, and thrusts, she sobs louder.

He grunts in annoyance. “No. That’s not it.” His hips slam deeper, clever fingers find her clit and playfully rub it, fluttering at it. He wants that whine she makes when she can’t stop cumming. He wants her gushing over him. Oversensitive pussy raw and weeping on his dick. And she’s trying to squirm away.

She swore to god she was going blind from the pleasure. Howling like a banshee.

“No.” He says again. His other hand abandons her clit and yanks her head back by her hair. She’s on fire. All of her is burning up, ravened in pleasure of pain. She can’t decide is this man an angel; or a demon.

“Can I only reach it with half my hand buried in your sweet pussy, huh?” He asks in a loveless snarl. Slamming in once more. When she literally choking, he grins and she feels it on her sweaty throat.

“Ohhh.” He smirks. “There it is...” Comes his sigh. “Is it there Kitten?” He asks. Taunts. Grabbing her waist and pounding her over and over til she swore she was going to sag unconscious when she cum.

“Is that it right...there?” He pants into her ear. One hand slithering round to grab her nipple again. Feeling how her soft tits jolt when his cock fucks her to catch at that angle.

His teeth catch her jugular. His tongue soothes over her raucous heartbeat. “You better not have plans today Kitten. You’re gonna be in bed with me til the sun goes down.” He intones filthy.

“I’m gonna lay you out on those bedsheets of yours, and eat your cunt til you’re screaming for my cock.” He tells her. But he was far from silent about their activities for today yet...

“Then, oh, then baby, I’m gonna bounce you on this cock you love so much, til you’re spent and sore. And there’s no more room for my cum in you. I’ll have fucked you _full_, and even then I’m still not done with you.” He growls. Grabbing her gorgeous neck and giving it a tight squeeze.

“I’ll be fucking this pretty cunt of mine all damn day. Every and any way I want. Cause it’s mine. _You’re mine._ And by tomorrow you will not be able to fucking walk, I will have dicked you down
so good.” He promises with a lethal ram of his hips that bursts the dam inside her she hadn’t realised she was holding back.

She cries. Screams. Sobs and wails.

But not much more than a choke escapes her throat. Everywhere burns. Her scraped knees. Sore nipples. Stinging red ass and thoroughly abused pussy - all of her is one giant ache. A nerve strung out that he was cruelly plucking at with his fingers.

She tries valiantly to hold herself upright. Managing it as great crests of her orgasm fade away. She’s speaking, though she doesn’t know it. She’s stuck on a mantra of his name, and pleas, and yeses falling from her lips, hard, like hail on a tin roof.

She’s spasming too much to register he’s spurted his big hot load inside her. She feels him twitch, and softly pull away with a slick squish in the air making her wince at how sticky she is. His hand presses to her lower back, and it’s a good thing too.

She tries to stand alone, but her knees can’t take it. They felt too brittle. Like tight rubber. They just wobbled and collapsed.

She’s in his arms before she can even squeak. Quite a sight to see - her raw pussy leaking. Shirt tugged free of buttons, torn open, flimsy bralette shoved down her tits. Which spilled free. Her breasts and knees rubbed red raw by the tree, and her ass still pin-pricked sharp, like one whole, giant, bee sting.

Kylo gently lays her head to settle to the crook of his neck. Scooping her up in his arms as if she were feather light - to him she probably was. He feels her twitch and shudder. Body hanging limp in his arms.

She’s just had the most intensely violent orgasm of her life. And she sighs, tucking her fingers in his sweaty nape as he walks them back to the house. She gently taps his shoulder when she sees him head upstairs with her.

“I-I may need a minute...” She gasps out.

Kylo chuckles darkly in her ear. “I may be cruel in the bedroom kitten. I’m not that cruel.” He grins.
Kissing her neck.

“Yet...” He chuckles. Teeth scraping her neck to tease. She whines. He, very lightly, pats her bottom.

“You took your punishment well, babe. You might find you get your reward for that, a little later on.” He husks as he lowers her to the bed.

“Reward?” She sighs. Snuggling into her sheets. The golden sun just started to ebb over the windowsill. Causing a stripe to blaze across the rug. Tangling in her bare toes after he tugs her muddy shoes off.

There’s a clatter on the end of the bed and she opens her eyes, which blow wider when she sees his belt strung over the foot of the bedstead.

The bed dips behind her as he comes to cradle her body in his. His fingers swipe over her thigh and gently brush across her cum-stained cunt.

“I promised this pretty pussy of mine a good time. Now didn’t I? I intend to keep my pledge.” He grins. Nibbling on her ear.

She either falls asleep, or passes out. She didn’t like to say which.

~

Chapter End Notes
Screech/squeal/thirst at me. Come on.
Evie didn’t mind admitting to it - it was a nice change of pace to be involved with a man again.

Someone there beside her when she fell asleep. A warm furnace of a chest, and his impossibly big, broad-backed body in her bed. Making her feel small when he spoons into her from behind. - usually his hand cupped between her legs, as it seemed happy to stay there in their sleep. Safe to say, that usually led to an amazing bout(s) of morning sex before the sun even came up.

Matter of fact, of the numerous times it happened, she fancied the moon could still be out, it’s glowing reaches brightly basting the woods in ethereal silver light. Shattering in white slithers off her windowpanes. The pair of them would barely be two hours into the sweaty, hot peace of afterglow.

She’d be snoozing, when she feels him lift her thigh, and her eyes spring open, a long gasping drawn of “ohhhh.” Leaving her lips as he pushes his cock in deep. So deep. Always nice and deep and as far as he could manage, for her. But really for him when he loves how her tiny pussy flutters so prettily around his big cock. Back to his chest. Fingers plucking at her stiff clit, or nipples. Mouth biting her neck blue as he languidly plows his cock into her and fucks, another one of his seemingly never ending, loads of cum into her. He was the tattooed definition of insatiable. When he promised to fuck her full, he means it with deadly seriousness.
Kylo had no room for lighthearted levity when it came to fucking.

After he’s made her cum an ungodly amount of times, again, their bodies sheening with sweat in the moonlight. Sticking to the sheets, he’ll slump down, still with his cock burrowed deep in her, and curl his arms around her as that big chest pounds her back as he pants. Then again, they’ll slumber, joined together as a sweaty heap, his muscle, her curves, all intertwined in a hot tangle of limbs and wet cum.

Evie’s never washed her bedsheets so often in her life. She’s beginning to suspect she’s loosing the battle on trying to keep them fresh and clean. They no longer smell like linen, they permanently smell like their bodies. Of them. Like sweat. Like sex.

He’d be up and away early with a parting kiss. He can function on very little sleep, whereas now he’s on her every other night, she seems to find herself needing more and more rest than she ever used to require. She’s not complaining.

Now gleefully employed again, writing short little columns and articles for her tiny towns paper, she finds her morning routines starting to take shape.

She’s up when it just starts getting sunny, and the birds start singing. She’s in the shower - trying to wash away Kylo’s permanent reminder strung between her thighs and deep in her cunt. And then she’s pulling on casual dresses or cool shirts and skirts to wear for her ten minute drive to the office.

The office in question, for the Town Gazette, was a two roomed, ground floor set up. With four staff members - now she was on the roster. And their collective age all outweighed hers, as they were well into their sixties. Her and the filing clerk, Esther, were the only ladies on the team. It’s not the most challenging job, writing short articles about who larked about and vandalised the town sign with rude graffiti, or who in town got angry with who, if someone trimmed hedges down that didn’t belong to them, on their shared fence line.

Seeings as her last job put her through the wringer - she’s determined to enjoy the slow pace of small town life. Even if today she had a three page spread about the mayor’s dogs knee surgery.

She’s happy to be writing - of course Gizmo’s knee ailments weren’t going to ever win her a Pulitzer Prize for writing, she simply liked being involved with the town she loves. The friends she knows. The familiar faces she sees each day, rather than the stiff brads, chads and suited city boys she had to navigate around each morning at Armstrong & Lowery.
She gets herself a danish and a coffee from the Happy Cake bakery and takes it to her desk. Where the fascinating conversation surrounding her for that morning was the editors ingrown toenail. She gets down to her tasked work with a coy smile, starting a piece on the residents outrage at the local market changing it's layout for the first time since 1948.

Her mind wandered a little as she left the office, down the sunny pavements to talk to some locals for the piece. She manages to flag some of them down, getting a decidedly mixed bag of reviews. She’s sat in the town square, with a peach iced tea, in her pretty red sunflower sundress, going over her notes, everyone spoke about change, and her mind wanders to the recent shifts in her own life.

It didn’t need proclaiming that the sex was more than fantastic. The many mornings she’d been left stranded in bed with no leg power was too high to count.

She’s damn certain there isn’t a place in, or surrounding her house, that they haven’t done it. Study. Living room. Stairs. Kitchen island last night. That left her now with a line of bruises along the fronts of her thighs where he bent her over it. Pressed into the countertop. Both hands crossed behind her back. Held in one of his. He fucked her til she came four times.

Now she’d been with a man who could cum more times than her in one sitting, she’s beginning to understand how people can become addicted to sex. Everything feels right, feels better, when he’s there. Caressing her. Touching her. Kissing her neck. Stuffing her full of him in so many ways she feels the loss of him all too painfully when he pulls away.

She’s trying not to let herself worry about categorising their ‘sessions.’ Trying to make sense of it herself, and that little niggling paranoia in her head that constantly wanted to yammer on and on, about what they were to each other. She wasn’t really a hook-up girl. She was a dating girl by nature. The casual sex gene wasn’t one she’d been blessed with the confidence to have. Of course, she wasn’t fretting about exclusivity on her part. Not with the way he left her boneless every night.

But she did start to wonder about him. Some rare nights if he wasn’t around, or if she took longer than usual to drift off, her mind did start to imagine the worst. Maybe he had a wife. A cold, shrew of a wife he abandoned at home each night. Maybe another girl on the go? He’d all but growled his ownership over her, but she hadn’t even thought to ask about him. Was he a loyal creature? Or was this some rotten thought that just wanted to make her wary now she’s, finally, got a man again.

She’d never bring it up. She felt safer staying silent. She trusted Kylo. He’d made it pretty glaringly obvious that he wasn’t there to hurt her - much. Only there to bring pleasure. She knows the nature of him is cold, and unfeeling. That’s what she supposed it was going to be a while before, or even if, he lets her into his life. If he ever wants to, that is.
Part of her was terrified, that one day he’d just not come. And the next, and the next day after that. And after that. And then the horrible realisation would dawn that she was really nothing to him at all but an average fuck for a while. His sunny roll in the hay with the shy librarian. But then winter had struck and he’s off elsewhere, sowing his wild oats.

She couldn’t kid herself from it. He was a sociopath. Realistically, how long would his attachment last?

She doesn’t want to think about it. Sometimes she did and could feel herself slipping into a sinkhole of paranoid panic in her head. Usually at night, worries came flooding back.

She’d turn away from him in bed and try and not think. Some nights he grumble how: “I can hear your brain ticking over. Kitten.” By which point he’d usually smirk like the devil, and then slides between her thighs to tongue at her cunt with such skill it instantly makes her thoughts grow still.

She ponders over her troubling questions all day. Through submitting her pieces and closing up the office early - because Esther needed to go home at 3 to give her cat it’s medicated ear drops. Evie makes her way to the market and browses a while trying to decide on dinner. She checks her phone. No word yet from her handsomely instatiable, tall dark lover. She puts her phone away and gets a whole heap of groceries in - just in case.

Her heart thuds, squeezing out sudden panging pain when her brain pipes up that her heart was getting too involved. Throwing itself in after someone who couldn’t care less about it. She does her best to ignore it.

*Your curse Evie, it bays at her, is that you always think first and foremost with your heart.*

She drives home with the radio turned up high. Drowning out her head. Window down. Breeze through her hair, tangling in the sun. Speckled shade passes over her. And she switches off from her fears.

Getting home, to her sunny little house, she lets it’s mere presence act as a cooling balm to her battered sore soul. She sighs and unlatched her gate, arms full of brown paper bags. She’d splashed out tonight on fillet steak. Peppercorn sauce and two bottles of red wine. It was a bit over her budget this month, but her savings can cover any short embarrassment. And now she gets a little fistful of dollars from the gazette to help pad out her bank account the tiniest bit. Twenty cents a word wasn’t going to keep her afloat forever, though.
She unpacks her groceries and sets about on dinner. It was only four o’clock. But that doesn’t stop her having a very big glass of white wine straight from the fridge. The cool sting of its tang stings at her tongue as she hums idly to the gravelly voice of someone on the radio. She starts making dinner. The wine goes right to her head. She’d skipped lunch today.

The music was probably louder than it ought be. She doesn’t even hear his Aston crawl up the drive. The side kitchen door she’d propped open to let the breeze in. However, It let more in than just the hot breeze.

He fills the doorway. Him, his tall towering body clad in dark garb of black westwood trousers and charcoal shirt. With red hell laboutin soled dress shoes. His hair hung like black vines around his face. Too long, in this heat. Sticking to his neck the same way his collar had. A bottle of $6000 red wine in one big hand.

She hadn’t seen him yet. Her back to him. He watches her little body clad in her cute red sundress, ending mid thigh, flouncy skirts, and patterned all over with butter yellow sunflowers. He tilts his head. Raking his eyes over her for a second. Framed from behind by a golden square of sunlight.

It truly did astound him that she could never see how truly gorgeous she was. She was shy and reticent down to the very marrow of her bones. How many times had he fucked her, told her how irresistible she is? Western mathematical principles couldn’t account for the number of times he recants how beautiful she is. He’s fucked her in front of every reflective surface to make her see exactly what beauty he sees. Yet still she doesn’t. It astounds him.

He treads the floors softly. Only announcing his arrival when he reaches around and places the bottle of red down in front of her. She recoils lightly in shock at first, not hearing him through Hozier’s Arsonist’s Lullaby that blared loud through her small kitchen. Filling up the air with noise and music.

She pauses in her chopping up home grown mushrooms. Her hands relax the knife on the board. His hips sway into hers, bumping to trap her into the kitchen counter. His pelvis snug to her ass. Feet outside hers. Head bowed to rest into the crook of where her neck meets shoulder. That slope decorated in delicate skin he’s had between his teeth more times than he can count. Bruising her paleness there every shade and colour, under the sun. He liked seeing the different arrays each time he did it.

His soft waves of inky hair are trapped between the plane of his cheek and her temple. She shuts her eyes in bliss, her free hand meeting where his big calluses one cupped her fleshy thigh and edged playfully under the hem of her dress.
Where she’d shut her eyes, she feels warmth, and sun, and him at her back. Keeping her cradled safe in his arms. In the safe port of his wide chest. His crisp shirt feels rasping and stiff against her arms. And now she can smell how he’s brought in scents of the garden, and his gorgeously unique cologne with him. Pepper, bergamot, citrus musk and wood. That smell she associates with his tough, hot skin. The one that makes her smile, even in her sleep when she senses the cloud of it near her. It’s very attractive source in her bed with her. Soaking into her pillows for her to cherish detecting there later.

Her head meets his meaty shoulder when his fingers dance up her thigh, skimming to test the hem of her underwear. His closed mouth smile scorched breath over her ear. Down her neck. Prickling her weak skin.

His touch says that he’s missed her. But she won’t indulge herself in that thought unless it comes directly spoken on a baritone drawl from between those soft, talented lips.

Her body is starting to smoulder. Like a wood fire starting to crackle, spit and flutter to life. Smoking. Drunken butterflies clash into each other in her tensely anticipating stomach. Their intimacy is reaching its indomitable stage by now. She knows this touch. She’s learned what comes after - usually its her.

He cups her thigh, grinding his crotch deep against her ass.

“Had a rough day. Need your pussy.” He growls succinctly.

He grabs slowly for her hip. And spins her about to face him in her arms. Pinning her back now to the counter. She feels tiny and weak when his burning black pits for eyes found her shaded ocean ones.

She watches him silently. Caressing whatever part he wanted first. He shifts hair off her neck. Seeing his bruises blossomed there from last night. She tilts her head barely to the side so he can better see them. Even as he crouched to his knees in front of her. The top of his head comes brushing at her lower stomach.

Massive palms grab her fleshy thighs, skimming up, seizing her hips, pinning her ineffectually yet pretty sundress over her waist. He loved how it was secured together with taupe wooden buttons that gaped over her pale breasts, all the way down to the hem. Letting skin peep between the button holes.
His eyes set sight on her pussy. His *prize* at the end of his nasty hellish day. He’d been dreaming about getting it on or in his mouth *all* afternoon. He sat there salivating for it’s particular taste.

That idle fancy taking up all room in his head as he sat ignoring the very dull investors and shareholders meeting happening around him. He couldn’t stop his wanting to taste her. *Yearning.* His eagerness to throw every boring old bastard out his newly decorated conference room, and instead have her spread eagled out for him to eat on this table. Christening it with her cum.

He’s brought back down to Earth, his cock beginning to throb as his PA nudged him in the arm gently, making him look up, to realise an investor had asked a question. He’d been too zoned out on thoughts of Evie’s cunt to notice.

He hooks a finger in her, he smiles at this, rose pink cottons, and gets them to looping her ankles together like fabric pink shackles. *Now there was a dangerous thought.*

He gets them off her feet, cradled one thigh over his shoulder and presses her ass back into the counter as he sinks his tongue, face first, into her cunt. Lapping up what she obediently drips. *His good little kitten.*

His eyes roll back in his head, pure, sweet raw flesh and sweet taste of Evie slipping like honey down this throat. Coating his tongue in her essence. His hand spreads on her thigh and he sighs a growl into her, letting its hum pierce her clit as he flickers and flutters his tongue at it. Repeating big slow laps with his tongue. Like a big cat.

He loves how she shudders around something so simple as his tongue shoved in her. Her body moves on the end of it. He can smell skin. Sweat. Perfume and her lineny washing powder from her dress.

He can taste how wet he’s made her. How slick she drips. She’s every sweet good thing when he fucks her with his mouth. Loves on her like this with his tongue. Deep. He makes a point of always being deep as he can get inside her. And she’s heaven. Like soft butter. Wet satin. Gliding velvet walls around him.

His nose presses into her clit. Prodding there as he eats. Feeling her coat his face in silky slick. He uses his tongue to swirl a circle inside her, before dragging out and drawing a thin line right down her sex. Over every dip and plump wet fold. He teases her pussy that way until he feels her twitch for him. He spreads her open with a spread V of two fingers, sees how pink and pulsing she is, he
takes pity and sucks her clit into his mouth, nuzzling his face right in - from chin to nose. Sucking up the silken nectar she offers him.

He batters her ripe little bud under his merciless tongue. Because it is. Just like the rest of him - it’s ruthless and unyielding to the point of collapse. Hers. Not his. Never his. This man’s stamina would outlast the very last crumbling brick in the Roman colosseum.

“Fuck. No pussy should be allowed to taste this good...” He hums truthfully into her slippery thighs. Nipped pink-red from his hungry teeth.

His nails are stinging into her thighs and ass, but she doesn’t care. She doesn’t feel it. Him inserting his big body between her thighs, tongue slathering perfectly all over her cunt is all she can concentrate on.

“All fucking day. Kitten. I’ve wanted this pussy on my tongue all fucking day long. Do you know how much it distracts me? Trying to concentrate on work and all I can seem to want is your legs spread wide with my head between them.” He snarls into her. Spearing his tongue deep, then letting his spit, and her, string and drip over her clit as he circled it.

He dives his two fingers into her cunt and curls them as he rams into the spot inside her he’s so come to favour. The one that always serves to make her pussy pour a wet stream over his fingers. He laps her clean afterwards and that’s the part he enjoys most. Sucking up her taste, as she spasms and cries out in tenderness. And that stinging grip of too much makes her squirm away. That makes him smile wide, teeth sharp and all, right against her overused cunt.

She’s arching back, trying to keep herself upright with a very bad man tonguing between her legs, when their cosy sex haze is shattered when she hears a knock rattle her front door.

Her toes curl. She watches Kylo’s eyes spring open, black depths rolling toward the open doorway to the hallway. His mouth pulls away, the barest scant centimetre, from his delicious wet pussy. He gives the door a glare that should’ve charred it to cinders in its frame.

If his mouth were unoccupied, Evie has a premonition he’d be baring his teeth. When she tries to twist away, he clamps her hips harder. Not letting her leg slip off him. He pinned it to his shoulder. Keeping her there looking like a pinned cricket, shapely legs spread wide.

“Kylo-“ She ushers weakly.
He turns his glare up at her like a stroppy child being sent to bed without his toys, or any supper. His eyes struck into hers like cold shards of frosted flint. Daring her to squeak up again. His lips nuzzle deeper into her, reminding her she’d been perched on the teasing knives edge of a wildly great orgasm. He laps at her again. Essentially forbidding her to go to the door.

“I’m eating here...” He rumbles lowly. His tone too dangerous to consider being messed with.

There comes another knock. She makes a pitying face down at him.

“Flo did say she’d pop over one night to collect some vegetables for donations towards the church food bank to feed the homeless...” She admits in a tiny interjection.

Kylo considers her for a second. Before he swallows and comes to his full, towering height. Arms caging her to the counter. That big chest, and the divots of his collarbone sheening sticky in sweat. The sun knots itself in his hair from the open door behind him. Tinting it that russet-rust.

“You get five minutes respite.” He warns lethally. Clipping his hips and his hard cock into her belly. Letting her feel his urgent need.

“Or I’m taking you over this counter again. House guest be damned. No one stops me from having this.” He explains. Wet fingers sliding slick through her pussy.

She gulps and shivers.

She crouches for her panties. To snatch them back on. He stabs them in place with the sole of his foot. When she looks up at him. His eyes are deadly black poison. He smirks.

With pink cheeks she heads for the door. Fluffing her hair and trying to tug her dress down. Leaving Kylo who sipped down her wine. One thick tatted arm braces on her countertop by her abandoned cooking. She doesn’t need to turn back to know that Kylo’s “come fuck me” eyes are stabbing her in the shoulder blades.

Air flowing cold against her bare sex. She hoped to god there wasn’t a glaring obvious wet stain of dark scarlet at the back. She self consciously smoothed out wrinkles from her A line skirt and doesn’t
think to check through the window before she opens the door wide.

Her smile drops from her face in fear. Her chest heaves, and that’s the only part of her that moves as her mouth gapes. Cheeks blushing hot.

Because stood there with his medallion gold hair, white smile, prim blue suit and charming eyes - with a bouquet and a bottle of Prosecco - his mind obviously still stuck on that one track thought of getting in her knickers.

Was Jimmy. Her ex.

Evie didn’t take the lords name in vain often. But holy Jesus fuck.

~

Chapter End Notes

Yes there’s more to come. Pun wholeheartedly filthy intended. I got all Hozier and arty with it (in case you didn’t notice)

Trash piles getting quite big up in here now...
Exes & Dates

Chapter Summary

Yeah. There be some real smug porn up in this one. Starts rough; ends sweet.

Once again; I’d like to dedicate the hugest of thanks to asnackdriver. My porn thot
consultant/queen I’m gonna have to buy this gal a crown one day cause she’s more
than earned it helping me along with this filth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Her eyes blow wide and she steps out onto the porch. Pulling the door almost shut behind her as she
walks outside to where he’s standing. He tries leaning in to take her hand but she snatched herself
back.

“Jimmy. What on earth are you doing here?” She pleads with him quietly. His megawatt smile falls.

“Evie. Look I’m really sorry. And I know you didn’t return any of my emails. I deserve that much.
But I was alone tonight, and I just couldn’t stop thinking about you- and I just wanted to see you.”

He explains in that tone of his that always managed to be so winningly convincing. His face imitated
to the perfect picture of tormented agony.

Only she was a wiser girl now. She knew better how to spot a prowling wolf in sheep’s clothing.
Lying through his sharp gleaming teeth.

He reached out and hooked his free hand to her crossed arms. Her stance stiff, and she was glancing
over her shoulder every other second, looking to the crack in the front door.
“This really isn’t a good idea. You need to leave.” She hisses lowly and softly. She hoped he could read the panic in her eyes.

He frowns, and lumps the flowers and cooling champagne down on the grey wicker chair by her living room window where they’re both stood. She’s trying her best to crowd him away from line of sight, and earshot, of the kitchen.

If she stood out here much longer trying to hiss some sense into him. Kylo’s going to get suspicious.

He comes to her, closer, trying to take her hips into his hands. She steps back. Her spine flush against the house. She shuts her eyes in desperation. Trying to speak plainly.

“Eve, babe, what is it? You seem awful tense...” He frets. Her hands clench harder where they’re still clenched across her chest.

She wants to scoff laughter at her reasoning for being so uptight.

She was trying to help the idiot from having his face bashed in. If Kylo’s record was any indication...

“Jimmy please. Please just go- now!” She begs. Her face pulled into an expression of desperate agony. Pressing a hand to his shoulder, trying to turn him around. Making him go.

But would he budge? Of course he wouldn’t.

He starts to frown. “What’s up with you? You’ve never been like this before?” He starts. Rooted to the spot. Stood by the porch banister, right at the top of the porch steps leading out into her garden.

“I didn’t answer the door when you last knocked.” She dares bravely. Her voice slipping into an icy tone.

He has the gall to know when to look ashamed. He runs a hand through his golden waves. Looking exasperated and sorry?
“Look, I know I was the biggest fuck up to you. Leaving you like that, that morning, and I’m sorry. Ok? It was really stupid of me.” He insists. Hand over his heart as he spoke eagerly of his penitence.

Evie shakes her head as she looks at him. “The flowers are lovely. But please just take them, and your apology and just please go.” She says sharply.

She goes to walk back into the house and shut him out. But he wasn’t having it. Again he tries to plead, not taking no for an answer tugging her by the waist, one armed, leveraging her into his chest.

“Jimmy-“ She pleads. She wants to sob.

“She used to. Now her heart is already sold away to someone darker altogether.

She stands there, her chest rising and falling. Pushing out, and then tugging in her breasts through her scooped red neckline as she still hunched in on herself. Not letting any part get taken in by this walking, golden haired heartbreak. No matter how charming his blue eyes were. No matter how warm his smiles used to make her.

Key words being used to. Now her heart is already sold away to someone darker altogether.

She doesn’t let herself get reeled closer by him. Doesn’t let his honeyed words - empty promises of love - fill her with warmth.

“Just...leave.” She says again. Succinctly.

“Why are you being like this?” He asked with a knifes edge of sharp anger undercutting his words.

“Mind if I cut in.” Booms Kylo’s bark from the other end of the porch. He’d slipped around the kitchen side door, around the wrap round porch to where they stood. How long he’s been stood there, drinking in their conversation, she doesn’t like to even begin to think about.

Evie shuts her eyes in dread.
Her throat dry. Lip trying in vain not to wobble. Tension strangling the air.

“Kylo-“ She begins. But Jimmy cuts her to the chase. His true nastier nature slipping free.

Her ex didn’t have the common sense to be rightfully terrified by the six foot wall of muscle and fury. Encased in designer grey and black. Slowly stalking towards them both down the porch with a face like poison, thunder and vile storms in his venomous dark eyes.

“Who the hell are you?” Jimmy pipes up. “Evie who is this?” He turns to her. Trying to touch her again. But she jerks away. Heart racing, chest pounding. Jimmy didn’t know what danger he was in

“I could ask you the same fucking question.” Kylo snaps back. The other side of her front door now. Eyeing the scant space between them with vile hatred.

“Jimmy was just leaving.” She explains. Looking back to her ex with eyes like cerulean daggers.

When she glances back to Kylo he’s eyeing her with a look that makes her heart and lungs shrivel up in her chest like dead dry leaves in autumn.

“I’m her boyfriend.” Jimmy defends with his macho tough stance. Peacock. Is what she’d rightly call it. Squares his blue suit shoulders, tries to get up in Kylo’s space and make him back off. Tries to crowd in front of her. Inbetween Kylo and her.

This couldn’t end well. Nothing did when Kylo got denied his rightful possessions. His kitten.

Jimmys flashy show of dominance might have been impressive to her some time ago. When he’d been one of the only men she’d come to know. But know with Kylo, she’s seen what real brutality, and unfathomable danger looks like, and this is almost laughable in comparison.

Only she didn’t feel like laughing - she felt like she was going to witness something very ugly happen to Jimmy on account of Kylo’s unchained temper.
Kylo tilts his head. Suavely raising one brow. Evie’s breath shudders out shakily in fear.

“You’re her boyfriend, huh?” Kylo asks with the start of an amused grin. His tone as mocking as it could be.

Jimmy starts to go red in the face. Getting irate and ugly. His shitty temper was never far away from surfacing. He goes to prod a finger into Kylo’s chest.

“Listen here, you f-“

But the colossal weight of Kylo’s furious body strikes so fast. Like a viper. It’s just a blur of black and blue to her.

She rushes and tries to stop Kylo pouncing. Clawing into his shoulder. His black shirt, where it gaped wide down his chest, slid a little across his tatted shoulder at her grappling fingers hooking into his shirt.

He’d yanked Jimmy’s collar, suit and shirt, and has pinned him to the porch banister with that infamous tanner folding knife of his. The silver gleaming in the sunlight off Jimmy’s scared cheek. His free hand grabbing the other side of his collar and lapel up, snarling.

Kylo would’ve been nose to nose with the guy. But he didn’t enjoy getting up and close with rich-brats-scum like him.

“No. You listen dipshit. If you’re her boyfriend. You’re a goddamn lousy one seeings as I’m the one whose been fucking her senseless through her mattress for these past two weeks.” He growls lowly.

“Kylo...” Evie whimpers at his shoulder. Trying to tug his beefy arm back. He didn’t so much as bat an eyelid at her clamouring. His glare remains fixed on Jimmy’s terrified face. Eyes blown wide. Sweaty brow. Hands held aloft in surrender. This guy was something else.

She watches her big, terrible man hunched tall over her philandering ex. She’s scared of what he might do.
“I just wanted to _talk_ to her.” Jimmy confesses in a snarl.

Kylo’s hand shoots up and wrings his neck.

“I call bullshit. I’m _more_ than familiar with the protocols of men like you, who _fuck_ anything with a wet place to put it. Why else turn up out the blue with champagne and flowers if you aren’t angling after her pussy.” He barks at the snivelling little creep. His hand squeezes tighter around Jimmy’s throat. He gasps for air.

“You’re a waste of skin. And I would disembowel you right the fuck here. If it weren’t out of respect for Evie and her home. I wouldn’t want her to struggle scrubbing your blood out of this _very_ nice porch floor.” Kylo growls.

Jimmy chokes in fear. Trying to squirm away. Only he _can’t._

Then, he smirks. A chuckle leaves his lips as he darkly detects this idiots fear. _At last._

“I don’t know if you’d noticed the smell of her on my breath. Only I was tongue deep in her pussy when you showed up. So you can imagine how _impatient_ I am to get back to her sweet, _sweet_ cunt.” He whispers, half growls into his ear.

“You’re insane.” Jimmy gives out.

“Well done. First _believable_ thing you’ve said.” He smiles.

Before he steps back, yanks the knife out of her ex fuckers suit. Uncaring how much he tore the cheap thing. He steps back behind Evie and slides a protective hand over her hip. Nuzzling into her neck as he watched Jimmy scramble away for his dear life.

In doing this, he rucks up her red skirts, where his hands play across her thighs. Revealing the dark bruises he put there last night. Evie knew what he was trying to do. Let Jimmy _see_ the marks of his ownership branding her pale skin, stark, in mottled blue and green.

Very telling of how well and _often_ she’s being fucked at present.
She stands there. A mix of powerless and weak when Kylo presses soft plucking kisses into her neck. Jimmy had turned back to look from her garden. Like staring into the sun. It couldn’t be helped. He could barely tear his eyes away.

“Are you even safe around this lunatic Evie? He’s hurting you...” Jimmy calls back up the steps. Having seen her bruises.

Kylo chuckles into her skin. He bites and she shivers out a gasp.

“Trust me, I made her cum six times in a row in return for those. She gushed all over my fucking fingers and still sobbed for more.” He leers across at the idiot. His hand sneaks down her dress and cups her pussy in his hand.

Kylo wants to kill him. He really does. He’s itching too. But he wants her, far more. And such a show of violence in front of her wouldn’t get him that.

“No wonder you kicked him out baby. I would’ve done. Obviously couldn’t keep this greedy pussy satisfied.” He grins. Letting light flicker off the incredibly sharp knife in his hand. He lets his fingers slip into her hot sex under her skirts.

He shoves two fingers to curl in. Lets them rest there. Hooking her into him. Curling up and making himself at home. She fights a moan with how his big fingers always split her open. Knuckles rubbing so divinely along her wet silk walls.

But he didn’t allow her deadbeat ex to see any of her gorgeous body or naked pussy. She was his after all.

Jimmy stood transfixed in the garden. Wondering how in heaven and earth his sweet ex had come to know a guy like this.

“If you’re still standing there when I look up...” He mumbles dangerously between kisses. “I’m gonna have think twice about slitting your worthless throat.” Kylo warns

That does it. Jimmy scrapers away to his crappy car, and drives away at a breakneck speed.
Kylo’s watching the woods as the car that takes him away gets smaller and smaller until it’s a spec. He scrapes a biting kiss to her delicate collarbone.

“I’m not sorry. Kitten. The only way I could get that stubborn fuck to listen to me....” He speaks out. Ebbing away her confusion over the situation.

“Showing him how much you enjoy having my cock in you.”

She’s spun in his arms and walked up until her back stabs into the doorframe. Greedy hot hand on her hips. The other one still sinking two fingers into her hot tight pussy.

He starts ramming past his knuckles into her. His hand slamming into her cleft. Feeling her wetness squelch down his hand. Dribbling over his digits.

“Because of that blonde prick. I didn’t get to make you cum on my tongue.” He snarls in obvious regret and hatred. Sinking to his knees. Skirt tucked up, held to her tummy by his brute hand, her bottom and back shoved to the door like a doomed pinned insect stabbed out in a museum case. Held to ransom.

“You better fucking cum for me now.” He snarls, fingerling her hard and torturing her clit with his mouth. Licking up the slick she’d lapped for him long ago. It stuck now to her thighs.

His fingers batter her. His tongue is beyond ruthless. He doesn’t pump his fingers more than ten times and she’s already curling her toes, and orgasming loudly for him. Holding the doorframe behind her with both hands, nails digging into the wood. Head knocking the frame, and the metal lock is sharp and un-comfy against the back of her hip.

She gives him plenty to lick up.

His cock is dripping syrupy slick in his trousers watching her squirt down his hand. Sagging against the door. He pins a thigh on his shoulder and laps her up loudly. Scraping sharp teeth over her whole sensitive pussy. Tugging on her clit when he pulls away. She’s now making noises like a wounded animal. Trying to squirm away. Out of the reach of his smirking mouth. He takes that as a good sign and chuckles a kiss onto her overstimulated, taut little clit.
He’s essentially abused her needy cunt into a spectacular orgasm. He’d almost bitten her clit. Sucked her labia how he wants. Shoved his fingers as deep in her pussy as he wants. She can’t overrule him. It all feels too amazing. Overpowering.

Tears flow from the corner of her eyes and now she’s shaking with it. Her thighs spasm weak. Hand over her mouth in shock that sex with him can feel this *damn* good.

He chuckles as he finally slows his fingers and stops teasing out more cum from her. His digits go straight into his tongue. Tasting her all up. Feels it slip hot between the webbed join of his fingers.

He takes her naked hips in both his massive, talented, hands, one of them drenched much wetter than the other, it had to be said. And he runs his soaked lower face into her dripping cleft. Rubbing the scent of her all over. Over thigh and over abdomen. He’d be back there later. He wants the smell of her soaking into her skin for him to trail-blaze later with his lips.

“Tell me you need me baby. Tell me whose cunt this is. Who it *really* fucking belongs to...” He mumbles into her. Teasing her now only with fingertips. His tongue lapping her clit as she spoke.

“God. Kylo it’s *yours...it’s completely yours.*” She whines. Her thighs trembling with aftershock. She wouldn’t put it past him to give her another orgasm just to make her choke on that moan.

He rips his fingers out of her and she whines keenly at the loss of him. It aches. It leaves a gaping hole in her body, and it *hurts.*

He settles her spread legs on one hip, and hauls her away upstairs. He slams open her front door with one hand and doesn’t care that it’s left hanging open. He storms them upstairs, up onto the landing, rounding her bedroom doorframe he deposits her roughly onto the bed.

One hand chokes her neck as he braces a knee over her on the bed and looms. With his other hand, he grabs her neckline and rips downward. Buttons scatter like rain. Fabric rips in a violent *viiipppp* sound, as he literally tears the clothes off her back.

He watches her tits bounce, her lithe hips and thighs jolt, and he’s eyeing up her pretty pussy as he discards her ruined dress and presses, runs a thumb through her to make her feel how wet she is.

He smirks. So wet. And all for him. “*My gorgeous pussy.*” He hums. Sucking a love bite mashed
with a kiss, to her lower belly. Up and up. His lips wandering over the crest of her tits. Kissing, licking her nipples. Tugging them with his teeth.

He holds his weight off her, and tucks his shirt up. Unbuttoning his fine shirt. Slipping out his belt. Going slow to make her wait. Make her anticipate him. Make her realise how much she needs him. Slowly his divine body comes into view. That chiseled Michelangelo angels marble torso. Scrawled with demonic tattoos.

He slips his trousers and boxers down his hips. Lets them fall. Kicks off his fine shoes and socks. Coming back to her he leans in and let’s her feel when he rubs his veiny hard cock over her. Tantalising. Teasing. The calm before the storm.

His jaw is slack. Looking down at the red flushed places they’l soon join together. Eyes greedy and scorching hot. His chest pounds with ragged breath. His impatient cock weeps against her skin. Leaving sticky smears all over her as he rubs his flushed cock-head up against her. His thick fist gripping the base of himself. Stroking idly a couple of times. Always made her stomach lurch in wanting. Seeing him stroke himself ready.

His fist felt good. But nowhere near as good as the way she felt.

He starts to sink into her. Just tempting her with the tip. Slowly letting her feel the long drag of his length as he plunges in. They both groan with the feeling of sheer bliss is spreads through them.

Stomach clenching. Toe curling. Mind numbing bliss.

She shuts her eyes and her hands grapple for the bedsheets. Kylo barks at her.

“No. Kitten. You look at me when you cum. You keep those blue eyes open and you look at me as I fuck you.” He orders. Snarling through bared teeth.

Grabbing her throat. He violently slams himself right into her. Spearing her open. No time to let her even adjust.

No big fingers scissoring her wide. Ready to take him in. No curling digits up against her g-spot or sucking her clit til her cunt is a relaxed pretty mess for him to slide into.
Not this time. This time he was claiming what’s his.

He rams in again and again. Holding his weight off her with his free arm as he fucks her downright feral. Keeping those blue eyes centred in his.

He groans as he circles his hips faster. Letting go of her neck, he pins both hands down behind her head. Better leverage to fuck deeper.

His sharp hipbones slam into her. His breath fans over her lips. And he’s going to crush her. He is crushing her. He’s so big, and beautiful and devastating that it feels like a hurricane above her. The desolation of her body and heart he leaves in his wake. Pleasure is peeling through her like bells reeling out harsh song. It echos. It goes on. It lasts for eternity.

His girth never got any the easier to handle. Especially not with the way he moves those hips tonight. Usually, he likes to test her with his length. Tease with it. Withdraw all the way out, just to make her feel how long he is when he slides all the way back in and hammers her poor cunt senseless.

The way he moves is a thing of beauty - and it feels it too. He curves his back. Thrusts from his powerful hips and thighs. Grinds and fucks like a king. This is the first time he lets her feel him. Usually it’s a ruthless blur of pleasure and a hard thorough fuck to sweet completion.

Tonight it’s different. He moves different. Acts different. He’s, dare she say it, almost... tender.

His hips slam the same. But he’s taking her in as he does. One hand leaves her wrists, his mitts big enough to cradle them in one. He stroked her hair, cups her face. Watches her cute expression change with the different ways he plows his hips.

“Tell me you’re mine, Kitten. I need to hear you say it. Tell me.” He husks. Tasting her neck. Sucking sweet kisses under her jaw.

His tone of voice makes her stomach and walls clench around him. He spits out a curse as it does. Shutting his eyes for a second. Letting the bliss run through his body.

“There’s no one else but you.” She answers timidly. He slows for a second. His lit gunpowder eyes
flitting, searching hers for her sincerity.

She offers it all up to him. He can’t resist taking it.

He slams his body down into hers. He grips her hair. Mashed his mouth to hers and gave the most bone-melting, powerful kiss he’s ever granted her. He growls in pleasure onto her lips, and it makes her weak. One hand of hers lets go to rake down his back with the immensely amazing way they’re fucking.

Pleasure pours through the both of them. Kylo loves the sting of her nails stinging in his pale inked back. Digging like little knives into his shoulder blades as his body rolls. He locks her thigh over his back and resumes their hot kiss.

She’s suffocating him in the most perfect way. She’s tight. Wet. Beautiful. Perfect. Too good for a man like him. And she’s eclipsing his dark nature with her sunny sweetness. Her body’s sucking him in and not letting him free. For the first time in his life, he can be weak for something. He likes being powerless to the gut-tug of her lust.

“Oh Kylo...” She whines in ecstasy. Her blue eyes caught in his granite coloured ones.


Her leg is rigid on his back and she’s whining so loud now. Little kitten mewls ring in his ears that signalled she wasn’t far off cumming.

He grins. Pulling out slowly, looking down where they’re meeting to see his very hard, very thick red cock glistening with the satiny white spread of her arousal. Evie can see how it throbs and pulses against her folds as he drags and slicks it into her body. Making her gasp.

Her gasp gets shattered when he plunges into the hilt again. She doesn’t throw her head back, she keeps her eyes trained on him - as he’d told her too.

“See how your pussy wants me. Kitten. No one else will ever do what I can do to you. No one can ever fuck you this good.” He says as he starts to saw his hips into her again. His cock prodding at places that no other man has ever dared find.
“I don’t want anyone else...” She tells weakly when he comes low again and kisses her neck. On the home straight himself, judging by the way his pace picked up slightly. “I want you.” She moans. Locking eyes with him. Keeping them that way.

He grabs her by the neck and kisses her. Only pulling back to pant against her lips and watch her pretty face as she cums all over him. He follows her not a second after. Wet sloppy sounds signalling the finish of their loud, messy fuck. Spurting inside her. Some of him pouring out and dribbling down his dick onto her cleft.

He fucks her through hers, and then his. And doesn’t stop til he’s completely spent of every last drop.

He sags into her. Cunt so hot and clenched around his cock in the way that he adores. They’re both, as usual, a sticky sweaty mess. Bodies tacked together. Hearts racing in sync. Breathing pounding from exhausted, blissed out lungs. Evie thinks that the sight of a blissed out Kylo might just be her favourite sight of all-

His cheeks stain pink. Lips a ruddy red. Hair strung to his forehead in raven tamped strings. Big shoulders swelling as he breathes. Arms bunched by his sides. He ravaged her lips with teeth and kisses before he pulls up and off her. Pulling them to be lengthways, rather than width ways on her creaky old bed.

She’d changed the sheets again. Today was a red rosebud on off white print. Dotted with green polka dots. The spreading coral red petals Kylo thought matched the exact colour of her nipples. Which were currently under his hands, being tweaked and stroked as he tucks her spent little body between his spread legs and hoists the quilted embroidered bedspread over the pair of their clammy bodies.

She nestled against his thighs. Back to his chest. His thick trunk legs twined with hers like old knotting vines. They’d been laying spent in the afterglow so often it’s a position that feels natural to them. Second to the feeling of his cock stuffing her cunt to the brim.

Evie snuggles against his tattooed stomach. Feeling his hot slippery skin under her cheek. A trace of his soap and gorgeous cologne under her nose. An ochre evening still blazes away outside the window. Red rust sunshine glinting off the panels of glass from her bedroom windows. She lazily opens her eyes and listens to the skylarks swoop and chirp as the cool of evening draws in.
Kylo’s looking down at his little kitten curled up in his lap. She nearly *purr* when he gently stroked fingers through her scalp, feeling the soft toffee-russet tresses combing by his fingertips.

She can’t easily trample the weight of worries that come rushing down on her like a jolt of red hot lightning. The usual fretting and fussing that kicked off in her head after it stopped paving the way for his making her orgasm.

She traces her finger around the velvety black panther prowling around his ribs. Teeth bared. Claws free. She stroked over its tail and tries to formulate the words before they make it past her teeth.

Kylo can feel her overthinking.

“*Spit* it out, Kitten.” He tells her. She winces. Thighs sticky when she sits up to face him, swivelling around on her knees to look behind. Trying to keep the sheet covering her. Shuffling around bit by bit.

Kylo rolls his eyes. Smiles. And hoists her into his lap. Sitting her on his still hard cock, trapped to his belly. Spreading her astride his meaty thighs. Naked as the day she was born.

His hands on instinct, cup her round little ass and thumbs brush her wide hips. Stroking his caresses of ownership like a the proud man he was.

Her cheeks redden as he gleefully takes in her always pretty, naked body. She hair tucks before she speaks. Balancing daintily on his lap like she was about to ride him like a dime store pony. She shifts her knees to get comfy. He does love, beyond all measure, the sight of her little body cradled, lost, on his big one.

“It’s- a very out of the blue, question...” she warns. Idly skimming a fingertip around his left nipple ring. It glinted a flickering silver, the Tiffany hoop that hung from the oval disc of his nipple.

They both feel his cock leap when she accidentally tugs a little in her innocently tracing it. Her hand flies away and he smirks more. “Before you get me horny again, doing that, you better ask your question.” He warns lustfully.

She swallows nervously. *Now or never. Carpe Diem.*
“Am I the only woman you’re seeing?” She gets out weakly. “Because I realise we never got around to talking about exclusivity. And I never asked. You could’ve been married, had a wife, or had a girlfriend and I—” She rambles.

He stops her with the way his smile twitches. He tugs her closer. So her slick pussy slips right over his cock. Making her groan a sudden soft “Oh.”

“I’m not married. I don’t have a girlfriend. You are the only woman I’m seeing. And if I’m not here with you. I’m at work, too busy setting up my company to even suggest seeing another girl. Plus I’m more than satisfied with what I have here.” On his last word, he palms her ass and lets it snap back, jiggling into place.

Her heart does a little happy skip. Like an elated baby bunny.

“Does that answer your question?” He smirks lightly. His eyes shifting more silver and black in the dim light of her bedroom. Like dusty black, dull coins.

She nods. Smiling. Placing a hand on his weighty solid sternum, she leans in and presses a cute kiss to the side of his cheek. Feeling the scar there puckering the fine plane of his shaved skin.

He doesn’t let her pull back. Now she’s practically on all fours in his lap. His hand comes up to stroke his big thumb down the side of her face and jaw. He watches her. Eyes assessing her in the same way they always used to in prison. Glittering with activity.

“You don’t know what you do to me, Evie. Not only do you make me crawling desperate with need. But when I’m around you, you make me feel calm. And that’s so fucking rare. Very few times in my life have I felt that.” He speaks softly.

Her face looks earnestly shocked. She’d never any clue she makes him feel anything other than lust. She can scarcely begin to imagine what never feeling calmness or serenity must be like. She struggled to find the appropriate response to that. Knowing full well it can’t have been easy for him to say.

“Thank-you. For sharing that.” She smiles meekly. He can see she really meant it. Full eye contact and a winning glad smile split her lips. It made his proud to think he’s made her happy - in a way that didn’t for once, involve fucking.
“I’m afraid I have yet another question.” She pipes up. Settling back on her knees. Hands resting on his ribs. He silently awaits it with a curious tilt of his head.

“There’s an open air movie in town on Friday. An annual event. This year they’re showing ‘Rear Window’ and I wondered, if it’s your thing, if you’d want to go with me? Maybe as a date?” She asks. Averting her eyes as she asked. Fingers trailing along the ridge of his ribs.

“They do it up really nice. There’s lanterns everywhere. And everyone sits on the grass on picnic blankets, and brings a hamper. I’ll cook - of course uh, you can get red vines, popcorn and milk duds at the intermission. I ugh, Just didn’t know if you’re, interested?”

