You’ve been captured by the First Order. Will you be able to survive Kylo Ren’s dangerous attention? Do you want to?

Notes

This is an ADULT fic. Please behave accordingly. :)

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Puer Deus

by The_Torturer_Writes

Summary

You’ve been captured by the First Order. Will you be able to survive Kylo Ren’s dangerous attention? Do you want to?
Captured

Chapter Summary

Captured and caged

Chapter Notes

Please take the content warnings seriously. This is a graphic, adult work.

Day One

Consciousness crept back in with sound first. Your lungs burned on jagged edges with each inhale and exhale. You focused on it, willing the pain to ease and trying to ascertain if there was a gurgle to indicate injury. Pain on the inhale - bruised rib, perhaps broken. No puncture.

You heard a steady tick, tick, tick, tick, but you couldn’t pinpoint it. Forcing your eyes open, you took in your surroundings. Holding cell. Captured. Fuck. Your fingers curled around new and heavy accessories at your wrists. Manacled, too. Fuck fuck fuck.

Your body protested as you pushed yourself up from the cold, industrial floor. You’d been tossed in like a sack of root vegetables, and the cold and soreness of it seeped into your bones. Upright and not as dizzy as you expected, you began to assess your body’s situation further. You wiped blood away from your mouth -- that was the tick, tick, tick. You’d been bleeding on the floor. The liquid of it told you that you hadn’t been there for long. Toes moved, fingers moved, vision not spotty. So far so good.

And then it struck you. Panic.

Your gear, your equipment, your weapons -- everything had been stripped away. They’d even taken your fucking boots and socks. Shooting onto your knees, trembling fingers began to travel the black catsuit you always wore under everything. For whatever reason, they’d seen fit to leave you with it, and it was, mercifully, intact. The fabric covered every inch of you save face, hands, and feet. Gratefully, your head dropped forward, and you slumped, thanking the universe for tiny favors.

The universe’s mercy ran out, however, as the door hissed open and in stalked Commander Ren. This was not how you expected your day to go, and your head sunk lower. This was not going to end well.

“You’re awake.”

The false voice echoed in the chamber. There was nothing to soften the blow of it in this furnitureless hole. Kylo Ren took up every bit of space with his existence, the very reality of him vibrated around you.
Drawing in a long breath, the smell of fumes and steam so heavy in the air you could taste it, you lifted your head and looked at him. You gave a single nod. Yes, you were awake.

You made no other move to rise, crawl, shift, speak, or gesture. Ren had a reputation of being a notorious murderer prone to violent fits of rage, and you valued your life too much to test the theory of him.

You did, however, take this time to study him from helmet to heel, using the span of his silence to observe him. He didn’t move. You could scarcely tell if he was breathing. But in the way that he stood, you decided that he was a man accustomed to being the focal point of everyone in the room. You couldn’t tell, though, if he was measuring you or waiting for you to speak.

It did not occur to you that your scrutiny of him was a threat to your well-being or situation, and you allowed your eyes to roam, linger. You knew they would squint and wrinkle at the corners as you tried to pick out details that would be helpful later.

This wasn’t a love-struck gaze, nor was it a terrified one. This was the beginning of your education in Kylo Ren, and every detail was a lesson.

In a blink, you were hoisted into the air by nothing, something unseen, the Force, you finally understood. His gloved hand curled into a fist, aimed at your face but not edging nearer. Lesson learned. The rumors were likely true.

Both of your hands tightened into fists, and all ten toes curled as you strained, fought against the nothing, and tried not to flail and degrade yourself by reaching for something to hold onto that simply would never materialize.

“Don’t think to judge me, trader,” he hissed.

Funny, you thought, how similar he made it sound to traitor. Were they the same in his mind?

His fist turned right and left, and you felt the shift of the Force against your body. You grimaced, lashes flattening against your cheeks, as its weight constricted your throat and chest, choking you as you dangled in the air. When the pressure stabilized, you opened your eyes. This was, it seemed, what he had been waiting for.

“I know you are not part of the Resistance.” The voice modulator made every word crisp but far away.

Your eyes tracked him. He was a stalking black hole, and you were being dragged toward the event horizon. When he turned toward you again, you shook your head quickly, not daring to keep him waiting. No, you were not part of the Resistance.

“But you were selling them weapons. Trading with them. Were you not?”

He moved at you, his every step weaponized and meant to disarm. He invaded your personal space with no compunction whatsoever, and your brow furrowed. Because though he was large and feral, cocked and ready to annihilate you at any moment’s whim, he also stole everything from you as he drew nearer - breath, thought, will to argue. The long lines of his body drew your gaze once more, and you screwed your eyes shut in response.

The very presence of him roused appreciation in every part of you, and all of the saliva in your mouth vacated south, leaving you dry-mouthed but pressing your thighs together to stem the twinge that had started there.
The tightness around your chest increased, and you realized that you were taking too long to answer. You nodded your head once as best you could. Yes, you were selling them weapons.

As sudden as it arrived, the Force stripped away from you, and you hit the ground with a crash. Drawing in deep breaths, you rubbed at your sternum to ease the ache. You were certain, now, that at least one of your ribs was bruised, but the way you were devouring air without sobbing indicated to you that none were broken.

Yet.

“Tell me where they are. Tell me where they are going.”

You looked at him from where you knelt on the floor. Your torso was punched down from trying to breathe, and you had to cock your head to regard his helmet. Just as quickly, you looked away. What could you say? Pushing your aching body to your knees, you lifted back up slowly and leveled your gaze at him. It wasn’t a challenge, but you had no way to know if he would take it as one. You shook your head slightly.

The boot that connected with your chest was unexpected and unforgiving. With one kick to your sternum, he sent you flying backwards, and you came down hard on your head and back. On instinct, your shaking arms and hands came up to cover your head and face, protecting the most vulnerable parts of you, as he barreled over and began this new line of brutal questioning.

“Tell,” he kicked you hard in the stomach, causing you to wretch and gurgle, “me,” the large boot stomped at your backside, you twisted and tried to get away, “where,” he struck your hip, and your mouth hollowed in a silent cry, “they,” he kicked again at your sternum, your eyes bulging and watering, “are,” a final kick to the stomach came down, and you curled in on yourself, shrinking from the cruelty.

You fought for breath, rolling onto hands and knees like a wounded beast. You pushed a balled fist into your lurching stomach, the other splayed against the ground, holding you semi-steady. Your head dipped low and your shoulders shook, every part of you terribly aware of his closeness.

You tried to calm your frayed nerves and just breathe, but this man obscured all. He rolled through you, scattering turmoil in his wake. You dared a glance over your shoulder to find him watching you. He was the picture of calm. There was nothing to suggest he hadn’t just savagely assaulted you.

Lesson learned. Kylo Ren was a violent, deranged, caged animal. Was there nothing you could say that he would accept, nothing you could offer that would satisfy him? Tearing your eyes away and back to the floor, you shook your head again. You had fuck-all to give, and you knew you would suffer for it.

With another kick, he sent you careening onto your back. You tried to find purchase and scramble away, but he was too quick. That invisible weapon he wielded returned in full measure around your head. Lightning cracked, and alarm bells rang. Your eyes slammed shut as tight as they could, and your mouth opened wide, but you could not scream as Ren lashed out at your mind with the Force.

In an instant, it was gone, and you had crumbled once more to the floor, pain diffusing through you, pooling in aching joints. But your head felt somehow hollow now, the burden of him lifted away. Why did you wish it would return?

Pushing the heels of both hands into your eyes, it occurred to you that this was a show of aggression for your benefit only, to underscore that he would do to you whatever he wished.
Your hands fell away, and your eyes dulled, losing the flash of fight. Lowering your torso to the floor, you attempted again to regulate your breathing. The stink of the grate under you, metallic, chalky, made you wretch. Lesson learned.

“Pathetic thing, aren’t you?”

You nodded your head once. It was better to agree with him, you reasoned.

He sneered and lifted his foot again. You tried to roll, to scoot backwards, but he was too quick, and the weight of that heavy boot landed directly on your chest, launching you into full-blown panic. The idea of him stomping out your life was too much to bear.

You squirmed and thrashed, failing to gain even an inch. Your face puckered terribly as you tried to slide out from under him. Somewhere in the bucking and failed contorting, your hands found their way to his leg, and you clutched it there. You felt the strong, corded calf underneath the pants fabric and clawed at it.

The Force sank into your throat once more, and you wheezed painfully, feet scrabbling out behind Ren in a last bid for leverage. But coupled with the weight of him at your chest, you were forced to do nothing but watch. You knew, now, why he expected to be the focus of every room. He demanded it, this Child God and his anger, and everyone gave it to him. Even you, pathetic thing.

Your strength to resist, to battle him was waning.

The fight ebbed from you, and you went limp, clutching fingers releasing their hold of him. Your brain stammered, lips moving in words that never made sound. There was not enough air in your lungs to even sputter. You decided that you were going to die here, and you wished that you’d seen his face before you did.

You did not see Ren stretch his arm out to you again. You did not see his fingers clench and release as he tried to drill into your gray matter. You did not see him lean further down at you until his stretched wide hand hung nearly touching your nose and shaking with exertion. You did not see him rise back up to his full height and turn his helmeted head away.

What you did see, behind your stilled eyes, was the first time your Master had kicked you in the chest, the whip in his hand, and his intention to beat you bloody for running away. You did see the resolve in your young face, the first brick in this new foundation laid as you decided the only thing they could never take from you was your mind. And you did see the blackness that had become your friend and which you’d carried every day since then. You welcomed it.

In the distance, however, you heard the enraged, murderous roar that erupted from him when his attempt to break into your brain was met with nothing but darkness - no information, no memory. It was far away at first, in a vacuum, but the roar came nearer and nearer until you were back, head rattled and ears ringing. The extremely dissatisfied Commander Ren kicked your side again, punishment for daring to go where he could not chase.

“Get up.”

When you didn’t comply fast enough, his large hand fist ed in your hair and wrenched you from your place on the floor.

“Get up,” he ground out and flung you forward until you were on your hands and knees again panting, drooling, crying.

“You won’t fucking talk? Fine. I’ll make another purpose for that empty mouth of yours.”
You only had time to suck in a rickety breath before he had pulled you upright on your knees and stepped on the chain of the manacles, jerking you to him. You shook your head, pleading, bartering with the universe. Not this. Not like this.

Quivering lips smashed firmly together, and you leaned away. You tried to stand, you yanked upwards on the chain beneath his boot, but he was too strong. Your fingers curled and scrambled against the floor, and you threw your torso back, trying to rip free, unknowingly inching nearer to the wall.

A black knee drew up to your chest to hold you in place while he maneuvered the fabric that always seemed to be billowing around him; and then, he was forcing the head of his cock against your tight lips. You struggled not to open them, but he shoved your head back against the wall viciously and took advantage of your ensuing disorientation to drive his thumb into the side of your mouth. He pinched the inside of one cheek until your mouth opened wide enough and began force-feeding you his dick.

Kylo Ren didn’t want you to suck his cock, you knew. He wanted to take his rage out on your face, and your face would be lucky to survive it.

You were frantic now, fully captured by this beast and his complete lack of mercy. Still, you tried to fight, turning your head and trying to scrape your teeth against him. He snarled and let your mouth drop away only to throw your head against the wall with such force that your offending teeth clattered. Dizzy and wobbling, your eyes rolled back in your head, and you sagged into him.

“Get your filth off of me, trader,” he sneered, and you reeled from it.

He slapped you, the leather dulling the sound to a thick thud, your cheek blossoming red. Whether it was to punish you or wake you, you couldn't tell. You tasted blood, the teeth that tried to wound him having turned traitor and cut you instead.

