The Hunt
by ReyloBrit

Summary

When the most powerful Alpha in the galaxy, Kylo Ren, learns of the existence of a rare Omega on the planet of Jakku, he sets out to hunt her down. But other Alphas have reached the planet before him and the Omega is like none he has ever encountered.

An ABO Canonverse

Notes

I am so lucky to belong to such a supportive family of Thirsties who have helped me get this story right. Thank you to TazWren and Littlemistake for their advice on structure, Dagagada for giving this a read through and MyJediLife for the Beta! You are all such amazing people and writers <3

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

The heat hit Kylo first. After the coolness of space, the warmth that engulfed him as he strode from his ship had sweat drenching his mask and thick robes almost immediately. It felt like stepping into a furnace.

Then came the smell, and he understood why no Alpha would choose to live on this rat’s arse of a planet.

The air was so dry and the wind so strong that the smells were more intense than anything he’d encountered before. There was nothing to disguise the stench of the natives, nothing to dampen the undeniable fact that on this planet with no water, washing was a luxury.

The scents seemed to travel from miles away, and he smiled wryly to himself. This dry air would make it easier to track her down.

He surveyed the scene in front of him. According to his sources, this was the main trading outpost, and hence, most inhabited part of the planet. Scattered in front of him stood a collection of ragged tents, offering scrappy bits of shade to the wretched-looking locals. A large tank filled with stagnant water dominated the north part of the settlement and a rusting metal hulk, the south.

The locals did not lift their heads to look at him or come to welcome him. They continued with their business; scrubbing bits of scrap, bartering for tokens, surveying one another for opportunities. But he smelt their fear, read their thoughts and knew he was keenly observed.

They knew who he was. Every soul in the universe knew who he was. Kylo Ren. The galaxy’s most powerful Alpha. Right hand man to the Supreme Leader.

He scoured the mismatched bunch. He noted some were well fed, more than well fed, and these ones prowled around ordering the others about. The weaker ones were bony, their face’s hollow and their eyes vacant.

His stomach lurched. He wondered what sort of Omega she’d be living on a planet like this. Dirty and starved. Smelling like this planet’s latrine. Hardly an Omega worthy of a man like himself.

But if he was completely honest, he didn’t care. He was intrigued. Intrigued by the tales of this Omega. An Omega who had escaped the clutches of an Alpha and had not allowed herself to be claimed. An Omega like this - he’d never heard of such a tale before.

The sun blazed high in the sky, and he noted the way the scorched earth cracked beneath his boots as he marched towards the metal box. It was the most secure looking place, providing the most protection from the unrelenting battering sand storms for which this place was notorious. He deduced, therefore, that it must belong to the being in charge of this junk yard.

A window, barred and shaded by a canopy, faced out from the container towards the settlement, and within it hunched a large crolute male. The boss. His skin was pale and fell in deep glutinous waves about his blob-like frame. Two deep-set black eyes peered at Kylo from behind a broad, flat nose. Intelligent, calculating eyes. Down his front he wore plates of armour, and on his head a tin hat. This boss clearly feared his own people.

The air about him reeked, and Kylo was thankful for his mask, at least it did something to lessen the stink.
As Kylo approached he sent a knock through the force, rattling the caravan in warning. They could
say what they wanted about Kylo Ren, he had never admired those who took advantage of the
weak.

The two males eyed each other.

“How can I be of service, my lord Alpha?”

“Your name?” Kylo demanded, his voice deepened and mechanized by the modulator in his mask.

“Unkar Plutt. I assure you that everything here is above board,” Plutt hesitated. “Or perhaps this
isn’t an inspection - perhaps you’ve come to source something?” A smirk hovered at his lips.

Kylo curled his hands into fists, resisting the urge to throttle the repulsive being.

It was a source of shame that he, Kylo Ren, had not acquired an Omega when lesser Alphas had.

Yet, it wasn’t that which had compelled him to fly halfway across the galaxy to this waste of a
planet. It was the prospect of a fight; the thrill of a chase. Kylo had fought for everything in his
life, everything worth having, and a charge had careened through his veins at the prospect of
hunting down this Omega and taking her for himself.

“The Omega. You know where she is? Who she is?”

“Yes, one of my scavengers. But she’s not been seen since she was discovered.”

“It was not known that she was an Omega?”

“There are no Alphas on this planet, my lord. She had not presented.”

“Has she left the planet?”

“And how would she do that?” He scoffed.

Kylo scowled at him from under his mask, his eyes turning menacingly darker.

“Can my men be of assistance to you?” Plutt asked, sensing an opportunity. “I see you are alone,
and other Alphas have arrived here in the last few days - also seeking the Omega.”

Yes, he was alone. It was a risk, he knew. If the Resistance learnt of his visit, they could launch an
ambush. And then there were the other Alphas. But coming with an entourage would only draw
attention; alert more Alphas to the existence of this Omega, or his master for that matter. He had
left alone, telling only a couple of his most loyal knights where he intended to go and what he
intended to do.

Kylo stretched out his right arm, and with the force gripped the foul creature by the neck,
squeezing firmly until his eyes bulged and he scrabbled with his hands at his throat. Behind him,
several men rushed forward, but Kylo swept his free arm and they were sent crashing through the
air, landing violently on the ground, where they remained motionless.

“Tell me what you know?” Kylo growled, the blood in his temples thumping.

“And my reward, Alpha?” Plutt spluttered.

“I will spare your life.”
The pin-like eyes narrowed.

“I can tell you the location of her home. That’s as much as I know.” He told Kylo the coordinates, and Kylo determined it was the truth. If Plutt had any more information, he would have tried harder to sell it.

Releasing his hold, he let Plutt crumple to the floor and turned his back on the creature to scan lightly the minds of the other heavies and scavengers. He found nothing of use, but noted the sideways glances they threw towards his ship, and he decided that the safest course of action would be to hide it if he needed to leave it.

He twisted back to Plutt. He wondered whether to threaten him not to reveal his whereabouts - but decided this would only spark his curiosity.

“Give me a large supply of your rations.”

“And water?”

“I have water sources marked on my map.” He watched while Plutt’s minions gathered up his food, and then a thought occurred to him. “Are there others who may have given shelter to her?”

“There is another village, Alpha, yes.”

....

Rey was hungry. The feeling was not unknown to her; most days were spent unsatisfied and unfulfilled. But this kind of hunger she’d experienced only a handful of times - when she’d been too ill or injured to scavenge, or the sandstorms had raged for days forcing the market closed.

She hadn’t had the opportunity to grab her stockpile of saved rations before she’d fled, and as the days passed, the thought of them buried deep within her home became ever more tempting.

The last few days had seen Rey on the constant move. She figured that staying in one place would just allow whoever was on her tail to catch up with her. There was the option to leave the planet, but the only place to obtain a ship was Unkar’s yard - with too many watching eyes, and she most definitely had a price on her head by now. Besides, as much of a dump as it was, this planet was her home. It gave her an advantage - well, of sorts, anyway.

It would be a risk to go back to fetch her rations. She knew there were Alphas out there. She could smell them on the wind, and the villagers who gave her scraps four days ago had warned her of strangers looking for an Omega. So far, she’d avoided crossing their paths.

But two weeks had passed since her presentation had been triggered by the visiting Alpha and her designation as an Omega revealed, surely they’d already searched for her at her home? She hoped very much the longer she stayed out of reach and hidden, the sooner they’d tire of this planet and leave her in peace.

She rested with her back to her speeder, crowded in the little shade it provided, every part of her skin wrapped in cloths protecting her from the sun’s ferocity. Her stomach growled pathetically, no more energy left to protest any harder, and the pain forced her eyes shut and her teeth to clamp.

She had no choice. She’d have to go back.

...
Kylo sat in his ship, relieved to be out of the heat and away from the smells, and input the coordinates for the village and the Omega's home. Her place was closer, and he decided to start there. He doubted there would be any trace of her left, any clue that would lead to her whereabouts, but he was curious to learn more about her.

He skimmed his fighter over the dunes, enjoying the way the sand kicked up behind him in a golden procession, watching the way the black shadows dancing across the ground lengthened as the sun dropped in the sky. He had a few hours before sunset yet.

As he drew closer to his location, he began to spot the great capsized wrecks and hulks of giant ships. Some marooned on their bellies, some flipped with their bottoms skyward, some with gaping wounds to their hulls. All cracked, rotting and stripped bare.

The graveyard of ships. Scars from the battle of Jakku.

His coordinates brought him to stop in front of the cemetery, and for a moment he was forced to catch his breath, before he shook his head and alighted from his fighter.

It was clear she must have made her home in one of the upturned vehicles, the perfect home for a scavenger, he thought.

And then the air shifted and his head snapped instantly to the East.

Her scent. So vivid it hit the back of his nose and exploded in his mind; images of sand, wind and sex firing across his eyes. The strength of it was far more dense than anything he’d ever experienced before. His mouth salivated like a sugar-starved child shown candy.

“Unmated,” he muttered to himself, “you’ve just never smelt an unmated one before.”

He followed the scent, his legs carrying him with speed despite the way the sand sucked at his feet.

But as he drew closer, other scents drew his attention and he halted in his tracks. Alphas. They’d been here already. At her home. He ground his teeth. Inside her shelter; a toppled AT-AT walker. His jaw tensed with rage. The door had been pried from its frame, and belongings were scattered about the sand.

He strode over, crouching on his haunches and turning the possessions over in his gloved hands. There was her smell again, buried beneath that of the Alphas. How many? Four? Maybe five? The scents were of different ages, showing the Alphas had been there at different times over the last few days.

He picked up a couple of torn and yellowing books, an ancient looking pilot’s helmet and some cooking utensils and carried them inside.

The low angle of the sun let orange light slip into the few windows that remained above sand level, but still her home was dark and dingy. As his eyes adjusted to the light, he could discern that her home had been ransacked. Belongings pulled from shelves and flung across the cramped space. A window smashed. Bedding shredded. A worn, colourless doll lay lifeless on the centre of the floor, her guts streaming from her belly and her eyes pulled out.

He cradled it in his hands and, gently with his forefinger, pushed her stuffing back inside. Then, without thinking, he removed his helmet and ran the doll under his nose, breathing deeply. There was the faintness of others but then her, concentrated in this one small toy. It hit him in the gut and he remained frozen for a moment, sweet sensations coursing through his veins. Finally, he huffed out violently, attempting to clear her from his nasal passages, and fixed his mask back in place.
An anger then swam through his body as he surveyed once more the desecration of her things. He vowed to pulverise the scum that had done this to her sanctuary, before starting to clear the mess, sweeping away the glass with his foot, piling the rags into a corner, placing her stuff back onto the counter and the table.

When it was completed, he felt a strange satisfaction, and he puzzled at himself and his actions. He spun around in the tight room and then spotted it hidden in a shadowy corner he’d failed to spy earlier: her little bed. He crept towards it and placed his hand on the hard mattress - the springs easily discernible. He sat and, as he looked to the wall, found strange marks scratched into the metal. Like tallies.

“Counting what, little Omega?” He asked, pulling off a glove and gliding his hand against her scrapings. “Counting what?”

Suddenly, he felt it, a slight disturbance in the force. He rushed to the door. The sun hovered at the horizon, painting the sky a glowing orange, and yet the land was a violent swirl of blackness. A sandstorm. The ground trembled slightly as if in fear of what was fast approaching, and he heard the faintest of rumbles.

He had a choice. Go back to his ship and outrun the storm, or remain here and wait it out. He chose the latter, telling himself that he needed to sleep.

He retrieved the broken door and, going back inside, wedged it against the entrance, sealing himself inside. Then he removed his cloak, his helmet and his boots, and sitting on her stool at the counter ate some rations as he listened to the thundering noise grow ever louder.

Soon darkness enveloped him, and the walker shook as the sands and winds buffeted and battered it from all sides. He crawled to the little bed and lay listening to the great ghosts of ships howling and groaning in the storm.

... Rey waited for nightfall; then set off for her home. Night was never that dark on Jakku, which meant she could find her way over the star-lit dunes with ease, scanning a watchful eye for movement and signs of others.

The graveyard loomed ahead of her in the distance, and her stomach moaned in anticipation before it hit her. A slight whiff on the air, blowing briskly towards her so that she’d swallowed it whole before she’d registered its existence. She cut off the speeder immediately.

Smells had always been evocative to Rey. Things that were powerful and vivid. But since she’d presented, this had changed completely. It was like suddenly waking up to a whole new world, a world that had always been there, invisible before and now clear before her eyes. Now she had a whole new language she could speak. Forming an impression of people, their feelings, their motives, not from their movements, their expressions, their words - but from these secret messages they emitted in their scents, and now she could read them.

The smell coated her tongue and the inside of her mouth and nose, yet it seemed to come from the far distance. The scent was unfamiliar, calling to her of things she had no name and no picture for - of things strong and alive. An image sprung into her mind of the Alpha she’d seen on posters and broadcasts. A tall man, always dressed in black robes, his face masked, a red crackling lightsaber grasped in his gloved hands.

She shook her head, snorted hard, and spat into the sand.
That was silly. You couldn’t recognise someone by their scent when you’d never met them. It was probably because he was the most well known Alpha - that’s all. And yet - she hadn’t formed such a clear image from any of the other Alpha’s scents she’d encountered.

She was just tired and worn out - and the hunger confused her.

She needed to pull herself together and find some food. Without food, she’d have to stop moving - and then they’d find her.

She left her speeder and decided to cover the rest of the distance by foot. It would be quieter that way, and she could hide in the darkness, determine if this new Alpha lay in wait.

It was clear to her that she’d arrived on the heels of a sandstorm, the air smelt molested, a fine layer of dirt covered the decaying ships around her and the ground lay undisturbed by recent feet, wheels or hooves.

Rey crept over the dunes, hugging the shadows of the wrecks, darting from one dark spot to another; her eyes, ears and nose alert.

Soon she could see her home. It halted her in her tracks. Even from here, she saw it had been invaded - and the smell was all wrong, not welcoming, not safe but reeking of Alphas and violence. And strongest of all was that same scent again, so fresh she knew he must be near.

She should turn and run. That’s what her brain screamed at her to do. Turn and get out of there quickly. But her feet and her body did not respond. They answered to something more basal and more primal. That scent.

What was it? Alluring, tempting. Calling to her of something she did not understand. Her body reacting in a way she struggled to control.

This was why she needed to get away? Before…
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you as always to the very lovely MyJediLife for the beta and to all those who left kudos and comments!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Some hours later Kylo awoke in the Scavenger’s home from a fretful, lustful dream, painfully hard and drenched in sweat. Her sweet scent hung all around, as if it were drowning him, choking him of oxygen. He cursed his own stupidity and lumbered through the darkness to the exit, sending the door flying through the air before him. He emerged into the night coughing and spluttering, falling to his knees, desperate for clear air. Above him, the sky shone with a thousand bright stars, so that the sand gleamed white and the ships shone an eerie silver.

He’d been a fool. What was he thinking? Did he want to drive himself into a rut?

He remained on his hands and knees, his eyes screwed tight, willing the feeling between his legs to subside.

And then he saw it: The faintest flash of light. Right on the peripheral of his vision. A shooting star? A ship?

He opened his eyes and turned his head to look, and instantly there was that scent again. He groaned, almost twisting his body away to shield himself from it, but before he did, he saw. In the distance. A dark silhouette against the bright sky.

He could just make out the shape of her. Tall for an Omega, for a woman even. And strong looking.

She stood as still as a statue. Was she watching him? He couldn’t tell.

---------

Six months earlier - Kylo

Kylo was about to better his knight, Kane, for the third time, spinning low and catching him at the ankles, when the trooper arrived to announce that he needed to present immediately to the Supreme Leader.

The message unnerved him. The leader tended to leave Kylo alone during drill practice. His command meant something troubling had occurred, or he was displeased with Kylo for some transgression.