She’s been sat on her single sad rug for too many years. With a bottle of wine to herself, eating her way through two boxes of milk duds til her teeth got all sticky. Stabbing pains in her heart and stomach making her get drunker, and sadder as she clocked the making out couple two rugs over. Her mood sour with the fact she had no-one to snuggle up too when it got cold. No big handsome man to share her rug with.

She brings her eyes up to his face, and sees he’s smirking.

“I’ll buy the popcorn.” He grins. She blinks at him.

“You wanna go with me?” She checks. It still shocks her that this intensely gorgeous man willingly goes out with her, when he could just as easily have a six foot, leggy supermodel dangling like a bauble off his arm.

Here he was, this fallen angel of a man, settling for a squat, five foot three, untamed haired, librarian, with chunky thighs.

“Of course I do kitten. Have to show those nosy old biddies in town that you’ve got a man in the house now.” He winks. “It’s a date.” He tells.

Evie’s mouth gapes. “If you happen to be accosted by a woman called Flo. No. I don’t know her. And run away fast.” She warns.
Then it occurs to her, the whole damn town will be there. Every curtain twitching biddy, nosy Parker and friend, or foe, will be sticking their noses in to ‘welcome’ Kylo into the folds of the community.

*Oh dear.*

~

Chapter End Notes

Unleash those thots; lay em on me...
Dates & Exhibitionism

Chapter Summary

Yes. Obviously in the next part of this, Kylo is going to do something naughty with his fingers after they both have more wine. That’s a personal punk promise.

And I’d like to put in a special word to those of you who’ve kept on commenting like the absolute angels you are; MythalGivesYouDreams, terry012227, eralsparade, OhOkayGrey, Fog_in_the_garden, Crackerrre, preciousorgans (btw best of luck with your exams dear! Go smash it you brilliant babe) TheFireInHerEyes, Flutter_Field, Leaderren, SarineCassius, Sololover1973, Yolandere96, Slmrlo306, The_Strange_Bee, TygerMane and if there’s anyone I’ve forgotten then I’m sorry but have a whole heapful of these ❤❤❤❤❤ Cause I so dearly love every comment this gets. It’s honestly the nicest thing to read in my inbox and see those numbers go up knowing you guys are enjoying it xoxoxox I couldn’t be more grateful, and could not ask for more darling readers than you all (Anon, guest, named or otherwise)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She stood alone, on the muggy summers day. On a sun and shade freckled pavement. Under a spreading magnolia tree. Feeling the air kiss her skin. Rustle her hair and earrings.

Her arms were laden with a heavy picnic hamper. Filled with a bottle of her Grans favoured red wine, and two glasses. She’d baked brownies for them to share. Only she’d cheated slightly and bought two loaded club sandwiches from Frank’s deli in town. Smiling meekly when the elderly proprietor and namesake of the business himself, asked her if she would be ‘copping a squat’ tonight at the open air movie. She said she wouldn’t miss it - and she was bringing a date this year. It would
be a Picnic rug for two.

“*Well how ‘bout that.*” He proclaimed with raised brows and an impressed wrinkled smile.

By now that would’ve been spread all around town by folk like wildfire in the dry season.

She’d dashed home to change after work. One of her more expensive sundresses. Deep sapphire blue. Bohemian style with short flute sleeves. Embroidered with brilliant white, pink, red, turquoise and yellow flowers. All flowers stitched together with emerald vines. The skirts were pleated and flowy, shifting when she moved. Her silver earrings were dangly and kept tangling with her hair. Her shoes were unremarkable wedge sandals. A grass picnic wasn’t an ideal venue for tall stabby heels.

She’d barely had the time to dry her hair and slick on some makeup. Namely mascara and pink rosebud lipstick, and she had to be off out the door. Grabbing rugs and couple of cushions too. Hard ground wasn’t easy to sit on for three hours straight.

And here she was, waiting expectantly for her dashing date to meet her where they’d arranged. She stood with her arms encumbered by the heavy wicker basket slung over one. The blanket rolled up tucked under one armpit. A bag of cushions hooked off opposite shoulder in a tote bag. The breeze whipping her skirts about her legs.

She chewed her lip nervously. Watching the town busy-bodies gaggled in the far distance. Most likely speculating on who she was waiting for. Or if she was going to the movies alone - *again.* Some of the ladies meant well and would try and shove and shoehorn grandsons, nephews and cousins in her direction. Some of them just wanted to meanly judge *everyone* around them.

There was a group of the latter stood in their pastel dresses, Sunday best, long skirts, or pants and fancy summer blouses. With their own hampers in hand, and their blue rinses all identical, ringlet curls on their heads. Evie tried to ignore the way she felt their eyes on her as she stood waiting.

She knew what they were thinking; “*Poor girl. Alone again. No man on her arm this year.*”

Clearly they weren’t on the grapevine for her *news*...

“*Always alone. Poor thing.*”
“Never brings a date does she?”

“She’s been practically on her own since the day her momma died, so I hear.”

She pretends she can’t hear their snide whispers and obvious pointing, and lets herself admire the spreading blossoms above her head as she waits patiently. She watches their petals flutter and shiver on the hot wind that ruffled its branches.

She almost drops everything she’s holding when a big hot hand sears through her dress, reaching from behind to grab her hip. His arm brackets her ribs from his hold, and it’s then she detects a great drift of delicious. Expensive citrus and spice teasing her senses, and making her body flush with awareness over who that singular luxury scent belonged too. Her stomach tenses, giddy with great stupid fluttery butterflies.

She bites her lip, eyes shut and sighs a smile. He lovingly strokes her hip. She smelt like honey and vanilla. As always, even the scent of her teased him into the first stirrings of arousal.

“You look real fucking pretty tonight, Kitten.” Comes a dark grin into her ear. She turns around - not easily. Weighted down with baskets, wine, their dinner and a shoulder full of pillows.

She turns about and sees that she could level, in turn, that compliment right back to him.

He’s wearing an immaculate white button down. With a chunky Tag Huer drivers watch, that glints sunshine and reeks of money, off his tattooed wrist, where his sleeves are pushed up. His trousers are a pair of black, casual fit jeans that look almost near velvet. They sit low on his trim hips.

She fancies if the sun shone brighter, she’d be able to define every single tattoo under his transparent shirt. His nipple rings push up for attention too. Their silver shine dulled, chafing on the material of the tight shirt when he moves. There’s a pair of relaxed Barbour lace up boots on his feet.

It’s endearing how much her heart swirls up in gooey warm happiness when she sees him.

“Well. May I say, you look very lovely too.” She beams up at him as he stands there, smelling irresistible, and looking twice as so with his hands contentedly in his pockets. As the wind flounces
with his hair. He could’ve a poster boy for GQ or Vogue. So ruggedly handsome it makes her abdomen go all foolish and squirmy with the unbelievable fact he’s here to date her.

He smiles gently down at his Kitten. Her heart does something like a category four whirlwind in her chest.

There comes a louder gaggle of gabbling speculation from her not-so-far-off crowd of admirers. Only she hazarded a guess they weren’t admiring her, anymore. Kylo like this was a feast on the eyes for anyone, and everyone with half a brain.

His omnipotent eyes flicker over her head, face veiled to the stoic mask he used to sport in prison. Evie watched his cool granite eyes drink in the townsfolk gossiping behind them.

“Friends of yours?” He asks with a drawn back smile, as he moves to unburden her of some of her heavier items. The way he said the word ‘friends’ let her know instantly of his irony.

“Small town. People gossip for sport around here. They’ll be shocked that me, the perennial spinster, is at long last turning up with a date to a town shindig.” She smiles in humble humour at herself. Folding the rug into her arms as he holds the weighty hamper.

She’s awfully nervous for this evening - despite all they’ve shared, seen, done, to each other and this is the moment that’s making her shiver with nerves. The two of them, out in public, kitted out for a picnic date.

All whilst being studied and stared at like specimens under a microscope, by the entire population of a small southern town. That should take the pressure off nicely.

Kylo’s stature and aura of deliciously dark danger was attracting attention already. He stood tall, and didn’t go unnoticed by all. Evie saw whispers flourish, elbows into ribs. She frowned when she saw one woman clutch her children close and scurry off quickly down the pavement. Old ladies too, kept firm grasps on their handbags as they tottered by him. He was an errant source of fascination; this dangerous looking dark outsider.

“In that case. I was remiss not to give you a proper greeting...” He smarts. If people were gonna watch him and examine him like some exotic zoo animal, he’d be sure to leave them one hell of a lasting impression
His Raisin d’être for being here with Evie, subject to all their speculation, became set right and plain as day to everyone gawping in, when he stands the hamper at his feet, steps forwards, grabs an almighty handful of that ass and kisses her like the dirty man he is. Tongue and all.

She startled a little against his chest. One hand pressing to his pec, the other stroking to hook over his shoulder as she reached on tiptoes to lose herself in his kiss. He feels her smile and it makes his own smirk grow. Especially as he pinched her ass too. She squeaks into his mouth.

The kiss made her nipples ache hard. Begging for his hands or teeth around them. It also got her panties ready to drip.

The kiss had whetted both their appetites. She digs her hips into him. He bites her lip. Trying to refrain from further dirtiness.

He was resisting the inclination to tug her by the skirts to his Aston he parked not far away. Get her in his lap and fuck her stupid in the drivers seat - that wouldn’t be an advised impression for him to make in her town. And it would be a waste of the picnic she’d put together.

Still in one another’s arms he pulls away to speak. Big hand skimming he ass cheek as his love bitten lips go to her ear. Plump. Rosy. Sinful.

“They still looking?” He asks. Nuzzling her throat. Her earrings and hair dragging across his lips. His voice dipped several octaves below deathly gorgeous, to hear. Even this man’s voice was dangerous.

Evie’s too blissed out to respond properly. “Is who looking?” She smiles contented. He chuckles a little at her answer. Feeling her fingers rake through his hair. Her nails dragging his scalp.

Kylo links both hands to join at her lower back. Holding onto the backs of her hips. Bodies stretched to press together.

“Better keep it on this side of R-rated before they report us for public indecency.” Evie says with an amused smile. She watches his grow too.

“A single man, kissing a single woman.... Why the depravity.” Kylo mocks. One tongue tangling kiss with his kitten, and he was at risk of being thought as an unholy sinner.
They needed a memo that that particular ship sailed long ago. Why I f only they knew of his true depravities. They’d run screaming...

She laughs at his joke before he swoops down and presses another kiss to her eager mouth. Teeth nip her lip this time. She smiles into him, and clutched onto his shirt where it wrinkled at his ribs. The material felt like the most heavenly cotton she’s ever touched. Knowing him, it was a shirt that had cost more than her car. With the way it felt underhand she understood why. She can only imagine how glorious it must feel rasping against bare skin. That naughty thought makes her thighs clench.

She also thinks how glorious he looks when he peels those thousand dollar shirts off. A shame really. He spent so much looking good in them, when actually he looked far more, absolutely mouth-watering, in his stripping them off.

“You’re in a small town now. Mr Ren. Disapproving eyes and ears lurk at every turn...” She tells him in good humour.

There’s a flirty look in his eyes that she reads as his statement of not caring about that one bit.

“Good thing I’m a man who doesn’t care much what others think...” He grins huskily.

“I wouldn’t be shocked or surprised if they’re over here shaking their bibles at you in a minute.” She warns in a joke. He smirks onto her throat. It’s curling press lost into her skin.

When he cups he ass, hard, again. Grinding hips together. They both hear one of the old biddies around them gasp with horror. Gasping out at such a brazen display of perversion. Kylo revels in it. He side eyes the gaggle of judgemental old dragons and leans in to kiss at Evie’s neck to make her shiver.

“Let them break out the fucking holy water if they want too, Kitten. I’m too busy having my wicked way with you.” He smiles like the devil. Oddly enough.

A short staccato bark burst forth from the crowds around them. Chiding the group of onlookers.

“Oh shut your pie hole, Pearl. You’re acting as if you ain’t never seen some innocent over the
clothes action before. Honestly. One ass grab and you’re screeching for an exorcist - you stuffy prude.” There then comes a scoff of derision.

“They’re young, active and full of hormones. Not that you can remember what being young and in love feels like... you bitter, dusty old bag of elbows.” Insults the same voice. They again, open their mouths in horror at the harsh insults.

They try to proclaim the higher ground. But Flo is having none of it.

“Go swivel. You judgemental pack of harpies. Winslow. You let go of that, fine assed young man, and get in the hell over here!” She demands. And Flo was she who must be obeyed

Evie had pulled away, embarrassed, at Flo’s first outburst. Her cheeks blushing. She awkwardly fluffs her hair. Hair tucks. Looking up at him timidly after she stepped back. He likes how pink her cheeks heat with something so simple as their being caught kissing. Like they were in a convent. Like he was the devil tempting and ruining an innocent into debuchery.

Well... He indeed rescinds that earlier remark about ships, and having long since sailed.

Kylo turns his head, lips sore from the absence of her, to see the short little old woman tottering towards the pair of them with a walking cane in one hand and a basket in the other. Her steps laboured from the heaviness of the picnic hamper swaying in her other bony hand.

He took in the little woman marching like a hell fury toward them. Turquoise Capri pants on her prominent old hips. White sliders on her feet. Immaculate painted pink toenails to match her pink rinse hair. Up in her usual tamed beehive. On her top half was a green striped top and a salmon pink cardigan. A little diamanté dragonfly broach glimmers off her chest.

Kylo can discern from her barky tone and whacky sense of fashion, and keen spitfire spirit, that this pink and green clad lady was the infamous Flo he’d been forewarned about.

She comes close and her perfectly painted deep scarlet lips pull back to show a brilliant straight white, Colgate smile. Kylo could see from the simple beauty in her ageworn face, the sparkle in her eye, had meant she’d been a handsome woman in her youth. She had brilliantly blue eyes, made up with shadow and mascara. He notices her face wasn’t as wrinkled as some of the old bags she was growling at. She had hardy skin that still managed to look beautiful. And there was beauty to be found in old age - skin translucent, pale, soft, filled with veins and marked with the lines, creases and
age of a rich, full life.

Flo’s face was one that was weathered from too many smiles. He’d be lucky to have that in his old age. A pang sticks in his gut like a shiv when she reminds him of his own jovial, sturdy grandmother. He’d long since buried her. But he missed that plucky spit of fire.

“Heya Sugar.” Flo winks to Evie. Before she turns her attention on Kylo. She stabs her cane into the ground for emphasis. She scans him up and down.

“My goodness.” She chuckles, this big dark man was soft on the eyes. She drank him in. There was too much gorgeousness for the human eyeball to take in all at once.

“You certainly cut a dash young man. Holy hell. They don’t make many like you anymore.” She flirts gently with him. Scarlet lips forming a perfect smile.

“Flo, this is Kylo. My uh, date. Kylo this is Flo. For my sins - she’s my dearest friend and surrogate grandma.” Evie smiles.

“Nice to meet you Flo.” He greets. His eyes still drawn back. His smile soft.

“Kylo. Goodness. What an extraordinary name...” Flo remarks. “An exceptional name for an exceptional man.” She winks at him. Once again devouring the sight of his broad arms and chest through his tight, thin shirt.

“I must say. You look like trouble with a capital T...” She beams. “Good. She needs some of that.” Flo says. Wagging a bony finger towards Evie.


Kylo finds himself chuckling.

“Evie did tell me all about you.” He smiles lightly. Not letting go of his stroking on Evie’s hip as they stood.
“Only the very worst I hope.” Flo intones cheekily. Leaning into them both.

“Now, you’ll forgive my brazenness. But you look like you got a lovely strong pair of arms on you, young man, would you care to help this old bag of bones out?” Flo asks him, staggering forwards with the weight of the heavy basket in her hand.

“Yes ma’am.” Kylo sweeps in and relieves her frail arms of their heavy burden. Swooping it up as if it were nothing. He wouldn’t like to see this sweet woman injure herself.

Flo’s other arm is taken by Evie, hooking her elbow to her friends. Her hip must’ve been playing up again. Hence the cane. Which was odd Evie thought, it never usually started giving her trouble until the winter months crept in. The first chill of autumn and that affected Flo’s bones.

“Shall we go pick our spot kids? Otherwise all the good places’ll go.” Flo asks. Patting Evie’s hand and setting off a pace that was surprisingly fast for an elderly person encumbered by a cane. Evie and Kylo stride slowly along, flanking the short matriarch in the middle.

“Where’s Arthur Flo? Couldn’t he have helped you on with your hamper?” Evie asks curiously.

“Oh I sent him along ahead to scope out a good spot. Last year we got stuck behind the Coopers. They yammered on through the whole dang thing.” She gruffs.

“I see...” Evie smiles. Hint of suspicion in her tone.

They both stop when Flo suddenly wavers in her steps. She huffs lightly. Swaying on her feet. Evie guides a hand to her back as they come to a stop. “You alright?” Evie seeks quickly as she clutches onto Flo’s arm in worry. She looked like she was going to keel over.

“Might need to borrow another one of those strong arms sweetie.” She asks Up to Kylo. He shifts the baskets onto one arm and right away, gladly leans down to hook her arm into his.

Flo makes an impressed face of ‘Well, isn’t this lovely’ over at Evie.
She hooks her pale little hand onto his sturdy arm. Stroking the muscle and tattoos with a strong pat. Marvelling at his Grecian god-like stature. They continue along. There were a fair few stares, and gossips around them. Burning in their backs like flames scorching holes in paper when they passed. Flo was well known throughout town. And here she was, tottering along on this massive dark stranger’s arm. Of course people stared.

“Now. Tell me a bit more about yourself dear...” Flo smiles sunnily up at Kylo. He can’t resist that curious, kind smile. The warm soft sentiment, the enquiry of a grandmother.

Evie swoops in gently to help him.

“Kylo’s just set up his own architecture firm. He’s the CEO...” She tells Flo proudly. Flo looks up at him brows raised in admiration. Kylo’s eyes glimmer warm at Evie with the pride he hears in her tone.

“That must be a mighty big job.” Flo says with dread. Picking her cane along the ground with a soft clack.

“It is. But I’ve been in the industry for years. It was an opportune time to strike out on my own.” He explains. “At the moment it’s mostly about buttering up investors and shareholders. And setting up my head office.” He says.

“Where are you set up sugar?” She asks.

“West 85th. The old railway factory.” He tells.

“I love that old building.” Evie pipes up. Looking across at him.

The building in question was a giant big stone deco frontage downtown. Big windows, glass ceiling atrium. Towering steps to the front door. It had been on sale for years. Being restored by a man like Kylo let Evie knew he wouldn’t tear down any of its features. But rather he’d enhance them. Fill the big space with new innovation and business again. She was glad that he was giving it a new lease of life - she hoped it did the same for him in return.

“As of Monday it becomes the new site offices for R&R Enterprises.” Kylo explains.
“Gorgeous and rich. Good going girl. Especially with these nice big muscles to hold onto.” She beams at Evie. Nudging her in the ribs with her elbow.

“Behave yourself.” Evie says back with pink cheeks.

“With this body about? No chance.” She flirts. Kylo smiles.

“I see Evie was right to warn me about you. Flo.” Kylo’s flirting back with her. Smiling.

“Oh honey. She wouldn’t have done my wickedness justice.” Flo tells.

“Mine neither.” Kylo flirts a darkly seductive look across at Evie. She bites her lip and blushes more.

The wind ruffles hot over them as the three of them come to the grassy bank, sloping to look down over the movie theatre in the small park just off main street. It was tiny. But the whole town crammed into it each year. A few couples and families already had their blankets spread on the vast shimmering emerald lawn ahead. The sun seemed to echo ochre off every blade of grass like an ocean of copper pennies - the sky turning blue swiping into streaking peach overhead. Kylo can smell butter popcorn and magnolias from the trees, as the kindly breeze washes over him.

Kylo helps Flo to carefully pick her way down onto the grass. Strong muscles bunching and flexing as he moved. Evie felt her cheeks heat as people really started to gawp at them now. Flo lead Kylo down that lawn completely fearlessly. With the same tone of pride as if she was walking her own son down the aisle on his wedding day.

People would’ve approached to bid the most popular woman in town hello. But Kylo’s image was making them wary, Evie could tell. Flo bids hello’s everywhere. To every face she knows. Chirping and trilling like tweetie pie. Introducing Kylo to all her old biddy friends. The less venomous ones lurked hereabouts.

Evie follows, fighting a snigger in the wake of old ladies cooing and fussing at his muscles or tattoos, or his height. Or how strong he looked. But she watches him smile and interact friendly with everyone he’s introduced too. Of course, she didn’t expect any less of him. He may have been sociopathic - but he could charm every sparkling star down from its cozy place in the blue heavens if he so chose too.
Evie settles their rug on a yet unclaimed patch of ground near Flo’s gaggled gang of grannies. She stretched out the rug, rolling it open for them. Nudging away the wrinkles with her foot. She pushes out the corners and stand her bags down on their picnic spot. Unpacking the pillows and scattering them across the blanket so they both wouldn’t get sore backs.

She’s knelt down sorting out her baking tin full of brownies, when she feels him wander back over. His trouser clad knees in her eyeline. Flo is still hooked to his arm. And Evie watches as she waits. She even had him help unfolded her camping chair, and set her hamper down within arms reach.

“I thought I’d better return this handsome young man to you, Evie. Or else I might steal him away for myself.” She jokes. Evie grins.

“Arthur wouldn’t be too keen on that.” She says with a grin.

“Come by when you’re next in town dear. I insist on it. Have her bring you over for dinner and a whiskey. My lazy sons are out of state and I could use such muscles around the house to do things Arthur ain’t got the stamina to any more.” Flo urges. Patting his solid chest.

Evie ignored the very obvious double entendre of that comment and smiles at Flo.

She was only sat two picnic blankets away, but she had some friends to chat with and Evie didn’t want to interfere - actually she rather favoured they’d be sat speculating them, the first date, new couple, rather than paying any attention to the film itself.

“I’ll be sure to come visit.” Kylo tells her seriously. Smiling as he gently sets down Flo’s hand. He stands the hamper down beside Evie and takes his place beside her.

“Enjoy the film lovebirds. No funny business in the dark now. Ya hear...” She grins. Eyes twinkling at them both.

They hear the clack of Flo’s cane as she walks away - surprisingly quickly. Off across the grass with a spring in her step. Hollering for a dirty iced tea that her friends had ready.

Evie gently touches Kylo’s knee. “Not too traumatised I hope?” She enquires, unpacking their
picnic. Taking out the wine glasses and bottle of Pinot Noir.

He covers her hand with his massive one. Twining their fingers together on his thigh. “She’s great. And she obviously cares about you a great deal.” He says with a firm look in his eyes.

“She’s the closest thing I have left to family.” Evie says as she brings out their sandwiches and chips.

Kylo looks over his shoulder at the old woman. Who sat sipping dirty iced tea with her friends as they cackled heartily about something.

“She reminds me of my grandma...” He says gently. She’d been the sweetest soul alive. She was the only one in his family that gave a damn about him, and Ben. His parents weren’t the caring sort. He often wonders if their lack of nurturing or any sort of parental instinct made him the way he was. Cold. Calculating.

His gran took in both boys whenever she had the chance. She loved unconditionally. Wholly. Made Kylo see there were good types of love in the world. His own parents skirted so close to divorce so many times. But they never seemed to settle on it. Always both too busy. Him and Ben were left to their own devices for much of their childhood. The day they lost her, Kylo drew into himself and he didn’t come back out. His anger festered and it did still. He’d lost the one person on earth who’s ever given him the time of day. Made him feel worthwhile.

Evie smiles at his fond memory and who Flo reminded him of. “My Gran was her best friend. The Apple didn’t fall far from the tree in that respect.” She smiles. Screwing a travel corkscrew into the wine to open it. The two gleaming glasses stood waiting on the makeshift table of a cake tin lid. She opens it with a pop and pours them both a small tipple of scarlet red wine.

She hands him a glass and he takes it. Leant back on one arm. She smiles demurely as she takes a sip. Humming pleasantly at the taste of it. It was a good vintage, Kylo thought. Evie’s gran clearly was something of a wine connoisseur.

She opens another Tupperware box lined with paper rose napkins and offers him the contents. A swirl of bitter cocoa and salty dark chocolate hit his nose. “Brownie?” She tempts. He accepts plucking a fat wedge of the gooey cake from her offering.

“You know as you did the cooking, that the intermission candy is on me, Kitten. As well as the popcorn.” He tells her as he eats the brownie down and sucks clean his fingers. That naughty gleam
back in his eyes. She was a damn good cook. Bitter chocolate rich and deep sat strong and sweet on his tongue. It went well with the red wine.

“I can accept those fair terms.” She beams. Licking a stray crumb of chocolate off her thumb. His dark eyes watched her, smirking.

She eats her own bit with tiny bites and red cheeks as she stays on her knees opposite. The air was starting to cool and he was hankering to get her small little form huddled up close to him sometime soon, to watch the movie.

It seems like he’d get his chance as the credits started with a booming roll. Announcing the start of the film. Kylo stands his wine down and beckons her close with a nod of his head. Sat leant back, big long legs stretched out - his big booted feet almost off the rug. She always forgot how big he was.

“Get over here Kitten...” He commands with a smile. She does as told. Standing her wine down and letting herself get tucked, back into his chest.

His shirt rasps against her skin. His cologne finely tickles her nose. She shuffled to get comfy and lets his strong arms hold her close. She feels his nose and red wine scented lips nuzzle at her neck. His hot fingers tease at the short hem of her blue dress.

“I make no promises that I’ll keep my hands off you.” He sighs into her ear with a naughty kiss and a smile.

The way he bites her neck makes her shiver.

“I’ll take another kiss if you’re offering them out...” she sighs weakly.

He turns her head back and makes out with her as the film begins. It's heaven. Dirty. Hot. Romantic kissing that gets her toes curling. His hands cupping her with urgency.

She smiles onto his lips. Too blissed out in his hold to care. She remember there ever being a first date better than this.
Night set slow and cool. The amber of afternoon blazed and fizzled out into the blue cool of night. Crickets chirruped their chorus around the small park. Humming on the air. Nothing could be heard otherwise but the drawling baritone of Jimmy Stewart and the softer lull of Grace Kelly’s voice as Jeff and Lisa discussed over why Thorwold would murder a dog.

In the dark, the many couples and families spread on rugs became nothing but indistinguishable dark shapes, warped and still. Far off in the dark. Kylo switched his eyes from the film, watching his Kitten as she was curled up in his arms. Idly munching on popcorn. A shawl wrapped across her shoulders to keep the chill off her arms. She was happy. Eyes fixated on the film before them. It reflected in slithers off her intrigued blue eyes.

He gladly took some of the popcorn off her offered fingers earlier. Licking butter salt off the tips. Letting his teeth clamp on her fingers in a smile - only for the barest scant second. But she knew enough to see how that wicked flicker of arousal lit up his gunpowder eyes.

He grabbed her hand and brought each fingertip into his mouth. Sucking them clean. Butter, wine and her bursting across his palate. She’s clenching her thighs and trying not to tremble, she’s so turned on. Kylo sets his eyes on hers. And she’s never felt more erotically appealing to a man. It’s overwhelming. Completely delirious.
Delicious.

And when Kylo was aroused - she’d come to learn it wasn’t long until he had her clawing at his big, sweaty pale back, screaming his name in a fucked out diatribe.

She shuffled back into him, turning her attention to the screen once more. Cheeks flushed as she ate more popcorn. He’d spoiled her rotten at half time. Came back with an armful of milk duds, vines, popcorn and mallomars. They shared chocolate and red wine kisses for most of the first half of the film.

They wolfed down the sandwiches, the chips and wine. He greedily stole a fair few of her brownies. She smiled so much at him every time he reached for one, her cute little cheeks dimpled.

When the intermission rolled around, Flo brings by her husband and half the Bernstein clan to meet Kylo. Daisy insisted most furiously in her very stubborn eight year old way, that he looked like a giant out of a fairytale. That made him smile wide.

The film starts back up, and Evie pulls the thin cream pashmina tighter about her shoulders. Tucking her knees up. Having kicked off her shoes long ago. Kylo stretched out on his side and smiled wickedly as he clamped one arm into her hip, and drags her bottom into the cradle of his pelvis. Grinding their bodies together.

He bit his lip when he felt how her soft little ass got his cock starting to fill out in his trousers. He growls lightly and bites down the inside of his bottom lip as he got a filthy idea.

The corner of her shawl lay folded over her thighs. He could exploit that. Fuck was he was going to.

He lets his hand playfully caress her hip. Feeling the shape of her bones pressing up under her skin. So frail. So soft. It never failed to remind him of his own terrifying size. How dainty she was in comparison. Her bones were like a delicate baby birds under his hands. His, under his rough-hewn latticed skin of tattoos and scars was like iron rods encased in concrete.

They both feel as his fingers skim and dip under the hem of her dress. Yet another pretty thing he wanted to tear to shreds to get at the gorgeous body underneath. Her skin prickles with goosebumps at his touch as his big hot fingers claw across her rounded fleshy thighs. Getting closer and closer to their intended target.
When his thumb brazenly sweeps across the cleft of her pussy, outside her safe, plain cotton panties, she freezes.

She squirms up in his lap. Her little hand going to cover his and pry it away. It was no use. He’d hooked a finger into her panties, he was millimetres away from this beautiful pink pussy. He wasn’t budging.

“Kylo. Not here, we can’t here, we’re in public...” She gasps out nervously. Glancing around at the people sat close by. On their own rugs. Engrossed in the film.

He runs two fingers down her dripping slit to prove his point. She shudders. Cheeks aflame. He wishes he could see her whole expression right now. The cute brand of her worrying panic. The blush. The gaped lips.

“They’re all watching the film, Kitten. But I’d much rather watch you cum.” He grins. She feels his hot breath on the back of her neck. Spreading down her shoulders.

She shuts her eyes and gasps out “oh god.” In a whimper that sounds plainly pathetic. His mouth is then closer, right at her ear, hushing her with cooing shushes.

“God can’t help you. So you better keep it quiet as I finger your tight little pussy.” He bites her ear and his fingers climb over the barrier of her panties fully, two fingers parting her slick lips and gently teasing her open. Coaxing out the wetness that’s already drooling onto his hand.

Her toes clenched. She bit down her lip hard, feeling his big chest move against her back. His teeth press against her neck as he smiles and moans into her hairline at her nape.

“Always so wet for me. Aren’t you baby? Dripping for me every time.” He mumbles smugly into her ear. Kissing it after.

She wants to gasp out loud, and move her hips. But she can’t. She has to keep quiet. And worst of all, she has to keep still. She wants to burst. Her hand is digging into his over where it’s wedged between her thighs. Her nails sting his knuckles.

Her legs shift and her pelvis grinds back into him. She’s trying to hard to keep still that she’s trembling.
“I can feel how worked up you are. You’re trying so hard to keep quiet, huh?” He teases, still drawing circles around her. Teasing down outside her labia with two fingers. Ignoring right where she needed him. And he knew it. Taking great smug delight in getting her worked up and flustered.

She was such a pretty picture all blush pink. Sweaty and pink and sobbing in pleasure. Her blue eyes bright, yet so dark and full with her lust. Hair tacky against her neck and forehead. Skin shimmering. Such a delectable sight to see, his fucked out Kitten. Perched on the edge of cumming as she bounced on his cock in his lap, or he pounded her raw until he feared he’d break her old creaky bed.

How many times had he had her like that under the sheets now? It must be countless times. The sight of kitten wrapped up in blue moonlight of her bedroom, tacky in sheets. Body shimmering silver in the night. It’s one that’s engrained on his brain as much as his own name.

And though it sates him, he knows it won’t be enough. It’ll never be enough. He doesn’t have her and he gets antsy and pissed off. He can’t and won’t stop needing her. So many times after they’ve fucked. Or he thinks he’s tired her out with a sheet clawing, bed wetting, screaming loud orgasm. Not twenty minutes later, and he is hard again, aching, cock leaking hungry for another round. He hadn’t had stamina for sex like this since high school.

Evie is either in heaven or hell. She can’t discern which. She’s writhing on the ends of his fingers, squirming on the rug. Desperate to open her mouth and beg him to make her feel good. And she’s surrounded by the familiar occupants of her town sat not metres away.

Kylo decides to stop teasing - he can never resist her gorgeous hot pussy. He feels her slick coated thighs as he plunges two fingers sharply into her to test if she’d keep quiet.

She does, Just.

She opens her mouth to groan - remembering she can’t, he saves her by slinking one hand up her neck, feeling her corded throat strain as he twists her jaw about to him and muffled her moans into a savage kiss. His lips claim hers and he doesn’t retreat. His tongue rubs along her teeth and he smirks as she gasps and splutters into his mouth. One hand leaving his hand to thread through the back of his soft hair as he fucks her hard and fast with his fingers.

They break away and she’s trying hard to watch the movie. Biting her lip so hard she might taste blood soon. Her watery eyes fixing on the movie screen. Trying to act like she doesn’t have half his big hand stuffed in her. Pleasuring her beyond the grip of her sanity.
“I wanna slip your damn panties off Kitten. Next time leave them *the fuck* at home. They only get in my way.” He snarls hot into her ear. Curling and opening his fingers inside her. Feeling her slick silk walls suck him in deeper. *Oh how* that always makes him rock hard.

He finds her spot. That nice soft sweet one inside that sets her thighs quivering, walls fluttering around his fingers as if trying to grip them. She almost loses it as he relentlessly batters that spot with flicking fingertips. Fluttering into her body like an open flame licking the air.

It’s a damn good thing he was so solid, strong and hard against her back. She felt as effectual as a silk scarf on the breeze. She was melting and moving herself onto his hand without knowing it. Blissed out with the pleasure he’s finger fucking into her, yet she’s never been so on edge. So tortured.

“I’d give anything right now to bend you over the end of your bed and spank your ass hot til this pussy is *pooling* on the sheets. Begging to be filled.” He rumbles. She feels his whispering voice move in his chest. Rubbing up against his big ribs.

“That’s what I’d do kitten. I wouldn’t let you cum. I’d edge you like this for hours.... and I mean, *hours.* I’d go all night.” He purrs. She believes him. Not done yet he carries on. His voice was so low and silky it was dark rich. Like smoke on whisky.

“I’d get you whining and sobbing. This sweet cunt wet and raw for me. So when I did finally slide my dick in you, you cum purely from *that* alone.”

“You know if there was no one here baby. I’d get those needy pussy lips on my face. Ride me til you gush.” His throbbing erection clearly agrees with that thought as he bucks his hips into her ass.

“Oh *shit* yeah. I’d taste that pussy and eat your damn *fucking* heart out.” He promises.

She’s burning up. She was cold and she’s burning up. Boiling over in her own skin. Blood fuzzing with lust and need. Writhing desperate yet she’s never been so still. Kylo was a ferocious lover. She wants to scream, she wants to dig her nails in his skin and she wants to move her hips in time with his fingers. She wants to do all the usual things that please him. He loves her loud.

He’d never come close to loving anything on a partner before her. That thought doesn’t sober him. He doesn’t give it a chance too. He stays drunk on lust. Drunk on the feeling of her gorgeous pussy
surrounding his hand.

“One thing I’m desperate still to do, Kitten. Among the many things I wanna corrupt you with. Cum deep in you like I know you love. And watch it leak out. And when it does, I’m gonna fuck it back into its rightful place with my fingers. Just, like, this...”

He drags and twists and swirls his fingers in a way that almost lets them both hear how her slick pushed sloppily around inside her. Squishing and sloshing. Her small body is so tense and strung out, Kylo knows with certainty she’s close. He can almost taste her.

“Fuck. I’d give anything to taste you right now. I could drown myself licking that pussy. But me shoving my head under your dress and lapping your clit might be a bit too obvious. Even for me. The sight of you cumming is mine alone. And I intend to keep it that way.” He explains.

“I won’t tell you of all the naughty things I’d do to make sure I keep it that way...” he intones darkly. She doesn’t need telling that. Their encounter with Jimmy was proof enough of what he’d do to cherish and guard his kitten. She feels his wet teeth scrap into her neck as he talks. Smiling in glee.

She almost breaks character to sigh his name. “Oh Kylo. You’re gonna make me-“ She trails off. Thighs quaking. Hand bunched in his trousers. Wrinkling the expensive things to kingdom come. He doesn’t care one bit.

He drags her close and grinds his cock onto her. Prodding her in the back with it.

“Say it. Fucking say it...” His hand itches to grip her neck. But he curls his fingers into a stiff fist in her dress instead. He wants to rip something.

“Kitten.” He growls into her neck. Lips on skin. Drooling a little onto her where he moves his lips to speak. A wet smear left on her pale neck that he sucks away and turns it into a love bite at her pulse point.

“You’re gonna make me.” She swallows “c-cum...” she chokes. A whisper lost on the hot air. She throws her head back to his shoulder, and he eyes how her skin shimmers. Sweat sliding down her neck, pooling at her collarbone.

His exercise in restraint, and foray into exhibitionism ends when he fucks and fucks, fucks her so
deep, and feels her wetness pour over his fingers. Turning around to muffle her screams into his neck. Hips jumping up to pump out every last bit of pleasure as it hit, over and over. Rolling across her like cresting waves. It hit her again and again and battered her senseless.

Left her legs quivering. Pulse and pussy fluttering in sync. Heart jerking in her chest like a mad thing.

He pulls his sticky wet fingers slowly out of her, carefully nudging her clit as he went. Smearing it with her fluids, marking it nearly, in a ‘I’ll be back for you later.’ Sort of a way.

She jolts in his arms as his wet fingertips press her clit. Her breath fogs his neck as he does that. And how he smirks. Like the devil.

He pulls away and lets her panties slip back in place over her leaking wet cunt. Messy. Sloppy. Splattered in cum and wetness. He loves knowing how she’ll fidget with being so wet for the rest of their night.

He drags his hand back up her thigh. Watching the silver smear it left in a broad stripe up her leg. He reaches over her and she’s puzzled at to what, until he plucks half a brownie into his hands, and places it into his mouth. Fingers on his tongue too. She watches.

Watches as he sucks those fingers.

He savours long and deep, and draws out slowly. Dragging them out his lips. And smiling as he swallows down. Eyes of pooling burnt molasses stick to her hungrily. She feels her cheeks heat.

“My favourite dessert.” He tells her seriously. Eyes on dark fire for her. She swallows and sags against his chest. He chuckles and kisses the nobbled join of her spine to her neck.

Turning her breathless attention back to the film, she sees it’s not long from its climax. Ironic. She’s barely breathing from hers. Tacky in her dress, thighs a sticky hot mess. Clit pulsing for more. She feels it echo out with her heartbeat.

She feels embarrassed she just had a raucously phenomenal orgasm, sat three blankets away from families sat with their children. She presses a palm to her heated cheeks. Sighing in relief and bliss.
“I hope I wasn’t loud…” She ushers weakly. She had her worrying face back on already.

Kylo slings an arm around her neck and she feels his big muscles bunch. Made her go all swoony and girly. Such a show of macho power like his.

“Baby, you were quiet as a mouse. But when I get you home. I’d quite like you screaming the house down. You know I love you loud.” He purrs. Kissing her neck. Nuzzling with his strong nose. Feeling her pulse go crazy under it.

Her heart briefly goes ballistic at the three little words he uses in that sentence. But her treacherous body clamours and whines for the all-nighter marathon of hot rough sex he’s suggesting.

“And on our first date too, Mr. Kylo Ren. You shock me…” She jokes innocently. But her smile is cutely optimistic.

He grumbles. It’s a sound almost like a pleased chuckle.

“I promise me and my cock are more than worth putting out on a first date for.” He explains. Where her shawl had curled off her shoulders. It now lay limp over his lap. He guides her hand under it and gets her cupping his hard dick. She flutters again at that.

She loves his reaction when she dares to be brave, and curls her fingers over him, dragging along his length. His hips seek more of her hand. But she pulls away. With his girth and length, a raging hard on in his tight suit trousers would be only too obvious when they stood up to go home.

She pours them the last of the wine as a distraction, and they take turns sharing it out the same glass in an oddly intimate way. They watch the film conclude happily. Or as her Granny used to say, ‘everything gets set right.’

They settle down again, snuggled together as the film draws nearer the ending. He was on his side, head leant on an elbow and the other cupping and stroking the dip in her waist as she crosses her legs and leans into him. As the sex haze fades, Kylo pipes up.

“Kitten, there’s something I need to tell you…” He kisses quietly against her shoulder. She takes
notice. Turning her knees inwards, she twists her hips, ignored the movie star kiss happening, and looks earnestly across at him. His tone sounds serious.

“What’s wrong?” She’s quick to rasp out.

He smiles. One hand draws hair back behind her ear. Tucking it there for her.

“Nothings wrong. But I have to go out of town for a few days next week. I’ll be gone for ten days.” He says.

“Oh?” She asks. Her heart sinks at the thought of him not being around. “Jet-setting off somewhere nice?” She asks curiously.

“Switzerland.” He answers with a small smirk. “I’m going to meet the investors who sunk their money into my company. They’re sending a jet over.” He tells.

Her brows raise, impressed. She almost forgot he was an aspiring business mogul now. A big bad CEO. Her big bad CEO.

“That must be exciting.” She muses.

He nods vaguely. “My designs always went over well in more Nordic countries. They’re pleased to welcome me and my company. Which is good.” He elucidates.

“The worlds in your palm. Mr. Ren. And well you deserve it.” She tells him. This was where he belonged. Doing something successful for millions of dollars. Not festering in a cell in some grotty prison.

“I wanted to tell you. So you know that when I get back...” He trails off. “I can barely go six hours in the day without your pussy, after ten, long, sexless days....” He leans in and bites her neck with sharp teeth to make her squeak. Which she does.

A few heads turn their way. Frowning. As it was just getting to the good bit.
“I’m gonna fucking wreck you.” He growls. “And if you’re not in bed naked and waiting for me the minute I’m back, then I cannot be held responsible for my damages...” He husks into her ear.

She shivers. And turns to kiss him on the lips. “Yes, Kylo.” She agrees. He could say anything in that growling voice. He could tell her to jump off the Empire State and she’d bloody go and do it. Anything for that sexy rasp.

He growls and smacks their lips together in a kiss that would make a nun faint. Hot lips, teeth and running his tongue on her lower lip. Sucking the breath and rationality out of her. She’s cupped his jaw to kiss him. Wrapping around each other. His arm goes around her back. Holding her tight. Kissing her lips rosy sore.

They pull away when they both feel soft things pelting them. It scatters and hits him in the back, and her, down the side of her bare arm. That felt like- popcorn?

They pull away and twist around to see they’re being showered with handfuls of it. From a mischievous old lady. Sat, wine drunk, in her fold out chair, pelting the young lovers as she lobbed handfuls of her popcorn at them.

“Pack it in, you two. There’s kids around.” Flo hisses across. A grin on her lips.

Evie buries her face in Kylo’s shoulder in shame. His chest bumps her where he laughs. She clutches onto his shoulders and kisses under his handsome jaw. Gorgeous cologne in her nose.

“No more town dates. Next time. I promise...” She laughs.

He cups the back of her head and kisses her temple. He can feel laughter curling at his black heart at these whacky, big hearted folk who loved her earnestly - and he didn’t mind.
Chapter End Notes

How’d that chapter go for you?
Chances & Tenacity

Chapter Summary

Ben may just be my favouritest prettiest filthy slut in all the world.

Whilst the cats away, hey?....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Evie seemed to notice with every spec of her body that Kylo was gone.

She found her mind slipping to him when in odd moments. Such as when she was gardening of a quiet evening. She kept expecting to feel his big warm hands slide over her hips, grabbing her ass. Stood at the stove cooking dinner, she kept anticipating to hear the roar of his Aston carving its sleek way up through the woods and into her drive. Sadly; none of it comes.

She kept relaying their goodbye in her head. His flight was early. He’d woken her up in a way that proved most popular. Spread her thighs wide and tongued her awake groaning. She grabbed his wavy mane and sighed in bliss as he made her cum a handful of times. Not giving in til it became too much for her poor abused clit to handle. She knew what he was doing; quite literally drinking her in before he had to leave. He stuck out his tongue and lapped her up as she gushed - as if he’d never get to taste her again.

In odes to his stamina. He then scooped her up pinned her to the shower wall, taking her hard from behind, big hand leaving bruises ringing her neck as they fucked. They finished and washed up before his car turned up to take him to the airport. They dried off and she plated him up a huge breakfast of mushroom omelette with fried tomatoes, and her cinnamon coffee and salty buttered toast before she sent him off.
He was such a picture of virility stood in her hallway in his three piece suit, tie and overcoat. Shrugging it on as she righted his tie knot for him. Stroking it down his big chest. His eyes glimmered brighter than his silver cuff links in his sleeves. He cupped her jaw in one hand and gave her a filthy, too short, goodbye kiss. Picking up his carry on bag and suit bag and striding out the door. She watched him go. Treated herself to an extra few hours in bed for her all too early, amorous wake up call.

She spends all day up to her elbows in dirt in the allotment to make herself not yearn for him too much. She goes to the small movie theatre that night, in town with Flo to see ‘Dirty Dancing’ for the ten thousandth time. Cool down in the icy relief of the AC, ignoring the sticky heat of night outside. Shovelling in popcorn and sharing a bag of jolly ranchers with her friend. Flo stole all the red ones.

What does come though, is a six foot four counterpart, sans tattoos, with a flirty sense of humour. And a very healthy appetite for sex.

She had an enormous, gaping Kylo shaped hole in her life. And his Twin was starting to try and fill that particular void.

It had been two torturous days since Kylo had left. She’s running out of ways to keep from thinking about how much she misses him.

She was at work when she got the first text. Hunched over the microfiche archives. Pouring through them for her article on the proud history and heritage of the Nichols family pumpkin business, they were rushing to finish and get to the printers for the usual weekend edition. And she feels her phone buzz from its cushioned place on a stack of papers over at her desk.

She springs out her chair, and launched across the office to scoop up her phone. Modest flowery dress swaying about her knees. She bites her lip in excitement and brings the phone up to see. And her broad smile falls a little.

‘Kylo’s out of town then, gorgeous?’

She sighs lightly. Trust Ben in all his ladykiller glory to slink back in, ramming his foot in the door, just when Kylo’s back was turned.

She opts for conventional. ‘Hello Ben.’
The reply comes quicker than she can comprehend. In the blink of an eye it’s there on her screen;

‘Come have a drink with me tonight?’

She had to get back to work. She has a million things to do. And going out with the most indiscreet flirt in all the 50 states seemed like a fools errand. Not to mention what happened to her the last time Kylo laid down a claim of her.

‘This isn’t a good idea. I’m sure you’ve got some other girls in your contacts dying to get taken out tonight. May I suggest you ring them instead. I’m Sorry.’

She thinks that the end of it - Oh, she should have known better by now. Ben Solo wasn’t so easily defeated.

‘One drink. And I’ll try and keep my hands to myself.’

Comes his promise. Evie rolls her eyes. Back at the microfiche now. Staring conspicuously with suspicion at her phone.

‘We both know that’s an empty promise.’ She replies.

‘One drink can’t hurt.’ He fought back.

Tell that pithy excuse to Kylo, she frets.

She’s stuck on an appropriate response when his determined second message comes through

‘The Carlton. East and 9th. 9:30. I’ll have a cold dirty martini with a twist waiting for you. Dress sexy.’ He urges.

She rolls her eyes. He was the definition of perseverance. She ignores her phone and turns back to work. All cylinders firing to get the paper out. She works solidly, pitting it out right out her mind. Vanishing it to a marooned place in her head she never visits. After they submit this weeks edition to
the printers. She feels not an emotion of relief. But one of deflation.

Now work is over. She can’t so easily put aside Ben’s texts. And she’s amazed she finds how much she wants to go. But not for the reasons he’d like.

She bustles home and makes ready. Showering, shaving her legs. Washing her hair in some expensive lavender shampoo she splurged on. Akin to slipping into her war paint. Putting on one of her innumerable tea dresses. This one was black and quite fitted. With a sweetheart neckline and capped sleeves. Vintage 40’s style. It was spattered with red roses, and white polka dots. She teams it with low red heels. A slash of tulip red on her lips, sweeping mascara on her lashes and she pins her hair up off her face. She gets in her car ready to leave and decides with fierce determination as she grips the steering wheel, that she was going to tell Ben she was with Kylo.

