“I had a vision… of the Sith throne. And who was on it.” Rey’s voice falters a little, as scared as she is of what she’s seen—scared and another feeling she doesn’t dare tell Finn.

“Ren,” he assumes.

“And me.”

__

What Rey really saw in her vision of the Sith throne.

Notes

Hello, friends! I saw CPongetti’s latest Patreon update and was immediately obsessed. I had to write a little something for this gorgeous art (which if you aren't a patron, you should definitely consider it).

This is just a little cut scene from TROS of what Rey really saw in her vision of the Sith throne. Enjoy!

“I had a vision… of the Sith throne. And who was on it.” Rey’s voice falters a little, as scared as she is of what she’s seen—scared and another feeling she doesn’t dare tell Finn.
“Ren,” he assumes.

“And me.”

The truth is, it wasn’t just one vision. She’s been having the same vision over and over. It comes to her in dreams as well. It haunts her as she tosses and turns in her bunk, struggling with the vivid imagery before finally succumbing to the wanton lust and shoving her hand down her pants until she’s gasping and clenching with release.

There’s an eerie glow to the room, wherever this Sith temple is. The throne itself is carved out of stone, pointy arms extended to the sky like some kind of giant spider. But she barely cares about the chair itself because he’s sitting in it. And he’s been waiting for her.

“Ben,” she steps cautiously forward, nearly shivering with fear—and anticipation.

“Rey,” he answers in that deep baritone of his, the one that she hears in dreams telling her she’s not alone. “You know this is where you belong.”

“I belong with you,” she admits. She’s known it for some time now. “But not here, not like this.”

“Are you so sure about that?” He smirks, confident as he starts removing his gloves. “The dark side offers many passions that the Jedi path does not.”

The way he says it ignites something inside of her, and she is propelled forward. He reaches out his bare hand, and she takes it. Almost instantly, he yanks her forward and she falls into his lap. She lets out a little yelp as a jolt of electricity surges through her body. This feeling is new.

“You can’t tell me this isn’t what you wanted,” he says, his hands roaming her curves—hips to waist and gliding up her breasts. One of his hands continues upward, skirts the delicate edge of her throat, curling around her neck. The warmth suffuses her skin.

He pulls her down for a kiss and she gasps into his mouth, hot and needy. The dark side within her sings and her inhibitions leave. She’s kissing him with fervor, running her tongue over his plush lips, digging her fingers into his soft hair. This—this is what she’s been wanting since that moment on Ahch-To when they first touched.

There’s heat and a growing wetness between her legs, and she instinctively straddles him, bucking her hips against his and grinding down on his lap. He is very hard and very big. Her eyes open and widen in surprise.

He just smiles at her obvious obliviousness and slides his hands up under her shirt. “I think we’re both overdressed for the occasion.”

She hums her agreement, no longer caring where they are. She only knows what she wants—what the Force wants—it ripples with satisfaction all around them. This was always meant to happen.

Rey watches with lust-blown pupils as Ben strips her clothes off, piece by piece. She lifts her arms as he unwinds her breast band, and shivers when the chilly air hits her nipples. He looks at her reverently, like she is some kind of goddess, and he can’t believe he’s worthy of touching her. His hands surround her tits, kneading and tweaking with an awestruck wonder. Gone is the bravado of
his alter ego—this is the real him.

When he finally peels down her leggings and places a kiss to her hipbone through her underwear, she grows impatient. “Your turn,” she barks and pulls him to standing, grabbing his tunic with greedy fingers to pull it up and off.

“Eager, aren’t we?” He chuckles, but helps her shuck off the rest of his clothing all the same.

Her eyes zero in on his erect cock, nearly throbbing with need, it’s tip leaking and red. “Looks like I’m not the only one,” she muses as she pushes his bare shoulders till he’s seated once more on the throne.

She straddles him again and kisses up his neck to his jaw before covering his mouth hers again. For someone who’s caused so much pain, he tastes so sweet. As their tongues dance together, his fingers push aside her panties and dip into her wetness. She pulls back with a moan. “Fuck. Ben.”

He pauses, a question almost on his lips before she takes it away with another kiss. She rocks her pelvis forward to encourage his exploration of her. “Don’t you dare stop.”

Rey is buzzing with pleasure, two of Ben’s fingers thrusting deeply into her core while his thumb circles her clit with surprising precision. Then she realizes why he knows her body so expertly. She feels him inside her mind—he’s reading all her reactions and learning from them. She’s panting against his neck and holding on for dear life as she writhes on his lap.

No one has ever touched her like this.

He brings her just to the brink of orgasm and then withdraws his fingers, watching her watch him as he brings them to his mouth and sucks. It is cruelly arousing. “Why did you—”

Her question is cut off with her own squeal as he lifts her just off of his lap and pulls her underwear down just enough so that he can run his cock through her wet folds.

Oh.

“I’ve been waiting for this moment for a long time,” he murmurs, looking up at her again. His hands are now spanning her pert ass and parting her even wider as he pulls her down onto himself.

He’s so much, that even with how he’s already worked her over, they still have to take it slow. She sinks down onto him with agonizing languidness, their groans bleeding together until they are one voice echoing off the cavernous room.

It doesn’t even occur to her where they are anymore. All she can see and taste and feel is Ben. His cock stretches her in the most delicious way and her thighs tremble as she takes him to the hilt. It’s so much, all at once. She touches his face, her thumb caressing his cheek as he continues to watch her with that worshipful gaze.

“I’ve wanted this,” she says.

“I know,” he whispers before using his hands on her ass to move her. She slides up off his shaft before he slams her back down.

“Fuck.” Something inside her growls and calls for more. Harder, faster, deeper. She finds a steady rhythm. Ben’s hands never leave her skin, helping her along as she bounces on his cock again and again.
Rey moans as he splits her open over and over. It’s the most exquisite agony the way he fills her, the way she’s coming undone for him. Her hair has fallen completely loose and she swipes it over one shoulder marveling at how the sweat beads and falls off her naked skin to darken the stone they’re seated on.

She bucks her hips again and finds a strange pressure on her bundle of nerves. It’s then she realizes that Ben is using the Force to pleasure her so his hands never have to leave her body. She grins with the ingenuity of it. He never ceases to amaze her.

“Ben,” she starts to chant over and over as the tingles shoot up her spine. She’s so close now. The pressure on her clit increases and she comes with a cry, hips stuttering against his lap.

He lifts her up and sets her back down on the throne sideways so he can thrust into her with gusto. It only takes him several more times before he finds release as well, spilling his warm seed inside her.

She thinks he’s going to pull away and leave her, but instead he leans back down and licks the sweat from her neck. Then he lovingly pushes the hair back from her face before sliding out of her.

“This is our destiny,” he says. “Stop fighting it.”

“Rey? Hello—anybody in there?”

She blinks rapidly, and the blurriness clears. Finn and Poe are staring at her. Finn says, “Did you hear a word we just said?”

“Uh, no,” she stammers looking all around. She’s not in the Sith throne room, but the lounge of the Falcon. Ben is nowhere to be seen, but she still feels strangely sore between her thighs. She’s also sweating. “I—I’m not feeling so well. I think I’m going to go lie down.”

The two men exchange a worried look, but Rey doesn’t give them another glance as she sprints towards her bunk and slams the door. Her chest is heaving, and she quickly flops onto the bed, hand already at her waistband when the sound leaves the room.

You can’t keep running from me, Rey.

She’s doomed.

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