His hands tangled in your hair, pulling you up by the roots; and this time, your lips gave way to his intrusion. The taste of him was heady, tangy copper, sweat, and slick dancing on your tongue. Your blurry eyes closed because trying to focus on the black of his trousers only made your head swim. In your disconcerted state, you didn’t fully register what he was saying to you.

“The next time I tell you to speak, you fucking speak.”

Ren surged inward and lodged his dick into your throat as far as it would go. Wrapping both large hands around your head, he hardly withdrew and pumped his hips against you, rough and callous, only at the back of your throat. He never retreated far enough to grant you relief.

You gagged violently, cheeks puffing out, teary eyes flying wide open. Drool bubbled up around his cock and dribbled from the corners of your mouth. Your mouth felt filled with sandpaper, and you felt as though you were swallowing glass.

You had been reduced to sobbing, the only outlet left for your objections. This only seemed to spur him on, and he rammed into your face again, blinding you to all else but the fullness of your mouth, the way he fucked your tongue raw.

When he finally pulled back, you heaved in breath and reached to disconnect the sticky saliva that connected your mouth to the end of his cock, but your hand only jangled in the manacle.

Your face felt blistered, branded by him, lips swollen and chapped, chin shining with ropes of drool. But like before, your head felt empty now. The absence of him pulling your face into a
You were learning his body, his penchant for aggression, him. And you knew, somehow inherently, that this level of violence was reserved for a very select few. Why did you want that?

You gulped at nothing, still struggling with the inevitable, but you ached for something, anything, whatever bit of alive he would give you in this room. You did not notice that he was watching you, taking note of the war on your face.

He jerked your chin back to center and slipped his hand into your mouth, three fingers this time. The leather tasted of grime and polish, soap and chemicals. He slid them in past your molars, and your coughing earned a growl, a warning, but then also a release, a second’s reprieve to suck down breath.

“You will take it.”

Something had changed.

This new stillness in him shocked you to your core. You were becoming accustomed to the physicality of his anger, but the calm in this order completely terrified you. Your fingers stopped scratching, and the only roar you heard was your own blood rushing. You could hear the manacles jingling as your hands, your everything, quaked.

Your red, bleary eyes opened upon him, and you nodded, once. His glove left your mouth, and you kept it open. Lesson learned.

Ren’s hips jutted at you, and he held the fat head of his cock aimed at your mouth, waiting to see if you were going to fight him again. You braced and willed yourself into stillness, relaxing your jaw to take him in and focusing your sight on the obsidian visor, certain you could feel the flames of the gaze behind it on your skin.

The taste of him on your tongue was all salt now, the opalescent beads of arousal mixing with your saliva. Your tongue curled around the width of him, pulling that taste in more.

Further, he pushed in until that swollen crown nudged at the back of your throat, but he made no noise. There was no groan or heavy breath, and you found yourself lost for it. The stillness of him disarmed you into compliance, but the violence of him meant you heard his voice, the noises he made, his will. This was a new torture.

You shifted your knees wider apart and tilted your head to better accept him. The weight of his dick on your tongue sent a shudder down your back, and he occupied that last bit of your face, forcing the soft of your neck to allow him entry, until you could smell the fabric of his robes, artificial linen and earthen dusty, feel it tickling your nose, but you did not move. You knew he was testing you.

Kylo Ren had blurred out everything around you, turning your existence into empty space that only he could fill, and your vision contracted until there was only him. Only this. Only the taste of him, salty at the back of your jaw, musky and spicy on the tip of your tongue.

You saw white spots but clung to the angry void of his helmet until it, too, began to turn to blackness, and your eyelids dropped down, down, down…

He slapped the unconsciousness from you again, and it echoed in the little room. Pain shot through your cheek bone, the explosion of it in your eye offset your balance. Slumping down into yourself, you shook your head to clear the ringing, but it didn't dissipate fast enough. Ren’s gloved fingers
snatched your face. He hooked his thumb against your teeth, and pushed down sharply, prying open your jaw.

You tasted blood as he pushed that thumb down under your tongue, causing the saliva to pool, and you hummed deep in your chest. Your eyes flew wide open, and red blossomed across your bosom, licking up your throat, and turning your ears pink.

You hadn’t objected when he did it, but you hadn’t consciously decided that you liked it. Did you? You kept your eyes upon him and your head exactly where he’d placed it, even through your mortification, because you knew the consequences now.

He held you still, peering down at you and watching the drool well up in your mouth. You could feel him moving, using his other hand to stroke and squeeze himself. Your eyes narrowed slightly that he would deny you seeing this, and you battled against yourself to not bite him, but you understood from the rough grip on your mouth that he wanted you to supplicate to him, to worship him.

And you did. You breathed him in, and your chest stuttered. He smelled like ash and cold air, a sizzling black sun burning up everything in his wake. Surely, you thought, he would scorch you, too. Why did it entice you so?

You heard it then, for the first time since he’d entered the room, the sound of his breathing through the voice modulator, and you reveled in it. It was heavy, unstable, and lust-charged.

You frantically searched the visor for a moment as you strained to better hear it. You had done that. You had earned that.

Your Child God was still a man, you thought, and a second later came your proof as you felt the warmth of his seed splash across and into your waiting mouth. He held your jaw open and watched as your tongue and throat worked, swallowing him as best you could. You could hear his breathing slowly return to undetectable as he watched the last of his release roll slowly down to disappear into the hollow cavern of your throat.

Lifting his boot from your manacled hands, he shoved your face away, and you slumped against the wall. You watched him turn and exit the room without another word.

You knew you were going to be here as long as he decided to keep you alive, information or no. Whatever you might have known was irrelevant now. This would be your world. You would be the receptacle for his furor, a body to torment however he desired.

You stayed like that for a long time, quiet, listening. You waited until the lights dimmed for the sleep cycle before you crawled over to the commode and wash basin in the corner of the cell, relieved yourself, and cleaned up as best you could, wiping away drool, tears, blood. You, again, checked your catsuit for any tears, cuts, or holes. Finding only minor rips in the fabric, none of them alarming, you shook loose a trembling breath.

The longer you could keep your secret, the longer you would stay alive.
Hurricane

Chapter Summary

In suffering, there is beauty

Chapter Notes

The only 2 things I ask are these:
1. Please take the content notes seriously. This chapter is about violence.
2. If you have questions, ask me.

:)  

Day Two

Tucked up into a ball in the farthest-most corner of your cot, you stared at the thick cell door. It
had only opened twice since Ren exited through it yesterday, and that was only for food.

Nothing had changed. Still captured, still manacled, still with no information to offer.

You had spent the night alternating between bursts of panic that he would return and arbitrary fits
of sleep. The exhaustion was pervasive, and your limbs were leaden. Your brain was slow and
foggy, and your mouth was chapped, cracked, and unbearably dry.

You hadn’t eaten; and after a while, the food was reclaimed. You understood. There was no sense
in waste. You had gone to the basin a few times to drink water, but no amount of it washed the
taste of him from your mouth, and you gave up trying.

Part of you didn’t want to let go of that taste, the reminder that you’d been alive yesterday, electric
under the whim of a tyrant. You were caught in this frustrating double helix of relief and
disappointment that he did not come. You willed your warring insides to just fucking pick one.

The emptiness in your stomach rumbled, and you tightened your hold on it, squeezing both arms
tighter. You hadn’t consciously decided to hunger strike, but the idea of eating something he
would likely make you vomit onto the floor was less than appealing. Laying your head against the
wall, you closed your eyes and yielded to the white noise. The thrum of fans, maybe engines, lulled
you into dozing.

When you woke, you searched for him in the room, but you were still alone. Reaching up, you
pressed your palms, dotted with crescent-shaped bruises from your fingernails, into your eyes. How
were you going to get out of here? You wracked your brain over that last arms deal, trying to recall
any detail, any nuance, that you could use to your advantage.

Yesterday, you’d accepted that this would be your life, that nothing you could tell him would grant
you freedom. After your brain rested, miraculously not concussed that you could tell, you weren’t
so willing to surrender. This could not be your life, this one cell with its bare cot, freezing
commode, and perpetually cold water in the basin. Rising, you paced off the quarters’ circumference, counting the steps, willing your addled cerebellum to work faster, better.

Santcha had done most of the talking, and you’d done everything else. Your lip curled in a sneer at the thought of that worthless bastard. You recalled that you’d watched as he talked with the defector and the woman, only half paying attention because you didn’t care about the Resistance. You only cared that they paid.

Stopping after the fifth circuit, you dropped your forehead into the wall with a thunk and pounded your fist on it in frustration. You couldn’t remember what they had said about where they were going. That was it. The fucking First Order burst in after that and sent them all scattering.

The whirl of the door was your only warning; and in the half second that followed, you were driven further into the wall. The manacle chain was trapped beneath your breasts, and it nipped your skin, catching on the fabric. Your breathing kicked up, your thighs clenched, and you flexed your fingers against the wall, palms beginning to leave sweaty hand prints there.

He was here.

But then there was nothing, and you balked under the weighty silence. Had the door closed? Had he stepped in? Could he feel the conflict within you? Was this your death sentence? Your mind pitched with all of the questions and possibilities.

Say something. Do something.

And then, the grenade that was Kylo Ren exploded.

He stomped on the basin in the corner with a snarl, nearly wrenching it from the wall, and you winced recalling how that was you yesterday under the weight of his boot. From the corner of your eye, you saw he lifted the paltry cot and threw it across the room. He wailed, but you couldn’t tell if it was anger or anguish. The helmet’s modulator strained to keep up with the boom of his voice and threw it in halting, choppy digital fits.

You blanched at the swoosh of his ignited lightsaber, and you broke into a full-body cold sweat, holding your breath. But the weapon’s hellfire didn’t come for you this time, and you could only listen as he turned it upon the room. You heard the sizzle as the saber plunged into the wall, the smell of warping steel and melting plastic overpowering. The hum of it as he spun captivated you, It, too, sounded alive under his thumb. Did the fabled weapon crave it as you did?

Ren shredded through what you thought to be the cot and kicked apart its pieces. He gouged at the walls until you could see the ends of long black scars marring the otherwise bleary room. Black smoke rose in curling tendrils up towards the ceiling, and you chased it with your eye, wondering what path it took to escape that was closed off to you.

You had pictured him like this, a feral, stalking predator, hungry for something only found in the hunt. Throughout the night, you envisioned his long limbs and strong frame plowing through everything, everyone, in his path. Now, your eyelids danced with the idea, the absolute power of him, and the strand of you yearning for him lengthened just a bit more.

Sparks rained down on you when the offended red fire met the ceiling, power lines hung like angry serpents, and grates clattered down only to be kicked away. You felt certain the next burst of electricity would ignite you, and you licked your lips, feeling suddenly magnetized.

Drawn to him.
Whatever wreckage was to come, he made you feel alive in this moment.

Your forehead warmed the wall where you were pressed, a lone rivulet of sweat dripping down the very center. You were flushed all over now and grateful for the Force. It anchored you and kept you from facing the terrible cyclone raging behind you, regardless of how you wished you could witness it. It kept your face, your eyes, from betraying your mind under his scrutiny.

Each of Ren’s vengeful howls and grunts was flanked by erratic breathing. The room smelled terribly of industrial carnage, and your chest tightened, inhaling the charred air. You wondered if he could smell it, too.

His helmet hit the wall to your left, a spiderweb breaking into the paint from how hard he’d thrown it, and your lungs seized. Would he show you his face? You had also spent the night wondering how a man like this could look. Was he a man? Or was he truly a monster, part of him decimated the way he sought to equally pulverize the universe as his legacy?

The lightsaber’s constant static thrum cut off, ending your debate. You let loose the breath you had been holding, finally registering your chest tightening painfully in need. He had more regard for his lightsaber than his helmet, you thought, as he dropped it less angrily onto the floor.