Labels be damned. So they weren’t definable yet. She was loyal to one man regardless. Her fidelity was more a part of her than the colour of her eyes; or her genes. She’s damn certain that trait is wounded around every strand of her DNA.

She gets into town early. And parks her car with plenty of time to spare. She got foots it to the ritzy hotel bar. Walks across the shimmering modern lobby. Flawless wall to wall marble. Noisy and echoing with sharp footsteps across it. Black and white hinted with accents of blue splashed in. She clacks across to the restaurant and bar podium giving Ben’s name and the waiters face instantly lights up in recognition.

She was told he’s in the King Cole bar. And that’s where she goes to. Ignoring the lush luxury of her surroundings. It’s all immaculate. Expensive. Modern and chic. A very suitable setting for Ben. But she doesn’t pay attention to that. She’s got something else on her mind, tonight.

She heads through the fairly busy bar. It’s taste is masculine blue and moody. Bassy late night lounge music pumps through the dark atmosphere. Sparsely lit leather booths line one wall. The bar runs adjacent. A huge walnut counter studded one side with grey velvet barstools. Trimmed with stoic deco lights around the room. Crowds of men and women fill the space. Deafening chatter and music clogs her ears. But she spots Ben from a mile off. Lounging in a booth to himself. Arms along the back. One leg posed on the other. Two drinks in front of him - as promised.

She strides toward him with a backbone full of bravery and steely determination. His face breaks into a filthy grin when he spots her coming close. His brown eyes heat up under the brim of his hair like brown soil after hot summers rain.

His goatee and tache still trimmed short around his lips. Stretched out with his smile. Cinder brown
of his black wavy hair catching in the low hanging light, over the table. He’s wearing a deep navy suit, as if to blend in to the place, with a dusky barely blue shirt.

He stands when she comes to the table. She tries not to shrink under his gaze that she can feel is making clammy pins and needles prick at her skin. She meets his eyes head on.

“Ben...” She starts. Opening her mouth to say more.

“Baby...” He answers. Hooking her close by the back of the waist and telling her in til their bodies almost touched. His juniper sweet cologne crests over her. Stroking her senses the way his plump lips pressed a kiss to her cheek.

He smells that warm clean scent of her skin. Tang of soap. Geranium perfume. The plain spiced scent of lavender ebbed in too. That was new. He liked it.

Most of the girls he’s used too reek of rotten sickly Versace or Gucci perfume that follows them like an overpowering cloud. The raw scent punching him in the gut often making him feel sick. Kitten was different, and the calm modest scent of her turns him the fuck on in ways he can’t describe how.

She can’t deny how every nerve is awash with delight at his caress. But she remains strong. His wasn’t the pair of arms she wanted to be held in again. He was bloody close. But he wasn’t the man she’s craving the way a drought needs the rain.

Despite how mushy his smelling alluringly good, and looking twice as such affects her. She leverages a hand between them, creating some much needed space between their chests. He eyes her hand with smug flirtation.

He takes her lithe little hand and carefully tugs her into the booth with him. She sees the cold martini fogging up the glass. With a twist. Straight up. like she likes.

Next to her drink was a squat thick tumbler with two fingers of apricot-gold whiskey filling the bottom. He settles in first, the half light masking them in low half darkness. It was awfully dark in their booth. Moodily so. The suave bar glitters opposite, a very epitome of high class nightlife.

She slides onto the seat next to him. His hand doesn’t leave her knee. Rather it kneads it in gentle concern. The filthy smile never leaving his face. He was damn hard already. Merely from seeing her
walk to him across the room. She seems withdrawn. And it wouldn’t take a fool to know why. She sits with her hands sloped in her lap. Trying her best not to get swept along by hurricane Ben.

He studies her for a second. “Baby. We’re not hurting anyone by having an innocent drink together...” He tells. Reaching across for his glass and taking a big drag of his 25 year aged vintage Glenlivet.

She looks up and finds his eye-line to concentrate on. “You? Innocent?” She teases sweetly.

He exhales a smile. Then his eyes turn. As if someone flipped down the dimmer switch. Molten lust swells through him.

“Fuck. I’ve missed you, gorgeous.” He purrs. Watching her leave a garnet-sticky smudge of lipstick on the rim of her glass as she sips. His hand still on her knee, playfully swipes a thumb across her kneecap. It’s enough to send static sparks racing through her veins.

“Do you actually miss me though Ben? Or do you just miss what you *did* to me?” She asks point blanc.

Her elegant, unpainted fingers toy with the stem of her glass as she tries to keep up the shield of her bravery. He wants those nails raking down his back again and bringing back blood. Red. Red like the colour of her pretty lips.

“I miss all of it...” He husks seriously. His arm slides on the leather soft booth behind her head, brushing her neck, his thigh presses into hers as he leans closer and cages her in where she sat. She doesn’t retreat. That would be weakness. She turns her head and looks him dead in the eye.

“I miss the way you gasped my name when I slid my thick hard dick in your perfect wet pussy...” He whispers. Leaning right in to say it like the dirty secret it was.

“I close my eyes at night and swear to god I can still feel the taste you on my tongue.” He purrs. Fingers stroking down her neck from the arm behind her. Other hand slipping a little higher up her soft thigh.

“I thought you said you had a boyfriend safely tucked away at home.” She fights back. The only way he knew his words were working was in the pink tint sat on her cheeks that definitely *wasn’t*
blusher from her makeup bag.

He sees it starting to ebb down her collarbone too. Staining her milky skin. So pale. Like the cold splash of cream he dashed into his coffee in the mornings. She blushed beautifully. Bruised beautifully too. Like an ivory satin canvas ready to be marked with lips, teeth, tongue. And other things too. He’d give his left arm to watch how he’d spread a pearl necklace to drip all over that swan-like neck.

“I did baby. But now he’s gone. And I can’t stop thinking about the way you rode my tongue like a champ. Squirming away on my face and cumming all over it.” He flirts. So close now his breath hits her ear, ruffles hot her hair. Scorched her neck to burn her. His filthy words making her mouth dry.

“Lucky me. I had the taste of your pussy on my tache for days...” By now he’s panting. Nibbling on her ear with his teeth.

“I’ve fucked a lot of women over the years babe, and not one of them had a cunt that could live up to your tight little thing.” He tells.

“I’d have thought you’d have moved onto another one of those women by now.” She said. It had been a few weeks since the infamous night in question. And Ben didn’t strike her as the type of man who sat home brooding over a girl he couldn’t have.

“Three women at the bar have been giving me come fuck me eyes since I got here. They don’t interest me one bit. They’re all cheap, easy sluts. The only pussy I’m interested in fucking tonight is sat right here, with me.” He smiles.

“The only girl I wanna worship over and over with my mouth, and make her cum, and scream, and fuck the very life out of, is here, perched in my lap. And I’d like to give her an all night marathon of such good sex that even the neighbours will be needing a cigarette after we’re done...” Now he’s scraping a dark love-bite on her throat. She pulls away, breathless. His teeth slide off her with a wet pop.

“Ben. We can’t do this. I- can’t...” She starts. Sighing as his hand hitched higher up her dress. The darkness of the booth and the table saved anyone from seeing. She’s had enough orgasms in public of late. Her hand clamps his down on her thigh. Stopping his route.

He pulls back from where he’s fogging up her neck with heat and dirty promises. Eyes shuttering to
look at her. His cheeks starting to pink now too, from where he made out with her weak neck.

“I can’t.” She resolutes. Shaded blue eyes finding his. He tilts her chin up with one hand and grants her a steamy kiss under her jaw that makes her breath rattle weak through her chest.

“I won’t breathe a word to Kylo, babe. While the cats away...” He smiles into her skin. Licking up where she sprayed her perfume earlier.

“Ben...” She sighs out in a half-assed chide.

He smirks against her pulse point. Sucking on it. Feeling it’s throb. Knowing he’s turning her on. He takes her hand from her lap and brings it into his. Humping up into the press of her palm so she can feel his massive pulsing cock. Erect and ready.

“Five star hotel babe. I got a room here. I could get one for us. Or a suite. Or the penthouse. Fuck. I could buy this whole damn place right the fuck now and let you pick the room if you wanted.” He bargains.

“Spread this gorgeous body out on five star bedsheets and tongue your pretty cunt til you cum all over them, and me. I’d raw you in so many ways, all night long baby. I wouldn’t stop loving on you til I’m satisfied. And I can go for miles.” He promises.

“Room service the next morning. Anything you want. Click your fingers. And you’ll have it. Hole up with me for the next week in here, before he’s back and I promise you won’t know how to moan any other name than mine.” He offers.

“The things I could do to you with seven days all to ourselves, Kitten.” He growls, smirking.

Rubbing her hand over his crotch. A needy whine of a growl bred with a moan parting his lips as he leans in to suck at her neck again. If this booth were darker he’d slam her on the table and fuck her right here. Tear her dress up and spear his cock into her so deep, it distends her guts.

“Say yes. Oh, Evie baby. Say yes, and then I can bury my mouth and tongue in your sweet, sweet pussy and be in-between your legs for the next three hours.” He rasps. Fingers trying to slide further into her panties.
She puts a stop to all of it when she tears herself out the booth. Coming to a stand. Leaving Ben cold, and aching. Her own body felt rather devoid and shaky. But she stands on her own two feet. And is proud of the words that come out her mouth with more steel and bravery than she’s sure she possesses in her weak little soul.

“Ben. I can’t. And I know my reasons for why is a feeble excuse to you. But it’s not for me. I know Kylo and I are nothing. I’m not stupid. But it is something to me. Something worth being loyal to. And... as tempting as your offer is. I just- can’t. I’m sorry. Goodnight.” She says.

“Thankyou for the drink.” She parts with as she slips away with her clutch bag, off into the crowd before she can register the disappointment on his handsome face.

Little does she know; he doesn’t look disappointed. He merely smirks. He sits back in the booth. Cock throbbing pulses of pain in his underwear at being ignored.

Pulses of pain that he wasn’t at this very second, sinking any part of himself into Evie’s hot pussy.

He finished his drink and took his room key card out his pocket. He twiddles it playfully in his fingers before he stands up. Shifting lightly at the friction his trousers dragged across his heavy erection.

A stick thin brunette, with ridiculous bouffant hair and a slinky dress, sways up to him in her heels and rakes her nails across his chest. “Was it you staring at me? Or me who couldn’t take my eyes off you...” She flirts through her bee-stung pouting lips.

Ben leers, clutching at her hand on his chest-

Before he impolitely plucks up her hand and takes it off him. And says through a sickly sweet smile;

“Couldn’t be less interested, sweetie...” He injures.

Watching her face drop in shock, he skirts around her and stalks off to the lift lobby to go up, alone, to his penthouse suite.
Shame really. He could imagine railing Evie to death. Fucking her up against the big panoramic window for the whole night lit city to see.

He could see it in his minds eye; Him stark bollock naked, her in those red heels to keep the height equal. Ploughing her from behind, hands on her lithe little hips and hearing the wet smacks of their fucking fill up the air. Just as the scent of her cunt surely would.

It doesn’t matter to him. He smirks. For there’s always tomorrow...

She isn’t lost to him just yet.

~

Evie successfully puts it out her mind - getting home after her jarring drink with Ben. She opens a bottle of wine and sits down on her couch to a soppy rom com. And she finishes the bottle of wine to
herself. Taking a tipsy shower before bed. Quieting the swell of things Ben had made her feel earlier.

Safe to say she fidgets a bit before she gets to sleep - tomorrow was her day off too. She intends to spend it in whatever busy manner she sees fit.

When she wakes up the next morning to find it is brilliantly bright and cool. She sits up in bed rubbing her bleary eyes with a smile. She knows what she can do to pass her time.

She begins Day 3 without Kylo - and she’s on her knees in the wet, sticky dirt, weeding her garden. In mucky blue jeans and a ratty old white t-shirt. Big gloves on her hands as she wrangles weeds out of her wildflower border. It’s nature was overgrown and wild, but she liked to maintain it as best she could.

She’s just digging out a particularly determined clump of weeds, when she hears a car rattle over the drive behind her. She twists her head around and sees a delivery truck stopped. And a driver getting out and unloading an armful of boxes in big posh bags. She frowns and stands up, tugging off her gloves and signing the slip of paper with confusion.

She struggled with the armful of things up into the house. Dropping them all out on her kitchen island. They all look expensive. She can take a swinging guess as to who they’re from.

Golden-taupe boxes tied with satin white ribbon. And there are lots of them. At least seven or eight of them. She undoes one ribbon with trepidation, and sees the brand name emblazoned in white on the box. *Coco de Mer*.

She opens one box and delicately peeks under the lid, her brow furrowing and her mouth gapes as she saw what was inside...

It looked like a gold necklace at first. A long, simple fine chain. Light, cold and frail in her hands. Slipping through her fingers like it was molten gold itself. She brings it out, and sees it had two small clips leading off the main chain. She frowns. Underneath it there’s a stiff little card of cloth like paper. Gold embossed with the company name and a note, penned in a thick drip of an expensive ink pen.

‘I can vividly remember what fun I had tugging your nipples to make you cum that night - these clamps have the same effect gorgeous.’
Nipple clamps. She drops them as if they’d burned her palm. Now mildly irritated and a little scared, she starts on a crusade through the rest of the boxes. Opening lids and seeing the little hand written notes that accompanied each object.

Small, deco style brown bottles of radiant bloom anal lubricant along with divine aqua lubricant. Whatever the hell that was. Each had a cavorting 20’s era lady in a billowing dress on them. Like a pre-raphaelites painting. That didn’t make their contents any the more palatable to her.

`Not that you need much lube baby. As I recall your cunt got plenty wet enough on its own. I love tasting how it dripped for me. I can still taste you if I concentrate hard enough.'

The next one unearthed a small little acorn shaped butt plug sat snug in it’s box. A Swarovski Crystal on the handle end of the shimmering gold plated plug.

She reads the note that says; ‘That pretty little ass of yours would look so damn cute stuffed with this.’

Next box, a brown leather paddle. With gold studs. The note for that was ‘I’d so enjoy making that ass red with this while the plug is in you.’

Next one turns up a black patent leather choker. A collar. A collar. Like a dog’s. Like the one’s they put on pets. With a big gold loop at the front and the back. ‘I’d hold onto your pretty neck with one hand as I did all of that dirty good stuff to you.’

There was leather and gold cuffs. A leather blindfold mask. Ankle restraints to match the wrist cuffs. By now she’s digging into box after box. She stopped being shocked after the lube and butt plugs. Now she’s just rifling through box after box. Scattering tissue paper and his obscene notes in her wake. It drifts to the floor, kicked away by her feet as she uncovers one erotic toy or bondage item after another.

The pièce de résistance is the gold plated vibrator. The note simple states ‘18k baby. Can’t have that pussy satisfied by anything less.’

Now she had two vibrators that she’d never use. She thumps it back down angrily in the box. And strides away to her phone that she’d left on her desk earlier, she picks it up. Uncaring she was probably trailing dirt from her grubby jeans all over the house. She picks up and dials Ben’s number.
He picks up on the second ring.

“Kitten.” She can hear his smug smirk. Can picture it too. There’s a creaking of leather she can hear the other end. And she can just see him in her minds eye. Reclining back in his Granite grey Brioni suit in his office chair. Spinning his chair around. Relaxing in it to take her call as if he’d been waiting on it - he had.

He knew it wouldn’t be long until he had her panicked, cutely cross call to tell him off about his little bouquet of erotic purchases.

“Ben...I-ugh, I swear to god...” Her brain is so flustered and angry she doesn’t know how or where to even start.

He smirks. He’d be longing to see her reaction all morning. Hovering his eyes across his phone as he tried to concentrate on client accounts and conference calls. And now it was here. She was. And he could feel the already powerful affect that just her voice had on his body.

He was obscenely hard already. He bites down his plush lower lip as he palms his growing cock. Adjusting in his seat. He was still semi flaccid and flexible. But in a few more moments. He’d be harder than rock. Liable to burst through his clinging suit trousers. He wets his lips and listens to her huff the other end of the line.

“Struggling with something?” He teases. Drawing his Parker pen in circles on his notepad. Eyes growing hungry and bright.

“Trying to think what I’m going to shout at you about first.” She decides with a frown. Though she couldn’t be too harsh. She can only imagine what half these things cost. Gold plated sex toys must’ve set him back a fair few pennies.

Ben grins wider. “I knew should’ve bought you the gag too.” He chides in a teasing manner.

Her jaw ticks. Gritting together. “Ben. I was very clear in my decision last night.” She tells him.

“I know you were baby. I just hate to think of that pretty body of yours not cumming all week until Kylo gets back. It’s a purely mercenary offer of me to take over the pleasuring of it until he gets home.” He smiles. She closes her eyes in exasperation.
“Can’t have our kitten going to bed un-fucked.” Ben growls low. Sitting back and crossing his legs. One ankle resting on his other bent knee. He tapped his toes. Watching the light glimmer off his spotless Prada oxfords.

“Ben. This can’t happen. I told you so last night.” She stands firm.

“Kylo contacted you at all yet?” He seeks curiously.

Silence. Only thing she feels is her heart struck clean through with a barb of pain. She swallows.

“No he hasn’t.” She tells honestly. Apart from a meagre text to tell her he landed safe. There’s been nothing on that front.

“I’m sure he will soon.” She gets out. Standing up for him.

He’d gone over there to work. Not to ski or take in the sights. He was probably crammed into meeting after meeting and business lunches to keep him busy enough. He had his new business empire at stake. She was pleased not to hear from him if that meant his trip was going well.

“And in the meantime. Here I am. At your convenience. My face and my dick ready for you to sit on at a moments notice, babe.” He urges.

Trust this honey tongued devil to turn her pain into a bargaining chip for sex.

She sighs “Do I look like the gold plated vibrator type of girl to you Ben?” She decides to risk asking.

He chuckles darkly. Loudly. “I knew you’d bring that up sooner or later.”

“To answer that question; you look, to me, like a girl who doesn’t know what she’s missing. Trust me. Get on your back. Spread your legs, put that vibe on your clit and you’ll be screaming in pleasure before you know it.” He promises.
“I’d give anything on this earth to see you slip it between your thighs.” He purrs. His voice husky. Like it was when he was turned on. He breaks away to moan under his breath as he strokes his now impressively hard cock. His suit straining hard against his big swelling hard-on.

He could picture her doing that right now. Leant back on her bed. Pale, sweaty and squirming. Knees gaped open wide, holding that shimmering vibe to her pussy and gushing over the gold plating. Thighs trembling in aftermath.

That makes his cock steadily leak sticky slick into his underwear. No doubt slipping down his rosy erection.

Evie remains resolute. She didn’t look like a string creature; granted. But she had more than enough steel in her backbone to let her stand up for herself when needed.

“I’m sorry you wasted all that money Ben. Because it doesn’t change my mind. I’ll tell you what type of girl I am. I’m not the kind who can be bought off.” She tells.

Very promptly hanging up afterwards to hammer her point home. She dares a glance through her hallway, into the kitchen. Where the array of nefarious items gleamed in the morning sunlight.

She was going to box up every last piece in their boxes and shove them far under her bed and out of sight. She dreads to think what might happen if Kylo finds Ben’s ill intended stash of naughty gifts.

Before she can move away from the desk to set about that task. Her phone screen swipes up with a notification from him. She opens her phone and her mouth falls slack. Cheeks heat. And her abdomen clenches.

He’d sent her a video. She’d been right, he was in his office. She could see his suit trousers splayed wide open. Unzipped. His belt undone. A shot of his lap from overhead. As his other hand rubbed up and down his rosy red cock.

She could hear skin slapping on skin. The wet jerks of his sloppy fist as he strokes himself sharply. His thighs tense and shiver and then she watches as his spurting white cum coats his hand. And he moans her name. Coaxing every last drop out. Fucking up into the grip of his hand.
She can’t take her eyes away. Horrified and aroused. She shuts her phone after hearing his rasping mumble.

“Oh, Evie. What you do to me.” Echoes his sinfully dark moan.

~

Day Five without Kylo - and she’s back to work. This new weeks article is about the local pottery artist in town. Maggie.
She was an excellently kooky woman. With dark hair shot through with silver. She wore funky dark clothes and plenty of dangly, hammered silver jewellery. She made lots of ceramic spattered with bright paint. Or glazed with nature patterns like leaves, or flowers. She was moving onto ceramic sculpture and had won an arts grant from a local gallery. Evie was sent to cover the story.

It actually morphed more into a friendly chat. Maggie was hilarious and she nattered on and on. She served Evie cup after cup of camomile tea, from her quirky green teapot set. And Evie filled half a notebook in the first half hour alone. And then she took her on for a tour of the sprawling barn that served as her workshop. The smell of hot clay wet and soggy in the air. Sitting in the room like a fat lazy slug.

Maggie encourages Evie to get stuck right in. She pointed to a wall full of wobbly, clunky ceramics and said “Everyone, stranger or friend, who comes through those workshop doors has to make something for me. Leave their own unique trace on it.” She beams as she ties a spattered muddy apron over Evie’s blue dress, and encourages her towards the wheel.

It’s actually great fun. Evie gets into it more than she anticipated. She ends the interview with fun shots Maggie takes on her phone of her with clay stained hands. Some of it even splashed up over her face and across her cheek. She laughed edging it away with the back of her clean wrist. Evie got some much better snaps of Maggie being professional at her wheel. Whereas Evie’s piece looked like someone took to a deep domed teacup with a rolling pin.

Maggie cherished it. She said she’d crown it proudly on her shelf. Evie snorted that she’d understand if she chucked it right in the trash after she left. It was a brown, clunky, misshapen warped thing. It barely deemed the term pottery at all. Maggie swayed close, in a cloud of patchouli, and cupped her hands to tell her with a soft beam that it was ‘Her essence. Her trace.’ And that she adored it.

Evie left with a thoroughly good story to put to press. A fluttery hot heart full of laughter. And a warm tin of zucchini bread with odes from Maggie’s wife. She was flying high in spirits. Asking her newfound whacky potter friend to email her through the pictures for the article. She walks the short sunny journey back into town. Not more than a ten minute walk to the office.

She’s smiling to herself over her afternoon of clay moulding and fun. When she comes along peach street, closer to the centre of town. Starting to recognise the white colonial houses and terraces. Familiar trees and yards. Now looking inti the town square. She stops short.

There was a tall dark man awaiting her attention on a public bench. With a pantie dropping smirk on his lips. Ray-ban’s on. And two paper cups of coffee in hand.
She blinked twice to make sure she was really seeing him. He wasn’t a mirage bought on by too many cups of camomile tea and her jovial mood. Bread tin in hand, she crosses the road and strides slowly towards him. He watches the dress sway around her knees as she moved. Sandals slipped on her feet.

“I assume you’re waiting for me?” She asks gently. Folding her hands in front of her. Asking kindly.

“Damn right I am.” He smirks.

He was rested back suavely on that bench as if he owned it. That, and the whole damn street. She’d never knew a man could look so good casually dressed. And of course he can pull it off. Thick chest, arms and pecs in a tight white t-shirt. Relaxed fit denim on his long powerful, trunks of legs. Sat low to his trim hips. Dark grey sneakers on his feet.

She buries down deep how she so badly wants to run her hand down that big solid chest. Feel those bunched tense muscles under her hand. It seems like years since she’s felt Kylo’s body beneath her fingertips.

He hands her over the coffee cup. And she takes it. She only drank coffee every now and then. Only once in a while when she needed a jolt. A boost. To get her going. Or to move her through speedily typing out an article.

She’s eyes him curiously. He scans her up and down. Every dress of hers, he decided, made her look damn cute.

Today’s is no different. Baby blue dress. Tied with a belt. Big floppy sleeves. Big flowy skirts. Something about the spotted pattern of it and the way she scooped her hair up reminded him of a Donna Reed-esque fifties housewife. The kind with perfectly lacquered hair, a sugary attitude, and a neat white string of pearls to boot.

He’s not gonna deny how sexy he’d find her, trussed up in a shirtwaist dress.

Plenty of poof and ruffled petticoats. Little white hostess’s apron around her waist. Kitten heels. The whole shebang. Handing him a martini when he got home. Fuck. He’d throw her on that dining room table, next to the perfect pot-roast and mashed potatoes shes cooked, and he’d find her clit under all those petticoats and drive her wild.
Because isn’t it an amazing leap to think this sweet girl might have finally triggered Ben Solo - the Casanova and king fuck boy of all bachelors - into finally coming to favour a domestic, romantic setting.

“What are you doing here if I dare ask?” Evie adds slowly.

Taking a sip of her coffee. It was good. She hazarded a guess he got it from the diner in town. She recognised Lou’s signature blend. A little nutmeg and vanilla mixed in. That and the town greasy spoon’s logo ‘Lou’s’ on the cup was a giveaway. She found it oddly endearing that he queued up at her local small diner all just to bring her a cup of coffee.

Of course, Ben being Ben. She knew he’d have an ulterior motive.

“Just wanted to see my gorgeous Kitten.” He explains with a smug grin. Sipping his own cup.

And oh, he’d seen her. He’d seen plenty of her. He’d seen her going to work. Going out later to go to that Pottery woman’s house. He’s watched her all afternoon. Sat on the Veranda having tea with the whacky artist. He watches her in the pottery barn. Splattering clay all over herself. He rushes back to town before she leaves so he can get the coffee and look like he just innocently stumbled into her small town. And caught her by sheer chance.

She kept denying him. And it just kept on gnawing at him. Burrowing a hole in his stomach that couldn’t be filled.

He could fuck ten, twenty or, thirty women and he was safely convinced that none of them would fill the void quite like fucking her would.

He couldn’t stop this ache in the pit of his stomach that made him greedy for her. He meant what he said the morning after ‘that night’ as they fucked in the bathroom. He really couldn’t get enough of her. It was a disease of his mind: his want for Evie. Made all the stronger by Kylo booting him out her bed. Why should his elder twin be the one to get her all to himself? Why should Ben have to settle for coming second best? Pun intended.

“Walk you back to the office?” He asks. Gesturing it around to make it seem like he hadn’t been watching her all morning. Knowing exactly where the gazette’s head office was.
“You came all the way out here to bring me a cup of coffee, whilst I’m on assignment, and now you to walk me back to my office?” She asks plainly.

“Yes I do.” He intones with a dark smirk that hid his true meaning. He yanks off his shades and hooks them into his shirt collar.

Evie looks up at this playful titan playboy. She searches those warm cocoa eyes for his sincerity. She doesn’t get much past his gleaming hickory eyes and flirty smile.

She’s too baffled by his behaviour to respond in a way she deems as correct. He’d sent her a gold plated vibrator and nipple clamps; sent her a video cumshot, and now here he is rocking up out of the blue with coffee. It’s confusing.

“Okay then.” She says with furrowed brow and suspicion. Stepping to the path down the square.

Ben strides, falling into step next her. Legs carrying him tall and proud. He lumbers suavely along beside her. Frayed jeans scuffing the pavement. He looked about ready to do a catwalk for Calvin Klein in his current carefree ensemble that he made look too sexy. She especially didn’t pay attention to the way his arms and pecs looked so good in his shirt.

But she secretly did.

“What’s in the tin, babe?” He asks. Breaking the silence as they walked along. Sipping their coffee. Evie tried not to feel awkward.

“Maggie, the artist I interviewed, her wife Ally, made zucchini bread.” Evie tells. Ben nods. “Wouldn’t let me out the house without pressing it in my hands.” She tells. The come to the corner of the town square. Stepping off the spiked emerald grass.

“Now that’s just mean.” He mocks. One hand slipped casually in his pocket.

She makes a pinched face. “I love zucchini bread.” She explains.

Ben smiles. “No disrespect intended.” He says lightly. “I tip my hat off to you people who can cook.
The closest to cooking I’ve ever come to in my life is when I make *toast.*”

She eyes his muscle mass. “You’re not telling me you live on toast, are you?” She seeks. A body, work of art, like that needed protein. Fibre. A balanced diet and exercise.

She knew a bit about him. He drank $500 bottles of wine just with the appetisers. He likes rare steak, and venison and red meat. And he had a sweet tooth for French deserts. She can’t imagine what lifestyle he must lead to never have learned how to cook.

If anything, it makes her a little sad. All cooking skills she knew, she learnt from her dear old gran. Ben and Kylo most likely had no one to teach them how to look after themselves as kids. How to cook. Clean. Wash clothes. Look after themselves. They probably had to adapt on their own. And that’s no life at all.

“*Lets say cooking is not the hobby* that I actively enjoy pursuing.” He flirts. Winking.

She sips her coffee and ignores the very not-so-subtle subtext of that comment. *Of course it isn’t.*

“I had grasped that fact.” She says with a poignant smile.

He leers. And it’s *filthy.*

“*Ouch.* Kitten has claws. I’ll be sure to tell Kylo to watch out for them.” He adds. She side eyes him with a plain look. They both chuck their finished coffee cups away on the corner of Franklyn Street.

“You might not want to push your luck with him so much, Ben. I know you’re family. He’s not the affable, carefree sort.” She frets calmly. Not wanting to see what Kylo would do to his Twin to punish him.

Ben wants to say he knows his Twin inside out. *But.*

“Maybe I’m not the ‘affable sort’ either.” He repeats with purpose. Leaning in to whisper darkly to her. His body heat came with him. As well as the washing powder woven in his shirt, and his cologne. A white juniper drift.
The darkness in his eyes takes her mind ricocheting, reeling right back to Kylo’s own.

She looks at him with a furrowed brow. “What kind are you then?” She asks.

“A kind who knows what he wants. A kind who really, really wants to show a sweet little kitten a good time. Like he did the other night.” He flirts. Molten bronze eyes locking with hers.

Her breath skips.

“You’re determined. I’ll certainly give you that.” Evie says as a matter of fact. They now rounded the street where her office was. Located down the far end of the sidewalk they now stood on.

“Comes from having an ungodly amount of stamina. I believe Kylo’s the same.” He leers. “But I have more.” He promises dirtily.

She’d never doubt that. Not after the other night, anyhow.

“Well. Sans stamina. My mind remains unchanged. Lovely gesture of coffee and good intentions included.” She tells him with a look she hopes comes across as firm.

“How about walking you back to your office? Does that get me anything?” He flirts.

“A Thank you.” She holds out. Stepping now to the front door of the gazettes office. She steps up onto the concrete ledge of the doorstep.

He comes up close. Crowding her into the door. The ledge not giving her even any advantage in height whatsoever. He towers. And he backs her slightly into the door.

“We talked about this.” Evie says in a breathy whisper. Gesturing to the scant gap between them. Her breathing ragged as he eyes up her reaction to their proximity.
Panting breath. Gaspy voice. Eyes switching from his lips to his eyes. Meanwhile he just smiles and presses a hand beside her head. Caving her into the door. Looking at her with those feral bronzed eyes.

“I’ll walk the fuck away right now and back off, if you tell me you’re in no way attracted to me...” He says hotly. His deep voice plunging like an wrecking baritone earthquake into her skin.

She opens her mouth. Her breath is sweet. He’s so close he can almost taste it. Camomile and coffee. Sweet. Spicy. Alluring.

“And if I’m not attracted?” She asks. Cheeks and neck now pink too. Their breath scorching their mouths. Drying out lips. Blistering skin.

His smirk curls. Like Kylo’s did. “You’re a shitty liar. Babe.” He husks. Tilting his head, leaning in. Whispering onto her cheek.

His other hand slithers over her hip and rake their bodies as one. She whines.

“See? I think your problem Evie, is that you do want me. You’re just scared of what Kylo might do if he hears about us fucking whilst he’s away.” He hushes.

She swallows. Shuts her eyes. But she can’t block out the feel of him. Reddening her cheeks. Making her feel feeble all over again.

“I just want to make you feel so damn good, Evie...” He rasps onto her neck. He leans in for a kiss on the mouth but she twists her head away. His teeth hit her corded throat instead. Sucking there.

“Evelyn?” Comes a barking voice from behind them.

Evie jerks her head away from Ben to see a southern old spitfire on the sidewalk behind them. She opens her mouth but no words come out. Ben twists around, smirking to see the short little old woman behind them.

Flo.
Dressed in her usual market uniform of navy capri pants. Orthopaedic beige shoes. And a blue button up with market logo on the breast pocket. The market was just across the road. They’ve been caught like two randy teens dry-humping at the Prom.

Ben twists about to face Flo. Towering a look down across the old bird. Who opens her mouth with a sneer and remarks very eloquently that;

“Holy shit. I forgot there were two of you.” She intones cheekily. Eyeing the space between them with a raised brow.

She spies Ben’s hand on her hip with her hawk eyes.


“Ben this is Flo. Flo. Ben.” Evie introduces in a squeaky broken voice as she fluffs her hair. And tries to remain calm.

Ben turns around fully with a grin and solidly sticks out a hand for Flo to shake. Easy-going charming smile on his lips.

“How’s it goin?” He smirks at Flo’s little frame. She takes his big hand and shakes it back gladly. Eyeing him with her inscrutable concern.

“Where’s your...” Flo gestures up and down on him. “Carbon copy?”

Ben chuckles.

“Away on work business.” Ben leers. “I was just keeping Evie company. Didn’t want her getting too lonely.”

“Very wise of you I’m sure.” Flo intones with a voice that tells him she’s canny about his more exact
“I gotta run along. My breaks almost over.” Evie tells the both of them. Ben turns back and plucks her hand into his. Eyeing her sexily he lifts it to his lips and kisses the back of it.

“Don’t keep me waiting too long for that fuck.” He half mouths and whispers out of Flo’s earshot as he swoops in and gently kisses her cheek.

He pulls back and eyes her as she smiles a coy goodbye. He turns to Flo and does the same. Kisses her hand.

“Lovely to meet you ma’am.” He winks at her with his best woman felling charm that even gets Flo fidgeting with her hair. Cheeks heating. She giggled like a fanciful schoolgirl.

“Ladies.” He grins as he departs. Striding off jauntily down the pavement. A spring in his step. Porsche keys twiddled around his finger.

They both watch him go. Evie on the doorstep watching the lumbering stretch of his back and shoulders. Flo tilts her head to watch his powerfully gorgeous tight ass sway in his jeans. She whistles low as she watched Ben walk the walk.

“Rail me sideways if both those boys don’t got one helluva fine ass on em.”’ Flo leers. “I’d dig my old talons in them cheeks any day of the week.”

Evie rolls her eyes at her no-good, Randy as a bull, adoptee Grandma.

“That one looked about as slippery as soap, Winslow.” Flo warns before she totters off. Off to go and get to her shift at the market.

Evie nods. “Apt description.” She sighs with a contemplating furrow on her brow.

“A girl could lather all up in soap like that.” Flo cackles as she walks away. She waved a cursory goodbye over her shoulder. She waves back sadly. Mind elsewhere.
“Tell me about it.” Evie mumbles under her breath. Turning to let herself in the office. Sighing glumly. Already knowing she’d have to disappoint Ben’s wishes.

~

Chapter End Notes

Do be so good as to feed this little inbox trash gremlin. Lives on Kylo thirsts; dirty thots; and real good comments.

(Lol all your comments are real good to me)
Distance & Yearning

Chapter Summary

Ruthless businessman Kylo being all sexy and cruel. Don’t get me started on how fucking hot I find that ok? Or I’ll never shut my face about it.

If looking for a musical ditty Chapter mood; you might like to try ‘Imagination.’ by Foster The People.

Just curiously, Do you guys have any music that makes you think of this fic? Or a chapter? Or the characters? Lemme know. I can add it to this bitch; https://open.spotify.com/user/libbyvioletturner/playlist/3D35N77ff39RCo4kwb3Wah?si=LldbVqjyTQ-6zEH8AbD3Lw

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo stepped out onto his suites terrace. Glass of whiskey to hand.

His eyes roaming over the priceless view of Lake Lucerne. All his. Offered up to his eyes from his position in the deluxe presidential suite. He topped the hotel. And the room was every bit as exquisite as its view.
The hotel Bürgenstock perches mighty and tall, a rectangular and brutal block of glass, concrete and steel that towers large on the edge of the banks of the Lucerne. The panorama was nothing but sapphire lake and sky. Grey mountain hemmed jagged in-between.

He’d just come from an exquisite dinner downstairs in the Salon 1903. Dripping with Michelin Stars, and famed clientele.

Kylo sat for a dinner with Dominick and his blonde wife. Dominick was a stick thin eccentric, local business mogul. Olive skin. Salt and pepper hair. Stylish 60’s glasses. With a green velvet suit on and a grey turtleneck under. His wife, Annetta, a blonde who was as thin as him. Honey hair swirled up on her head in a beehive. Fat wreaths of diamonds glittered off her thin wrists and skeletal neck. She was practically stitched into her tiny Dior dress and had a pearly smile that was every bit as warm was her eager husbands.

The swiss billionaire was only all too pleased and keen to invest in him and his firm. Already seeking after him personally to build him some new homes. A house in Zermatt, a mansion out near St. Moritz. An apartment in Zürich. And a cabin lodged high up in the Wetterhorn mountains, in Grindelwald. He wanted Kylo’s stamp on of them. And the bill for the job totalled more than Kylo made his first year at Maddox & Haig alone. Approaching near $12 million. He was awfully proud of that.

And then after their main course, as if Kylo had needed further persuasion. Dominick had also pledged him a $5 million deposit-come-bonus for going to all of the ‘trouble’ of flying him out here. On his own jet no less. Kylo smirked, swirling his red wine, a local 64’ Bordeaux in his glass, and asked where can he sign the contract. They’d all had a glass of Träsch to celebrate the deal. It was a good deep brandy, made from cider pears. After dessert and the cheese and coffee. He’d wished them both a good evening and gone back up to his suite for a steam and a shower. More than pleased with his success. And so he should be.

That would show the worthless prick who had the tenacity to fire him from his job. Claiming it was just ‘bad business’ with a sneer after Kylo’s arrest. Well. Kylo got his sweet deserved revenge. The last laugh. He’d stormed suavely into the M&H offices last week.

Strolling in like a hell fury. The entire office had gawped at him there, in his Tom Ford suit. Turning up like a bad horrible dark nightmare. He strolled right up to his ex-bosses office. Burst open the door and invited himself in. Sitting down in the chair opposite his desk. Announcing that he’d just bought every last share in the company.

He’d be stripping out the head designers, the HR team. Accounts. And all the rest of it. He’d take every last client with him. And they could have whatever scraps were left.
And there was nothing they could do. But sit back. As Kylo pillaged the company and took what he felt he was owed.

He’d start everyone on much higher wages than their current salary. They’d all sign contracts under the new empire. R&R design industries. He had a spotless modern office ready to house them all. This was just a courtesy call to let his old Boss know that he was soon to be saddled with a bankrupt boneless company. That he would be losing all his clients. Staff. Jobs. And every last smidgeon of respectability, and reputation.

As ruthless in life, as he was in business. Was Kylo Ren.

When the irate man opposite him had flew into a rage at Kylo. And asked why he was making his life hell. Kylo sat there with a curling smile. Cruel eyes that shine granite black with malice, and simply answered;

“It’s just bad business.” With a pleased grin on his lips more unholy than the devil itself.

Sat now, on his five star terrace. Yet to undress and shower. Still in his Westwood suit. A Dolce scarlet cashmere jumper worn underneath his black Westwood suit; rather than a shirt. The cold got to him up here at this altitude.

He’s poured himself a stiff drink to enjoy. And now relaxed back on his real-fur lined terrace chair.

Cloaked now in blue twilight, he watches boats skim across the lake. Carving through the surface in the gliding way scissors shear paper. Rippling the water. He loves how the body of water is smooth across the horizon like a sheet of Prussian blue satin. He can see a far off valley where the small town of Meggen glimmers opposite. Lights twinkling golden in the ink blue of night like sparklers.

In the distance he can see where the dominant snowy mountains kiss the sky. He rather feels in sync with the gigantic rocky structures tonight. He too stands tall and proud. Contented. Up in the sky like he belonged with the gods. In his luxury suite he felt about as cherished as one. His phenomenally rich investor had promised him the finest hotel suite in Switzerland. He had doubtlessly delivered on that score. For gods sake, he even had his own spa room on hand if he wanted it with a private masseuse on call.

He had a grand piano in his penthouse sitting room. Quartzite walls and walnut floors. He had a
jacuzzi bathroom. Bvlgari soaps and shampoos lining the shelves. A dining area that could seat twenty. And a terrace with a fireplace the roared and kept him warm as toast, even though it was almost approaching freezing out here.

He liked the cold climate. Liked the way the wind whipped its frosty fingers at his hair. He closes his eyes and takes a lung full of that clean, icy Swiss air that sat thick on his mouth like gooey honey. His mind went circling back to thoughts of home.

Home, and the certain someone he left behind. He kept drifting back to Evie like his mind was a compass and she was due north.

Next time he comes away for business, when and wherever that may be, he toys with the possibility of bringing her with him. She was a shy little home-bird. It’d be good for her to see other cultures. New foods. New sights. He’d like to show her.

As much as he gelled well with Nordic countries and appreciated their clean Scandi-design. And there was nothing better on earth than holing up in a warm cabin in the mountains for a week with a stack of books and a log fire roaring. As well as he knew she’d enjoy a quiet, bookish indoor holiday. Kylo reckoned Kitten needed to get some more tropical sun on her skin.

He had a sneaky feeling her english rose pallor would look damn good tanned a soft bronze. It made him want to whisk her away to a spit of a tropical sandy island for three weeks. Watch that pale skin turn beautifully golden in the sun. The tantalising daydream image of her curvy soft little body, bronzed and svelte, in a two piece, reclined out on a sun lounger under the scorch of a Mediterranean sun, helped to fuel that along nicely too. He had a feeling his sun starved skin too would cherish a tropical getaway.

He could picture the temptation of it all: Salty kisses. Lounging under rare palm tree shade. Endless cobalt skies. White sand like icing sugar between his toes. The lap of a tepid sea frothing and curling at his ankles. Feeling sun beating down on his beaded wet skin as he swam in crystal blue that ripples against his shimmering body. Almost back to nature on the most desolate island. Them being the only two bodies around for miles.

He’d buy one just to turf everyone off and make it theirs if that’s what it took. And it is dangerous to dare even think about what he could get up to on their own private island.

Evie’s naked body under him, dripping sweat, and coconut scented oil to rub and slick onto him as he pulls her tiny bikini to the side and makes himself at home in her hot, wet body. Making her writhe and scream on that sun lounger as she tries to sunbathe. Find a shaded spot under a palm to
get his mouth on her pussy for all afternoon if he wanted. Get an ocean villa to lie back in bed and watch the waves roll in front of him as she’s between his knees doing that very clever thing with her tongue, on his cock.

Who was he kidding? Fuck the swimsuit. He’d have her perpetually naked at all times so he could slide into her at a seconds notice.

Now that sounded like a good way to get some sun on his skin.

He sighs after a sip of his whisky, tips of his ears turning red and cold as he sits there basking in the frigid evening. His hair fluttered in the wind, and he stares into the fire pit flames as he feels some flakes of snow brush against his jacket.

It starts to chip in then, pecking away at his brain that he’s becoming fairly attached to her. His Kitten.

She’s more to him now than when they first met. Then, he just wanted to possess her body. Fuck her five ways til Sunday and be done with it. Cut and run. But then he spent some time near her. Being around her because she wanted him to be. And he didn’t understand how she made him feel. That hit him hard.


With Evie it’s different. Calmer. And he couldn’t even get started on how much he craves her in bed. That ruled him and he both hates, and loves it.

His stiffening semi in his suit trousers reminds him plainly of that.

Now day was done. And business over. Concluded happily. Now he’s alone he finds his body wants to unwind. Unfurl. His shoulders felt tense, hunched rigid, and his back too, feels stiff. He needs to switch it off. And the best way it knows how? Evie.

She’s sunk into his skin like acid and burned a hole into him a mile wide. Dependency is not a palatable feeling for a Sociopath to come to terms with. He finds it unsettling to reflect on.
Friendships and partners had always been meaningless to him. He’s separated from it all. Set back. It had been overwhelming to see the amount of love her friends had with her, and for her in that little town gathering.

He did like Flo though. He knew that much. All pretence and charm aside. He did appreciate her. For all the ways she reminded him of the last person he’s certain he ever came close to loving. His Grandma. She’d made him feel like his own relative was alive again for a second. That warm sense of caring familiarity in her he recognised.

He likes knowing he’ll be going home to his Kitten in a few days time. And he won’t be going back empty handed to her either.

He’s going to have a business deal enshrining his new firm in good reputation which will bring in plenty of clients and money. Dominick was backing his solid business plan. Contract signed. Validated by both their teams of expensive lawyers. They were both eager to watch the profits grow. And they would.

He also needed Annetta’s advice too. A private matter which related to a certain someone back home. She’d been only too pleased to help him out with a suggestion. He’d go to the place she recommended tomorrow. Only a three hours drive from here to Geneva. He could be there and back by the time the three of them go for dinner at the winery down the road.

He finishes his drink and watches the night folding in darker around him. Hunger and whiskey gnawing at his belly. Woodsmoke from the fire dancing on in the chilling breeze that carded through his hair. He was watching the stars winking down at him from the svelte black velvet heavens. As if appraised of his good fortune.

He smiles. For the first time in four years. Kylo cracks a genuine smile to himself.

He stands up and goes inside for his phone where he left it in the living room. He had a call to make before bed.
The muggy heat of summer had, for once, given way to a rainy grey day. The cloudy grey up above her. A rain soaked sky. Full of heavy rain. Spitting heavily. Pouring over the woods and drenching her little garden. She didn’t mind. Matter of fact she welcomed it.

She looked out her kitchen window. Watching the foggy inside smear up the rain dotted windowpane. Sliding grey and cool outside. Tapping on the ledge like drumming fingers.

She was stood in her merry warm kitchen. The air warm and heavy with the scent of roasting vegetables and herbs, still streaked with rain from her garden.

With the first shower of cold rain came her desire for hot food. And some home made roasted veg soup seemed to fit the bill. Fresh baked bread too. The two married together well. She was entertaining the idea of a cosy night in with a book, and bottle. Or maybe a movie if reading got too quiet for her.

She’s wrapped up in her apron, chopping up the messy tomato hearts. Hands messy with tomato seeds. Cheeks pink from the heat - and glass of wine. She’s wearing a pair of black leggings, her grey furry slippers. And a long sleeve dove grey Henley to get rid of the nipping bite in the air.

She listens to the rain tamp down noisily on her roof tiles. The snipping shift of her knife hitting board. So concentrated on her task, the rain, the calm silence, she barely hears her phone ring.

She turns around and scrutinises it she’d rested it on her pile of cookbooks.

Most of Ben’s texts, calls, dining invites and other invites had died out now. But she was still wary of more notifications or still, more visits from him. Or gifts. His porn paraphernalia stash from the other day is shoved so far back under her bed. Hidden in a storage box, so it never comes to see the light of day.

She puts her knife down. Having finished dicing peppers and garlic. She wipes her stained red hands and juggles sipping her tall glass of wine, with crossing to her phone across her cold kitchen floor.
Her heart somersaults and trips into a aria in stunning high pitch, past a high C sharp, when she sees its Kylo calling her. Her face breaks out into a smile so glad she almost gets whiplash with how quickly she dashed for the phone.

“Kylo.” She answers quickly. Breathlessly. He grins on hearing her eager smile as she picked up.

He was pacing along the end of his super king bed. Sinking his bare feet into the thick carpet. Stood by the window. Now only in his jumper and trousers. His Omega watch still on. But the rest of him stripped down. Relaxed. Ready to talk.

“How’s my Kitten?” He grins. Deep voice sliding along her skin like the finest caress.

Even his words delighted her. She’d welcome them. She wanted him to claim her like that. She wants reminding that she’s *his*. She wants to run into that big wide safe chest and burrow into him. Smell the cologne on his dress shirt. Feel it and his hot skin furnacing her cheek. Feel those massive arms close her in.

At just hearing him her voice goes all timid. And her skin is awash with pin-pricks of delight. “I’m alright.” She smiles gladly. So beyond pleased to hear his voice. It’s like a balm to her needy soul that longs for him as he’s gone.

Her chest gets funny stabby pains when she wonders if she should tell him about Ben’s recent antics.

“How’s Switzerland?” She asks. Brimming over with excitement. Wiping her hands on her messy stained apron.

