**Chaos and Discipline**

**by** [itspixiesthings](http://archiveofourown.org/users/itspixiesthings)

**Summary**

After Kylo Ren's monumental failure, leading to the destruction of Starkiller Base, General Hux has had his fill of the younger man's childish behavior. He takes it upon himself to begin a relationship with the Force user that will teach him stern discipline, hoping to mold Kylo into the weapon that will help him destroy and conquer the Galaxy to rule with an iron fist. Kylo will have to decide if he is to stay loyal to his Supreme Leader Snoke... or accept the devastation, pain and humiliation that Hux offers...

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**Notes**
***WARNING: This is a GRIMDARK KINKFIC. It is extremely dark and violent, incorporating intense scenes of masochism, dubious consent and torture. Hux and Kylo are not good people, and this is going to explore a "villains win" kind of scenario. There is violence, abuse, **major character death**, (not Hux or Kylo) and a lot of non SSC BDSM sex. Please read with discretion.***

NOTE: This fic was written after the release of The Force Awakens and as such is no longer canon compliant.
Hux looked on into the room where the injured form of Kylo Ren lay, unconscious in the medical bed. The room was a white, sterile affair, a disconcerting air of sickness lingering about it. The subject was heavily bandaged, his face all but half covered in gauze, his body patched here and there to treat his more serious injuries. He was hooked up to a machine beside the bed, a medical droid flitting about the patient, long arms busy checking vital signs and administering doses of drugs. Still, despite this less than ideal condition, there was a handsomeness about his features that made him appeal to one's more maternal instincts.

“How is he?” Hux’s voice was decidedly deadpan and unconcerned. If one was paying close attention, they might detect a hint of bitterness in his tone, as though the entire affair was an annoyance he would just as soon not have had to deal with. The droid's mechanical voice answered in kind, no emotion betrayed by the spidery AI.
“His vitals are stable, Sir. If all goes according to projected outcomes, he will be fit to leave the medical bay in three days time.”

He nodded, satisfied with that answer. The armoured woman at his side seemed ambivalent, though he knew from his knowledge of her person that she was simply as good at concealing her thoughts as he was. Probably better, if he was honest. “Good.” He responded with a curt dismissive gesture before his lips curled in a snarl, a low growl in his voice. “Then I can put him back in it.”

“Hux...” The Captain's voice beside him caught his attention, the fury of his gaze turned to her. His emotions had just been broiling under the surface, brought to the forefront of his mind now that he knew there was no danger of the boy's life being lost. “It's inexcusable Phasma! We lost Starkiller Base, all of our operations, and how many hundreds of good soldiers, all due to that boy's ineptitude!”

He looked back at the unconscious form of Kylo Ren, long dark hair tangled within the gauze, blood just visible around the edges of his injuries. The boy looked peaceful... far more peaceful than he ever looked in waking. The torrent of chaotic emotions calmed for the moment, wrangled into that tranquil face. The red of the blood actually suited him, bringing out a kind of fragile beauty, not that Hux would admit that. He cursed again under his breath as he turned from the room, Phasma hot on his heels.

“There's nothing to be done about it.” The woman's voice cut through his rage, calming him bit by bit as they walked down the hall from the medical bay. “He's our best asset against the Resistance... The Force is strong with him, stronger than any we have ever seen. Even the Supreme Leader is impressed by his raw abilities. He's useful to us still.”

Sometimes he thought Phasma was the only reason he stayed sane here. She was always calm, collected, in control. Unlike the maniacal child sleeping in the sick bed. He turned to look her in the eye, his voice dead serious, lowered so that none could hear but her. “The boy needs discipline... a far sterner hand than Snoke has been providing. He's too unpredictable.”

She stiffened, her eyes darting to and fro, glaring down any Stormtrooper they passed that dared linger near to them for too long. They scurried away from her. They knew better than to push their luck with the Captain. “General... what are you suggesting? I can keep the Stormtroopers in line with a steady hand, but Kylo Ren is the Supreme Leader's personal protegee. I wouldn't tread too far into that territory if I were you.”

Hux scoffed, a derisive sound under his breath as he rolled his eyes. Nothing could hide the disgust he felt at the mention of their so-called Supreme Leader. “I will see to the Supreme Leader...” His voice held a touch of arrogance, ambition blatant and burning within his words. Nobody could doubt that General Hux was a man of vision... the only point of contention was whether his ambitions were as feasible as he envisioned them to be. “…and I will see to Kylo Ren.”

Phasma's gaze turned to him as they walked, her head tilting as she considered his declaration. It was close to treason... but she did not mention that particular point. As their steps carried them down the corridors Hux's eyes fell on the soldiers they passed. Good, able bodied men under his command. Each one of them in their places, falling into line without question. Yes... that is what he needed from Kylo.
“He’s too rash... he acts on impulse, he needs a steady hand to shape him. I won't have him making personal decisions, jeopardizing our plans, any longer. Snoke has not kept him on a short enough leash. I will take him from him for myself.” The sound of their heels clicked on the hard surface beneath them as they marched onward through the complex. The ship was a pretty large downgrade from the planet wide base of operations they had had to evacuate from, though it still spanned the space of several large cities.

Hux’s expression was grim as he looked out of the corner of his eye at the Captain. Each subordinate they passed inclined his head towards her in immediate deference, standing aside as the pair walked by. It wasn't that Hux minded the fear her presence elicited. The soldiers respected him, even if Phasma was known for her harsher tactics. Still, it gave him pause. He turned to fix her with a steady gaze as he continued. “I know how you deal with the Stormtroopers, Phasma...” he began, watching her every movement with interest. “...and let me be perfectly clear: Kylo Ren is mine. I intend to train him myself. He is off limits. “

A peal of laughter rang from his companion, an expression of mirth alighting her features. She was quite beautiful when she smiled, usually such a grim and serious character. “No need to concern yourself with that, General. As I said, I am not too keen to step on the Supreme Leader's toes myself.” The smile she turned on him was a knowing one that spoke volumes of how she thought his plan was going to go.

“But...” She paused as thought deliberating with herself, gazing up at the ceiling for a moment, her footsteps coming to a halt. “If you can instill a little more decorum in the boy... stop him from destroying all of our equipment with his little temper tantrums for instance... well I wouldn't exactly complain. Of course, it should go without saying that this conversation never took place.”

They had stopped where their paths were to part. Hux had his duties and responsibilities to see to, and Phasma had hers. “What conversation, Captain?” The telltale glimmer in his eyes said enough. He was not going to make her take blame for any of his actions. They were his own. “I'm not sure I understand what you're talking about.”

“Precisely. By the way...” Here the woman smirked, a dangerously sadistic smile that sent a shiver down his spine. “If you should find yourself needing... inspiration, you are more than welcome to sit in on one of my disciplinary sessions with the troopers. You might find it... enlightening.”

He had, once. She was a fearsome woman, and one he was glad not to be on the bad side of. He was an ambitious man, and a calculating one. He knew the value of good soldiers and powerful subordinates, and if Kylo Ren would make an invaluable underling in his plans to come, Phasma was just as needed for his plans to come to fruition. The only difference was that Captain Phasma he respected, and Kylo... Kylo he needed to mold. To shape. To break.

“Thank you for the offer... I shall be certain to keep that in mind. Good day.” He gave a short nod to her before he turned to continue on down the corridor, the Captain leaving down another. He thought of the boy, sleeping in the sick bay, once more, imagining the peaceful state he had found himself in. Ironic that nothing short of extreme violence, failure and humiliating injury could put the tumultuous boy into a state of such calm tranquility. Well. He would be sure to see to that.

That he cared about Kylo Ren's well being was not lost on him. That his loins stiffened when he saw him was not lost on him either. The boy's long hair, the way he moved with a chaotic kind of grace. The innocent need that was always radiating from his face and in his big puppy dog eyes. But that
wasn't what mattered. What mattered was that Hux was going to take over the Galaxy, and Kylo Ren was his ticket to that cosmic throne. Even if he had to break in the bratty little whelp to do it.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)


I'm Going to Hurt You

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren awakens in the medical bay to the sight of General Hux, who is none too pleased with the younger boy's performance. What follows is the initiation of something more sinister between the two of them as Hux takes a stance on how things will be from now on.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Kylo's eyes took in the bright white ceiling of the medical room as he came to. At first it was all a blur, then he began to make out shapes. The shapes slowly morphed into familiar and recognizable objects. Finally the room stopped spinning enough for him to make out where he was. In a rush the events which had led up to him awaking here, in a medical bay, came screaming back to him, and he sat up with a start. The sound and blur of lightsabers clashing. The smell of burning flesh. Pain. All of it a cacophony of sights, sounds and sensations. He gasped, shaking slightly as he recalled it all in
vivid detail.

There was a rustling sound beside him and a smooth accented voice brought him back to the present. “So you're awake. It's about time.” He turned to see the familiar, if unwelcome, figure of General Hux sitting beside the bed. It was then that he noticed the smoke that hung thick in the air, trailing from the cigarra held between two fingers. The General's demeanour was casual if dour. The way he lounged in the chair suggested he had been there for some time already.

“Hux...” Kylo's eyes narrowed at the sight of the man, irritation welling up inside of him. Just the person he did not want to see. “I'd say you're a sight for sore eyes but... you aren't.” His own rolled in his head as he looked away, determined not to take notice of the scowl the man was fixing him with. The General rose from where he sat, making a long show of stretching his limbs, a patient sigh upon his lips before he took a drag on his cigarra, blowing more smoke into the room.

The smell was almost stifling as Hux came around the bed frame to stare him down. Kylo gritted his teeth, determined not to pay it any mind. Instead he asked the question that was hanging in the room. “What happened?” After the clash of lightsabers and the chaos of the shifting planet, everything had gone black. Waking here meant that the First Order hadn't been destroyed... but that didn't tell him much else.

“Oh, do you mean before or after you were humiliatingly beaten by a renegade Stormtrooper and a novice Force user?” The derision in Hux's voice was impossible to miss, and it made Kylo's blood boil. He snarled, rage flashing in his eyes as he half raised himself off the bed, intending to tell the man just what he thought of his accusations and insults. “Now look here Hu-”

He was cut off as the man lunged towards him, hand flying to his throat before another word was uttered. Kylo was pushed back against the bed, the sound of springs creaking under his weight lasting a moment before he was staring with wide eyes into the face of a very enraged General. The ginger's lips were curled in a snarl to match his own, his brows furrowed and his eyes smouldering as his fingers tightened around the younger man's neck.

“That's General to you, cur.” A flicker of fear passed through Kylo's eyes for only a moment, almost undetectable if one were not paying close attention. And Hux was. “And to answer your question, you miserable little whelp, we were ruined. We lost everything. While you were busy dicking around with your father and his friends, the Resistance was able to send in a fighter pilot to blow the whole thing to smithereens. Everything was destroyed. Years of my work, for nothing. My beautiful Starkiller, destroyed. All because of your rash and impetuous actions.”

Kylo stared up at him with a menacing growl. There was a heated look of anger and hatred burning in his stare, his nose crinkling with disgust and rage. His heartbeat was racing now, the machine beside him picking up the elevated levels with a flurry of whirs and beeps. He could feel his anger boiling as the man's fingers clenched around him, cutting off his air supply.

“Get your hands off of me.” The words were spoken with a bitter bark. Hux seemed unperturbed by this demand, a cruel smirk twisting his features. Kylo's eyes widened as the man leaned in close, not letting up his grip for a moment, pressing down on his adam's apple to force a gag to sputter from his lips. With his face only inches from his own, Kylo could feel the heat of his breath and smell the sickening stench of cigarra smoke in the air.

“Why. Don't. You. Make me.” The words hit Kylo like bricks, making him flinch in the man's grasp. Hux had a triumphant grin on his face, an expression of pure sadism that made Kylo's skin crawl.
Why didn't he? The thought send a momentary wave of confusion and doubt through him as he tried to pull away from the punishing grip.

“Go on, Kylo. You're a powerful Force user after all. Use a mind trick to make me leave you alone. Force push me off of you.” He leaned over his body, pressing himself close to the prone boy, his lips close to his ear. With a finale push he cut off his breath entirely, his thumb pressing hard into his throat.

“Choke me.”

Kylo could feel his heart beat slowing, and time seemed to stop for a moment as he tried to muster all the ferocity he could to give voice to his rage. Anger, resentment, all of it flooded him in that moment as he choked in Hux's grip, staring the man down with fire in his eyes. Objects around them began to shake, medical equipment clanking and clattering to the floor with loud bursts of movement. Hux did not back down, bitter determination burned across his face. His patient self assurance that he would win a stand off that he had no hope of winning made Kylo hesitate.

Something stopped him. He had all the power in the Galaxy but he did nothing. A swell of humiliated shame rose up in him as Hux released his throat, coughing and sputtering, wheezing for breath.

“That's what I thought.” The voice had a sound of disgust embedded in the words, and Kylo wallowed in that derision. Why the fuck hadn't he let Hux have it? He deserved Hux's disdain.

In a split second that happened before he could get his barrings, Hux was over his form, his wrist grasped in hand, as the ginger leaned over him to grasp a leather cuff on the side of the bed. Panic welled up in Kylo as he watched in a stupor the man bind his wrist to the bed, and had a moment to wonder where the piece of bondage had come from. The medical beds did not typically come with such bindings. Had Hux snuck these in while he slept?

Kylo made to stop him from going for his other hand, pulling against the leather binding in a fit of indignation. His breathing quickened as he felt the older man pin him down by his shoulders, superior strength keeping him against the bed as his other hand was tied down. And still he could not bring himself to use the Force.

As Hux stood over him, tall and menacing, he glared, baring his teeth with an animalistic growl that seemed not to phase the man. He watched as he took a long drag on his cigarra, before leaning over him to blow the smoke into his face, making him cough and writhe. "Fucking-

“Listen up, Kylo.” Hux cut him off, patting his cheek with a mockery of affection. The leather glove was smooth against his skin, an added layer of power between them. “This is what is going to happen. You are no longer going to try my patience by making whatever decisions you please. I am going to take personal interest in putting you the fuck in your place. And right now..” Another drag on the smoke. Another puff of the stuff in his face. Kylo pulled against the binds, glaring daggers at the man. But both of them knew now that it was for show. If Kylo wanted out... he could get out.

“I'm going to hurt you.” Hux's knee bent to lean himself over the bed, staying close to the captive form beneath him. “Mostly because I want to see what you can take. You need more discipline in your life, and I need more... entertainment in mine.” The smoke was becoming a thick cloud of smog around Kylo's head now. He coughed as he sucked in air, his teeth still clenched as he grunted, rattling the restraints against the bed frame.