Another moment of silence passed, and you shuddered, awed at how easily he rendered you incapable by doing absolutely nothing.

The eye of the storm had turned onto you.

You were not prepared.

His gloved fist connected with the wall just to the right of your head, leaving a large indentation, and you flinched. The velocity of his punch was not lost upon you; but, a second later, you forgot about the show of brute strength when that glove was yanking your head back. He stuffed its counterpart into your mouth so far you nearly inhaled it and choked.

He threw your head forward carelessly. Your jaw worked, still aching from yesterday’s vicious exercise, trying to maneuver the leather to a more comfortable position and to ease your tongue into a less awkward twist.

Had he seen the relief wash over you as he muzzled you?

That relief was quickly cut off as the Force manipulated you, Ren moving your body to his will. You grimaced as your forehead met that slick spot it had created on the wall again. Your feet were forced further apart, your stance widened. You trembled, recalling Santcha, recalling your Master. This could only be one thing.

The \textit{shuck} of his belt as it was pulled from his pants sent you into a frenzy. Whatever hunger you had for him perished, replaced by horror, devastated by your utter impotence to do anything but be his object.

You lunged forward and threw yourself back, but the Force held you. You jerked your head to the left and right only to have your forehead pushed even harder against the wall. He pinned you there like an insect.

And then, your manacled hands were forced up over your head, your body drawn into a long line, a \textbf{target}.

You were crying before it had even begun. You’d thought he meant to fuck you, but that thought
died when he didn't step closer. The longer he took to close that distance, the more certain you were you’d been wrong. But were you relieved?

The silence of him frightened you more than his outbursts ever could, and this dead air was worse than any previous. Your very thoughts were frozen.

You knew, without doubt, violence was coming for you, and there would be no quarter.

At the first ferocious bite of his belt, you forgot to breathe. You couldn’t exhale, and your chest spasmed. He had struck you with no hesitation, no buildup, using the wide strap as an extension of his massive arm, his viciousness.

There was no time to be shocked because the second blow landed, then the third. You strained against the bondage, trying to twist away. You concentrated everything you had into breaking that Force bond, willing yourself to be stronger than you actually were, but it held you, and you felt only that you would tear your muscles if you kept fighting.

Angry ridges raised to life on your back, pulsing with the rush of your blood, your body trying in vain to keep up with the assault. Your heartbeat stuttered, anxiety coursing through you with no outlet, your only option to move your fingers and toes in an attempt to process the pain.

It was futile.

The strap came blistering down against your ribs, and your body suit tore under the abuse, not meant to withstand such a buffeting. Small holes burst in the wake of the heavy leather, and you keened for it, your safety, your cover. Once it was gone, you would be of even less value than you were now.

Sweat dripped down your face, stinging your eyes, corrupting the taste of the leather. You could smell it blending with your fear. You were boiling and shivering at the same time, your body unable to decide which pain response was appropriate and struggling to do both.

Strike
Strike
Strike

Your universe narrowed to his belt and the pain it wrought. But there was nothing of him, no breathing, no cursing, no growling. He obscured even himself in this rage, and you felt untethered from this world.

You heaved and panted, arching and contracting as much as he would allow, a snake shedding skin as more of you peeked through the torn fabric. This new, uncovered layer was pink, red, and purple. It was angry, lamenting, and it bore bow-shaped blemishes marking the path of the hurricane.

When the belt fell again at your backside, blood vessels burst, dotting the area with a constellation of plum-colored stars. At the small of your back, hot sweat pooled, the slick of it turning the strike that fell there to a swath of stinging needles.

Ren was relentless in his hysteria. He beat you from calves to shoulders. Every terrible punch of his belt was solid, never diminishing, and they came so fast you lost count of how many you’d taken.

Crack
Crack
Crack

The endorphins reached their peak, and you drew in a faltering breath. Trembling fingers stretched upwards even as your body slackened. Bleary eyes fell shut and you stilled, silence blanketing your mind.

You let yourself fly, welcoming the darkness. It whispered to you, and you reached for that comfort.

*In suffering, there is beauty.*

You swam in dopamine, epinephrine. Fear arguing with lust. Hazily, your brain offered up that he was again angered by your attempt to go where he could not follow because he roared, the first you'd heard of his voice without the helmet.

Suddenly, the leather litany ceased, but you knew better than to believe you had yet suffered enough.

Something had changed.

You squeezed your eyes hard and tight as he snarled angry words you couldn't piece together. Bearing down on the glove, you thought you certainly could taste it, the last of his inhibition burning away.

He was wallowing in sadism now, giving himself over to the headiness of its power.

The next collision came with the hard metal buckle walloping into your skin instead of the leather, and it slammed you forward. His hold on the Force was unsteady as he poured all of his anger into you and let himself lose control.

You choked and nearly coughed up the glove. You saw white spots behind your closed eyes and desperately tried to cling to clarity, consciousness. You had no idea what he would do to you if you passed out now, and you didn't want to find out.

In this new barrage, you counted five buckled shots, and you thought he had to have pulled them up from the very tips of his toes, each cresting harsher than the last. They cracked out into the room like lightning, and the thunder of them shook you to your bones.

The adrenaline flight carrying you crashed, and you sagged against your invisible bond. Moist lashes moved sluggishly, eyes shining but unfocused. Your body was giving up, moving beyond acceptance and into defeat.

Your gray matter could offer up nothing save that single repeated idea, one long ago adopted and cherished. It was your hymn, your supplication to the unknowable that helped you bear the weight of your past. And now, your present.

*In suffering, there is beauty.*

You hung, suspended between this reality and the next, your only company the hammering of your heartbeat. It sounded to you that all the world was silent, except for your breathing and his.

Kylo Ren had gagged the universe with his furor.

One last strike fell with the might of a bomb. He must have thrown the entire weight of his towering body into it because it exploded against you with such force that the buckle broke off and
clattered across the floor.

All of the air was forced from your lungs on a furious scream, but no sound traveled. Your back bowed so fiercely your hip bones smashed into the wall, toes turning white with the strain. You hiccuped and wretched, unable to bend forward even an inch so you could vomit the leather onto the floor.

Destroyed, you swayed piteously, head dropped forward, body limp and wracked with silent sobs, and finally allowed some respite.

Your back was throbbing from the base of your neck to your ankles. You were one long exposed nerve, a constant stabbing from over stimulation. It reached up to even invade your brain, and you could manage no thought, nothing greater than existing from second to second. Even your mantra was stolen from you.

The welts and blossoming contusions painted an impressive span on your body. He hadn’t let loose his anger just on your back. It had slithered all around you to mark the sides of your arms, legs, hips. Your catsuit was gashed apart, hanging in disheveled ribbons at your back.

There were ball-sized hematomas rising where the belt buckle had struck.

Each inhalation, each heartbeat, was an exercise in endurance, the strength of your will. Because every movement, no matter how small, set off another aftershock of pain, rippling fire down the length of your spine. It was all you had left, this resolution to breathe.

Your first thought as you came back to yourself was that this was victory. You were present. You had not been lost to unconsciousness.

You had **survived** him.

When he finally stepped away from you, his breathing ragged, you prayed that he was sated, his anger having run its course, but you did not hold your breath in hope. You did not try to move. You had learned the lesson yesterday.

You did what objects do -- wait to be used again.

What did your Child God think of you in this moment, you wondered.

Function returning, you listened as he moved around the room collecting his helmet, saber, and belt. He even pocketed the broken belt buckle. Not wanting to see him, you pressed your eyes shut tight. When you lost consciousness after he was gone, you would not likely remember having seen him, and you **wanted** that memory, not a blurry half-truth you couldn’t trust.

At his departure, the weight of the Force finally lifted, but your body could not hold you. You crashed down onto the floor in a bruised and bloody pile, thankful that he had not turned his attention underfoot and taken the last solid surface upon which you could lie.

You used the only bit of strength you had to pull the glove from your mouth before you actually did swallow it to shake loose this painful plane of existence. Closing your eyes, you exhaled an unsteady breath, and succumbed to darkness.

*In suffering, there is beauty.*
Sustenance

Chapter Summary

The girl who could not say no

Chapter Notes

Please take the content warnings seriously, and please enjoy the spilling of secrets.

Day Three

You slept on the floor where you’d fallen. The cell was chaos, and you were just a speck in the debris. Three days with no food, little water, and two days of strenuous physical activity left you existing on fumes. When Ren departed yesterday, you fell into exhaustion, and that was where you’d remained.

Throughout the night, you drifted through fever, through memory, through darkness. You vacillated between too hot and too cold but made no effort to relieve either. During your conscious moments, you argued with yourself the pros and cons of dying on this floor.

The room, the fabric of reality, was hazy, still littered with smatterings of smoke, dirty air, and the smell of days’ old sweat. You weren't convinced it was real when you heard the door hiss open; and so, you made no move to acknowledge it.

“Get up, trader,” Ren demanded.

Your back was to him, but you were certain that you did hear his voice, and you tried to obey knowing it was better for you in the long run if you did. You had enough wits about you to accept that he would do with you whatever he wished, but your compliance could prolong this moment of quiet, this absence of suffering.

Every part of you ached, but you uncurled all ten fingers and smoothed them against the floor, nudging away the glove you'd clutched through the night. Weary, you pushed both hands under your torso and tried to lift yourself up, but you were sapped of all strength and incapable, and you collapsed back onto the floor, head falling down, arms buckling beneath your breasts.

Time stilled. You concentrated only on your breathing and steadying its pace. Forcing open leaden eyelids, you surveyed the wreckage within your line of sight, evidence of the beating he’d inflicted upon you. This was the battlefield, and you were still alive.

Weren't you?

You had to be. He was here, but you could in no way predict what that would mean for you.

You did not try to move again, deciding your preference that he murder you for insolence than to try to will your body past this exhaustion. But you felt an unfamiliar brush against the curve of
your back, and you jerked away from it.

The entire span of your body was still throbbing and bristling, and you wanted absolutely no contact with anything. It came again, though, and you cautiously, slowly reached back to feel for it, fingers brushing against the fabric of his cloak.

You could smell his clothes, him, infiltrating the air around you, clean against the detritus, and the stress in your body eased slightly. Knowing where he was in the room grounded you, gave you a focal point. You could prepare if you knew where he was.

Ren crouched down beside you, and his gloved hands reached out to turn you gingerly to your back. His movements were deliberate, almost cautious. How strange, you thought, that he would be concerned for injuring you now. Stranger still, why did he not use the Force as he had previously done?

Both strong arms then slid beneath your body, and he lifted you up as though you were nothing more than cloth.

“Find out who is in charge of this cell. Now!”

He barked the order out into the hallway, and you felt it vibrate through his chest. Inexplicably, you curled into it.

You tried to look around and count the turns as he carried you down numerous corridors, but your brain was still foggy, and you couldn’t retain any of the details. Giving up on figuring out where you were being taken, you tucked your chin down, curled your hands into your throat, and turned your face away from the world, burrowing further into the darkness.

You felt weak, pathetic, and you shrank into yourself, all the way into the quiet dark of your mind, slipping away from him.

When you next awoke, you were lying flat on a smooth floor, and you took in a shaky breath, lips trembling apart, because it was cold against your burning back. Flattening out your palms gratefully, you basked in the coolness licking along the length of your body.

“Open your eyes.”

You didn’t know where you were, but you did know that voice, crisp, unyielding. Inhaling a shaky breath, you obeyed and looked up straight at the ceiling until your eyes could maintain focus. Allowing your gaze to travel, you took in the mostly black room, the gloss of it shining odd against the darkness. There was only one light on, and it cast the figure speaking to you in shadow.

“I am told that you have been refusing food. Is this true?”

Your heartbeat froze. Suddenly more parched than you’d ever been in your life, you licked dry lips and stuck your eyes back to the ceiling. What could you say? You hadn't wanted to vomit on his dick, but you had to concede that it was a poor choice.