“Freezing. But I like that.” He answers openly.

“And work?” She seeks.

He smirks. “It’s going beautifully.”

“I’m pleased. You deserve a good thing.” She says sweetly idly twirling a fingertip around the front of the cookbook in front of her. She was almost nervous in talking to him on the phone. His presence
still so palpable it dominated and dwarfed her.

He shuts his eyes. Smiling at her ever prevailing sweetness. She wouldn’t be saying that if she saw the other side of him. The man who could bankrupt companies without a care. Who could kill or maim with conscience.

He turns and braces his back against the cool glass window and looks directly opposite at his bed. Softly glowing in the spotlights like a beacon.

He could picture them on that bed. Him rutting his big heavy dick into her tightness. Tugging her onto him. Fucking into her body as she wept his name in bliss.

He bites his lip and his cock stirs in his pants. He wants to palm it. But he doesn’t. He just lets it fill out all on its own. Trying to remember the delicious taste of her. The ways she cums on him. The way she moans...

He’s turned on merely from hearing her shy little voice alone.

“Your sweet pussy missing me yet kitten?” He asks in a low drawl. Voice so pleasant and husky she has to dig her hand into the kitchen countertop. Nails clawing in as the first wave of arousal shuddered through her. His voice hit that register that was finer and deeper to listen too than the thrum of a double bass.

“All of me misses you. Kylo.” She explains.

Swallowing. The way her tummy flutters and the way her thighs clamp together makes her know that she isn’t lying in any regard.

“But that part especially misses your touch...” She says bravely in a added whisper. Cheeks glaring red. She actually found herself gazing around to check that no one heard her dirty words.

“I bet it fucking does.” He rasps.

“You haven’t cum for at least six days. Must be aching by now.” He growls with a smile. “I know I
am.” He explains darkly. She can hear his panting breaths.

He’s making her toes curl up in her slippers.

“Where are you baby?” He asks her. Self indulgently palming his erection and groaning when he gets his hand around himself. Stroking himself harder.

“Kitchen.” She answers timidly. Fingers stroking the stem of her wine glass.

“Get that cute little ass upstairs, in bed, now.” He demands.

She pulls the phone away from her ear and sets it down. And yanks off her apron and re-hangs it on the hook by the door. She goes back for her phone. Swelling with disappointment when she sees the call has dropped. But a second later his call comes back. A video call.

She grabs her phone and swipes it open. Taking the call and walking upstairs. Then her big bad man is there. On her screen. She rounds the bedroom door and smiles down at him. He’s giving those dark sexy eyes. The shade of his hair dark and brimming his eyes.

On his top half she can see the a v-necked scarlet jumper wreathed about his tattooed collarbone. She’s missed his pale broadly beautiful face. Pocked with moles and lashed down one side with his scar. All that violence written onto his skin by some thugs knife. And she couldn’t love him more for it - however that’s a thought best saved for another time.

His voice comes cracking, rasping through the phone. A sexy purr. Behind him she can see the panoramic view of a ink black lake taking up all the horizon.

“You better be getting naked for me.” He smirks. That curl twitching up his lips. Eyes glimmering.

She bites her lower lip. “Not enough hands.” She teases brightly. Content just to look at him.

He moves on the screen. There’s a blur of garnet and she sees him throw the jumper to the floor. His feet pad the carpet, and then she’s back on him. He’s sat shirtless on his big wide beige bed. Flawlessly crisp sheets tucked into place.
He raises a brow at her. “Wanna play it that way, *huh* Kitten?” He asks dangerously. Looking into the phone at her. His other hand fidgets with something.

He tilts his phone down. She nearly *drops* hers.

He spreads his legs and gives her a slow show. Slowly unzipping. Taking off his belt. Underwear tucked under his erection. Under his tight balls that felt heavier than iron where he hasn’t been spending them in her as of late.

She’s stood at the foot of her bed. Hooking her hand hard into the bedstead when she sees the view he’s offering. A *far* better one than the vista of the Swiss lake.

She’s looking directly at his humungous cock. Freed from his trousers. Throbbing in his hand as he slowly stroked himself. The angle of the screen didn’t do his gorgeous long length justice.

He’s flushed that beautiful rosy pink. Her mouth wets. He’s dripping plentifully down himself, precome slipping down. She gasps anew when he flips the screen again. Giving her a shot of him stroking at her eyes her directly through his phone, and growls a horny smile at her.

“Missed this slamming into your cunt though haven’t you.” He tells her. Letting her see how he curls his hand around himself.

Kylo could see she was blushing and transfixed on him. He was going to have to change that.

“Want me to tell you all about how much I wanted to corrupt you like this when we first met?” He leers. Thumbing a big thumb over a sticky drop drooling out himself.

She doesn’t realise how her thighs are shaking. Or how her mouth has fallen slack and she’s just groaned breathily in sheer arousal

“I wanted to be in that interview room. Stroking my dick like this when you walked in to see me. I’d have had you on that table. Prim panties ripped off. Face down as I shoved every inch of this in your dripping pussy and fucked you til I couldn’t hold out for one more thrust.” He fucks his hand with emphasis on his last word.
She’s definitely ruining her knickers with slick by this point.

“How about when I first tasted your pussy that night? Did you see my eyes roll back in my head when I finally got my tongue stuffed in you. Cause trust me babe. Everything about your cunt is sweet. And addictive. And all fucking mine.” He growls wantonly.

She swallows. Gulping. Watching his hand. She couldn’t tear her eyes away. It’s hypnotising. He was so far away and he wants her so much. It’s enough to make her head swim.

She wets her lips. Shakily putting her phone down on the bed. She starts taking off her clothes. Propping him up so he could see her.

“Oh fuck yeah.” His voice deepens if that was even possible.

“Come on baby. Show me those pretty tits. That cute ass. I’ve missed all of it being under me.” He pants watching her in the screen.

Slipping off her top. Kicking off her slippers. Stepping out her leggings. She could feel her abdomen pulsing and knotted with tight anxious energy. Anxious for release.

She undoes her bra clasp and then slides her panties down over her hips. Even though it was still light where she was. He could see her sunny yellow bedroom walls patched in sunshine. Like a stitched blanket.

She rids the last of her garments. Biting her lip as she stands a little awkwardly listening to his panting moans. Slaps of skin. Pink cock getting redder and wetter. Now he was flushed and dewy pink with exertion. She was just tinted red with embarrassment of being so vulnerable to him. She’s never come close to having sex like this before, over the phone. Kylo is giving her a lot of new firsts.

“Leg up on the bed over the phone. Show me that pussy.” He pants. Stroking faster. She hesitates. Toes curling into the rug below her feet.

“Kitten.” He tuts. “Don’t go getting all shy on me now. Not after all the dirty ways I’ve fucked you. Cum in you.” He snarls a smile.
She raised her right leg and balances it up on the not very high bed. Angling the phone so he can see right between her legs. Where she’s creamy and dripping.

He chuckles. “Does the sight of me doing this make you cream your panties kitten?” He asks.

She nods a gasp. Blushing furiously hot.

He shudders. “Get your fingers wet with all that gorgeous slick.” He orders.

She drags a hand through her slippery lips. Hips tilting forwards at her own touch she was so turned on. She does what he does when he’s down there. She strokes two fingertips either side of her clit. Building the pressure.

“If I we’re there right now. Baby. You’d be bouncing and cumming on my face. I’d make sure you’d grind on and ride my tongue all night.” He tells. “That way I won’t ever miss licking up every drop of you.”

“Kylo...” She sighs. In this insanely dirty, embarrassing position. He growls when her fingers sink a little deeper inside herself.


He nearly loses it when she slides her fingers in deep. He almost bares his teeth. Wishing he was there to suckle her clit as she uses her fingers to pleasure herself.

“Do that again.” He grunts. Twisting his wrist over himself. Thighs stuttering with the need to cum. And cum soon. He knows It’s gonna be messy. He hasn’t cum for a whole five days. He wants her to watch it all. He wants to tell her it’s all for her when he empties his heavy tight balls all over his own lap.

She does as told: she was so obedient after all. She plunges her fingers in deep. And her sloppy wet pussy squelches on the thrust of them.
He really thinks he’ll be lightheaded soon. He’s never passed out from pussy before. But hers is getting him there.

“Fuck yourself with your fingers like I did on that picnic blanket at the movies, Evie.” He tells. “Sink in deep. Find that spongy spot that makes you quake...”

She presses in deep and shakes. Screams his name. And closes her eyes. Face contorted in sheer bliss. Almost like she’s in pain. *But oh how she wasn’t.* Her body is zinging up to heaven and back again.

“That’s it babe. That’s my dirty fucking girl. My good kitten. *Oh* I’m gonna fuck you so damn good and hard as a reward when I get back. Split you open and stuff you full with my big cock like you like. Now you *fuck* that pretty spot hard and fast til you gush for me. Rub your clit with your free hand too...” He instructs. Loving how much her knees were trembling. Just like when he does it.

She’s never had pleasure like this - never brought on so strongly by her own fingers. She had to put it down to Kylo telling her how he wants her to make herself climax with her own hand.

“I can- I can feel... *Oh.*” She sighs. Other hand slowing on her tight hard clit. Stiff and standing out from under its pink hood. Wet and slimy with arousal.

“Right there. Kitten. You want to feel like you’re gonna burst.” He explains. Shifting his hand quicker now too. She’s sailing quick, lightheaded, towards her completion. Watching him stroke his big beautiful veiny cock. Weeping cum all for her.

“Kylo. I want to cum.” She whines dirtily. Unbelieving how filthy her mouth was getting.

“Fuck. Baby I know you do. I wanna see that pussy flutter around your fingers. Rub. Hard.” He snarls. “And then you can cum. And you can watch me cum. And know that the next time I do. It will be so fucking deep in you. And I’m gonna fuck it back into place where it belongs with my fingers til you squirt. Your cunt is *so good* at squirting over me.” He rambles.

She does as he said. Picking up her pace. He does too. They’re both racing towards pleasure. Her bouncing on her hand. Hips shaking. His were too. Fucking his fist. Fast.
He’d give anything to be half a world away with her. In that tiny house. On her creaky bed. Slamming home into her deep and pumping and rutting into her, until they both can’t stand anymore pleasure.

“Fuck. Oh fuck. Kitten. Next time I come away. You’re bringing that sweet ass with me. I want you here. With me. On me. Under me. Riding me. In my hotel bed and ready to be dicked down each night. Serving that naked pussy up to me whenever I need it. Shit.”

He cums with a feral growl. Balls tight to his body as he tries to hold the phone and let her see how he leans back splatters most of his chest. His thighs. And the area near his hips on the bed.

She cums too. Loud. As he likes her to be. He just finishes squeezing out every last drop of his sticky cum. The sight of that creamy spend landing on his tattooed ribs and stomach, is what triggers her own. She had a sudden obscene want for him to leave his orgasm marking her pale skin. Dripping off her ass or down between her legs. Over her lips.

She gasps a long drawn out sound when she hears how wet she is. And how much she cums. A stream bursts from between her fingers and drenches a bit of the phone and the bed. She’s still riding out spasms of it when she hears him chuckle darkly through the call.

She sags to the bed. Whining and boneless. Now on all fours. The phone lay flat. Showing him her swaying breasts and rounded stomach. She twists slowly and flips onto her back.

He can see her from the side profile. As if he were sat at the end of the bed. Watching. She’s wearing that same expression she uses after he makes her cum by fucking her for hours on end. Blissed out and sweaty. Dead to the world.

“Kitten. You came all over your phone.” He darkly groans. His tone suggesting how sexy he found that.

Now she understood why he was chuckling. He watched her cum. He must’ve seen it.

“Sorr-“ She starts.

“Don’t you dare say sorry. That was the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen.” He warns.
“When I’m home you better do that over my face, babe.” He sighs. Finally letting go of his cock. Hand sticky. Chest heaving still. Just as hers was. He could watch those tits of hers rise and fall until he fell asleep.

“Still not as good as you in person.” She sighs quietly. Flopped back on her bed staring at the ceiling with half mast eyes and slippery thighs.

“I know.” Kylo leers confidently. He brings his phone up to look at her. Wishing he could be right there with her, between her spread thighs, to lick her clean. Lap her up.

“739825.” He says suddenly with a wicked smile.

She furrows her brow. Was that the sex haze talking, or did he just say a number at her?

“I beg your pardon?” She asks. Sitting up and looking into the phone - wiping it off first, of course.

“It’s a key code.” He explains. “Write it down discreetly if you have too. 739825. Remember it.” He instructs enigmatically.

She goes for her bedside. Where a pen and paper sat. She scribbled it down with a question mark next to it.

“A key code for what?” She asks.

“1138 Columbia drive.” He tells.

She’s beyond confused. But she writes that down too. An address?

“Remember that code. Because that’s the the code to get into my place.” He finally explains.

She still confused. And a little stunned.
“Do you need me to let someone in?” She seeks.

“Yeah.” He says. “You.”

Evie’s mouth hinges open like a guppy fish at feeding time. “Me?”

“Yes. You. Kitten.” He purrs. He couldn’t make it any plainer.

“I get back in a couple days. Friday night, after work at the paper. I want you to drive over. Let yourself in. And you will be naked and ready for me in my own bed when my flight comes in that night.” He commands.

She blushes. Suddenly giddy with excitement. She smiles and bites her lower lip. “I see...” She laughs. Very in love with him right as of now.

“My place is closer to the airport. And why should I waste time driving when we could be fucking?” He says.

“You make an excellent point.” Evie blushes.

“Until then. And I don’t need to tell you what I’ll do to you if you wear panties to bed that night. I’ll let you figure that out yourself. Naked. My bed. Friday. Sweet dreams Kitten.” He leers. And then he’s gone.

She’s squirming with excitement already. Lord only knows what Friday would bring her...
Chapter End Notes

How’d I do for you my lovely thirsty darlings?
Evie edged her little car slowly down the broad road. The trees overhead seemed more green and spreading out here. She never had cause to come this high up in the Hills. It was a veritable millionaires row.

Driving past gates and front yard entrances that were bigger and wider than her whole house. And some of the houses so far down a winding road she couldn’t even make them out from her car. The ones she could told her instantly of the sheer moneyed nature of this part of the neighbourhood.
She saw sprawling Italian style villas. Gardens full of bay and olive trees. Big modern colonials with huge extensions. Massive mansions with gleaming Porsche’s and Audi’s in the drive. Immaculate manicured gardens.

She finds it daunting. Especially as she pottered along the road in her clunked out little second hand Honda. She’s scanning house numbers and eventually, she comes to one, set far back from the rest along the street. Perched on its own with a big dark sleek gateway. Evie double checked the slip of paper in her hand - though she’s re-read it several times by now. She knows what it says. Especially because it matches the numbers she can see enshrined in gleaming silver digits on the gate.

1138 Columbia Drive.

Her tummy squirms in anxiousness. She turns the car into the grey paved brick of the entry way. A keypad for her to access by the drivers window. She enters the code and the gates sleekly shudder open. She inches her car in up the drive.

Her jaw hung open.

The road curved up, onto a slight incline. Surrounded by lush impossibly green grass and well trimmed modern garden. Spiked tropical plants and white gravel beds sunk with exotic ferns. And high on the incline at the top, sat a house that wouldn’t look out of place as the front page of a home design magazine. She couldn’t see much from the road. But now she can see all of it in its entirety.

She has to pump the brakes halfway up and stop just purely to marvel at it’s brutal magnificence.

She didn’t know what she was expecting Kylo’s home to look like. She’s not entirely surprised by its basic, barren design. But she is taken aback by how beautiful, and colossal it is.

It was a big, sleek black block. A mid century glass house. An entirely dark edifice. And no wonder it was so closed off from the sight of the road. Floor to ceiling glass showed her big sections of the home within. It was a big three story block that levelled down three times, like stairs. The whole thing from the road was just a square, but behind it one side his back out into an L shape. The longest part now facing her. The drive leading her into a dipped down two-twin garage. Tall eucalyptus bay green trees crowded the house from every angle.
She knew he had an Aston. His prized jet black and very much cherished Aston DBS superleggera. But she wouldn’t be surprised to think what couple of other expensive sports cars lurked beyond the conceal of those garage doors. She feels very inadequate parking her second hand clunker on this drive. But she eases into a space. And shuts off the engine.

She climbs out her car, in her sea foam green wrap around chiffon dress. And worn old sandals. And just gazes up at the magnificently dark house that towers above. She just drinks it in. Before she steps up the big white slab of marble steps and up to the front porch. Sunk beds of white gravel hemmed in the porch slabs, a small variety of exotic cactuses and succulents lining the way, not a stone was out of place. It wouldn’t dare.

His house fit in perfectly with the polished and gleaming proud houses she’s seen lining the road she drove in on.

She can’t believe it. He had this exquisitely modern masterpiece of a house. Yet he told her he felt calmer in her shabby little two up, two down shack in the woods. With its peeling wallpaper and squeaky floors. And he had a mansion like this as his home. She could feel cosy here. It must be glorious in the rain and wind. Curling up in the lap of luxury next to a big window on a cool day. Get the fireplace roaring, and a cup of steaming hot tea. And watch the rain fall and fuss on the other side of the glass.

She’d get her stuff out of the car soon. For now she’s too mesmerised with the place. She just wants to explore.

She comes to the huge front door. A sleek wedge of glass framed in heavy steel. The metal handle running the full length of it. No key holes. He was a thoroughly modern man. There was another keypad by the door. She punches in the code and an LED flashes green. The door cracks open and she pushes the solid heavy thing inwards.

A wave of cool and the scent of his home engulfs her in a cloud as she steps inside. Lemon, neroli and sandalwood. It’s masculine and clean. A definite indication that this was a bachelors pad.

Pressing the door shut behind her. Then she’s scuffing her feet on the bristly door mat. She then errs on the side of extreme caution and takes off her shoes just in case. Toeing them off and leaving them in a clump by the doormat. She looks left and right, the house branches off each way, and she’s trying to decide which way to go first.
She opts for right. Stepping down the polished tiles and white hallway, coming into what looks like a reading corner. Decorated in shades of differing light mink and dove grey, to go with the black outer exterior of the house.

A wide wall is decorated with a stretching bookshelf. Not crammed with books like her own house. But a few thick stacks of them are placed neatly on each shelf. Evie saw a diffuser reed glass jar, which doubtless gave out the gorgeous scent of his place. Flat wide sofas are immaculately finished with fat plump grey velvet cushions arranged perfectly. Flanking a low coffee table also lined with architecture books. And a glass hurricane vase with two stalks of short furry willow buds. She likes a man who’s not afraid to have greenery or flowers in his home.

There’s not many mementos or photos. No knick knacks littered anywhere she can see. She was expecting that. He was a sleek, minimalist architect. She’s a kitschy old style gatherer of everything. She wasn’t exactly expecting a hoarders trove in here - like her own house. Crammed in wall to wall with pictures, objects memories and general nostalgic clutter. She kept it neat. She was a tidy person. But Kylo’s trimmed an manicured house made her own look like a shabby chic, antique mess.

She steps past the snug, and peers curiously through an ajar door to her left. Stepping her toes to squash into the thick carpet. It feels like an almost pure grey wool carpet underfoot. Softer than cashmere. Opening the door further, she walked it inwards, listening how it brushed the thick carpet.

She peeks in and realises this was his office. His study. She saw the big sparse place from crawling her car up the drive.

This felt oddly intimate. Intruding on his office like this. The place he worked. He was a private man. She felt like she was overstepping his boundaries merely by being in here. Especially when he wasn’t. But she couldn’t stop herself. This was her irresistible Pandora’s box. And she’s just lifted the lid, and doomed the world to ruin.

Everything’s very clean lined and simply sparse. She sees two huge big drawing desks, pinned out with complex tracing paper drawings on them. His desk is neat and ordered. All pens and mechanical pencils in organised pots. Not so much as a rubber shaving spec out of place. A pristine white desk laden with a Mac, an air book and an iPad was sat snug in its leather case. His desk overlooked the sky filled drive and the tops of the sun basking trees. Letting him see the valley and neighbourhood beyond.

In the middle of the big airy room was a wide counter. Lights suspended on wire directly above. That surface too was pinned with plans and neat rolls of paper waiting to be used. To be designed on by his brilliant mind, and artful hands. To make his millions.
And judging by this amazing place, he was a man who brought home millions.

She peers over the paper plans. Just a squiggle of pencil lines and measurements, notes and numbers to her. But to him it was the keystone of his thriving successful business.

She smiles, looking to the shelf above his desk against the wall. Lots more architecture books lived there. She makes a mental note to pick one up after she’s made some dinner. Sit and read one as she eats. It was then her eye caught in something familiar. One of her old publishing house books sat atop one of the book piles. She steps closer and leans up on tiptoes, this office clearly designed to the spec of a man his height, and sees it was the collective of writers published inmate stories. The first volume. She runs a fingertip over the spine. Leaving it undisturbed where it was. But it made her smile that he might have read up on her works. Ironic that she did that before she met him.

Evie leaves his office with a smile and heads out in search of the kitchen. One wrong turn in this house. And she might end up wandering lost for weeks. She heads past the study, pulling the door shut after her.

She steps out and crosses past the snug area to the long narrow of the dining table. Warm tiled floor underfoot letting her know he had that state of the art underfloor heating.

She was in the dining area section of his open plan house now. It was long and big enough to seat thirty. Cosy looking leather chairs at regular intervals on the sturdy long grey wood table. Very Scandinavian. That too crowded with a fresh glass vase of white peonies perfuming on the lemon air of the place.

Above the table sleek light fittings drip from the ceiling on silver wires. She loves peonies. Oddly enough they were her favourite flower. She wondered if that was something he’d picked up on, or if it’s just a merry coincidence.

She comes to his spotless kitchen. Precise granite grey cabinets. No decoration topping the white stone surfaces. Save for a food mixer. Salt and pepper cellar. And a big glass bottle of sunflower yellow oil.

His kitchen was bigger and longer than the driveway up to her house. Echoing white tile and slate grey. Chic and elegant in the most sparse and masculine way.

She runs her hand along the front of the highly expensive 8 burner matte black Viking stove. It looks
like it’s barely been used. She’d never twigged if Kylo is a good cook or not. She imagines a man as widely and worldly as himself would’ve picked up a few recipes here and abouts on his travels.

She brought a bag of groceries in the car over just in case he didn’t have much in. He was away. She wasn’t expecting him to provide for her. She heads for the ginormous fridge and yanks it open. She recoils when she sees its stocked with enough food to feed a party of twelve. All fresh and ready to be used. Vegetables, fruits, eggs, slabs of meat and fillets of fish.

“Bloody hell.” She curses with a smile. When she shuts it and turns around she can see an under counter wine fridge - that was fully stocked too. Her smile grows wider.

She makes herself at home - so to speak. Starting with getting her things in from the car. And taking what she needed too upstairs. She gulped when she walks through into the bedroom.

It was all glass and airy. The bed was 8ft square, she sure. Made with pristine white sheets and a waffle grey blanket over the foot of it. Really it was just a giant mattress on a simple podium with a cloudy grey headboard. She puts her stuff down beside the empty bedside table.

The only other finishing in the room was a chic grey chesterfield chaise. With a wool blanket folded on the end of it. That decorates the corner. Sat on a big black rug. That and the bedside cabinets are the only other things in the room. She guesses the right side was his. Judging by the pair of Hugo boss reading glasses and a pair of silver cuff links discarded there.

She clutches every new-found thing she learned about him, close to her chest. Slipping off downstairs with a grumbling tummy, she sets about making herself some dinner. There’s fresh seafood that she’d be a fool to let go to waste.

Lobster and scallop pasta. White wine and garlic sauce. And fresh basil leaves she bought with her. There was even some posh Italian bread she’d snag to go with it.

She hums as she cooks her dinner, deciding to eat on the marble stone white terrace off from the house, leading down onto the gorgeous garden view. Over the stretched rectangular turquoise pool.

She knew he’d most probably designed the house to make the most of the view there was on offer. It was a one of a kind view of the valley beyond. Surrounded by huge tall trees. Able to see the whole sprawl of city from up there. As well as the surrounding green of nature, forests and a great big vista of blue sky.
She squirrels away one of the architecture books from his office. And sits to eat her dinner on the sun drenched porch. Listening to the wind sway the trees. Pouring through the architecture book from his study. Admiring how he was the named Architect for all the striking dark buildings she saw featured. A glimmer of pride in her heart for him.

She drank two glasses of Sauvignon blanc sat on the sunny terrace. Consumed by the book. She stayed out til the blue of evening started to ebb in. She cleared up after herself. Making sure everything was as spotless as she’d found it.

She turns her sights on his bathroom. She’s sure that was going to be a luxurious room too. In keeping with the rest of his home.

She makes her way upstairs. Loving how the honey glow of the house at night contrasts in sharp opposite to the blue night outdoors. Everything gleamed. Every surface shining. He truly did have a wonderfully decadent house.

She finds the bathroom - eventually. She did wander into his huge slate grey dressing room confusing it for the en-suite at first. But she backs out and quickly finds her bearings. The doorway just along the hall from his bedroom was the airy bathroom.

The bathroom was white and black. Huge tiles with a twin sink counter and huge round backlit mirror covered one wall. The shower is a square glass cube. Three shower-heads in it. It was huge. A shelf with toiletries on, was carved into the black tiled wall in an alcove. Where the roof slopes away, two velux windows frame the huge oval white freestanding tub. She liked how the white tiles beneath her feet were tepid warm. Keeping the house the perfect temperature.

She’s slightly wary that the end of the bathroom is nothing but a glass window. But all she can glimpse is the end of the room. It’s just a square copse of the trees in the wind. Obscuring the room from view - she hopes.

She crosses to the bath. Noting how it was far bigger than her one at home. This pool sized thing made her tub at home look no bigger than one of her Gran’s beloved antique teacups. She blinks at the sight of the row of Dior bath products lined up in chunky square bottles on the shelf. She idly wonders if he’d got those in for her.

It was like the peonies downstairs. The fully stocked fridge that he left even though he was out the country for the week. She couldn’t help wondering; did he pre plan for her coming? Or was it just
her reading too much into tiny details. It’s not a question she needs answering. It’s just a passing fancy.

She throws caution to the wind and steals a tiny sloppy gloop of the j’adore bath bubbles. And sets the faucet pouring warm water into the tub. She gets her things from the bedroom and quickly strips off. Lighting the two Jo Malone candles he had on the side. Making the steamy air smell sugary like pomegranate noir. She grabs her bath book. A water warped Veronica Henry novel. She has another glass of wine. Scoops her hair on top of her head with a clip. And settles back in a cloud of hot Dior scented bubbles with her book.

Because honestly, how often was it a part time reporter writing at the tiniest gazette office in the whole state got a chance to luxuriate in foaming Dior bath bubbles, of an evening? The chances were slim, it had to be said.

She watched night break properly over the horizon from the velux windows. Sat in her bath with her cold dry wine. Watching the wind whip the trees outside the window. Amazed at how she couldn’t even hear it. The thick glass slaughtered all noise.

She just watches the branches sway and crack out there in the seemingly soundless night. She feels calm. And oddly happy. Safe up in this big glass fort.

She pampers herself ready for bed. Clambering out all hot and pink. She indulges herself in some heavenly Dior silky body mousse that makes her skin feel like satin by the time she’s done rubbing it into her legs and arms.

Satisfied with the way she smells pleasingly of a Dior perfumers counter, she slips back to the bedroom with her things and her book. A slip of a baby pink nightie on. She starts in her night time ritual of brushing her hair and smearing some simple cheap moisturiser on her face.

She used the only dresser in his bedroom. A mirror mounted on the wall, almost taking up all of it. The only thing on the dresser top was a singular bottle of Ormonde Jayne cologne. She blinks at it. Unable to resist. She reaches for it, lifts up the gold stopper, and brings it under her nose. Her heart lurches for it;

*Kylo.*

Pepper. Citrus. Orange spices and musky cedar wood. Married together in perfectly balanced
She closes her eyes and she can see him stood in this mirror. Hating his reflection. Paying no attention to it. But patting this on his cheeks and neck. Rubbing a hand through his hair as he got ready in one of his million dollar suits. She puts a little from the stopper on the tip of her finger, and rubs it onto her wrist. She rubs it into her skin so the notes of it warm and come alive.

She replaces it to its home. Turning around for the bed. Before she gets a rather soppy idea. She unfolds the covers, but she doesn’t slide between them. Rather she skirts around the bed and heads for his dressing room. She switches on the lights and looks around at the full wall to wall room that houses his clothing.

She pads the thick carpet across to the shirt rack. It was plain to see he favoured the darker end of the colour spectrum. He had every dark colour under the sun. Her eye catches on a white one tucked behind some black ones. Just brushing her fingers over it lets her feel how soft the cotton is.

Decision made and damning her consequences. And slips her nightie off over her head. And takes the shirt off it’s mahogany hanger. And slips it on.

She gathers both sides before she buttons it up over her naked torso. She lifts it to her nose. It’s scented of Kylo. Lemons. Old cotton and cologne.

It’s devastatingly, humiliated large on her tiny body. But she rolls the sleeves up. Mend and make do and all that. The bottom of the shirt tails brushes her knees. She almost puts it back when she sees the Alexander McQueen label. She persists.

She’s missing her big tall man as he was worlds away. The shirt helped her miss him that little bit less. Comforted by his scent being near.

She walks back to his bed. Folds up her discarded nightwear in her bag and gets comfy, slipping into his bed. Wedging herself between the cool sheets. Sinking into the butter soft mattress with a happy sigh. She sits up and remembers his growl - slipping her panties off to leave them stuffed under her pillow. Better safe than sorry.

She did wonder if he had meant for her to be in his bed. He could've easily meant for to be in one of the three spare rooms down the hall.
She waves the thought off in carefree joviality as she switches the light off and scoots down in the bed. White moonlight washing the room silver. The trees outside still bending to the will of the harsh wind.

And snuggles into Kylo’s pillow, that smells like warm cotton and cologne and lets sleep come. Despite her excitement to hear his footsteps tread the stairs when he gets home.

She’s almost dead to the world by the time that lovely domestic little thought takes hold.

~

He punches in the key code and slips quickly into his house. Silent as a shadow. And he was head to toe in black too.

Boss jeans. Dolce Cashmere jumper. Shrouding pea coat. Dark Chelsea’s on his feet. He shut his front door behind him. Blocking out the cold windy night.

His house is dark and silent. But he was brimming over with energy over the thought that his bedroom wasn’t empty tonight. He was elated with the thought that his bed had a sleeping little writer tucked cozily between the sheets.

He doesn’t waste any time. He hot foots it to the kitchen. Grabs two bottles of Fiji water from his fridge. And makes straight for the bedroom. He bounds up the stairs, taking them two at a time, and strides quick for his room.

He rounds the doorway and slows. His eyes drinking in the small body wrapped in his bedsheets. Fast asleep. Chest rising gentle and soft.
And in his shirt.

He stands down his bag by the door. Puts the water on his dresser and lets his eyes roam over her.

Just being away from her, and from their incendiary sessions of brutal, bed breaking sex for a week, and he was tense. He was wound up. He was so full of energy that he needs to let some of it out before he feels like his head might just about explode. Veins straining. Blood pumping.

And she was in his shirt.

That would be the first thing to go. “Sorry Kitten. Has to be done.” He rasps under his breath as he slips off his belt. Not actually sorry at all.

He storms to the bed, grips the sheets and rips the covers off her. She snuffles a groan in her sleep. Where she was on her back. Her head shifts on the pillow and she whines. Blinking awake. Eyes bleary. Half asleep.

He was the opposite. He’s never been more awake, and ready. Harder than he ever thought possible. Straining up in his jeans. He’d had a semi ever since the wheels touched down on the tarmac. Just thinking of this moment

He braces one knee on the bed. Near her. Not paying any consideration to his very expensive McQueen shirt. He grabs both sides and tugs it open. Growing harder when buttons fly, scattering off and she’s jerked awake.

Her blurry eyes blink open to see a dark shape. And then there’s rough hands and she comes to to realise that a furious Kylo is above her. Hair hanging in his face. Still in his coat. Looking divinely preppy in his black cashmere jumper and jeans. His eyes were dark yet somehow on fire at the same time.

“Do you have any idea how fucking hard it made me. Knowing I’ve got you at home. Wrapped up, in my bed, just waiting to be fucked.” He growls.

Now the shirts off her. Exposing her naked front to his eyes. He’s been aching for those full teardrop tits. Pale coral nipples. And that perfect heaven between her thighs. He can see her panting chest heave. Her ribs pressed up against her skin with the way she was posed.
He’ll die if he doesn’t get any part of her body in his mouth soon. Or if he doesn’t get his cock in her shortly.

He drags the tip of one index finger down the central line of her body. Throat, to sternum. Over her belly. Ending at her soft cleft. Watching his inked hand in dark contrast with her lily white skin.

He pulled her further down the bed by the hips. His grip stinging on her skin. Pinning her down to the mattress. Hands wrenched above her head. And then he’s wrapping the thick leather belt around her wrists to bind them. Tight.

She can see the look in his eyes. The one that had been there the first night he came for her after prison. The very same look that told her she’s going to be destroyed with sex and pleasure. Wrung out beyond belief. It’s hot. And blistering. It scorched her skin and makes her shiver.

It had scared her then. And now it turns her on. She can feel her thighs getting wet and sticky already.

He sneers down at her as he grips her throat. She gasps. Hair strewn and messy in her eyes. Mouth gapes. He leans in, hand still on her and presses an animalistic kiss into that pretty mouth. All sucking tongue and clashing teeth. He kissed hungrily tonight. It’s filthy and glorious. He massages his tongue into hers. She can taste a velvety red wine, and bursting cool heat of mint.

She whimpers when he breaks away to nose down her neck. Dirty. String of saliva joining their lips when he pulls back. She can smell his cologne on the air surrounding him. It punches her in the gut it feels so good to scent him once more. The scent of her lover.

He noses into her neck. “Fuck. You even smell like me. Why do I like that so much...” He growls. Clipping his pelvis into hers. Letting her getting a feel of the cock she will have surely missed. He fogs up her neck with his breath.

His free hand unkindly pinches a nipple. She writhes and the breath is pulled right out of her in a gut-punch of bliss and pain. He watches her moan in ecstasy. He twists harder. Her toes curl and she bucks into him. “Aghh-h. Kylo...” she whines in a broken mewl.

“You better be ready for one hell of a fuck. I’m not gonna be kind tonight babe.” He tells her. Her worried blue eyes find his.
He demonstrates this by tearing off her, big hands slipping from her nipples. He comes to a stand and makes her watch. Prostrate and weak on the bed. Stretched like a pinned out kill being hauled in by a hunter. Pale. Lovely. Gentle.

He towers tall over the edge of the bed. Like a dark nightmare come to life. Or a sweet dream. His tatted hands go to his fly. He’s watching Evie with a leer as he undoes his flies. Her eyes don’t shift off him as he unzips himself from his jeans pushing them down his hips as his massive cock wags free.


He comes to the bed. Gripping the back of her hair. She twists her head, feeling the hard head of him smear sticky wet, hot, against her cheek. Not letting her get her lips around him. Denying her for fun.

Her face furrows. She stretched her tongue out to curl at him. She hits the underside. She just manages to stroke along a pulsing vein. Man, and musk and salt on her tongue. He was right, judging by the taste of him he’s been hard and leaking precome for a while.

“I made you wait ten days, Kitten. How much longer do you reckon you could wait to have this dick in you?” He teases.

“Not long at all.” She croaks. Pleading. Begging.

He chuckles, before he digs his hand in the back of her hair and lets himself slip into her hot little mouth. Kneeling at the edge near the head of the bed, he feeds her his cock. Eagerly watches his thigh length glide onto her pink tongue.

He pumps his hips slightly. Watches her sucks get bolder and bolder. Greedier. He relishes them as they do. He loves how she hums when he stuffs her throat full. Gagging her. Sloppy wet with spit and gurgling sounds. He pulls back, she gently relaxes her throat and opens wider.

“You really are a desperate little thing aren’t you? I’ve made you needy for my cock being away so long.” He says. Gasping. Pleased. Smiling with how she lets him move his hips faster now.
Strings of spit and precome stringing from his underside to her chin. It truly was phenomenal how she took him so well. It made him speechless

He draws right back. Slipping out her mouth. A wet slurping pop following his retreat. He stands up, leaning over her, hooking two hands into her, he flips her over. Pressing her hands into the headboard. Before pushing her up on all fours and getting behind her. He slides his hands up over her plump ass. Shoving his shirt out the way.

He spreads her ass apart with two stroking thumbs before he pushes his face to nuzzle in at the pussy he’s been desperate for. Tongue jamming deep.

He hears how her nails claw down the fabric headboard. She moans. Spreading her legs as wide as she dares, hips seeking more. He slaps the back of her thigh with a sting when she moves too far. Disjointing him from where he’s sucking her labia into his hot mouth. She’s sure she’ll get plenty more swats at her ass before the night is out. He was in that kind of mood, tonight.

Tongue now continually striking down the centre of her sex. Lapping deep into her pink tightness. Tasting her intimately. Flickering at her clit. His nose judging the pucker of her ass. He licks and sucks to make her scream. Each time she does. He sucks her down harder.

She was gorgeous on all fours. Skin soft like silk. His nose nudges her skin. Scented of Dior. And pussy. Nothing was better than the taste of her.

He doesn’t make her cum like this. Though he’s more than aching to tongue her into a squirting orgasm. He doesn’t have the patience tonight.

He lines his cock up with her needy cunt, and drives home on one push. Growling as he seats his fat self fully inside her. His hands grip her hips. Bruising her skin. He couldn’t care less as he slams in to the warm heaven of her silk walls struggling to adjust to him.

That was a flattering power trip for him if ever there was one. He has to fuck her hard to loosen up in order for her tight little pussy merely to take him.

He shudders a moan. Fucking her desperately. Urgently.

Still fully clothed. He hadn’t taken off a thing - save for the belt. He was still wearing his boots.
Their soles snagging on the covers as he thrusts.

“I thought that once I slammed into this pussy. I’d never wanna leave it. Fuck me. I was so right about that. Fuckkk.”

He drawls. Rutting into her. Feeling himself start to sweat in his layers. He pushes up her shirt as he pounds, he paws a tit in his grip. Pinches her nipple again. Bounces her up the bed with each pound. She’s almost crumpled up now into headboard. Too pleasured even to moan. She can only gasp and stutter the letter his name starts with, mixed with gods.

Kylo likes that she still clings to God. Even when she’s being fucked by a devil like him.

“I’m much better than him.” He snarls. Referring to the almighty.

Going hell for leather. He knows he’s gonna fill her when he cums. He can feel it. He’ll leave very little room. And he can feel how she’s so wet thick around him, swilling wetness, it wouldn’t be out of the question for her to gush tonight. He can hear their bodies slap and slurp together.

He starts to groan. Long, low sounds. Matching her short puffing breaths, and gasps. She’s writhing and he has to hold her down. He clamps his hand about her neck. Just enough to make her light headed.

“Kitten. You keep still. And cum. Or I’ll get more belts and tie you down.” He threatens. His orgasm bearing. He could feel hers coming in the way she clenches him.

They both whine together. Sweating. Cursing. He’s praising her.


He pours his all into her. And still he’s not done. He has to keep going. He pulls out and his mouth is slack as he rubs himself off to spend his still unending orgasm over the perfect pale curve of her ass. Watching his cum spurt across her skin.

So now she was dripping with a mix of him and her. And she also had his cum spilling down off her
She’s sagged onto the sheets. On her front, trying to force some air into her dry painful lungs. Punched out by his fucking that she’s sure distended her vital organs out of place. Her head is swimming.

But she still feels when he presses down into her back. Designer jeans be damned. His mouth comes hot and low across her ear. He snarls dangerously. Smirking as he brushes a fingertip through her sticky hair.

“Five minutes. Then I flip you over. And we do that all over again. I’ll show you how fully I’ve missed my kitten...”
Anyone fed up of this yet? You still with me folks?
Safe & Sound

Chapter Summary

Is this cute? Yeah I think it’s dangerously close to being described as fluffy, this bit (I loves it)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo didn’t let go of her all night.

A bed as wide and as massive as his. They had all the room in the world. He lets her have none of it. They are tangled as one in the middle of very stained, sex sweaty sheets.

The bedsheets clamp to them. Their both tacky and wringing with sweat. Skin stuck to each other’s, hearts pounding, pumping in sync. No sounds between them but heartbeats and gasps.

He’s behind her, now fully naked, his chest tight to her back. His nipple rings are poking hard in her spine. She’s half turned on her front, clutching into the pillow with both hands. The sheets pooled at their hips. His hands clamping her hips as he strokes her body. Only just finished with her.

He’s just fucked her awake. Pumping into her as they were, letting his length piston deep in. Gliding along her walls with each long twisting stroke. Grinding his hips into her. Bringing them both powerfully to the painful overstimulated brink of yet another orgasm. He loves how her twitching cunt is all full up of him.
By now she’s too weakened to resist. She’s functioning on barely any sleep and overdosed on pleasure, and Kylo’s making thorough use of her body ever since he got home hours ago.

The sheets beneath them now are sopping wet. Soaked through with their spends. He loves how they’re going to reek of sex. Of her sweet cunt. He wants to bask in it.

It’s nothing to him that he made her climax messily all over his three thousand dollar Sferra Italian cotton sheets. He’ll throw them away and buy more. Gladly. He’d cherish it with a smug grin. Knowing he’s having sex so good that it’s destroying his designer sheets is more than worth the worry over their hefty price tag. Not that he would worry. He could buy them ten times over and his bank balance wouldn’t even feel it.

She can feel her thighs stick to the wet spot that spanned the entire middle of the bed.

She’s utterly demolished by him. Her cunt is sore. Her lungs feel shredded dry with effort. A fuzzy cloud of exhaustion fogs up her brain and makes all her muscles sleepy and hazy. Refusing to respond to the plights of her brain.

Where he pants over her neck, she twists her head to look around at him. She can smell her most intimate scent on his breath. From where he had her spread eagled out earlier. Eating her alive until she passed out for a long few moments. She brings her hand round and sleepily caresses his bicep and up his shoulder, as it curves over her.

He joins their mouths together. Panting. Hearts clashing time. Sweaty hot and sticking together. Is there any bliss on earth greater than this? Being fucked awake before the suns even warming up in the sky yet. A blue dawn still washing the bedroom in it’s cool kiss. The bursting peach and yellow-orange sunrise just began to peek over the trees in the distance beyond.

He leaves himself speared deep inside her. Stretching her open. Feeling how her pussy by now is entirely his own hot, sloppy mess to fuck into. He rams his chest into her back, and lets his mouth move over her sweaty neck.

She lies prostrate in his grasp. Heaving for breath along with him. Eyes closed at the wet pleasure of his mouth on her. She slides her wandering hand to play with his damp raven tresses. Sighing blissfully. Feeling his cock throb inside her. She’s so full of him in every sense. She can even feel his pulse echoing out from how he’s deep in her spent pussy. She can feel how obscene it is to have his cum still trickling out.
His hands dig under the thin crumpled white sheets. Grappling her thighs. Big fingers sinking into her bitten bruised skin. He’s certain he’s made red welts rise on her wrists where his belt was binding her. He takes a drag of her skin. Smiling with how she reeked of sex, sweat and Dior.

That white sharp smile of his rests against her shoulder. He loves how she smells sexy and expensive. He loves her perfume. He adores it. But he secretly cherished that she’s reeking of Dior and him. It makes him want to have her dripping in Cartier, and her skin stained with a furiously expensive perfume that drifts off her like smoke.

He wants to lavish her head to toe in money.

He brings the back of one sore wrist to his mouth and sucks a sweet kiss onto her skin. Hooking her hand back over his body again, she strokes his shoulder as he palms one of her tits in one big hand. He sighs in pleasure. Humming more kisses onto her sore skin. Sucking over the darkly blossoming love bites he’s made sit there.

Evie manages to summon her head enough to speak. Loving how she was back in his arms. She’s been ecstatic with every draining, pleasure filled second of him. She never wants to leave this safe harbour. His chest. His arms around her. Tucked under sheets with him. Naked and lazy.

“I never got to ask...” She begins in a barbed yet happy comment. He chuckled. He hadn’t given her any choice but to lie there, tied up, and take him.

“How was your trip?” She seeks sweetly. He loves how her voice is hoarse. She’s softly stroking his hair. Still facing away from him. Both of their heads battling for space on the same pillow.

He nuzzles into the back of her sweaty hairline. He feels her sweat there coat his lips.

“My trip was very propagative.” He mumbles happily. “It was nice to travel again. I missed the climate in Switzerland.” He rumbles lowly. “I always did like travelling to the colder countries.”

“Must’ve been nice.” Evie supplements. She’s never been anywhere in her life. One very foggy distant memory of a trip to England to see a doddered elderly great aunt in her barn conversion in Devon as a child. Perched right up on the jagged rocky coast. Evie has a memory of eating her first berry scone with cream and jam. Oddly it’s a random fond memory seared in her brain.
She’ll never forget the vivid poppy red of her mothers soft wool coat as she walked along with her on the miserable grey soggy Devonshire beach. Holding her hand. The sand, the sea, and the sky one long mash of drab chowder grey. The waves churning, spitting and feasting on the wet sandy shore. Evie can remember fondling smooth pebbles and brittle shells. The feel of gritty sand in her palm as she shoved them in her pockets. An avid beach comber. She still has some broken shards of shells in a jar on the mantel in her living room.

“Ever been to a Nordic country, Kitten?” He asks her. Hand covering her entire hip under the warm snug of the covers. He shuffles his head into his pillow and lets his eyes drift over her. Determined to take in the sight of her naked til he falls asleep once again.

“The furthest across the globe I’ve ever been, is to England.” She explains softly. Loving how he kept her hips rammed back into the curve of his pelvis. He was still hard, and inside her. A steely hard length meeting her soft core.

“Snowy climates are breathtaking to see Kitten.” He tells. “When I next have to go and meet Dominick. You can come with me, if you want, and see it for yourself.” He mumbles sleepily.

She turns around to peek back at him, her mouth gaping in a smile. “I wouldn’t want to impose on your business trip.”

“Alright then. What if I want your sweet pussy and your gorgeous body there in my very expensive hotel bed at night to help keep my cock warm?” He growls. Peeling one eye open smirking across at her.

She blushes. He was still hard inside of her. And they’re lying in a drying puddle of their wet orgasms tacky on the mattress below. And still she blushes.

“Well. I won’t argue with that motive that two is better than one for sharing body heat.” She smiles giddily.

“Especially with the naked part.” She adds. Tucking the covers up over her breasts where she was starting to cool down. One hand tucking under her side of the pillow. Under her face.

“By the way. In case I forgot to mention it. Your home is lovely.” She coos softly.
He smirks. “Glad it pleases you Kitten.” He remarks sleepily. She senses a hint of something in his tone. He clarifies for her.

“This place is old and dated now. Gonna move on from here soon. Find another plot and build something better. Something newer.” He tells.

“Why is that?” Evie asks curiously. Kylo’s eyes are shut but he can picture clearly the cute little frown that now sat on her face.

For a terrifying moment she thinks he might not answer her. For a few seconds he doesn’t.

“This place has.... too much, attached to it.” He answers grimly.

She can understand that. The past four years can’t just be stomped out for him. They must stuck sore on his mind. Breaking a pattern like a prison routine wouldn’t be easy. Like the awful memories they were. He was wanting to banish them and she empathises with that entirely. She never know what it’s like to have to survive in a place as horrid as that. She never can know. She hasn’t been through it. But she’s try and help him along with it the best way she knew how.

Evie could sense it was like he wanted to scrub away a part of his history that makes him hurt still. Not out of pain. But out of anger and a sense of detachment. He wasn’t attached to this place. He won’t be attached to the next. He’ll design it. He’s be there to see it built. He’ll live in it. And wake up every morning to it. But it will just be another series of walls to him. Just a house. Never a home.

That’s as alien to her as he must think about her, and her sad emotional attachment to her tiny cottage. Her family home. Stuffed with heirlooms and things, and lost loved ones.