“So today, I'm going to start by hurting you. And you're going to let me. Unless of course you're afraid. Unless you think you can't handle a little bit of pain. Unless you're too much of a coward to see what I can do. Force me away if you need to, Kylo.” That made him roar with exasperated
resentment. The bed creaked as he clenched his fists, staring him down.

“I can take anything you can dish out!” And there, the gauntlet was set. A sinister smile spread over Hux's lips as he looked down over the bandaged boy. Sadistic glee filled his eyes, and it made a spark of fear course through Kylo's veins. Fear... what a novel emotion. He was putting up a brave face, sure that he could handle anything the man might do to him... but a small voice in his mind was curious about this experience of fear.

“That's what I thought.” How he hated the man's smug little smile, his knowing face and piercing eyes that seemed to look deep into his soul. He'd always resented him. Resented him for being so damn in control, so damn smart and so damn attractive. A shiver ran down his spine as he waited, unsure what to expect. But he damned well would not be called a coward.

“That's a good boy...” The man's voice was low and husky now, a whisper that made his heart beat with adrenaline. With a fluid motion, after another pull on the cigarra, the man suddenly ground the lit end into Kylo's arm. It had come without warning, without thought, and he screamed as pain lanced it's way through him. The sudden burning made him gasp for breath, only to cough on the thick haze of smoke that lingered around him.

“Submit yourself to me. Show me what you look like in agony.” Hux's tongue darted out to lick his lips, his pupils dilating as he watched the boy writhe, tossing on the bed. “Let me hear your screams.” The cigarra was removed, and Kylo's body relaxed, panting and straining for breath. Each one was ragged and his throat burned on the smoke, but he looked up at his tormentor with a stubborn determination. Even as he shook, fear and pain running through his body like a drug, he would not use the Force to push the man away.

He watched as Hux took out a lighter, casually flicking it open and setting the cigarra ablaze again. Another long drag on it before smoke blew out from between his lips, the lighter pocketed once more. The General's expression was one of contemplation as he gazed at the helpless form beneath him. Quiet, considering. Kylo felt a rush of anticipation, watching him like a hawk.

A gloved hand came down to peel back the blankets, revealing the bandaged, but naked body beneath. Kylo gave a start as his torso was exposed, squirming some against the restraints before becoming calm again. Watching, waiting. The leather clad hand ran along his front, passing over his skin like water, the cigarette held in the other hand at the man's lips before being brought close to him. A nervous stab of apprehension shot through him as Hux dragged the small light over his face, his eyes never leaving his own. “Ready?”

Hux did not wait for a reply before the burning end of the smoke was set into his neck, and Kylo screamed again. He writhed against the cuffs that held him down, Hux's body leaned over him to keep him pinned as the cigarra burned a circle in his flesh. Screaming filled his lungs with smoke, and he choked on it, thrashing as he let the pain wash over him. It was exhilarating, and he realized with growing horror that the Force fed on this. This pain was only the tip of the iceberg. He needed more.

When it stopped this time, a low whine sounded in the back of his throat, a whine he could not prevent. His heart was beating hard and fast now, loud in his ears like the beat of a drum, filling the room with a sense of panic. He clenched his fists, turning his hands to grasp at the leather cuffs for something to hold onto. Hux's gaze was as impassive as ever, taking in his every reaction, his bodies every response.

The man's hands were on his body, and Kylo could feel his fingers pass the bandages around his
torso, before his thumb dug into a cut just below his ribs. His back tensed and his muscles went
taut as he felt pain again, a sharp and stabbing throb as Hux pressed deeper into the cut, opening
the wound and making it bleed. Red seeped into the white gauze, and Kylo choked back another
scream, clutching at the restraints that held him in place as he accepted this pain.

“Do you need me to stop, Kylo?” Hux's mocking voice was soothing and calm, coaxing him to relax
even as his fingers scraped across his bandages. He clenched his teeth and held back from crying out,
agonized whimpers caught in a furious snarl. This was nothing. Hux had barely started and he
thought he needed to stop? “Fuck you, Hux.”

The pain ceased for a blessed moment as Hux laughed, a dark and sinister chuckle that only made
him feel more vulnerable, more humiliated by this treatment. And fuck, if he wasn't wallowing in that
humiliation. He felt Hux's fingers tangle themselves in his hair, yanking his head backwards in a
painful grip, forcing him to stare up into those green eyes.

“Good boy, that's what I was hoping to hear... though we will have to work on your manners, I'm
afraid. You will address me from now on as General, do you understand?” A twinge of indignant
rage shot through him and he glared up at the man, his body straining against the strength that held
him. Hux was not his superior officer. The Supreme Leader had placed them as equals, and he felt
his mind rebel against the deference that Hux was demanding of him. He glowered in silence,
grinding his teeth as he stared him down, making no response.

The man's hand yanked his head back further, shooting pain through his neck.
“I said, do you understand? Boy?” Before he could answer the cigarette was pressed into his
stomach with a sharp hissing sound, and he cried out again, gasping for breath and finding nothing
but smoke to fill his lungs. “Fuck! Yes!”
Hux ground the cigarra into him, crushing it on his skin. His fingers still tight in his hair, forcing eye
contact from him. Patient gaze, wearing an expression that said he could wait all day if he had to.
“Yes, what?”

Their eyes lock on one another, Kylo looked away first. The searing pain that bit into him, the
burning and the ache from injuries already sustained swam through him. The strain in his neck
making his body tense and convulse as his lungs heaved. “General.”
The word was choked out through clenched teeth, and the punishing hand that held him released him
from it's grip. Relief washed over him as he sucked in tainted air, pain retreating for a moment as the
ginger gave him an encouraging pat on the head, ruffling his hair as though he were a pet dog.

“Good boy. You're making a good start.” Kylo's mind was in turmoil as the words filled him with
strange emotions. Acceptance, praise... it made him flush, his face heating as he basked in the brief
respite and the positive reinforcement. Then he screamed again as the man grabbed his shoulder,
tearing open another injury with a cruel grip.

“Fuck!” He screamed. Heard the telltale click of the lighter being used as Hux drew in a deep breath
of smoke before blowing it out around his head. Then he screamed again. Little burns were being
pressed into his sensitive flesh, making a trail of circles along his collarbone. He was screaming and
thrashing in the restraints now, glad to feel the leather in his hands. The restriction was actually a
comfort here; it allowed him not to worry about putting on a brave face. Not to have to worry about
whether he would stay still or flinch away in the face of pain. Now he had nothing he could do but
embrace the torment.

“You know... you can horribly injure a man... break legs, rip out tongues, maim, kill. But people
underestimate the subtlety of small, minor pain.” Another hiss and the cigarra was once again pressed
into his flesh, working its way down his front. “It actually hurts far more in the moment to give someone a smaller taste of pain... something more pinpointed. And, it's more practical, too. I do still need you in working order, after all.” Hiss. Kylo's throat was burning, hoarse from screaming, his lungs heaving against the smoke.

As he writhed on the bed he closed his eyes, a futile attempt to block out the pain that was engulfing him. And yet, whenever it stopped, he missed it. Fear, adrenaline, and a longing kind of need were all mingling within him and he was finding he no longer understood his own desires. Each time the cigarra burned a hole in his flesh he wailed, thrashed and kicked. And each time it stopped, he whimpered, whined and keened for more.

Hux was watching him with the eyes of a hawk, intent on taking in every single response his subject was giving him. The way Kylo's body lurched, pulling against the cuffs. The way he stiffened right before the pain set in and the scream tore it's way through his throat. The way he panted and gasped after the pain had ended, his body agitated and waiting for more. And, impossible to miss, the way his very blatant desire was tenting the blankets. A sly smirk crossed his face as he reached down to grasp a firm erection through the sheets.

“Oh dear, what is this, boy?” Kylo's teeth clenched as a grunt of sudden pleasure made his back arch. His eyes widened as he felt the man's grip on his cock, the pressure sending torrents of new sensations through his body. He hadn't realized he'd been getting hard... how had he gotten so hard?

“What the fuck kind of pervert gets this hard from what I've been doing to you, hmmmm?” The General's eyes were locked on his, and he could no longer look into them. Whimpers were spilling out his lips as he found himself devolving into a mess in front of the older man. Fuck, it felt so damn good... Why did it have to feel so good?

“Fuck... fuck... Hux...” As the pleas left his mouth he felt the man's grip on his cock tighten until he was crying out again at the top of his lungs, a pitiful wail tearing through him as he squirmed, thrashed and tried to escape the cruel hand that grasped at him.

“What do you call me?” The man was a perfect contrast to him. While Kylo had been broken down to a pool of shaking, frantic need, Hux was a pillar of perfectly calm and collected composure. Kylo was emitting a low whine in the back of his throat, unable to stop the vocalization of the pain that was being inflicted on him.

“General! Please!” He gasped, and felt a wave of gratitude as the General's grip let up, giving him a few firm strokes up and down. He opened his eyes to look up at the man, meeting his stare with a tentative, almost bashful gaze. He had never before felt so weak... so vulnerable. He hated it in the same breath as he was fascinated by it.

The General's hand moved up and down his shaft, jerking the him through the bed sheets. It was humiliating, being so touched without any semblance of intimacy, the man still had his gloves on for fuck's sake! The layers between him and the man only made it all the more apparent who was in control here. He found himself moaning as he felt the man’s grip moving up and down, his cock throbbing and straining for further stimulation.

“Well aren't you just a whimpering mess... I never realized you were such a masochist Kylo.” The derisive scoff in his voice made Kylo's face burn with shame, but he could not stop the way he keened for more of his touch. His hips were beginning to thrust on their own, desperate to find some form of release. Hux's hand moved with skillful movements up and down, fingers massaging the head and then applying pressure to the shaft as he did so.
“Fuck you’re like a dog in heat... perfect. I'm so going to enjoy breaking you in, whelp.” His fingers were moving faster now, and Kylo's back arched against the bed as he felt all the confused desire and need mounting towards a climax. His skin was crawling with heat as he felt himself pushed further and further... and then it stopped. Hux stood to his full height over him, releasing his grip on his cock and dusting his hands off with a derisive glance towards him.

Kylo's heart sunk into his stomach, disbelief clawing at him as he watched Hux with wide eyes. The man's face betrayed no emotion whatsoever as he leaned over him to unbuckle the cuffs, freeing Kylo's hands. Kylo bit his lip, trying to restrain himself from making a sound, but failed utterly when a whimper of confusion left him. “Hu-General... what..please...”

God, he sounded pathetic, even to his own ears. But he could not stop now... his cock was still aching with need for release, the remnants of the pain Hux had caused still crawling through his skin and making his need all the more prominent.

“What, you think you deserve to have me make you cum? Oh no, not yet, boy. You haven't any where near earned that yet.” The man stood at full height, adjusting his uniform, not even deigning to glance in Kylo's direction again. “I think we're done for today. Finish on your own if you want, it doesn't matter to me one way or the other”

Kylo grit his teeth in frustration. Hux's cold and unfeeling manor made him angry, angry that he had been forced to bare such an intimate side of himself while Hux had shown nothing. While Hux had watched, cold and impassive. Humiliating shame made him cringe, hating Hux and hating himself for his own weakness. And yet... his cock strained painfully beneath the bed sheets, begging for release.

A smirk graced Hux's features for a moment, sadism the closest he had shown to involvement in this ordeal. “I'll see you tomorrow. Get some rest.” With a short nod in Kylo's direction, he turned on his heel and marched out the door, leaving Kylo alone in the room, aching, wanting, and desperate.

He bit his lip hard enough to draw blood, wincing at the shock of pain as the taste of copper flooded his mouth. His hand moved down under the covers, frustrated and stubborn as he took his cock in his hand.

Fuck Hux... fuck the Resistance... fuck everything! His bitter whimpering voice sounded throughout the room as he managed to bring himself meagre pleasure, nothing compared to the intensity of the experience he had just had at the hands of General Hux, which only made him angrier.

“Fuck!”

As the door closed behind him, Hux took a moment to lean against the wall, catching his breath. The encounter had riled him up more than he had anticipated, the intensity of his own emotions and desires taking him by surprise. He could still see in his mind the prone form of Kylo Ren, naked and bandaged, bleeding and screaming at his touch. He could feel his pants tighten around his own stiffening cock as he played the sounds of Kylo's moaning over and over in his mind.
His emotions were boiling under the surface, a tempest that he was only just able to keep at bay. It had taken every ounce of willpower not to mount the boy then and there, to strip himself of his uniform and indulge in the feeling of flesh against flesh. But no... that was not what this was for.

For now at least, the boy needed to be conditioned to do as he was told. To behave himself. Until then, he would not indulge his own baser desires. Not until the boy was ready to be a little more... compliant. And it would come. He had been surprised just how relaxed Kylo had become under a suitable amount of pain and duress. And the feeling of that thick length in his hand... He gritted his teeth as he shoved down his lust, squared his shoulders and marched out into the complex. He had responsibilities to see to, and did not have the luxury of time to be spent on lust filled past times. Breaking Kylo Ren was for a purpose... whatever pleasure he derived from it was a mere added bonus.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)}
Get Down On Your Knees

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren throws a temper tantrum, and the General is not amused. With a firm hand, he begins to teach Kylo a lesson in humility.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Kylo's sleep was fitful, tossing and turning to dreams of pain and the flash of a lightsaber. The woods surrounded him as he ran, fear thrumming through his chest, the girl hot on his heels. She had sliced him open, blood pouring across his field of vision, the bitter taste filling his mouth as it dripped on the snow all around him. And still she pursued him, relentlessly. Like a hunter chasing its wounded prey. He was open, vulnerable, cold and afraid. Afraid of what? Of her?

He turned around, intent on facing his attacker head on. Red filled his vision. Blood? No... his lightsaber, burning across his retinas with a vibrant light, the thrum filling his mind. He lashed out...
but it wasn't her anymore. It was *him*. He watched as the vision of himself fell to it's knees before
him, his hand clutching the lightsaber that was stabbed straight through his own heart. The projection
of himself did not scream, only looked up at him with wide eyes. “I killed him. *Murderer.*”

Words whispered through his mind, he jerked back from the pitiful, bleeding form of himself. Slowly
turning round he saw the holographic form of his Master, Supreme Leader Snoke, towering over
him. But was it Snoke? No. it was Hux. “*Pathetic dog.*” The blue, flickering figure sneered at him.