Lifting your head slightly, you searched for him. Finding him seated in a small chair, presiding over you, you nodded your head once and prayed that he would see your silence as obedience given that he hadn’t specifically told you to speak.

This new proximity, the false familiarity of it, was agitating, and you fidgeted. Even on the first day, with your throat stuffed full of him, he was not this close. Close enough to see you, you thought.
He stood, and you tracked him. You knew Kylo Ren was tall, but he absolutely towered over you where you lay upon the floor. This was the smallest, the most insignificant, you'd ever felt.

Struck dumb, you stared at his back, realizing that even in private, even in stillness, he would want you beneath him to worship.

The thought made your palms sweat and itch. You watched as he began to remove the layers separating him from the world. Gloves were tossed onto the large bed followed by cloak and what looked to be a tunic.

The universe stopped. Your breath hitched, toes curled, because he was going to do it. You were going to see him, your Child God, and you nearly wept for it.

The hiss of the helmet echoed in the near empty chamber, and you fought against yourself to remain still. You wanted, with everything, to sit up and look at him, but you knew better than to try your luck. In agony, you waited for him to turn around, to reveal himself, but he didn’t. He moved away from the bed, from you, further into the room.

You cursed the universe for being a tease, this room for being so damn dark, and yourself for wanting to look upon the monster so badly.

When you finally did see him, he was carrying a square silver tray in one hand, and your heart hammered, eyes rounding into glossy saucers.

He was magnificent.

You willed your addled brain to commit the details of him to memory forever. Your fingers curled into fists with how hard you tried to brand this moment into yourself.

He was beautiful and not at all what you expected. Your mouth fell open as you stared at the long line of his nose, the chisel of his chin, the smattering of dark color dotting his perfect skin. His halo was black but lustrous, and his mouth was inviting rather than grotesque.

How could this man be who he was? Certainly no person this beautiful could be a monster.

Ignoring your stare, he kicked your legs together, and they shook. You could not have stopped your body’s response even if you were Force capable, and you tried to scramble back, away from whatever he was about to do to you, bare feet planting and pushing against the slick floor that granted you no assistance.

“Stop fucking moving.”

His command had bite, and you blanched, battling your body into some semblance of calm. He kicked your hands out of the way and stepped into the empty space created there, his boots massive and heavy. You pictured it on your chest, the weight of his will upon you, and bit your lip at the memory.

Ren bent down, came to rest on one knee, and set the tray on the floor with a slight clatter. It was food, and you nodded once. His question made sense to you now, even if the act of seeming kindness was alien, and you tried to roll to one side so you could eat.

You were shocked to your core when his trunk-like leg swung over your body and he settled his weight onto your abdomen, pressing your tender back harder into the cold tiles. You wheezed, face red and puffy, and your shoulders lifted from the ground. Both of your hands flew to his knees and pushed, but he didn't even acknowledge that you'd moved.
You tensed all over, amazed and afraid for whatever was to come. Why was he suddenly compelled to touch you? Why did your every molecule scream out for him to do so?

You registered now that he was shirtless, and you stared, stupefied, at the freckles drifting down his neck and across his torso. You wanted to trace them, to connect them, and to see how far down his body they truly went.

His knees and thighs squeezed in against your body, ending the roam of your eyes and the spin of your thoughts and bringing you back to the moment. Beneath him like this, you'd never felt so caged, so powerless.

You doubted you would ever feel safe again.

“Open your mouth.”

Remembering the last time he bid you to do this, your teeth sunk into your cheek roughly, and you shook your head, body wiggling in between his legs, trying to inch away like a worm.

You chastised yourself because you fucking knew it was pointless. You had learned enough of Kylo Ren to know you were here for whatever he wished, and it was fucking stupid to protest, but you couldn't stop fighting.

His large hand shot out at your face so quickly it stole your breath. Two fingers pushed past your teeth and wrenched your jaw down, opening your mouth. You vibrated, thighs clenching together, eyes squeezing tight shut. Why did that viciousness awaken you so?

The next thing you felt was cold at the back of your throat, and you coughed and sputtered. He was pouring water into your mouth but bypassing your tongue so that you were not allowed to actively swallow. You lifted up off the floor, gagging and shivering, only for him to push you back down and do it again.

He held you at the chest and filled your mouth so full of water that it ran over the sides of your lips. You shook your head wildly and snorted it, shooting droplets into the air. He was going to drown you, you were certain.

Your fingers scrambled against his thighs and you bucked up against him, swallowing as much as you could before convulsing, heaving, desperately drawing in air.

“What do you want to behave?”

His voice above you was different but no less harsh, no less terrifying. It was steady, absolute, and it twisted your guts, throwing out an order to the most sensitive parts of you that now was the time to throb, to ache, to be ready.

Damp lashes swept against the rouge flaming on your cheeks, but you did not look at him. Stealing as many seconds as you could, you drew in a ragged breath and shifted, attempting to find a place to settle that didn't hurt.

Your body had registered the command; your breasts tightened, your clit pulsed in time to your heartbeat, and the juncture of your thighs was hot and damp.

He was leaning forward, looking down at you as though this was a routine interrogation tactic, as though he wasn't sending you into a frenzy with nothing but five words. You slid your hands back to his knees, unwilling to give back this bit of contact, opened your eyes, and flattened yourself against the floor with a nod.
“Open.”

You hesitated for a fraction of a second, but you did part your lips slightly. The arch of his brow, however, had you opening your mouth wider. You watched him, trying to glean his plan from his face.

You were taut and ready to fight whatever he was about to do. You knew that he could feel it, but you couldn't make yourself relax, couldn't just let whatever it was happen.

Could you?

You weren't prepared for the bit of bread that rested against your tongue, and your surprised eyes flew open wider, fixing upon him. He waited for your tongue to tentatively curl around his finger and accept it before his hand slid over your face to cover your mouth.

He didn't trust you to chew and swallow, you realized.

Ren hovered, one large palm placed on the floor by your head. You could smell his soap, his shampoo, his breath, and you wanted to fist your hands into those long, black waves.

He was watching to be sure that you obeyed and swallowed the morsel down completely. When you'd finished it, he waited with a cocked brow, like before, until you opened your mouth again.

He would alternate between bread and water, forcing the sustenance into your body, covering your mouth each time. He would also pause every few bites to simply slide his bare finger against your tongue, and your gut clenched, the muscle eagerly curling around to savor the taste of him.

“Supreme Leader Snoke tells me that I need to let go of my inhibition. He says that my reluctance to abandon the last shreds of conscience is holding me back.”

His voice rumbled out into the room, equal parts melodic and withering. But you had lost yourself to those dark eyes. They were golden sometimes, chocolate others. When you became distracted and stopped eating, his hand would press down upon your face roughly, forcing your head back into the floor until you came back to attention and chewed again.

“I did not understand how I was meant to do this until you.”

Now, you knew what this was. If you died, he could no longer torture you. You cannot play with toys you destroy. Panic spread across your face because the thought that he had been holding back these last two days sent you careening.

“Hurting you,” he nearly crooned, his voice low and thick, “cleared my mind.”

As though to punctuate this idea, he pressed your face down again, using his pinky to cap off your nostrils, smothering you with the expanse of his heavy hand. You bucked against him until he pressed his other hand down into your sternum, locking you to the floor and constricting your breathing further.

He held you there, staring down at you with that beautiful, vengeful gaze, until your fit abated and you slumped, his hold loosening slightly to grant you a modicum of oxygen.

“I’m going to keep you here, and I’m going to do to you whatever I choose. Do you understand?”

He watched you, searching your face for some glimmer that his words took hold. Tears sprang to your eyes as you searched his face, shaking your head under his palm. Pleadingly, both of your
hands came up to circle his arm, holding on with a trembling grasp.

No.

This could not be happening. This could not be your life. You had already belonged to one madman; you could not accept that you would belong to another.

The adrenaline surged through you, and you threw yourself up into him again, crashing your hips up into his. You clawed at his wrist and tried to bring your knees up into his back behind him, desperately trying to throw off his balance, his weight, something.

He released your mouth and chest and leaned back onto his haunches, watching you fight and twitch until you fell back against the floor, hands over your mouth trying to quell the sobs. You tipped your head back as far as possible, putting the only bit of distance between you and him that you could and straining against yourself because you knew this was futile. You were just draining away the bit of strength he’d fed you.

Suddenly, Ren’s hand reached out and grasped your elbow roughly, pulling it to one side. He leaned over you again, pressing his body down against yours to further contain you. His fingers dipped down to turn your face, and you jerked back as though you were on fire.

Shaking your head wildly, you tried to use your free hand to fill the distance between your throat and his eyes, but he pushed your hand away and captured your chin in a harsh grip. Jabbing your head upwards, he bared your throat completely, and your world broke.

With your chin pushed this far up, there was no hiding the damage, the jagged edges of scars stretching across the skin covering your larynx.

His grip slackened slightly, but his gaze remained on your neck, fingers tracing the indentation. There was nothing to hide now, and you broke into a silent, mournful wail, pushing all of the air from your lungs on nothing more than a gravelly wheeze. He watched you descend into sobs, pressing your fists against your forehead.

“No information to share, hm? Or rather, no way to share it?”

He planted his palm on the floor once more and roved his eyes over you, something flashing across his features, something you felt didn't bode well for you.

“Who did this to you? Are there more?”

Ignoring the first question, you nodded your head at the second. You were too far gone to do anything but obey now. Yes, there were more.

Raising himself back up, he tucked his warm fingers into the neck of your catsuit. You shivered at the contact, drawn from your dark mental hole by the touch of his skin. As though it was no more than tissue paper, he tore a long gash into the fabric down the middle of your body.

Ren shifted his weight, lifting his body off of yours to lengthen the tear down into the valley between your legs. Your hands hovered in the air, trembling terribly, but you knew better than to try to cover yourself.

The skin he uncovered was riddled with scars of varying lengths, sizes, and depths. Some were perfectly round; some were long and slender. Some were tally marks etched deep into your skin.

“So they wouldn't hear you scream,” he mused on a murmur.
Your body was jerked against the floor, jostled from side to side as he ripped more of the fabric away to bear arms, hips, legs to his appraising gaze. His fingers brushed against a particularly large scar at your thigh, and your leg jumped.

It had been years since someone had seen the entirety of your body, and you turned away, trying to crawl out from beneath him.

He allowed you to shift but pinned you back down on your stomach, pressing a knee against your bare arm so that he could tear the remainder of the tattered suit away from your backside. You heard his breath hitch as he looked down at the marks he’d left upon you mixing with those he hadn’t noticed yesterday.

You doubted it was pity.

His palm, large and hot, pressed down on your back, holding you in place as he pulled the catsuit off your legs and away from your feet. Pushing your forehead into the sweat-slicked floor, you covered your head with the untrapped arm, shaking with new sobs.

What could he possibly think of you now? What sort of god would want a dirty and broken thing to worship him?

He knelt over you, and you wished the weight of him would return. It was easier to bear his scrutiny, however, when you could not watch him judge you.

Kylo Ren had taken everything from you, even deciding when your secrets would be known.

He moved you again, turning you back over to look up at him. His thumb scraped across your mouth, dipping in for a second, before he stood and lifted you from the floor. You pushed against his chest, but it was an insignificant attempt.

You sniffled and hiccuped when he set you upon the little bench in the bathroom and looked away as he kicked off his boots and socks. You didn’t try to cover yourself while you waited for whatever torment came next. It would have been pointless to do so.

Focusing your eyes upon the wall, you willed the darkness to come take you.

The running shower filled the room with hot steam, and you focused on the sound. Were you to be his maid now? Wash and dry him after he beat you? You snorted and turned your head to the side, disgusted to admit that you were entertaining the idea, that the notion of it electrified you.