She nods. “I can empathise with the need for somewhere new. I don’t understand it. But that’s just me I suppose. Do you know I’ve lived in that cottage in the woods all my life. And I never even dreamed of being anywhere different. But some people grow, and change. And minds will tend to shift after a while.” She says.
“I’m not the person who built this house all those years ago, anymore.” He reveals. “I don’t feel the same.” He lets out harshly.

Prison had quite literally left its indelible, marring scar on him. Body and soul. He was already a cold man before they sent him down. Prison made him irreversibly worse. It toughened up his calcified heart, sharpened his anger let whetstone and left him meaner and crueler than the Killer they’d put in there four years prior.

“Maybe that’s a good thing.” Evie surmises. “I don’t feel like I’ve ever changed a day in my life.”

It’s a serious tone their conversation is slipping into. But Kylo smirks in his rest. Bringing some levity back into their pillow talk.

“You don’t need to change Evie. You’re perfect the way you are.” He tells her sweetly. Deep voice a purring rumble like far off thunder. The fact of his being sleepy and tired made his voice croaky and sexy. Set goosebumps on her skin.

She blushes. Yet again. He can sense that she doesn’t believe him.

“You’re sweet. You’re kind. You say good morning to people when you pass them on the street. You help old ladies with heavy groceries cross the road. And you look like the type of person who has cartoon animals who help you get dressed in the morning.” He teases lightly.

She chuckles at that. He feels her chest and ribs bounce with her laugh.

“You’re so full of goodness, Evie.” He says seriously. “If I didn’t know it the instant we met. I damn sure know it now.” He explains.

“You looked like you wanted to strangle me when we first met.” She points out. He palms a hip dirtily.

“Oh I did.” He says.

“But not in the way you think.” He whispers huskily, flirting into her ear. Kissing a love bite there
afterwards. His hand then comes up to trace a subtle grip over her neck.

“Only in the way that you like when I fuck you.” He mumbles lowly.

Evie snuggles back into him. She may have been burning up in her skin. But she wants near him. Wants to be cuddled up safe in the chest that would put most Bernini sculptures of Roman beauty to shame.

The sun starts to burn across the carpet now. Only just reaching the end of the bed. Orange sizzling and striking the twisted crumpled sheet at their toes. Staining the white sheets an ochre copper.

Evie’s heavy tired eyes blink open and blearily assesses how the light will make sleeping a much harder chore. Kylo seems to suddenly stir behind her.

She groans, pulsing in both pleasure and pain. When he kisses her neck as he pulls himself free from her with a sticky squish. She clenches as his thick cock leaves her. She feels yet more wetness seep from between her thighs, and onto the sheets under her pussy.

“I almost forgot about something...” He pipes up.

Her back feels sore and cold as he leaves her alone in bed. She falls onto her back and watches that big naked body walk away. His pale round ass bounced as he walked. She loves the way his tattoos ripple across her shoulder blades when he moves. In her opinion, it’s an oddly sexy part of a man. Shoulder blades cutting through a strong muscled back. And Kylo’s was the finest she’s ever seen.

He crouched for his travel bag. And roots around in it. When he stands and comes back to the bed, overstepping his crumpled black pile of coat, shoes and clothes. Evie can see there’s a wide, flat velvet black box in his hand. His big hand spans under it as he carries it back to the bed and takes a seat beside her. She tries to look at the box, and not the way his half hard cock wags big between his legs as he comes back.

She sits up, pushing herself up to brace against the headboard. Bringing the sheets with her as she did. Concealing her body. She furrows an adorable little frown up at him.

He folds himself up on the bed. Near her feet, places the box on her flat thighs, and lifts the lid.
She gapes her mouth open across at him. Set in the box engraved with a posh silver HW logo. There sits a pendant necklace. Dripping with one tear shaped pavé diamond. Rounded stones also sit on the chain.

“2.24 carats.” He explains as if it was nothing. Meanwhile, she’s afraid to touch it. “Set in platinum. Rondelle chain. Nine diamonds all in all.” He explains.

“Is this-“ she’s stunned. “This, is...for me?” She squeaks.

Kylo’s smirks. “Well. I don’t think I could pull off a pear shape.” He teases.

“Yes. Baby, it’s meant for you-“ he tilts his head at her. “Do you not like it?” He seeks.

She’s still speechless. “No, oh my god Kylo it’s...” She’s stunned. She sighs and dares reach out to touch it. “It’s phenomenally beautiful.” She tells him.

He plucks it from his box with his big brute fingers. The silver weighing cool and flawless in his hands. He unlatched the clasp and reaches around to secure it around her gorgeous neck.

Kylo’s rather got a thing for and about her neck. It’s so elegant, such a frail part of her. If she wears her hair up, he finds he wants simply just to stare at it. Touch it. Skim it with his fingers and make her shiver. Feel the goosebumps rise as he turns her on. Feel her scream when he bites with teeth and soothes with tongue. Leaving beautiful blossoming dark bruises.

He watches it settle down, sparkling and fracturing the sunrise off the main diamond. Splintering drips of light all across her pale chest. She touches the main big, fat cluster of a pear shaped diamond that sits just below her collarbone.

“You shouldn’t have. Kylo. This is too-.” She says with what he can only describe as blue doe eyes. Kylo’s eyes turn as he drags a finger up the fine chain. He kisses her quickly, harshly, to shut her up. He moans as he tastes her lips and moans louder when he pulls away.

“Little sparkly and expensive thing for my Kitten. Now I’ve got something shiny to look at and watch bounce when you ride me.” He smiles. Smirking at her like the cunning devil he was.
He lays on his side and folds her into his front. Halfway up the bed is blazing in sunlight now. Kylo throws the box away and drags her into him again. They kiss like two hungry, desperately horny teenagers. As if they hadn’t been fucking each other all night.

“It’s beautiful.” She says to him with pink cheeks. Pulling away she cups his jaw in her hands.

His thumb swipes over the big diamond. “It’s not even half as beautiful as person whose neck it’s around.” He explains before he kisses her again. She kisses him with glad intensity.

Kylo smirks. Switzerland was great. It surpassed his wildest dreams. But, It was good to be home.

~

Chapter End Notes

Hmu my pretties. (You don’t have too) but if you do, gimme your thots, and hopes and dreams if you like

And Thankyou bucketfuls for continuing to be bloody amazing and appreciative readers
Other Half’s & Clandestine Liaisons

Chapter Summary

Like a bad penny...
Bake Sale clandestine Ben is not nice boi

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kitten never ran out of ways to surprise him.

She’s been oddly uncommunicative all day. Usually a text passed between them both at some point in their separate work days. But today was her day off, and he’s not heard a thing.

It ate away at him.
Not to say he was worried. But he had found himself reaching to look at his phone more times than was usual. Every time he saw it empty of notifications, he had to try and let his worries slip away quietly. He was Kylo Ren. He never worried. It was a waste of energy. This dependency farce was really a niggling little annoyance.

He wasn’t paying any mind to the fact that he found he broke several speed limits getting to her place tonight. He grumpily pushes it out his head as he sped through the woods, bound homeward. Her cosy place came into view and his ugly rotten, paranoid instincts relaxed their grip on him. As did he unclench his death grip on the Aston’s steering wheel.

He parks up and hauls his things inside. It was a still, cool evening. Not a breath of wind ruffled his clothes as he unlatched her front gate and strides through her neat lush green garden. He could smell the hyacinths she loves tending too so much. Always had vases of them dotted around the house. He steps up onto the porch, which creaks when he presses his weight on it. He’s up and outside the front door. He doesn’t stand on ceremony. He never does. He opens the door and walks right on in.

He’d barely got his feet past the doormat when a wave of heat and sweetness hits him. The smell was as heavenly and as domestic as it could get. Sugar. Peaches. Floury sticky pastry.

He inhales it and smiles. Smirking and stepping further in to look around her kitchen doorway. And there his simply sweet kitten was.

Up to her elbows in skinning peaches. Their sweet juices slippery wet on her hands. A mountain of them beside her still to do. Her hair was messily knotted atop her head. Some curls springing down where she’s been working diligently. He supposed she’s been at this for a while. Cause there isn’t a spare inch of surface in her cosy kitchen that isn’t covered by pies or cakes.

Something old and jazzy was playing through the radio. She’s so concentrated on her task, she does a double take when she peers up at him. Her face breaking out into a smile when she does catch sight of him in her kitchen doorway.

He stares for a moment - just drinking in this sight. She’s all rosy cheeked from the heat. In that blue flowery apron that’s smeared in flour. She’s in a simple white shirt and dark leggings - dusted with flour. Yet she’s never looked more alluring to him. Especially with the collar of silver pendant she proudly displays around her neck.

The air is cloying saccharine. It smells sweet, hot, like juicy ripe fruit being baked. He hoped she never ran out of her traditionally unique ways of making him speechless with surprise.
Cause right now she looked like such a domestic little angel, it’s making him stuck to the spot. Just drinking in the sight.

Irresistible. Sweet. Innocent. He wants to take her upstairs and corrupt the very goodness right out her entirely too lovely, charitable heart.

“If you dare tell me all this is for a church bake sale, Kitten. I’m going to have to put you over my shoulder, and take you upstairs this second, and *fuck* the living hell right outta you.” He drawls as he chucks his jacket onto the dining table and comes close.

How was it the six foot, dark and dom ex-con had found the most goody-two-shoes, sweet and kindly homebody in the whole country to become obsessed with? He smiles. Shaking his head slightly in sheer disbelief of it all.

Could she get any damn nicer? The only was she could was if she wore a little silver crucifix pendant on her neck and went to church every Sunday. That might just about drive him completely *insane* for her. Driving his innocence kink to boil up, stirring his blood knowing how he was the one contaminating the goody virginal little church goer.

She holds her hands aloft, he can see the peach juice sheeting wet off her arms and hands in the sunlight. Her brow was dewy too. She wipes her brow with the back of her wrist. Her cheeks pink more at his dirty wish.

“Bake Sale fundraiser for the library, actually. How will that do?” She asks. Keeping her sticky wet hands off his expensive shirt, she reaches on tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

His cologne starts ebbing through the smell of her baking that sat thick on the air when he gets closer. She could scent the warm cotton of his shirt mixed with the pure tones of his musky skin. Scenting also the shampoo he used on that silky soft mane of black tresses. Vetiver. Mint and cinnamon. She loved how those dark waves shone beautifully in sunlight from the window opposite.

“Hmm.” He grumbles in contemplation as she kisses him. His big paw sneaks around and fondles her ass. He eyes around the innumerable cakes sat surrounding them.

“How long have you been *at* this?” He asks.
“Since 6 this morning.” She answers tiredly. Wiping her hands on a nearby cloth.

“Haven’t got many left now. Just a couple of peach pies. I promised the Reverend no less than thirteen pies. Eight cakes. And two gigantic platters of cookies.” She explains.

Kylo eyes up the mountain of peaches sat in a bowl on her counter. Everywhere was dusted with spots of flour. Trimmings of pastry streaked here and there too. The cookies were on the cooling racks opposite. He’d have to snag one later. He had a secret unashamed sweet tooth. and if the cookies she’d made was anything like the brownies she baked the other week on their picnic, he’s definitely going to indulge in sneaking one.

She tries to turn away and soldier on. But her big bad influence was here now. He demanded attention, and kisses. And was shortly going to whisk her away and do many naughty things to her.

He hooks a finger in her apron front, and brings her back. It strains at her neck and waist as he pulls. Cups a hand to her hip and reels her in for a proper kiss. She wants to whine that she’s getting flour on his expensive grey shirt. But he won’t have it. He cups her neck and keeps her snug to his body. Uncaring for protest. Kissing her like it was the one thing from keeping him going crazy - some days it really felt like it.

She tastes delicious. As ever. Jasmine tea and sugary peaches on her lips.

Kylo is the one to pull away first. Breaking away from the body melting kiss he’s giving her. One hand drifts to the dip of her lower back. Still keeping her close. His thumb swipes over her jaw.

“I think, you need to get a glass of wine, and come have a break with me. Screw the cooking. We can get takeout later. For now. I want you. Or else…” he warns.

She smiles. She did feel tired. And her feet do hurt from being on them most of the day. She sat down to a cup of tea earlier. But save for that she’s been kneading, or peeling. Chopping or mixing. And time had quite flown her by, busy in her goodly chores for the fundraiser.

“What’s the ‘Or else?’ If I dare ask?” She seeks timidly.
Kylo grabs her hand and puts two of her fingers on his tongue. Sucking away the taste of peaches.

“I keep using my tongue on you, in various places. Til you say yes.” He says wickedly. With a smirk and lift of his brow.

She admits defeat. “I’ll get some glasses. I guess the peach pies can wait.” She says softly. Slipping away to wash her hands. He pinches her ass as she goes.

“Damn right they can. Kitten.” He purrs, snacking, nibbling on her neck as she tries to open a bottle. He was so very distracting. And needy for kisses. His hands groping her plump ass where they stood. She wasn’t complaining.

As if she needed more incentive with the way he’s working at a respectable sized hickey on her neck. Making her skin flutter and her legs clench together where she was getting wet.

Two - big - glasses of white wine later, and they’re both horizontal on her living room sofa. Night is starting to creep in outside, she lit two scented candles on the middle low table. They’ve both kicked shoes off, and she’s laying on top of her big sinful man as he makes her toes curl with his skilful kisses.

The trees outside the windows in the night sky are still on the breathless air. The only noise that intrudes on the two of them is the slow hum of the golden oldies on the radio in the kitchen which blazed out the sultry notes of Peggy Lee’s Fever. The other noise is their heartbeats and gasps that try and melt in sync, as their lips meet and noisily smack together.

Kylo takes the lead, as ever, cupping her ass, hands sliding under her leggings. Tongue tangling with hers as he sits up and rolls her under him. Crushing her down to the couch with his big frame. Leaning up over her as he explores the body that he’s certain, by now, he knows almost better than his own.

The mole that sits between her breasts, on her sternum. The way her round little ass cups perfectly into the span of his hands. He loves to expect the taste of her pussy on his tongue. It never disappoints. How he loves to tug his teeth on her coral nipples and smile as they peak harder. Cresting in arousal. She gets absolutely wrecked with pain and pleasure whenever he does that to her.

Her fingers tangle in his hair as he makes a bruised artwork out of her neck. Plush lips savouring
how she moans under their caress. Teeth too. Snagging on delicate skin and making her arch up into him. His hands abandon her ass to now slip under the waistband of her leggings at the front. Toying with her panties, stroking over her pussy.

She gets her own back. She unbuttons his shirt with one hand and sneaks her hand down his torso to play with one of his nipple rings. Edging at it with a tentative fingertip and tugging it lightly.

He almost bites through her lip when he feels her do it. A low growl rumbling in his throat.

“Minx.” He mouths onto her neck in a smirking snarl. Pumping his hips to rut into hers. He bites her skin harshly as he snarls. Baring his teeth. Her head falls back in bliss to the couch arm. Her fingers grappled in his crisp silver-grey shirt at his shoulders.

His hair is black silk feathering against her cheek. His body is rock hard above her. But where she grapples it, fists in him shirt, it exposes a soft skinned tatted shoulder that she buries her face into and groans. Feeling his hot, damn near blistering skin, burn her lips as he nibbles her collarbone. Tonguing playfully around his necklace tucked under her t-shirt. He sucks at the skin around the big flawless pear shaped diamond. Leaving teeth indents. Especially where her cleavage is pushed high up in her bra. He mouths at the tops of those pale globes too. Stabbing sharp teeth down into the soft things.

He loves seeing this necklace on her. It puffs his chest up in pride when he sees it on. She rarely took it off. He loves that fact. She really did cherish every little thing.

It was in the ways he just knew he was on her mind.

One night she asks him what his favourite dish for dinner is, the next night he comes over, she plates that very thing up for him.

She sends him off to work with a belly-full of a home cooked breakfast each morning he stays at hers - she even does that when they’re at his place, too. She always makes sure to take them both coffee if wakes up before him on weekends. She irons his shirt and sees to it he always has a clean one hung up ready for tomorrow.

It’s little things. Usually he got a laundry service. Yet she washes his fine dress shirts and makes his rich Ormonde Jayne scent turn into her own washing powder of warm honeysuckle and vanilla. He doesn’t know how she does it, but she makes them softer - he doesn’t mind it. He finds that he
actually grows to rather prefer it.

He loves when he’s at work, and he’s surrounded, all day, by a warm cloud of the scent of Evie’s Home. Of lilac, honeysuckle and vanilla cresting on the air around him off his freshly ironed shirt.

But Kylo has never had someone to look after him. Or to take care of the little things before - save for relying on himself. It’s astounding. It’s...dare he say it, it’s *nice*.

He was used to the the vile abusive shit that was his mother and father together. He grew accustomed to his lifestyle of cheap quick partners and easy fleeting sex. He even found when he was sent to Prison that he could wear his tough outer armour and be alright. He could survive it. Because he’s survived worse abuse and beatings, verbal and physical, that fucked him up for his entire life. With Evie now, he’s almost expecting it to be hard. But it isn’t. It’s the simplest thing he’s ever done. And he doesn’t trust it.

Doesn’t trust in anything, but *her*.

It’s a welcome change. And in the past he was a man who relinquished his iron fist on changes in his life about as much as the heavens were likely to relinquish their hold on the stars. With Evie? It’s insultingly easy to slacken his paranoid grasp on everything, a little.

He lets her plain and simple sweetness sink into the pit where his heart should be. Feels it tarnish away at his rotten self. He likes the feeling. He wants more of it. He *just* needs her. She’s making him *need*.

*She’s making a Sociopath, need. That was such a power and she doesn’t even know it.*

The worst part was, in all his fearless glory, he starts to *like that*.

It’s astounding. But there was no changing it now. Kylo Ren was growing infatuated with his shy writer.

Now he nuzzles into her neck and remarks how sweet every part of her is. Especially as his fingertips coax her open inside her leggings. Feeling how her slick drips hot, thick like honey, over his fingertips. Sweeter than sugar too. He pulls back, slips his fingers on his tongue. Sucks her taste away and dives back in, hearing her groan as he did.
His wet digits plunging back into her made his hips grind deeper into her body. They’re writhing together in bliss. Full of too much wine and lust. Thoughts of her cooking slipping away.

Evie doesn’t want to part from him, not when he’s doing that nice clever thing with his fingers scissoring inside her. Dragging so big and thick along her walls. Lighting every nerve to sing in pleasure. She’s clutching onto him as if she’ll fall off the face of the earth if she doesn’t. Giddy off their naughty make out session.

She hears her phone chime from the other room.

She lies back, sighs, and groans Kylo’s name. She digs a hand in his mane of dark hair. He doesn’t let up, humping his hips into her still, breathlessly groaning as he resumes sucking on her throat.

“No way in fucking hell I’m letting you up...” he groans in distaste. His thumb swiping now over her clit.

“I’ll be very quick. And it’ll be Reverend Wilson telling me where to set up the stall for the sale tomorrow...” She tries to urge. She clutched at his partially undone shirt and tugs his neck close to kiss him. He’s too moody to let it sway him.

“Then you can have me right back...” she bargains.

He glares in that stony dark, turned on way of his. Cheeks flushed. Plush lips kissed wild pink. Reddened from her lips and skin. He lets his hand slip out and she hates how cold she feels without the heat of him in her.

“Tick, tock. Kitten. You have precisely a minute until I’m in there and taking you wherever you stand.” He warns.

She’d learned Kylo never kids. About anything especially not when it comes to pleasuring her. She’d been a minute too long on the phone the other day, and he’d come in and bent her over her desk and fucked her within sixty seconds of her being overdue to go and hop in the shower with him.
She skips away. Not before ducking to kiss at his gorgeous cheek. His smirk lifts up a little on one side at that.

She trots quickly to her phone. Finding it a little speckled in flour from her earlier cooking endeavours.

She swallows. Heart clouding over in cold panic when she sees what sits on the screen. She reads it quick. Before she shoves her phone away and hot foots it back to Kylo.

“*Heard from a little bird about the bake sale in a small town tomorrow. Hope you don’t mind my dropping in, Kitten? I’m eager for a taste of your sweet cream pie.*”

Ben.

~

Her little town came merrily alive for the summer bake sale. The town square teeming with bustling people. It had really turned into a proper summer fête. Making the most of the dying days of a hot summer before a brisk Autumn changes its tune.

Big oak trees glimmered emerald green, proud and tall in the sunshine. A local band if students are playing something indie from the little town gazebo. The Reverend was parked near the mic, making announcements for the whole town to hear. Families and familiar town faces all crowd around the closed off square to celebrate.

There was a hot dog stand, lemonade stall, a cotton candy one, a couple of street-performers. Face painting. A silly little puppet theatre for kids. Many local businesses set up shop on a table to display their goods. The deli, the bakery, the coffee shop. Even Lou from the Greasy old Diner had a burger stand on the go. Kids played raucously in the sun. Families who were dear to each other took in the sunny day with great enthusiasm. What was better than a wander through a beloved town proudly displaying itself at its jovial best?
One stall that gleamed most proud in the sun, was the bake sale stall, raising funds to fix the leaky library roof. And get in some good donations to keep the stock of reading decent, and up to date. Mostly that meant people just donated them their old airplane books. If she never saw another copy of the Da Vinci Code, Evie would die happy.

There’s two long rectangular tables of the bake sale. With a banner above reading ‘Save our books’ Evie was diligently campaigning. Handing out leaflets like crazy, and she’s even bribed Daisy to help - with a stick of cotton candy - to pass out more as she went around. With her big doe eyes and cute smile, hopefully they’d raise enough to help save the library by dinner time tonight.

Evie’s has wings on her heels all morning. Flitting back and forth down the stall. Serving friends and strangers.

Even serving one familiar big dark customer in particular.

Dressed down beautifully in a tight grey Henley tee and black jeans, matched with dark boots. Showcasing the tattoos where his sleeves are pushed up. She damns convention. The whole town knew they were an item by now. She leans over the table and kisses Kylo quickly on the lips when he turns up and asks for a slice of pecan pie. He thanks her with a darkly hot smirk. And shoves a huge wad of money in the donation tin slot.

Evie’s mouth gapes. She’s damn certain that had been Benjamin Franklin on that thick wedge of notes. She is astounded to think what money he’s just shelled out for a slice of pie, and a kiss.

She bites her lip. “Kylo. That’s very generous. Are you sure?” He shoves in close to another thousand, and kisses her again. Butter pecan and brown sugar on his lips.

“Very sure.” He answers. His dark eyes on fire for her.

“Awfully expensive for a slice of pecan pie and a kiss.” She teases lightly. Putting the tin back safe on the side. And covering the pie over again

“Well. I get access to far more priceless goods later.” He smirks. Evie knows she blushes.

Kylo watches her smile as she steps down to quickly serve someone else. An old granny who looked very nervous approaching the stall with Kylo there in all his dark six foot-three glory. She looked at
the big strong man as if he were stood there like Cerberus, guarding the gates of Hell.

Evie obviously knows her. She chats for a minute as she hands over two slices of peach pie. Kylo watches his Kitten. Unawares of how he’s admiring her. She’d tied her hair up today. It’s toffee rust tones catch the sunlight where it’s sleekly scooped up off her face. Her make up had worn through a bit now. Still dark lashes and blush on her cheeks. He could see the slightest hint of grey bags under her eyes that he caused last night by loving on her thoroughly. Giving her a pleasure filled midsummer night.

She’s dressed today in a gorgeous mustard yellow ruffled dress. Speckled with white flowers. It’s wrap around, trimmed with white lace to the neck, and the skirts and sleeves blow in the breeze as she serves the old biddy.

She totters off with her slices of pie and Evie is all his once again. She’d been here since early this morning setting up. They’d showered together. Then Kylo had called into the office for an hour, then afterwards came right here. They’d had a brisk quick breakfast and coffee this morning. Both rushing off to do other things.

He’d passed the Diners burger stand, the smell making his stomach growl and he wants to treat her to lunch, and a cup of home made lemonade. She’d been out in the sun all day, and now despite her sparky attitude, she looks like she’s starting to lag a little.

“Can my hardworking librarian take her ten?” Kylo asks suavely. Chewing the last of the pecan pie down. Sucking the syrup off his thumb. She looks up at him with an expression of welcome relief.

“Gladly.” Then she turns to one of the old ladies down the other end of the stall, helping her. Esther from the gazette was her handy helper for the day. She was a happily settled spinster, with five moggy cats. She wire turquoise cats eye glasses and had a tick of constantly pushing them up her aquiline nose. She always cardigan buttoned to the neck, even in this heat. She was a little reticent, but ultimately kind-hearted and as soft as a wet blanket.

“Esther. I’m just taking a break, would you mind watching the donations tin whilst I’m gone?” Evie smiles to her. She bobbles a nod and a smile. Adjusting the bridge of her glasses behind her thick P.D James paperback. Nervously glancing up at Kylo. She peeps out a curious. “Have fun.”

“Nice to see you again, Esther.” Kylo charms across to the old woman. She smiles and gets all flustered. Waving, before she refocuses on her paperback. Kylo met her one night when he swung by the office to pick Evie up after work.
Evie rounds the stall and gently waved goodbye to her colleague. She slips her hand into Kylo’s waiting palm in a way that felt almost entirely too natural.

This was one of the things Kylo’s also growing to like about her. Her sheer wholesomeness. She doesn’t shrink away from him in public. She clutches onto his hand and holds on proudly when they walk in step together.

She’s not ashamed to be seen holding an ex-cons hand. She doesn’t see his scars and tattoos as brands of his brutality. She sees them as inky artworks. And to her, each scar is part of his tragically sad story. It took a lot of abhorrent, unimaginable abuse to endure to make someone into a sociopath: Evie had studied about sociopathy for her assigned reading before she first went to interview him in Prison. She can’t even imagine what kind of harsh family life had led him to be like he was now. She wants to strike away every harsh memory he has. Make him see how highly she thinks of him.

And all she wants to do is be proud of him and his successes. He was CEO of a globally famous business at thirty. That was amazing. He’s well traveled. Charming - when the mood takes him. And he could cook the best confit duck she’s ever had. She doesn’t want to be stuck looking to his violent past. She wants simply just to love him. She parades him around full of pride, as if he was as an eligible a catch to have on her arm, as the Prince of England.

They weave hand-in-hand through the crowds. The usual coven of nagging, old biddy gossips nattering after they passed by. Clucking about what Evie was doing dating a hulking thug like that. Making a loved up spectacle to the prude church obsessed bunch who scowled at their ‘brazen’ display. So Kylo links an arm around her waist and makes it plain he couldn’t care less. Walking past and eyeing them smugly. As if he hadn’t a care in the world.

He leads her to the food stalls. Treats them both to a lemonade and a stacked cheeseburger from Lou’s. The town band now got funky with a saxophone, and a modern version of Lou Rawl’s ‘Nobody But Me.’ They cop a squat on a bench and eat their very good cheeseburgers. It’s messy and greasy. And they’re both sucking relish and cheese off their messy fingers before long. Sharing a big pack of fries. She’s certain her heart combusts when Kylo grips her chin and sucks a dribble of relish away from her lips. Turning the suck into a kiss at the corner of her mouth.

He can turn her on like crazy. Even when they’re just eating fast food. It’s crazy and amazing all at once.

Flo’s ever-large family stops by and says hello. More folk with her here, than had been at the movies. They all get introduced to Kylo in turn. Evie holds his hand and smiles him through it. She does slip away, only for a minute, holding Daisy’s hand, leading her to the cotton candy booth. She did have a
promise to keep after all. She buys her the biggest blue cloud of sugar for her little friend, and even
steals a little that Daisy offers her. Letting its sugary film melt on her tongue. She even accepts the
paper flower-crown Daisy gives her from her own head.

There’s yellow sunflowers and blue daisies all over it. Evie crouches so Daisy can reach to can tie it
around back of her head. The cotton candy stall was nearer the bake sale stall. Evie comes to a stand,
clutching her little helpers hand. She goes to walk back and rescue Kylo from Flo’s taloned grip.

She’s just cutting across the square when her eye catches on something: Esther, and she was going
apoplectic. Waving her over hurriedly with a inward wave of her hand.

Evie frowns. “Go straight on back to Gran, poppet. I just have to go... check on the stall.” She smiles
at her friend. Patting her back as she skips away with her cotton candy.

By the time Evie gets to Esther, she feels like she should’ve brought a EMT paramedic with her. Or
a tank of oxygen. Esther is holding the donation coin tin like it’s the Holy Grail.

“Esther?” Evie seeks. Rounding the stall and trying to calm her down. “What’s the matter?” She tries
to soothe. Watching her colleague hyperventilate and stammer. Evie tried to touch her arm, ground
her, calm her down as much as she’s able.

“Ok...just be calm, for me. Be calm, and have a seat.” Evie encourages her Elderly companion. She
brings a lawn chair close and helps her sink into it. Esther puts a hand to her chest and starts puffing
on her inhaler.

Esther thrusts the money tin into Evie’s direction. It clangs and rattles with contents. Most people
gave a handful of spare pennies. Or a couple of dollars. People gave and donated what they could
spare. And Evie was grateful for every cent of it.

Esther seems calmer now. “Can you tell me what’s up?” Evie seeks gently. Crouching in front of
Esther with the money tin in her hands.

“Someone...” She puts a hand on her chest. “Put upwards of, maybe, ten-thousand dollars in the tin.”
Esther gets out. Fanning herself with a stall leaflet.

“What?” Evie says loudly in shock.
“That’s enough money to fix the roof. *And* buy new stock. And-and, maybe even add another whole section on the library. *Oh,* maybe we could finally afford an updated kiddy’s corner!” Esther beams excitedly.

Her fingers scramble for the tin lid. And when she opens it, nothing meets her eyes out a nest of crinkly green spilling out the box. Hundreds and thousands worth of money, rolled up in paper clips. Sat smugly in the bottom of the tin. Dwarfing all the penny donations it rested on.

Evie takes a minute to speechlessly state at the money. “Who on earth in town could have donated *this* much money?” She asks.

“Well. D’you know, that’s the real funny thing. He looked *just* like your-“ Esther begins.

Someone clearing their throat behind the stall makes them both look up. Evie shoots to her feet. Her hands clammy on the metal tin when she sees whose stood opposite. A pie tin in his hands, eating the pastry and fruit with his bare hands. The very person she’s been dreading to see all afternoon. Looking devastatingly handsome in a white-navy plaid shirt and worn indigo jeans.

Ben.

“Kitten.” Ben leers at her. After sucking off his fingers. Esther turns to Evie with a look of shock.

Evie doesn’t know quite what to say to him. Or that nickname that she usually preferred being given to her by another man.

“Hello, Ben.” She manages to get out. She hasn’t seen him in person since his coffee visit the other day. When Kylo’s back was turned. She never told him about Ben’s particular brand of seductive wooing, and his gifts and visits. She told herself she was sparing him from Kylo gifting him a black eye in return. In truth keeping that secret from Kylo made her feel dirty. Wretched. She was tainted by the guilt of it.

She feels like she did something wrong. And all she’d done was let him seduce her. It still felt wrong. Past escapades of pleasurable threesomes put aside.
“I take it the rather sizeable donation in here, is your doing?” She seeks.

He grins smugly.

“Of course it is, gorgeous. Anything for my girl.” He winks.

Evie takes a deep breath.

“Excuse us, Esther.” She says with a small curt smile. Handing her colleague the money tin. Ben stands down the nearly empty pie tin and, cheekily smiles at Esther as Evie rounds the stall to come face to face with him. Leading him away from prying ears.

Ben stands far closer to her than she would like. She opens her mouth to say something. But he cuts her off - as if to keep her from speaking. He toys with a coil of hair that swirled into her face. Other hand cupping her hip as he stands close. She can smell his cologne. She can feel his heat. It’s all an overwhelming blast of too much. Juniper. Cotton. And cologne. He’s a wall of muscle. Flirting. And that smug seductive smile. It’s drowning her.

And he’s here. That’s worse. She’d been looking out the corner of her eyes for him all day. She started to calm when she couldn’t spot him anywhere. And now he’s sprung up, like a bad penny. Like he said he would. She’s been crossing her fingers that he was flaky enough in his personality to forget his texted promise.

“What are you doing here, Ben? You know Kylo’s back.” She chides.

“Is He? Huh.” He shrugs off casually. Not taking his eyes off her.

“Yes, he’s back. And he’s here. And you, need to not be.” She tells him as harshly as she could. Pressing a hand to his chest and pushing them a little further apart. Air and space would do her all the good.

“Not that me and ever other book lover in town is not, hugely, thankful for your generous donation. But I just want to make it clear that I hope you donated it for the right reasons.” Evie asks.
Ben tilts his head, and tips a filthy smirk at her.

“Not that you thought donating such a huge sum would woo me senseless and help you get into my pants.” She adds.

“Well. I meant what I said in my text. I’d be lying through my teeth if I said I didn’t want a taste of your sweet little peach.” He stands closer and starts husking in her ear. Leaning close as if to nibble at her neck.

“Great pie too. Who’d ever have thought my brother would land such a sexy homemaker…” He smarts.

He’s not hiding how envious he is of Kylo for snagging a woman like Evie. She probably had his dinner on the table each night. Ready as soon as he got in from work. Served him up pussy whenever he snapped his fingers at her. Probably fucked her all over. Christening every room in her cosy little house. With Evie a man was sure to come home to her, a hot cooked dinner, pudding. And then an extra helping of ‘dessert’ on the kitchen table.

Thing was, Kylo’s heart was about as penetrable as Fort Knox. Ben knew this. And he also knew Kylo was the type to shove his girls out the door the instant after they’ve both cum. He was just banging her for the fun of it for a while. He’s gonna drop her soon. And Ben would be the man right there to swoop her up when Kylo drops her.

He wants her. *Fuck, how he wants her.* Maybe a little bit to spike at his grouchy brother. And also because she’s the most stimulating, delightful fuck he’s had since Hux. Whatever it is, Ben can’t and won’t deny himself the attraction; the allure, the need, to have her under him again. He needs it so bad he’s willing to throw his time, his energy, and, quite literally, thousands of dollars at the problem.

And she’s still resisting? That won’t wash. Not today. His need for her is too strong.

She still looks nervous. “Ben please. I have to go find Kylo. Look. I’m very grateful for the money and everything else. But you need to *stop this now.*” She urges.

She goes to sidestep him and walk away back to Kylo. She makes it about an inch. And then his hand is on her wrist. His huge fingers clamp her, his grip almost hurting her skin.
“Ben...” She whimpers. Panting for ragged breath. This wasn’t like the suave playboy she knew.

They’re near the edge of the square now. He hauls her behind him. Walking them both to the thick, secluded cover of an oak tree trunk. She’s pressed up against it, the scratchy bark rubbing at her back, and behind her knees.

His dense muscled thigh rams in-between her knees. Pushing up against her crotch. Rubbing her delicately covered cleft on the hard notches of the wrinkles on his jeans. He twists her fingers with his, and pins her arms back to the tree.

“Ben. Please don’t—” Evie’s mouth gapes as he leans in and sinks his teeth into her neck. She barely stifles her cry. She can’t decide if it’s one of pleasure or pain as Ben hums. Sucking at her skin.

“Any idea what I’ve been going through, for wanting you?” He husks against her throat.

She’s almost trembling. They’re in public. He’s got her cornered. And she doesn’t like to even contemplate on the blood-bath that will ensue if Kylo catches them like this. Hers. Or Ben’s. She doesn’t know which he’s going to spill first.

He’s terrifying her; she’s unknowingly pushed the once genial smug Ben past his point of no return. His personality disorder was awake, and snarling its ugly head off.

“N-no.” She answers. Hating she’s caused him unease.

“I hate how he got you so easy. I can’t stand it. He told me to stay away. But I don’t fucking want too.” He rambles. He humps his pelvis into her and she buckled. The tree the only thing keeping her standing. Clutches to him with no escape.

She moans and he moans louder around his teeth sunk in her neck. Hearing her desperate plea’s.

“Feel what you do huh? The power you have over me. How hard you get me...” By now he’s rubbing his crotch into hers. She can feel the monster-hard girth of him grinding in teasing circles against her needy sex. She’s still scared of him in this state. He was near feral.
“Got me wanting to see that pretty cunt stuffed wide open with my big cock again.” He flirts.

She tries mumbling her refusal. But he just smirks and sinks his head down onto hers, so he can’t hear her. Bitting her lip, sucking it into his greedy mouth. One arm leaves hers and slips between them, tearing under her flimsy panties, stroking down her shaved skin, slipping naturally into her pussy with a rough shove of two fingers.

He licks along her lower lip. She tastes like cotton candy. He’s *devouring* her up.

“Best damn cunt on the planet.” He huffs into her ear. Rubbing his hips. And rubbing at her weak spots. She’s clawing at his shirt. She can’t tell if she’s pushing him away, or keeping him held close. *Both*, probably.

She flutters her exquisite tightness around him. Sucking hot on his fingers. And that’s when he decides to twist the knife in the wound.

“Tell me, lie to me again, about how *no* part of you wants me...” He teases. Sucking on her ear. Reddening her neck with sucking hickeys that Kylo can find on her later.

“Does every part of you want Kylo, babe? How dangerous he is, his tattoos, his brood. You like that? *Awww*. Does that get your pretty, proper little panties all dripping wet for him?” He mocks.

“It’s not *like* that!” She protests. Tears spearing her eyes.

“I’m every bit as fucking dangerous as he is...” He growls. Ramming his fingers deeper. Swirling them. Listening to her wetness squelch down on his hand.

“Maybe If I hold a knife to your fucking throat, you’ll fall in *love* with me.” He supposes. Before roughly grabbing her chin, arching over her and taking her mouth. Clashing teeth, soft lips. Cotton candy and peach pie melding together.

Evie opens her eyes, looking at him for the first time. Whining as he changes the angles of his fingers.
Ben chuckles into her ear. The penny drops.

“You fucking love him?” He asks. Slowing his fingers naughty tempo.

“He doesn’t have a heart babe. Neither of us do.” He finalises.

She’s not stupid; she is more than resigned to the tragic fact that she loves Kylo. And that love will never be returned to her. It’s a one way street. Loving a man like him. Ben seems to be lapping up her disappointment.

“I know it doesn’t make sense. I know it’s. Not-” She trails off. Sighing. “But. I just- I. I do.” She whispers. Almost sobbing it. That, and because Ben’s moving her swiftly to orgasm by finger fucking her like this.

“I love Kylo.” She says for the first time out loud. One tear falls from her eyes.

She supposed to people around them at the fair, it merely looks like they’re just making out against the tree. Entwined together. Clutched tight in the first pangs of young insatiable love.

At least. Evie is. But not with the man in front of her. His dark alter ego had stormed in and taken away her soft pathetic heart.

“You do realise. It wasn’t just Kylo you enchanted. It was me too. And I did such naughty bad things for your sake, Evie.” He kisses into her neck.

“I snuck into your blonde-shitbag colleague’s apartment and spiked his coke with sleeping pills. I pushed that no good ex of yours down three flights of stairs for you. All to keep you safe.” He growls.

She gasps. “What?” Her lip wobbles.

His idea of hot foreplay talk was making tears leak out her eyes. And he hates it. Cause she so close
to cumming now. It’s almost unfair that he can do this. He’s getting her body to respond when all her mind wants to do is run.

“I’ve suffered for you. Now you can suffer me. You say you’re in love with him. But whose fingers is your pussy drooling on right now. Cause it ain’t his? Is it?” He chides.

She’s absolutely fit to burst. Damn him for learning her spots and weaknesses so well. She’s clutching onto him for dear life. When she really doesn’t want to be.

“Ohhhh yeah, baby...” He growls. Voice dipping sinfully low. “Gimme some of that cum I like.”

Evie’s clawing his back. He’s leaving hickeys for Kylo to discover. He’s fingering her so deep and hard. Where his hand smacks against her, it hurts. But then the pleasure crests to a searing hot peak. And she shatters over it. Cumming messily on his thick fingers as they stretched her. He feels it drip down the webs between his digits.

“Fuck. Yes. Evie. Come on babe. Soak my fucking hand like I know you can. Gimme every last drop. Give it all to me. Just me.” He whispers filthily in her ear. Swirling his fingers, drawing out every bit of her cum he’s sourced. Collecting it on his scooping fingers.

He’s hollowed her out. Made her chest dry and brittle like kindling and dry leaves. Her eyes are full of tears and her head is foggy with pleasure, and revulsion.

He takes his body away from hers and she sags uselessly into the tree. She can’t look at him. It hurts too much. He’s just abused her into pleasure and she can’t process how she feels.

Ben goes to grip her chin and give her a filthy kiss. She turns her head away from him. Just as someone clears their throat behind them. A deep, rich baritone. They twist around, paused poised to kiss, to see Kylo stood not metres away. Beyond the tree. Arms loosely by his sides. Scowling at Ben.

Who does nothing more than smirk. Lean in to Evie. Take advantage of her powerless body and give her a filthy French kiss. Tongues and all. And he takes his sweet time. Breaking away, leaving his wet sloppy kiss coating her lips.

“Great pies sweetie. Thanks for letting me have a taste.” He flirts.
Before he steps away, walking backwards. Waggling a cute wave at Kylo. Winking. And sucking noisily on the fingers she’d cum all over.

Evie can’t look at him.

Her cheeks heat and her eyes blur with tears and shame. She wants to crumple away into dust and ruin. Tears drop freely down her face. Her pretty expression scrunched up in despair.

His dark eyes switch to Ben’s retreating back. Daggering his piercing look into his twin.

Kylo had heard, and seen *everything*. And now he’s so livid, his soul demands *blood* as penance.

*And he’ll have it.*

~

Chapter End Notes
Tell me your thots and dreams
She hadn’t heard from Kylo in four days. He’d gone quiet as the grave on her.

She’s had nothing but radio silence since the day of the bake sale. He’d scowled at Ben. And her. Then turned on his heel and walked off into the crowds. And she hasn’t heard a thing since. She was in hell that afternoon. Back on the stall trying to keep a neutral expression on her face, when inside, she feels like she’s crumbling apart.

She wanted to send texts, emails. She wanted to phone him. Leave messages. Anything. Even his anger was better to receive than the stony silence. Evie’s coming to realise how cold a sociopaths traits can feel. It was so bitter to be on the receiving end of them.

She can’t avoid the fact that she’s potentially ruined everything. Her heart feels like it’s cracked. And it’s agony to get up each day. It hurts to sleep, to exist, to breathe.
She barely eats. She doesn’t garden. It takes her an enormous amount of effort to shower. She spends all her energy going to work, biting her nails to the quick, and not thinking about that final text that will come sailing through on her phone, telling her it’s over.

The sad thing is, she waits to see it. Printed in bold letters. That Kylo was gone. He wasn’t coming back. She’s alone again. She’s had her glimpse of that tattooed, dashing-dark god. And now he’s off, true to form, moving on. Cutting her out and isolating himself again. Just when she thought she’d breached his heart.

One morning, even though it terrifies and hurts her. She puts the flawless necklace back into its velvet box on her dresser. She can’t bear it swinging round her neck like a reminding noose of a past love. It’s the most beautiful thing she’s ever had. She shuts the lid on it and makes a note to send it back to him when she gets a moment.

She sadly drags herself to work. Her spirit and her mood in the gutter. She has a full day. Proofing articles. Researching about the local Todd hardwares stores 150 year anniversary. She went to interview Todd. And upon seeing his lovely home and warm family life, it spears her chest like a javelin to the heart thinking she could have all that; if she’d have loved a different man.

And now she’s wretched from loosing the most intense man she’s ever known.

She floats through her day. Staying late. Making sure that she’s backed up all her files on the system. She realised it’s incredibly lame. But now she’s sadly single, it’s not as if she’s got anything to rush home for. Not even a pet for company. She remarks to herself as she locks up the office that maybe she’ll spring for adopting a stray from a rescue center. Maybe buy a goldfish. Give something some love. Something that potentially will love her back, and not leave her.

And doesn’t break her heart.

She drives home on autopilot. It’s as if her day hasn’t sunk in. She hasn’t felt any of it. She sure as hell hasn’t been there for it. Half of her was elsewhere. Consumed otherwise.

She goes to the store and tries to make herself feel hungry for some real food. It all tasted like ash in her mouth she was so miserable. She’s been sustaining her dulled appetite this past week on nothing more than a cup of soup and an apple here and there for her lunch or dinner. It’s as if she doesn’t have room in her grim mood to do anything else.
She picks up two bottles of wine. Some oranges. Her mind mopes about doing something healthy about getting some Vitamin C. And she buys herself a tub of ice cream telling herself a lie she can pick at it later if she gets hungry. She most likely won’t.

She continues on home. Hankering for a bath and an early night. Being miserable about her wretched love-life was a tiring occupation. She gets up the drive and lumbers her little car into park. She grabs her string bag, and the wine and heads on into the garden, up the porch steps.

She unlocks her front door and meanders in. Looking up her dark staircase. Her bedroom door was pushed shut. She could’ve sworn she left it open when she went out to work this morning. Waving off the thought. Shaking her head she moves into the kitchen placing her bag down. She slowly begins to unpack it all. Thunking the wine down on the counter. She turns to put it in the fridge. When suddenly the whole world spins.

A scream bubbles out her throat when she’s slammed into the kitchen island. A breath mingled with a whimper forced out her mouth.

She’s winded instantly. The oranges roll. The wine clunks over. A hard body is at her back. A big hand is clamping her neck. A groin is pressing into her ass. She feels calloused rough hands grip tough on her skin.

She knows that touch. She recognises this roughness. It doesn’t calm her though.

Silky lounge pants graze the back of her bare legs. An expensive tee rubs against her arms where they’re pulled behind her, and crossed at the wrists. She tries to draw in panicked breath but his hand claws tighter.

Her heart sings in joy that he’s here. But then she whimpers when his hand damn near chokes her. His other hand leaves her neck. And then she sees why.

“You know it’s dangerous. Living so isolated. Sweet girl like you out here in the woods, all alone. No one around to even hear you scream. Anything could happen...” Kylo growls into her ear.

She shudders when she feels the infamous, sharp, Farrer & Tanner knife, shining silver and cold, is pressed against her cheek. The point she feels pricking into her skin. Her toes curl in her shoddy heels.
“Kylo...” She huffs out weakly.

“Kitten.” He greets from above her. Tilting his head. Watching how he ran the tip of the knife down over her cheek, over her jaw, down her neck. He takes note how her necklace wasn’t there. That furrows his brow for a second.

When the knife digs into the skin of her neck. She shifts. Gulp. Her pulse racing. In this mood he’s in, she can’t be sure she won’t get hurt. This was Kylo in his most unrestrained state. All bets were off.

He hums contentedly to himself. Stroking her with a knife. She can feel through the utterly thin lounge pants how hard this has made him.

“You look so fucking pretty like this.” He smirks, tone sexy and flirting. He’s fucked her over the counter like this before. But he can’t put aside how big, teary-blue and pretty her eyes go when he puts a knife to her. It’s enchanting. He can’t get enough of it.

She hasn’t seen this side of him since Prison. This temper; this rage. She hates thinking she’s caused it.

“I’m so sorry. I’m sorry for what happened at the bake sale.” She begins to stutter. “I didn’t mean for it to happen. Truly. I tried to walk away from him.” She sobs in her defence.

“We’re past sorry, Baby.” He snarls coldly. Her stomach drops.

“Your apology means nothing to me. And so does his. I don’t want words.” He insists roughly.

His hands hurt her skin when he takes the knife away and tugs her hands to haul her upright. His fingers easily cuff her wrists together - in one hand. He brings her up and twists her around. Her lower back now solidly wedged to the counter. The knife is back pressing under her jaw. Hands joined behind her back. He towers over her and enjoys seeing her weakness. Heralded by a nervous look from her shining silver-blue eyes. Full of unshed tears.

He’s scaring her. No doubt about that. She’s never seen those eyes look so intently black. Danger
lingers in them and she is right to be wary of this huge, broad bad man.

He’s so close. She can smell his cologne. Feel his furnacing heat. She notes how criminally good he looks in a white tee stretched tight across his arms and wide big chest. He really was stacked in every sense. She’s always forgets how huge he can be. She’s been away from him for just a few days and now she’s reminded.

He seems to grow in his rage. She swore he became taller when he was angry. His fury becomes this palpable essence in the air. Like sparking static. Or electricity.

He jerks his head towards the stairs with a smile. “Up there now. Got a little surprise for you upstairs.” He intones tensely. His dark smile is making her stomach coil up with dread.