“No!” He shouted, fingers tightening around the lightsaber handle. “I am *strong!* I will complete his
work! I will be like Lord Vader!” Voices around him began laughing at him, Hux towering over him
leading the chant of mockery. The anonymous faces of Stormtroopers surrounded him, laughter
pealing around his head until he screamed.

And then he awoke. Panting in the medical bed, he found himself sitting up, his body shaking,
clutching at the sheets. Sweat poured from his face, his hair drenched with moisture. He lifted a
trembling hand to the bandages wrapped around his head, wincing when he confirmed with a shot of
pain that yes, he had re-opened the wound. His heart was racing fast, and he felt a swell of anger at
his own impotency.

With an irritated huff he flung the bed sheets off of himself. The cool air of the room hit his skin,
naked save for the bandages that covered his body. He glanced down at his arm to inspect the gauze
only for his gaze to fall on angry red circular welts, and his fist clenched in renewed anger at the
memory of Hux's last visit. *Just who did Hux think he was?*

As his feet hit the floor the medical droid wheeled over to him with a whir of alarmed beeps and
noises. It's automated voice rang clear through the room as it attempted to matter of factedly explain
to him the importance of staying in bed.

“Sir, I must insist that you stay in bed for the time being, until it has been confirmed that you are fully
recovered from the injuries you sustained in the previous battle. Your readings are not yet at 100%,
and it is imperative that you do not place undue stress on yourself.”

Irritation welled up in him, anger that this machine was telling him what to do. He pushed it aside
without comment, standing to his feet and striding with purpose towards the other side of the room
where his clothes were sitting, neatly folded in a pile. The droid was not to be deterred, moving in
front of him with it's arms waving, it's beeping growing insistently louder the more he ignored it.

“Sir! This is highly ill advised! I must insist you remain in bed, your wounds are not yet fully
healed!” The metallic form waved it's arms in front of his face, his feet stumbling over it in it's efforts
to halt his progress. He snarled and pushed at it again, growling low under his breath.

“*Get. Out. Of. My. Way.*” His blood was racing now, he could feel his heartbeat rising in tempo, and
he gritted his teeth as irritated rage filled his mind.

The distresed beeping and whirring was becoming louder and louder now, pounding through his
mind with the incessant consistency of a fly buzzing about the room. With a roar he put his hand out
towards his pile of things, the lightsaber shaking in response. There was a rush of air as it flew past
the droid and into his waiting hand, and within seconds it was switched on. Red filled his field of
vision and the hum of the saber filled his ears, along with the sounds of metal clanking and crashing
and his own cries of rage as he hacked at the droid.

The mechanical creature was emitting a high pitched whirring sound as he drove his lightsaber
through it, felt the thrill and the rush of energy as the Force pulsed through his body and gave
strength to his limbs. It was invigorating and exhilarating, and he savoured every moment of the carnage as he forcibly dismantled the thing in his way. The room seemed to disappear around him, replaced only with the sight and sound of the swiftly diminishing droid as he reduced it to a pile of rubble at his feet.

As he stood there panting, the lightsaber pulsing at his side, looking down at the remains of the medical droid, a voice sounded out into the room from behind him.

“Kylo Ren.” Each syllable of his name carefully pronounced, drawing the declaration out. He turned to see General Hux standing in the doorway, his mouth set in a grim line.

“What the hell do you think you are doing?” The General sounded furious, but in control, his emotions held back as he stood, taking in the sight of the naked and panting boy. Without a word the lightsaber clicked off, clattering to the floor at his feet. The high he had been riding waned, bringing a wave of fatigue rushing over him as he looked at the perfect figure of the General. His stance clipped and even. His hands neatly folded behind his back. Staring him down as though he had all the time in the world to wait for his cooperation.

“General.” Kylo could feel the sweat and blood dripping off his brow, the mad rush of adrenaline still fuelling his anger. The ginger began to march towards him, clipped and controlled steps that brought him closer and closer to him with each click of the heel upon the hard floor. When the distance had been crossed the man grasped him by the arm, pulling him around and slamming his front into a nearby wall. There was an ordered kind of fury to his actions, each movement carefully deliberated as he wrenched his arm around behind his back, shooting pain through the boy's limb.

“The droid was trying to stop me from leaving!” He found his voice through the fear and rage that was still coursing through him. He tried to move, only to find him slammed into the wall again, the older man's hand taking a firm grip on his head, keeping him in place.

“It had orders to keep you from leaving you fucking piece of shit.” Hux hissed the words in his ear. He could feel the man's body pressed close against him, heat radiating from him and warming his own naked skin.

He pressed his hands against the wall, furiously pushing back in an attempt to free himself from the others grasp. “I could kill you right now, Hux.” As he spoke, voice low and menacing, he heard a cruel chuckle fall from the other man's lips.

“You could... but you and I both know you won't. Don't play games with me, whelp.” As if to drive his point home Hux gave his arm a firm twist, eliciting a sharp grunt of pain from the boy. His body was shaking and struggling, each movement only sending more agony through his arm, pulling at it as though it would break.

“Now, you little piece of shit, look at the mess you've made. You've gone and destroyed one of our few medical droids, and who do you think pays for that hmm?” His fingers laced themselves into Kylo's hair, getting a painful grip on him and yanking his head around to look at the remains of the droid, still sparking from the destruction.

“I don't need it anymore.. I'm well enough to leave!” Kylo's voice whined out in response, his jaw clenched as waves of anger washed over him. He could feel the fear prickling at the back of his neck, making his throat constrict and his vision blur, but the feeling was joined with a strange kind of excitement that he had not experienced before.

“Oh, well that's great for you! Fucking idiot, what do you think is supposed to happen to the next one of our men who needs medical attention?!” It was a strange sensation, being berated like this. It was as though his will and his sense of self shrunk while Hux grew in stature, towering over him as
he tore into him for his actions. “We have been defeated, we are on the run, recouping our losses, and we don’t have spare supplies or credits lying around for you to just go around destroying our equipment because you decide to throw a mother fucking temper tantrum!”

Hux’s arms released him in a moment, and he felt a rush of freedom and air as he stumbled away from the man, his face flushed from the near contact. Hux set him with a steel glare, a gloved hand pointing towards the rubble. “Apologize to it.”

Kylo balked. A scoff of incomprehension on his lips, he looked first at the pile of damaged equipment and then back to Hux. “Apologize to a scrap heap?!” His face coloured with indignation as he shook his head, clenching his fists. His nose scrunching up in a snarl of disbelief.

Hux raised a single brow and inclined his head towards the scrap. “Yes. Apologize to the droid you just destroyed.” There was a pause between them before the General moved closer to him, leaning in towards his face. “You’ll do it, because if you don’t, I won’t ever touch you again. I won’t ever hurt you like I did before... again.” The ginger's face was a sneer of cold understanding, and Kylo's heart sunk into his stomach as he listened to the poisoned promises falling from the man’s tongue. To obey would be to admit he wanted the pain, the humiliation. To refuse... would be to lose it.

“Now...” The man reached out to grasp him by the hair, pushing him towards the wreck he had created. “Get down on your knees and apologize to my very expensive equipment.”

He bit his tongue, hard, until the taste of blood filled his mouth. With clenched teeth, he lowered himself to the ground, until his knees hit the cold surface beneath him. Rage and hatred welled up within him at the degrading nature of his current predicament, but he bit it back with an angry snarl. In a quite voice, muttered through gritted teeth, he choked out the words. “I’m sorry.” His eyes refused to focus on the heap of scrap metal, refused to give in to the idea that he was speaking to an inanimate object like a fucking idiot. He felt Hux’s gloved had grasp the back of his head by the hair, turning his face towards the destroyed droid. “Like you mean it.”

The voice was insistent, growled with anger in his ear and he felt his throat swallow around a sickening sense of shame and fear.

“I’m sorry!” He repeated himself, this time looking at the wreckage he had caused. The hand released him, a wave of relief washing over him as he heard the man speak again. “Good boy.” Those words gave him life, a breath of fresh air amidst the chaos and turmoil within his mind. He found himself wanting to hear them more often, wanting to earn the favour they bestowed upon him. A boot came into his line of sight, beside the smouldering pile of broken bits of mechanical equipment.

“Now apologize to me. For wasting my fucking time and resources.” He looked up at the towering figure of General Hux, looming over him like an avenging angel, his eyes deadly serious. He clenched his fists and pounded the ground in frustrated impotence, furious at Hux for putting him through this humiliating display. Hux only waited, his arms folded across his chest, patient to a fault as he waited for Kylo Ren to obey the simple command he had given him.

They stared each other down, each daring the other to do something. Hux daring Kylo not to obey, Kylo willing Hux to give up and walk away. The seconds ticked by, and Kylo could feel his face growing hotter with each moment that passed, as the intensity of the Generals gaze burned into him like fire. Finally he could no longer take the scrutiny, turned his eyes away from him, and muttered out the commanded words. “I’m sorry.”

The General was relentless in his strictness. “You’re sorry what?” Kylo's teeth ground together as he glared up at his adversary, hatred burning through his retinas, but he did not talk back. This whole
game would end the moment he refused to play, and he wasn't done playing... not quite yet. “I'm Sorry. General.”

The man's eyes lit up in a cruel smile as he nodded, a crisp acknowledgement of the act. “And,” he pressed further, “What are you sorry for?” Oh how he wanted to wipe that smug smile off the man's face. He bared his teeth in a snarl, frustration moving him to the most animalistic of growls before he found his voice. “I'm sorry for destroying the medical droid, General.”

Nothing in his voice made the apology sound authentic. It was choked out through gritted teeth from a face that looked like he would rather spit in the man's face than apologize. Hux paid it no mind, instead accepting the bitter words at face value. He nodded, then turned as though he were about to leave. His boots left Kylo's immediate field of vision, and the boy felt a rush of desperation mixed with indignation. That was it?? Hux was just going to leave, after thoroughly humiliating him like this?

“G..General!” The click of the man's boots stopped as Hux looked back over his shoulder at him, pausing in his exit. Kylo found himself at a sudden loss for words, grasping at sentiment as he looked up from where he knelt at the impassive face of the General. Those green eyes watched him, waiting with a patience that was infuriating. It made him feel weak. He hated it. He walled in it.

“About... about what happened yesterday...” God even in his own ears he sounded needy. Whiny. How he loathed the sound of his own voice in that moment, small and timid. It wasn't the General he hated. It was his own desperate need for his attentions.

The General seemed to know his thoughts, his lips curling in a cruel smirk as he turned back towards him. Those black leather boots came back into his view between his knees. “Ah, yes. About yesterday...” The words moved over him, surrounded him and beat him down. There was a yearning welling up in the depths of his being, an ache for... something.

The tip of the man's boot came forward to jab between his legs, forcing him to spread them, revealing a straining erection. Once again, he hadn't realized the extent of the effect the situation had had on him... his expression betrayed his own confusion even as lust was darkening his eyes. Fuck he was so hard.. so needy.

“Did you finish on your own, after I left?” The question was demanded, the ginger's eyes alight with mockery and derision. Kylo's face burned with heat as he bit his lip, reluctant to admit just how badly he had needed release. And how little the actual release had done for him. He stared at the man's boots for a moment, not daring to lift his eyes to look into his face as he finally answered. “...yes.” The cruel laughter in answer made him cringe, wanting to hide from his shame and his perversion. Because like the General had said, what the fuck kind of pervert got so hard from the pain and the degradation that was being heaped upon him? The way the man smiled down at him only made the desperate need crawling across his body all the more insistent.

“Not quite satisfying, was it?” The question made him cringe again, wanting to shrink away from him at the same time he was desperate for him to touch him again. He didn't care if the man hurt him or gave him pleasure, his body was aching for any kind of attention, and that made him all the more angry with himself.

“No.” No, it hadn't been satisfying. Hux had made that inevitable when he left, proclaiming that he did not care one way or the other, cold and ruthless to the core. Why was he doing all this if he didn't care, damn him! Kylo was a tempest of raw emotion, need and desire and there stood Hux, uncaring
and unfeeling, as though none of it fucking mattered. **Damn him!**

“I thought not. From now on you aren't allowed to make yourself cum without my **permission**, do you understand?” Kylo's head jerked up to look at him, disbelief upon his face at that declaration. He shook his head slowly, indignation curling his lips. Hux rushed to speak before he had the chance to protest.

“Oh I can't enforce it, of course. I don't exactly have cameras in your bedchamber, though that might be something worth looking into in the future. But I think you'll find it would be good without following my rules. You'll do it because I told you to. Now. Do you want to cum for me?”

**Oh fuck yes.** Yes, he wanted to cum. He wanted Hux to make him cum. How had the man worked him into this state, just by strutting around, proud as a peacock and issuing a few orders? He panted where he knelt, nodding without looking up to meet the eyes of the man towering over him.

“**Good boy..**” Those words calmed and soothed his confusion, his rage, replacing them with a desire to please. He hated how much he wanted to hear them, but he could not help the flush of pride that coloured his cheeks. “If you want to cum, **beg me.**” Kylo’s brows furrowed in confusion as he raised his eyes to him. “B...beg?” Surely he couldn't be serious?

“Yes, **beg.** Get down to the ground, **dog**, lick my boots and **beg me** for the permission you crave.”

Kylo paused, before he slowly did as commanded. His heart racing fast, his breathing short, panting with need. He trembled, his whole body shaking with barely contained emotion as he pressed his lips to the leather. The taste flooded his senses as he kissed it, felt the smooth texture beneath his tongue. There was dirt there, bitter and tangy, making him want to choke, but he didn't care.

“**Please let me cum General...**” He forced the words out at first, but as he spoke they began to spill from his lips like a river, lust and need propelling him. “Please... please I want to cum for you... please I'm sorry, please let me cum... you're right it wasn't good it wasn't good without you caring about it... please...” Tears were welling up in his eyes as he babbled on, hoping to convince the man before him of his need and his compliance.

“**Very well.**” The words sent a rush of hope through him. “**Jerk yourself off for me. Give me a show, Kylo Ren.**” His stomach clenched. More humiliation, then. He cursed under his breath, even as he leaned back, legs spreading. His body ached, re-opened wounds sending thrums of pain through him, but it only made him all the more desperate. As his hand found his erection he gasped aloud, feeling the sudden relief of stimulation, and... **fuck. Hux was right.**

As Hux's eyes greedily took in his body, watched his hand begin to stroke the length of his cock up and down, Kylo knew that he was right. It didn't matter if Hux couldn't technically enforce such a restrictive rule upon him. He wanted to obey it regardless. Because it wasn't **good** without his approval.