His knight handed Kylo a towel, and he rubbed away the sweat from his face, neck and chest, and quickly dressed in his jacket and mask.

He strode at pace to the leader’s throne room, pausing briefly at the door to straighten his clothes and lift his chin. The doors slid back and he was greeted by the sight of Supreme Leader Snoke.
Snoke was no Alpha - but he had other weapons; dark force energy that made him far more dangerous than any other foe Kylo had encountered. His great power contrasted his weak appearance. The leader’s body seemed frail, and his face was greatly disfigured, one cheek caved and a deep scar penetrating his skull. Yet his eyes were wickedly sharp, and his bony fingers eager to strike. He wore a long robe woven from golden silk, and he sat high on a raised throne, flanked by his guards dressed all in red.

The leader raised his head as Kylo came to kneel before him, and the man he spoke with twisted around. Commander Hux, Kylo’s biggest rival.

If it wasn’t for Hux’s scent clearly announcing his pleasure, Kylo would have known by the way he stood swinging up onto his toes, a smirk prancing on his thin lips and his shoulders flung back. Kylo feared whatever he’d been called for, it would not be good news for him.

“Stand,” Supreme Leader Snoke ordered, and Kylo stood to attention. “Hux has claimed an Omega.” Kylo’s face snapped towards Hux’s, his eyes glaring fiercely. Snoke cackled. “No need to seem so shocked, Kylo. You think you are the most powerful Alpha in the First Order, the one who should claim an Omega? And yet it is Hux here, who comes to tell me of his success.”

Kylo bowed his head stiffly in acknowledgement of the Leader’s words. Hux, although an Alpha, was weak and pathetic, a constant thorn in Kylo’s side. A stickler for the rules, a true and devoted believer, with his polished shiny boots and his slicked back flaming hair. Kylo could not understand how such a man had risen to become his equal in the First Order hierarchy.

If it weren’t for his favour with the Supreme Leader, Kylo would have knocked Hux into the dirt long ago.

Hux turned to smirk at Kylo. “Oh, I think you’ll like her Kylo. She is a daughter of the ambassador from Arkanis, a huge diplomatic advantage for the First Order.” He raised an eyebrow at Kylo, who ground his jaw beneath his mask.

“Is there anything else, my master?” Kylo asked, wanting to be away before he lost his cool.

“The girl and her father, plus a few of their attendants, will be arriving tomorrow, and Hux will be hosting them at a welcoming dinner. I want my high command there - including you, Kylo. These are valuable allies.”

Kylo bowed his head, not trusting words, conscious of the way Hux’s scent spiked with malice. He strode quickly from the throne room and back to his own quarters. As the door closed behind him he ignited his lightsaber, his head swinging from side to side, desperate to find an object on which to vent his anger. When he found nothing, he flung the hilt to the floor and stomped into the fresher, glaring at his masked reflection in the mirror. He gripped at the basin, his fingers crushing into the metal, and then he smashed a fist into the smooth surface of the mirror, the pain against his knuckles striking him right at the back of his teeth, the impact cracking the glass. Frowning at his distorted image, he drew back his fist and thumped the mirror hard, holding his bunched fist firm against the glass and grinding as hard as he could with a growl. Sharp shards tumbled from the wall onto the floor as he withdrew his arm, and he stamped on them with his boot until they were nothing but sparkling elements of dust.

Snoke had forced him to spend time with Omegas before. To him they’d seemed slight, fragile - nothing of particular interest. They’d all spoken softly, rarely raising their eyes, following the signals and instructions of their Alphas. If it wasn’t for their scents, he doubted he would even have
noticed their existence. But their scents, their scents drove him wild with lust. It didn’t matter that they were always mated, even their muted and contained smells were enough to make him hard, and leave him with nothing but his own hands and his own imagination to sooth the painful need. It was why, he supposed, Snoke did it; another form of punishment, another type of test.

This would be far worse though. Made to stand by and watch Hux gloat, required to be polite and restrained. He wasn’t sure he could bear it.

And where had that worm Hux found this Omega? Kylo was certain Hux must have used his own spies and his wealth to acquire her, but how, he was unsure, and Hux would certainly never divulge such valuable information to him. Stranger still, the woman came from a diplomatic family - bringing with her connections and status. All of which Hux clearly enjoyed rubbing into Kylo’s face.

The thought of Hux possessing what he so desperately craved had him crushing his fist into the splintered mirror once more, before gripping the basin in both hands and ripping it from its plumbing and tossing it across the room. He wanted an Omega of his own. An Omega he could drive himself into. An Omega he could bend over, spreading her cheeks and plunging deep within, burying himself in her delicious scent. Losing himself completely.

He tugged open the front of his trousers, pulling himself free and spitting into his gloved hand.

The next day passed as Kylo imagined it would. Several times, he’d had to excuse himself, pleading important business just to stop himself from throttling Hux or slamming the pompous ambassador into a wall.

Hux’s Omega had been pretty, he supposed, and he’d been unable to keep from staring at the fresh teeth marks at the back of the base of her neck - where Hux had so very recently claimed her. But he’d managed to stay away from her, and with his mask, he’d barely caught her scent, and when he had, it had been so heavily mixed with Hux’s that he found it repugnant.

At last he escaped to his chamber, throwing off his cape, helmet and gloves. A droid immediately fussed about him, picking up the discarded items and whisking them away. He sat on the hard back chair and ran his hands through his hair, before rubbing at his eyes.

His whole body ached, and a tiredness overcame him completely so that he flagged in the chair, unable to find the energy to remove his boots.

He wondered why he never felt this way after training, or a fight on the battlefield, when he’d pushed himself to his physical limit, suffered pain, taken lives.

No. It was always this mental exertion that crippled him. The effort of suppressing his emotions, controlling his feelings, not allowing those around him to understand his true thoughts.

Today had been one of those days.

--------

Six months earlier - Rey

As Rey approached the outpost, she could see the large medical vessel parked up and a queue of scavengers waiting to climb inside.

The ship had visited several times before, the last time perhaps two years ago. Owned by the Resistance, it provided medical care to the poor and needy in the outskirts of the galaxy. A way,
Rey supposed, to drum up support for their cause, and Unkar didn’t mind. Healthy scavengers meant more profit.

Looking at the long line, she decided to clean up and trade her finds before visiting the medics in the hope the queue would be shorter.

As she entered the medical ship several hours later, she noticed how worn it all appeared now. She feared the Resistance must be struggling, despite the rumours she’d heard of growing numbers in their ranks. Rey didn’t recognise the medic who showed her to a curtained bay and bid her to lie down. She was young, with jet black hair framing her round face and the sleeves of her overalls rolled up. Her smile seemed kind as she explained to Rey the vaccines she would administer.

“My name is Rose. And yours?”

“Rey.”

“Before I give you those injections, I’d like to examine you - just to check there’s no problems.” She rested her hand on Rey’s forearm. “Let’s see how we go. I may need you to slip some of your clothing off.”

She began by taking Rey’s blood pressure and looking into her eyes and mouth. Then carefully she massaged Rey’s stomach, starting just above her pelvic bone and working her way upwards.

“Have you noticed any lumps in your breasts?”

Rey shook her head.

“And do you bleed regularly - every month?”

Rey looked at her blankly.

“Your cycle?” Rose asked again. “Every month is there blood?”

“No.” Rey answered, confused.

Rose stilled, studying Rey for a moment.

“Have you always lived here, Rey?” She asked.

“Yes, since I was a young girl.”

“Woman should bleed once a month - it’s a sign that they’re healthy and able to carry children.”

Rey blushed.

“You appear underweight to me - that might be the cause. Do you eat regularly?”

Rey averted her gaze. “As often as I can?”

“Rey,” Rose said, leaning closer and resting her hand on her arm again. “You could come with us - join the Resistance. We’d welcome you with open arms, and there is always enough food to eat for everyone.”

Rey shook her head, still staring at the floor. “I can’t leave.”

Rose’s eyes softened. “Why?”
“I’m waiting for... I don’t want to miss them when they come back.”

Rose removed her hand. “Ok, well let’s just check a few other things. Can you sit up for me please, Rey?”

Rey sat up and swung her legs off the side of the bed. Rose stood before her and reached up to gently touch the immunity glands under Rey’s jaw. Her fingers were cool and Rey flinched, muttering an apology, as Rose smiled at her again. Her fingers traveled around Rey’s neck, brushing a tender spot at the back, causing Rey to flinch once more. Rose’s fingers hovered there for a moment - feeling the place.

“Could you just twist round, please, so I can see this?” Rey did as she asked, and Rose examined her back, then lifted each of Rey’s wrists in turn.

Finally, she dragged over a stool and came to sit before Rey so that their eyes were level.

“Rey, did you...” she hesitated, clearly struggling to find the words. “Rey, I think you may be an Omega. Do you know what that is?”

“What?” Rey gasped, her mouth falling open. “I can’t be - I mean, wouldn’t I know if I was?”

“No, not if you’ve never come into contact with an Alpha before - which I guess living out on this planet, you never have.”

“Why would that matter?”

“Omegas don’t present until they come into contact with an Alpha. Until then, their designation will lay dormant - as yours is at the moment. But I can just make out your scent glands in your wrists, and the one on your neck is slightly more observable. This would account for you not having started your cycle yet. Unless you come into contact with an Alpha, it won’t start.”

Rose gazed at Rey and shuffled on her stool.

“Rey, do you know much about Omegas? I mean, I am probably a little biased here, but their lives are somewhat restricted. Controlled by their Alpha, seen mainly as vehicles for child rearing. Then there is the matter of them being so rare—“

“Yes, I know that. I’ve heard the men, the traders, speak of that.” Rey gulped. “I don’t want that.” She peered up at Rose’s concerned face.

“But then again, a good Alpha would provide for you, look after you. Life might be easier.”

“I can look after myself!”

“Well, you’re - what - 19?” Rose asked.

“20 - I think.”

“Most Omegas would have presented by now and been claimed. I think living out here, there’s a fair chance you’ll never meet an Alpha. They’re not that common either, and most seem to acquire positions of power with very little need to ever venture out to places... erm... this far out in the galaxy.” She puffed out her cheeks. “But in case you do meet one, I need to explain to you about heats, and I think we’d better get you fitted with a contraceptive implant. Rey, do you understand about sex? About how a man and a woman come together to make children?”
Rey’s gaze swooped to her feet, swinging in the air.

“A bit. I’ve heard the men talking.” Plus she’d seen stuff, figures grunting and rubbing against each other in dark and hidden corners.

“Let me start from the beginning then.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh my gosh - you have no idea how long I deliberated as to whether to put those flashbacks in italics or not.
If I made the wrong decision, it was only to save your eyes hurt - I am sorry!

A little nod in there to the Tottenham (and England) fans....

You can find me on Twitter and Tumblr - ReyloBrit

And comments and kudos are always very welcome.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Who triggered Rey's presentation and how did Kylo learn of the Omega on Jakku?

Chapter Notes

I'm posting chapter 3 and 4 together so go ahead and read on, read on!

Thanks to the wonderful MyJediLife for the beta and to everyone who left comments and kudos - they are truly encouraging.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rey saw a man, bursting from her doorway, huge and deadly. His shoulders broad, his arms and legs strong, and his dark hair spiralling about his head in the night’s air. His energy swept forcefully towards her, almost knocking her backwards. Even the light appeared to be sucked from the stars and swallowed by his darkness.

He fell to his knees, and she watched mesmerised as he coughed and spluttered into the sand.

It was him. Despite the weak starlight, she could see that clearly. The galaxy’s great Alpha, unmasked and on his knees. A shiver of something unrecognisable slid over her skin, and she knew she could easily submit to it all if she let herself.

Then his head snapped towards her, and instantly she knew what would happen. Was it his scent that warned her, or some other sense she couldn’t explain?

---------

Two weeks earlier - Rey

Rey perched at one of the communal tables at the trading post, carefully and meticulously scrubbing the wires she’d scavenged the day before. While her alert, hazel eyes remained fixed on her work, Rey kept a watch, and ear on all around her. An honour existed among the scavengers, and most could be trusted, but there were some who would steal from you if they could, and Unkar’s men could never be relied upon. Rey had learned to silently observe all around her while seeming to pay no attention. She’d note each visitor, each newcomer, each conversation, each barter.

And so she saw, from the corner of her eye, a black dot appear in the sky, watched as it grew larger and larger, a faint whistling building to a dull hum, and then the outline of a ship became discernible as the air rumbled. The ship circled the trading outpost twice before swooping low and veering across the flat ground to the south, throwing up a wave of sand and dust that blew across on the wind and caused the old woman sat beside Rey to cough and wheeze.
The ship was an old one, clearly patched up and probably here to secure parts. Rey knew exactly what part it required by the way it had tilted to one side as it came in to land.

She wiped the film of filth that had stuck to her skin from her brow, her lips and chin, and rubbed her eyes. The old woman muttered something under her breath that she didn’t catch, and Unkar’s heavies screwed up their eyes to watch the new visitors emerge into the sunlight.

There were five of them. All humans. All dressed in black leathers. Pirates.

They stood blinking in the bright light for several moments before strolling together towards the market, blasters clearly strapped around their thighs or hooked on their hips.

As their steps brought them closer, the fierce wind streamed their scents through the air, announcing their arrival before them. Rey felt a faint tickle at the back of her neck, and she scratched at it absently, barely registering the sensation. The men moved closer, reaching the outskirts of the trading post and stopping to speak with Unkar’s most trusted man. The scent swirled about her stronger now, and she wrinkled her nose in disgust, shifting in her seat and reaching to scratch again at her neck. She jerked her head from side to side trying to abate the growing itch and noticing the tingling feelings in her wrist.

Then she froze. Alpha.

She’d worried since the moment that she’d learned of her designation that this day would come, had almost convinced herself it never would, but now finally it had, and she needed to run.

The Alpha, or Alphas, had yet to catch her scent; the wind blowing in her favour.

She needed to run without drawing their attention.

She eyed the group. Just one Alpha, she thought, the taller, broader man who appeared to dominate the talking, and whose attention was currently captured by Unkar’s men.

Rey slid off her chair, pressing the wires into the hands of the old woman. She’d have no need of them now.

“Here. Have these,” Rey told her in a low voice.

The woman looked at her with milky eyes, confusion and curiosity passing over her face, and Rey gave her a weak smile.

Then she reached for her staff, slinging it over her shoulder and wrapping her scarf about her face. She walked quickly, forcing herself not to run; through the outpost, swerving past the other scavengers under the tents.

She could steal one of the ships in the junkyard. If she was fast enough, she could be off before anyone noticed, but as soon as the thought formed in her mind, she heard a commotion behind her; shouts of ‘Omega’ ringing out.

People peered up from their work, eyes searching for the source of the noise.

She’d have to reach her speeder instead; it was there, just tucked around a corner, buried under sheets. If she got a head start, they wouldn’t catch her. This was her home, her terrain.

She picked up the pace, trotting now, knocking into another scavenger, sending a stack of parts tumbling.
“There! That girl, there!”

She started to sprint. She could hear them behind her, and the smell of something her brain told her was lust and greed filled the air.

“Grab her!” A loud voice ordered, and a fist reached out to snatch her. She brushed it aside, dodging another pair of arms.

She careered around the corner, throwing the covers from her speeder - and then the world fell suddenly dark.

When she awoke to blackness, she was unsure how long she’d been unconscious or where she was. The crown of her head throbbed, but she did not think she’d been harmed or molested. Her clothing appeared untouched, although her staff was missing and her pouch empty.

She strained to listen, desperate to gain a hint of where she was. Gruff male voices travelled between the thin walls, accompanied by their scents, and she knew it was the pirates - and this most likely their ship.