Her mind runs amok with the possibilities that sentence could refer too. Was he gonna tie her up? Hurt her? Use some of Ben’s arsenal of bondage toys on her. Or maybe he’s going to make her suffer tonight. She shivers in fear with all the various routes this night could take. She’s terrified already.

The look in his eyes is frenzied. “Did I stutter?” He adds in a deep growl when she doesn’t move. The coldness in his eyes could cut to the bone. Like black-ice frostbite.

She stumbles forwards. Pressing away from the counter. He lets her walk a few steps. Releasing her arms. She gingerly steps until she comes to the banister, making her way up the creaking steps as he follows, barely one step behind.

She slows when she feels him scrape that knife across the back of her legs as she ascends her creaking staircase. She keeps moving. He smiles when he sees goosebumps prickle at her exposed legs. She was wearing a simple white blouse, grey pleated work skirt and scuffed small heels. They clatter loudly on the stairs as she goes.

When she comes to the door. Kylo shoves the knife to the back of her hip.

“Heels off.” He commands as they stand on the landing. She steadies a hand to the wall and kicks them off onto the rug by the dresser on the landing.

She sinks down to her bare height. The knife is gone. And then his arm is around her waist. Her
back to his chest. He lifts her off the ground, she squeaks, and he strides her quick into the bedroom. Her hair tangled in her face and it’s a tawny blur.

She gets thrown face first, width ways across her mattress. Bouncing, body jolting a little on the bed. She presses up on her elbows to catch her breath. And her heart shudders, shrinking to a stop when she gasps in shock.

They weren’t alone tonight, it seems.

There was a big body hunched at the end to the left of her bed. A shaggy dark head bowed down, hands tied to her wrought iron headboard with thick black rope. Bound at the wrists. In a dress shirt spattered in blood, dark suit trousers. The bed clatters and he raises his head.

Evie is weakly staring at battered, bloody and bruised Ben. Staring heatedly back at her through one black eye. With blood ringing under his nose.

“Ben...” She gasps out in horror. She wants to go to crawl to him. To untie him. To stop him bleeding. Stop his pain. His wrists already look raw. But a big body slamming down to hers, traps her onto the bed.

Kylo braces himself over her on his arms. The knife in one hand. His hips nudge into her ass, as his mouth nuzzles his smile at her ear.

“Trust me, Kitten. There’s never been a man more used to being tied up.” Kylo smirks against her ear. Snuffling to get a scent of her hair. Her perfume. Feel the silken hot neck he’s missed against his lips. He had missed this pretty neck. His cock hardens against her ass.

She couldn’t take her scared eyes away from Ben. He shifts. Wincing to thud onto his knees on the rug below.

“It appears I need to teach the two of you, a lesson. Consider this your punishment.” He whispers into Evie’s ear. Looking straight at Ben.

Kissing her jaw thereafter. She wants to shudder. And let herself be turned on. But she doesn’t know how.
His body is off her back. He flips her over harshly. His smirk fading into seriousness as he grabs her shirt collar and rams the knife down the center of her buttoned up top. Fabric shrieks and tears under the knife's sharp edge. She gasps and keeps still. Eyes full of tears. She screws them shut.

He discards her ruined shirt off her. Then starts on the skirt. That too torn to bits with the brutal tip of his knife. He pulls that away. Leaving her flimsy panties and bra.

He doesn’t bother with the knife for those. He’s too desperate. They come away in his hands as he tears them off like they’re made of wet paper. They snap and tear at her skin. He might kiss those red raw marks tomorrow. Tonight? He’s not concerned about her comfort.

He’s concerned about his revenge.

He peers across to Ben. Whose swallowing, licking his lips at the sight of Evie’s newly naked body. Hungry dark eyes raking her up and down, as she’s spread eagled under him. Kylo watches his his twin sits up to try and get more of a viewing.

Not on Kylo’s watch.

“You want a better look, Ben?” He asks stiffly.

He grabs Evie by the throat and makes her stand. Bringing her round the end of the bed. She gasps and comes with him. Flesh jiggling as she’s manoeuvred around the bedroom, paraded naked, like his little fucktoy. Cause that’s what he’s making her into, for tonight.

He stands her close to Ben. Close enough. But not close enough to touch. Not that he could with his hands tied. But he wants him close enough so he could smell her perfume. Or her pussy. He wants Ben suffering.

And who knows better than Kylo what sheer torture it is to be able to look, but never able to touch. To scent, to hunger, to yearn and long for a taste.

Let Ben see how Kylo felt when he first met her. When he lusted so much for his kitten, it consumed him alive. Like a daily inferno.
“How many more men will I have to fuck you in front of to prove my point hmmm?” Kylo asks her.

He was stood behind her. Proudly showcasing her nakedness to Ben. Who was growing giddy off the dancing notes of her warm simple perfume. He was oddly silent. Yet the wicked glimmer of lust in his eyes, scares Evie.

The hand that doesn’t have the knife under her jaw slips down and roughly grazes, pinching, twisting around her hard nipples. She whines and bucks back into him. His hands are merciless tonight. Her hands he keeps tucked behind her back. Thrusting her chest out for Ben to see.

“Getting a good look now, are you brother.” Kylo asks. Teasing her nipples. Pawing her tits in his hands. Evie’s cheeks couldn’t be more red. She wanted to curl up in shame on the carpet like a dead dry leaf in the first week of fall.

“Cause this is what you wanted, isn’t it?” Kylo asks him angrily. “When I was away.” He adds.

“You wanted to fuck her so bad when my back was turned. Mm.” He asks. Now running the knife down the centre of her body, watching Ben watch how her ribs shrunk and expanded with her terrified breathing she’s trying to keep under control. He skips the sharp edge down her belly, not stopping...

She screws her eyes shut and goes still. Trying not to hyperventilate when she feels him run the knife over her cleft, between her legs, he lets the tip slip over her pussy, stroking sharp at her clit. Pressing it. It felt cold, jarring. Yet somehow also good. But she doesn’t move so much as one muscle in fear he’ll cut her.

The knife spears her open, pushes through her slick lips and parts them. She’s waiting for the sting of a cut. But none comes.

He chuckles behind her. Bringing the knife away, she hears a sucking noise as he licks her essence off the tip of it. Moaning.

“What was it you said Ben? ’Best damn cunt on the planet.’” Kylo repeats.
Ben’s jaw ticks. Kylo’s eyes glitter like far off stars when he lets the knife hang loose by his side, still in his grip. But now his hand slithers over her belly and two fingertips go to find her clit. Rubbing for a second before thrusting two thick fingers fully inside her. It stretched. Burned a little where she wasn’t quite wet enough. But then he moves, coaxing her cunt to drip for him.

Her legs shift and she groans. Eyes springing open to see the sorry, sore sight of Ben licking his lips at the sight of Kylo’s finger-fingering her roughly. His hips jump into the bed frame where he’s tied legs either side of it. He looks like he wants to say something. Yet he sticks to silence and glares.

“That’s the one thing you got right. This is the best fucking pussy on the whole damn planet. And it all belongs to me. And me alone.” Kylo snarls. Frenzied eyes finding Ben.

He’s beyond rough. Pinching her nipples, fucking her on his fingers. Making her arch back into him. Whining, her hands scrabble for his body. Clutching onto clothing or those tightly packed, enraged muscles. All of which strained in fury as he finger-fucks her from behind.

“Can you hear how wet she gets for me?” Kylo asks Ben.

He huffs a smile, scorching his breath onto her neck, heating her hair. Puffing it forwards as he speaks.

“I can’t tell you how much I’m obsessed with this pussy. Everything about it is perfect. So pretty pink. And tight. Fuck. Soft too. Like wet silk. The way its always dripping and soaked for me. The way it flutters when I make you cum. How every drop from your pussy tastes like heaven to me. It’s enough to make me wild.”


“You don’t know what it does to me after I make you cum on my tongue. Then you lie there, all limp and sweaty with your legs spread. And I get to see your gorgeous swollen little pink cunt. Oozing your sweet cum and drooling for me. Even the scent of that wet pussy gets me hard. I love having the smell of it all over me when you gush.” He spits harshly.

Ben is wetting his lips again. Eyeing Kylo’s fingers. Covered and smeared in silky wet from her. He mumbles an unheard “Ditto.” Under his breath. Wishing his hands were free so he could better palm his cock. Stiff through his trousers now like steel. Pulsing wet and throbbing with need. Leaping up at the sound of Kylo’s fingers moving in and out of her.
Fuck he wants to move so badly. But this is one of the hottest, most infuriating things he’s ever seen.

“So good at gushing aren’t you, Kitten?” Kylo kisses her neck. Mumbling. Making sure to rub his erection into her ass cheeks. Let her feel the damp spot staining the fabric. He moans gladly moving his hips into her.

“As much as I enjoy fucking you. I much prefer fingering you to orgasm. Baby. Feel how your greedy thing sucks my fingers in so deep. Feel that spot you know I can reach...”

As he speaks, she’s hyperventilating and whining. Body jerking. Because he’s currently flicking that weak spot with his fingertips. Each press drives her insane cause it nudges her closer to climax with each teasing pass.

Her hips shudder. Her body sweats. She’s a broken record of ‘yeses’ and ‘Kylo’s’

“You like that don’t you? That’s just the right spot isn’t it? The one that makes you squirt.” He hushes in her ear.

His fingers fuck so rough and hard. It’s a blur. It’s pounding her with his hand til she sobs. Every muscle of her spawning. Clenched ready.

“Such a needy perfect pussy.” He moans.

It just starts to feel like she’ll shatter to pieces, cumming hard. Blacking out from a rough, dirty orgasm with Ben watching.

He stops. Rips his fingers away. Actually rips them out of her. A wet sucking noise follows.

Then he greedily sucks those digits in his mouth. Going back to tease her wet sex again when she whines loudly in complaint. Avoiding her clit. Just gathering up wetness. Licking her pussy slick off his fingers. Rubbing. Licking. And repeat.
She’s sagging into him. Sobbing. Her gut burned with need for more. Aching. It pained her. This hurt.

“You didn’t think I’d go easy on you, now did you Kitten? I told you the two of you get punished tonight. I fucking meant it.” Kylo snaps into her ear. Almost baring his teeth as he growls. Knife at her throat again.

“Ever been edged before?” Kylo seeks.

Tears spill from her eyes and she shakes her head for ‘no.’ Eyes clamped shut.

He wipes her tears away with a tut. Tears don’t work. Not on him.

“I might let you cum after I’m done.” He explains simply. Kissing her the side of her jaw.

Kylo’s warm body leaves hers, her pillar of strength coldly abandons her, she almost collapses to the floor. Her knees trembling. She hears a rustle of clothes being whisked off skin. She sees his shirt pool to the floor beside her. Followed by his silky soft lounge pants.

“Now get on your fucking knees and get my cock in that pretty mouth.” Kylo’s snarling in her ear. She can feel his thick erection prodding at her ass where he stands.

She does, one hand to the bedstead as she nervously turns around to face him. All tattoos and warm naked skin before her. Smelling like an Ormonde Jayne dream. And looking like her best nightmare. Knife still to hand. It glints off the only light in the room, a soft honey-hold glow coming from her bedside lamp.

She looks in his eyes. Swirled dark, frenzied like tempests. Ben’s eyes are the same behind her as he scans up and down her naked body. Eyeing her pale plump ass and rounded thighs. She sinks to her knees in front of Kylo. Knowing full well what he wants.

He never usually requested oral sex. He preferred fucking her to being blown. He liked it every once in a while. But he had a body that was made for fucking. This is how Evie knows he's punishing Ben - he adored nothing more, than having a girls mouth on his cock. Kylo was doing this purely to spite him. She looks up at Kylo as she tentatively grips him with one hand, stroking gently to get him ready.
“Suck it.” He growls down at her. Knife to the side of her throat again. The other cupping her hair in a harsh grip. Tugging her forwards, so his velvet wet head brushes her cheek. Leaving a sticky string of precome behind.

She works up to getting her small mouth around his big erection. That wagged and throbbed under her touch. She licks at his underside, tongue tracing along the pulsing vein there, making him grow harder. He digs his hand in her hair harder, then forcing her to take him right to the back of her mouth.

She gags on him - a cock that big it would be impossible not too. She brings her hands to his meaty thighs and tries to relax her throat as he fucks into her face.

“You love this cock down your throat huh baby? No one else’s. Just mine.” Kylo sneers. Fucking her face. But looking right at Ben’s.

Kylo shows him how he feeds his cock to her. He grasps her hair and yanks her head to the side. So Ben can see intimately how she gags and tongues his length. He could see every inch of Kylo’s wet cock as it pistons in and out her stretched, drooling red lips. See the wet-sheen coating his brothers rosy erection as it disappeared into her throat.

Kylo’s pumping his hips slowly. Savouring her. Pulling slow to torture Ben. She’s humming and trying to keep her throat open for him. Hands on his tattooed hips looking pathetically small compared to his size. Her hands had looked impossibly tiny around their cocks too. Made them look even more gigantic.

He lets the knife hang down off her. Slack jawed, breathily groaning as she sucks him deep. Humming her name in content. Fingers caressing through her hair.

“God, Evie. Look at you baby. Gagging on me. But that doesn’t stop you, does it?” He chuckles, but his mirth devolves into a groan as she twists and sucks him gently.

“Stroke harder baby. Let’s give Ben a good show, shall we.” He demands.

“Let him watch how you suck, and milk my thick cock of every drop.” He urges. Placing his hand around hers and twisting her hand tighter around the base of him. Making her stroke from root tip with half of him still buried in her mouth.
He pumps his cock slowly into her mouth as she withdraws, one hand back in her hair caressing her neck. The knife still in his other hand.

“As much as I wanna fill and fuck that cute mouth. We’ve got a long way to go yet. Kitten.” He explains. Taking her chin after he withdraws completely from her mouth.

She looks demurely up at him. Jaw aching. Lips rosy wet, messy with spit and him.

She knows as she’s knelt naked on the floor. Limbs trembling, the rug biting grainy patterns into her knees, that Ben would’ve been transfixed on the view of her body from behind.

And he was. It’s dirty. Desperate. And needy. And despite Kylo’s rage. Ben finds himself getting off on this; being forced to watch. Rubbing his erection into the bed for needy friction on his raging hard on.

“On the bed.” Kylo succinctly demands. Evie comes to a shaky stand, quietly and quickly doing what he says. She pauses and turns to ask him how he wants her. He answers with actions.

His big hand flattens to the centre of her back, feeling each vertebrae of her spine, and crushes her to the bed. On her knees. She catches herself on her elbows. So now she’s on all fours.

“Look at that. Just how I like my girl...” Kylo hums. Big rough hand smoothing over her soft ass. Kneading her skin, gripping handfuls of her flesh. She shivers out a whimper when the tip of the knife is back again. Smoothly crawling, being dragged, along her spine.

The bed dips as he gets on his knees behind her. He positions close to her on his knees. Cock throbbing hard against her ass. Then his grip is a stinging tug in her hair as he arched her spine to watch the obscene curve of her body as the knife is stroking along it. He listens how she gasps. He devours how she trembles in lust swirled fear.

His hips rut into her ass. His length sliding between the parting of her cheeks. Making himself at home. He groans when his blunt head catches friction as its slides between her cheeks.

“So obedient. Kitten.” He purrs in praise. His slick cock making lewd slapping noises against her
wetness, that ran unhindered like a river down the back of her legs.

“I would eat you like this. But it’s difficult to deny you cumming when I get my tongue in you. So I guess I’ll settle for... *this*... instead.”

Evie suffers and shakes as he grips his cock and starts to sink deep it into her. It’s thick and hot, impossibly large as always. She thinks he can’t feel any bigger, then he throbs and pulses, growing harder and it proves her very wrong. She doesn’t feel ready to take him. He hadn’t prepared her for this like he knows she needs. She’s too tight and he feels like he’ll split her open.

It’s wrong. *But feels so right.*

Tears spear at her eyes and spring down her cheeks. She’s missed this. She misses how Kylo slams in, and takes up all the room in the world. Not just in sex. Or *in her.* But his intense character does that to her too. In sex, he was as phenomenally ferocious and ruthlessly persevering as he was in every other facet of his life.

Evie’s choking on moaning his name as their bodies slap together. Kylo’s shoving up the bed so she’s right in Ben’s face. Railing her, pounding her into his vision. Fucking her senseless right before his twins very eyes. Evie can’t tell if she’s shaking so much from withheld pleasure, fear, or if she’s so desperate to climax she’s pushing back to meet his rhythm as he rides her pussy to oblivion. She suspects it’s a heady combination of all.

“Look at him.” Kylo snaps her body back to his. Both on the knees. Still inside her. Knife over her throat again as the other cups her hip. Slipping down and toying her clit and pussy lips with his big rough fingers.

She’s prostrate against him. Head yanked back to his shoulder, but she opens her eyes and watches Ben.

He’s panting, sweat sheeted on his brow. Shaggy hair a wild mane tamped to his forehead. Eyes blown wide like cinder-burnt coals. He’s as close to Evie as he can manage. Watching her little body get violated in rage and lust by his brother.

“You know, you got everything when we were growing up, Ben. Everyone liked you. Teachers, friends, neighbours. I’m pretty damn sure, that even..., *fuck.* mom and dad liked you better than me.” Kylo remarks. Not slowing his pace for even a second. Slowly twisting in and out of her.
“My Evie is the one thing you’ll never have.” Kylo says firmly.

“Imagine, the first girl to chose me over you. How badly does that hurt you? I would’ve thought you couldn’t bear that.” Kylo remarks. Then his bitterness comes back.

“You got everything. It was handed to you cause you’re the golden child who everyone adored. And what did I get? I took every beating when you did something wrong. You misbehaved. I took the fall for it. You played music too loud in your room, smoked pot, or got in trouble at school. Guess which one of us dad would beat with his fists or his belt for it.” Kylo’s snapping at him.

Evie wants to sob. Her heart breaking in tender realisation.

Ben eyes look cold. “Fuck you.” He spits at his twin.

“That’s not the purpose of this exercise.” Kylo sneers. Evie’s slammed forwards onto all fours again. Much closer to Ben. Kylo shoves her there with his knees. Getting right up in his face. Hands on her hips, clutching the knife hard into her hipbone as he screws her. She was moaning before. She’s screaming now.

She’s in agony and pleasure as Kylo pounds her. So close to Ben she can feel his hot breath on her face. He sets his lips and watches how her tits sway. Her hair sticky to her sweaty body. Her flushed angelic face all creased up into her pleasure.

“Fuck baby. Look at you.” Ben purrs to her. He knows he’s supposed to keep quiet. But nothing stops Ben Solo running his mouth.

“I’ve never wanted you more. Evie.” He whispers.

“I wanna fuck you so bad. That perfect tiny tight cunt I know you’re packing. How I want you to ride that sweet pussy on my face again, whilst my boyfriend fucks himself on my dick. That’s what I do to you. I’d do every filthy thing I could to you.” He huffs.

Evie’s blushing harder as his mouth rambles on it’s usual tirade of smut. She doesn’t dare gasp. She chews her lip to keep silent.
“You looked so hot with his dick in your mouth sweetie. Insatiable.” His eyes shutter as he looks up and down at her face.

“I’d give the world to watch you choke on my dick like that. I’d fill your throat baby. Even if he doesn’t want too.” He whines growing desperate. Voice breaking. Breathing becoming more ragged.

“Come on baby. Just untie me. Let me touch you. Feel you. Please, please just...” He trails off. Trying to bargain.


He strains hard against his bonds. So close now he can almost touch the side of her face. His nose brushes against her cheek as he rises up. Dark eyes on fire. Feral. Frenzied. Just like his twin.

“Untie me and I promise I’ll pound that tasty little pussy of yours til all night you can’t walk. I’ll fuck you sore and even then when you’re full of my cum, even then, I won’t stop.” He flirts into her ear, huffing breath against her sweaty cheek. His eyelashes flutter at her skin. She’s hot and flushed. And he’s putting so many dirty visuals in her head.

She closes her eyes and tries not to cry. Kylo had closed his eyes for one second to savour fucking her. And when he opens them, he sees Ben trying to vain to kiss her cheek.

Kylo’s temper snaps in an instant.

He literally pulls himself off Evie, and launches her aside. She’s thrown sideways against the pillows with a gasp. Kylo grips Ben’s collar and slams the knife in a jagged line down his neck and shoulder. Cutting him downwards from jaw across to collarbone and shoulder.

For a sheer terrible second. Evie thinks Kylo’s slit his throat. Hand clasped in horror over her mouth to muffle her noises. But Ben’s grunts and groans tell her he’s only injured. Not fatally wounded. She cries watching his blue shirt blossom into scarlet. Blood spatters on her bed. Stains her floor from his chest. Kylo’s got it on his fingers too.
That’s when Evie notices something. Really truly notices something, as Kylo puts his back to her.

His skin always felt so rough under her hands. She puts that down to harsh water and loveless prison products he uses on his body. His back always felt nearly leathery and tough. Now she can see why.

His back tattoos cover scars.

She can see them. In the light that glints off his bowed back. Silvery healed skin and raised welts covered by his black ink. Her mouth drops. He was littered in them. Scars, lines, criss crossing his back like lashing tiger stripes.

She presses her hand over her mouth and cries more. Were this a different Kylo mindset, tonight, she’d kiss every one. Map their horrible paths with her fingertips. Press his skin reverently as if her loving touch would take away his pain. Press kisses and spoken hushes of “sorry’s” into his back.

It took vile, unimaginable shit to make someone a Sociopath. Now she can see how and why that had formed him and his fury.

Those awful marks put there by a disgusting abusive hand. The scars were old and he’d grown them. Grown with them. Carried them from childhood. Imagining Kylo as a defenceless dark haired little boy being given those scars, by someone who was supposed to care for and love him; it turns her stomach. She cries a sob for him. Tears leak out her eyes.

She can picture that poor kid stripping himself of all sentiment and feeling til un-emotive coldness and selfish care took his place. She comes to understand why Kylo doesn’t feel love. Why should he when all ‘love’ had done for him, was literally make him bleed?

She can’t say the violence on his behalf tonight was easy to take - it’s unpalatable. Terrifying.

But her heart cracks wide open for him right then.

“You fuc-“ Ben grits out in a groan. Kylo grabs a fistful of his shaggy hair and hunches over him.

“Because you’re my brother. You get to live. If you were anyone else. I would’ve slit your throat
and buried your body in the woods. Now comes the part where you listen to me, I will not repeat myself; you ever touch her again. I’ll cut your fingers off real slow. One by one.”

He then reaches slightly under her bed and yanks out the box she thought long buried and forgotten. “And these?” He spills its contents across the rug at Ben’s knees. Sex toys and fancy Coco De Mer gold items within strewn around, littering the floor like the trash they deserved to be associated with.

“No more gifts. No texts. No calls. Nothing.” He makes clear. His voice an impossibly dark octave that scares her. Sends prickles of pure poison chilling along her spine.

Then he turns his head to Evie. Roughly releasing his death grip on Ben’s hair. Jerking his head away. His dark eyes shine when he looks at her splayed naked body. Half in dark, half in light. He looks like an angry inked demon. Coming to possess her very soul.

“And you...” He growls at her. Devouring her with his eyes from head to toe. Her stomach tries to crawl out her body and she tries to squirm back into the pillows. Where was he gonna cut her? Neck? Face? Her chest?

With tears in her eyes, Evie squeaks as Kylo clamps his grip around her ankle and tugs. The grasp searing pain on her skin and grating on her bones. Staining her skin there with a rusty smear of Ben’s blood. She’s hauled down the bed and caged under him. Width ways on the bed. Right by Ben. Kylo’s big body engulfing hers. Chest to chest.

He crawls up her like a panther. Sheer muscle and looming animosity. And his claws are unleashed too.

Her slick chest rubs into his. His sweat is dripping onto her. His big muscles rubbing into her front. Nipple rings jolting her cold. Catching and pulling on her own hard nipples. He cups her neck with one hand, scanning her face. Coming down. Close enough to kiss.

“You’re gonna show my idiot brother how much my cock is the only one you want to be fucked by, aren’t you, Kitten?” Kylo growls in her ear. Nuzzling at her jaw. Plucking kisses there with his plush hot lips.

“Who owns this body? Who do you belong too?” He husks onto her lips.

He kisses her hungrily. “Damn right you fucking do.”

He powerfully plunges his mouth to hers. Crushing them together. Hands pinned over her head. Draping her half off the bed. Giving her a desperate hot kiss that was full of his lust and desire for her. It makes her melt. She dares curl up into him. His kiss does what it always did do her; made her more sure than ever that every part of her, body and soul, was so maddeningly in love with him.

Kylo’s not a man for words. But he pours thousands worth of words into that one kiss alone.

He draws back after making her breathless, making her twice as so when he holds her neck, then slams his leaking cock into her. Spearing her open. Fucking her on it like a man possessed. For tonight, it seems he was.

Evie groans his name. “Ugh god-“ she sighs. He’s clamping her throat. Making her light headed as he chokes her. Fucking her senseless as if he didn’t even like her at all.

Her head hanging off the bed as he screws her. Ben is slumped into her bedstead, bleeding, injured, watching her pretty cheeks go rosy and she groans like a wild thing the way Kylo fucks her. He’s doing her so hard she’s at risk of being fucked off the bed, if Kylo didn’t have a chokehold on her throat.

“Now...Fuck-You’re so tight for me baby. Tight and wet. My perfect little pussy.” He hums onto her lips. She sobs as he leans over and kisses her. Her bed groaning and thumping against the wooden floor at the sheer animosity of Kylo’s hips roughly drilling her.

“Maybe I’ll let you cum baby. Huh? What do you think?” He huffs. Sneering at her. Groaning as her soft walls gripped at his cock like he couldn’t believe. He could never have believed any pussy could be as perfect as hers.

He throws his head back to moan. Muscles bunching in his arm as he holds her neck and fucks her. But it’s not enough for her. He needs more. He needs Ben to see it all. How she cums. How sobs his name in rapture. How skilfully he makes her gush over him.

Evie’s fisting the bedsheets in her hands. Kylo can’t have that. He grabs under her thighs and lifts her
up, still fully seated inside her, he kneels up and cups her onto his dick. Fucking it into her. Gripping her right off the bed. Hands cupping her ass. Bouncing her on him. Held up only by his arms. A brute display of his strength.

They’re rutting and sweating together like beasts. Rubbing hot bodies and flushed skin drowned in ecstasy. High off the euphoria. Kylo slides his hand up her back, savouring sucking love-bites into her neck.

Ben doesn’t know if he’s feeling woozy from loss of blood or pain. But he blinks, brow furrowing when he sees how...tenderly... Kylo’s handling her.

She digs her nails in his back and throws her head back to moan. He’s kissing her neck. Gasping and grunting her name. Not letting his eyes leave her for even a second.

Ben watches how Kylo looks at her. Watches her. Depends on her. Cups her body. Caresses her. Drinks her in. Especially the sight of her when they’re fucking. And actually...

They weren’t fucking.

They were, of course, obviously. But If Ben didn’t know better, he’d say that it was past that. This animalistic act. It had so much more than sheer lust causing it. It wasn’t loveless and angry. This was two people grabbing fistfuls of skin, in hunger and sentiment. This was sating a dirty hot need with someone they can’t live without. Need. Lust. Love?

That’s more harrowing to Ben than any of the violent stuff that he’s suffered tonight. The fact of Kylo depending on her. The man who didn’t have a heart, for all his pretence, fast falling in love with her.

Ben’s hands twist around and grip onto Evie’s bedstead. His wrists rubbed red raw. A flare of pain bursts through him. Blood soaking to his trousers from his left side. Dripping over his collarbone and up shoulder being on fire. Nerves pinched in pain. He’s never been more turned on. It’s like his personal porn kink, watching his cute librarian get fucked ten ways til Sunday by his big violent brother.

How Ben wishes it was him in Kylo’s place right now. Rutting and pumping his dick into her perfectly pink vice-wet heat. The noises she’s making he closes his eyes and concentrates on
Kylo thuds his head down onto Evies shoulder. Biting skin. She groans and digs her hand into the back of his long hair. Tugging the sweaty inky strands through her fingers. Bunched up into him, he’s still forcing her to take him deep, his hips riding into hers.

“Kylo...” She gasps in a benediction. Voice hoarse. Sheened in sweat and getting railed to within an inch of her life.

Poor thing was probably desperate to cum from earlier. Ben’s hips rub into her mattress. Fuck. If he kept this up, he’s gonna cum too. Staining inside his boxers like a horny high-schooler. He was close too. As were they. From the sounds of things.

She’s engulfed. Dying in bliss. Being choked and fucked by the dark dangerous man she loves. He’s devouring her face with dark eyes. Feeling the rasping breath coming in short sharp huffs from her lips. Feeling her pulse hammer his hand.

“You wanna cum?” Kylo snarls.

She gurgles her answer so quick. “Please. Please, please let me-“ She whines.

His answer is to sneer and pound harder. He’s such a sight dripping sweat and flushed. Evie wants to commit that forever to memory. It’s just so beyond arousing to see him like this.

Her fingers dig in so deep she’s not surprised if she manages to draw blood out his tattooed back. She feels his shoulder blades roll. He’s essentially holding her entire body, holding her up to fuck her with one hand. It’s so swoon worthy Evie can’t help the way she’s thrown mercilessly into the crushing grip of her orgasm.

Oh, how it lasts. Kylo fucks her through it all. His and hers. He drags her body so deep every nerve of her cunt is battered. From her spine to her toes pleasure zings through her. Ripping apart every cell. She’s eaten alive with pleasure.

Kylo absolutely fills her up. He always does. It’s so dirty. Feeling the hot-thick rush of him flood her insides. She comes to realise that she’s become so used to the sensation. The depraved part of her finds that she craves it.

He’s scorching her jaw from his hot breath. Still holding her limp body curled in his lap. Evie’s
breathing so shallowly. Kylo’s listens to her heart palpitate madly and before he knows it. She’s limp in his arms.

Hands falling off his back. Her eyes swimming with back spots. Brain dipping out of consciousness. She sags into him. Grumbling his name, and God’s, breathlessly.


Ben is limp too at the end of bed. Blood loss making him lightheaded from Kylo’s deep cut. And he came too. Humping at the hard mattress watching Evie - for the last time.

He twists his head, sweaty brow resting on the bed frame. Panting as he watches Kylo cradle her barely stirring body, moving back on the bed, laying her gently on the pillows.

She comes too. Clutching at his arms arms he curled into her. Wrapping her in his hold. His chest to her back. Nuzzling at her shoulder as she pants for breath and energy. Him denying her orgasm until the last minute made hers so powerful it practically knocked her out.

And he wasn’t done with her yet either. She’s getting her breath back. Then he’s gonna edge her some more. They’ve only cum once. Kylo’s wanting her to be wrung out to nothing but a dehydrated husk by dawn.

Ben sees how Kylo dotes on her. He keeps her warm and safe. Cradled in his big tattooed protection. He closes his eyes, kissing her neck and sighing in bliss against her. Free hand curving over her hip. Caressing her. She does the same. Lifting a shaky arm to stroke at his hair. He lets her. It was like watching a human coming to finally tame a wild beast.

Kylo never used to be this man. Not this attentive kind lover. The girls he used to fuck had literally seconds to catch their breath before he told them to get the fuck out. And here he is- tender and calm. Since when was his brother calm? Ben knew what this was. He sees what he’s stepped on...

This was the big bad wolf falling in love with the lamb...
Chapter End Notes

How’d I do? Acceptable comment feedback includes and is not limited to;

Screams
Caps
Emojis
Or rambling diatribes

Do your worst darlings 💕

Oh, and P.S, try telling me Ben doesn’t go to the “hot librarian” section of Pornhub and jack off to thoughts of Evie. That’s my HC
Orders & Downtime

Chapter Summary

This chap is sort of, fodder, really. Kylo’s hard when it comes to emotions

More to come of some cuteness at Kylo’s place. Stay tuned you lovely lot...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Kylo went on til dawn.

One of those hot heavy nights filled with breathless pleasure and too much sex. Thing was, Kylo couldn’t get enough. His little Kitten under him, drove him wild. Plus he hadn’t fucked her in almost four days. He pounded. And fucked and pumped, rutting and driving her insane with his body.

He forced her to cum. Over over and over again. He’d been filthy about it too - spat on his fingers and shoved them in her. Barely getting her ready. Sucking his three fingers after he’s fucked her with them, and she’d cum on them. Spitting on his dick using it as lube. Fucking her to orgasm in any position he wanted. Then making her do it all over again til she’s wrung out dry.

He used everything. His mouth, his tongue, his cock and his fingers - all on her. Relentlessly. He had thought he’d want to edge her tonight. Use her to let himself cum as many times as he pleased.

But he’d forgotten how damn pretty the noises he ripped out her throat sounded. He took charge of her small little body. Told her how, when and where she’d cum. And she’d obeyed. Meeting his every demand until she psychically collapsed under him. He felt her spasm and go limp under his crushing hold.

He had her on her knees, hand on the back of her neck, ramming her into the bed with sharp snaps of
his hips. Watching her pale body bounce beneath him. Her eyes rolled back in her head, tears wet on her cheeks, and he thrust hard and fast through his orgasm, riding her to ride it out.

Kylo’s in heaven each time she spreads her legs for him. She welcomes him. Doesn’t shut him out. Or squirm away. Honest-to-god opens her legs and lets him have his filthy dominant way. She was a fucking angel.

He grunted, and slowly rolled his hips to a stop. Sighing her name in bliss. When he peeks down at her again, she looks like she’s barely alive under him. Thighs shivering into his hips. Ass reddened by his hand. Cause he’d spanked her raw with each thrust earlier. Her back is a map of his mouths bruises and his hands clutch marks.

He should have taken that knife and carved his name right onto her back for all to see. She was covered in evidence of him. Inside as well as out.

He pulls himself out - sticky and dripping. Her cunt pulses along his retreating cock. The gigantic thing it was that filled her up. And up. Up up up and up. Right until she thinks there’s nothing of him left - then he still sinks in one or two inches further.

She whimpers in sore-pain at the squish their bodies make. His cock has been plunging in her, hot and heavy, for hours. It feels criminal how he’s leaving her so empty now.

She’s trembling and squirming on the damp bed below and all he’s done is pull out. He smirks at that. How he could still be hard, he had no clue. He’s cum five times tonight. Maybe he needs more.

He’s merciful - for now. Another orgasm might just kill her. He pats her round little butt, and pushes her to the bed. She flops down like a trembling sack of useless, boneless skin. Falling square into a patch of dawn sunlight that hit the bed.

The soaked, ravaged, blood stained bed.

Ben had been unceremoniously kicked out hours ago. Kylo wasn’t giving his voyeuristic brother the pleasure of seeing more.

Somewhere near one in the morning, after making Evie pass out from eating her pussy like a man on death row having his last meal - Kylo pulled his pants on, slammed the knife through the rope that
bound Ben to their bed, and hauled him up by his collar. Re-reminding him with a growl how body parts will be cut off, and stuffed down his throat, if he continued to pursue her.

Ben shrugged weakly out his hold. Took a fleeting glance once more at a blissed out Evie, draped naked across her bed. Legs spread. Nipples erect. Pussy and thighs gleaming wet in the half-light. The wetness sheened between her legs corresponded to the slick wetness sat glimmering on Kylo’s chin. His lower face coated in her wet messy-creamy orgasms.

He’d lost.

Kylo had taken every opportunity to resupply him of that fact. Making her cry his name. Sob it in pleasure. Making her Thank him as he held her down and gave her another load. He’d even spent one of his orgasms all over and across her stomach and thighs, telling her to wail out his name. And she did.

Ben skulks away to the waiting Uber Kylo summoned for him. Before his Twin is even halfway onto the landing. Kylo’s back in bed, crawled, slotting between her legs.

Humming delightfully into her cunt with the same enthusiasm he’d show for devouring a Michelin star meal. Humming, sucking, tasting. Dragging his tongue through and up her. Using it to messily scoop more cream out her trembling-raw pussy. Swallowing down every drop. As if he were DT-ing from withdrawal and this cunt was the only thing that could get him drunk.

He speaks in a hot huff against her cleft. The cresting mound of her perfect pussy. Kissing the soft malleable skin there. “You got another in you, Kitten?” He asks. Teasing her with slick hot fingers pushing into the very overused heart of her. Kylo’s heard the front door slam, a whining engine start, puttering over. Hears her garden gate shriek open.

He couldn’t care less - he’s filling her with his fingers and tasting her tight little clit as if it’s the most exotic expensive thing he’s ever had in his mouth - damn close to it.

She’s to weak to even protest. Completely sapped. He makes her cum again for the sheer hell of it. Liking how she shakes and drenches his face when she does. He smiles lapping her up. Her cunt’s shrewd noises filled the air. Everything is her. His wet face. The tip of his nose. His fingers. His tongue. All tastes like her.

Back to now, with Dawn coming up purple and red in the sky behind the green wood, he watches
her struggle for breath. Thrown back to the one pillow they’ve not managed to yet knock off the bed by fucking like crazed animals in heat. Her neck stretched back, mottled black-purple and blue. He can see his teeth indents sunk raw into her skin. She’d have a lethal set of hickeys there tomorrow. She wouldn’t be able to turn her head without feeling him. Good.

He reaches over and tilts her chin, looming over her, making her peer up at him. Her eyes barely crack open. Bloodshot. She needs rest. Needs to hydrate. Needs sleep.

He could realistically kill her like this. He’d told her that hours ago. Clutched at her throat. Hard. Mumbled darkly at her;

“I could fucking hurt you so easy right now.” All that did was make her clutch a hand over his and her eyes rolled back into her head. He came purely at the sight.

All that. Yet. He still can’t resist.

With the thin sheet tucked over him. He crawls down low, up across her belly. Forcing his big body between her thighs, pinning them clasped to the bed. His chest presses down onto her pussy and his big hands cup her tits. Rolling them in his hands.

She’s too far gone to even sigh his name. Everything hurts. Everything’s frazzled and her brain is blown apart. Her throat burns. As does the other 90% of her body. She can’t take another damn thing. Sharp pain tears through her when he slathers his tongue across her nipples. Making them crest harder with his teeth. Plucking and sucking at them.

“Kylo.” She rasps weakly. Her voice hoarse. Crackling like broken static.

He’s nuzzling into her tits with his mouth and tongue. Kissing. Suckling. Tasting sweat and drops of his dried cum on her - He’d cum in her mouth earlier too, for the first time. She was a messy girl. Had drooled him everywhere. He almost came again just watching her do that.

“Hmmm?” He hums in answer to her weak plea. Sucking one nipple a harsh rosy red. Pulling back, looking at its colour. Before sucking it again. Where his chest pressed to her legs, her wet cunt is slimy hot against him. Smearing at his skin. He wants to devour her again.

“I think I need...” She can’t even finish her words. Her mind is too shot to pieces.
What do you expect when you lie there. This perfect fucking pair of tits all looking fucking pretty and those nipples all hard for me.” He smiles.

Pushing the full things up and together in his hands. Biting down on her soft tits as if he wanted to take a bite right out of her. Changing from left to right nipple as he uses too much stinging teeth on her. Nibbling her sore.

He gravitated his way up her body. Tonguing playfully at her jaw. Giving her a filthy sucking kiss that was all teeth, lips and sloppy tongue. He tasted like a combination of their cum and sweat. Tang and salt. It’s a salty kiss he traps her into.

Their sweaty bodies rubbing together. That was nothing new. They’d been dripping sweat onto each other all night. Earlier he’d rubbed his into her stomach and tits as he made her cum for the millionth time.

He growls in humming pleasure. Yanking her body up in his arms and rolling them over. So he was underneath. Acting as her muscled, tattooed, still-horny mattress. His big cock tented the sheets obscenely, before he gets her on top of it. He doesn’t move to fuck her - just drags her onto it. Seating it fully inside her. Feeling their cum squeezing out around him.

She sags in pleasure on his lap. Holding his beefy shoulders. He cups her cute ass and keeps her close. Nuzzling her bruised neck. His nose stops at her clavicle. A furrow weighs down his brow.

“Do you not like the necklace I got you?” He asks. Dragging a finger in a big V over her collarbone. Ghosting a fingertip over where it should’ve been resting on her dewy love-bitten skin.

“I can get you another one if you like. Cartier. Tiffany. Chopard. Name it. I’ll buy it.” He offers.

She manages to summon enough brainpower to run her fingers along his chiseled dripping pecs. Smearing his sweat over his tattoos.

“No. I-..” she stumbles. Looking at how his huge big chest rose and fell. He tilts her chin up. Dark melting eyes making her talk.
“Kylo. That necklace is the most beautiful present anyone’s ever given me. I wouldn’t change it for all the world.” She explains.

His eyes flicker to her collarbone. Then back to her face. She could pinpoint exactly what he thought. *If that’s the case, then, why aren’t you wearing it, Kitten?*

She’s wetting her lips. Nervous, before she answers him. Gently carding a fingertip over the Bernini Sculpture tattoo on his ribs. Tracing its shape. He indulges her. But he *wants* that answer.

“I thought, you.... weren’t coming back. To me.” She says simply. Daring a look up at him. As usual his face, nor eyes, gave nothing away.

His eyes turn hard. That curling smirk tugs at his lips. He thrusts his hips. Catches on spots inside her, that make her shudder. The ones he’d been pounding all night.

“Here I *am*, Kitten.” He leers.

“I can... see that.” She blushes. Blinking shyly. Almost scoffing wryly. He’s been pounding her silly all night. She was *well* aware of his presence. And she’s glad for it.

She can’t say watching him cut Ben was easy to take. But she gets that it was a lifetime of pent up aggression that stormed its way out of him in that knife-cut. She could get at the dynamic of them; and why Kylo would be so mad.

Ben was the golden boy who everyone fawned over. He was used to that. But Kylo was different. Less fawn. More brood. He was treated differently because his personality was a more reserved one than Ben’s. They may have been twins in looks; but their personalities are worlds apart.

Ben was a charmer. He could woo everyone and have them believing he’s a god. Kylo had to work to forge his relationships and kinships with people. It was harder for him. Constantly being the outsider watching Ben have it all, have everyone he wanted. Every girl. Every man. His pick of everything. It must’ve been tough on the sociopathic Twin.

Only now, Kylo’s more than a match for Ben. Just as wealthy. Equally as successful. Doubly as handsome. He can stand toe-to-toe with his Twin. Trouble was, Ben still believed he was infallible. He still thought he had the world, and everyone in it, crushed up in his palm.
So it was a double “screw-you” that Kylo’s snagged the girl he likes. And what’s more, she chose Kylo over the easy-going, carefree, always-liked, Ben. That had never happened, and where Kylo got the girl, Ben would sulk and gripe over the fact that, for once, he hadn’t won where Kylo’s lost. This wasn’t his victory.

Nothing excuses the fact Kylo gave Ben a scar. But it does help her to understand that there were two people she needed to be wary of. If Ben’s behaviour at the Bake-Sale was any indication. She’s been blindsided. Only now she’s been shown the ugly sides of both men.

And only Kylo is the man she’s seen falling helplessly in love with. Her soft heart cut him some slack.

“I’ll- I’ll put it back on in a bit...” She sighs. Ooo-ing slightly at how his big cock is now thrusting, stroking her walls.

He eyes up her sweaty chest with hungry eyes. She gasps as he shifts them over again, rolling her onto her back and caging her to the bed in an enclave of tattooed muscle.

“Good answer.” He growls. Kissing at her sore neck. Getting horny again the way his cock throbs against her crushing wet walls.

“God. I wanna fuck you again.” He growls to her neck. “Can’t get enough of that cunt of mine.” He sighs onto her neck. “Had this pussy all fucking night. And now I need it again.”

Evie whines in protest. Almost sobbing. “I either need sleep or caffeine. Before- any of that occurs.” She sighs weakly. He’s stabbing biting kisses into her neck. Thrusting shallowly into her.

But then she’s moaning too- she’s in pain and sore. Throbbing with raw nerves and aching but, god, then he fumbles for her clit and strokes it and she can’t deny his pounding hips start to feel good again.

“Kylo.” She whines. Telling him off. He doesn’t listen.

No man should he allowed to have the stamina to do this. He’s been inside her all night and now he
wants to cum again. *He needs too. This sweet pussy is calling to him.*

“How have you not pounded a hole in my wall yet?” She sighs as he thrusts deeper. Indicating to the way her headboard slams the yellow wallpapered wall. Creaking and groaning with their movements. How the metal frame hadn’t worn and snapped yet she’s amazed at.

“You mean, how have I not broken this creaky old shitty bed yet...” He snaps back smiling.

He chuckles a breathy grin onto her neck. Palming her tit in one hand. Biting her lip in a dirty kylo style kiss. Nudging into her, starting to groan as oversensitivity starts to get to him too. He’s circling and grinding his hips. Stuttering fast against her.

He holds the bedstead above her head and starts slamming her body. Yanking one of her thighs over his shoulders. Hips smacking. Brutal pace. She’s crying his name into her pillow. Trying to squirm back as she cums.

It bursts through her body like a painful flare. Radiating outwards for her too-used pussy. She grips him so tight. He doesn’t want to leave her, groaning her name fucking loud as he orgasms too.

“Oh. Fuck baby. *Fuck.* Such a tight pussy. Fucking sucking me dry.” He growls at her. Resting his sweaty forehead against her headboard. One hand slams to the wall as he curves and ruts his big dick into her.

She’s floating away to heaven - sinking into sleep with no choice.

Gasping. She barely registers as Kylo pulls out and spends the rest of his enormous orgasm all over her beyond spent body. She’s barely awake to see it splatter over her ribs, chest and down her stomach as he strokes himself off. She feels warm. Fuzzy. Lifeless.

She looks so fucking gorgeous painted in him. He does sag down into her for real this time. Cock finally going soft. Waning. His body smearing into his own spend as he kisses her tipped back chin - *now* he was truly spent.

“Dripping my cum baby. *Fuck.* Look at those pretty tits now.” He smirks. He watches the sticky pearl of his cum leak down off her. Staining all over.
Panting, he brings her plaint body to his. Rolling on his side behind her. At her neck; he speaks. Just as the sun tips over the trees and sets the bed ablaze in golden ochre-yellow. Just as birds break into song and dance and flit about in the sky; he speaks.

“I’m right here. Kitten. And I’m not*fucking* going anywhere...” He warns in a sigh. Slumping onto his back. Away to sleep. Gone to dreams as she had before him.

~

They wake up closer to noon. Evie feeling oddly guilty about napping half the day away. She stumbles out of bed to make coffee. Knees shaking still. Not wanting to think about the sheer volume of dried fluids staining her skin. Still feeling like her tiredness weighs down upon her, like a tonne of bricks.

Kylo tries to yank her with one arm back into bed for “Five more minutes, Kitten.” In a sleepy grumble. Tattoos glyphs flexing to pin her in place.

Before he can get a chokehold on his bedmate. She kisses at his beefy arm and, somehow, wriggles free. She squeaks out something soft about needing the loo. And quickly disappears from his view.

That makes his eyes crack open a little. She sounded reticent. Shy. Nervous.

He watches her scurry for the bathroom. Pulling on her nightshirt. The one he likes and hadn’t ripped to bits yet. He likes that it’s see-through. He loves seeing her nipples perk up peachy through the linen blue striped fabric. Loved how when she wore it with no panties underneath, he could make out the veiled shape of her pussy.

When she re-emerges from the bathroom. With brushed hair and teeth, she sidles right by the bed and heads downstairs. Usually it was a kiss on the cheek, or asking what he wanted for breakfast.
She’s acting different this morning.

That wakes him right the fuck up. He hauls up, growling like a two-tonne grizzly annoyed, predator emerging from its cave. He searches the floor for his pants and his tee. Scoops them both up and slips them on. He grumps in annoyance seeing that Ben got blood on his white Calvin Klein shirt. He forgets it. Just sticks to his black lounge pants. He shrugs them on and lumbers downstairs like a creaky beast. Even all nighters took their toll on him too. Mostly. Sometimes.

He rounds the kitchen door and sees her out her back to him as she shakes coffee grounds into her prehistoric machine. Adding a spoonful of this and that. Chicory and nutmeg, today. Sometimes it was vanilla, clove, or cinnamon. Kylo stands barefoot in her archway. Leaning against it. Watching her for more signs of trouble.