“**That's it, that's a good boy. Entertain me.**” Hux's eyes were darkened with lust, half lidded with restrained desire as he watched him. It was humiliating, but it was invigorating. Kylo could feel the negative emotions feed the Force in him, give him **life and breath.** It made him feel powerful, wanted, approved... Yes... **he wanted Hux's approval.**

As his hand moved up and down the shaft, fingers caressing the head before moving in long strokes back down again he moved another hand to cup his balls. Fuck he was so open, vulnerable like this, his hips beginning to jerk into his hand as he panted and groaned. Whimpers were beginning to spill from his lips, and Hux was watching him, his hands behind his back, waiting.
“I think I like you best like this, whelp. A panting, needy animal at my feed. Humping the air like a fucking dog. You look so pretty like that.” Kylo's hand began to jerk faster, putting pressure on the length of his cock. His face was flushed red now as he took in Hux's words, absorbed the combination of degradation and praise. It was a heady concoction, that sent him careening towards climax.

Then he felt Hux's boot move, pressing against the shaft of his cock as the man bent his knee and leaned over him, a sadistic gleam in his eyes. Kylo whined and moaned, but did not attempt to stop him. “You're certainly better behaved when your cock is hard and you're desperate for orgasm. Aren't you?” Kylo hastened to nod, keening through gritted teeth as Hux's boot crushed into him, forcing him onto his back beneath him. Pain and pleasure shot through him and he gasped for breath, looking up at him with wide eyes that spoke his need.

“Maybe I should keep you like this all the time hmm? Maybe you'd be better behaved if I had you in a cock ring, always hard, always wanting... never quite letting you cum. Maybe I wouldn't have to worry so much about my things getting wrecked, then. What do you think?” The General's voice was casual and speculative, and a cry of despair left Kylo's lips as he realized with horror that the General could do this, and Kylo would not stop him.

“Please...” He choked out the word, pinned beneath the man's boot and writhing with need for release. “Please no... please let me cum... please..” The General let up some of the pressure, the pain ebbing away, though he was still caught under the man's weight.

“Rut against my boot and make yourself cum them. Come on. You're going to cum against me like a lowly dog, and I'm going to watch. Do it.”

Kylo was beyond arguing, his hips moving immediately to follow the command. The crushing pressure from the man's boot heel pressed against the shaft of his cock send waves of pained pleasure through him, and he began to quicken his motions. He rutted against the leather, feeling the humiliation of the act burn itself into his skin. Pleasure built and built, an insatiable need overwhelming him. Nothing mattered. Nothing but cumming. With a cry he felt sweet release as he spent himself, a string of white shooting out over his stomach and the man's boot. And damn, but it was worlds more satisfying than it had been the night before.

As he lay there panting, catching his breath as he came down from the high that had stiffened his entire body, he felt the boot remove itself from his cock, only for the feet to come around to where his head lay turned to the side. The sight of white against black filled his field of vision as the strict voice of General Hux rang out.

“Clean up your mess.”

He hated himself even as he moved to obey, flipping around on his front to lower his lips once again to those boots, his tongue darting out to lick at his own cum. The bitter taste that filled his mouth made him gag, his stomach wrenching in protest, but the General was unmoved. With a deep breath he put his tongue out again, lapping the last of it off the man's boot until not a drop remained. Nausea flipped his stomach but he pushed it down, gasping for breath as he looked up with a glare at the ginger who still loomed over him.

“Now you will clean up the mess you made of the droid. I'm not going to send a janitor. And then, you will get the fuck back in bed. You've gone and reopened your wounds. When I return next, I expect to see a clean room, and you resting. Don't disappoint me.”

With those words spoken, the General turned on his heel, and marched out of the room, leaving Kylo
kneeling and shaking on the floor, still covered in his own cum. His jaw clenched as he watched the door close behind the man, hands curling into fists at his sides.

*Fuck...fuck!* 

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and [say hi on Tumblr](https://www.tumblr.com)! I'd love to chat ;)


Chapter Summary

After being released from the medical bay, Kylo Ren finds himself needing to readjust to life on the ship. If only the commanding force of the General wouldn't be a constant presence in his mind...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Kylo Ren walked through the corridors of the ship, his clipped pace purposeful, each long stride carrying him through the hallways with intensity. He enjoyed the way everyone knew to steer clear of his path. The way fear shuddered through the eyes of the officers along the way. The way the Stormtroopers awkwardly scattered in his presence.

Word had gotten through the ranks. Kylo Ren was in a worse mood than usual, but interestingly had caused less damage to the ship. Nobody knew exactly what to make of the combination of rage but a lack of destruction and death in his wake. Still, no one was certain how long this tentative lack of
outburst would last, especially considering the foul mood the man had been in, and nobody was keen
to push their luck.

This suited him just fine. He was in no mood to be patient. Unfortunately, it did not take much to
break the strained restraint he had such a tenuous grasp on. As he strode down the hallway, coming
around a turn, a young officer was rushing past, a datapad in hand, his head down as he ran. It took a
mere moment before the two men had collided, the officer crashing headfirst into the chest of the
bigger man.

As the officer crashed to the floor, Kylo made an enraged noise, the faceless mask staring down at
the younger boy. “Do you always not watch where you are going, officer?”

His voice held the tense sound of barely restrained action, his whole body vibrating with the need to
snap, to unleash the pent up power that was crackling through his skin. He only needed the slightest
excuse to do so.

The shaken man's eyes widened in horror as he looked up at the most powerful entity on the ship, his
I was rushing... General Hux said he needed these reports right away I.”

That made Kylo's eyes narrow to slits behind the mask, his mood flaring up, an inferno boiling inside
of him at the General's name. His hand flew out in an instant, fingers outstretched to manipulate the
Force around the officer's neck. The gasp of fear and pain was satisfying as he pulled the unfortunate
boy off the ground and into the air.

“Do you fear the General's wrath more than mine?” His voice was a snarl of hatred as he considered
the man before him. These pitiful soldiers should know better. They should all fear him, bow and
cower before him. Though the officer could not see past the mask, his eyes glowered at him with a
burning ferocity. His word should be higher than Hux's. His ire should be feared.

“Please! M..m..my Lord Ren! Please...!” The words were stuttered out, the man gasping for breath,
hands clutching at nothing around his neck where he dangled in mid air. Behind the mask, Kylo
might have smiled to see the subordinate in such agony, his feet kicking and his eyes bulging. His
hand was out, fingers grasping the air as he manipulated the Force to squeeze the man's neck in an
even tighter grip.

“I'm sorry! I'm so sorry My Lord... oh god, please have mercy!” The babbling words of the officer
rushed through him, made him feel in control and powerful, and he took a moment to relish the sweet
sounds of pain and panic. Anger and indignation were still coursing through him, his ire spurred by
the simpering idiot held aloft by his power. He could smell the sweat off of him, the scent of fear
radiating from him like the man had bathed in it. That will show him... and that will show Hux.

Hux.

His anger faltered for a moment, replaced by a rush of memories. Weeks ago, when he had been in
the medical bay. The droid, sparking and in pieces at his feet. The humiliation of getting on his knees
and apologizing for the act of destruction. Hux's cold eyes staring down at him as he wallowed in his
own shame. Hux would certainly not be pleased if an able bodied man under his command was
suddenly killed. And, if he was honest, for no particularly good reason. Not that that usually stopped
him.

The sounds of struggle filled his ears. The begging had stopped, replaced by wheezing and the sound
of desperate attempts to draw in breath as the life slowly left the man. The officer's face was turning
red, soon to fade to a fetching shade of purple that Kylo was certain would suit him beautifully. The fact that Hux would be displeased at the man's death, however, gave him pause. He cursed under his breath as he pictured the General's reaction. The icy stare and the commands given through gritted teeth. For a moment Kylo considered killing the officer strictly out of spite. But something stopped him.

Rage bubbled through him as he considered his actions. His outstretched hand clenched for a moment, completely cutting off the man's air supply for 1... 2... 3 seconds before he released him. He felt the Force rush through the air and back into him as the man clattered to the floor, coughing and sputtering, gasping to fill his lungs. “Th..thank thank you My Lord... thank you thank you...”

He growled, anger flooding his veins as he looked at the pathetic form at his feet. *How dare Hux think he could control his actions like this?* That he had restrained himself because of that man enraged him, making his vision go red and his pulse begin to race. “*Get out of my sight.*” He managed to grit out the words, and the man did not wait for a second invitation. He was off like a shot, the smell of fear and piss filling the air behind him.

With a roar Kylo drove his fist into the wall beside him. The Force was pulsing through him, amplifying his movements as frustration overcame him. As his fist connected with the metal siding the Force bolstered the blow. With a loud crash the siding inwards around his fist, creating an impressive dent in the wall. His heels clipped loudly as he marched down the corridor, fuming as he stalked back to his own quarters.

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He stared at his reflection in the mirror. An angry red scar still trailed the length of his face, striking right down the middle of it in a vertical slant. Just one of many scars littered across his body now, but the deepest and most glaring one by far. He was lucky he hadn't lost an eye from the blow. The reflection glaring back at him, however, was sullen for reasons other than his new appearance.

*Hux.* Hux was occupying every waking moment of his thoughts. He gritted his teeth and let a low growl form at the back of his throat as his mind turned to the General, anger and irritation festering within him like an open wound. He couldn't stand the man, but something in him was aching for another encounter with him.

The General had not renewed his... *advances,* if that's what you could call them, since the destroyed medical droid. He had stopped in for the next few days, to check on Kylo and confirm his compliance. That alone made him burn with indignation, the man's casual condescension infuriating him. *And yet.* he had stayed in bed, and let the replacement droid do it's job in caring for him.

And then, he had been released from the medical bay. Part of him had half expected the General to
be waiting for him as he left, to greet him, or... make a snide remark that would further humiliate and degrade him. But Hux had been nowhere to be seen. It burned him that the man seemed to have no further interest in his doings, and the fact that he was angry about that only made him more angry with himself. He didn't care about what Hux thought. Surely.

But a week had gone by, and he had not see the General in more than passing. Each day that passed he was on pins and needles, expecting some sort of confrontation but finding nothing. Each day he dreaded and feared the man approaching him, but it did not happen. Each day he waited, his agitation growing as he began to wonder why Hux was nowhere to be seen. Anger was his constant state. He was angry Hux did not corner him, angry that Hux had started this entire ordeal, and angry that he cared about it. Did he want the General to torment him? If he did not, then why was he so angry about the lack of contact?

Confusion only fuelled his irritation. He could feel the Force filling him, moving through him like a wave the further he indulged his anger. His senses were enhanced, attuned to every small vibration in the air, the scent of sweat rushing into his nostrils even as his body was overwhelmed by heat. Power surged through him like lightning and with a cry of frustration he drove his fist into the mirror before him, shattering the image of himself that had been staring back at him.

The warmth of blood dripping across his knuckles hit his senses before the pain did. The smell of copper, and the tickle of liquid as he drew in a ragged breath. His rage was not quelled. The Force raced through him as he put out a hand, clenching his fingers and causing a volley of motion, books and various effects tearing themselves off of the shelves. His other arm went out, a wave of power rushing out to destroy the only chair in the room, the sound of crunching metal hitting his ears.

In a whirl he turned around, grasping the hilt of his lightsaber in hand. The familiar hum of the red blade sprang to life, filling his ears with its sound and pulse as he began to go to work on destruction. At least here, in his own chambers, Hux could not disapprove of his actions. As the red blade sliced its way through the desk he felt a rush of satisfaction. These were his own things. He could do with them as he damn well pleased.

The room seemed to spin around him in a daze as he moved. As chaotic as the act was, there was a certain thrum of methodical order to each stroke, each blow that he dealt. He let his anger and his frustration move through him like a river, a torrent that could not be quelled. His vision was red now, his breathing in tune with each thrust of the saber in his hand.

The Force fed on this. On his rage, on his irritation and indignation. But as he came to an end of things to destroy, panting through gritted teeth, he realized that that was no longer enough. There was power in more than just anger, more than just hate. With a guttural cry that seemed to swell from deep within him he drove the red of the lightsaber through the last intact item in his room; the waste-bin. It clattered to the floor in pieces, but to his anguish it did not satisfy the incessant need in his chest.

The Force wanted more. As he looked down at his bleeding hand, letting the pain rush into him, he realized with a start that the Force wanted this. He was no stranger to pain. Snoke had told him to embrace pain as a welcome ally, a force that would draw out his rage and his power. A moan loosed itself from his lips as he focused in on the sensations thrumming through his hand. Switching off the lightsaber, he fell panting to his knees.

He was in a daze as he pressed the bloodied knuckles to his lips, the tangy taste rushing through him, spinning his head and turning his stomach. It stung. He wanted it to sting. Licking his wounds he felt a bubble of humorless laughter leave him, breathless and bitter. “Fuck... Maybe Hux is right. I am a
That thought made him see red for another brief moment before he heard the comm buzz to life. His helmet, sitting amid the wreckage of his quarters, one of the few things that had managed to escape his ire. He could barely concentrate on the sounds emitting from it when a familiar voice came through, sending a chill of dread down his spine.

It was Hux.

“Kylo Ren.” The way he said his name, drawn out, each syllable pronounced with care, made him grit his teeth and cringe back as a rush of fear and desire crashed through him. “I want to see you in my quarters. Now.” The man's cold, unconcerned voice made him spit, a mixture of saliva and blood onto the floor, wishing it had been the man's face. The way the General thought he could just casually command him, bend him to his will, incensed him.

Still, he found himself getting to his feet. Not, of course, because Hux had called. Not because he wanted to obey. Of course not. No, he told himself, it was because he was intent on giving the General a piece of his mind. And maybe then some.

Nobody talked like this to Kylo Ren.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)

dog.”
Chapter Summary

Answering the General’s summons, Kylo Ren finds himself alone in the quarters of the man who has been plaguing his thoughts. Intending to refuse the man’s advances, he soon finds himself once again on his knees before him. Hux intends to help him ease the frustration and aggression… with his whip.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When he came to the man’s door, he paused. His mind was reeling with an indignant kind of fury, but it was laced with a sickeningly seductive mixture of fear and excitement. It was almost drug-like, the state the mere thought of the General could work him into, ever since their... encounters in the medical bay. Before he thought to enter, a hand was placed on the cool metal surface, fingertips grazing the door. Closing his eyes, he reached out with the Force, letting tendrils of his consciousness penetrate the room, seeking the man within.
He was there. Seated at a desk, busied with a datapad. Always working, damn him. The man had always seemed like the kind of tightly wound sort that didn't do anything outside of his job. That lacked the inclination to seek out entertainment or pleasure, or indulged his baser impulses. Now, however, Kylo was no longer so sure how accurate an assessment that had been. There was a darkness hovering around the man, a kind of sinister aura that he had not bothered to notice before.