She felt her way in the dark, attempting to discover the door or some other form of exit. As she swivelled, crouched down on her toes, her hands stumbled across something solid and square, a box perhaps. It smelled of adventure and promise, clearly out of place on a ship such as this. Her fingers tripped quickly along the planks of wood until she found the seam of the lid and, to her surprise, it lifted. When her fingers explored the contents, she understood why this trunk had not been locked - junk, just junk - but maybe something in here could help her.

Her hands were like a second pair of eyes, so used was she to scavenging in the dark, and so she carefully handled each object until her palm came upon a cylindrical piece of metal. As her fingers wrapped around it, a sudden jolt shot through her spine, and voices and visions instantly filled her head. Someone called her name, a spaceship collapsed as she raced through it, a man dressed in black wielded a saber.

She dropped the object as if it had burnt her skin and rocked back onto her behind, panting. A lightsaber, that’s what it was.

She’d heard of such weapons, seen pictures of them clutched in the hands of the legendary heroes of old, wielded in long ago fought battles. Such things were not for the likes of her. Yet it seemed to whisper to her from across the dark room.

Rey, it called, and she knew it was her only hope of escape.

Flipping back onto her hands and knees, she patted about in the darkness until she found it again. This time, when she held it firmly in her hands, a feeling of calm spread through her body as she rose to her feet, found the switch and ignited the brilliant blue blade.

Her prison instantly lit up revealing to her an escape route - a narrow vent above her head.

Extinguishing the saber and tucking it into her belt, she shifted the trunk directly beneath the hatch, and climbed on top. Balancing on her toes, she reached up to remove the grated cover and quietly placed it on the floor; all the time listening carefully for anyone headed her way. Then she hooked her fingers into the opening and heaved herself with all her might up into the tiny hole. Despite her slender frame, there was barely enough room, and she wriggled and squeezed, kicking her legs to find the momentum to propel herself upwards. Finally, she slumped face down in the tunnel lying on her stomach with no room to lift her head or rise up onto her hands and knees.
Tucking her arms under her chest, pulling with her fingers and rocking from side to side, she slid slowly along.

Her progress was hot and painstaking, and every moment she feared she’d be discovered, but, finally, she spied the hint of daylight, eventually tumbling from the tunnel into the air and onto the course sand below the belly of the ship.

She wiped at the sweat running down her cheeks and screwed up her eyes against the rapidly sinking sun. Then, certain the coast lay clear, she sprinted with every ounce of energy she possessed across the burning sand to her speeder, leaping aboard, flinging it into top speed and shooting away, heading out towards the desert, knowing that even if the pirates didn’t give chase, Unkar’s gang would. An Omega was far more valuable than any junk that had ever passed through his outpost, and to think she’d been there right under his nose the whole time. She allowed herself a small smile at that thought and then concentrated on finding a place to hide.

--------

Ten days earlier - Kylo

Kylo paced on the bridge of the ship, his heavy boots pounding and his muscular arms swinging. It was the graveyard shift, punishment for something he could not even remember now, and it was dull. Hours and hours passing with nothing of interest to occupy him, his body itching to burn the energy building within him.

His mind wandered desperately, and a part of him wished he had the discipline to meditate like his uncle had once shown him. It would calm his mind, soothe the anxieties and rages swirling within him.

The other officers were reluctant to approach him or engage him in conversation, and the air stank of their fear and nerves. They communicated the necessary pieces of information when they had to, requesting his approval for decisions or seeking his guidance, and so the bridge remained almost silent, just the tap of keys and the odd buzz of an intercom.

He paused, clasping his gloved hands behind his back and stared from beneath his helmet, through the large window out into space. The stars beyond the glass, with their solar systems and planets, seemed as quiet as the room itself. Still, sleeping. Not a comet creeping across the sky nor a ship shooting through space.

His eyes glazed, the stars blurred - and for a second he felt like he was falling.

Then the murmur of voices behind him brought him back to himself. He cocked his ear to listen, and the scent shifted to curiosity.

“Pirates, do you think?” One officer asked another. He’d scooted his chair across to his colleagues desk, listening into her set of headphones. They both sat silent for a moment, and then he pulled the headset from his ears and handed it back.

“Could it be Resistance fighters collecting out there?” The male officer said to the other.

Kylo spun around and caught both flinching in response to his movements.

“What is it?” He snapped, his masked voice travelling across from his position of command.

Both officers sprung to their feet and stood to attention, arms tight to their sides, chins held aloft.
“Chatter on the airwaves, Sir.” The female officer answered. “Something about the planet of Jakku in the western reaches, outer rim.”

“What about Jakku?” He growled, irritated by the vague answer.

The woman’s eyes flicked nervously to her colleague, then back to the ceiling.

“We’re not sure, Sir. It’s been increasing over the last few days.” She swallowed. “It seems something happened on Jakku, and it’s causing more traffic there than usual.” Kylo strode towards her desk to peer at her screen. “Not much, Sir. It just seemed unusual for the region. It’s usually quiet. Only the odd trader flying in and out.”

“Hmmm.” It seemed inconsequential to Kylo, but it gave him something to do. “Let’s hear the interception over the mainframe.”

The woman sunk quickly to her chair and tapped on her keys until the buzzing noise of the broadcast played out over the bridge’s speakers.

“Do you speak this language, Sir? Or do you require me to translate?” The male officer ventured.

“Or course I know it.” Kylo snarled angrily.

The voices were deep and gruff. The language crude and explicit, making the officers blush to the tips of their ears.

The conversation ran in full flow, and it took Kylo some minutes to catch up, to follow the meaning.

They spoke of a girl. A girl on Jakku. One who... he couldn’t catch the meaning of that last word. What did they care about some nobody on a waste land like Jakku? And then he caught the word, and instantly he understood. Omega.

He felt his pulse quicken.

“Turn it off.” He snapped, and the officer quickly flicked a switch plunging the bridge into silence again. “Who knows of this?”

“Nobody but us, Sir.” The rigid officer on his feet answered.

Kylo studied their faces and skimmed their thoughts, carefully removing what he wanted from their memories.

“Return to your stations.” He commanded as he strolled back to his position, his mind racing.

Chapter End Notes

If you've read to the end and there is no Chapter 4 there and waiting, then you are a faster reader than I am poster - just give me a mo!

I'm ReyloBrit on Twitter and Tumblr - come find me.

And I love love love comments and kudos so feel free to leave your thoughts.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The Alpha, Kylo, and the Omega, Rey, come face to face.

Chapter Notes

I’ve posted chapters 3 and 4 together so if you landed straight here on chapter 4 you may want to skip back a chapter!

Again thank you MyJediLife for the beta <3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kylo threw his hand straight out in front of him, reaching for her through the force, hoping to snare her. But she sensed his movement in time, diving to her side, rolling on the sand and springing back up onto her feet and dashing speedily across the dunes, light and nimble. He scrabbled up and began to give chase. He hadn’t her skill, though, and his feet sank heavily into the sand, dragging at his legs, slowing him down.

Angrily, he flung out his hand again, and this time caught her with the edge of a blast on her shoulder that sent her falling onto her knees. He was next to her, his lightsaber ignited at her throat before she had a chance to clamber to her feet.

“Stand up, Omega,” he ordered, fascinated by the way her shoulders rose and fell rapidly as she caught her breath. She remained on her knees. “Stand.” He lowered his blade closer to her throat. Slowly, she lifted one leg, placing her foot on the sand, then shifted her weight to lift her other, but then spun suddenly, a lightsaber springing to life in her hands. He jumped back, narrowly missing the swipe at his knees as she jumped to her feet.

“Where did you find that lightsaber?” He growled. “Hand it over, it’s mine.”

“No.” She cried, and her voice stunned him, loud and clear with an anger unsuited to an Omega. He twirled his saber in a circle by his side, twisting it easily in his hands.

“Do you know who I am, girl?”

“Yes.” She spat, swiping at him and forcing him to block a volley of blows. He stepped back. The wind whipped up around them, hurling sand at their faces, rushing against their skin, buffeting their limbs.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” She furrowed her brow and bared her teeth. Despite the fear and rage her scent portrayed, she was still the most delicious thing he had ever smelt - and the assault on his senses disorientated him. Gripping her hilt with both hands, she swung her saber behind her head, then crashed it down upon him. He blocked her - and the angry wind seemed to propel them apart -
but she rushed at him again and again, powerful in her drive and agile on her feet, until he lost his footing in the sand and tumbled onto his back. In a moment she was upon him, straddling his waist, now her saber at his throat, his own weapon lost as he’d fallen.

“Leave me alone.” She told him. “I am not yours to own - you monster.”

He looked up at her in awe, her furious eyes glistening in the moonlight, her plump lips pouting with rage, and his hands came up in surrender. Her shoulders relaxed just a fraction as her nostrils flared and her eyes raked over his face, his shoulders and his torso.

The whirling wind seemed to calm to a whisper, and he smelt a shift in her scent as her eyelids fluttered. She shifted her weight, her hips rocking ever so slightly, her crotch grazing him barely perceptively. Her eyes fell shut and she rocked again, grinding herself against him. Instantly, he hardened beneath her, but he didn’t dare move, transfixed by the look of bliss on her beautiful face and the way she moved above him; terrified to rouse her. She continued to rub along his shaft, a sigh escaping her parted lips as her chin tilted upwards.

Carefully, he reached up to rest his palms on her thighs. They felt supple beneath his hands, not hard like his own; strong, but with a give that meant as he squeezed her ever so gently his fingers sunk into her flesh. Little sighs escaped her lips now, and he wasn’t sure he had ever heard anything so tender, so welcoming. He lifted his head to watch her more closely, observing the swell of her breasts and the curve of her waist and her hips. Her movements quickened and a groan rushed from his mouth before he’d had the chance to smother it.

Her eyes snapped open and a look of horror flew over her face. She scrambled backwards, scuttling away from him.

“You’re going into heat. I can smell it. You know what that means. You need an Alpha.”

“I don’t need anyone.” She called out, wildly, jumping to her feet, her lightsaber gripped in both hands. “Leave me alone.”

Then she turned and darted away as he lumbered to his feet, his erection impeding his progress.

Rey could hear him scrambling behind her, and his heavy footfall as he gave chase. She didn’t look back. The head start gave her the advantage she needed, and she was confident he couldn’t catch her.

She climbed atop her speeder and hurtled through the maze of broken ships until slamming to a halt at the ragged mouth of a long ago destroyed Star Destroyer. The surface of this ship had been stripped and searched many, many years ago, but there was still the odd treasure to be found deep within its belly. You just had to be brave, prepared to scale its steep cliff walls, risking a fall that would kill you.

Rey knew this wreck well. It had provided her with many a meal - and now it would provide her with shelter. She dragged the speeder inside the hull and hid it as best she could. Then she began the long climb down in the almost near blackness, feeling for each foot hold and hand grasp as she descended. No Alpha would risk this, and in the depths of the ship there was a warren of ancient compartments she could lose herself within, secure herself behind a locked door.

Her stomach stung with hunger - the pain like nothing she’d felt before.
The girl was lost to him in the swirl of dust she left in her wake as she motored away.

Kylo spun around and dashed back towards his ship. If he was quick, he could get up in the air, and with his heat sensor he could find her in the dark. He skidded across the sand and leapt up into the cockpit, jamming the controls and firing up the ship. Heading in the direction she’d fled, he skated across the sky, but soon, he realised it was futile, like searching for a certain pebble on a stoney beach. The graveyard of ships provided too much shelter, too many places to hide, and he’d lost too much time getting back to his ship, not practised running on the sand like she was.

He hung in the night’s sky regardless, circling the wrecks, watching the sun creep back up at the horizon, putting off the inevitable. He’d left his mask, his boots and his cloak back at her lair. He couldn’t do without them. He would have to go back for them.

The thought caused a sense of dread to pass over him. It had been seducing enough the first time with her thick scent coating the air, but now... now he’d seen her, felt the weight of her upon him, he wasn’t sure he could bear it.

This wasn’t how he’d expected events to go.

Chapter End Notes

I know I keep saying it, but I really do appreciate comments so please leave me any thoughts.

You can find me on Twitter and Tumblr - and check out some of my other fics if you fancy it.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Be warned: this is where this fic begins to earn its E rating.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now Kylo had smelt her up close, the scent in her walker was less imposing, a poor imitation of the real thing. And yet his body still reacted to it, his blood racing and his senses alive.

He looked at her home with fresh eyes. Imagining her curled up in the little bed and perched at the counter preparing her food. He wondered what life must be like for a young scavenger scrabbling about for scrap. A hard life, he suspected, fraught with danger and little joy or comfort. He’d seen with his own eyes the scum occupying this planet and knew with certainty a young woman, Omega or not, would need to be alert constantly to unwanted attention and advances, not to mention the threat of thieves and scammers.

The Omega clearly had no family, no friends, nobody to care for her, to protect her, to defend her. He could be that person. He felt it strongly standing in the wreck of her home. Where once he had craved ownership, now he felt a compulsion to look after her; although it seemed this was not what she wanted. She was no damsel in need of rescue; anything but.

Kylo emerged from the Walker with his cloak, mask and boots, and threw them to the ground, before slumping onto the soft sand in the cool shade of her home. The image of her face kept playing in his mind and the way pleasure had danced across her features; a pleasure his scent and his body had elicited. No one had ever looked at him like that. The looks he was given were always ones of fear, disgust or anger.

The thought of her made his cock throb so hard the pain forced him to hiss. He had to relieve the pressure, and then he needed to formulate a plan.

When he’d set out on this mission, he expected to find and claim the Omega easily. He thought he’d only need to spend a little time away from his duties and his master. Naively, he imagined he wouldn’t even be missed. But clearly the hunt would take longer, he saw that, and yet nothing would force him to quit this quest.

Kylo wanted this woman like nothing he’d ever wanted before. The intense longing stunned him. This was more he knew than Alpha urges. He’d never met anyone like her. Determined, reckless, beautiful - and he’d sensed more; a dazzling light, a strength in the force - of which, he suspected, she had no awareness. And he realised that he had not even learnt her name.

He unbuttoned his fly and his stiff cock sprang out as if begging for release. He curled his hand around his hardened shaft and then paused.

In his fantasies, the Omega had always been a faceless creature, whimpering and begging for mercy as he bent her double and took his pleasure, hard and fast, barely touching her. Now, a different scenario played out in his imagination. One of soft skin, and slow pleasure, of his Omega running her hands over his body and pressing her lips to each part of him, of taking him inside her secret places, of rocking on him as she had done, those intoxicating noises escaping her lips and her
face dissolving in ecstasy.

Kylo snapped off his gloves and held himself with his bare hand. He hadn’t touched himself like that, flesh on flesh, for such a long time. It felt intimate - as he imagined it would be with the Omega.

He glided his hand gently down to his pelvis then back to the end of his shaft, twisting his whole hand over the sensitive head and shuddering at how good it felt. A bead of liquid oozed from his tip and he smeared it along himself, the wetness allowing his hand to slip easily over his hardness. Lightly, with a care he never usually showed himself, he ran backwards and forwards over his length. Then, as the sensation grew, he closed his eyes, replaying his encounter with her, as he continued to tenderly rub himself, almost believing his hand was hers.

When he came it seemed to last forever, building across his whole body and then crashing through him and sweeping away anything but the glorious feeling. It took several moments for his mind to return to the present. For him to realise that he was hunched over in some hot, revolting planet with his dick out, acting like some lovesick teen.

He clamoured to his feet, whipping himself away and scrabbling about for something on which to wipe his hands. He spied a rag near the entrance to her shelter, one he’d failed to gather away earlier, and cleaned his hands of his spend. Then he tossed away the dirtied cloth but the wind grasped it up. The rag fluttered on the strong current like a bird on the breeze, rising higher and higher, then hovered above his head until the swift wind whisked it away.

He watched it fly through the graveyard until he lost sight of it, and then went to dress himself properly, before returning to his ship, determined to find a way forward. He needed to get a grip. He needed to find the Omega and force her to his home. If he spent too long out here, his master would learn of it and then he would pay a bitter price.