Ren threaded his rigid fingers into your hair, yanking you from the bench. Mouth falling open in what should have been a yelp, you pulled against his grip. Steps stuttering, weight askew andtoppling, your shoulder crashed into him. Both hands reached out to grip at his hip as he maneuvered you into the little cell and spun you to face the water.

“Put your hands there,” he said, pointing to the wall.

Swallowing your dread, you straightened, slowly reached up, and put your hands on the wall on either side of the water spray. It pulsed down just a fraction from your face, and you understood how easy it would be for him to just tip your head into the water and drown you.

You couldn’t help yourself; the pull of the heat was too strong. You dipped your head forward and sucked in a long breath as the hot water rained down on your head and the back of your neck. You hid inside the curtain the water made around your face, lips parting open to breathe, eyelashes dripping fat drops of salty tears mixed with clean water.
When you felt his hand upon you, your whole body clenched, but you did not lift your head from
the cascade, and he allowed you to keep it there. His fingers started at your shoulders, pressing in
on your skin and squeezing. He then gripped the muscles beneath your upper arm, separating them
and moving his fingers between until you leaned away with a grimace. You wondered if he was
looking for further injury or a good place to cause more.

His hands slid up along the length of your arm, grasping along the muscles and the bones. When
you would wince or jerk, he would take a second pass over that area, poking and prodding until
whatever he was looking for was satisfied.

Ren slid his fingers into the watery curtain and wrapped them around your neck. You held your
breath as he felt and squeezed your throat and then pulled your head back out of the water, taking
away your hiding spot. Calloused hands traveled down your chest, examining each rib, pressing in
at your sides.

Inspection, you thought. This was an inspection.

He turned his attention to the lower half of your body, squeezing hips, thighs, calves, and you
bristled, flushing under his hands. You understood now that he was looking for occult injury,
anything he couldn’t see plainly.

Why did being evaluated like cattle set you aflame? You were tingling from scalp to soles.

Ren stepped fully into the shower chamber behind you, and your compliance faltered. You took a
step forward, away from him. One hand dropped from the wall as you looked over your shoulder,
worrying your lower lip. The dark look on his face gave you seconds to right yourself; and
somehow, you managed it.

Moving your hair to one side, he ghosted his fingertips over the welts he’d raised with his belt just
yesterday. He brushed his thumb briskly against a few spots, and you thought he had to be washing
away blood that had crusted there.

He splayed his large fingers over one of the hematomas coloring your ass and squeezed it until you
were gasping, hopping onto your toes, and trying to dance away, something of an appreciative
sound rumbling in his throat.

Capturing your hips in both hands, he pulled you back flush against him, shifting your ass right and
left before finding the spot he wanted you, the round softness of you plastered against the hard
expanse of him. He reached to wrap fingers around your throat again, and your breathing
quickened, body tense.

He moved you by that choking handle until your head was pressed into his shoulder. You strained
to keep your fingertips against the wall because he hadn’t told you to move.

Your weight was pressed against him in two wicked points: the back of your head at his shoulder
and the swell of your ass tucked into his pelvis. A long shudder worked its way through you; he
was hard, and you were ready. Screwing your eyes shut, you tried desperately to banish that
thought.

Ren’s fingers tightened on your neck until you were on your toes trying to gain a little bit of
breathing room. Reaching around you, he slid something from the little shower alcove and held it
out for you to take.

“Wash.”
Soap. The man was holding soap, and you knew if you hesitated too long, he would shove it in your mouth. Fumbling, you reached out to take it, trying to move away from him, to lean forward for better balance, but he held you firm. He meant for you to do it pressed up against him like this.

The embarrassment blossomed from your toes to your ears, and your insides wilted. Had you passed inspection? Or was this test part of it?

Every single part of your body reacted to his command and the silent way he simply waited for you to comply. Your breath hitched, and you licked your lips, empty throat swallowing. Your hips twitched against him, and your breasts tightened to hard peaks.

The combination of rushing water at your front and Kylo Ren at your back narrowed your world to the many variations of heat: liquid, pooling, steaming, curling.

Slowly, you turned the soap in your hands to make a lather and tried to focus your senses upon it. The little green bar produced a heady foam, and it smelled so, so good. Was it his soap?

You pressed one sudsy hand to your fire-red chest and began to rub. You washed upwards until your slick fingers nudged his, nestled around your throat, but he did not budge from there. Trading hands, you rubbed the soap into your belly and onto your side, down across your hip.

You needed another hand. Or some leverage. Seeming to understand your struggle, he lifted his empty hand out into the air for you to lay the soap upon, and you sagged against him a little in relief. You’d certainly die if you did a half-ass job, but you were also hamstrung in the current configuration.

Soaping up better this time, you dropped the bar into his open palm and laid both hands against your body, more easily working the lather into your skin. You sighed something of a contented sigh as you worked soap into tight shoulders and down along the length of your sides. An appreciative rumble vibrated against your back when your hands slid up and around your breasts, and you squirmed.

A second pass with the soap, and your hands were rolling low along your abdomen. Your breath came quick and shallow as you dipped both hands between your thighs and rubbed the suds in, hips inching back further, the arch of your body deepening against him.

Catching yourself, eyebrows drawn together harshly, you backtracked and thrust your hands out into the water, washing away the evidence of lust you’d found there.

Ren didn’t miss it, though. He let go of your throat, dropped the soap, and wrapped both hands around your hips, pulling you back into him further. You curved upwards, the very tips of your breasts lifting into the hot water spray and swelling further from the attention. You winced but didn’t dare lift your head from his shoulder. He lowered his mouth to the valley of your throat, lips moving against your pulse.

“Let’s not pretend that you don’t want to be exactly where you are, shall we?”

He anchored you to him with one arm around your stomach and dropped his thick fingers between your legs, sliding against you with no resistance, but from soap or slick you could not tell. Your breath caught completely, and you stood up further onto your toes, trying to get away.

Languidly, he stroked his fingers between your labia, curling upwards at the very top to graze against your clit each time. Your fingers scraped against his arm, and your hips bucked up into his strokes, earning a low growl into your ear.
“I’m going to keep you, trader,” his voice was thick like honey, and you melted all over his fingers.

“You’re going to fight me every time, aren’t you? But I’m still going to hurt you, break you, fuck you.”

He said these things to you as though they were pillow talk, and you writhed against him, his fingers never faltering but never quickening, his pace absolute torture. You hungered for him, hard and pressed against your backside, but you knew that this was another lesson. He was proving what you already knew: You craved him.

Defeated, you nodded. You clung to his arm and shuddered against him. His mouth dipped against your pulse again, and he nipped at the skin there, dragging his teeth along the vein. His fingers pressed more insistently against you, the thick middle finger sliding into just the right groove, the pad of his fingertip then finding the very center of your throbbing clit and pressing slippery circles there.

He reached up to cup and tug at the stiff peak of one breast, and you groaned. He lifted his head from your throat and watched you intently.

"Again."

He tugged once more at your aching nipple, but you could only gasp. Wrapping forward around you, he dropped that hand to slide one finger into your pussy slowly, and you gave him what he wanted, groaning again even though it sounded only like a death rattle.

He pressed a pleased hum into your temple, murmuring that he could feel it when you groaned like that and asking if it felt the same when you screamed, moaned, begged. All the while, his hands never stopped working your cunt. He slowly fucked you with one long finger and rubbed your clit in tight, delicious, wicked circles.

You choked and lurched forwards, spasming under his hand. You reached behind you to clutch fistfuls of his wet pants, rewarded by the flex of a thick, corded thigh. His hips punched forward once, rocking against your ass, and you quaked.

You were edging nearer and nearer to something actually pleasant beneath him, and you arched like a bow for it, your body begging him to please let you have this, pleading that you had certainly suffered enough to deserve it.

“Open your mind to me, and I’ll let you cum,” he whispered it into the shell of your ear, and you went stone rigid.

You felt as though you’d been dumped into ice water, and you turned your face away. Of course, there would be a cost. Shaking your head once, you drew your hands up, clasping them together between your breasts, holding onto yourself. You would not, could not, give him that.

He spun you around so fast that your eyes flew open just in time for your face to be plunged under the shower water. He held your face turned upwards into the spray, and you panicked against him. You clawed and flailed, arched and stomped; all to no avail.

When he drew you forward out of the stream, you coughed and spat, blinking up at him until you registered his cocked eyebrow. He was waiting for you to obey. You were beginning to hate that fucking eyebrow. Pressing your lips into a firm line, you shook your head no.

He forced fingers, tangy with your taste, into your mouth and held open your jaw, one hand
wrapped around your neck, and thrust you back under, mouth and throat open, nose turned into the downpour. He was drowning you, just as you’d predicted, and you thrashed against it, but you were inhaling water rather than just swallowing it. It burned your eyes, your nose, your tongue.

As soon as you began to lose consciousness, sagging in his grip, he wrenched you forward and to the side, pounding on your back until you vomited up the water you’d inhaled along with half of the food he’d fed you earlier.

He allowed you to drop into a wretched pile and crouched down, watching you silently. When you finally lifted your head to regard him, your eyes flashed angrily black and you sneered at him.

He was holding the soap for you to take.

And then, he was gone, leaving you crumpled on the shower floor, unsatisfied, starving, and fuming.
Liar

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

A little more slow-burn torture; a little more moving us along. Please take the content warnings seriously, as always. And thank you to all of you along with me for this ride. I appreciate it so very much.

Day Four

You’d awoken to darkness, which was an unusual change of pace since you’d been captured. It was quiet, cold, and it sounded as though the universe was at peace. Trying to internalize the soothing white noise, you lay in the spacious bed, wishing you were somewhere you could see stars, and stared at the dark ceiling for a long time contemplating the clash of balance and chaos in your life.

Because Kylo Ren was both chaos and balance. You had no idea what the torture would be, but you knew there would be torture. Each time you saw him, he combusted and consumed you; and you knew that each time you saw him, it would be the same.


Ren had left you wallowing in the bottom of the shower, discarded like sewer refuse, and you had stayed on that shower floor for quite some time arguing with yourself if drowning was an auspicious end to your stint in this world or just a coward’s way out.

You still weren’t sure if you made the right choice.

The door hissed opened, and your whole body clenched. When you didn’t hear the whir of the droid that had delivered food, your mouth dried out, and you chewed your lower lip. It could only be him. For the briefest moment, light pooled into the room from the crisp world outside, and you yearned for it suddenly. You’d been trapped in a room with the most dangerous man in the galaxy using you as his personal plaything for days. Ren stepped into the door frame, and the thought of the world beyond him tapered away.

There was only him. Wasn’t there?

A full-body shiver worked its way from your scalp to toes. You were naked, having been left nothing to cover your body save the bedding, and you felt incredibly small, vulnerable but also awash in sensation, tempted by the violence his presence promised, lured into his game by the utter rush of adrenaline he brought with him every visit. Your body responded to even the idea of him, nipples raising to tight peaks, thighs pressing together to quell the quake.
Your fingers fisted the gray sheets, but you were determined to remain calm, to not move. Flattening yourself into the mattress, you focused doubly hard on the ceiling, but you couldn’t stop your breath from quickening. You’d done the things he expected of you; you’d bathed and eaten, made sure you drank water so your body would begin to heal. You had even denied yourself the slippery feel of your own arousal after he’d abandoned you in the shower. Somehow, you reasoned, he would know.

It was futile, however, to assume that those things would placate him.

He was nothing more than a shadow slicing through darkness, and it felt as though he infected every atom in the room, dimming every bit of light in the universe until he was the center. Every single day, you existed behind the curve, lacking the ability to broadcast your thoughts and feelings the way so many others took for granted. In this lightless room, this black hole cell, you were even more deficient, able to see nothing as the boogeyman came to collect you.