She turns and grabs two coffee cups from her dresser. Sets them on the side. Walks back for the fridge. Giving him a meek smile as she goes. That wasn’t her usual beaming smile.

She’s acting strangely around him. And he can take two flying guesses as to why. He tests the waters. Slinking up behind her as she pours them coffee. He couldn’t really be stealthy barefoot. His feet slap too loud on the the floor. He comes loudly across and grips her waist both sides. Kissing her neck as she pours. Bracketing her to the counter.

Smoothing his arms to cross at her front and letting his big strong muscles bunch over her. Keeping her in his hold for a second. Letting his hot tattooed skin invade her body. His warmth seeps through her thin nightgown. He loves that she now wears fuck all underneath. She’d learnt that the hard way - and through him shredding several pairs of her cheap cotton panties with his bare hands.

He steps back when the coffee cups are filled. She turns and hands him one. He steps back more to drink it. Lifting it to his lips like the ambrosia it was. Of course it didn’t give him the same kind of kick as his fully expensive Van Der Western coffee machine at home. But he liked her soft, robust and flavourful blends. He likes how she switched flavours now and then. Kept him on his toes.

They sip in silence. Evie leans against her counter. Kylo leans one hand on the island. She bites her lip nervously at him as she turns and puts her coffee down. Very shy words come out in a soft hush.

“Can we talk?” She asks tentatively.
He raises his head. Stands down his coffee. His tin chest seals over. Thinking this is when she’ll finally give him his marching orders. Tell him she wants no more to do with him. He’s almost been expecting it - the great sex kept blindsiding him to putting off this nastiness. But now its here. She wants nothin more to do with him. And why should she?

*Kittens didn’t belong with killers.*

She wets her lips. He stands his coffee down and tries to draw back his thoughts.

“I... just. I want to say how- amazing these last few weeks have been. Before the bake sale uh-unpleasantness with Ben...” She starts. His eyes glimmer hard.

Kylo had never heard a girl describe Ben as ‘unpleasant’ before. That was a first. Well. He’d heard all sorts come from bimbo’s mouths after he’s dumped them for the next slutty one. But unpleasant never quite made the cut.

He doesn’t think he wants to stick around to hear her reject him. But he stays rooted to the spot. Half naked. Eyes turning cold like black ice.

“I know last night was... not just about me. It was personal to you. I get that.” She says. She looks up at him. He searches her blue eyes coldly.

It’s *wrong* - she’s stood there all sexy and covered in his bruises and scratches. And here she is dumping him like trash. He can’t take it. His chest starts to swell in anger. *So wrong.*

He wants to storm out. Leave. Rage. He thought he was done with rage clogging his chest and throat. Sour like acid. But here it is; her ending things after he went to so much trouble getting Ben here and proving her his in front of him. He wants to punch a hole in a wall- or...

“I feel like. Just- so much has happened with us. And- I really missed you those days we were apart. *Really* truly missed you. And I was just wondering if we could, just be together now. And maybe-do nothing at all.” She asks him tenderly. “Just us?” She adds hopefully.

She almost leaps back when Kylo’s eyes snap to hers. His brow furrows straight for a second. She wonders for a second if she’s said something wrong...
“Have I misread-“ She begins. He steps closer and cuts her off.

“You’re not ending things with me?” He checks stiffly.

She blinks. “Lord, Kylo. No.” She insists sweetly. “I would never do that.” She explains. Reaching up and setting an unruly chunk of coal black hair back behind his ear as it strayed wild. Still sweaty from sleep. Dark tresses shining on the sunlight like supernovas.

“Good.” He snaps.

He wasn’t kind. He only knew selfishness. He only knows how to be rough and abrasive with people. He softens a bit, sighing, when he leans close and cups a hand to her hip through her thin shirt. It was nearly threadbare in some places. Should’ve been illegal for her to look this good - this irresistible- in the morning.

“You sounded for a minute like you wanted out.” He says gruffly.

“I don’t.” She answers simply. Heart right fucking there on her blue sleeve. His was harder to get too. If he fucking had one at all. He’d long suspected he didn’t. Only when he was inside her, he felt the rotten black thing start to beat his chest.

He grunts lowly. Nodding once.

“Do you-..” Evie starts to ask. He tilts a smirk at her. She was seeking if he wanted her still.

His eyes shone like polished black coins. He says nothing. But he does eye her up in that way again.

“I think we need to go to my place tonight. No big deal. But I’ll have someone in to clean the wood floor and change the bed. Can’t fucking stand the creaky thing anyway. This gives me a perfect fucking excuse to throw it out. New bedding. New mattress. New bed, on me.” He explains. His penance.
Evie blinks. “Oh. You don’t have to—” She tries to be polite. He grips her chin tight. Shutting her up. Two fingers across her lips.

“I’m putting in the call right now. We’ll go to my place. Get some downtime. Just us.” He says with finality. She smiles and agrees weakly.

“I’ve got work to do anyhow. Pack your bags, Kitten. Don’t bother with pyjamas...” He orders with a smile.

And again, she listens. And obeys. **Gladly.**

There was more she wanted to ask and say. But she bides her time.

*For now, there’s always tomorrow...*

~

Chapter End Notes

Do tell me what you think (don’t by shy I’m nice really, honest)
Stepping into Kylo’s place uplifted her. Somehow made her feel cosy and safe. The same way she felt when coming home after a long day. It was a relief and an escape coming here. This luxury glass mansion up in the hills - decorated finely like a glossy page straight out of an interior magazine.

Kylo holds the door for her with one strong arm, letting her glide in with her meagre carpet bag of things. Kylo had smiled when she’d reappeared on her porch. Stating she was ready to go. That modest flowery bag hanging off her elbow. Somehow made him smile. The sheer fact she can make herself at home anywhere with so few things.

She steps into his warm, clean home. Without knowing it, he’s made it a cosy place for her to be. It smells like lemons and neroli. As usual. It’s tidy. Calm. Clean. She imagines it must be a nice relax for him not to be in her shabby chic messy little shack. Instead he can kick back in this big beautiful house. Feel at ease.

Only he doesn’t. He doesn’t look on this place with any sort of favour on his behalf. He’s tired of it. Fed up, right through to his fucking bones, of this house. It had stopped being a faithful home to him years ago. Coming back from Prison only made it worse. Made him think of all the shitty things that had happened here. All the awful people in his life that had, thankfully, come and gone.

He thought about the night he got arrested. What he was doing before Ben’s call came through - not knowing that night that being summoned by Ben to where he was, would end in disaster, and ultimately lead to a drastically violent alteration of his life.
He thought about every shitty ex he’d had, whose names all mushed into insignificance in his mind. He can’t remember names. Or faces. He does remember the bad things. How shitty some of them made him feel. What awful shallow people they’d been. But then he was the same way, right back. He co-existed in a relationship where both parties cared about themselves first and foremost. Selfishly not giving a flying fuck about the other. As long as he got sec, and they got access to his generous amounts of money.

He doesn’t like how this place drags up his ugly past for him whenever he steps foot inside it. Hates how the glass walls refract back at him, throwing back his scarred up reflection. He’s even bored of the view. The garden. The pool. None of this house feels right anymore. Truth be told, he didn’t even care to be here. He was currently searching for new plots of land to start all over-


He had a feeling as he watched Evie cross into his dining room before him, setting her stuff down on the table, that she could help him get there with the new memories part. There was no denying it- she was a good person. Maybe he could use a little more of that. Someone not so self involved or money obsessed. Someone easy.

Fuck knows he’s had to deal with enough shitty and difficult people in his life. People who annoyed him, embittered him, angered him. Now he quite likes the change of pace dealing with a girl like her. Easy. Kind. Shy. Different.

He folds his keys into his hand. His Gucci overnight-travel bag in the other as he watches her lay her tote bag down on the table. He doesn’t realise he’s staring at her until she looks up at him from where she’s unpacking a bunch of novels she brought along for perusing. She gives him a meek, seeking smile.

He knows she probably thinks he was too rough with her last night. And he was. But to his mind; Ben had got off lightly and so had she. He was capable of far worse to those who’d disobeyed him in the past. No one seems to realise just how cruel he was capable of being.

She had mellowed his abrasiveness a little. Through her body. With sex. Calmed him down a little - the barest scant amount - cause in the end he didn’t edge her for hours like he planned to do. He fucked her raw instead. An alternative punishment. Giving her too much of him til they both collapsed. He knew she’d be a sore wreck today. Sex was off the cards - for now.
He knows she couldn’t have helped it. The incident at the Bake-Sale. He doesn’t entirely blame her. Ben was strong. Determined. She couldn’t have fought him off on her own even if she’d tried. Not once he’d cornered her like he had. And he’d watched her squirm and try. Yanked up against that tree. No room to escape as he forced himself on her. He knew Ben’s appetite was voracious. But he’d never stooped so low as to snatch a girl out from under Kylo before now. He’d never cared enough about the girl before.

Thing was; whether Kylo understood, or even liked it, or not. Evie was more involved with him by this point, more so than when he went to her, that night, after prison. For the Twins, that had been a release of their lusts for her. Kylo was alright sharing Evie with Ben at the point. Because he never suspected she could mean more to him.

She means a damn sight more to him now. She was under his skin. He didn’t even realise it.

He watches her pick things out of her ‘Beatrix Potter’ tote bag. A couple of books - romance novels. A box of Mallomar cookies. And some of her favourite camomile tea in a blue daisy tin. He was observant - he knew the flavour of the damn tea that was in damn that worn old blue tin with the hand painted daisies on all four sides.

Once again, when it comes to Evie, he’s not sure what he feels. And that is entirely new and foreign for him. He feels... that strange blend of calm, mixed with something, curious. Something that settles him. As opposed to something that got his inner animal stirring. Whatever it is - he likes it.

He steps forwards and hooks a hand around her waist. Leans in and kisses her temple.

“I got some work to do for a while. I’ll be in my study. The house is all yours, Kitten.” He explains lightly. He nuzzles his lips into her forehead. Savouring her for a second. Ultimately feeling glad that she was here. Glad that she was glad with this place. Even if he wasn’t.

Then she truly surprises him. “Can I come sit with you? Just to be near? Won’t distract you. I promise. Just like being close to you...” she shrugs. “You don’t have to talk or anything....” She adds. “I’ve got my books to be getting on with.” She explains sweetly.

Kylo’s looking confused. “You wanna be, in my office with me?” He affirms. The others never used to give a flying fuck what he got up too. So long as he bought them in the newest Versace dress to wear. They couldn’t care less what he got up too.
She nods. “I can stay out here if I’m gonna be getting under your feet... the last thing I want to be is a nuisance.” She offers. Jerking a thumb towards the open plan space of the living room.

The living room that was one of the most expensively furnished areas of the house. Hermes cushions on the gigantic sofa. TV the size of the ten foot by six wall. Dolce cashmere blankets to drape over cold knees. An open fireplace to keep it toasty and every single comfort a person could ask for.

And yet- she’d rather be on the sofa in his office. Cause atleast then she gets to be near him. Watch him work. Watch him be brilliant at what he does.

How could he say no - he couldn’t. Not to her sweet hopeful face.

“Sure, Kitten.” He answers. Stroking a thumb along her cheekbone. Answering her request gladly. How many people fucking volunteered to be around him? Not that many he could guarantee.

“I’ll make some tea.” She answers. Her solution to most things. Boredom. Bad day. Hungry. Sad. Tea was always the first step of the answer.

“Coffee?” She asks him kindly. Out of sheer politeness. She’d brave his expensive Italian stallion of a coffee machine if he wanted one.

“Why not. A very pretty lady and her pussy kept me up all night.” He smirks. She blushes and bites her lip.

“Coffee coming up.” She smiles. He took it black, aswell as teeth-achingly hot and strong. Cause of course he did.

He cuffs the sleeves of his midnight ink sweater. And strolls proudly off to his study. She watched him go. He looked effortlessly comfortable in his jumper and lounge pants. Shuffling around his warm tiled floor in his socks. He looks comfy. He looks at home here.

Leaving her in the kitchen, she boils the kettle for her jasmine tea. And comes to peaceful terms with his temperamental coffee maker. She eventually gets the hang of it, pouring him a hot strong mug full of inky black brew. Her white tea is somewhat easier. She bobs the teabag around in the steaming hot water til the blend starts the darken and golden-yellow colours the water.
She carries his coffee through. Bumping the study door open with a hip. He was already at his desk, laptop open, plans pulled up. Hugo Boss glasses resting on that nose she loves to kiss. His phone is at his ear, rich voice sternly talking to someone on the other end. Issuing orders. A silver mechanical pencil already poised up against the huge grey slab of the plans pinned to his drawing board. His big tattooed hand holding the shiny silver thing so gently.

She’d seen him be violent, and destroy so many things with those big, brute, baseball sized mitts of his. Oft she tended to forget in those strong hands also lay dormant, his skilful power to create too. A power to build and design, rather than to decimate.

She’d caught a good peek of his office the other day. Without him in it. And this was vastly different.

When he was here, the room seemed smaller. But infinitely more alive.

Almost literally. His cologne ebbed on the air. His presence demanded every scrap of her attention. Or maybe it’s just her silly flighty brain that’s so in love with him, being near him did phenomenal things to her. She’d also seen the other day how neatly he’d kept his expensive things. The Mont Blanc pens. The filled shelf of used up Moleskine notebooks. The organised tray of silver mechanical pencils - most probably made with real silver. Nothing but the best of the best, here.

She smiles, softly placing his coffee down on the desk near him. Careful not to get a coffee ring-stain on any of his neat plans. She smiles meagrely back at him as his curling smirk starts to tip the corner of his mouth up. She knew that was her inaudible Thankyou.

She goes back out to fetch her tea, her glasses, and a book. Three minutes later, she comes shuffling back in, in her slippers. Not knowing Kylo’s watching her as he’s on the phone, in the big glass reflection of the window before him.

She’s in that ratty grey cardigan again. The one that was too big. Bobbled with years of age, patched at one elbow. The sleeves ended well beyond her knuckles, and all the times he’s torn it off her, or been near her in it, he knows the scent of it would drown him if he got close. The homely smell of her. Of warm sunshine, and wool, and geranium perfume. Mixed with her honeysuckle washing powder that smacked him clean in the nose. Her clothes always scented so clean and bright.

She’s got those cute round frames on her face. Old slippers on her socked feet. Those too bobbled and too big. She’s wearing black yoga pants that had seen better days, and a blue button down that was polka dotted with little navy hearts all over. His Harry Winstone necklace back on her - bruised
- neck where it belongs. She kicks off the slippers. Heaps them on the floor. Stands down her steaming tea. He could smell how sweetly fragranced it is from across the room.

She sinks down into the plush love-seat adjacent to his desk. The sofa cushions swallowed her up with a soft *poof* sound. She’s hemmed in with fat cushions, and drags a cashmere blanket onto her knees. Folding her legs and feet to one side. Making no noises save for the rustling of her clothes. She lumps a heavy paperback open in her hands- and just... *reads*.

Quiet as a mouse.

Contented for all the world, to be near him. To sit in silence, devour her book. And not speak. Just happy to be close.

Kylo’s staring - he can’t help it. He knows he’s staring, yet, he can’t look away. She’s just *sat* there.

Every now and then she smiles at a funny passage, or sentence, or character in her book. She sips her tea. He watches it fog up her glasses. She makes an odd ‘*tsk*’ noise of annoyance and wipes the lenses clean with her too big sleeve.

Kylo hasn’t listened to any of his head designers words down the phone for atleast five minutes. He’s too busy watching Evie sip tea, and a teasing pink little kitten-lick at her fingertip to turn a sticky page over.

He wants to go over there and kiss her for some odd reason. Knowing he’ll find that sweet tea on her lips. Find the smell of ancient musty old books and paper on her fingers. She always smelled like a bookshop and a vase of fresh cut flowers dotted with rain.

He can’t help but compare her - once again. To the women who’ve come before. None of them had been patient, or nice, like her. They got bored with him working as much as he did. Only they got immature and pathetic about it.

One of them had tried a very feminine way of luring him out to play. Shoving her obscene double-d’s in his face. Playing with his shirt collar, whining how she was ‘so bored’ and wanted something to play with. Then proceeded to nibble at his ear and try shoving her hand down his trousers. He fucked her purely because he was annoyed and wanted to outlet that deserved *fucking* tension on her.
Another one got so tired of his concentrating on his workload, she got bitchy at him, and invited her spandex gym bunny friends over for a pool-party. She got stupidly wasted - on drink and blow. And had outrageous trashy music thumping annoyingly away outside, as her ditsy bleach-blonde friends drank all his stores of champagne. That day ended with her high as a kite, and them having a screeching row in his kitchen after she partied too hard and broke his study window with a chair.

With Kitten? None of that.

No pining pleas for sex. No immature drunk fights. No breaking. No damage. No getting tits shoved in his face when he’s just trying to do work. She just sits, reads, and is happily in her own little bubble of a world, that she’s more than pleased to set down near and cohabitate somewhere near his own.

Here he thought his association with her would be like the others- that he’d be yearning for a bigger sphere of personal space. Sickened with bitchy childish attitudes. And wanting to roll his eyes every time they ask for his credit card for some materialistic designer purpose. Mostly for dinners or dresses. Or both.

There’s none of that. And though that was the style of things he was used too - he can’t deny that she, that all of this, is an easy and refreshing change.

It’s peaceful. He’s finally found some fucking peace and quiet. And it’s pretty source is sat behind him. Skimming through a Julia Quinn and laughing at its stubborn silly protagonist.

He can hear birds chittering in the trees. The wind hissing on the leaves. Hitting the glass panel of the window. The sound softened by its thickness. He can hear when she turns a page. How long until he hears that paper skim, being leafed over again. She was a quick reader.

He slowly sinks back into his phonecall when they ask for his input. He agrees. As to what he’s agreeing to, he has no clue. But he doesn’t care. His colleague seems pleased. And signs off the call happy.

He puts the phone down and reaches for his coffee. He sips it, listening to the wind outside shatter and break against the stoic glass. The steam tickles his face. Heat pinks his cheeks. The aroma creeping up his nose as the sharp, dark taste bursts bitter across his palate.

He sets it down, pulling up another set of plans on his laptop. Nudging his glasses back up his nose,
he runs a hand through his wavy hair, and starts sketching.

The soft scratch of pencil meeting paper makes Evie look up. She’s oddly excited watching Kylo draw at his board. Every stroke of his big hand, neat and measured. Every mark as precise as the clinical mind it comes from. It’s like seeing a wild creature go about normality in its natural habitat. She doesn’t say anything because she doesn’t want to be distracting. Doesn’t want to spook him.

She isn’t - but she is the biggest distraction ever. Elephant in the room. Cause Kylo can’t ignore her now that she’s there. Being her.

*There. There. There.*

His mind is distracted. But for once, in the nicest way he can ever remember. He’s the one who breaks the silence.

“What are you reading?” He seeks. After he hears her titter laughter again. Curious dark voice deeper than the Marianna Trench.

“Julia Quinn.” She answers with a smile. Always with a smile. He knows the warmness of that smile. He can hear it on her voice.

“Brighter Than The Sun.” She proclaims proud in a sappy tone. He rolls his eyes. But he’s smiling.

“The opening page is the hero falling out of a tree onto the heroine.” She adds.

Kylo twists to face her. Swivelling around on his seat. Eyeing her through his glasses. She hadn’t a care in the world right now. She had everything she could ever want. He wanted to give her more. She so wholly, richly deserved it.

He quirks a brow up at her choice of reading material. She defends herself.

“I have unapologetically mushy taste in literature.” She says. “And Julia Quinn is a witty writer. Her characters always make me smile. I’ve read this one, around ten thousand times.” She admits. Her guilty secret ousted.
She was an unashamed glutton of romantic stories. A devourer or witty rom-com prose.

“Let me guess. Dashing dark unattainable prince falls for fiery, obstinate princess?” Kylo asks with humour edging his usually dry tone. Turning back to his board.

Evie loves seeing his smile. Even if it is at her soppy tastes in romance novels. She loved how his face crinkles differently. His eyes and dimples creases. Shows off his sharp white smile. Usually his brow was set in a furrow, a glower, or a glare. It was a welcome change seeing this big man smile. Knowing she caused it gives her a rich jolt of happy to her tummy. Warms up her fuzzy pathetic heart.

“No, actually. But this one has a terribly opportune marriage of convenience. It’s wonderful.” She coos happily. Clutching it to her heart excitedly. As if her organ was happily fused into its pages. She was sure it semi-was, to this paperback. She loves it so much.

Kylo shakes his head at her. Back to his board. Drawing now. But he hasn’t stopped smiling.

“I’ll bite. What kinds of books take your fancy?” She asks gently.

He makes a non-committal sound. “I don’t read much.” He answers simply.

She smiles. He hears her book slam gently closed. Her blanket rustles.

“I may have to go out on a limb here, Kylo Ren, and call you a liar.” She teases carefully. No doubt speculating to some of the books that filled the room they were sat in. And all the bookshelves dotted elsewhere.

“Architecture books interest you, don’t they?” She seeks.

Again, he makes an agreeable sort of a sound. “It’s work. Seemed to be the only thing I was ever really any good at doing. I’ve never had the imagination to enjoy fictional books.” He answers.
She reflects how he probably had that thought hammered into his skin as a kid. One of his scars could’ve told her that story. Drunken bellowing shouts of how he’d never amount to anything. She sighs gently with pain for him.

“Well. I think you’re quite splendid at your job. And being a CEO of your own company with a sky high net worth, at thirty, I think, proves that you’re more than just ‘good’ at your job.” She tells.

He says nothing. He just draws. He lets her honey-soft words melt into his back and roll off his scars and his ink blue cashmere jumper.

“Plus I’ve read some of those books...” she pipes up.

“Oh?” Kylo seeks. Soft scratches still coming off the paper.

“I read a few of them when I stayed here when you were in Switzerland.” She offers. He’s quiet again.

“I loved the Barcelona property you did six years ago. That one was my absolute favourite.” She comments. His hand stops on his page.

Paper creaks. A page rustles. And she’s got her nose in her book again. Happy to go back to silence. Happy to talk - happy to not talk. He smiles again.

“What drew you to that one?” He asks. He could barely remember that property now. But he was wanting to know what she’d found in it that she liked.


“I liked how you designed the house with the garden almost central. That big wall of windows surrounding the inside of it. Made the most of the courtyard garden with all the trees. I thought it was very beautifully done.” She says.

Kylo smudges away a small errant line with an eraser.
“You’d like Barcelona. The Gothic quarter has some of the most amazing old-modernist windows and doorways you’ll ever see. Plus the Sagrada Família.” He says. “Catalan culture. Mostly all Antoni Gaudi of course. Architecturally speaking, he and his work owns most of that city.” He tells.

She loves how his passion for his work, and it’s associations, just spills thick and sleek off his tongue. Like wine she can get drunk on.

She curls up with her tea and admires him talking and being open. Her legs crossed in her lap. A warm mug of tea cradled in her hands. Cosy under a blanket with his rich voice lulling at her softly. There’s nowhere else she’d rather be right now. Not for all the world.

“I’ve never been to Spain. I’d be stuck trying to pick which bit to go and see.” She explains.

“For the city? Madrid. For the countryside... always gotta be Catalonia.” He answers.

“You’re quite the well traveled man.” She compliments. He was a regular guide book of knowledge.

His smirk tips up again. “Gotta be, when in my line of work. I don’t think there’s a structural landmark on this Earth I haven’t seen.” He informs.

She’s envious. Here’s this big bodied, lion sized, voracious appetite of a man whose been and seen and done everything. Had this big, juicy life packed with money, jet-setting. Crammed with colour, and flavours. Exotic lands and wonderful foreign cities. And sights she’s only dreamt of from the reaches of her tattered little house. Living her easy-harmless life.

She hopes he knows how lucky he is to have seen all that. She’s envious. His rich adventures make her feel all the more dull.

“I’d love to travel. The last vacation I took was with Flo to Martha’s Vineyard to go to a knitting fair.” She says glumly.

Maybe I’ll take you away, sometime. He thinks. He doesn’t say it. Not yet. He can’t just yet.
“Big world out there, Kitten. Gotta start off small.” He teases.

“Teeny tiny, in my case.” She adds.

His smirk tips up again. Curling.

“You’re accomplished at other things, in other ways, Kitten.” He lets her know. He doesn’t turn around to pay it to her. But compliment from him stops her short. She smiles and blushes into her sip of tea.

She cuddles the pillow she’s sloped on her lap, closer. Sunshine from the window across from him tickled at her socked feet. She watches him hunched over his board. Drawing. That wide pair of big muscled shoulders stretching his jumper. She’s impossibly enchanted with how domesticated he looks right now.

She goes back to her book. And sure enough, a lot of time passes as they keep each other in quiet company. Nothing but the soft sounds of him sketching. And her turning over her book pages. She’s just passed chapter 14, but having read 220 pages of her novel, she wants something, less turbulent. And it was just reaching the part in the plot where hero and heroine were sailing towards a dangerous prejudiced misunderstanding on both their behalf’s.

Wanting a different kind of reading. She reaches forwards and plucks one of his thickly bound architecture books from its orderly stack on the coffee table. The spine of it cracks as she opens it in her lap.

Again, Kylo watches her reflections movement from the glass in front of him. She’s got one of his portfolio design books in his lap.

He flips his wrist to look at his watch. They’d been here now for three and a half hours. It’s flown him by. This cosy domestic afternoon.

When he looked out across the drive and the garden, he could see that particular shade of sunlight that cold only belong to a late afternoon, blossoming into early evening. The light facing them both had changed too. Now it’s an angular chunk dividing into the ceiling and the far end of his study. Emblazoned in rusty-gold. Warm.
He can’t remember the last time this house felt warm to him - possibly never. But with her here, he just can’t escape it. That’s just what he feels.

Slightly more pleased with his drawing than he was two hours ago, he sets his pencil down with a sharp clack and rubs his eyes. He’s gone through all his emails. Straightened out a few loose ends with his business. Got everything completed that he needed to get done. He stretches out his back, his neck and spine adjusting, clicking into place.

He rolls his shoulders, and sits back. Looking with veiled expression at his drawing. He learnt if he hunched over one piece of work for too long. He’d start to go mad. Fixing it over and over until nothing remained of the original plans. Best to draw himself out of work for a while. His seat doesn’t make a sound as he swivels around and faces Kitten for the first time in three hours.

How cosy she looks - makes his shard of frosty flint that he had for a heart start to crack. Thawing.

She looks entirely too small and cute on his office couch. Supported by plump pillows. Her knees swaddled in a blanket. She’s shuffled to one side. Resting one elbow on the arm as she flips through a big book with the other. Transfixed. She doesn’t even realise he’s looking at her.

She’s discarded her book. And she’s flicking through his. One of the portfolio ones he did for Maddox & Haig.

“What are you reading that old thing for?” He asks. Rich voice sounding so large and strangling the previously soft silence.

He rises to a stand and pads across to her. The sofa sinks down where he lowers his heavy body right next to hers. She twists her head around and smiles at him. He leans closer, slipping one bulky muscled arm behind her head, and along her shoulder. Long legs kicked out in front of him. She likes how the scent of him is mingled up cologne and warm cashmere that pours off his hot skin.

She shuffled into the safe port of his body and shows him the page she’s on. A couple of houses he did in LA a few years back. Lodged up on Santa Monica. Flirting with Bel Air territory.

“I like these three...” She points out. They were all low, narrow houses. One storey. But exquisitely set out across the landscape. A first class pool and gardens growing up around the house as if it were all one piece. The glass and stone edifice looked completely natural where it sat. Happily ensconced in its surroundings. It looked like a mid-century dream come to life. Very clean sleek lines. No fuss.
“Houses on hills are easy. The light gets everywhere. Lots of it to play with. Easy to make the use of. I relish a challenge, for a change, when it comes to trickier houses. More complex plots.” He tells her. “I like innovating. Something my old boss used to loathe about the way I design.”

“I didn’t think you were an LA sort.” She smiles.

“Trust me. I’m not.” He intones grumpily. “I’ve never hated a client more. His ditsy trophy wife kept coming back with complaints and demands. I think he’d moved onto the next blonde wife, wife number four, by the time we finished the build.”

“Well. Some people have no taste.” She dismisses, trying to perk him up a bit. She turns the page and smiles at the even more gorgeous building in front of her. Almost Deco this time. And in Los Feliz. A much more eclectic, less ritzy part of LA. No stench of Bel Air country club about its surroundings.

The garden was neutral olive bay green. And the house was stunning white. And there were curves of glass, where his favoured clean angles were put aside. One window curved to form the whole lower floor. Railings and finishing touches of chunky lines all echoed back to the glamour and glitz of the 1920s. She loved Deco. She was raised on 20s films. Books, and endless books about art nouveau and modernism. Food of her childhood.

“I like these touches too. It’s still you. But it’s... different. Transcendent.” She beams.

“Mmm.” He confirms. Looking across at her. Watching how she devoured the book with the same voracious appetite she uses to leaf through her soppy novels. She wasn’t faking it either. He could read people. He can tell when people lie to him.

She isn’t. Not judging by that glimmer in her blue eyes.

“They wanted my style but a historic touch folded in. The curved glass windows on the first floor are one of the best features. Cost $2 million each to have them tailored to the house.” He tells.

“Worth every penny. They’re great.” She tells him. Admiring the interiors too. They kept it simple. And stuffed with dark walnut 30’s furniture. It was a little drab for her, but the time period it echoed
so superbly was divine.

She flicks through more pages. Asking questions. Pointing to certain pieces and asking how he thought of that. There was a lot of skill. He cleverly hid little tricks of the houses in plain sight. Quirks. Or just things or features he wanted to try out. It was mesmerising. They’ve sat there for another hour just talking through his book.

Evie presses shut the amazing last page. Snapping it shut cover to cover. And twists to face him on the loveseat. Angling into his body. His arm was still across her shoulder, big hand stroking patterns on the back of her neck. Twirling a big finger around a lock of her twisted up hair. Brushing against a love-bite from last night that made gooseflesh prickle up.

Kylo’s just watching his finger wrap her silky hair around it. Just watching her, with warm interest. She’ll fall asleep if he keeps up those gentle stroking touches.

She likes this calm man; the one she’d seen and been with last night was a jagged refraction of the darker side of his personality. It was what he could turn into when he raged; and make no mistake, it was terrifying.

She understood last night wasn’t all entirely about her. Or her forced infidelity with Ben. Just that Kylo had taken the brunt of Ben’s actions for most his life. Last night was him showing the bake sale incident was the straw that broke the camels back. So to speak.

He could’ve gone easier on her, that’s no secret. But he had to speak to Ben in a way his ASPD would understand. That required a little more harsh force than usual. To Kylo’s truly horrific mind, they both got off lightly. Especially Ben. He wanted to dismember the smug prick for what he did to Evie. He’d got blood in revenge. Only he wanted more.

But that ugly part of him is settled now. Things are set fair. His kittens here in his lap. And his twin-- god only knows where after having learned his lesson. They both have. Evie would be sore from him for a week, no doubt. He hadn’t held anything back last night.

He tenderly strokes her neck and watches as she curls up into him. Just savouring the quiet.

“I love how peaceful it is up here.” She sighs finally. Listening to the way the breeze broke and shattered across the glass. Barely louder than a whisper. It felt like nothing could touch them here. The sun winks in agreement off the glass. Stepping through the door; all her worries melted away.
Because it was just the two of them. That was perfection. Bliss.

Kylo watches her for a moment. Relieved that he’s found his peace. His peace smells like geraniums and looks terribly cute all warm and snug against his chest.

“You hungry? We can go to the market. Grab something for dinner.” He asks. There’s probably not much by way of food in his fridge. He forgot to tell the housekeeper to stock up this week.

Her stomach gurgles to life with the mention of food. Her smile leaps up. She curls an arm across his hard stomach and kisses his woollen blue shoulder. Cologne and cashmere.

“I’ll cook. What are you in the mood for?” She asks eagerly. He thinks. His big fingers stroking along her tiny little hand. Mapping out each of her small elegant fingers.

“Something that pairs well with a bottle of red 2009 Château Latour.” He teases.

She plucks a recipe off the top of her head. Something comforting. Cosy. To match the mood of the day.

“Pork chops and potatoes?” She smiles in question.

He smiles lightly down at her. A shattered memory ricocheting back in his head. Being a kid, him and Ben inhaling that exact same meal off a china rose plate in his gran’s house. Home cooked hot food was not a luxury provided for them in their household.

She made them each have a glass of milk on the side. Cause ‘small boys need strong bones.’ Kylo also recalls how he ate that meal and she gave him seconds. Loaded his plate up. Because the night before their Dad had drunk a skinful, just because he could, and set after their Mom, for no other reason than the fact the sun rose in the east, and set in the west. He picked a fight. And had a nasty point to prove.

After half an hour of trying to muffle out the cries from his bedroom. Kylo bravely intervened, defending their mom. And got beaten for it. He got badly beaten for it. Scraped knuckles, cracked nose, black eye, two broken ribs and a fractured wrist. He was only 11. When his dad stormed off out again. Their mom gathered them up and dropped them at Grandmas house. The boys were told to go upstairs, kylo had watched between the banisters as his battered bruised mom had collapsed.
into a teary heap on the kitchen table and wailed out her pain. Gran tried to soothe her as best she could. He never knew a parent could cry so much.

Now he knows why he remembers that meal—because he could barely taste anything of it. His jaw hurt to chew his food. He kept wiping blood off his forehead from under the band aid Gran had taped there. He couldn’t understand why she kept turning away, dabbing away tears as she plated them up more food.

Answering Evie’s question. Kylo kisses her temple and smiles an affirmative. No good ever came from dredging up the miserable sludge that was his childhood.

“Sounds delicious. I’ll drive.” He tells succinctly. Heaving himself up, pulling her with him. She stretched as she comes to a stand.

“Ok. But I’m buying the wine.” She tries to bargain.

“You are most certainly not.” He tells her. Striding away to find his shoes.

“Why not?” She calls after him. “I’m a guest.” She walks out the study and slips on her old sneakers. They were only going to the market after all. No need to truss up all fancy.

Kylo comes back in. Gently grips her hand and tugs her with him. She follows. He leads her to the kitchen, and off a little side door. When he slides open the huge glass panelled door, she shuts up very swiftly.

It appears he had a wine bodega. Like the ones in Spanish restaurants. A huge glass square room lined floor to ceiling with racks, all filled with glass bottles of wine. Red. Pink. White. Champagne. It was all here. He had more Reds than anything else. Giving her a unique clue as to his preferred flavour.

“Stocks were admittedly low after my idiot Twin ‘house-sat’ for me when I was in prison.” He grumps. Sliding the door shut after plucking a bottle of gleaming red with a posh white label down off the highest shelf.

Evie makes a face. “I can only imagine.” She winces in humour.
“Pure carnage. Every room littered with panties and half smoked blunts. And I had two bottles of vintage white left in here.” He growls. Standing the wine on the kitchen counter.

Evie glances at said counter somewhat warily.

“Don’t worry Kitten. I had the kitchen deep cleaned. Every bed and mattress thrown out. And I replaced every flat surface that isn’t fixed down.” He answers.

“I would’ve gone the whole hog and had the place fumigated.” She smiles.

“Me too. With mustard gas.” He tells lowly. Unimpressed. She laughs. And hair tucks. And he’s watching her again. Unable to help it.

“Some bleach and bucket of hot soapy water can work wonders.” She says.

One of Kylo’s eyebrow quirks up.

“No man made cleaning agent, and no amount of elbow grease can cope with the wake of filth my brother leaves behind him. I found a blow up sex doll floating around in my pool.” He tells.

She sniggers with her hand over her mouth. “I’m sorry. That’s not funny.” She laughs.

Kylo’s smiling too.

“Can’t be all that bad.” She says in hope.

“He stashed his coke and his pot in my office desk drawer.” Kylo adds. “And a couple of other items in my desk too. Though last time I checked I don’t wear lacy pink g-strings either.”

Evie’s trying so hard not to laugh. It couldn’t have been nice seeing his home defiled by the occupants of the playboy bunny mansion.
“Ok. Well. You know everything can be rectified. Splash around some paint. New furniture. A little gasoline maybe...” She adds.

“Light a match. Good as new.” He says. They walk back through to the front door, he scoops up his keys and his jacket. He switches on his elite alarm system and they walk out to the Aston under a golden spread of afternoon sun.

He could get awfully used to this- he drives. She chatters a little. But doesn’t seek to unnecessarily fill the silence. He likes that too. Likes being able to hear his own thoughts sometimes.

Something smooth and old with a full jazz band and a smoky voiced songstress plays on the radio. Kylo watches how her hair changes colour when the sun blazes through it.

They get to the market and park up. His end of town decidedly more high class than her own. Usually he ordered everything to be delivered. His PA made sure to be here to oversee all his little errands. But there’s something nice about doing it himself - especially with her. She hogs the basket. Also sneaks in cookies when he wasn’t looking. She knew about his secret sweet tooth.

His local market was foodie heaven for her. She could’ve spent hours among the posh stocked shelves, planning a dinner to blow his socks off. But she’s hankering after simple fare tonight. Pork chops with potatoes and onions. She asks if he has a casserole pot. He answers that he probably does.

They zip through the check out, and he won’t hear of her carrying bags. He hauled their brown paper bagged items up and carries them to the car. They settled on a huge tub of silky raspberry gelato for dessert. He drives home quick so their ice cream doesn’t melt. They get back, and she unpacks. He pours them both wine.

He does have some more work to get ahead of, and she waves him off. Saying she’d cook for them. And he can be free to finish up. He kisses her real slow and deep for that. They both taste of smooth velvet red wine. It’s indulgent and he couldn’t be more thankful that she’s exactly the way she is.

He can’t think that he’s ever had someone this domestic to co-exist with. The most he’s done with girls is take them out to dinner - the ones he could stand for more than an hour. Then it was back to his place, an hour or less of sex. And then he’d be burning the midnight oil whilst they did whatever the fuck they got up to when he wasn’t around. He didn’t care. They went off clubbing at one in the morning. Or went to go get their nails done, and he didn’t care.
Evie he could stand being around - all day. All night. She wasn’t suffocating him. Or nauseating to be with. She didn’t care about the colour of her acrylic nails being wrong. Or the exact shade of her highlights. She thought more about what she put into her head, rather than what she could paint onto it. She cared about the things that were important. Kylo didn’t realise until that very moment how good she is to be around. His calm mood and even temper are letting him know it.

She’s one of the best people he’s ever come across. She wasn’t tainted. Or shitty tempered. Or materialistic. She hasn’t had an ugly horrific life. And Kylo decides he’d like more of this.

Even if it was just the fact that her life of kindness and generosity amazed him - he was sticking with her. He’s had enough of people who were wrong for him. Maybe now he’s found what feels right - after all these years.

He doesn’t know why he has this epiphany as he watches her scrub potatoes and tie on an apron that was far too big for her. But he does.

Oh, how he does. He does and he can’t stop it.

It’s an ache in the pit of his stomach. He’ll ignore it for now. And pretend it isn’t what he suspects it might be. He can’t feel that. He’s incapable. It’s impossible. If anyone had a more skewed, fucked up version of what love can be, and feel like, it’s him. He’s had enough pain coming from people who are supposed to love him. He’ll have no more.

But her, his sweet Kitten. Her, he will have. And gladly cherish. Her with her good big heart, that was worth ten of everyone else he knew.

He wants her goodness. He wants the calm she always gives him.

He stands his wine down and presses a kiss to the back of her head. Embracing her from behind as she stood at the sink, washing veggies. He blinks. Inhaled her hair. And kisses a breathy, hushed Thank-you into her scalp. Sniffing the essence of her lavender shampoo. He lingers for a second. Then he’s off to his study. Almost brusquely forcing a snippet of affection onto her. Crushing her with it.

She smiles. Watching him go. Shaking her head as she peels things, chops, sautés and preps everything, a tad frightened by his ridiculously expensive kitchen-wear. He had a Damascus knife
set. One knife's value was over $600. She uses it gently for fear of hurting it.

She piles everything into the casserole pot and sets it to sizzle and bake in the oven. Of which there were five. He had a kitchen and equipment that most gourmet chefs would envy. She feels privileged to cook in it. With dinner taken care of, she sets the table for two.

Eventually she rummages until she comes across placemats. She sets the table and even turns up a modern candelabra and tall ivory candles. She lights them and pours two fresh glasses of wine into his masterpiece triangular crystal wine glasses. She puts one of the fresh flowers from the jar on the table in a little vase she came across too. An elegant dinner set for two.

He surfaces from his study a while later, watching her plate up their dinner. He smirks a little. Watching her from down the hallway. His angel. Enshrined in light. He swore he could see her halo shining. She wipes specs of gravy off the plate rims and beams up when she catches sight of him skulking in the doorway.

She carries the plates to the table and sets them neatly down. She really can make herself at home anywhere. Even if she was using one of his priceless whiskey glasses to hold a flower in.

He comes to the table, standing his empty glass down by the sink. “Looks delicious.” He purrs at her. Sucking a stay glob of sauce off her hand where she’d served it. She smiles and nods for them to sit and eat before it got cold. They do. And it’s delightful.

They talk. They talk in ways they can’t if sex got in the way. Taking time away from fucking each other crazy does them the world of good. He’s funny - when he wants to be. He makes her laugh and they sink an entire bottle of that Latour before they even realise it. She’s figured out his home music system. All the speakers dotted everywhere, wired into the house. She puts something light but melodic on. Something with a lady with a soulful voice, singing about something tragic.

She feeds him all the leftovers. She nibbles at a carrot or potato or two; but mostly she gives it to him. Contented.

Stuffed full of food and wine. They collapse together, as a heap, onto his big huge couch. There’s a nip in the air now night has fallen. The kind that foretold autumn was coming in soon, to wreck those light long summer nights they’ve enjoyed.

He clicks a remote button, the fire bursts into life in the huge sleek hearth and they cosy down in
They chatter a bit more. About nothing of consequence. Evie pulls the blanket up over herself. And snuggles. Amazingly, he snuggles her right back. Hand stroking her shoulder. After ten minutes he looks down and sees that she’s out of it. Soundly asleep. Too much wine. And too much pounding hard sex last night.

He peers down at her. Strokes a brute calloused finger down one of her soft cheeks.

“Kitten?” He asks. Black eyes looking a little lighter as he gazes warmly at her. In this light they almost diluted to hickory brown. Full of his calm warmth, and gratefulness for her.

A soft breathy mumble is his reply.

“Bedtime.” He concludes to her. Even though she can’t hear him.

He switches off the movie. He wasn’t paying attention anyway. He’s more taken with the way she gently caressed patterns into his sweater-clad stomach.

He’d get up early and clear away dinner. She did cook after all. He leaves the fire to burn out. Cloaking the pair of them in half ochre, half darkness.

He stands and levies two hands under her little body. He heaved her up, blanket and all. She flops into him. He carries her up to bed. She was truly out of it.

He takes her upstairs, past his glass bedroom wall, full up of the view of trees and navy backed stars. He puts her gently on the bed and slips some of her things off. She spreads out like a little, limp, pale starfish on his colossal white bed.

He’s more used to undressing her when she’s awake. He wrangles off her socks. Leggings. Bra. And shirt. Leaving her in her panties. He tucks one of his blue dress shirts around her. Cuffs the sleeves and buttons it up just so. It was way too big on her. But he knew how she likes that.

He speaks as he buttons it up for her. “You looked so cosy in my shirt last time. Baby. Before I tore
it off you.” He smirks. “It doesn’t matter.” He answers himself.

“I’d buy ten thousand more just to see you happy in them.” He smirks.

These were things he’d never say if she were awake. Leaning down he kisses her brow. She snuffles something at him. Cuddling into the pillow beside her. *His* pillow.

He smiles. Drags the wool blanket off her, and drapes the duvet around her.

He pads to his bathroom and quickly goes through his nightly routine. Brush his hair back off his face. Splash of cold water. Clean teeth. Pat of cologne on his cheeks for bed. And he’s back. Seeing how she’s cuddled up to his side - he doesn’t mind.

He climbs in and gets comfy next to her. Sleep comes in an instant. He takes note of how his face feels odd as he nods off. It was because he realised he *smiles* as she nuzzles into his neck.

She made him *smile*. He wants that.

~

Chapter End Notes

How did that treat your lovely eyes?
Domesticity & Riches

Chapter Summary

Yes. Here I am again, at it with the fluff.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For the first time in his life - Kylo’s actually slept. And slept damn well.

He hadn’t had a deep night of sleep like this since the first night he got out of prison. It wasn’t fitful, or shallow. He didn’t toss and turn. Didn’t want to get up and work in his office on new designs til dawn. Fuelled by caffeine and restlessness.

He slept hard and deep. Didn’t snooze. Sunk into a luxurious sleep and didn’t come out of it until his body felt that he needed too. Actually got some fucking rest for once in his life.

It was early morning. The sun was tickling blazing red-pink his closed eyes from where he forgot to shut his black Roman blinds in the bedroom last night. He swallows. His mouth sticking furry from wine last night and sour from his sleep. He peels his eyes open, blinking at his bedroom, shrouded in bright sunshine. The trees outside swayed on the wind. All in all, it looked a calm bright day out there. Powder blue sky ungoverned by cloud.

He curses. Because this is the first time he’s woken in his own bed to sunshine burning his eyelids. He’s never slept in before to an extent that the rising sun was able to touch him. He made a note to himself that the next bedroom will have a lesser wall of windows to help with that problem.
He’s on his side, arms and body curling into the pillow opposite his own. Hair tangled across too. Seeking across her side of the bed like some dark, light seeking plant vines. Curling across for her. His fingers stretch and wake up as he stretches, seeking for her little body that rolled away from him in the night.

Once more, warmed empty bedsheets greet his wandering palms. His dark eyes peek open again and search his crumpled white cotton bed. *No Kitten.*

But it isn’t rage that overtook him. Rather it was an easy sort of carefree calm that swelled up instead. He wonders what she’s getting up to this morning. Blinking away his bleariness, he sits up, throws the covers to bloom off him, drifting on the air, crumpling down to the warm big bed by the time he was already out the room.

He leisurely steps down his stairs. Muscles and limbs clacking and striding to life. He feels stiff joints ease. He comes down the stairs and something ebbs across to him other than the usual lemon neroli scented air of his place. The smell of breakfast.


Fuck. He’s smiling more now than he’s ever done before in his life. More than he can ever remember. His bare feet heavily slap the tiles as he walks to the open plan kitchen to see the hive of activity happening there.

Which happens to be Evie still in his blue dress shirt. With a white flowery pair of pyjama bottoms on. The lace on the short thing’s frayed near the hem. A hole in the fabric of her right thigh. She had his big blue sleeves rolled up to her forearms. And her hair is messy. Bedhead. Sexy and cute all at once. It’s missed toffee-red tucked behind one ear as she prods a pan full of bacon with the spatula. Before flitting back across to his coffee machine.

It was a nice sight to wake up too. She smiles as she sees him awake. Sucking butter from the already spread toast off her hand.

“Morning.” She chirps brightly. “I’m so *sorry.* I had a little too much of that nice wine last night. I must’ve overslept.” She speaks as she plates up the sizzling contents of the two cast iron pans she had on the go.

She knows he’d never bark at her to make his breakfast for him like some 1950’s husband. She did it
of her own violation to see her big man fed properly. Truly a southern comfort. Her being a feeder.

He sees soft scrambled eggs and rashers of bacon. Fried mushrooms and tomatoes. Her not-quite-full English breakfast, with a side of salty buttered toast. She whips back across, seemingly in a rush this morning. Kylo immediately grasps her concept.

She was up running around to make his breakfast ready for him, before he had to go off to work. She’s worried he’s late.

He comes closer. Smiling but silent. And cages her just as she turns around with a mug of coffee in hand for him. He takes it. But still crowds her into the counter with his big body. He smelt like distant faded notes of cologne. And cotton from his bedsheets. Cotton and hot skin. He was shirtless and radiating heat. Too much heat. Always too much heat. Too much body. Always so intense in every shape and form.