As he stumped across the parched earth, he felt more conflicted than ever. Torn between his master, his duty, his reputation, and these new and strange emotions.

....

Rey had struggled to sleep, curled up on a hard bunk deep within the ship. She told herself it was the pain of the hunger, as well as a new unfamiliar ache that throbbed between her legs and the constant itch of the gland at the back of her neck.

But really it was her mind that kept her from sleeping and thoughts of the Alpha. His actions confused her. Although he’d been aggressive and commanding at first, she had sensed a shift, and his soft, bewildered eyes told her a different story.

Then they’d been the feel of him between her thighs, hard and strong, and the tender grip of his hands on her skin. She hadn’t been touched like that for as long as she could remember. It was a touch that promised care, protection and something else - something that deepened the ache within her.

By what she knew was sunrise, exhaustion had overtaken her completely. Her skin burned and yet she shivered and her teeth rattled. Suddenly fear gripped her. It was an emotion that she rarely entertained. What use was it? But for the first time since her presentation, she worried that this might be the end, that she might die alone here; never discovered, never missed.
Rey shook herself and wiped the sweat from her scolding brow and neck. She was not prepared to die that way. If this was the end, she would die fighting. She would die living.

With what little strength she possessed, she began a sluggish climb out of the wreck, determined it would not be her coffin.

As she dragged herself over the cliff edge an hour later, the stark daylight forced her eyes to well and she staggered as she pulled herself to her feet. She lumbered to the opening of the hull and rested against it, desperately trying to form a plan in her befuddled brain.

Food, she needed food.

An uninvited thought crept into her mind. Alpha will provide for you. Alpha will find food.

She laughed bitterly. As dire as her situation presented, as wretched as her body seemed, she was not that far gone to relent to that.

She stood catching her breath, watching the wind whip the sand and wondering whether a storm brew. The wind often blew waste across the Jakku landscape, occasionally delivering a treasure, and it seemed today it had something for her. The object skirted high in the sky, swirling and twisting closer and closer towards her, bringing with it a now familiar scent. She inhaled deeply, allowed the strong smell to course through her, appearing to calm her shaking body. As it drifted into the entrance of her shelter, she reached out and snatched it from the breeze. It was an old rag that she recognised from her home but a pungent and sticky substance smeread its surface.

She cradled it in both her hands and lifted it to her face, where again she took a deep breath in, the scent causing her skin to tingle and a dampness to pool between her thighs.

The ache there deepened too and she had a sudden urge to touch herself, believing it might eliminate the need.

Tucking the cloth into her belt, she turned back to the cliff edge, her stride a little surer now, and climbed down one level, not having the strength to descend further. She borrowed through the corridor finding a room, stripped and bare, with a door she could close. It wasn’t as safe as her hideout deep within the ship but it provided a level of cover, enough that she hoped she wouldn’t be found.

The feeling of desperation built within her again and she tugged the cloth from her belt and smothered her face in it. The hunger seared her stomach and the tacky substance smelt good enough to eat. She dipped her tongue cautiously into it, and a salty taste hit her senses. She scooped some into her mouth where it dissolved in her saliva and the pain in her core melted into a gratifying throb.

Frantically, she kicked away her boots and pulled off her trousers and undergarments. She’d never touched herself in her intimate place before, only to wash and clean, occasionally hitting a place that had felt pleasurable but never exploring further.

She hesitated. Her left hand still clutched the cloth to her cheek and her right crept between her legs.

The skin there felt hot and swollen and her fingers scooted over wet flesh. Her legs shook as she stroked along the seam of her lips, and then parted the engorged skin and plunged her fingers inside herself. A deep sigh flew from her mouth at the instant relief she felt to be filled but quickly it was not enough. She drew her fingers out and squealed, falling to her knees and lying on her back.
to find a deeper angle this time. She slid her fingers back inside and skin rubbing skin felt both satisfying and frustrating all at once. She repeated the action, each time pumping a little harder until soon she fingered herself furiously, her walls clenching and tightening around her sopping hand.

She thought of the Alpha, of his strong hands and long fingers, of the promise of that hardness between his muscular thighs. As she squirmed ever more desperate, the tension in her building, she smeared the cloth over her face and the bare skin of her neck and chest, losing herself in his masculine scent. Her hand brushed over the sensitive nub at the apex of her lips and she cried out as a glorious bolt of electricity shot through her body. She used the heel of her hand to rub at it as her fingers continued to work inside her and suddenly her tension broke in a flood of ecstasy that washed from her very centre to the tips of her fingers and toes, her body bucking and flinching with every fresh rush of pleasure.

When the feeling subsided, she lay panting on the floor, the pain and fever gone.

The Alpha was right. She was going into heat. The medic had said this might happen, that her first heat could be triggered soon after her presentation. This momentary reprieve would not long last, soon the heat would overtake her completely.

She had a short window of opportunity. Rey was going to find food and no Alpha would stop her.

Chapter End Notes

I learnt today that americans don't use the word 'smelt' - it's just us brits, so apologies if that confused anyone. The same applies to learnt and learned ;-)
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Kylo and Rey find themselves surprised by each other's actions.

Chapter Notes

Warning of violence in this chapter - it's at the start if you want to skip.

Thank you so much to everyone who has left such encouraging comments and kudos. I am truly grateful - reading them makes my day!

Kylo knew to find the Omega he would have to track her scent. The graveyard of ships provided too numerous places to hide and shelter. Only her smell would reveal her whereabouts. What he would do when he found her, he did not know.

Reluctantly, he left his ship hidden behind one of the large hulks and set out on foot, meandering among the wreckage, sniffing the air like a bloodhound.

In later years, when he thought back to the next few moments, he would concede that he had been unusually distracted. Unaware of his surroundings, and the warning the force signalled. Too consumed by thoughts of his Omega.

And so the ambush took him completely by surprise; unprepared for the assault by a gang of Alphas who pounced from the shadows to attack him. They were armed with blasters and the first few shots narrowly missed Kylo’s head, before, almost instantly, he sprang to defend himself, his lightsaber blazing into life. He roared with rage as he deflected, dodged and froze their blasts.

But he was vastly outnumbered.

He’d heard tales of this as a young boy. Of weaker Alphas banding together to remove or slaughter a more powerful Alpha threat or leader. Once they’d dealt with him, they’d battle it out to see who would claim the Omega. Or worse, share her among themselves.

Fury erupted from him with that thought, and he swiped viciously at the volley of shots, gaining ground on a couple of the men. They charged at him together, armed with electrified clubs, while the others continued to fire on him. The two Alphas worked in tandem, coming from either side and synchronising their blows, forcing him to spin and swerve.

One caught him on the shoulder and Kylo hissed at the surge of pain but did not break from his defence. Instead, he hit back with violent force, driving his saber into one man’s chest so that he collapsed lifeless to the ground, and then lunging suddenly at the other, disarming him in a skilful swoop before searing his guts.

He span to face the others, counting four, and sent another battery of fire hurtling back towards the
Alphas, striking one directly in the face.

Three.

Snarling, his eyes dark as thunder and flashing with murder, he sprinted towards the men, engaging all three in combat. Twisting and turning his body, thrusting and driving with his saber, and punching and thumping with his free hand.

One sandy haired man got a lucky hold around his neck and another darker skinned one took the opportunity to rush at him, but he grasped the arm that gripped him and launched his legs up into the air, kicking at the man to his front. Then, he tweaked around and thumbed the halt of his weapon down hard on the fair Alpha’s neck, snapping it in half.

Two.

Kylo surged on top of the darker man, crashing his saber against his mace again and again. This Alpha was larger than the rest and more skilled and, despite Kylo’s onslaught, he found his feet. Then, without warning the final attacker was there too, taking him by surprise and punching Kylo in the gut with such force the wind was knocked from his lungs and he gasped for breath. As he struggled for oxygen, he managed to dispense of the larger man with a frantic swipe but the other towered above him, his weapon hurtling towards the crown of Kylo’s head.

Time slowed. Kylo closed his eyes. Winced in anticipation of the blow.

Then a bright light flashed before his eyelids. And no pain followed.

When he opened his eyes, he saw the final man toppling backwards, a blue blade lodged into his skull.

He snapped his head and there she was. His Omega. Her arm and her shoulder flung forward by the force of her throw. He whipped his head back in time to see the last of the attackers slump to the ground, dead like the others.

“You!” He called as he turned back to face her, removing his helmet and running his gloved hand through his sweat dampened locks. “You... saved me.”

Her shoulders rose and fell rapidly. Her chin lifting as she met his gaze. Her eyes burned with fever and her body quaked.

He clambered to his feet and took an uncertain step towards her, his lightsaber still ready in his hand.

As she watched him, her pupils rolled back into her eye sockets and she crumpled into a heap.

Sheafing his lightsaber in his belt, and calling for the other with the force, he dashed to her and gathered her up in his arms.

She moaned as he held her but her eyes remained shut. Her scent signalled a fast approaching heat and yet the aroma of her was weaker than before. Was she sick? Her skin looked pale as snow and all colour had left her lips. Hunger, he thought.

“Omega - when did you eat last?” He asked, stroking back the stray strands of hair from her face and feeling how hot her skin scorched even through his gloves. The answer she gave was incomprehensible and quickly he lifted her, cradling her to his chest, and hurried back to his ship. When he arrived, he placed her gently in a shady spot and swiftly he ruffled through his supplies.
finding a flask of water and a packet of sugary crystals. He ripped it open, swearing as some spilt onto the sand, and sprinted back to her. He tugged off his glove with his teeth and licked the end of his forefinger, then dipped it into the powder, the substance sticking to his skin. Carefully, he propped her up and ran his finger along the inside of her bottom lip. Her mouth felt dry and so he poured a little water from the flask between her lips wetting them, before rubbing the sugar onto her gum a second, third and fourth time.

Eventually, a pink dusting spread across her cheeks and the rosy colour returned to her lips. Heavily her eyelids lifted and she gazed up at him with glassy eyes.

He felt his heart leap in his chest and he wasn’t sure that he’d ever looked upon anything so beautiful.

....

Rey’s vision swam blurry but still she knew who knelt over her, his strong scent signalling his concern.

When she spoke, her voice croaked. “Food...please...Alpha.”

“Water first,” he replied, passing her the flask. She lifted the bottle to her mouth but his hand blocked her. “Sip it, don’t gulp.” She nodded and he removed his hand, then watched her as she did as he said.

Slowly, her vision began to focus and his outline and features became sharp against the bright sun. She could see he took deliberately shallow breaths as if to prevent himself from smelling her.

A few beats passed and he shook his head as if remembering something and rose to his feet, walking swiftly to his ship and disappearing inside.

If she wanted to leave, to escape, this was her chance. But Rey remained seated. And she knew it wasn’t the hunger that kept her there because her pulse quickened when he emerged moments later, jumping from the open cockpit.

He carried several identical looking foods in his hands and he came to kneel next to her again.

“These rolls have protein and carbohydrates inside. They will give you strength.” He handed them over and she snatched them greedily, stuffing one immediately into her waiting mouth. “Stop!” He commanded, his voice deep, and gravelly. She froze instinctively. “You must eat it slowly, Omega, or you will make yourself vomit.” She nodded and nibbled at the soft doughy substance, her eyes falling shut as she savoured the savoury taste and the satisfying sensation of her stomach filling. “When was the last time you ate?”

She opened her eyes.

“I don’t...five, six days ago maybe.” She noted the way his mouth tensed at her answer and tilted her head in puzzlement. “What happened?” She asked, a sudden thought striking her so that she reached up to touch the gland at the back of her neck. He frowned at her action, understanding what it inferred.

“You passed out...after killing the Alpha who was about to kill me.” His brow creased and his jaw flexed and relaxed as if he were considering whether to say more. “I think your blood sugar levels were very low.”

She peered up at him. “But you didn’t bite me?”
“No.” Did he look ashamed? He stood and paced away and then back towards her, his scent spiking in a way she found difficult to read. “I wanted to.”

She nodded and smiled at him. “I’m grateful to you...for not...and for the food.”

“As I am to you for saving my life.” A smile flickered on his lips in response to hers, and she had a sense this man rarely smiled.

“You came here to claim me though?” She took a tiny bite of the second roll and peered up at him through her long eyelashes.

She could feel her strength returning and with it her body began to react to his overwhelming scent. The ache in her belly built once more and strange shivers skirted up and down her skin. “You think it right that one person should own another? Like a slave.”

He shifted on his feet and stared at the ground.

“It has always been that way between Alphas and Omegas.”

She snorted. “Just because things have always been that way, does not make them right.”

“You are not like any Omega I have ever met,” he muttered, almost to himself.

“You have met others. Why haven’t you claimed them?”

“They were already mated.” She considered this as she finished up the second roll and started to chew the third.

She gazed up at him again and observed how his teeth ground, his fists balled and his body tensed. He was fighting his urges, and she felt it too.

Rey had never really looked at a man before, not in the way she looked at him in that moment. Usually, she observed them for their intentions, considering whether they would be a help or a hindrance. Now her eyes roamed his body and his face, admiring his strength, the smoothness of his skin, his plush lips, dark eyes and thick hair. The Alpha was a handsome man, more handsome than any she’d encountered before, and her body reacted to her fierce attraction, wetness flooding from within her and creating a new aroma in the air between them.

The Alpha’s nostrils flared and his eyes flashed. He took a step towards her.

“You’re going into heat. I told you before.”

“Yes,” she conceded, as she played with the remains of the last roll in her lap, trying to hang on to her senses as the want of her body consumed her. “I’ll take you back to my quarters. I’ll look after you Omega.”

“No!” She scrambled to her feet, backing away from him. “I’m not leaving here.”

“Why! This place, it’s...” he wrinkled his nose in disgust.

“I can’t leave.”

“You can with me.”

There was no point in trying to explain. “There isn’t time.” She said, meeting his eyes and finding them burning with desire. She swallowed. “Alpha.”
He stepped forward in response to the name so that he towered right before her. “Omega.”

The feelings were taking over her now. She shivered as he said the word and bit down hard on her lip.

“I know a safe place we can go.” Her voice quivered as she spoke. “There could be other Alphas - it’s not safe.”

He hesitated, then slowly, his arm shaking, he lifted his hand and traced down her cheek with the back of his fingers. “I will protect you.” She closed her eyes against the contact of his skin on hers, his fingers were calloused and yet his touch tender.

“Please, I can’t leave,” she whispered. He growled in frustration and the animalistic noise and the spiral of his scent caused every thing between her legs to throb and ache. “Supplies,” she forced herself to mutter, and he snapped away his hand and stomped back to his ship.

A new voice, one that did not seem to be hers and yet was, murmured inside her head. Alpha is displeased, it worried, You have angered your Alpha. She brought her fists to the sides of her skull, squeezing, trying to quieten the monologue but with no success. You have made him wait. You must give yourself to him. She withdrew her hands and wrapped her arms around herself as she continued to shake.

The sun sank low in the sky and it would not be long before it fell below the horizon and plunged the planet into darkness. The wind whined quieter than it had done earlier and the light faded gradually. The stilling elements seemed in strong contrast to the storming passion that hurtled within her body, raging to break through her skin.

She tried to focus, to plan what needed to be done to secure their safety, but it was futile - every one of her thoughts consumed by the longing to touch herself again, to touch him.

Soon, he returned, a sack slung over his shoulders. “Omega, let’s go.” He held out his hand to her and she took it willingly.

His large warm hand encased hers completely and his grip was powerful, as if now he had her, he would not let her go. She led him swiftly through the maze of ships, her fever returning. “Quickly Alpha,” she begged. And they began to run, her clammy hand still held by his.

Finally, they reached the mouth of the Star Destroyer and they stopped, both panting, their scents spiking and Rey’s trousers soaked with sweat and her wetness.