He clenched a fisted hand, his jaw stiffening for a moment before he reached out to enter in the code to open the door. He would not knock. He would not give Hux the satisfaction of hearing him meekly call out to request entry. He owned this ship as much as Hux did. He would act like it.

The door opened with the familiar swishing sound and he stepped through, eyes darting around to take in the room. It was dimly lit, his vision taking time to adjust to the change after the brightness of the ship's corridors. Apparently the General preferred to keep his quarters in a more relaxing, darkened state. The brightest light in the room came from the datapad in his hand.

To say the room was kept to immaculate perfection would be an understatement. Nothing was out of place. Not a speck of dust to be found. The man was clearly as much a perfectionist with himself as he was with his men. There was a First Order flag hanging on the wall, the largest piece of interior decor present. A smaller flag bore the Imperial symbol, a relic of the past. And the man himself, seated at the desk, just as he knew he would be. The door swished closed behind him, and Kylo felt most of his anger and bluster deflate.

“So you do come when you're called...” The infuriating man did not even look up from his datapad. He certainly did not comment on the fact that Kylo had not knocked or waited for permission before entering the General's personal chambers, did not allow him even that small victory. A smile tugged at the corner of his lips before he set the datapad aside and finally looked up at him. “Good boy.”

The sardonic twinkle in his eye danced in the low light of the room, the datapad on the desk casting an eerie blue light across his features.

Kylo clenched his fists at his side. He had not thought about what he would say, and now that he was standing directly in front of the man who had occupied his mind for days, he found himself drawing a blank. Pursing his lips, he stepped forward into the room, raising his chin in defiance. Defiance of the General, or of his own emotions, he could not be sure.

“General Hux. I came to tell you that I am not doing this anymore.” He let his tumultuous emotions loose, strained words spoken through gritted teeth, his jaw tight. The General seemed disinterested in this declaration, an almost bored expression upon his face that Kylo wanted to wipe clean off of the man. How dare he behave so perfectly in control, so nonchalant, as though nothing effected him? While Kylo was trembling from the force of his own emotional state.

“Oh? Not doing what anymore, Kylo?” The ginger rose from his chair, carefully pushing it back into place again. Even now, everything in it's place. Ordered perfection. Kylo hated it. “You damned well know what I'm talking about General!” As the man stood before him, hands folded behind his back in strict military fashion Kylo felt a quiver run down his spine. The General was not a physically imposing figure, far from it. He was a good few inches shorter than him, his body lithe and agile. To say nothing of the absurd shock of carrot red gracing his brow. Still, despite this, or perhaps because of this, his body language and his mannerisms spoke volumes, and Kylo felt emotionally dwarfed by his mere presence.

“The Supreme Leader gave us both command here. You are not my superior officer.” He felt like a child stubbornly insisting on a loophole that would save him from having to go to bed early. It
infuriated him, his own sense of impotence. He could hear the sound of leather creasing as his hands balled into fists, gripping at his legs. His jaw was growing sore from the clenched strain. “You cannot treat me like a common foot soldier.”

That elicited a reaction from the General, a wide grin sweeping across his features as he eyed the shaking, enraged Kylo Ren before him. “Oh, is that how you think I’ve been treating you?” All at once the man was crossing the room to stand directly before him, reaching out with a black gloved hand to grasp him by the hair. Kylo jerked back in surprise, but the man was deceptively strong for his stature. As he was bent over, back curved to bring him in close to the General, caught in his punishing grip, Hux’s voice growled low in his ear. All pretense of friendliness replaced by the hiss of scorn and disgust.

“My soldiers do not need anywhere near as much direction as you, whelp.” His fingers gave a sharp tug at his hair. Kylo could feel his heart beginning to race, the beating thumping in his chest like a drum. An angry snarl of impotent rage left his throat as he felt his knees shake from the strain of being forced into the awkward position. Hux’s body was so close he could feel him, could feel the electric sense of nearness, and his breath hot on his ear.

“Even the lowliest of new recruits is better behaved than you.” His voice was laced with disapproval, and Kylo felt a rush of indignation at the implication. That he was, in Hux’s eyes, in fact lower than a Stormtrooper. He felt the air spin around him as Hux released him with a rough thrust, causing him to stumble, awkwardly positioning his feet as he tried to get his bearings. He was shaking. He wanted something to break. Instead he lifted his chin, looked directly in the man's eyes. “I suppose FN-2187 was just a fluke, then?”

That earned him a swift backhand. It came before he had had a chance to shut his mouth from speaking, fire burning in the General's normally cool and icy eyes. “You watch your mouth with me, boy.” The way the ginger's lips parted, gritted teeth bared, brows narrowed, he could tell he had hit a sore spot. He didn't need to invade the man's mind to see that. He reached up a hand to feel his face, a warm trickle of blood pricking at the corner of his mouth, a split in his lips. The pain was immaterial, it was the situation that enraged him.

He narrowed his eyes, refusing to be cowed by the General standing before him. In one swift motion he launched himself at him, his fist flying towards his face. Objects around them shook, trembling from the rage that was beginning to seep from him, permeating the air around him with the Force. Hux was unmoved. He stepped to the side, arms darting out to catch his hand before it could make its connection. Then he twisted. Kylo winced, an animalistic grunt choking his throat as the man manipulated pressure points to still his body. Then he spoke, voice simmering with restrained malice.

“That one thing that makes you anywhere near close to being my equal, Ren?” The man's eyes bore into him, a haughty sense of superiority in his tone of voice, in his manors and in his gaze. “It's the Force. You do indeed have quite a bit of raw power... but that is all that you have. Nothing else. There is nothing else that makes you exemplary, nothing else within you to set you apart from the rabble of the Galaxy. If you hadn't been born Force sensitive, you would have been crushed under the boot of the First Order with all the rest of them. Without the Force, you are nothing more than a dog.”

Hux leaned in close, and Kylo gave a cry of pain as his grip on his fist tightened, twisting his arm. “And since we have already established that you have no intention of using the Force with me... where should that put you?” Kylo glared into his eyes, clenching his jaw and baring his teeth in rage. He knew Hux was right. Hux had risen to the top of the First Order on his own merits. He didn't have the Force to rely on, to make him special. He had had to forge his own strength, and it showed.
He pushed, curling the boy's arm and applying pressure. Kylo's knees buckled in an instant, forcing him to the ground. “Where does that put you, whelp?” Hux's voice hissed in his ear and he found himself moaning aloud. Fear was beginning to flow through him. The humiliation of being so bested, so easily overwhelmed, the anger and the rage. He grasped hold of it, felt the Force boiling in his blood. But he did not use it. He wanted to wallow in this... just... a little longer...

“You're so angry...” Hux commented, releasing his grip on him and turning from him. Kylo watched as he turned the desk chair to face him, seating himself with a sigh. His lips parted as he gazed at the man on his floor. “I can see the rage burning in your eyes from here. And yet you don't lash out at me, even though you want to. I wonder who you are more angry with... me, or yourself?” He reached out across the desk, picking up a pack of cigarras.

“I want you to strip for me.” Kylo stiffened at that, disbelief clouding his eyes as he bit his lip, tasting the blood from the strike earlier. He jerked his chin upwards, a show of his own kind of stubborn rebellion. “Excuse me?”

Hux leaned forward in his chair, placing the cigarra in his mouth, fingers fiddling with a lighter. Kylo felt a shiver run down his spine at the sight, remembering exactly what Hux had done with those cigarras in the medical bay. The memory of pain and the smell of smoke mingling with burning skin washed over him. He could barely restrain himself from groaning aloud, feeling his cock twitch at the recollection.

“You heard me. I don't like to repeat myself, Ren.” He drew in a long breath of the cigarra. Blew the smoke out. Watched him. Waited. Kylo felt his skin crawling under the scrutiny. The man had patience for days. Slowly he rose to his feet, heat rising on his face. Was he really about to do this? Well he certainly wasn't going to turn it into a strip tease for the bastard. Without any form of grace or showmanship he shrugged off his clothes. The movements were rough, quick, and lacking any kind of refinement. And just to spite the ginger, he tossed the discarded garments in a heap on the floor. Made it as messy and haphazard as possible. The General didn't seem to mind... insufferable bastard, he wouldn't even rise to Kylo's attempt to irritate him.

“Your wounds have healed nicely...” The man made the remark as casual as possible, holding the cigarra between two fingers before he took another drag.”It's almost a pity.. the blood and the gauze really suited you.” His lips turned upwards in a cruel kind of smirk. “The scars suit you too, though.” Smoke filled the room. The hateful smell was beginning to have memory for him. Pain. Heat. Impotence. Humiliation.

“Get back on your knees.” A gloved had pointed downwards to the floor. Kylo could feel his own arousal mounting this time. He wouldn't be taken by surprise by it. It only made him more irritated to know that for some reason his body was responding to this. As he lowered himself, bending his knees and coming to rest on the ground, he gritted his teeth as though he could shield himself from the humiliation. The General smiled as he watched him.

“Good boy...” Those words had become simultaneously hated and craved. The condescending approval was a heady concoction that made his blood race and his skin crawl. “I asked you to come here tonight because I wanted to reward you.” That made his breath hitch. The storm in his eyes cleared for just a moment, curiosity overcoming his desire for violence and aggression. “…reward?”

His eyes were so expressive. Capable of conveying all manner of emotion. A weakness. It was no wonder he favoured the mask around his enemies and his subordinates. But whether it was a simple
accident of haphazard thinking, or a deeper rooted action, he had not worn the mask tonight. Not here. Not now. Hux smiled.

“Yes. In the days since your release from the medical bay, you haven’t killed any of my men in a fit of rage. Nor have you destroyed any of my equipment.” His eyes took on a glimmer of amusement. “Minus the dent you left in the hallway this morning, of course.” He chuckled, smoke blowing from his lips as he watched the dumbfounded expressions on the boy. “I haven't had to replace anything. Good boy.”

Kylo licked his lips, a quick motion that betrayed more than he realized. The praise made desire flow through him, his cock stiffening with need and his breathing beginning to rise. Hux leaned back in his chair, crossing a leg over his lap as he stared at the naked Force user. Contemplating. Cigarra held lightly in hand as though an afterthought. Eyes glancing at the dried blood caking his knuckles. “But I have a feeling that you need an outlet for all that pent up anger and aggression. I’d tell you to go to the damn gym like the rest of us, but I think we would run out of punching bags a little too quickly.”

Kylo’s eyes followed his hand as the man reached again across the desk. Extinguished the cigarra. Watched as he gripped something long and skinny, picking it up and inspecting it, holding it in front of his face. He gave a tentative swat to the palm of his hand, testing the feel of it. Kylo felt his throat constrict, a thrill of excitement rushing through him. It was a crop. A commonly used disciplinary tool at the Academy, he knew. Not that he had gone through the Academy himself. He had been handpicked by Snoke, not worked his way through the ranks with his own grit and determination. Not like Hux.

The General stood up, his boots coming together on the ground. Kylo felt his body tense as the man drew closer to him. He moaned as he felt fingers on the back of his neck, then up his head and through his hair. The gloved hand tightened, gripping him, and pulled him to his feet. He did not resist, letting the man wrangle him and position him how he wanted, roughly pushing him towards the desk. His heart was beating so loud it filled the room as he felt his hands being placed on the surface of the desk, his back pushed to bend him over it.

He felt exposed. He felt vulnerable. He felt afraid. He felt alive. His body shook, confused and conflicting feelings coursing through him. How dare Hux think he could manhandle him like this? Why was he letting him?

“Now I know you are still strung with rage and fury.. I don't need to be Force sensitive to sense that. You're practically vibrating with it. With anger. With fear. Hatred. Its crawling in your skin, isn't it.... all that pent up power surging through you like lightning, just looking for an outlet...”

Hux had leaned over him, whispering into his ear, and it felt good. Every word he spoke was true. He wanted, needed, a way to utilize all of this aggression, all of these emotions that were threatening to swallow him whole. Then he felt the crop, pressed into his back, dragged across his skin, and he stiffened in response. “So I am going to beat it out of you.” The man's voice was soft, the words compelling and mesmerizing. “And you are going to thank me for it.”

A strip of black cloth was placed in front of him, right in his line of sight, next to his right hand. He shuddered as he realized what it was.

“Put that on.” His stomach was flipping inside of him, his chest tightening as he moved a shaking hand to grasp the fabric. It felt silky under his fingers as he lifted it, his back trembling and his breathing shallow. Almost choking on the degrading nature of the act, he tied to blindfold around his own eyes. Then he put his hands back on the desk and waited.
The crop moved across his skin for a moment, and he was amazed at how much he could feel it. He was in complete darkness now, and the world seemed to fall out from around him, the only point of existence now being the feel of leather caressing his skin. *Then it struck.*

He cried out in surprise as pain filled him, the crop biting into his flesh without warning or mercy. Again, the sick sound of a CRACK was heard, and then screams. He gasped, amazed at how badly it hurt, how much power Hux was putting into each blow. CRACK. It connected with his ass, making him jerk forwards, clenching and screaming out in pain. CRACK. The General did not let up, laying welt after welt across his skin.

Soon each strike was merging into the next, the pain no longer separate entities, but a constant thrum of sensation. He felt like he was floating, pain turning to a kind of bliss that wracked his body in euphoria. He could feel his cock achingly hard, dripping precum as his hands gripped the edge of the desk, knuckles white from the strain.

And the Force.

The Force was a whirlwind that seemed to careen around him, rushing through him and out of him with each blow. Each scream that was torn from his raw and aching throat fuelled his power.

CRACK. He called out, felt his teeth sink into his own lip, the taste of blood and sweat as his hair clung wet to his skin. CRACK. Another welt. Another scream. Something fell to the ground with a crash, but he barely registered the sound. Nothing mattered, nothing except accepting this pain.

Tears were beginning to prickle at his eyes, the blindfold wet from sweat already. The room was filled with the sounds of his whimpers and moans as he let himself get carried away in the ebb and flow. “M...more...please! Harder!” He heard himself beg as though it were someone else entirely, someone inside of his body, making him gasp and keen with every blow. He could hear Hux's breathing, raw and animal, panting as he lashed him again and again.