You felt his weight upon the foot of the bed and jumped in response, surprising even yourself with the suddenness of movement. Ren caught your ankle in a harsh grasp, fingers digging into the bony process and turning the ankle out. He pulled your legs apart, nudging them further and further to accommodate his size, and crawled between them as if he owned the space between. With his weight settled upon you, you shook, eyes misting, emotions already spilling over.

Because part of you knew that he did own that space between your thighs, and you had to admit to yourself that you wanted him to own that space. You couldn’t decide if it was the man’s viciousness that drugged you so or if it was just the man himself, but you were quickly becoming addicted to the vortex of pleasure and pain he brought with him.

You were spinning, your brain fast whirring out of control. He was torturous even when you could see him. Your mind did not know how to react that this, too, was taken from you, and it leaped to scenes of dismemberment, decapitation, laced with the slight red tint of lust, the haze of titillation. You imagined that the way he smelled, like smoke clinging to trees, must certainly be the specter of death hovering nearby, waiting for you, and it curled into the roof of your mouth.

Ren’s hands brought you back from your macabre visions, drawing up along the length of your nude body wrapped tight in the dark fabric, and slithered into your hair, curling into a tight grip at your scalp. Wrenching back, he curved your spine, tipped your head out of the way, and dropped his nose against the thunder of your pulse. Feeling his mouth on your throat spurred it to obedience, and it shifted with a swallow. You rubbed your tongue into your teeth, trying to produce enough saliva to obey again. His voice, when it came, was little above a whisper, but it was smooth like velvet.

“Were you dreaming of me, trader?”

You were lost to the fog of him and trembled to feel his lips vibrate against your skin as he spoke, but you realized he was waiting for you to answer. Licking your lips, you inhaled as deep of a breath as you could and shook your head slightly. He grunted in response, and you winced, preparing yourself for him to sink his teeth into your throat, crush your windpipe, and listen to you wheeze your last breaths beneath him.

But rather than wrath, he wrapped both hands around your shoulders and arched your body further up towards his mouth, painting a long line from your rapid heartbeat to your chin with his tongue. Your head lolled, and you tried to suppress the shudder that rolled through you, but your body responded of its own accord, one leg lifting up to squeeze at him with your thigh. His dark chuckle resounded against you, condescending, and you angrily shoved your leg away, turning your face from him.
“A liar as well as a traitor, hm?”

Releasing one shoulder, Ren settled his palm over your breast and squeezed, his thumb grazing over your aching nipple, and you shook your head again. Whatever you may have accepted about his claim upon your body was not for him to know, and you bristled at the contact. As though he could hear your thoughts, he did it again, proving the point. You did crave his touch, your body was his to compel, and he knew that you knew it.

You felt branded by it.

Slithering his touch down along the length of you, he tugged one leg up around his hips, stretched those searing fingers around the ripe curve of your ass, and pulled the cradle of your body open to accept him. Slowly, he began to rock his hips into yours, his weight moving and dipping with each thrust. Your breath stuttered, toes curling as you felt him lengthening against your core. You twisted your fingers into fists so that you wouldn’t reach for him.

“What else have you lied about?”

You were so focused on not being aroused by his every arousing gesture that you didn’t notice his free fingers inching up your shoulder and around your throat. Panic shot across your face, but it was too late. You cursed yourself for letting down your guard, for being made the fool by your own treacherous body. His large digits were just beneath your jaw on either side, and he was squeezing dangerously tight, cutting off the flow of blood to your brain by damming up the vein.

In your terror, your body curled around him, fingers clutching at his shirt, thighs squeezing his body, cunt heating as lust and fear boiled your blood. In trying to get away, you were undulating beneath him, rolling with his own grinding hips, and he growled under his breath, hardening further against your pelvis. Shame flooded you, but your eyes still fluttered shut, your groan still came to rumble under his grip. You tried to shake your head, but his grip made movement impossible, and you began to see bright spots in the black room.

Just before you slipped away, he released the pressure of his thumb and began to rub circles into the skin, as though this was a soothing gesture. He was learning your body and how long it would take you to lose consciousness, and your head swam with the realization. Your lungs remembered to fill, and you gasped against the unforgiving wall of his chest. You shuddered, the length of your body recoiling as though he’d shot you to orbit on an orgasm, and he hissed, snatching you back to attention. Shaking your head wildly, you tried to telegraph to him that you hadn’t lied about anything.

Ren lifted himself, one knee planting under the curve of your ass to bear his weight, and pressed the moist heat of his palm against your chest. He was still rubbing circles against your jugular vein when fire shot up through your pussy and around your clit. On instinct, you cried out, the gravel gasp of it reverberating up into his hand, and his fingers curled down into your sternum as though he planned to pull your beating heart from its cavity.

The sensation at your cunt was warm and almost wet, and you squirmed beneath him. You wrapped one hand around his wrist, trying to lift the weight of his demand away; and one hand slithered up the hard, chiseled arm to grip the middle, at the elbow, trying to pull the weight of his demand further into your body. In your delirium, you couldn’t decide which you wanted more.

Your slit of a useless mouth quivered, whimpering soundlessly, as he used the Force to manipulate you in this new and wicked way. Your clit was pushed up and down, side to side, and your chest shot upwards, connecting with the strangle at your throat and the crush at your chest. Jaw clenched, you tried not to imagine it was his tongue buried deep between your swollen cunt lips,
but the feeling was just as hot, just as fluid. Each time your chest oscillated where moans should be, his hips pushed into you, and you were fast a sticky mess beneath him.

“Do you know where the Resistance has gone?”

You were teetering just on the edge of bliss, wrapping yourself around him as though you, yourself, were the fabled monster from the deep, dragging him down into your abyss second by second. Your hips danced trying to find just the right angle or just the perfect spot for his cock between your labia. Dizzy, you arched and twisted, but he kept the pace of his hips deliberately slow, keeping the pleasure you ached for just out of reach.

You didn’t have any other way to communicate with him in the dark; and though you were certain he knew right where your mind was, you were terrified of the ramifications of that fact. Pleadingly, you clutched at his wrist with both hands, trying to lift his large hand up. You squeezed his sides with your legs, desperately trying to convey that you weren’t fighting, you weren’t trying to get away.

Astonishingly, his grip eased at your chest, and he let you have his hand. Relief flooded you, and you hugged his body tighter with your trembling thighs and tugged his hand up over your mouth. Shifting the palm so that it covered both of your lips and nearly all of one cheek, you tipped your face up into the volatile cover and brushed your mouth against the smooth center. This seemed to please him because his hips ground into you with a bit more weight and the hot suction between your legs increased. You groaned again, and you knew it vibrated through your lips against his palm. You had to fight to focus on what you were doing.

Sliding one hand over his where it covered your mouth, you again reached up to his elbow, hooking your fingers there and pulling, tempting him to again lean his weight into you, onto you. Pressing your lips up into his fiery skin, you opened your eyes and looked up into the darkness, straining to pick out his outline and hoping that he could see you better. When he did lean his weight onto your captive face, you forgot what was happening and lost yourself to gyrating beneath him, begging for something. Remembering his question, you shook your head purposefully. No, you did not know where they were.

Whether Ren believed you or not, he squeezed your face, fingers digging into the mottled cheek and chin until his fingernails dug curved trenches to mar your skin’s landscape. You were panting, lungs straining against ribs, nostrils flaring against foreign flesh, simultaneously frightened and aflame. His silence only prolonged your agony, but the Force sucking on your clit never faltered, and your eyes squeezed shut tight as a tremor rocked through you, bucking your hips up against it, against him.

You had been rendered a pathetic, mewling, wretched thing, and you pleaded with the unknown that he would believe you, that he would accept your offering because you were empty of anything else.

You had been foolish to hope for mercy, to hope that he would be satisfied with your display; and when his fingers tightened at both your nose and throat, you jerked against him violently, fists pounding into his arm. Thrashing your head from side to side, you wailed and cried, screamed and raged inside your head. The first time you saw him came flooding back, the feeling you had when you knew nothing you could say would satisfy him. He would chase every answer you ever provided with pain. It was the only thing he could believe.

Ren’s hand left your face, and you surged upwards into a painful arch, swallowing air desperately, just as something flew into his hand. Re-oxygenated, you were struggling against the grip at your throat when the lightsaber ignited furiously into the room. You blanched, terrified into momentary
stillness. As suddenly as it flared against the dark, the hellfire was gone. The black that enveloped you was now tinted crimson, and you fought to focus on something concrete, only able to see little particles of red-and-white light and blinking rapidly to clear them away.

Knowing it was in his hands flooded you with adrenaline, and you clashed against him with a new vigor. Your heels found purchase against the mattress, and you threw the entire weight of your body into him, trying to upset his balance, impotently attempting to shake the immovable. You clawed at his chest and arms, tried to peel his tight grip away from your throat. Recognizing the futility, you implored the galaxy that he would slide the Force over your body, take away your will, your option to fight him, because it made bearing his torment easier.

Your useless gaze watered over, and tears spilled down into your hairline as you came to understand that he wanted to feel you fight him. He had stopped using the Force to hold you down because he wanted your struggle, your battle. He had never asked you to stop fighting him; he had simply told you he would win.

Kylo Ren had told you a simple truth; and in doing so, he had completely obliterated you.

The Force did abandon your clit, just as you’d begged, in favor of your mouth, and your jaw was cranked open wide. The lightsaber ignited again, and you watched it move nearer and nearer to your face. You screamed, chest seizing and rippling in fear; but at the last possible moment, the angry blaze cut off, and Ren lowered the weapon into your mouth until the hot cross hilt sizzled against the delicate corners. You could smell the burning, taste the char, and you wretched, but you dared not turn your head, close your mouth, or lift your tongue.

You could only sob beneath him, paralyzed, horrified, electrified.

Ren let you ride out your terror, pressing on your chest until you registered that he hadn’t yet blown a hole through your skull. He stayed silent and motionless while you fought your breath back into some semblance of normal. Focusing your brain, you tried to be still, to soothe him with your obedience, to quiet your desperate mind. You clutched at his shirt but stopped pushing him away, and you bent your legs up around his hips, hugging the wall of him in tight. Of their own mind, your hips rocked against him once, twice, because his had woefully ceased moving. The hard width of his cock was still tucked in between your labia, and you fixated on that until you were no longer quaking.

“Do you know where they are?”

The Force left your mouth, and you labored to hear him over the rush of blood in your ears. He’d taken away the method of communicating you’d offered him, and you could see less now than you could before he’d disrupted the dark with the lightsaber. You felt wholly plunged into an obsidian sea, lungs filling with Ren’s dark will. Mind flailing, struggling not to drown in this fear, you did the only thing you could think of and prayed you survived.

Peeling your lips back from chattering teeth, you bit down on the edge of the weapon, the very last ridge.

You heard his breath catch, indicating he could see you in this inky barrenness. You held your teeth there, hoping he wouldn’t lose patience and end your furious bid. You knew how to placate angry men, how to soothe wounded egos, but Kylo Ren was no ordinary man, and these were unprecedented circumstances. Releasing the bits of shirt you’d clung to, you splayed both hands against the chiseled expanse of his chest, trying to show him that you were compliant, honest, trustworthy in this moment.
Steeling yourself into composure, you used his body, his nearness, to ground yourself and commit to what you were about to do. You didn’t know if you would survive this moment, but you were a caged creature with no options left. Carefully, cautiously, you shook your head; the weapon jostled, moved side to side by the grip of your teeth. No, you didn’t know where they were.

Ren was feral now, his cock throbbing, pulsing against your concealed cunt, and his breathing was short and shallow. His fingernails scratched down your throat, leaving red, welted tracks, and the weight of the lightsaber increased as he released it to similarly claw at your chest. Your mind screamed at you to throw the treacherous thing away, but something slid over you, peaceful, powerful, and you left it there, protruding from your mouth. He growled and snarled, grinding himself against your burning core.