“Where now?” He swung his head about desperately.

“Down.”

His eyes widened.

“What?!?”

Words fuddled in her mind and she struggled to pin them down.

“We climb down.”

She didn’t wait for his response. Jerking her hand free, she dropped over the edge and started to climb. Looking up, she saw him hesitate above her and then follow her down. It would be safest to descend all the way but she had no will power left and so she stopped at the first level, leading him
back to the room she’d found earlier; shutting and bolting the door behind them.
As the door shut behind him, Kylo felt as if he were being dragged deep within a black hole. There was no light, he could see only darkness, yet the smell of the Omega overwhelmed him, her scent peeping and diving, swirling in the air like a creature alive, encapsulating and captivating him.

Then there was her light in the force; brilliant, bright and blinding.

“Omega! I can’t see you,” he growled.

“I’m here.” He felt her hand hit his shoulder, and he grabbed at it greedily, clasping it tightly in his own and pulling her close against his body.

Without missing a beat, she curled her fingers around his fist and gripped him in return, then led his hand to the waist of her trousers, forcing it under the material, down over course curls and between her legs. The flesh there was warm and wet, and he growled louder.

With her fingers she guided him, showing exactly where she needed him.

It was not how he imagined a woman to be in her most intimate place. There were the curls, layers of fat fleshy lips, a hardened little nib and then, sweetest of all, she showed him her tight entrance right at the centre of her. She hissed as he dipped a finger inside, feeling the infinite softness of her walls and the way she gripped and held him.

A thrill shook his body as he imagined how it would be to plunge himself within her. He needed desperately to make it happen. He could wait no longer.

“Your lightsaber?” The Omega whispered, her voice hoarse and deepened.

“What?” He knew his tone betrayed his annoyance, but any self control that remained was
vanishing swiftly at the feel of her on his skin and the scent of her on his tongue.

“I need to see you,” she moaned.

Yes, she was right. He removed his hand reluctantly and stepped back, then scrambled to free his saber from his belt.

“Alpha!” She whimpered, her desperation clear in her voice and her scent.

With a flick of his thumb, he ignited the weapon and threw it to the ground, where it crackled and sizzled, revealing the Omega’s face bathed in a fiery red, her pupils dancing with flickering scarlet.

She moaned as light lit his face and revealed his outline to her, and an animalistic pride pricked him.

The room was large but bare, a stripped bed and a desk the only surviving furniture. The electronics had been yanked from the walls, and even the lights overhead were missing.

“Alpha. Please, it hurts.” Tears pooled in her eyes and spilled down her cheeks.

“I’ve never done this before.” Suddenly, he felt inadequate, unworthy. He must help his Omega, satisfy her, but what if he failed? What if he couldn’t remove the pain or bring her comfort?

Her feverish eyes widened in surprise.

“You haven’t?”

“My master would not allow it.”

“Your master? The Supreme Leader?” He nodded, shame flushing his face and an anger starting to build in his gut. “I...I haven’t either.” She met his gaze, fearless and unafraid, her light radiating from her like a star. Instantly, the dark feelings faded.

Her knees buckled then, as they had done before. This time he caught her with the force, freezing her in place. He felt certain she possessed the strength to fight his hold if she chose, but she did not, instead her eyes swam feverishly in their sockets as she followed his movement towards her.

He stopped. Inhaled her deeply. His eyes roamed her body hungrily. The scent of her captured him, and he leaned forward, chasing it to its origin at the back of her neck. Her eyes fell shut as his stubbled chin brushed the gland there. He inhaled her again, his cock harder than ever and wetness beading at his tip. He let his teeth drag over the paper thin skin, and she cried out. The sound was enough to nearly drive him to sink his jaw through her flesh, but he swallowed hard, willing the urge away, and instead pressed his lips to the hot gland before tasting it with his mouth.

Kylo closed his own eyes, savouring her flavour, his tongue swirling about. She tasted like sunshine itself, like light and dark all at once, like a new beginning.

And something tight inside him snapped, any restraint gone in an instant. His rut was upon him.

Straightening, his hands found the neckline of her top and, in one violent swipe, he ripped the material in half, exposing her breasts. She remained frozen by his force hold, though her chest rose and fell, and colour rushed across her cheeks, neck and collarbone.

He could smell her slick. She’d be so wet and ready for him, and he had to see.

His hands tore at the material around her waist, pelvis and legs, until she stood completely bare
except for her boots.

Not since he was a child had Kylo seen a real woman naked in the flesh. He saw how different she was from him, how soft her body was, how she dipped and curved. The swell of her breasts, the dusty pink of her nipples, the dark curls at the point between her legs.

“Alpha,” she whispered, and his eyes flicked responsively back to hers. “I want to see you too.” He swallowed, his mouth and throat feeling suddenly dry. He began to unbutton his cloak. “No. Please let me.”

Releasing his grip on her, her body slumped and he held out his hand, helping her to stand, her little hand so warm in his. She reached up on her tiptoes and, her fingers trembling, unclasped the buttons so that his cloak fell away. Then her fingers meandered down his chest, releasing each hook as she did, exposing his flesh. It felt strangely intimate. Though droids had dressed him in the past, and medics had pulled off his clothes to access a wound, they’d never touched him with such attention. And it felt strangely pleasurable. Gone was his usual repulsion, revulsion, when touched by another being. From her he did not recoil, and he could feel her hot gaze analysing every part of him.

“Enough,” he commanded, whisking off his shirt and tugging her roughly towards him. She slid her hands over his chest and rubbed herself against him, pressing her hips into his. “The bed,” he grunted, and manoeuvred her backward, mirroring her every step so that their bodies never parted, then pushed her onto the mattress. She scooted along, kicking off her boots and lying down flat, her hair billowing out around her head and her breasts falling into her chest. He had a strong desire to touch and taste every part of her - but a greater need, both his and hers, could not wait.

He scrambled to remove his pants and his undergarments, and a gasp escaped her and her eyes widened at her first glimpse of him.

“I never knew a man could be so beautiful,” she murmured. He blushed. He’d never been called that before.

Then he knelt one knee on the bed opening her legs. Slick streamed from her, dampening the mattress. He’d seen pictures and moving images, he knew in theory what to do and how to position himself, yet now as he gazed down upon her, he wondered how it could possibly work. But then she bucked her hips and whimpered and any rational thought left him. Resting down on his forearms, their faces were so close, the closest they’d ever been, and he felt her breath flutter against his lips, and observed the splattering of freckles across the bridge of her nose and her long dark lashes fanned above her hazel eyes.

Despite the need to bury himself deep inside her, he could not resist the urge to press his lips against her tender ones. To his surprise, she responded, brushing her lips over his, her tongue tasting him.

He moaned into her mouth and pushed his hips down, plunging through her seam and finding her entrance.

“Yes,” she gasped, her eyes rolling back into their sockets as he dove further, sliding easily.

And instantly he knew why men killed for this. As he withdrew and plunged as deep inside her as he could, her walls parting to receive him; he knew he could never let her go.

....
The Alpha thrust into her again and again, panting and grunting, and almost immediately the tight pain within her dissolved and her tension shattered in wave after wave of pleasure, gratification soaring through her. She knew he watched her intently and usually she’d feel uneasy to be so closely observed, especially as her body writhed and squirmed under him, driven wild by the way he made her feel. But his face betrayed no disgust, only passion, and with every sigh or moan she uttered, he seemed to rut into her even harder.

And then she felt hot liquid flood within her. The Alpha groaned, his arms giving way slightly.

“Are you ok?” She asked, concerned.

A low guttural sound purred from his throat and then she felt him expand inside her, stretching her and locking them together.

He gazed down at her. “I’m not done yet, Omega.”

“No,” she pleaded, wrapping her legs around him. “Don’t stop.”

He rotated his hips, finding a new angle and teasing at her sensitive nub, and she could feel the wildness building in her again.

“I never knew it would feel this good,” he confessed, almost to himself, before he drove into her.

She could feel how strong he was from the power in his thighs and his body, and the intensity with which he worked her. The feelings smashed through her again and she screamed as pure bliss lit every nerve in her body.

Her pleasure seemed to ignite his own and he grunted and shuddered, his face relaxing in a way she hadn’t seen before, like all his worries and pain had momentarily left him. He collapsed on top of her, his heavy body pressing her deep into the mattress. It didn’t bother her, somehow it felt comforting, safe even.

“I can’t move.” He told her. “We’re locked together.”

“I don’t want you to go.” She said the words in a whisper, almost afraid to admit them to herself or to him.

He lifted back up onto his arms so that he could peer into her eyes. He appeared to struggle to find the words to answer her and so she filled the silence for him, grinding beneath him, another feeling of ecstasy quickly climbing and then shattering, and once again he matched her, more hot spend filling her belly.

When they were done, he rolled over, pulling her close and taking her with him, so that she lay on his broad chest, her legs falling either side of his waist, and his knot still holding her.

She snuggled into his warm skin, let the smell of him and the rise and fall of her ribs rock her gently to sleep. The last thing she remembered before unconsciousness consumed her, were his hands spreading his large woollen cloak over their entwined bodies.

….

Kylo awoke with the Omega still lying across his body, her hair spread about her, tickling his chin and hiding her face. His cloak had slipped revealing to him the sweep of her spine, curving towards the rise of her rump.
As he’d slept, he’d softened and slipped from her, and he felt a strange sadness at this realisation. He knew he could roll her from him, and go to relieve himself and quench his thirst but the sweet rustle of her breath and the temptation to stroke her velvety skin was too great.

He trailed a finger lightly over each of the delicate bones protruding at the centre of her back, following them down to the two little dents at the base of her spine. Then he drifted his finger tips back up to her neck, exploring her gland and the way it thrummed beneath his touch.

She murmured, shifting slightly, her eyelids flickering as if she were dreaming. He wondered what she saw as she slept. Why she had seemed so determined to stay here on this planet. Was it the fear of being claimed, of losing her liberty? Or did something else bind her to this place? He could enter her mind and see for himself, and yet he knew this would endanger their fragile truce.

His hand ventured lower again, beneath his cloak, and he traced the curvature of her cheeks backward and forward, hardening as he did so, knowing what lay between the crease.

As if responding to his body, the woman stirred. Her eyes opened and she blinked several times as her thoughts returned. She lifted her head and found his gaze.

“You’re awake.”

“Yes.” His hands continued to stroke her and, appearing to register the sensation, she hummed and lowered her head back to his chest. “How do you feel, Omega?”

“Better.” She considered. “But it won’t last.”

“No.” He’d heard heats could last for three, sometimes even four or five days. He should have insisted they return to his base. A tightness grew in his chest at the thought of his master and this absence for which he had not obtained approval.

“What’s wrong?” She asked, her scent spiking in concern and her body tensing.

He hushed her with the low guttural growl of his throat and she relaxed back into him.

“I don’t know your name,” he muttered, looking for a way to divert the conversation. She rose up onto her forearms to look at his face.

“Rey.”

His hand found her gland again and he tickled at it, so that she closed her eyes and rested her chin on her hands.

“Rey - is that your only name?”

Her eyes remained shut. “The only one I know.”

He let his head fall back and he stared at the ceiling. “Rey of Jakku.”

She snorted. “That sounds very grand, very special.”

“Rey of Jakku - you are special.”

“You think that because you want it to be true.”

“It is true. I sense it in you.”
“No. I may be ignorant of many things. But I see how it is with Alphas. They think an Omega is a prize, to be placed on a shelf for others to admire.”

“No,” he said firmly, his eyes finding hers and a deep frown scarring his brow. “Maybe that’s what the others think, maybe that’s how I used to think - but now-”

“You know nothing about me.”

"But I do. I see the force within you. Your power. Your light and your darkness. I know you feel it too.”

....

Rey froze, her mind whirring with all the fretful feelings and turbulent thoughts she’d buried and concealed. Yes, she felt it. Yes, she knew it - had done from the moment she’d held that lightsaber in her hands.

Rey pushed at the Alpha, trying to roll herself away from his piercing gaze.

“So that’s it! You want me for that!”

He sighed and stared back up at the ceiling.

That little voice entered her ear again.

You have displeased your Alpha.

Had she?

“You haven’t asked me my name.” He muttered, pouting.

She couldn’t help but laugh at the sight of the great Alpha sulking and at the ridiculous nature of his statement.

“But I already know it, Kylo Ren.”

“It was not always my name.”

“Oh?”

“I was once Ben Solo.”

“Ben.” She rolled the name around her mouth, smiling.

He ventured a peek at her, and his steely look melted as his eyes traveled her face and found no malice.

They lay in silence, his hand still lazily petting her.

Her mind wandered. Lying here with him, it was hard to believe he was capable of the things they said he had done. His touch felt so tender, not cruel, not violent. But she knew he was. How could she lie with such a man? And yet she knew when the time came, leaving him would be hard, not just physically, but emotionally too. Already she felt strangely bonded to him.

It would pass, she told herself, once her heat had finished.
The reprieve did not last for long. Soon the Omega, Rey, moaned and purred, rubbing herself against him, pleading for him to take her.

It was more than he could bear!

He flipped her onto all fours and took her from behind, gripping her at the waist. This way he seemed to penetrate even more deeply and the cheeks of her rump wobbled with each of his thrusts.

When his knot inflated, he rolled them onto their sides so that he lay along her back and continued to drive into her until she was a sodden, sleepy mess.

She lay against him, his arm wrapped under her shoulder, drowsy and satisfied, and his hands explored her front side. Finding her breasts, he twizzled her hardened nipples between his thumb and finger, blushing at the thought that he wished to place it in his mouth and suck at it, nibble it even. Instead, he felt a compulsion to flick it hard with his nail and she shivered.

He stilled. “I hurt you.”

“No, it felt… it felt… please do it again.”

He worried at her breast, until she began to lose control once more. Hardening in response to the wetness that gushed from her, he guided her hips in circles, forcing his shaft to work at the spot inside her that seemed to control her pleasure.

His hand dipped lower, fascinated to touch her there again, and as his fingers skated over the solid little nub, her spine arched and body tensed.

It was like the switch on his lightsaber, he thought, as he hit it another time and her body reacted instantaneously as if a spark had been ignited.

“There are so many places to touch you to give you pleasure,” he said in wonderment as he continued to flick her.

She rocked her head from side to side, tears streaming down her cheeks and then he felt that now familiar clench around him, as bliss blew across her face.

Foolishly, he did not know it could be like this for a woman. The other men had only ever talked about their own needs and never about making a woman come undone like this. It filled his heart with something warm, something he recognised, something he’d experienced long ago and since forgotten.

“Ben,” she muttered, and that name on her lips felt both thrilling and terrifying.

The first time it happened, she’d twisted her head to search out his face. They’d peered deep into each other’s eyes, neither flinching or hiding from the piercing gaze of the other. And when they’d come together, reaching their peak in synchronicity, neither had looked away, both had held each other in their eyes.

When it had passed, they both lay panting and stunned.
Then, noting the Alpha had not knotted her, she hurried away from him, scuttling across the bed and leaping to her feet.

Slowly, he rose to sitting, his long legs dangling off the side of the bed.

“What happened?” She glared at him, jabbing her finger in the air as she had done her saber. “What did you do?”

“It’s the force.” He said it calmly, quietly.

“What did you do?” She growled.

“I...I entered your mind.” He added hastily, “it was not deliberate.” The scowl on her face deepened and he met her frown with his own. “You crossed into my mind too - I felt it.”

She hesitated. “Yes. I saw. I saw what you’ve done.”

His eyes roamed her face.

“You have that look, from before, when you called me a monster.”

“You are a monster,” she spat.

His features hardened, his eyes darkened. “Yes, I am.” But then something flickered in his eyes, something like horror.

She’d seen that too, in his mind, felt it inside him. His disgust, his self loathing. Despite herself, she felt her anger and her resolve crumble.

“I disgust you,” he growled, “You won’t let me claim you.”