More... he needed more. CRACK. The strike broke skin. He knew it had. He could feel the warmth of blood dripping down his side. CRACK. It came again. Harder. More blood. He could smell it. Feel it. Something else smashed, some object fallen on the other side of the room. He was sure he could sense the power of the Force, exploding from him with every drawn out cry, every strangled snarl of pain. Rage had left him. Fear was gone. All was pain. And he embraced it, lived it, and existed solely for it.

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. The blows came harder, faster. He moaned and bucked, fingernails bloody from clawing at wood. He was weeping openly, tears soaking through the blindfold and trailing down his face, dripping onto the floor and mixing with the blood, sweat and saliva pouring from his open mouth. “Thank you... thank you thankyouthankyou...” He began babbling praise, thanks, imploring and grateful as wave upon wave of endorphins rushed through him.

And when he was sure he couldn't possibly handle another moment, it stopped. Nothing. His entire back ached, burned, but there was nothing to hold onto anymore. He was acutely aware of everything, or every minuscule sensation, and the throbbing ache in his cock. He was so hard, he could feel his erection rutting against the desk. With a hoarse whimper he cried out into the darkness. “Please...please can I... I need...”

“No.” Hux. He heard the voice of the General for the first time since the ordeal had begun. He found himself moaning aloud at just the sound of the man's voice before he felt him grasp his chin, pulling him away from the desk. He followed willingly in a daze, back down, down to the floor again to his
knees. Somehow this felt right... hadn't it always? Why had he been fighting it?

Then something pressed against his lips and he felt a swell of arousal, primal and lustful. The bitter taste of precum smeared itself over his mouth, stinging his cut and making him groan aloud. “You're going to learn to please your General before you think to please yourself, boy.” The man's voice sounded strained, husky and raspy as he restrained himself from moaning with desire. Kylo felt hands in his hair again, pulling him forward.

A rush of gratitude filled him. Hux had never let him touch him before... he had watched Kylo wallow in animalistic need, had reduced him to his most debased, but had never shared his own sexuality with him before. It had, each time, left Kylo feeling frustrated and unwanted, as though he were unworthy to please the man in this way. Now he was being granted permission. He opened his mouth, eagerly and willingly, and felt the hard head of his cock pass his lips.

The taste of salt, precum and sweat filled him as he felt the smooth length slide into his mouth. It was larger than he had expected, and he felt his throat clench as it moved deeper and deeper. His gag reflex gave a protest, but the hands held him firm. Deep breaths in through his nose. He felt himself begin to calm, the thrust of the cock in and out of his mouth stilling the trembles that were wracking his body.

“Hmm... not bad... have you ever sucked cock before?” Kylo felt himself pulled off the man's length, saliva coating it as it slid from between his lips. He rushed to draw in a gasp of air before he answered. “N...no... no General.” As soon as the words left his mouth he felt himself filled again, his lips stretching around it's girth even as it pushed deeper into the back of his throat. “I thought as much... I can tell. No matter... all you need to do is stay still and let me fuck your face.”

Kylo moaned around the cock that so thoroughly gagged him, a whimper of disappointment clawing it's way out of his throat. He wanted to be good. How dare Hux insinuate he wasn't good at it? The General began to thrust into him, pushing deeper and deeper. Then out again, in long strokes, letting the boy get the feel for the rhythm and the sensation.

His own cock was aching to be touched, everything in his body screaming for release. Hux's hands gripped him tight, pulling him in onto his cock with each thrust of his hips, and for a moment he considered slipping a hand down to grasp his own. Maybe the General wouldn't notice... but no, no he had asked, and been very specifically told no. He groaned, the taste and the feel of the firm shaft on his tongue awakening in him a yearning he had never felt before. He wanted more.

One of the gloved hands left his hair, leather caressing his skin as the fingers explored his back and his sides. He winced as they passed over the angry welts left from the crop, the touch at once both soothing and painful. His body was a mess of conflicting sensations, and it made him hungry, open, feral. His lips closed around the man's cock, wanting to feel it deeper, wanting to suck it down his throat.

Then he felt a finger on his ass, caressing the cheek with an almost tender motion. Soon it was positioned directly over his hole, and he clenched in surprise. A muffled gagging sound came from his throat as his body stiffened and he heard the General laugh. “Relax, boy. You don’t think I'm not going to use this pretty little hole of yours eventually? Had it not crossed your mind yet?” Hux's voice sounded amused, even as it was breathless and raw.

He hadn't considered it. He knew of course what male lovers did with each other... but he and Hux weren't that... were they? Hux was just humiliating him, disciplining him, wasn't he? As much as he hated it, he at least understood it. He understood that Hux had debased and degraded him in order to
make a point, in order to put him in his place. It didn't make them lovers.

But now that the idea had been planted in his mind, he felt a rush of desire and fear. What would such a thing feel like? Wouldn't it hurt? But he had already experienced pain... could he really take it? As if in answer to his thoughts the finger pressed against his opening moved in a circular motion, swirling around and massaging it, coaxing it open. He moaned again, the intrusive action making him choke and squirm.

The hand still gripping him by the hair tightened, pulling him in close and shoving the cock deep down his throat. His body convulsed as he tried not to gag, tried to settle his stomach with deep breaths through his nose. The finger at his hole pushed inwards, breaching him, and he found a scream trying to tear it's way through him, only blocked by the cock in his mouth.

“Shh shh... there you go... you look lovely. My pretty little slut. You want to be a slut for me, don't you, whelp?” In response Kylo made a gurgling noise that would have to pass for agreement. He felt a wave of emotion, desire and longing. The finger in his ass pushed deeper, before he felt another slowly sliding in to widen him further. He cried out again, feeling the thrusting of the General's cock begin to quicken. The two fingers in his ass began to scissor, opening him up with methodical, calculated movements.

He had never felt so invaded. His body was being entered, forcibly, from both sides. And it felt good. As the two fingers continued their exploration of him he felt them hook, curling around to brush against his prostate, and he found himself shaking and whimpering, pleasure rushing through him with the same intensity as the pain had previously. “Mm... I think I can make you cum like this... would you like that? I know you would.” The man spoke as though to himself, full knowing that Kylo could not answer.

It was ironic how, between the two of them, Kylo was the one who could delve into people's minds to find their thoughts, their fears and their desires. But Hux didn't need to. He seemed to know. He was expert at reading him. He didn't need the Force. Just one more example of how the man was superior to him, he realized.

The fingers in his ass began to massage his prostate, turning him into a whimpering pool of lust and sensation. He could feel it, deep inside of him, a climax mounting and building in his core, his cock pulsing with each stroke of a finger. The cock in his mouth was moving faster now, in and out, hard down his throat and back again. Hux's breathing was getting quicker, a few animal grunts loosing themselves from the man's lips.

His body was closer and closer with each thrust in tandem with the massaging fingers, until he felt himself come to the brink. A bubble of fear rippled through him, certain that the orgasm was going to destroy him, before it shot through him like lightning. His cock exploded, shooting string after string of white over the man's feet, over himself. At the same time he felt the hand in his hair grip him tighter, pulling him in as one last deep thrust threatened to make him hurl. He felt a rush of warmth, the bitter taste that was swiftly becoming quite familiar filling his mouth. He didn't need to be told to swallow. He took all of it eagerly.

He whined as he felt the man retreat from him. His ass clenched, the fingers removing themselves, the cock sliding from his lips with the sound of wet saliva. He knelt there, shaking, hands clenching and then releasing, every nerve in his body on fire. His whole body ached, but he felt more satisfied and calm than he had in years.

“Good boy... you did very well.” The words prompted an almost shy kind of smile to light up his
face. He wanted to be good. He wanted to prove he could be good. Before the General had a chance to say anything else he bent over the man's feet, lowering himself further to seek out the cum that had spilled over his shoes. As his lips pressed to the leather, tongue lapping up the thick liquid, he felt the man's body stiffen, just a little. It was almost imperceptible, but he was sure of it. *Would this please him?*

When he was done he felt the hands around is face, pulling aside the blindfold, tossing it irreverently upon the floor. Light flooded in and he winced, eyes adjusting to the sudden sight. The General had already tucked his cock away, a picture of perfection as always.

“*Well.. I think we will have to find somewhere else to do these sessions...*” Hux's gaze was almost sheepish as he looked around the room. As Kylo followed his eyes he took in the damage he had done, the room around him in chaos. Crushed objects littered the floor... *had he done that?* He felt his heart sink for a moment, his body shaking again as he looked around. And here he thought he had been so good...

“*S..sorry..I..I'm sorry General, I didn't..didn't mean to..*” He had had no idea what was happening around him while the General had beat him, caused pain and mayhem to his body. He had rode the ordeal unaware of everything but the sensations coursing through him. The ginger did not seem angry, however, cutting him off with a gentle nod. “Hush. I know you didn't.”

The panic bubbling up through him subsided. He didn't know why, but the General's words soothed him. He couldn't even bring himself to be angry about it, too exhausted from the ordeal to question the sense of peace and satisfied tranquility. “*We will be having sessions like this at least once every three days. More, if you act out. We still have another month of space travel before we arrive at our destination, so that leaves plenty of time to explore your apparent need for pain.*” The man's voice took on a crueller cadence at the end, though it only served to excited Kylo's appetite. For the first time he was glad that the ship's hyperdrive had been so damaged in the escape. He wanted to explore this too.

“*Now return to your quarters. It's late. Get some sleep.*” The General waved him away with a dismissive nod towards his cloths, still laying in a heap on the floor. He felt a wave of crushing disappointment, not that he was sure what he had expected. Hux was not about to hold him and rock him like he was a delicate virgin maiden. He would be insulted if he tried to.

Still, as he stood awkwardly to his feet and began to dress, he felt a strange sense of loneliness as Hux busied himself with his datapad, not bothering to pay his guest any more mind. When he was dressed, he stood with an awkward sense of timidity, not a feeling he knew well. “*I...*” he began, face flushing as the General finally looked up at him from where he sat. “*What if.. what if I need.. to jerk off.*” He stared at the ground as he spoke, as though that could distance him from the embarrassment coursing through him at the utterance of the words.

A smirk tugged up the corner of the man's lips. He set the datapad aside and folded his arms over his chest as he watched the display before him. “*Well, you have a comlink do you not?*” Kylo swallowed and nodded, reluctantly turning to leave. He had hoped the General might rescind his earlier declaration that he was not to touch himself without express permission. The idea of *asking for it*, over the comlink no less, did not appeal. But neither did waiting for the three days to be up. He stalked out of the room, a flushed mess of emotions and the aftershocks of pleasure and pain.

Hux watched him leave before he let loose a heavy sigh he had been unaware he had been holding. That had gone... *well,* in many respects. But the unleashing of the boy's Force powers had been unexpected. He looked around the room, various items destroyed and laying in crushed piles of
destruction about the room. He got to his feet, resigning himself to spending the night cleaning up the mess.

Still... he reflected on the way the boy had turned to putty in his hands. He had never inflicted so much pain on someone before. The way the boy had screamed, whimpered, moaned and writhed on the floor, begging for more, for blood... He swallowed, his throat constricting at the memory. He could feel his cock half stiffening again just imagining it. Kylo had surprised him too, performing degrading acts even without his express command. He could be trained, then. And... the amount of power it drew out of him was astonishing. If he could make the boy acknowledge him as his Master instead of the insufferable Snoke...

What the two of them could do to the Galaxy.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)
Chapter Summary

Hux's plans to rise through the First Order hinge on having Kylo Ren under his thumb. As the chaotic Force user slowly comes to grips with his new found desires, will Hux be able to secure him?

Chapter Notes

Finalizer, more like Fuckalizer. Apparently the damn ship is just a mess of sex and sexual tension between everyone, always.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pain. The world around him was erupting with it. It had manifested in the air, an angry red that
surrounded him, a thrum of sound in his ears. It sounded like breathing, like choking, like screaming. Like the whir of a lightsaber. He couldn't move, suspended in mid air as pain crashed around him, through him, like a perfect torrent of motion. He could feel his throat beginning to restrict, invisible hands crushing the life out of him, cutting off his air. His face burned under the mask, his breathing amplified, each strangled gasp coming through the mask in an eerie breath of mechanical sound.

**CHOOO-HISS.**

**CHOOO-HISS.**

“If I destroy you... consume you, rip you apart limb from limb... perhaps you will finally have the power you crave so badly.” A voice. He couldn't see who it was. It came from above him, from below, all around. It sounded like his own through the mask, mechanical and altered. A chill down his spine made him certain he recognized it.

**CHOOO-HISS.**

_Hux._

He awoke, a cold sweat dripping down his face. As he turned over in his bed, he felt the sheets wet where his tangled hair had clung to them, soaking through and turning the bedsheets cold and sticky. He peeled the blanket off of his body with a groan of frustration. He could feel his erection straining underneath them already. His face flushed as he drew in a deep breath, reaching down to grasp it. It swelled almost painfully in his hand, desperate for release. Giving it a tentative squeeze he had to bite his lip to keep from moaning aloud, his breath hitching in his throat.

Then he let go, reluctantly moving to place his feet on the cold floor. Hux hadn't given him permission to do anything about his current predicament. The thought shot through him, eliciting a bubble of indignant rage, anger that he was actually stooping to listening to an order so meaningless, so impossible to enforce. Still... He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth as he marched to the bathroom to prepare for the day.

Hux more than likely had better things to worry about. Maybe he would take care of it himself without bothering to follow the General's ludicrously arbitrary “rule”. He certainly wasn't going to call the man first thing in the morning on the comlink about a fucking erection.

The sound of leather striking flesh was punctuated by the equally compelling sounds of muffled screams and strangled moans. Hux's hands were folded with military precision behind his back, standing aside a little ways from the commotion, observing the proceedings. His eyes took in the naked form of the young man, legs spread and straddling a wooden triangle. The boy shook from head to toe, sweat beading on his brow and wetting the blonde curls that graced his head.
Chains bound his arms behind him, connected to the wooden structure and forcing him to arch painfully backwards, driving the sharp end of the triangle into his flesh. His cock was hard, already dripping precum, but wrangled into a tight ring at the base that ensured the man would not ejaculate. Not until the woman holding the crop was ready to grant him such release. And the boy's mouth was open, stretched around a bright red ball that effectively gagged him. His face flushed, a fetching red that gave him a look of innocence.