Was this acceptance? Submission? Why did you feel so powerful?

You hushed the instincts telling you this was madness and tipped your head back. In this liquid euphoria, you showed Ren your throat, swallowed for him, mimicking the path his cock would take if it were lodged there in place of his weapon, and he gnashed his teeth. The chaos in you silenced, and you curled suddenly assured fingers into his shirt, luring him down rather than fighting him away.

The hands that shook this time were not your own, and the grip that claimed your hips was brutally tight, as though to camouflage the tremble. You arched up, curving your spine in a delicious bow, and tried to press your throbbing breasts into his huffing rib cage. Ren rutted into you once more, and your twisting, pulsating pelvis cradled him, rolling with his thrusts.

You knew he was watching you, and you flushed, imagining how you looked to him. Eyes wet and wild. Skin hot and streaked with sweat and tears. Lips stretched apart, teeth holding his weapon, the extension of himself, upright. You wondered if he saw you as hungry as you saw yourself in this moment. You lifted your sex into his and whimpered at the drag of his length against you.

Somehow, you found yourself wishing that you weren’t separated from him by trousers and bedding, and you closed your eyes to focus on him grinding against you, his pace increasing. Emboldened, your tongue came up to trace the ridge of the saber’s portal, and he barked out a curse. You licked at it, the alloy taste a pitiable substitute for Ren's skin, and felt your body deliver a surge of wet heat to perfume the room. There would be no denying that his violence awakened every part of you.

He was all but fucking you now, stabbing against your swollen, cloistered pussy, using your body to get off, and it provoked your lust, consuming you. You swam in the picture you created in your head of him looming over you, face red and sweaty as he drilled into you. You imagined the weapon in your mouth was his cock, and you poked your tongue up into the gaping hole, tentatively at first. It was warm, and it tasted of violence and death.

"Fuck. Again."

You reveled in his gaze, his debauched command. You were charged electric, teeming with obscene fantasies, a Child God’s harlot worshiping at the altar of his weapon.

His hips began to stutter as you worked your tongue in and out of the saber's opening, losing yourself to the idea that he was coming undone for you, because of you. Circling the raised ridge again, you hummed at the taste of metal and slid the hungry muscle back into that channel, bathing the industrial black in shining spit.
Clamoring between your legs, Ren bore down on your chest to hold you in place, deflating your lungs with the shift of his weight. He tore away the sheet that was covering your naked body and knelt between your legs. Angrily, he forced your thighs apart wide, slapping at one viciously, a warning that you were to keep them there. Your hips never stopped moving for him, though, and you wrapped both hands around the wrist at your hammering heart, deciding that this was your favorite way for him to suffocate you. Continuing to fuck his weapon with your tongue, you wrapped the sinful sounds he made around you like a glove.

Ren’s beautiful mouth dripped with all manner of derogatory mutterings, and you contorted under each. Dirty. Filthy. Pathetic. Hungry. Greedy. You could hear him fisting his cock, the slap of it echoing out into the silent room, punctuated only by heavy breathing.

The two of you were locked in fantasy, bleeding desires into reality. He fucked his tight fist, picturing you swallowing his aching cock instead of his weapon, and you writhed beneath him as though he was actually fucking you, hips bucking, breasts quivering, cunt clenching.

He shot his orgasm up the length of your body with a deep growl, and you purred for it, arching, straining, to be the canvas for each hot drop, concentrating on the sticky feel of it puddling on your ribs. You rocked your hips against the empty air, languid and loose. You were slick and ready for him, even though you knew it wouldn’t come. He would deny you this, you were sure, but you were wholly satisfied, even through the painful throb that didn’t abate.

You had done that. You had wrung orgasm from insanity.

A moment passed where he just looked at you, saying nothing. Time distorted, and you followed the rustle of fabric as he righted himself. Reaching for his weapon, he dislodged it from your teeth with a clink, the metal clanging against enamel. Wisely, you remained exactly where you were, quaking into the darkness, until he left the room.

Hours passed. The exhilaration, the frenzy, crashed, and you slipped into mindless existence. After he’d left, you slept. When food was delivered, you ate. But all of your brain function was centered upon reliving the early morning hour with Ren. Even the memory of it blistered you, and you found yourself grimacing through the replay.

You had delighted in the depravity with hardly any prodding at all.

Your fingers still shook with the revelation, and you covered still flushed cheeks, nonono running on repeat as though refusing to admit the truth would make it go away. Violent men were not new to you, but you had never reacted to one the way you reacted to him. Rationalizing that Commander Kylo Ren was unlike any man you’d ever known did nothing to staunch your shame. You wanted to curl into a ball beneath the cover, to let your disgust force every muscle into contracture. You wanted to keen and cry, but you were fresh out of tears. Ren owned those, too, it seemed, because you could not produce a single one for yourself no matter how you languished.

Repulsed at the pathetic thing you’d become, you forced yourself up and into the bathroom. The automatic light startled you, and you lurched away from the mirror with a wince before realizing that the wounded creature there was you. Wrapping clammy fingers around the counter’s corners, you leaned forward and studied your opposite. She looked like you. She bore your scars. But she was a wholly different animal, hunger in dark eyes, riddled with new constellations of angry color. Ren’s bruises bloomed up under a canopy dotted with crimson stars, new galaxies of blue, green, purple.

That woman, you decided, was a raging, wanton savage.
What did it mean, then, that she was you? This cell, this man, was a crucible of destruction, but were you being remade into something capable of withstanding his onslaught? Or had you been this object, this receptacle for his whim all along? Only waiting for the right spark, the right strike to solidify your purpose?

Turning away from the uncomfortable answers, you stepped into the shower alcove and turned the cold water on full blast. The icy torrent choked air from your lungs, and you pushed your face into the pelting, trying to slide the lie back into place that you were horrified by your predicament. If Ren ignited you so, perhaps you could freeze yourself back into rationality. You were not this man’s plaything; you were his prisoner.

Heaving for breath, you crouched down and pressed palms into your face, enduring the numbing punishment until your lips blued and your fingertips were incapable of registering sensation, curling in on themselves to similarly useless fists. Your jaws, teeth, knocked together, the tick tick tick marking time. When you could handle no more, you reached for the knob, quaking and fumbling to turn off the excruciating reminder, having foolishly muted your dexterity.

Wrapping up in the towel, you stepped back into your dungeon and surveyed, your assessment sobering. You needed to forget the power you’d felt under Ren’s thumb this morning and concentrate on getting the fuck away from him. Drawing in a steadying breath, you resolved to get away from them all, every man who had ever laid false claim to you.

Examining your surroundings, you began a mental list. This was a room, not a cell, which meant you were in the proper living quarters of the ship and not the prisoner block. That also meant this room was connected to a different power grid, and the lights were automated to a stricter schedule. Prisoners didn’t need to know what time it was, but workers did. Blowing out a huff, you nodded once, feeling more like yourself with a task at hand, and you set to it.

Having spent your lifetime disassembling and reassembling things, you knew to start small. Sometimes, the guts of one thing built something else. You abandoned the towel because holding it in place hindered your movement, and your body was warming back up to an acceptable temperature, pink flooding back into lips and benumbed extremities. Starting at the nearest wall, you dragged palms and fingertips along every surface, every ridge, every corner in the room.

Everything in the galaxy could be taken apart.

Meticulously, you combed the room for errant screws, splinters of plastic, shards of tile you could coax free from plaster, and you collected everything onto the small desk in the corner. Making it around to the door, you drummed fingers against it, chewing the inside of one cheek. If this was a room, and not a cell, there should be a panel to operate the door from the inside, allowing the occupant to exit.

It had been replaced with a solid panel, but you found it, and your heart pounded with excitement. That meant the wiring, the important circuitry, was just beneath that blank face. They hadn’t removed it; they’d only thought to hide it. Idly, you wondered how many injuries would result if Ren knew corners were cut.

Turning back to the pile on the desk, you pushed through the detritus and wrapped fingers around the shard of poly-carbonate. A quick decision had you tearing a corner from the sheet, fashioning a makeshift handle to keep from gouging at your skin, and tucking the little shank into your palm.

Daringly, you hopped back over to the wall and broke into a grin, pleased with yourself. Even if you didn’t pop that panel, even if you didn’t get away, you had a weapon, paltry though it might be. You had something to use. Standing on your toes, you stuck the plastic tip in under the lip
where it was closest and wiggled it all the way around the edges, slicing the concealing paint from the wall. Deciding that up and away was the best plan, you shoved the shiv in again and worked at prying the panel free.

Wiping sweat from your brow, you settled down onto flat feet, shaking out your legs. Standing on your toes that long was making them cramp, but you were too jittery to stop or take a break. The bottom of the panel was lifted out of its seat, and you were within striking distance of the electronic guts underneath. You breathed out a prayer, stepped back up onto your toes, and slid your tool home.

Just then, the door burst open, and all hope bled from your face.

Wide, terrified eyes lifted into the stark, too-bright hallway, and you winced, blinking and trying to focus. Days in half or full dark turned you vampiric, unable to withstand anything crisp and clean. Shying away from the very portal you were trying to jimmy open, you dropped the shank with a clink and lifted an arm up to cover your face, cowering away from the figure standing at the threshold. His gloved fist connected with your stomach, punching you back into the room and shocking the breath from you.

Doubling over, you coughed and wretched onto the floor from the force of his strike, reeling back into your cell. You shot a hand out at him, keeping your body an arm’s length apart, back further and further away from escape, into dread. This was death, you were certain. The devil had caught you trying to flee hell, and this was your end.

Ren stepped in, the door sealing behind him, and all the oxygen was sucked from the room. He dwarfed every single thing here, the sheer size of him casting everything in degrees of small, worthless, discardable. But it was his silence, the false patience and calm demeanor, that was your undoing. Your eyes, worthless to you earlier, could cry now, and they flooded your cheeks with hot tears.

“Escaping? Hm?”

His words were venom, spat at you accusingly as he dropped a black parcel on the desk, sending your array of bits and bobbles crashing to the floor. Crouching, he pushed gloved fingers through your collection and paused, hovering over the wrapped bit of plastic you’d fashioned. Paling, you withered, physically shrinking away from his judgment. The pride and sense of accomplishment you’d built back up in yourself were smashed away under the weight of his displeasure, though he said nothing.

As he rose to his full height, you were convinced you could feel the build-up of his rage. You’d withstood Kylo Ren’s furor once before. You weren’t sure you could do it again.

Marked by a mechanical hiss, Ren removed the dark helmet, and you were struck dumb by the sight. He was still the most beautiful man you’d ever seen, and his full lips quivered as he pondered whatever it is demons decide. He turned the covering over in his hands in contemplation; and then, his rage exploded, and he threw the helmet at the wall, aimed and connecting dead on at the panel you’d been attempting to scavenge. He gave you what you’d wanted; the panel dropped away, sparks flying and popping. You watched it dangle from an electrical cord mournfully.

In the next instant, he was on you, but this was different. You expected rage, a whipping, more drowning; but instead, he wrapped one granite arm around your waist and tucked one hand against your cheek. He tilted your face up and nudged the end of your nose with his. You shook in his embrace, fisting fingers into the collar of his cloak, shaking your head anxiously, but for what? He
had caught you doing exactly what you intended to do. Gazing into his eyes, though, you could see the simmering indignation, the twitch of his eye socket indicating barely contained vehemence.

“Four days,” he said, “You’ve been here four days.”

Your brow knit, but you nodded, accepting what he was telling you. He hadn’t lied to you yet; so, you had no cause to think he would do so now. Sucking your lower lip in, you watched his mouth move, watched him speak, imagining how it would feel even in your terror.