“No!”

His hand balled into the mattress. “I saw who you’re waiting for, why you won’t leave. Your parents.” He slammed his fist down hard. “They’re never coming back.”

“They are.”

“They are not and you...you know it, Omega.”

She looked away. Her own anger rising to meet his, her shoulders lifting and falling with her rapid breaths.

What had he seen in her mind?

“It’s not true,” she hissed.

“It is - tell me, Omega.”

She flinched, but instinctively her mind reached for the memory. “They were drunks.” She said as if in a trance and at the realisation of her own words, tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Filthy drunks who threw you away like garbage. They’re dead, they’re never coming back.” He looked off into the distance, the red light of his saber flickered across his face. “And yet here I am - wanting you. Willing to offer you protection, to provide for you and our child.”
“There will be no child,” she snarled.

He laughed bitterly. “Little Omega, I’ve pumped you full of me. There will be a child.”

“No!” And she thrust out her arm, showing him the little mark and ridge on her forearm.

“What is that?”

“A contraceptive implant.”

“Where did you get it?”

“The Resistance medical ship.”

The man sprung to his feet, his whole body tensing, his frame seeming to grow larger as every muscle flexed in rage.

“The resistance!?! You’re with the resistance!” He swung his head about as if searching the room for someone. “This is a trap.” He leapt over the bed and she took a cautious step backward as he loomed over her.

“No.” She lifted her chin to meet his furious eyes.

Roughly, he grasped her arm, running his thumb over the hard little insert lodged beneath her skin.

He shook his head. “That’s why you picked me. You lured me here.”

“Alpha, you’ve seen inside my mind. I am not with the resistance.”

“Then why? Why choose me when you hate everything I am?” His voice was gruff and yet his eyes glistened with a sadness.

“Choose you?”

“You could’ve stayed hidden. You could’ve let them kill me. You could’ve taken one of the other Alphas. But you didn’t.” No. She hadn’t. He was right. “You saved me.”

“I wanted you.” It was happening again, that desperate ache in her core, her mind succumbing to her body. And soon they were lost again in their feelings and their actions, their words and their thoughts silenced.

Chapter End Notes

Awww these two space virgins 😊😊😊
This time Rey woke from their entangled slumber first and twisted in his arms to face him. Despite her movement, he remained out for the count, completely exhausted by their exploits.

The ache in her belly rumbled and she knew it would not be long before she needed him again. But in this moment, she could examine him more closely. His skin gleamed pale like moonlight even in the red rays of his lightsaber, and she could not resist touching him like he had her.

When she discovered a deep scar tripping over his shoulder and collarbone, she traced its curved outline with her fingertip.

Stirring, he opened his eyes and watched as she explored him. Her hand scooted lower over the firm muscles of his chest and over his hard stomach.

When she found a large graze, she rested her palm against it. He squeezed his eyes shut, appearing to relish her touch.

“Why did you come here to claim me? Why do you want an Omega?” She asked, her voice curious and free of any hostility, their love making having soothed their earlier angry encounter.

“For sex. That was it. Just that.” His eyes remained closed and his lower lip quivered as she stroked her fingers over his flesh. “But now I am here with you, I think there are other things I want too.” He opened his eyes.

“Like what?”

“Company, companionship.”

Company? Did she want that too? She’d been alone for so long. Just her. And her own thoughts buzzing around in her head. Some days she’d spoken those thoughts out loud just to hear a voice and break the silence.

“Someone to talk to - like this?”
“Yes.” He was alone too. They were alike, more alike than she cared to understand. He watched her hand, his dark eyes lulling to and fro in time to her exploring fingers. Then he added "And someone to hold... and to kiss and who will kiss me back.”

“Like this?” She leaned towards him and let her lips press against his. They were warm and plush and he opened his mouth, capturing her bottom lip between his and caressing it sweetly. She mirrored his action and her fingers rose to his head and buried in his hair. He pulled away and smiled at her.

“Yes, exactly like that,” he whispered, stroking her cheek. She’d never imagined it could be like this between two people. To be touched again and again by him - it filled an emptiness so old she’d been blind to its existence.

“And love?” There was no intent behind it, just her own curiosity.

“I don’t know about love.” He withdrew his hand.

“No, me neither. I’ve never had anyone to love or who loved me.”

“I did - once.”

“Oh,” a pang of jealousy stabbed at her gut, “who?”

“My parents.”

“Where are they now?”

“Dead. My master bid I kill them.”

“And you did?” She tried to keep the repulsion clear from her voice.

“My father. I ... I couldn’t ... others killed my mother.”

“But why?”

“To make me stronger and more powerful. Or that it was my master told me. But he was wrong.” She sensed the struggle he felt to say that - as if it were sinful for him to utter the words and yet freeing to speak the truth. “It broke me - split my soul in two.”

Of course, she saw it so clearly. This strong powerful man hollowed, light and dark battling within him, so that any minute she thought his shell might crack. And she wanted so badly to help him.

“It’s not too late to make amends.”

He scoffed. “How could I - for that? My soul is pure darkness now.”

“No, I see light there too - I see it growing brighter.”

His eyes flipped to hers. “It isn’t true. And if it were, there is nothing I can do to atone for my sins.”

“There is.” It came to her almost in an instance; a flint sparking in her mind. The path they could take together - a way possibly for them both. "Remove the Supreme Leader - bring down his regime.”

He didn’t appear shocked. His face remained still and unreadable. Had he had the same idea? Or
had others whispered such treason in his ear before? She steeled herself and waited for his answer. “It is not possible,” he said, his voice flat and resigned.

“It has been done in the past.”

“Legends.”

“No - that is just what they want us to believe. The regime is cruel, corrupt and unfair.” She lifted her head, her face and eyes hivering above his. ”I see it every day with my own eyes.”

“No - the First Order is just. It has brought order and discipline to the Galaxy.”

“You don’t believe that.” She shook her head. “I know you have your doubts, I know you’ve seen worse than I ... done worse in the name of the Leader.”

“It will not save me.”

She eyed him. “It will save others.” She rested her hand over his heart. “Do it for me then, Alpha, if not for yourself.”

“And what will come after? There are many who would willingly occupy the Supreme Leader’s throne - men who are no better.”

“Restore the Republic, restore democracy.”

His nostrils flared. “Resistance nonsense. Democracy died long ago. A weak idealistic dream with no place in reality.”

“You don’t think the people deserve a say - over their lives and their future.” She paused, thinking. "On Jakku the rules are made by Unkar and they suit him. He sets the prices. He never goes hungry. While the rest of us...." Her voice trailed away at the dangerous rage which spat in his eyes. “He’s not worth your attention, Alpha.”

Kylo nodded, though his voice strained when he spoke again.

“Democracy failed. My mother and my Grandmother both died for that ideal - they were fools.”

"But we learn the most from our failures, don't you think?" She crooked her elbow and rested her head on her hand. "When I was learning how to scavenge, I'd often slip or fall, once or twice I got lost down there in the maze of these ships. It was always those incidents that taught me the most.”

His eyes roamed her face, and she could tell he was thinking. It was an argument she knew she would not win in that moment. But, though she’d lost that battle, she felt sure she could win the war. She sensed in him the willingness to believe in a different future if only given the opportunity.

“Alpha,” she moaned, nuzzling under his chin, and he lifted and twisted his head, giving her access to his gland. She recalled back to the first time she’d smelled him, when she could not understand what his scent inferred. Now she understood it clearly. But it had shifted in the days they’d spent together, as they’d rubbed their bodies against each other, and their fluids had mixed in the centre of her body. Now he smelled of her and she of him. A mixing of his deep, dark notes with her lighter, airier ones.

She took a long inhale, letting their combined scents rush through her nose, fly down her throat and fill her chest. Her body tingled, desire gripping her and she scraped her teeth roughly over his gland, biting viciously the skin right beneath.
“Omega,” he warned, shifting onto his back and bringing her on top of him. She didn’t wait for his invitation, sitting upon him and guiding herself down onto his hardness. She gasped as he hit her sweet spot and sent stars crashing against her closed eyelids.

....

It was like it had been before, out in the tumbling wind, beneath the starlit sky. His Omega, Rey, sat upon him like a queen on her throne, pinning him in place. She rocked above him, allowing his shaft to slide along her soft passage. Her back arched, and she reached behind her to place her hands on his thighs, her pert little breasts pushed out in front of her and her head tipping back so that her hair fell away from her flushed face.

Kylo watched her transfixed, almost unaware of the glorious sensations pulsating through his body, of his knot inflating, of the way he came with a shattering cry. Her eyes flew open and found him, a smile stretching across her face as she shuddered in pleasure above him.

He lifted his hand and traced his fingers over the arc of her right breast, capturing her nipple and twizzling it. She leant forward and ran her warm little hands over his stomach in return, still circling her hips, his cock still hard inside her.

“I still want to claim you,” he told her, tickling the point on her rib cage where her heart made the skin flutter. “The animal deep within me longs to do it.” He licked his lips, finding them parched, his mouth also dry as he spoke truthfully in a way he was unpracticed at. “I am fighting him back all the time I am with you.”

She sighed and flinched once, twice. “I feel it too. When you are inside me making me feel the things you do.” He screwed up his eyes, the tendons in his neck suddenly visible and prominent. “I want to beg you to bite me and claim me.” His fingers flexed, his jaw twitched. “I want it so badly in those moments.” She swallowed. “But it’s not what I want, really. What I want is my freedom.”

He struggled with his emotions and when finally he conquered them, he opened his eyes and he knew that they must shine with the intensity he felt.

He took her hand in his and lay her palm flat above his heart. “I feel as if you’ve claimed me even though you haven’t sunk your teeth into my skin.” He pressed her hand against his chest. “I feel it here.” Did his words frighten her? They’d always said he was too intense, too much. Even as a child. They’d feared it and then his unravelling had followed. “I feel as though I will always be bonded to you,” And he found he didn’t care if it did scare her. He’d finally found the freedom to say what he felt. “I will be bonded to you if you are here by my side or the other side of the Galaxy.”

“We know so little of each other.”

“I know,” he agreed. “And yet, I feel, somehow, as if I have known you a lifetime. Like maybe I dreamed of you before we met.” She hummed, lying herself against him, resting her head where their hands were joined. “It can’t be coincidence that I was drawn here - to find you.”

....

"Come with me," the Alpha pleaded as they sat on the mattress, a picnic of rations spread before them. Feeding her was something he'd insisted on whenever she was lucid enough to eat.

"You know I cannot." She took a long swig of water, delaying the inevitable disagreement she knew would follow. "I won't swap one prison for another. I won't escape one tyrant only to go
willingly to another."

He swept away a dribble of water that trailed down her chin with his thumb. "You can't stay here. Your existence is known now. Every unmated Alpha in the Galaxy will be hunting you." She caught his hand and kissed the tip of his thumb. He gripped her hand tightly. "The thought of it…."

His scent spiked violently as he stared at her with ferocious feeling.

The intensity of it was too much for her, and she dropped her eyes to his hand. "I don't want to leave you, Ben," she confessed in a whisper. "But I see no way for us. We want different things."

"Do we?" He snapped, tightening his hold of her hand and lifting her chin so that her gaze met his again. "We both want each other, to be together."

"I do, I do want to be with you." She could feel the tears beginning to build in her eyes. She blinked them away. Wasteful, she thought, tears were a luxurious waste of water. "But I don't understand you. I see light in you. You show me how kind and compassionate you can be." Despite her efforts, the tears caused her vision to swim. "But you keep it all hidden, trapped away."

Kylo threw away her hand and climbed off the bed. He stood with his back towards her.

"This again." He snarled.

She had a choice: face the battle and try to win him over, or abandon the fight and let him go his own way, a way she could not follow.

"Why did you join him, the Supreme Leader?"

He remained on his feet, looking out at the dark shadows of the room. "I've always been the same - both dark and light. I thought I'd killed it - the light - but it was always there. You've shown me that."

"Yes."

"When I was a boy, a young man, the darkness in me frightened my family. They sent me to my uncle, he was a great Jedi Knight. Your lightsaber was once his."

"Oh. I...I lost it" The Alpha turned around and extended his arm. His sack by the door quivered and then a familiar cylindrical piece of metal flew across the room to his outstretched hand. He twisted it, examining the hilt. Then he tossed it towards her, and it landed with a thump before her on the mattress.

"They sent me to my uncle in the hope I'd find a way to overcome that dark side and turn completely to the light." His shoulders dropped. "But I failed."

Rey picked up the saber. Now she understood. She'd seen that in his mind; a struggle with an older jedi, a burning temple. And his feeling of rejection, of betrayal. Feelings she understood with all her heart.

"Snoke offered me a different way - a dark way. A way to be at peace at last."

She scrambled towards him. She wanted to touch him and remove his pain, but when she reached him, a shyness suddenly overwhelmed her and she remained kneeling, her hands twitching.

"But you have no peace."
"The only peace I've felt is here with you."

"Because I don't ask you to be something you're not." She lay back, opening her legs to him, and as his eyes fell down between her thighs, he hardened. "I want all of you - the light and the dark."

"I no longer disgust you?" he asked, unsure.

"The past is the past. What we do next is the only thing that matters to me."

Kylo dropped to his knees and pulled her towards him. Then his lips found her soft seam, his nose burrowing into the dark curls there.

"I...I will do anything you ask. I will kill him for you."

She lifted up onto her elbows. "I don't want that - not anymore. It was wrong of me to ask."

"What do you want, little Omega?" he growled, before swiping his tongue over her. She shuddered.

"What are you doing?" she asked, ashamed at how good it felt.

"Kissing you here." Curling his lips around her hard nub, he sucked at it until her arms gave way and she fell into the mattress with a cry. Then he glided back his tongue and plunged deep inside her.

"Alpha, I need more."

And he took her there on the side of the bed, still kneeling between her legs.

....

This woman was slowly unwinding every layer of him, dismantling everything he knew to be true of himself. Kissing her down there had been the most erotic experience of his life. Her smell and her taste seemed to enter his very bloodstream and spread to every part of him. He cursed at himself for not having thought of it sooner.

The man who had entered this underworld with her only days earlier seemed like a stranger now. A man who would have disgusted at such an act, who would have thought it shameful.

As he buried himself inside her, losing himself to the feeling of her tight around him, the two of them fitting together so perfectly, he considered what else he'd misunderstood.

Could there be another way? It was a lie to say he'd never considered it. He had when his master had him writhing in agony, or in that moment when he'd stabbed his own father through the heart, and in the many many long moments that had followed. He had considered it: fleetingly, in the recesses of his mind.

When he'd finished with her, they'd pushed the food to one side and curled up together on the bed. She'd slipped quickly into sleep but his turbulent thoughts had not allowed him to rest.

Deep, deep, deep down in his soul he knew he wanted something different. It was not simply the need to be with her. It was that pull to the light side. Always there, forever tugging at him. That want to be good like his uncle, like his father, like his mother; to make them proud, to be worthy of their love.
He replayed her words over and over in his mind. Her belief that he could atone for his crimes. That what mattered was the future, not the past. He turned those words over and over until finally she stirred once more.

"I will do it," he told her, as she opened her eyes, "I will fight to bring back the republic."

....

When Rey woke for the final time, she sensed the change. A shift in his force. And so they talked about the future, of what it could be like. A brighter one; a fairer, kinder one. They would remove the Supreme Leader, then Kylo would claim the throne and reinstate the democracy of long ago.

“I cannot do it alone. You will help me?” He asked, as they began to discuss the specifics of how it could be done.

“Me?”

“Yes. Rey, you have much power within you. And you are a fighter - a good fighter.”

“Don’t you have others who could help?”

He hesitated as he considered his knights. One or two he had trusted frequently with his life. They had spilt blood for one another on the battlefield. But, now, as he tried to imagine their faces, the details of their lives, their passions and their beliefs, he failed. They had talked so little. Their friendships were built on action, not words. He did not know if they would follow him.