“I think I’ve finally mastered your coffee machine. We had a rocky start to our relationship but we got there in the end.” She smiles cutely. He stands the coffee down and plants a firm, powerful kiss on her sweet lips. He loves it when she tastes like butter.

“Kitten. I’m not going into work today. My day off. I am the boss after all...” He smiles, forehead presses to hers, fingers playing with one coiled tangle of her hair.

“Oh.” She sighs. “I thought you were gonna be late.” Her eyes sparkle when she does that. Smile tipping up at the sides. That and her cheeks blushed from the sheer loveliness of his yummy kiss. Those lush lips of his are smiling down at her. Tinted a soft rosy-pink.

“Is that a happy ‘oh?’” He asks. She slides her soft little hands up over his pecs. Feeling the cool of his nipple rings catch her palms. She loves the compact solid musculature of him underhand. She lets her hands rest either side the valley of his muscled sternum. Right between his pecs. This godlike body of hot skin and marble hard physique she never grows tired of being near.

“It’s a very pleasantly surprised and happy ‘oh’” She answers. He swoops down and steals another buttery tasting kiss from her. She mumbles, sinking into his caresses. Her squeak lost on his dangerously addictive lips. His wet tongue tips in her mouth. Finding butter. Making her knees shudder. She had to anchor into him to press her quivering aroused body upright.

He wanted today to be theirs. To belong to them.
Not the hectic tempo of his new office and colleagues.

“Breakfasts getting cold.” She points out as he pulls back to nuzzle his nose under her jaw. He couldn’t care any less. He grumbles a turned-on moan as he mouths against her hot neck.

“I guess we better eat then.” He sighs moodily. But humour was in his voice. He pulls back and sips his coffee. Dark eyes piercing her from over the brim of the mug. Blacker than the bitter brew he likes. She smiles. And takes their plates over to the table, watching his tatted torso as he walks. How his shoulder blades shifted.

She’s realising just how impossibly enamoured she is with this man, from his very dark head to his toes.

They sit at the table. Their respective mugs of hot drink steaming plainly on the early morning beam of sunlight that slanted onto where they sat. Twirled with dust mites too. They eagerly wolf down breakfast. As she’s now on peaceful terms with his coffee machine, she fetched him another cup. And she washes up. Her halo keeps cropping up, he thinks to himself.

He thanks her with a languid kiss. Dark bitter coffee lingering on his lips.

“I’m gonna go grab a shower. I got one conference call to take at 9. Then maybe we can, go into town, or something?” He seeks. Stroking her waist under the crisp large swathe of his shirt. Though where she’s slept in it. It’s curved and softened to the shape of her body. Smells like her. Has moulded to her supple little shape.

He was already planning on taking her shopping later. Hence his slight hint of going into town. He’s seen her wear things often. Like that blue sundress. Or a certain t-shirt. He knows some of her things are threadbare. He’s been heavily involved with removing her clothing of late. He knows she’s a frugal person. She’s budgeted herself a certain amount for clothes every month for as long as she can remember.

A splurge for her consisted of maybe a couple of $10 sundresses from the modest boutique store in her small town. She paired them time and time again with cardigans. Or the same worn indigo jeans she had, with a somewhat nice blouse. He knows he’s contributed quite a lot to damning some of her clothes to ruin, panties and dresses, and so forth. He’d torn plenty of those off her. And he intends to rectify his damages. She was too demure to ask.
Plus he wanted her dressed up in pretty things. Even though she already dresses up in pretty things. He wants her draped head to toe in nice, somewhat expensive clothes, because that’s his way of looking after her. Of letting her use some of his enormous riches that she never even asked for.

That’s another thing that astounds him. She’s seen his work. She knows the calibre of his multi million house. She’s seen the $225k car he drives. Knows the myriad of designer labels that lurk in the collar all his priceless suits.

Again. Another thing about Evie that astounds him. She didn’t care about the money. That wasn’t her motive for him.

She wouldn’t have cared even if he lived in a trailer park, drove a beat up old junkyard clunker, or even if he had a job that only made him $2 an hour. She’d still have loved him fiercely. Cause it’s him. She’s here to love him. Not lounge about in his privileges or bathe in and splurge away his piles of money.

Never even indicated that she wanted to touch into his wealth. She was more invested in his time and his company than in the hefty contents of his wallet.

He’d made up his mind to take her shopping today, the second he saw the hole in her pyjama shorts. She shouldn’t be wearing things with holes in. She was seeing him now - like it or not. He was stepping up to the plate. He wants to do something for her the only way he knew how. Throwing money at the problem she didn’t even realise was a problem.

She smiles at his suggestion of going to town. “Sure. That’d be nice.” She smiles. Kissing his cheek.

“And I will have no arguments. I’m doing the cooking tonight. It’s my turn.” He orders. She knows by now not to argue with that tone of voice. The gleam that passes over his eyes is a truly stubborn one. She acquiesces to his request. Her hands grasp his.

“Whose your conference call with if I might ask?” She seeks.

“Some rich Sheikh from the Arab Emirates. Wants to discuss a possible deal for my commercial architecture team to design one of his new billion dollar hotels.” He smiles cunningly at her.
Evie swallows back her amazement. Focusing instead on how amazing he was. He never failed to be. She kisses his cheek.

“Go and be brilliant. Mr. Ren.” She urges. Cupping his face. “I’ll be out on the patio with a book, and a cup of tea.” She says brightly at him.

He looks warmly at her, kissing her temple, before he strides off for a shower and a suit for his call. Evie watches him go. He was a man of few words. But she’s getting used to his dark looks that said far more than his sociopathic tongue ever did or had.

Kylo loves how she gave him space. The girls he used to know were always clingy and desperate. Getting in his way. Being immature and selfish. Then would get stroppy with him if he snapped at them for getting on his nerves. Truth was, he needed someone like Evie. Someone who, for once, didn’t put her selfishness and needs first. He likes how her caring touches shine through.

She didn’t coddle. Or smother him. She’s just gently letting herself into his home. And his life. She didn’t push. He loved that she didn’t push him. Everyone else seemed to push him then be surprised at his biting back, after they usually nudged him too far.

He’s comfortable with her, he realises - as he steps in his gigantic steam shower - that their rhythm is getting comfortable. And whilst that thought had filled him with horror in the past. As he’s rubbing his luxury Frédéric Malle soap over his tattooed pecs and lathering it between his hands, just knowing she’s pottering around his kitchen getting used to the place, gives him a sense of... gladness?

That’s what is. He diagnoses it, as he lathers up his dark tresses with Aqua di Parma. Letting the sharp hot water beat off his shoulders as he washes it off. Smiling lightly to himself as he thinks about what suit he’ll wear. And smiling all the more when he thought about his kitten just downstairs. Feeling cosy in his house.

After his shower is done with, long hair pasted back, sleek like black silk on his head; he wraps a big white towel around his hips, and pads for his dressing room. Getting into his bedroom, he sees he disturbs her.

Fucks sake. Now she’s making the bed. Their bed.

He lingers in the doorway for a long second. Drinking in the delectable view of that round little ass
in her pyjamas. His smirk tugs and he’s damn sure his blood rushes immediately southwards. He looks at the back of her pale thighs. And tries not to think how they look with his spend leaking down them. Cause his brain remarks dirtily how he’s had her in that bent over position a fair few times-

It was one of his favourite positions after all.

His big wide body behind her as he slams into her quivering cunt. Reminding him how he can pound the life out of her. Her torso looked impossibly tiny before him when he does her from behind. Fucking her like an animal. Bending her over the bed. His strong inked hands clamped to her hips.

He makes himself known. Sidling past and pinching her ass as he goes. She squeaks a little, blushing, moving to the side to watch him shoot her a hungry look. Seductive and darkly scanning up and down her body. He assessed her like she was the tastiest morsel he could gobble up. That look of his always sent chills of delight sparking through her. Made her feel ridiculously feminine, and got her flushing pink and flustered.

She smoothed out wrinkles in his pristine sheets. Watching him with a glowing smile, and eyes, as he treads to his closet. Noise of his feet lost on the thick rugs.

He settles for his deep black Canali three piece. Minus the waistcoat, with a clean bright white Burberry dress shirt. He opted for gleaming black Derby’s on his feet - even though they wouldn’t be seen. And his vintage rolex sat chunky and silver on his wrist. A pat of cologne on his cheeks and his wardrobe turns him into a debonair, darkly dashing man.

He was more than easy on the eyes, dressed up sharp in his work of art suit. One of the finest pieces of Italian tailoring ever known to man. He brushes his somewhat dry yet damp tresses back on his head. It’s drying in inky disarray around his ears. He watches his reflection in the mirror as he fixes his white cuffs.

There was no acting the confident part in his job. He was confident. And he’d blown obscene amounts of money after he got out of Prison - all on his wardrobe.

He hired one of the best stylists in the world. Bought them off as a personal dressing and style assistant. He emptied his wardrobe - threw it away. And gave his dresser a million dollar bonus to get his wardrobe up to current fashion. Had everything tailored to his, somewhat unique frame. Custom shoes, shirts, suits. He liked his expensive handmade touches.
He lived in, and on, his luxurious handmade touches.

He’d sent his dresser off to Milan last week to get in his new Fall wardrobe that would be just on the edge of the designers clothing rails. About to come into play. Kylo sent him there to snatch up the latest styles and brands. Told him to courier it all back when he’s done. He was expecting over coats, thick wool suits, and ridiculously, seemingly endless amount of priceless cashmere jumpers by the tonne. It didn’t hurt to keep up to date with the times, after all. It was a fucking welcome break from a starchy, itchy orange onesie.

He had to keep up appearances. What with being a newly instated CEO, he wanted to dress the part. He always had.

Now he knows when he walks in boardrooms to broker deals, meet with shareholders, or simply to meet business associates, he now knows with surety that he’ll be one of the best dressed men in the room. He’d look the part. He was the part. He was one of the best. He’d earned that right.

When he thought back to what his childhood had been, oppressed by an alcoholic abusively-vile dad, largely ignored by a workaholic-weak mom, he can remember angrily feeling like he’d never amount to a thing, some days. His parents were almost always on the dirt poor side of things. Debt collectors and their landlord on the doormat each month, demanding payment. His dad drank away the money their mom earned. Drank away his own paltry wage packet too.

His old man being a steel worker wasn’t exactly bringing in huge bucks. And it did install in his already embittered parent, a useless, skewed, assertive sense of masculine pride and macho. He wanted his boys to take after him. Wanted them down the factory clocking in every day, 9 to 5, to fritter away their lives, like he had and like his old man had done before him, welding and joining, and doing ‘proper’ man’s work. Scrounging his life away on some piss-poor miserable occupation at the mercy of some foreman.

Kylo’s creative foray into drawing, and architecture had never been on the cards.

Nor was Ben’s aptitude towards business and marketing.

They were both bright boys. Far brighter and more academically gifted and driven, than their father could ever grasp. He wanted them in blue collar jobs, sweating and pouring blood-sweat-and-tears into their work. When he realised they weren’t continuing his proud working class hero legacy - he was sure to make his nasty opinion and abhorrence well known.
Kylo’s thought through enough times of the memory. He buttons his suit and casts away the returning recollections of his bitter old man.

He wanted Kylo to slave away under the mercy of some boss? Kylo smirks. He was the boss.

He made millions, he was dirty filthy rich, and his job was thriving. A rising star. His dad had always laughed at him, kicked him down, hurt him, beat him into submission and literally spat at him and his ambitions.

How many nights had Kylo been trodden in the dirt by his father - there were too many to count. He’d been left covered in stinging gashes, bruised, broken, spitting and coughing up blood for days afterward. He’d had his dad hunched over him hissing poison into his ear, yanked up by his collar. Jameson’s whisky fumes. Blood. Gritty broken glass stinging his palms. A shattered jaw. That’s what his dad figured of his alternative career path.

Whose laughing now dad? He thinks at he tips the start of a curling smirk at his reflection. He’s got more wads of cash in his wallet right now than his dad ever saw in his whole squalid little lifetime.

When push came to shove, Kylo and Ben’s bright efforts got them their college scholarships at sixteen, they were gone from the hell-hole that all other normal, far luckier, kids got to refer to as their home. Their mom ran away too after they went to college. Left their dad to his debts and his drink. He ended up living in a shitty trailer park, flat broke. Drinking and smoking a hole in his gut and lungs with reds and whiskey.

And he deserved every second of it. Kylo never saw his pathetic excuse for parents again. Doesn’t even know if they’re alive or dead. Doesn’t care. Slept easier for it too.

He steps away from the mirror. Heading downstairs. When he comes to the door of the stairs, he peers around and sees his Kitten was on the terrace. Book to hand. Tea too. She was relaxed into one of his patio chairs. Lost in a book, scribbling in a notebook - most likely for work. He smiles and saunters away to his office, knowing she was content. That settles him somehow. He went into his office at ten to nine. Plenty of time before his call to his associates in the Middle East.

And it all goes smoothly. Sheikh Qadir was more than happy with his terms and ideas. A thoroughly modern architect for a thoroughly modern man. He graciously accepts the job for his team. Promising to personally oversee the plans before they hand-delivered them to him in Abu Dhabi. Maybe Kylo can snatch away his Kitten for that tropical getaway after all?
The Sheikh was even so generous as to offer Kylo the first night in the top class suite when it was done. Free of charge. The suite that would usually cost $80,000 per night. Kylo liked the UAE’s Middle Eastern look, nodding towards the future. Lap of luxury too. He would be competing to design a hotel among many pioneering greats already there. He relished the challenge. He also knows that his Arabic associates had money pouring out their ears. A million dollars was nothing to them. It was to them what a hundred dollars was to normal people. Mere mortals.

Kylo ends the call and emails to give his head designers the good news. With Dominick’s backing, and projects and now the millions rolling in from the Middle East, they’re going to be turning over profits in a heartbeat. That’s a pleasant thought.

He buries himself in work for a couple more hours. Shrugging off his jacket he only put on for the Skype call, he drapes it over his chair and makes more calls that he needs too. Going over a few un-ironed projects for his residential team. He’s overseeing a lot, just to be sure his colleagues keep standards at his high skilled level. They had a reputation to uphold after all.

A couple hours later, and he’s pining for Evie, and a change of scenery. He wants to nuzzle into that neck of hers he loves. Wants to kiss her. Feel her close by. He kept looking back to the couch she sat in behind him yesterday.

He calls off of work around noon. Stepping out his office, heading for his garden and maybe for another cup of coffee. He eagerly spies the spot where she’s sat earlier - to find it’s empty. And she wasn’t in the house either. He strides for the kitchen and out the huge glass door onto the patio. He scans the pool and the gardens and sure enough - he finds her relatively quickly.

She was gardening. *Cause of course she was.*

On her knees, in scruffy indigo jeans, muddy sneakers and a grey tee, in the dirt, rearranging his perfectly landscaped plant beds. He arches a brow. Somewhat amused at finding her in this position. He was learning she wasn’t good at being still - *Unless* she’s had too much wine. She liked being busy. Liked things keeping her hands and mind occupied. Her green fingers itching to come to life where there was an unattended garden to be had.

She was under shade of his big oak tree. He grabs another mug of his coffee, and strides out to join her.

She’s tending to a particularly sad looking fern when he pipes up. Dark voice breaking across the sunny garden.
“You know I have a highly paid gardener who comes three times a week?” He asks her.

She smiles up at him. Still on her knees. Hands moulded around the roots of a Calluna shrub. She was patting soul around it into the earth.

“Well. Your gardener may be the best. But your landscaper should’ve thought about the shadows from those trees not giving these plants the sun they need. Ferns like damp shade. But lavender needs sandy soil and sunlight.” She points out.

That’s when Kylo notices it. She’s shifted the whole plant bed around. All the plants that had been on the left, were now on the right. And vice versa. She must’ve been out here a while doing this.

“I noticed them when I was sat having my tea. I thought it’d be a shame to let them not grow to their best. Especially now autumns on the way.” She adds.

He could see how happy she was. He suddenly didn’t care about the six figures he paid his landscaper to make this flawless garden. He didn’t care about his garden. Or the plants in it. He just wanted a view to look at. He’d pay someone else to do it for him.

The thought that she put effort into making his garden a nicer place to be. To look at. It made him smile into his damn coffee.

“I’m just about done here...” She tells him meekly. He grins down at her. Watching her sinking her hands down into the soil again. She was in dirt up to her wrists.

“Good. Cause I’m taking you shopping.” He beams darkly down at her.

Her face was a perplexed picture. “Shopping?” She asks.

“Shopping.” He confirms.

“Go wash the dirt off those hands, get that ass in one of your pretty sundresses kitten. You got ten
minutes.” He beams. Moving confidently back across the lawn.

She blinks after him. Then snaps into action. She brushes off her knees and scampers off to change and put a bit of makeup on.

And within exactly nine minutes, they both clamber in the Aston and it roars out his sleek gravel drive and they’re off to his high class end of town. The sun skips merrily off the Aston’s roof. Kylo likes how her hair flutters in the sort-of-summery breeze from her open window.

“So. Why the sudden interest in taking me shopping? If I might press the question.” Evie smiles at him as they step up into the poshly paved mall square.

“You deserve pretty things. That’s my agenda.” He grins.

The shops here were all well beyond her budget. Prada. Bvlgari. Balenciaga. And D&G. All the designer shops sat in a gleaming marble row. Impeccably situated in the Italian themed paved square. Set with circular fountains. Festoon lights hung bowed above the street. The place hums with activity. Laughter. Chatter. And every big tree is twined with sparkling lights that twinkle when they catch the sun. The whole place seemed to be glittering and bright.

It was opposite an orderly row of posh restaurants. Bistros. Gourmet kitchens and fantastic seafood restaurants. The waiters within all wore ties with button ups and cloth aprons. The small neat tables had candles or flowers, or both, and proper linen napkins folded by the cutlery. All tables are shrouded in pristine white cloth. The smell of divine cooking food lingers in the air as she and Kylo walk along, hand in hand. Strolling along the pristine pavements.

Evie’s eyes linger over the shops. She was inherently intimidated by the big emblazoned letters enshrining the designer stores they were walking past. Names she’s only seen on the pages in glossy fashion magazines. Names she could only gawp and admire at. Imagining how obscene some things cost. She was a level-headed girl. Designer handbags and shoes were a foreign fancy to her. She could think of better things to spend $800 dollars on, than one handbag or one dress.

Her mother had been a firm believer in doing something good. Something worthwhile. Something that would last for millennia. She worked tirelessly for a charity organisation that funded underprivileged kids and orphans. She’d worked for various charities throughout her life - ones that could’ve done a hell of a lot of good with $800. That could buy a community garden for an inner city school. Fund a volunteers soup kitchen for the homeless. Help organise a yard sale for proceeds towards a run down public convenience - like a library or a school.
It’s madness to her that someone could spend three figures worth on something as ineffectual as fashion or an accessory.

She gets lost off in her thoughts as they come past the sleek sparse white marble and glass window of Prada. Only two models in each window that flanked the gleaming door. Both mannequins wearing a crazy fusion of patterns Evie never would’ve considered went together in the same outfit.

It all looked so pristine. So unsoiled. A great glittering shop with its edifice held up the world famous brand of luxury fashion. Evie’s eyes wander to the contents inside the shop. She can see a tiled floor in black and white diamond. Glass shelves with precisely folded jumpers and clothes suspended neatly on hangers. Waiting to be touched. Admired. Worn and flaunted. She bet it smelled great in there too. The air infused rich with decadent candy-like perfume. Curling out the door to tempt in passers by.

She snatched her attention to the next shop. Unaware a pair of omnipotent dark eyes are watching her. He’s still in his flawlessly crisp suit and shirt from earlier. His vintage Rolex glints silver on his wrist where sunlight glimmers off it. His arm swinging with hers as they walk. His other hand strains forward his pocket where it’s safely tucked. He’s watching her gaze linger on the window of the store next door to Prada.

He flickers a glance up at the store. Big silver letters on the marble white above the door. Gilda & Pearl, London. And he sees why her glance is stuck there. In the simply white window, there’s a row of tailors dummies, trussed up in fancy silky pyjamas. Flowery and cute. There’s a fluffy hemmed, babydoll type kimono that looks vintage and flirty. Her gaze would be stuck, he guesses, on the button up and shorts set. Ivory white and blue jasmine flowers dotted all over.

Kylo brings them slowly to a stop by the window as Evie looks. She turns to him when he stops. Seeking as to why. Her cute little face searching his.

He nods towards the window with a tilt of his head. His hair, in this light it glimmered silver off the sun. Tresses shifting in the breeze. “Something catch your eye?” He asks with the start of a smirk.

“I just- thought those pyjamas were cute. Is all.” She smiles meekly.

He doesn’t budge. Rather he twines her fingers tighter with his- and tugs her towards the double door entrance. Vanilla and Jasmine perfume beckoning them in from its fragranced entryway. Sugar and spice and all things nice.
She hesitates. Digging her heels in. Feeling trepidation at the prospect of going into the designer store. Her mouth gapes a little. Kylo’s frown scrunched at her nervousness.

“What’s the matter?” He drawls. Tucking her closer.

“I’m not exactly sure I can even afford anything in there... not even one of their paper bags,” She frets. And also she felt so inferior going into a polished posh shop like that.

She felt beneath it. Cheap. She didn’t want to garner sharp up-and-down bitchy glances from shop assistants who knew she didn’t belong in there. Like that scene in pretty woman. Evie remarks stupidly to herself. They’ll chase her out with piercing eyes and words and snarling insults that there’s nothing for her here.


He holds her hand and takes her through the doors. She fidgets with her dress. Smoothing down the blue skirts. Looking flighty in her simple ballet pumps. Her little satchel bag bouncing on her hip as she walked. Kylo felt like her granite black pillar of strength by her side. She clutches onto that strength.

He takes his time strolling in the store with her. Still clasping her hand. She glances around at all the silky things lining the shelves. Or folded up in fancy French drawers. White marble dominates the inside of the shop too. With touches of baby pink, leafy wallpaper on some of the walls. And enshrining alcoves where silky pjs or naughty loungewear sat proudly displayed. Every item of clothing looks vintage and covered in flowers.

Pluck any piece out this store, and it would look absolutely era perfect on a 1920’s glamour-model.

Kylo watches her. She drops his hand to look at a silk emerald-moss nightshirt. She’d look good in green. He thinks. Her pallor was milk bottle pale. She’d look gorgeous. He sees her admire it. And then baulk very obviously at the price tag.

A friendly shop assistant sways over to them in a pair of ribbon bow-tied heels, and a black body-con dress. A young girl. Friendly sounding too. Chirpy but not annoyingly so. “Hi there.”
Evie and Kylo turn to look. She was young and curvy. Had bronze-caramel skin and a big poofy afro streaked with some blonde shooting through the curly chestnut brown of her hair. The freckles on her nose made her look impishly young. Big silver hoops in her ears jangled when she moved. And she had a front gap toothed smile that looked fashionably pretty. Her name tag read ‘Jasmine.’

“Can I help you folks today at all?” She asks nicely. Hands folded in front of her. Usually Kylo was immensely irritated by shop assistants who hounded him like an annoying fly. But she was cute and she seemed genuinely interested in offering help should they need it.

Kylo grins at her. “Yes you can. I think we’ll be needing one of your changing rooms.” He smiles like the devil. Evie blinks nervously across at him.

“Of course. You guys browse. Let me know if you need any different sizes or colours. I’ll go check on that changing room for you.” She smiles. Leaving them to browse. Off in a cloud of candy-violet perfume that lingers in the space she’d just filled.

Evie gulps. Kylo tilts up her chin.

“I’ve seen your eyes linger on atleast ten different things in here Kitten. You see something you like? Pick it out. Try it on.” He urges.

“But...Kylo, It’s...” she begins. His eyes narrow at her slightly.

“No buts. You liked the thing in the window. Yes?”

She hesitates. But. “Yes.”

She really did like it. It was beautiful and she’s not spoilt herself with new clothes or anything in months. She gives in.

He was an immovable force. It was always easier to give in to an immovable force. Like a hurricane or a storm. Fighting it was a waste of time and energy.

“Then that’s the only thing you need to say. Got it?” He checks with a firm smile.
“Kitten. You deserve it. Let me.” He tersely persuades her.

She nods. A smile starting to crack her lips. She turns around. Bolstered by his courage in her. And actually starts to get down to some shopping. Pretty soon her arms are full. She’s got nightgowns, pyjama sets. And one robe. Until Kylo plucks down another two and gives them to her.

“You’d look damn fucking fine in those.” He whispers sexily. “Stop worrying. I can hear you thinking.” He tells.

She blushes. And her fingers brush the lace trim on a barely blush pink short slip of a nighty that cost more than her rent. And looked like something worn by Zelda Fitzgerald in a past life. Again. Her big bad dark man’s mouth is at her ear. His hand skims her hip lightly. Seductive.

“You’d look fucking fine in that one too.” He growls. Patting her bottom with a “good girl” cooed in her ear when she adds it to her pile of things. Kylo notices she’s still checking tabs as she goes along. Fiddling with her necklace as she goes. Nervous tick.

“And stop checking price tags...” He drawls. He was so bossy. Today and always.

His eyes admiring a smoky ash-grey set of lingerie with off white trim that she’d look divinely hot in. When she stops to look at some cute mule slippers. Kylo collides his hard strong body into her pliant back. Feeling her soft ass press into him through her dress. His big paw finds and skims her hipbone again.

“If you knew how much that Harry Winston pendant you’re fiddling with cost. You wouldn’t give a damn about all this. Drop in the ocean, Kitten.” He sneers hotly at her. Her mouth drops open and she turns to look at him. Shocked.

He nods ahead of them. Fighting the urge to grope at her soft plump ass that was well within his reach. “Get the pink and the ivory. I wanna see you in both.” He demands. Referring to the silky pyjama sets before her. Trimmed with wispy lace. Italian. Hand crafted. With the softest silk on the planet.

He speaks up again when she lingers near a purple patterned sleep playsuit. That was no good for her, in his opinion.
“Remember. Make sure I still get easy access to you. Or I will shred it with my bare hands.” He purrs. Breath tickling her ear.

“Kylo!” She admonishes him with a blush. Squeaking back at him.


Jasmine rejoins them. Unloads Evie’s burdened arms and leads them to the luxurious changing rooms. Thick cream carpets and pink crushed velvet drapes. Big ornate mirrors everywhere.

Jasmine deposits Evie and her array of things in a booth, and flits away for a second. Coming back with a mirror backed tray, laden with two glass tulip shaped flutes of taupe golden champagne. Fizzing and spitting bubbles. Ice cold Louis Roederrer Cristal champagne. Jasmine leaves them with the bottle. Telling them to enjoy. And relaxing Evie’s overwhelmed nerves by giving her a funny anecdote about an old lady who comes in to try things on, purely for the champagne luxury and never to buy a thing.

She leaves them be to try on her things. Telling her to just shout out if she needs a hand. Going off to serve more customers. Kylo’s decadently lounging in an armchair opposite her changing room as she manoeuvres into her silky things behind the curtain. Unknown to her, his dark eyes fixed on a crack in the curtain. Devouring what the mirrors reflection offers to him as she tries things on.

He sees the curve of a hip. The flash of a thigh. He’s suddenly quite glad to be sat down. Drinking Cristal. He admires the gorgeous view. Smiling to himself. He hears clothes rustle and a second later, her hands hook over the curtain and out pops her head.

He nods his head to the side. Telling her to lose the shroud of the curtain. She does so. Letting it fall heavily away and giving him a glimpse of the embroidered blue gown she tried on. His eyes drink her in greedily. Hunger in his pupils. He stands his drink down. Rises. And pads across to her. Not making a sound. Him in all his towering dark suit glory.

He’s reminding himself that he won’t fuck her for the whole promenade of shops to hear them. Cause, holy shit, how he wanted too.

He presses the curtain back and storms in to give her a heated kiss. He pulls back and skims a hair
off her shoulder. She breathlessly enquires;

“So, you like it then?” She blushes. He gives no answer. Save for skimming a thumb down over her silken clad thigh.

“I don’t know if it makes you look more adorable or more fuckable.” He drawls at her. He removes himself back to a respectable distance after kissing her temple. Urging her to carry on. Show him some of her favourites. A thumb stroking her blushing cheek.

Jasmine rejoins them again after giving the happy couple a few minutes of personal space. “How we doing here? Everything fit you alright hun?” She seeks.

“Like a dream.” Evie replies. Hiding slightly behind the curtain. Kylo’s hand slips for his wallet. And he flips out a shiny silver and black card.

“We’ll take it all. Gift wrapped. Two of each item.” He finalises. One set for her to have at his. One for her place. He could hear Evie’s brain screaming in panic from behind the curtain. Jasmine nods heartily and gently accepts his card.

“Fabulous. You two just made my day.” She beams with a wink. Perkily walking off to bag up Evie’s trousseau of pyjamas and naughty silk nightwear.

Kylo turns to her with dark sexy eyes. And a smile that could kill a woman with its virility. “Show me more.” He orders hotly. She disappears behind the curtain and slips on more things to try.

She tries not to faint at the register when Jasmine reads them the total. She stays upright. But Kylo watches her face blanch whiter than pale.

He smirks. Snatching up all her big bags. Thanking their helpful shop assistant. He moves them on to the next store. Bags held in one strong hand. Her sweet little palm curled in his other.

Anything she stares at for more than three seconds. He buys. She ends up with quite a new collection of clothes by the time they go in five more shops. After that many, Evie’s feeling exhausted from changing rooms. Light headed and bubbly from her Cristal earlier. And trying not to fidget so much when Kylo spoils her. By the end of the shopping trip, she’s almost managing to enjoy it.
The money she’ll worry about another time. Knowing full well he’ll growl and instantly dismiss any notion of her paying him back for the things he’s bought.

She thought the image of him laden down with designer shopping bags would soften his hard as nails image. But it doesn’t. He still looks tall, dangerous and impossibly good looking. They come to fewer and fewer shops she has interest in. And Kylo tugs her now into an expensive bar and orders her a glass of pink sparkling wine - she’d said she had a craving for it earlier when they were walking around. And he gets a Rusty Nail cocktail. A whiskey and scotch liquor drink.

They sit at a posh blues bar, her big new wardrobe heaped at their feet. Enjoying a cool drink, on a hot day, in a nice part of the city in a bar that was trendy and old school all in one. They talk again. They’ve talked a lot these last two days. It’s nice. Proper conversation. About work or life. Unhindered by rule or flirting. Sipping drinks and looking like the most typical loved-up couple in the world.

Today - that’s all they were. And it suits them down to the ground. More than they could both ever believe.

Kylo, of course, covers the cheque. Glowering at her as she reached for her purse. He puts down a wad of bills for a healthy tip and says that; “You will never be obligated to pay for anything when you’re with me.” With a firm look. She blushes. And thanks him. Covering his big hand to hold it. Watching how their fingers move to fuse together. His thumb strokes her hand. She tells him how much she’s enjoyed herself today. Makes him smirk as she tells him she’s absolutely not worrying about money - much.

With that, they’re both ready to head off home. To his place. He gathers up her plethora of bags and hand in hand they saunter back to the car. His trunk only just closes with the amount of bags and clothing in it. Thankfully it relents. He climbs into the Aston, making himself comfy in the drivers seat.

They’re ten minutes into the winding drive home. Passing under a leafy glade. When Kylo hears a crinkling sound. Paper being twisted. He glances to the side and sees Evie unwrapping a small cherry pink little taffy sweet.

“It came with the cheque in the bar.” She explains. “Want one?” She offers.

Kylo feels a memory like a punch to his gut. Cherry Taffy.
This small, unassuming, fucking little thing. Sat innocently in her palm. And he feels like he’s choking. Can’t take his eyes off it. Which is dangerous, considering he’s driving.

Evie watches his entire demeanour shift. He re-clutches the steering wheel in a death grip in those crushing tatted hands, and eyes the road. His jaw ticks and clenches together. She shoves the Taffy aside in her purse and gently placed her palm on his knee.

“What’s the matter Kylo? Did I say something or do something wrong? If I did. I’m so-“ She frets weakly. Offering an apology and she’s done nothing.

He blinks and shakes his head for no. “No. No It’s- it’s not you, Kitten.” He says evenly. But his voice sounds laboured. Heavy with thought.

She’s furrowing her brow at him. “What is it?” She asks kindly.

“The Taffy. It’s-“ He swallows. “My Gran used to have a bowl of that stuff at her house. Right in the front door, hallway table as you walk in. Always a china patterned bowl. Always Full of wrapped Taffy. Cherry was her favourite. Me and Ben used to sneak a couple when she wasn’t looking.” He explains. Evie lets every word sink in. He opened up, and she was gladly all ears to listen.

“The last time I ate one of those...” He trails off with a sigh. His right arm twinges. The scar there tinges as he recounts the memory of how he earned it. The big gash bumped up on his skin, raised from wrist, to an inch just shy of his elbow join.

“So odd that I can dredge up an entire day I hoped to forget, merely by the sight of a fucking candy wrapper.” He says in harsh amazement. Evie sits back in her seat. Face all innocent and worried. And he talks. She lets him.

“I was, must’ve been 10 or 11 maybe. I was in Middle School. Just another day. Except I had my first drawing class in Art. We got homework of drawing still life. I chose to do an apple or some shit like that. So I’m sat at the kitchen table after school, drawing, sketching and shading. Ben was at gym class. Mom was working at the Diner as usual. It was just me and dad in the house...” He tells.

Evie didn’t like where this was heading.
“Dad was on nightshifts at the Steel works. He was upstairs. Passed out drunk when I got in. But I made the mistake of closing the front door too loud. And it woke him up.” He explained.

“It was never a good idea to wake up my dad before he wanted.” He mentions gravely. Whilst concentrating on a junction. But still carries on talking as he does.

“I heard him groan from upstairs. Hungover probably. I heard his whiskey bottle clank on the bedroom floor. And then he starts thudding his way downstairs. Moaning about who the fuck woke him up. He stood in the kitchen doorway. And he saw me. With my class sketchbook. Trying to draw this apple for Art class.”

Kylo can recall the revulsion that shuddered across his fathers face as he stood in the doorway. In a stained wife beater. With a three day beard and a red smoke on the go. Trickling fumes from his mouth. He can still feel his gaze of hatred daggered onto his back. His shouts of ‘The fuck are you doing that for?’

“He hated that I was drawing. Loathed it. Probably why he then decided to pin my right arm to the table and put his cigarette out on my skin.” He tells her pithily.

Evie’s eyes fill silver with tears. Her gasp shatters the silence as the car roars mightily along the road.

“He told me that no son of his was gonna be a fucking artist. Yelled in my ear about how if I don’t toughen up the nasty bad world will chew me up and spit me out. Then he heated up a burner, and grabbed a carving knife. Put it in the eye of the stove.”

Evie’s tears fall. She watches him as he talks, unbuttoning his cuff, rolling his suit sleeve down, he shows her the straight scar streaking from his wrist. To near his elbow.

“He seared me with it. Cut deep. Right to the bone. Told me that’s what he’d do if he ever caught me drawing under his roof again.” He explains. Shifting gears quickly. Not looking across at her worried face he knew he’d find.

“That’s despicable.” She ushers weakly. A whisper. Full of her sadness and tears for him.

“That was Dad.” Kylo’s explains like it’s nothing. He was used to it.
Kylo had bled into and all over his sketchbook. Sobbing, He then bandaged his own arm. Raced upstairs and grabbed his backpack, shoved a few essentials in it. Clothes. A toy. Some homework. Before bolting out the house from his dad’s wrath, he ran straight to his mom at the Diner.

She chucked in her shift and took him straight to the hospital for stitches. Told Gran to get Ben from school. Cause Dad was on yet another raging bender against his family. Kylo ended up having to stay the night to treat his numerous cuts and burns.

They tucked him up on a nice clean bed on the kids ward. Tried to force him to eat. But he couldn’t. Not that awful reheated crap they called hospital food. The pain meds soon kicked in and knocked him out.

He was safe - if only for that night. Arm in a sling. Looking so small and helpless in his bed. Tucked away from his abusive father, and the mother who was never bothered to be there to defend him. Questions beyond his ten year old capability needed answering in the morning as to how or why he got that cut. Social workers from Child Services hovering at the door. The nurses and doctors didn’t buy his mom’s version of his catching it on the car door.

When Kylo woke up the next morning. Gran was there. She’d been there ever since well before visiting hour started. Didn’t want him waking up alone. She force fed him Jell-O and ice cream. They did mad lips together to pass the time. And she shelled cherry Taffy’s for them both. He ate so many of them that his tongue turned pink.

That was all that he associated with the tiny little pink sweet she’d offered him.

“Those taffys just.....remind me of my Grandma, and that day. This scar.” He adds succinctly. But his voice was lighter. Softer. More reverent when he spoke about her.

“She was the one person I had who gave a shit about me. Mom was always out. At work. Dad was always lost on drink and hell bent hurting us all for the fun of it.” He explains.

“Then there was Gran. She was so good to me and Ben. She was the one we always went to when dad got too fond of his drink and his fists. Her house was a refuge. She made sure we were fed a hot meal. Made sure our homework was done on time. She was the one who made life bearable for us. Sure as hell didn’t get that at home.” He adds.
Evie laid a gentle hand on the crook of his elbow that was closest to her. Stroking his arm through his suit. Her heart breaking for him. She'd never known her dad. He'd been a flighty figure that came and went like smoke on mirrors. She always thought it was sad she never got to know him. But now she can see there were things much sadder than absent parents. Abusive ones.

People so eaten up with hate, violence and rage, that they can commit such atrocities to their own family. She can’t even begin to understand how it must feel to be beaten senseless by someone whose supposed to do nothing other than love you.

She watches the side profile of his face. He looked impassive. Even though he’s just recounted all that pain to her. His eyes are stormy but his face is clear.

“I’m so sorry Kylo.” She simply doesn’t know what else to say.

He nods. Swallows. The only semblance of indicating that he’s heard her.

“Don’t be sorry Kitten. Look at me now.... that’s where drawing got me. Got me fucking further than his sorry ass ever did.” He turns to glance at her. Squeezing her hand quickly before shifting gears again.

“I make my millions from that. And my old man? He died living in a shitty trailer park. Chain smoking himself to death.” He finalises with a note of pride.

“He hurt you simply for being yourself...” She states in horrified amazement. He catches her wiping away a stray tear.

“I trust you know you can always be yourself with me, Kylo.” She tells him openly.

He swallows and a soft smile invades his mouth. He clutches onto her hand for a moment. His thumb swiping across her knuckles was all that he needed to say. She knows.

It’s a strangely quiet drive home after that. Not awkward silence. Just silent. They listen to some Al Green song on the seventies radio station. Evie silently vows never to eat cherry taffy’s ever again.
When they come back to the house. Kylo being ever the gentleman, unloads her shopping for her. Carries it inside too. She smiles sweetly at him. Taking it upstairs to unpack it all. He goes up too. Changing his suit first into a scarlet henley that he didn’t mind getting dirty. And a pair of soft lounge pants. He kisses her temple and says he’s going down to make a start on dinner.

She calls him perfect. He kisses her slow and deep for that. She strides gently away to his bathroom. He watches her go. He sets about cooking in his kitchen. Not something he did terribly often. He was usually out to eat at five star restaurants with business lunches or deals over coffee. He rarely cooks. But he was proficient enough to have a couple of recipes off-pat that he’s picked up over the years.

Pan fried duck. With pea and mint risotto. He’d picked up that particular dish from a vineyard in France ten years ago. A perennial favourite.

He anticipates Kittens return downstairs as he cooks. Pours them both a glass of red Cabernet. He puts one of his dark and bassy playlists to echo through the kitchen. He likes a bit of noise when he cooked. He’s just dicing greens when she rejoins him. He has to do a double take and set his knife down to admire her sauntering sweetly towards him in her new loungewear.

She’s holding her phone to her ear. Talking animatedly to the person on the other line.

A soft stripy top that hangs off one shoulder. Flowery silky Capri lounge pants on her legs. Ending at her calves. She’s knotted her hair on top of her head and washed her makeup off. When she gets closer he can smell her freshly applied plume of perfume shifting in the air.

He can’t stop looking at her bare shoulder where it peeked out the top. He loves rubbing his unshaven chin on that spot. Feeling his bristly chin scuff her soft skin. He loves that afterwards he just has to duck his head, and her weak hotspot neck is right there for him to kiss.

He’s leaning against the counter with one hip. Watching her smile, laugh down the phone. Such a bright sound that he adores. She perched herself on a bar stool directly opposite. Just to be near him again as he goes about his cooking.

She’s just sitting there. Unaware. Not knowing she’s making his tin chest feel all warm and buttery soft to think she wants to keep him company. Calming him. Relaxing him.

He’ll never tire of this new sensation.
He slides her glass towards her. She mouthed a demure ‘thankyou.’ He winks. She blushes. He resumes his chopping and dicing greens for their tea. Smiling much more now she was in the room.

She’s on the phone for an awfully long while. Talking to someone whose obviously a friend on the other end. Kylo imagines she’s the kind that’s even polite to time-wasting parasitic telemarketers. She probably told them to have a nice day, he thinks with a smile.

He looks up when she’s near the end of the call. She beams as she says goodbye. She sets her phone down and reaches for her wine. Sipping it gladly. Now she’s made him curious.

“Who was that?” He seeks. Intrigued.

“Oh.” She smiles. “A friend from the charity my mum used to work for. I always give a donation in her memory each year. Nothing big. Just a little something manageable. Every cent helps after all. Anyway, every year they throw this huge big black tie gala at the Four Seasons in town. It’s next week. I’ve never been able to afford a ticket, but my friend Erik always phones me up for a chat. He worked with my mum for years. It’s nice to hear from him sometimes.”

Kylo’s ears pricked up. Face turned downwards to his chopping. But his eyes raise to her. “Gala?” He asks.

Evie nods. Sipping her Cabernet. “Yeah. The tickets are ridiculously expensive. I can never afford one. Mum took me once when she helped organise it. I think I was.... about, six. Uh, we didn’t have much money back then. I was heavily enamoured with Cinderella at the time, and mum made me this amazing blue dress out of our old curtains.” She chuckles.

“I love, love, loved that dress. Refused to take it off. I slept in it I think. And she took me along to the gala ball that year in that big golden grand hotel ballroom. And it was, stunning. I was enchanted by it. All the dresses and suits. It was my fairytale for the night.” She explains warmly.

He watches her face glow with the memory.

“You miss going?” He asks.
“I would like to go again… it’s just not in my budget.” She shrugs. Accepting it. At peace with her decision. “It’s really for bankers and high flyers. People with influence, really.”

“But I help them out in other ways I suppose. I do their charity garden days, community safe spaces. Spend all day painting murals on walls in underfunded inner city schools. And I always try to donate to their fundraising children’s day fairs in whatever way I can. Last year I was on the face-painting stall.” She explains.

He smiles over at her. “Your mom sounds sweet, like you.” He tells. Evie beams.

“She was. She had barely anything to give. But she’d have given you her last penny if you needed it. She really would.” She recants sadly.

“Even when she never had a new dress from one summer to the next. She still gave her all to other people who had even less than we did. We had a home. We could put what food we could afford on the table. We all had each other. We were very lucky. I never doubted that.” She smiles in fondness.

“You must miss her.” Kylo sympathises. Reaching over to clutch her hand over the stem of her wineglass.

“Every day.” She answers with a sigh. Kylo can’t even begin to imagine what that’s like. “Food smells good…” She adds. Watching him cook. He smiles and she leaps up to offer help. He tells her firmly to sit her cute ass down. It’s his turn tonight.

They natter, he cooks. They drink more wine. He still cooks without help. And then she sets the table - as he wouldn’t let her help out with anything else. Then they eat. She devours every bite of his glorious risotto and pan fried duck. Not telling him how attractive she found to watch him cooking in his kitchen. It was somehow oddly sexy to her. That big man doing something so domestic for them made her cheeks heat up.

Kylo. Red cheeked from the heat. Hair a little damp on his brow. Dark eyes concentrating as he flips the duck over in his skillet. Big arms flexing. Shirt sleeves pushed up his tattooed forearms. Tea towel slung over one shoulder as he spooned the duck with its juices as it fried, basting it a succulent pink. Evie’s wine went straight to her head as she sat admiring him from opposite the island. Who wouldn’t swoon at this sight?

He has to shoo her away from helping with the dishes. He does it all on his own. She takes their
glasses and banished herself to the open lounge. She clicks on the fire and spreads herself out on her belly on the huge sofa, skimming a few pages of the novel she’s desperate to finish. Tessa Dare this time. A girly trashy historical regency romance that makes her girly heart flutter and beat wildly.

Kylo calls through he’s got a couple of calls to take care of. She smiles over at him. Telling him she’s good for now. After half an hour, she grows bored of her book. She switches on the tv and finds a quiet film to concentrate on.

She nearly flies out her skin when suddenly a big body is at her back. Covering her. A sneaky pair of lush lips kissing that spot on her bare shoulder he’s been eyeing up all night. She shivers and smiles. He kisses from the curve of her shoulder to the crook of her neck. Holding himself up so he wouldn’t crush her. Hips pressing into her ass.

“Wanna watch the movie with me?” She asks. Closing her eyes as he sucks on that delicate patch of skin behind her ear.

“I have a better idea...” He grins lethally. She can feel him smirking into her skin. He bites gently on her shoulder. One big hand smoothing up her spine under her shirt.

Which was how they both ended up in his gigantic bathtub not fifteen minutes later.

Kylo’s arms curled around her as she laid back into his naked chest. Warm, soapy-wet from foamy Dior bubbles. Naked. Hot. And in each other’s arms. Their two glasses of wine stood on the floor beside them. Something late night and sexy pouring through the speaker in his bathroom. The muggy air smelt like Dior.

Evie snuggles down into him behind her. The bath plenty big enough for two. Even with a man of his Titan-like proportions sat in it. Much better than when they’d both crammed into her tiny tub back at her place. He could atleast lay his long legs out in this one.

He’s too irresistible tonight. Earlier with the cooking. And now he was naked and dusted in Dior scented bath bubbles. It’s too much. What next to disarm her? Posing naked on their bed with a red rose caught between his teeth or something.

“Much better than a movie on the couch.” He decides. Husking a smile in her ear. Wet black hair slicked back on his head. Dripping cold down on his shoulders. But he didn’t care. He was currently covering her perky breasts and slippery coral nipples with his hands. Grazing them. Cupping them in
his big slick palms.

She hums in agreement. Wiggling her toes in the warm water.

“This tub felt way too big for just me when you were away in Switzerland.” She tells him with a smile.

He cups her hips. “How does it feel now, Kitten?” He smirks.

She’s giddy with the way he’s tracing patterns on her thighs. “Mmm.” She thinks.

“Just right.” She sighs. Wiggling her ass against him. He chuckled darkly, leans back, resting his head on the lip of the bath. Smiling. Apparently he was always smiling a little now she was around.

His wet fingers drip to the waters silvery surface. Disturbing it to to ripple as he delicately strokes a wet curl back off her sticky cheek. She turns her head and leans back more fully pressed to his chest.

“I had a lovely day today. And yesterday too.” She tells him.

He hums in thought. “That so?” He asks. Though he already knew the answer.

“Almost a shame that I have to work tomorrow.” She pipes up. Bringing his big wet palm up to her lips. Kissing it. Kissing down his wrist too. Kissing the scar behind the story he told her that afternoon.

“That is a shame.” Kylo agrees. Letting the silence envelop them for a minute.

“What are you doing next Friday, Kitten?” He asks suddenly. Kissing her shoulder. Nuzzling. Pressing his nose to her hot damp pulse point there.

“Nothing whatsoever.” She answers back. “Why’s that?”
“Cause I’ve got us two tickets to that Charity black tie Gala.” He says with a smug grin that she feels. And hears.

Water sloshes as she twists around. “You didn’t?” She checks.

“I did.” He flirts back. Mocking her shocked tone.

“Those tickets were $10,000.” She gasps. “Each.”

Kylo’s smiling darkly at her.

“I guess we better find you a dress then. Maybe leave the blue curtains at home this time, Cinders.” He winks at her. Beaming.

“You continue to astound me.” She breathes out lightly.

“Good.” He finalises with that curling smirk.

~

Chapter End Notes

Gimme some thoughts about this chapter folks. (P.S. all your beautiful comments continue to make me go all idiot squirly and happy)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!