Your eyes dried, consternation stopping the tears, as you pieced together that he was taunting you, forewarning that he was going to hurt you, punish you, and maneuvering you to agree that you deserved it. He told you he was going to keep you, hurt you, not kill you. Death would not feed his cruel desire.

Surrendering to the inevitable, four of something, you visibly slackened and let dark, wet lashes sweep down to cover the resignation.

You sagged into the arm at your middle, sniffling and refusing to meet his assessing gaze. Lifting his index finger to teeth, Ren tugged the glove free and tossed it away. His fingers danced, connecting with your bare shoulder and traveling the length of your arm; anticipation, you thought. He lifted your arm as though it was a fragile thing, turning it so that the soft, sensitive underside was raised to the sky. His dark torrent of curls lowered, that enticing mouth inching towards your skin, and you held your breath.

Four what, your brain suddenly supplied.

Comprehension broke over you a fraction of a second before Ren’s mouth stretched open wide over the vulnerable flesh, but you couldn’t jerk away. You could only watch, time slowing to an agonizing crawl, as his teeth bared on a snarl and sunk into the skin. You couldn’t breathe; your every thought was arrested, your body propelled into anxious quaking.

His bite was vicious, the mighty jaw locking down tight, and you feared the pressure would break straight through the bone. Once latched on, he turned his head right and left, teeth dug far in and nearly tearing the skin. He groaned long and loud, eliciting a fresh pool of heat in your belly. He drew in a tremulous breath and blew it out hot over the crook of your elbow.

Your arm numbed, veins compressed by his bite. When he finally let go, the leaden weight fell from his mouth with a wet shuck, pain jolting through to your shoulder as you listed to one side. You looked up at him dazed, the whole of the universe fuzzy and muted, and he hummed with satisfaction, the reverberation of it tickling your nipples where you were pressed tightly to him. He shifted you in his embrace, spurring you into action. You did press against his chest now, convinced you could not endure three more of those.

Ren’s vice grip never lessened, and he repeated the harrowing process, forcing your bent arm straight, turning the tender meat up for his ravenous intent, and sinking down onto it without mercy. Knowing what was coming made it worse, and you screamed, a raspy garble, and twisted in his grasp, trying desperately to tug your arm out of his mouth. He delighted in your suffering, growling hungrily, your ministrations only serving to spur him on. He opened his mouth wider, sucked the flesh of your arm deeper into the cavern, and bit down again to the very molars.

Breaking into sobs, you hit at his shoulder, loose fist bumping impotently against the padded cloak. Your face crumpled with misery, and you danced onto your toes. Leaning into him, you pressed your forehead into the back of his raven curls and begged for him to release by rubbing back and forth like a feline. Please let go. Please let go. Please let go.
The bull-dog grip he had on your arm released slowly this time, and he lapped at the indentations left dotting the terrain. Absent his gaze, you had a moment to recover, to contemplate the circumstance. You weren’t aware that you’d curled trembling fingers into the hair at the nape of his neck until his head lifted, stretching you. When his eyes lit down onto you, your head lolled back, and you slid into the embrace of your mantra.

_In suffering, there is..._

“Beauty.”

His voice finishing your prayer ricocheted you out of the bliss you’d been trying to escape into, and you pushed against him with throbbing arms. No, your mind screamed. That was for you, and you wouldn’t allow him to have it. No! Your face hardened, furious. Your mind was yours only; he had no claim to it. Bending and contorting inside his arms, you angrily stomped and kicked at his calves. A banging at the door drew his gaze over one shoulder, and he sneered in disgust or impatience, perhaps both.

Ren shoved you onto the bed, rolled you onto your stomach, and planted the sole of his boot upon your backside. Acrimony burned your tongue, and you tasted sulfurous bile at the back of your throat. Out of time, he stilled you with the Force and yanked you down the bed until your feet were hanging off the edge. You careened headlong into upheaval, yelling into the bedding in powerless rage.

“You will owe me two.”

Bending one leg up, he pressed his thumb harshly down into the very center of your foot arch, and you bucked in the Force’s hold, howling out every bit of air you had. The throb of it abated, though, when you felt something scoring the flesh, scratching and dragging down the length of your tender sole. Stinging diffused through the pad, and your brow clenched tight, trying to puzzle through why it felt like something was crawling on you. A hot, thick trail wound down, pulled by gravity.

Blood.

He’d cut the sole of your foot open. An apt punishment for a runner, you thought darkly and assumed he’d used your own fucking tool against you. Abandoning one foot for the other, the slice was repeated, and you shook your head, fuming and straining to not cry. Ren tossed the shank away with a clatter and stepped off of your ass. Wrapping unforgiving fingers around your ankle, he pulled you further down the bed and manhandled you into sitting at the bed’s edge. The Force departed from your body, and you glared at him, shooting daggers through damp lashes.

“Quickly.”

You vaguely recalled the parcel he’d entered the room with as it dropped into your lap. Untying the bundle, you freed your socks and boots, and heaved a tired sigh. Fucking perfect, you thought. You’d managed to flee on the very day you were due to be moved; and now, you were hobbled for your efforts. Indignantly, you shoved your bloody feet into socks and boots. No sooner than your second boot touched the ground, Ren hauled you up onto your feet and spun you to face away.

Fire shot up through your legs, and you choked yourself into angry compliance, pouring every bit of effort you had into not dancing, into simply standing and suffering this punishment. You schooled your face into passivity, calming your breathing. Your agitation earlier had opened the door for him to hear your mind, and that simply would not do. Eyes closed, you simply breathed and meditated as he manipulated your body.
Agile, Ren’s hands moved to pull your battered, burning arms behind your back. For a brief moment, his thumbs raked over the new bite-sized bruises rising to life before he rolled your shoulders back, punching your chest further forward and drawing your elbows closer together. Producing a long strip of leather, he tied your arms tight with knots at the wrists, elbows, and upper arms.

“We’re leaving.”

Your eyes shot wide open, and you leaned to one side, looking up at him over your shoulder. You weren’t shocked that you were leaving; that was painfully clear. You were shocked that you’d been given nothing to wear. Did he plan to parade you down the hallway like a common whore? Jerking out of his grip, you stepped closer to the bed and away from the door.

“Don’t be stupid,” he sneered.

Unclasping the cloak from his broad shoulders, he threw it around your naked form and hooked it back beneath your neck. It was going to flare out as you walked, but it was the best you were going to get. Capturing your chin, he lifted your incredulous face, looking down the length of his nose at you for a brief, quiet moment before turning to don helmet and gloves. It occurred to you, just now, that Ren spoke very little around you, and you wondered if he enjoyed the lack of obligation to do so.

Throwing you against the wall, Ren ignited his lightsaber and plunged it into the panel you’d been dissecting. Smoke wafted towards the ceiling just as the door struggled open. Hand at your neck, he forced you out into the hallway, bright and glossy, and you grimaced in the face of so much light, shrinking back as though you could escape it. Gloved fingers dug in and directed you to move, turn, walk forward. He was impatient and drilled you to step faster, but he caught you every time your injured feet faltered and sent you tripping to the side.

When the ship dock came into view, you stopped dead in your tracks. Your eyes lifted, awed, and you simply could not make yourself take another step. It wasn’t terror, though. You could see stars, and hope stilled your breath. After four days in a hole, here was the galaxy, still existing apart from Kylo Ren. There was still life out there, and here was your proof. Even the corners of your lips turned up slightly, gratefully.

You would survive this pit, you decided, and you would disappear into the stars forever.

The adversary at your shoulder shoved you into motion, through the hanger and onto the ramp of a craft. He marched you into it, barking orders to the pilot to get the ship in the air. It was small, cramped, and he walked you back into a corner, turning you to lean against the wall. You were grateful that Ren decided to keep the wreck of your body to himself, and you closed your eyes for a brief moment, shifting left and right, unable to find a comfortable way to stand in bloody socks.

The craft lifted from the hangar, and your weight shifted, bending your knees slightly to better balance. Your nose wrinkled, displeased at the pins and needles in your toes, but you leaned your head back against the wall and sighed. Your arms throbbed, each tooth-sized gauge pulsing to your heartbeat, and your tight shoulders ached. Every moment you spent in Ren's captivity had you hyper aware of your body, it's limitations and desires, and you just wanted to take a break.

You were nearly dozing, almost relaxed and lulled into tranquility by the ambient noise of the shuttle, when you felt Ren’s warm hand connect with your body, snuck into the folds of your cover. Brow ticking, you kept your eyes closed, not wanting to look upon the helmet, annoyed by its presence and how it kept his beautiful face from you. His wide palm cupped and squeezed your breast, and you shivered, lips parting on a sharp exhale. Slowly, he teased the nipple to hardness
under his thumb, and you hunched to back your skin away.

As punishment, he stepped on your foot, pressing his weight into the pained stump until you nodded, understanding the consequence. He lifted the toe of his boot, and you righted your posture. Stroking your breast again, he tugged upon your lower lip with his free hand. Opening your mouth, as the gesture commanded you should, you fixed your hungering gaze upon the black visor, seeing a distorted reflection of yourself there. Ren slid the pad of his thumb into your mouth, against the flat of your tongue to moisten the calloused flesh. The now warm-and-wet tip returned to your puckering nipple, rubbing the moisture into the skin and building fire between your legs.

“Did you cum while I was away?”

You gasped on a particularly rough tug, and shook your head. You knew he would ask, knew that he would know if you lied about it. He pulled, tugged, and twisted on that nipple until you were dancing on your toes, the evidence of your desirous suffering being only the clutch of teeth at your lip. Your pussy throbbed, pumping out heat for him that laced the air, and your cheeks burned with humiliation. You strongly doubting either Ren or the pilot missed the tang of it in the tight cabin.

"But you wanted to."

He leaned in, crowding into your space, and dropped gloved fingers straight down to your cunt, sliding in between the folds with no drag whatsoever, so slick and ready were you for him. He nudged the side of his index finger up against your clit and slowly worked forward and back. His bare hand was back at your breast, cupping, pressing, holding you upright by the pillowy handle. Clenching your eyes shut tight to cut off the flash of lust you knew was there, you shook your head softly again. A traitor and, now, a liar, just as he predicted.

“Let me in, and I will allow it.”

Pressing your lips into a thin line, you shook your head a third time, forcing your chest into regulated breathing. Flexing your fingers behind you, you tilted your chin away, and willed yourself to think about something else, anything other than the wicked fingers rubbing at your pussy.

"You're close to breaking, trader, and I'll take what I want."

Your eyes darkened, eyebrows drawing down. Licking your teeth, you rolled your head back, sliding into a familiar mindset, detaching from your body. You had forgone orgasms before, controlled your responses and taught yourself to separate victimization from pleasure. You doubted you would be able to do it with this man, but you could try. Lifting your head, you leveled a cold stare at his helmet, features painted into passive compliance, absent any enthusiasm or affliction.

The mental ground you’d gained with your failed escape plan emboldened you, and you would be damned if you were going to give it back. Ren terrified you, but you were not going into the void a meek, cowering mess. If he wanted to feel you fight, you would fight.

As anticipated, his bare hand shot up to your throat and around, angry at your challenge and the wall you built so quickly. Squeezing tightly, he growled and forcefully shook you, using your throat as leverage. His gloved hand gripped your cunt so hard you were sure there would be bruises; but then, you were already riddled with evidence of Ren’s claim upon you. Baring your teeth on a muted snarl, you held your gaze steady, unblinking, defiant.

You felt gravity shift in the craft, jostling, and your lips tugged up into a smirk. Wherever here
was, you’d arrived, and he would have to present himself to someone. You would pay for this insolence later, you had no doubt, but this whole fucking day was yours, victoriously yours, regardless of what came next.

“Sir, the Supremacy ...”

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