“No.” He dragged his hand down his face, a half eaten roll in his lap. “Just you.”

“I...how could I help?”

“The Supreme Leader is a powerful man.” She nodded, that was self evident. “I cannot defeat him if I fight him alone, even if the two of us fight together, he will kill us.”

“Me? Fight?”

He laughed. “Why do you sound so astonished?”

“Because I’m a scavenger, Ben. Not a knight.”

“You floored me when we first met.” He handed her his unfinished food and she took it gratefully. “You killed that Alpha. You’ve survived for years alone on this savage planet.”

“Still-”

“We won’t fight him.”

“Then what?”

“We will take him by surprise.”

She cocked her head, pressing the torn piece of roll into her mouth, one cheek bulging as she chewed.

“Tell me.”

....
The fever passed. They both noted the shift in her scent. Yet, neither felt compelled to leave. The longing to touch each other, to be touched, remained stronger than ever.

And the desire remained too, not an all consuming flame that licked through them and burnt uncontrollably, but a simmering heat that nonetheless could not be tamed.

Reluctantly, he dressed. Reluctantly, she wrapped herself in his cloak, her own clothes torn to shreds. Reluctantly, they returned his belongings to the sack and climbed back out into the startling sunlight.

The ferocity of it stung their eyes, and they winced in pain. Then, together they saw how the bright sun left no place to hide. Everything they’d done, they’d done in the shadows. Now in the fierce glare, every flaw shone clear.

Kylo retreated a step, back beneath the cover of the wreck's jagged mouth, but Rey took his hand and pulled him out into the light.

Fleetingly, they visited her home, collecting her clothes. There were no other possessions she wished to take. Where once these articles had been so precious, now they appeared to belong to another girl, from another time. A younger, ignorant and innocent girl; alone and afraid.

Then, they boarded his ship and together they left the planet of Jakku, and she hoped dearly she would never return

Chapter End Notes

I promised you softness in the tags, right? And lots of orgasms!

I've finished writing this (whoop whoop) so as long as I can get editing, I should have the last two chapters up before tros.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Rey and Kylo travel to Snoke.

Chapter Notes

I am posting the final two chapters together so will save all my usual thank yous to the end. <3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Alpha's spaceship was small, something designed for speed and for attack, unsuitable for the task of carrying two humans across the galaxy. The cockpit was dominated by the black pilot's chair, designed Rey noted, for a man of large build.

Controls lined the walls, the ceiling and even the floor; pedals and hand grips allowing the flyer to command several tasks at once without the need for a second on board. The wall in front of the chair was dominated by the window and several computer displays.

The Alpha held out his hand and pulled her inside, the door hissing shut behind her. He sat himself in the sculptured chair and she saw how perfectly it fit him.

While she swung her head around, searching for a place to perch in the cramped space, he flicked switches and the engines roared into life.

Then he paused, seeming to remember her.

"Come sit here," he told her, a sly smile curving his lips.

"Where?" Her brow crinkled.

"Here." He parted his legs and patted the little patch of seat between his thighs. A boyish grin played across his face and his eyes twinkled. "It can get very bumpy - it's the safest place for you."

Throwing him an unamused look, she climbed into the space and he gave her rump a slap as it hovered passed his face. She squealed and lowered herself down onto the chair, too mesmerised by the view of the controls to be annoyed. Then her eyes widened and shone with excitement as she watched him lift the ship up into the air until they were floating above the wrecks in the Jakku graveyard.

"I've never seen them from up here" she gasped, "They look so tiny and insignificant."

He wrapped his free arm around her waist and pulled her in closer, resting his chin on her shoulder. "Have you ever been on a ship before, little Omega?" he chuckled.

"Not that I remember. I have no recollection of being anywhere but Jakku." She leaned forward to
examine more closely the array of controls in front of them. "But I've imagined what it would be like. I've pulled apart so many different space ships, seen how they work...but to fly one..."

Hungrily her eyes soaked up his every movement as he flew them up over the dunes of the Jakku desert and then higher and higher plummeting through the atmosphere. The ship rattled and shook as the last remains of air buffeted them and then they broke into the nothingness of space, their ride suddenly smooth and silent.

Rey lifted her gaze to the huge expanse of emptiness floating beyond the glass in front of them. They were quiet as they both searched the blackness and the stars, the whirring of the engine filling their ears and their skin goose-bumping in the cool air.

"It's infinite and dark and cold. It should be terrifying," she said, her eyes never leaving the window, "but somehow it's beautiful."

....

The thought of drifting here in space with her forever, of freezing this moment in time, was so very tempting, especially when Kylo thought of what was to come. But he shook the image from his head and steadied himself, there were things that must be done. Still, there was no harm in basking in the enjoyment he felt in just being with her.

And so he relished with pride the way she admired his skill with the ship, and he noted how eagerly she watched him fly and how excitedly her fingers twitched.

"Rey, I think I'd better let you take a turn. I can see you're keen," he mumbled into her neck. "Take the controls. I need to find a place for us to clean up and obtain you some clothes anyway."

Her hands hovered above the joystick but then she twisted to look at him.

"Why?" she frowned, "Why do I need new clothes?"

"You don't...you don't dress or look like a normal Omega," Hurriedly he added, "It will arouse Snoke's suspicions."

She glared at him. "Normal?" He chuckled nervously. "You want to dress me up in pretty things, make me into a proper Omega?"

"No, it's not that," he sighed. "If I had my way, Omega, you'd have no need for clothes," The hand around her waist slid higher up to her breast, "You'd be naked and in my bed every minute of every day. I care not what you wear. But you must look the part for this to work."

She examined his face, his eyes as stern as hers. "Fine," she nodded curtly. Then turned back around.

"Do you need me to show you how to-"

But before he'd finished his question, she wrenched the control from his hands and gripped it firmly in her own. A broad smile spread over her face and he watched her for a while, noting how easily she handled the machine, instinctively guiding it and seeming to know the operation of each button and every lever.

This woman was a revelation. Defying every expectation. He hoped with all his heart, it would be the same with Snoke.
"Do you want to jump her to light speed?" She snapped her eyes to his. "Woah - Rey - eyes forward." He grabbed the controls.

"Really? Can I?" She bounced on the seat in anticipation.

"You can-"

Rey flicked the switches and slammed forward the large levers, and the ship leapt forward with a jolt. "Easy Rey!"

The stars blurred and streaked passed them. Lines of dazzling white light, stark against the black of space, sucked them forward with a fearsome force and they hurtled through time.

Rey's mouth dropped open and she fell backwards against Kylo.

"It's pulling us forward, like it's willing us there," she said, and he encased her in his arms.

"The Force."

"The Force?"

"It wants something from us." Slowly, she nodded and he could sense she understood.

All too quickly the ship slowed and the planet of Cato Neimoidia appeared in the window; a turquoise sphere covered in swirling white mists.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Clouds."

Again she stilled and her eyes seemed to absorb every detail as they dived through the fog. Their existence turning murky and droplets of water condensed on the window until they broke through into a dull and grey sky. As they descended lower, huge jagged rocks became clear, piercing upwards like daggers from a dark liquid sea.

Then they could make out the green forests and grasslands that carpeted the great rock arches, and the bustling cities suspended between them on colossal bridges.

"I didn't know there was so much green, so much water, in the whole Galaxy," she gasped.

Kylo kissed the crown of her head.

"When this is all over, I promise to show you every part of the Galaxy."

"Yes, I want to see it all."

Their stop on this planet was to be brief, just enough time to clean themselves and to dress Rey appropriately.

Quickly Kylo procured the services of a dresser who would visit them after they'd washed. Then he found them rooms, pulling Rey along everytime she paused to examine this or stood in amazement to stare at that, each time reminding her that they had no time to waste.

Still, he allowed her more time than they could afford to languish under the hot water of the fresher, sitting and watching her through the steamed glass as she twisted and turned, this way and that, clearly relishing in the way the liquid cascaded over her body, holding out her hands to catch
droplets in her palms. Finally he could bear it no longer and came to take her, lifting her off her feet and pressing her up against the cool tiled wall.

Afterwards, they dried each other tenderly, and she took him soft in her hands and let her fingers skate over the velvety skin there.

"Omega," he warned, "please don't tempt me. We have already wasted too much time here."

"Wasted?" She cocked her eyebrow, but it lacked lustre. They both sensed it, hanging there in the air, the dread of what was to come. The room stank of it. They were like two prisoners awaiting their stay of execution, full of a fake cheeriness that neither truly felt. "It will be ok," she insisted and he nodded, though he could not bring himself to meet her eye.

When three female attendants, arms full of fabrics, arrived to do their work, he left her, pacing the corridor outside like an expectant father. He'd never experienced fear like this, despite the many battles he'd fought, despite the many times Snoke had tortured his mind and his body, despite the numerous moments his life had hung in the balance. This foreboding had his legs quaking in his boots and his palms sweating. He knew it was because he had never cared before whether he died or not. Now he had something, someone, to live for. Now he had something worth losing.

When he returned to the room, he did not know whether to be elated or devastated. She looked stunning in her long shimmering dress, her tanned shoulders bare and delicate, and her long neck vulnerable. Her eyes seemed brighter than ever, her lips more plush and her loose hair shone in the light. It was her - his Omega - and yet it wasn't. Beautiful. She was beautiful. But her vitality and her spirit were dampened and hidden. She looked like a fragile doll that would break in his hands. Not the strong, fearless woman he knew her to be.

Standing before him, she was the vision he'd always dreamed of and yet now it wasn't what he wanted.

"You look beautiful," he said flatly and to his surprise she seemed hurt.

"You don't like it?" She wrinkled up her nose and a glimmer of herself broke through the mask.

"I care not for adornments and jewels. I care, Omega, for you."

She frowned. "Will it do?"

He nodded his head curtly, trying his best to disguise the unease rumbling within him.

They didn't speak as they reboarded his ship, taking their positions again on his seat, both lost to their own thoughts.

....

Some hours later, as they neared Snoke's ship, six First Order fighters suddenly swooped across the sky like blood thirsty bats, circling their ship in a tight ring.

"What does it mean?" She asked, feeling the way he stiffened behind her.

"It's an escort."

"Is that bad?" She peered out at the dark shapes that loomed around them, the pilots in their cockpits hidden behind their helmets. "If it were really bad, they'd have fired at us, right?"
"I am the best fighter in the First Order - I could outrun, outgun, them all," he scoffed. "It's symbolic. A message to me that my master is displeased."

They sat in silence, watching as the distant shape of the great ship grew creepingly larger until finally it towered in front of them. Rey had never seen anything so large in her whole life. The ships on Jakku had been broken, half buried in the sand. And they'd been carcasses, ghosts of their former selves. This giant lived and breathed, his strength awesome and brutish, and his focus trained entirely on them.

"Thank you," she said.

"For what?"

"If we don't...make it, I want you to know I am grateful to you for trying." There was more she wanted to say, to try to explain to him how he made her feel, how he'd set these things free inside her. It had been no life she'd been leading before she had met him, but what she'd tasted in the last few days with him had been enough for any lifetime. She was sure few people, even those who lived long and prosperous lives, had experienced that.

She heard him swallow behind her. "We will make it, Rey, I promise you that." Were tears forming in her eyes? She blinked them away, determined to stay focused. Their scents spiked and he leaned in closer to her. "Are you sure? Do you still want to do this?"

"Is there a choice? For us, is there any other way?"

He paused and considered."No."

The Alpha's hand found her shoulder and he squeezed it.

"Rey, he will try to enter my mind."

"Your Master? Snoke?"

"Yes. I will need to resist him." His hand still gripped her. "He breaks through my defences when my mind is in turmoil. When I'm struggling to...." He seemed unable to explain and she placed her hand on top of his. "You anchor me somehow. When I'm with you my mind ...it stills."

She rested her cheek upon his hand.

"Will your master, Snoke, try to read my mind?" She asked. The Alpha had strayed inside her head, and she into his, twice more when their pleasures had crescendoeed together. But her mind and her body had been open to him. He had not forced his way inside. Not like she'd seen in Kylo's memories - terrifying memories of Snoke battering his way through Kylo's skull. She shuddered to think of it. The awesome pain, the invasion into his very soul, leaving him with nowhere to hide.

"If he senses the force within you, then yes, he will try," he answered. "But we must not give him cause to notice. You know the plan - we have discussed it many times. I daren't speak of it now as we grow closer to him." He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "We must keep our minds clear like I showed you."

She nodded and he nuzzled into her neck and, finding her gland, hummed against it until she felt her racing heart slow and steady.

"Stay close by me, Omega."
"Yes, Alpha," she replied, unsure if he meant in the moments that would follow or forever more.

But the mouth of the colossal ship opened, swallowing them whole, and she had no time to ask him.

Chapter End Notes

I'm posting Chapters 9 and 10 together so if you've got this far and there's no Chapter10, gosh you're speedy! Give me a mo and it should be there!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Rey and Kylo confront Snoke together.

Chapter Notes

I am posting chapters 9 and 10 together, so if you've landed here before reading chapter 9, you may wish to skip back.

This is it - the finale!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The light was blinding. Artificial but glaring. Reflecting off every gleaming surface. The polished floor. The metal doors. The stilted droids. And the armoured troopers. Several scores of troopers. Each with his blaster aimed at their heads.

Kylo stood in front of her. Maskless, straight backed and proud. His shoulders relaxed and his arms loose by his sides. He betrayed not an ounce of fear. Nor an inch of trepidation.

Rey tried to remember what he'd told her. Keep your eyes down. Speak only when I allow it. Follow my lead. Obey my instructions. She wanted desperately to clasp his hand. To take him back to their ship and leave. But already it was too late.

A man with flaming gold hair marched forward, troopers stepping aside to allow him through. He halted several paces in front of them and his pale blue eyes travelled over her in a way that made her toes curl. She smelt Kylo's scent spike ever so slightly and she willed him to stay calm.

"So gracious of you to return to us, Kylo," the man snarled, and Rey decided she thoroughly disliked him. "We had wondered what had become of you - no contact for six days - but now I have an idea of what you may have been up to." He leered at Rey and Kylo took a step towards him.

"Keep your dirty thoughts to yourself, Hux," he replied in a dangerous whisper. Then he swept his arm in front of him, causing the man and every trooper to flinch. He spoke again, this time in a loud bellowing voice, "I thank you for this welcome but I am quite sure you weren't trained to aim your blasters at a commanding officer. Lower them," he growled. Rey could see the eyes of the troopers swivel between Kylo and Hux. "I said lower them." Kylo's right hand balled into a fist and like wind rippling through sand, one by one, the soldiers dropped their weapons.

Hux's face flushed a dark red and the vein on his temple throbbed. "The Supreme Leader orders your presence immediately and that of your companion." Clicking his heels, he spun around and marched away.

Kylo inclined his head and motioned slightly to her with his fingers. With her eyes trained on the
back of his boots, she followed him through the lines of troopers. The soldiers examined her as she passed and her cheeks burned.

The corridor into which they passed from the hanger was just as bright, and just as sterile. The passageways were the same as those she'd scurried through on shipwrecks, twisting and turning identically. Yet there were little differences, changes to the design of this ship. She longed to examine. She longed to explore. But the rhythmic stomp of the Alpha's footsteps in front of her kept her focused.

And then, in amazement, she noticed little particles of sand tumble from the soles of his feet onto the pristine floors. Each time his foot lifted from the ground: tiny remains of Jakku. Little souvenirs. Bringing with it the smell of the desert. It made her heart leap and she had to stop herself from screaming at the miniature droid that scuttled along sucking up the mess

Behind her, she could feel the presence of several troopers. And though she knew their blasters to be lowered, she felt in them a readiness to fire.