Hux was not sure which trooper this was. It didn't matter. What mattered was the woman who's gloved hand lightly played around his neck in an almost affectionate touch, letting him lean into her with a whine like a devoted pet, before retreating, letting him feel the crop in her hand.

Captain Phasma was a stern woman, broad and tall, an intimidating personage. She wore a much more revealing and intimate version of her uniform for these sessions: Boots with sharp heels that Hux could not fathom how she even walked in. Armoured gloves. A top that revealed almost everything, her voluptuous breasts displayed, but not available, within their armoured bra. And most striking, a belted pair of black panties upon which was hitched a rather intimidatingly large silver phallus.

It was clear the trooper was infatuated with the woman from the way he blushed, whined and keened for her with every touch, soft or otherwise. The sharp crack of the leather crop connecting with his backside made his whole body convulse, his cock twitching at the treatment. Hux could feel his own erection stiffening as he watched, the tip of his tongue darting out to lick his lips.

“So what has this one done to land him in your clutches, Captain?” His voice betrayed none of his own arousal. He was far too adept at concealing his emotions for that. The woman smiled a cruel smile, tossing her blond hair out of her face for a moment. “Well.. why don't you let him tell you himself, General.”

Her gloved hands reached around from behind the whimpering man to loosen the ties around his mouth, pulling the gag free. Hux watched as she leaned in close, her mouth inches from his ear as she turned his head towards him, hands forcing him to look the General in the eye. “FN-3862, tell General Hux why you're here.”

The youth's eyes were wide as they met his own, face flushed with fear and shame. But he did not resist for a moment, lips parting quickly to comply with the command. “I..I was five minutes late for my shift this morning, G..General, Sir.”

The General frowned, shifting slightly where he stood, meeting the naked Stormtrooper's eyes with a cold stare. “The First Order values punctuality, trooper. Surely you know that. Especially if we are ever to put you on the front lines, we expect a certain level of reliability.” The cadence of his voice did not change as he berated the soldier. He knew Phasma would have already delivered such a speech, but it certainly couldn't hurt to be repeated

The man nodded his head quickly, shame filling his eyes as he hastened to speak, accepting the censure willingly. “Yes.. Yes General, Sir, I am aware...” The boy's voice trembled as his eyes flitted between the cruel woman who's hands had him firmly in grasp, and the General who towered over him. Hux's lips turned in a mild smile, his gaze following the boy's to the amazonian woman behind him.

“I think you should thank the good Captain for the correction she is giving you. Don't you?” The query was immediately met with more nods, firm and insistent. “Yes.. Of course, General.. tha..thank you Captain for correcting me...” Hux watched as the woman's hand patted his cheek in encouragement before she jerked his head back towards her. Her expression cold as her thumb ran over his lips. “Open.”
The boy’s lips parted at once, and she slipped the ball back between them. Hux felt his cock twitch at the gurgling sounds the boy made as she clasped it back into place. He was so well trained... so compliant. Willing to accept punishment and discipline as was needed. Exactly what he wished for Kylo to be. As he watched the boy's body tremble from the strain of the restraints, he imagined for a moment that instead of blonde, the hair was dark and thick. Falling across his face in rivulets, tangling on his skin. He imagined that instead of that boyish youth, the face was grim and scarred.

And when the crop again hit flesh, he imagined that instead of leaving a mild and quickly fading welt, it left an angry mark that brought forth blood. When the muffled wails subsided, the woman glanced at him sideways, as though reading his thoughts. “And? How are things going with your own little pet project?”

A sinister smile crept across his face as he remembered the previous evening. An image came to mind of Kylo Ren, staring at the floor, asking him what to do should he need to pleasure himself. The willingness in his voice to bend himself to his will, even if he still hated it. Hux's eyes danced as he watched Phasma's fingers tangle themselves in his victim's hair, yanking his head backwards and causing him to scream through the gag.

“Beautifully.” The sound of the chains rattling filled his ears as he looked on, his stance wide and his back straight. The woman laughed, her lips turning in an appreciative grin as she trailed the crop along the man's front. He stiffened in apprehension, eyes filling with that familiar tinge of fear as the crop moved across his nipples and then lower.

“I have noticed a distinct lack of destruction around the ship. Well done, General.” The sound of cracking leather and stifled screams filled the room as she lashed out at the captive's lower abdomen. The front of a man's body was much more sensitive than his back. The boy shook, his body taut from pulling against the chains. But there was a flush on his face, his hard cock turning red as another drop of precum leaked over the tip of it, trailing down the shaft.

“Tell me, are all of your troopers such masochists? He looks like he is thoroughly enjoying himself.” The bound trooper was whining, whimpering into the gag in his mouth, his hips beginning to rock on the wooden seat. He looked like he was in a delicious amount of torment, tears leaking from his eyes even as he moaned. “I certainly hope this does not merely encourage further bad behaviour.”

He thought of Kylo. Of the way the boy had begged for more pain, for harder strikes. The way he had groaned in agonized bliss and rutted in heat against the desk as blood began to seep from the wounds on his back. His cock growing so hard under the careful attentions of his crop. It had riled Hux up to no end to see him so beautifully enjoying the pain and humiliation he was heaping upon him, especially since he seemed to hate that he liked it. But would it be effective as a punishment?

“Oh, but that is the secret. The pain isn’t the punishment.” There was a knowing smile upon the Captain’s lips as she pressed the crop into the trooper's testicles. At first it only made him stiffen in apprehension, his eyes widening with fear. Then she pressed harder and he squirmed, his hips trying to retreat to no avail, locked firmly in place. A firm strike, not quite as hard as she had been implementing before, made him scream himself hoarse, tears welling up in his eyes. Then she set aside the crop, moving around him and once again removing the gag from his lips, letting the pooled saliva flow over his chin. He was a mess.

“Do you want to earn my forgiveness, FN-3862?” She whispered sweetly in his ear as she began to undo the manacles that held him in place. “Yes, yes please I’m... I’m so sorry Captain...” The boy whimpered and moaned, his eyes following her every movement as his body was released in increments from the restraints. “Good boy...” Hux watched as her arms took the limp form, maneuvering him off of the wooden implement. “Down on your knees.”
There was a glimmer of mischief and sadistic pleasure in her eyes as she looked pointedly towards Hux, the boy obediently lowering himself to his knees before her. “Pain and pleasure are interchangeable. Either can be used as a punishment or a reward. The true punishment, General, is your displeasure. The crushing weight of your disapproval.” One hand ran it's fingers through the blonde's hair, pulling gently at the curls as she stroked him. The other hand grasped the strap-on she was wearing, placing it pointedly in front of his face.

“Do you want to please me?” The question made the boy whimper. His ass was already swaying back and forth, doubtless aching from the time spent on the wooden horse. Hux thought he looked remarkably like a pup wagging it's tail. “Oh yes, yes please Captain.” Phasma's hand moved to grip his chin, jerking his head towards the phallus. His lips parted at once, eagerness and arousal propelling him towards it, accepting it into his mouth. “Suck it. It's going in your ass, so if you don't want it to hurt, you had better get it nice and wet.”

Hux's throat constricted, only slightly, at the sight. His tongue darted out to wet his lips, itching for a cigarette. Clearing his throat he fixed the woman with a serious stare, meeting her cold eyes with his own. “Phasma. I don't want him to hear what I have to say.”

In response the woman moved her hands to grasp the boy by the head, covering his ears. The large armoured gloves easily engulfed him, shutting off his hearing from both sides. She watched him for a few moments to be sure he was being a good, obedient little boy, bobbing up and down on her cock, before she again met the gaze of the General. “He can't.”

Hux cleared his throat, crossing his arms in front of him, his stance relaxing only somewhat. His heart beat in his chest, a shiver of his own fear shooting through him. He allowed it to pass through him like water, accepting it and moving forward. A deep breath. Then, he spoke, his voice hard and even and his words chosen with care. “By the time we reach the Supreme Leader, I will have Kylo Ren eating out of my hand. I will have his complete loyalty.”

That made a broad grin break out over the Captain's face, a glimmer of knowing in her eyes as she nodded. Her hands still clasped the Stormtrooper by the head, forcing him to continue in his task. “Ahh, so that is what is behind your little act of sabotage, General?” Hux felt a wave of uncertainty pass through him, his lips parting in surprise as he looked at her. He forced it down. His emotions steady, in check.

“Oh, don't think I didn't notice...” She continued, her voice filled with a playful kind of mirth. “We could have arrived at our destination days ago had we jumped to hyperspace. Too bad the ship's hyperdrive was so badly damaged in the escape...” Mock sorrow coloured her words, making his frown deepen, his brows narrowing as he waited for what he knew was coming. She delivered it with a gaze that seemed to look right through him. “Only, it wasn't.”

Hux kept eye contact, refusing to be cowed by her knowledge. This was a crucial moment. He needed to know if he could count on her loyalty... of if he needed to deal with her. She smiled as she continued. “You needed to buy time, didn't you. To turn the boy away from his Master. This isn't just about wanting Kylo Ren to behave.”

He gave a short nod, resisting the urge to fiddle with his fingers. He wished again that he had a cigarette in hand. Keeping his voice even and devoid of emotion, he repeated his earlier declaration. “Before we reach our destination, Kylo Ren will be mine. Utterly and completely. My question, Phasma, is will you be, when the time comes?”

She took her time considering, looking down with an appreciative gaze at the trooper knelt at her
feet. The sounds of sucking, squelching saliva and whimpering choking filled the room. She looked almost tender like this, a maternal figure who was caring for a dearly beloved pet. After a few moments, however, she turned her gaze back to the General, choosing her words with care.

“I didn't join the First Order for the Supreme Leader, General. I joined it because I believe in it. In what it stands for. In a Galaxy united and ordered, ruled under a firmer grip. I joined because I don't believe that the Republic knows what it is doing. Because I believe in order and control. If you can manage to tame and control Kylo Ren, the most chaotic and disordered being in the Galaxy, where even Snoke cannot fully... then yes. I will follow you to the ends of the Galaxy.”

A rush of relief passed through him, muscles in his body that had been tense relaxing. Still, he made certain not to show it, not to let the feeling of triumph flicker across his face. He regarded her for a moment before he pushed again, thinking of the hellion that was Kylo Ren. “And if I can't?”

That made her laugh, a beautiful sound that took him by surprise. She smiled, her eyes filling with amusement, dancing as she looked from him back to the trooper at her feet. “Then, General, I think I will be the least of your worries when you turn on the Supreme Leader.”

Hux nodded, satisfied that the conversation had gone as well as it could have. He folded his hands behind him once more, turning on his heel and marching out of the room. The swoosh of the doors closing behind him was the last thing he heard, after the woman's voice rang out again.

“Turn around. Ass up.”

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Kylo stood in the meeting room, hands folded over his chest. He felt more in control, more powerful now he was fully dressed, the impassive mask a barrier between him and others. A cold shower had put him in his right mind, and taken care of his... problem, though not perhaps in the manor he might have liked. But it had soon left his mind, the day's tasks and responsibilities overcoming something as insignificant as needing to cum.

If it escaped his own notice that he was calmer, more relaxed and composed, it certainly did not escape the notice of those around him. The officers and troopers who moved through the ship, weary glances in his direction, noted a tremendous lack of anger or hostility in his mood and mannerisms. His body language was not so tight, and his gait was less strained. What could possibly have reined him in was anybody's guess.

Still, the anger that constantly festered within him like an infected wound may have been quelled, but it had been replaced with a new emotion. Desire. He found himself looking at the General out of the
corner of his eye throughout the day, then stalking away when he realized what he was doing. He was glad that his robes were loose fit and flowing, hiding what everyone otherwise would have seen as an obvious erection.

It was ridiculous, and it made brief flashes of irritation flare up in him. He was the Master of the Knights of Ren. One of the most powerful Force users in the Galaxy. And here he was behaving like a young virgin girl with a crush. Blushing at the sight of the man who held such inexplicable power over him. His face heating red under the protective shield of his mask.

Hux had barely spoken to him that day. He didn't seem like he was ignoring him, but they both had duties to attend to and preparations to make aboard the Finalizer. He was far too busy to speak to Kylo. His only opportunity to catch the man alone would be after the meeting.

Kylo loathed these tedious affairs. Everyone standing around talking tactics and stratagem. Usually he would make as much of a nuisance of himself as he could, pacing, fidgeting with datapads, and generally looking for some form of outlet for the boredom that overwhelmed him during the proceedings. Today, however, he was much too focused to do so. The General's eye kept going to him, standing on the opposite side of the table. He was glad he was wearing his mask; no one could see the way his cheeks flushed under the direct gaze of the redhead. The man's eyes were cool and intent. Kylo was sure he could feel the lust and desire emanating from that stare... or was that just his own?

Captain Phasma and General Hux had star routes mapped out and discussed. Which areas to avoid if they didn't want any Republic interference. Which systems were sympathetic to the First Order. Kylo hated the way they were forced to scurry and hide, running back to the Supreme Leader with their tail between their legs. Normally he might have caused a scene about it, quarrelled with them about whether to stay as stealthy as possible or to take the quickest routes available, consequences be damned.

But today he waited mostly in silence. He only spoke if asked a direct question, giving as non committal answers as possible. The General, no doubt, knew what was on his mind, and if he was going to make him wait all day, he would be as uncooperative as he could.

He breathed a sigh of relief as the room began to clear out, the meeting coming to a close. The various officers who's rank was high enough to clear them for such meetings were beginning to file out. Captain Phasma, as she passed him, shot him a strange look that he could not decipher. She was not wearing her helmet during this meeting... a choice he himself didn't understand. He preferred to wear his as often as possible. It was a shield to block him from prying eyes. It was strength and power. But the Captain seemed to wear it only on active duty. As he met her gaze an enigmatic smile turned her deep red lips before she continued past, the doors swooshing behind her, her footsteps clipping on the ground.

Almost everyone was gone. He would have his opportunity to speak with the General alone soon. The only one left was... Lieutenant Mitaka. He frowned as the young man clipped his datapad to his belt. A huff of impatience left his lips as his arms tightened where they were crossed, his foot beginning to tap on the floor. If only the man would hurry the fuck up...

“General, you look like you've been under some stress... may I help?” Kylo's eyes shot over to him in an instant as the words filled the room. Hux was standing by the window, perfect stature and poise as ever, gazing out into the starry abyss before he turned to the younger officer. A wry smile on his lips.

“Thank you Lieutenant... I thought you would never ask.”