Finally, they entered a metal box that she knew to be an elevator. Hux waited for them at the entrance, his angry eyes fixed ahead, not acknowledging them. Kylo paused. Then stepped to one side, allowing her first entry. She stood against the far wall and he came to stop in front of her again, his back towards her. And she observed the way he bristled at the troopers who followed them in.

A pair of silver doors slid shut. The box swooped upwards and Rey's stomach with it. She could hear the drum of several hearts. She could see the straining of tendons and muscles. She could smell the tension.

She reached for him in the force, and found his shields were raised. He would not meet her. But as if throwing her a signal, he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

The motion ceased. The doors flew back. The troopers stood to one side.

And there he was. The Supreme Leader.

....

Kylo's mind remained clear. He felt a strange calmness. As if he were looking down on events and not experiencing them himself. Time warped. The movement of those around blurred, their voices slowed. But those of his and hers were focussed and swift.

The Supreme Leader raged at the edges of his mind, attempting to break in. But Kylo's barriers held firm and his face remained passive.

Behind him, he could sense the Omega. Her scent as vivid as ever but her force muted. He hoped she remembered all he'd told her.

"Kylo, my pupil, finally you have returned." Kylo could hear the danger in Snoke's voice. He dropped to one knee, his head bowed.

"I am sorry, Supreme Leader. I did not expect to be gone for this long."

Snoke leaned forward on his throne. His bony fingers gripped the arms. His eyes flashed with menace. Kylo steeled himself. "And you did not think to tell me that you were going? Or to inform me of what it was you were doing?"
"I am sorry, Master, I did not expect to be absent so long." He lifted his gaze and held up his arm in Rey's direction. "I learned of the existence of an Omega. Speed was of the essence if I hoped to claim her."

"But you did not seek my permission." Snoke's voice rose, booming across the room. He raised his hands and a bolt of lightning shot from his fingertips hitting Kylo in the gut.

He slumped forward on to his elbows. His eyes and jaw clamped shut as electricity crackled across his body.

"Alpha!" She whispered, her feet shuffling towards him. *No!* He urged, hoping she'd sense it. *No!* *Stay back.*

A greater bolt hit him then. His arms gave way completely and his face hit the ground with a loud crunch. Pain stabbed from his broken nose all across his skull. But despite the agony, his mind remained strong.

When the last sizzle of electricity left his body, he dragged himself to his feet, causing the Omega to flinch as he stumbled. He wiped at the blood streaming from his crushed nose with his sleeve and straightened his clothes.

"Master I beg your forgiveness," the words croaked in his sore throat and fresh pain slapped across his face.

Snoke's piercing eyes lifted to Rey.

"This is her? Your Omega?"

"Yes, Master."

"Come closer, my child," Snoke told her, his voice sickly sweet.

Rey hesitated and Kylo nodded curtly at her.

She shuffled forward, her vision fixed to the floor, her hands clasped in front of her.

Kylo felt his heart thump a little harder with every step she took towards his Master. She looked so small, so vulnerable, with the throne towering above her. "Closer, I say," and Snoke dragged her before him with the force. Kylo swallowed.

"You are a lucky girl indeed to be claimed by the great Kylo Ren," Snoke cackled, his eyes skimming over her, barely registering her. "Although, I doubt you had much choice in the matter."

His eyes shot back to Kylo. "You have dressed her in fine robes but I can see she comes from nothing. She will be of no use to me, or the First Order." He scowled at Kylo. "She's nothing."

Kylo raised his eyes to meet Snoke's. "But not to me."

And then there was the flash of blue. Snoke's eyes widened. His mouth fell open. His gaze dropped to the blade slicing through his middle. Then his torso tumbled to the floor.

Kylo ignited his saber. Rey turned towards him, gripping her weapon with a frown of determination. They stared at one another for a heartbeat. Then in unison they spun to face the onslaught of guards.

.....
It wasn't going as they'd planned. Snoke's guardmen failed to respond to Kylo's command, instead attacking them both.

Two of them came at Rey together, crashing their weapons upon her again and again. She saw their force hissing with darkness and she matched it with her own, a swirling colliding confusion of light and dark. The guards paused for a second, taken aback by her power, and she took her advantage, coming at them with all she had. She was quicker, nimbler, despite the restriction of her dress. They could not catch her. Three times she struck them before they had the chance to block her, until finally, with a quick spin, her fourth blow disposed of one with a sear to his chest. The other captured her saber with his sparking chain and tugged her towards him, a blade dangerously close to her throat. She struggled to hold him back and his hand grabbed at her neck, the razor sharp edge skimming her skin. Then with a sudden jerk, she flipped under his arm, twisting him around as she did, and plunging her weapon into him.

There was just enough time to catch a glimpse of Kylo fending back four guardsmen, when another sprang to attack her, two knives swivelling in his hands. A feeling of panic bubbled up from her gut as she spied from the peripheral of her vision, the doors sliding back and storm troopers rushing in, ready to attack. She could not see how they could defeat so many.

The knife wielder came at her hard then. She stumbled backwards forced to block him with quick swipes as a barrage of blasts shot over her head. The man was strong and she could feel herself tiring. She swung her saber about desperately but he caught her on the shoulder, singeing her skin, before kicking her in the stomach and sending her falling to the ground.

She scuttled away, scrambling to her feet. They had to get away. It was hopeless. Escape was their only option.

When the guard swooped at her again, she got a lucky hit and knocked one knife from his hand, but he wrapped his arm around her right, trapping her weapon and edging his knife towards her heart. Seeing her opportunity, she flicked her eyes over the smooth red helmet, then dropped her saber, catching it in her left hand and driving her weapon through him.

More blasts whistled passed her head, shards of metal and glass crashed down from the ceiling, and electricity spat and hissed all around them. The air stank of burnt skin and dirty smoke, the tang of rusty blood growing ever stronger. She searched for Ben in the force and gasped. His thoughts and his feelings were a mess of battling opponents. She sensed his greed, his pride, his want. He could take the throne. He could rule the Galaxy. But then there was his compassion, his kindness, his love. He wanted to make right all his wrongs. He wished for a better Galaxy. The emotions swerved and swirled around him so that she could barely see him behind the fog of grey.

"Ben!" She called.

…. 

Kylo was lost in a confusion of arms and legs, fists and feet, teeth and elbows. Around him, below him, above him, rained an assault of sabers and mace, staffs and whips, chains and blades. The room collapsed about him as blasts flew through the air and man after man lunged and drove at him.

His mind unravelled with it. What was he doing? What did he want? His Master. They’d killed his Master. And now the whole army, the one he had only moments ago commanded, launched at him with all its might. He didn't want this. He wanted to crush them, to teach them all who they must now obey. So he stabbed and sliced at every being within reach. A madman lost to rage.
Then it all froze. Everything stopped. Even the dust in the air halted - hanging suspended in time.

Silence.

Stillness.

He turned slowly. And there she was. Rey. Calling his name. Begging him to follow her. It lasted but a fraction of a second, it lasted an eternity; time springing back to life with noise and violence.

They needed to get back to a ship.

Crashing his way through guard after guard, finally he reached her side.

"We can't defeat the whole army!" She yelled, her eyes wide with fear.

"They won't follow me."

She nodded. "Is there a way out?"

"There is an emergency escape route to the Supreme Leader's escape vessel." He shoved her behind him and blasted back a round of fire headed towards them. "Quickly!" he urged, as several guards rushed at him, "that door at the back of the chamber."

Kylo pushed her forward, then spun to keep back the men who had charged them. But she didn't go, instead she stood with him, fighting by his side.

"Rey, no," he shouted. "Get to the ship and fire it up. I'll be right behind you."

She shook her head and continued to battle. He ground his teeth, knowing there was nothing he could do in that moment to force her.

Fighting together was somehow easier though. They predicted each other's moves, working together to overcome the men, protecting and defending each other.

They pushed back the soldiers, injuring two, and Kylo grabbed her by the arm.

"Now," he insisted, and they sprinted to the back of the chamber, Kylo pulling the ceiling down behind them, protecting them from the continual rounds of fire.

The door to the exit pod was locked and kylo punched in a code quickly before pushing Rey through. He dove into the pilot’s seat and hit the buttons in front of him.

"Rey," he snapped. She jumped into the seat next to him and began to help.

Soon the ship sprung to life and sped silently into space.

"Are we safe?" She gasped, her lungs still rasping for air and her heart thumping.

"No," he panted as a series of screeches filled the air and then menacing shadows of fighters swooped around them. This time they spat fire bolts from their mouths. Red blood like blasts which Kylo swerved and dodged.

"This ship is slow," he despaired, "Rey, I need you to take them out."

"How?"
"The canon back there," he motioned with his head, his eyes fixed to the ships around him and his hands tight on the controls.

Leaping from her seat, she clambered to the gunners cabin at the back of the ship. The gun was powerful and the first few blasts had her thrust backward. Then, leaning her shoulder against the weight of the machine, she fired rapidly.

Again they worked together. Rey warning him of approaching enemies, giving him the time to dodge and dive, and he helping to line up her shots, giving her the best angles to shoot down their pursuers.

Twice they were hit, their ship shuddering and both of them holding their breath, waiting to see how bad it would be. But both times they survived it and the vessel hurtled onwards.

And when she dispatched the final chasers, he slammed the hyper drive and they plunged through the Galaxy. Far far away from the First Order.

....

For several hours, Kylo refused to leave the controls, convinced any moment a first order ship would pounce on them from the darkness. But finally she convinced him of their immediate safety, soothing him with kisses and warm caresses, and leading him to what had once been the Supreme Leader's chamber.

The room, she imagined, was relatively simple for the leader, and yet it was the most magnificent room she'd ever entered. All plush materials and velvet cushions; reds and purples and golds garish even in the dim lighting.

She stood in the doorway, almost shy to enter.

"You're hurt," he said from behind her, his voice suddenly startling with concern and his hands finding her shoulders. "I should've noticed earlier."

"I'm fine," she turned and in that moment registered his own injuries, one eye black and swollen, a large slash running across his cheek to his jaw, congealed blood on his lips and in his nose, his tunic ripped and burnt, a large hole at his thigh where mangled flesh was visible. Tears welled in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She couldn't stop them, she didn't want to.

"It's just the shock," he said, wiping away the tears with his fingers. "It happens after a fight." She nodded, biting her lip, but then a sob rose up in her throat and a fresh wave of tears cascaded over her face.

She buried her head in his chest and he wrapped her in his arms.

It was funny, she thought, how they rose and fell together like this: Ben calming now as she fell apart. And when he did the same, she would strengthen in retaliation.

When it subsided, and she felt able to lift her head, she saw that same passion in his eyes. That need for her. Quickly they undressed, their eyes hungry for one another, trying not to look at the bruises and gashes. Then he lifted her, carried her to the bed and threw her roughly onto it. Their love making was hurried and urgent. Their usual care for one another overtaken by the desire to forget all that had just happened, to remind themselves they were alive, to push their exhausted bodies that little bit further. He slammed into her, his fists balled in her hair, his teeth biting at her flesh, and in return she dug her fingers into his skin and dragged them over his back.
When it was over, she wept again and he held her in his arms rocking and shushing her, and she knew it was to comfort himself as much as it was her.

...

Later, after they'd tended to each other's wounds, they tried to sleep, but it was hopeless. Instead they went and sat back in the cockpit.

"Where are we?" She asked him.

"The outer stretches of the Galaxy - it's the best place to hide." He reached up to drag his hand over his face but then remembered his nose. She'd straightened it for him but he could feel it swollen on his face, the skin taut around his eyes. He wondered if looking like this might be a blessing, perhaps he'd be less recognizable. "Rey," he paused, but wanting to say the next words but knowing he had to. She flicked her head towards him at the seriousness of his tone. "Where do you want me go take you?"

"What?" She crinkled her brow, "Take me?"

"I've been thinking about what to do next. There's some old allies of my parents out here. If they'll take me in, I will make contact with the resistance from there."

She nodded, eyeing him. "Yes, I wasn't sure how we'd do that."

His eyes dropped to the floor and his chest tightened. "I don't own you. And you're not obliged to stay with me."

He smelled her scent rise and her light darken with anger. "Am I a burden?!"

He couldn't look up. He didn't want to fight. The tiredness was hitting him now, seeping into his bones. His muscles ached and his nose throbbed.

"You are the best thing that ever happened to me." He heard her sigh loudly. "But there's a price on my head now. Don't you see? I'm a hunted man. Every member of the First Order and every bounty hunter will be after me." He wrung his hands together. "My parents’ allies and the resistance may not want that risk."

"They will."

"It's not what I'm trying to say," he said, shaking his head in despair.

He sensed her anger soften and with it her voice when she spoke again, "Tell me, Alpha."

"You don’t have to stay with me, Rey. You deserve a better life than that."

"But I was the one who killed Snoke."

He shook his head again. "But you're an Omega. They think I ordered you to do it."

"It was my idea. I did it of my own free will."

"I know, little Omega." he said quietly. She sat quietly too, thinking through his words. His chest restricted with every passing second. He didn't know what she would choose. He wanted her to stay but he wanted her to be safe, happy even. They couldn't have both.

Eventually, she rose from her chair and walked towards him. He braved a glance at her face and
found that it too was tender and open, and his hands began to tremble.

"Alpha, Ben, where would I go?" She flung her arms out."I feel...." She looked off, out through the window. "I feel like the only sense of belonging I've ever experienced was with you. I can't stand the thought of being alone." He tried to answer her but she raised her hand to stop him. "Of being apart from you. It's not obligation, or duty, or pity, or anything like that." She turned back to meet his eyes. "It's something else."

He tried weakly to protest, though his heart was not in it, "We're not mated. You are free to leave."

"I'm not free." He wanted to touch her but he was rooted to the spot. "I belong to you and you to me. I know you feel the same."

He held her gaze. A gaze which seemed to say all the things they were struggling to articulate. And nodded.

"Then claim me, Alpha."

"No." His brow furrowed. "You think it's what you want now, but things may change. I want you to have the freedom to leave me."

"It is what I want." She stepped towards him and took his hands in hers, curling her fingers around his palms. "You told me yourself you felt bonded to me and always will." She squeezed his hands. "Please Alpha."

He growled through his teeth and his chest expanded as he took in her scent - a scent so willing, a scent that wanted to be captured, a scent that begged to be marked by his. Then, as if water had been thrown over his head, the man wrestled back the beast, and his logic returned. Shamefully, he looked away to the floor. "I won't do it." She lifted his chin and then pushed him back in his chair. "I won't do it because I love you, Rey."

"I know," she said softly, climbing into his lap and straddling his waist. His hands found her face and he pulled her down to kiss him. "I love you too," she whispered in his ear, kissing his lobe. "If you won't claim me, then let me claim you." He groaned as her lips travelled down to his neck.

He turned his head and tilted his chin back, and her mouth found his gland. His hands combed through her hair and stroked down her back.

"Yes, claim me," he said, and he could feel their light and dark swirl together, smell their scents dissolve into one another and hear the very stars seem to hum their approval, as her teeth cut through his skin.

Chapter End Notes

If you've made it to the end of this story, thank you so much for sticking with it. I really hope you enjoyed it.

My little space virgins are going to stay together!!! Again I feel sad to leave them - they have been so much fun to write - and tough at times too.

Phew, I worked hard on the structure and character arcs of this story so I'd love to know what you thought. I love reading all your comments. But please please please
NO TROS SPOILERS!!!

And now to the thank yous. There have been four members of the Thirst Order who have been so kind with their time and support while I've been crafting this fic. Thank you ladies so much - LittleMistake, Dagagada, TazWren and MyJediLife xxxx

Thank you to all of those who have been kind enough to leave me comments - they have made me smile and often giggle too!

End Notes

Thanks for reading.

I've written 70% of this fic already so I will try my best to update regularly.

I love kudos - I love comments even more so please do leave me any thoughts you have.

You can find me on Twitter and Tumblr - ReyloBrit

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!