Kylo felt his hands ball into fists, his arms dropping from where they were folded to shake at his
Hux sat himself down at the table the group had so recently vacated, pulling out a chair with a sharp creak against the ground. A sigh passed his lips as the younger man stood behind him, letting his hands fall to the General's shoulders. Fingers beginning to work their way into his muscles. Hux closed his eyes, reaching into his pocket to take out a pack of cigarettes.

The meeting began to replay itself in his mind. The way the Lieutenant had hovered around the General. How he had brought the man a steaming cup of caf, completely unprompted. Kylo had just assumed he was doing his job in serving a superior officer, but was it more than that? The cup still sat next to him on the table, half drunk. Cold, now. His brow narrowed deeper under the mask as he watched Hux light up a cigarette.

"Oh, yes... your hands are magic, as always, Lieutenant." The younger man had the audacity to blush at that praise. "Thank you General... I always aim to serve, Sir." Hux drew in a lungful of smoke, turning to blow it out to the side. He didn't generally smoke around people or on duty, Kylo knew. Mitaka must be rather close to him if he smoked in front of him. Hux's shoulders seemed to melt under the Lieutenant's attentions, the tension and stress in his body relaxing at once. Kylo felt a pang of jealousy wrench at his stomach, a sickening feeling of anger moving up through his chest. The young Lieutenant was so innocent looking, his eyes so damned earnest it made him want to put his lightsaber through his throat.

"Yes... that is what I appreciate about you." With those words his eyes moved to meet Kylo's. He knew that Hux wouldn't be able to see his expression through the mask. Couldn't possibly know the anger and jealousy that was reddening his face. And yet, the look he gave him made a shiver run down his spine. Like he did know. And was daring him to do something about it.

An angered grunt left his lips as he slammed a fist into the table, a loud crash filling the room. Without speaking a word he turned around and marched out the room, his hands tightening until he could feel his nails dig into his palms. The door swooshed closed behind him. As he passed by a Stormtrooper just in the hallway he went out of his way to catch his shoulder with his own, sending the man stumbling. Venting frustration. As the trooper's head turned to look at him he leaned in with a quick motion, relishing the feeling of power as the intimidated subordinate backed away. "WHAT."

His feet hit the floor hard with every step as he stalked through the hallways back to his quarters.

Alone in his room, Kylo sat on the bed in agitation. The room was still a horrendous mess... he had not bothered to clean it since the incident yesterday that had left it looking like a tornado had moved through it. Bits of scrap and rubble lay strewn about, but he didn't really mind terribly. His thoughts were as chaotic as his surroundings, his mind going back and forth.

He needed to cum. His cock was hard and in his hand. Gloved fingers moving up and down it's length. He never jerked off with his gloves on... not until now. They didn't feel quite like Hux's but... they were close. They were leather. He let a moan escape his lips. Guilt filled him. He wasn't
supposed to be doing this. He should call and ask Hux.

Hux. Hux who had been openly flirting with a subordinate in the meeting room. Or had he? Maybe that was just his own insecurities talking. Maybe the Lieutenant was just going out of his way to be accommodating towards his superior officer. As he should. Not that Mitaka had ever offered to give him a back massage. Or bring him caf.

Damn it. He pounded his fist on the wall, feeling a wave of inadequacy wash over him. Hux had said he liked Mitaka. Liked his desire to serve. Magic hands indeed... just what else were his oh so magical hands good at? He felt rage filling him. And then wondered why he cared. He and Hux weren't an item. He didn't believe in love anyways. Why shouldn't Hux have such liaisons as he wished? If that was in fact what was happening. Not that he knew for sure it was.

But he still wasn't allowed to cum without asking. Falling back on the bed with a frustrated roar he turned to grasp his helmet, pulling it towards him and fiddling with the switches for the comlink. He hesitated, gritting his teeth as he considered what he was about to do. If he did this... begged for the right to pleasure himself, the General won. But hadn't he already?

His finger pushed the button.

“Yes, what is it Ren?” The man's voice through the comlink made his breath hitch and his heart start to race. He could feel it beating hard as his chest started to constrict, the familiar wave of trembling apprehension crashing through him. He swallowed, his throat sticking around the lump of inexplicable dread that welled up in him. Hux's voice was just as even and clipped as always. If he knew why he was calling, and Kylo was sure that he did, he did not betray it.

“I... uh.” He felt all of a sudden at a loss for words, his tongue sticking in his mouth, his body stiffening, frozen with terror. Why did he feel this way? He mentally cursed himself for such sentimentality. The General was not even in the same room as him. Why did he continue to inspire so much fear?

“Spit it out, I don't have all night.” There was impatience in the General's voice and Kylo found himself cringing away from the comlink, his body shaking from the feelings that where coursing through him. He felt a rush, an urgency to appease the man, lest he end the conversation prematurely, leaving him a shaking mess. He hastened to find the words, moving his tongue to get them out.

“Please General, I need to... to.” They did not come easy. He grit his teeth, his jaw stiffening as he tried to choke out the request. His breathing was coming in short gasps now as he tried to articulate. Finally, his heart beating rapidly, his body rigid with tension, he managed, screwing his eyes shut to distance himself from the shame that burned on his face. “I need to jerk off.”

There was a pause for a moment, just long enough for Kylo to fear that the General had terminated the conversation. Then, his voice, and Kylo drew in a deep breath of relief. “Need to, do you?” There was derision plain in his speaking, and Kylo held back a scream of frustration. Hux was toying with him. He knew he was. He took another breath, trying to steady himself before he tried again.

“Please...” He licked his lips, his tongue feeling the split that had been bleeding only the day before. His voice sounded so needy, and he hated it in the same breath as he was in love with it, with this humiliating dependency that was so quickly growing within him. He waited, hanging on the General's response.

“Do you think you deserve it?” The voice that sent chills down his spine asked, making him roar out in frustrated agony, his hands going to his hair to pull at his scalp. Kylo Ren was not known for his patience. “Oh for fucks sake...”
The voice on the other end growled at him, cutting him off from saying anything else to get himself in trouble. “Watch your mouth boy, or you wont get anything.” He could practically see the man's icy stare, disapproving and cold, glaring down at him. Which was absurd, considering he was taller than the General. But lately he had been finding himself more often than not looking up at him. He clenched his fists, stubbornly jutting out his chin, as though Hux could see him.

“I don't have to follow this stupid rule!” He hissed into the com, baring his teeth as rage swept over him. He felt it move through him, amplifying his senses. His cock was still achingly hard as he grasped it in hand once more, biting his lip to keep from groaning. He hated that Hux had driven him to this.

“Don't you? You've disobeyed it already, haven't you?” The man's insufferable voice always seemed to know everything. Hux seemed like he knew the darkest reaches of his mind, and he knew it without any need to actually delve into him. He wondered if Hux was a genius or if he truly was that easy to read. He swallowed again, a nervous bead of sweat falling from his brow. His cock was straining in his hand now, desperate for further stimulation. There was a long pause. He couldn't bring himself to respond.

Finally, the General's voice rang through the com again. “I didn't hear anything from you for days after you left the medical bay. Well? Did you enjoy breaking the rule?” His teeth ground circles against each other. Hux's assessment was correct. He had ignored the rule entirely, thinking it ridiculous. And Hux knew it. He couldn't deny it... Hux would be able to tell it was a lie.

“I...” He started hesitantly, uncertain what to say. The General cut in when it became apparent that he was at a loss for words, his voice hard and cruel. “Touch yourself. Now. Jerk your cock, I want to hear you moaning for me.” His tone was serious, brooking no argument. Kylo hastened to comply, relief flooding through him as he moved his hand up and down the shaft. The leather felt good against his skin, tightening his grip around it.

“G.. General.” He didn't try to hold back his moans, whimpering into the com with abandon. The friction was incredible after the day of denying himself, keeping himself from it. The emotional reward of being allowed, being granted permission... he wanted to cry from sheer joy as he rocked his hips, the bed creaking beneath his weight.

“Are you being good for me, Kylo?” The man sounded almost sweet in that moment, caring and approving. He soaked it up, gasping for breath as he pumped his hand over his cock, desperately feeling a climax approaching. It was building in his core, his balls constricting as he pumped harder, faster. “..Yes.. Oh, fuck.”

“Stop.” The word cut through his mind like a knife, halting him entirely. He stopped, almost choking at the sudden lack of stimulation, his cock twitching in painful protest. “G.. General?” He was breathing hard, leaning against the wall, cock in hand but unmoving, panting as he looked at the comlink with disbelief. But he did not start again. He waited.

“Good boy... I want you to remember this. You don't get release without my permission, and you certainly don't demand anything. You cum when I am sufficiently pleased with you, no exceptions.” As the General spoke he felt like he would burst with frustrated desperation. With a roar he pounded on the bed, tears welling up in his eyes, his whole body quivering with the aching need and desires churning through him. With clenched teeth he narrowed his eyes at the com, wishing he could grab Hux by the throat and tear through him. “God,” the exclamation ripped out of his throat with a vengeance, “Do you make Mitaka beg you like this?”

There was a cold silence, and Kylo felt a sinking in his stomach. He hadn't meant to blurt out that little bit of frustrated obsession. The icy tone of voice the General replied with only furthered his
sudden feeling of dread. “Excuse me?”

There was no way to take it back now. Clenching his jaw and taking a deep breath he powered forward. “I.. I saw you two in the meeting room... do you get that close with all of your subordinates? Or is he special?” Venom laced his words as he spoke, purposefully spitting them at the com. His mind was a mess of emotions, keeping him balanced between desire and anger.

Hux's voice was cold when he spoke, enunciating every syllable clearly and with precision. He could hear the fury that underlined every word. He had heard him employ such a tone many times before, though usually it was towards his subordinates, and only if they had managed to really and truly anger him. “Kylo Ren. I do not appreciate your tone or your accusations. You do not get a say in my actions. You do not get a say in who I fuck or do not fuck. You are not my lover. You are a dog that desperately needs to be trained to heel. I could bed every man and woman on this Starship and it would be no concern of yours.”

Kylo's lips curled as he listened. The man wasn't denying it. He wasn't assuring him it wasn't what he had thought it was. He didn't care that he was burning with jealousy. He clenched his left hand in his hair, running his fingers through the locks and then pulling for some kind of sensation, something to soothe the frustrated longing within him. Finally he gritted out, “And is Mitaka your lover?”

There was the sound of cruel laughter, filling the room and burning his face with shame and humiliation.”That would be what we call none of your damn business.” Hux's voice sounded amused. He hated him for it. He growled, impotent rage filling him, no outlet, no way to channel it. “Like hell it isn't! You knew I was watching. You let him do that to put on a show. just to make me jealous.” A piece of rubble crashed into other, the room filling with electric energy and tension.

“And are you? Jealous?” That made him pause, embarrassment rushing through him. He put his hand down. Hesitated. “I...” He couldn't find the words. There was another long pause before the General spoke once more. “Jerk yourself again. Slowly.”

He acted immediately, not even waiting a moment. His hand began to move, up and down. His head leaned back, his eyes closing as sensation rushed through him, a desperate whimper on his lips. “Oh, Fuck.” Breath quickened. He felt raw and vulnerable like this, letting himself moan in heat over the com. What if someone was listening in? Hux was unmoved, as always.

“Now as your doing that, tell me, how many times did you jerk off without permission before yesterday?” The General sounded almost bored, a cruel lack of interest that grated at him and made him crave him all the more. He wanted to do better. Be more alluring, anything, anything to hear a hitch in the man's breath or a moan return to him over the com. But he knew he was in trouble, and Hux was not going to give him an inch. Shame coloured his face red as he stuttered out a response. “I.. S..seven...”

“Oh dear. Did it satisfy that craving in your? Did it quell your lust?” As the General spoke Kylo panted, his hand moving faster up and down his length. Precum was already smearing his gloves. He shook his head with an embarrassed whine as he admitted aloud, “No.” No, it hadn't been good. It hadn't satisfied him. Each time he had done it it had been with a wistful wish that Hux had confronted him that day... it did more to quell his frustration than his desire.

“Why not?” The General's voice was calm and patient. He knew he would draw this out until Kylo was nothing but a mess. His jaw rippled with tension, his breath coming out in short bursts between his teeth. “Because it. I didn't have your approval, General.” That confession send a bolt of humiliation through his chest, a pang of shame. How could this have happened? How had the General made him need his approval like this?
“Stop.” His hand stopped. He screamed, his head banging against the wall in defeat. He knew now that this would last as long as Hux wanted it to last. “Fuck!” He squeezed his cock with his hand, waiting, itching to push himself those last few moments it would take to cum. But he waited.

“What do you want me to do about your disobedience, Kylo?” His eyes flew open. Do? What should Hux do... What did he want Hux to do? He hesitated. “I... I want...” Confusion clouded his thinking. Lust, humiliation and degradation all combined to make him a sweating, heaving mess on the bed.

“Start jerking yourself again. Put your other hand around your throat. Imagine it's me.” Kylo did as he was told, pumping his fist up and down again, whimpering aloud at the sudden pressure. His other hand slipped around his neck. Oh... that felt good. He squeezed. “Now tell me.”

He knew. He knew what he wanted and he was too far gone, too deep into this to deny it. As he began to choke himself, felt that leather gloved hand around his neck, applying pressure in the spots he knew were vulnerable, he moved his hand up and down, his cock twitching, swelling at the added stimulation. “Oh fuck... I want...” Hux was being merciful allowing this after his poor behaviour. He knew what he wanted.. needed. “I want you to punish me for it, please General...!”

“Jerk yourself harder. I want to hear you cum for me.” That seemed to propel him, launching him closer towards orgasm. He felt it building, mounting, towards a terrifying precipice. With Hux, his climax was always something feared. Dark, and powerful. He screamed, the sound cut off by his own hand choking himself, imagining it was Hux's hand wrapped around his neck. The comlink filled with the sounds of his ecstasy as he thrashed on the bed, strings of white shooting across his chest and over his hands. He was panting as he came down from the high.

“Good boy.” He felt a swell of pride wash through him. “Tomorrow we will see about disciplining you for your behaviour. Get some rest.” He shook as he moved, aching from the strain and breathless. His throat raw and hoarse from screaming. He was about to turn off the com when Hux's voice rang through it one last time. “Oh, and by the way... if you take your frustration out on my adorable little Lieutenant... I will rip your tongue out through your ass. Goodnight.”

There was no further words from the General. He cried out in despair, wiping his hand over his face as he rested against the wall, catching his breath. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair he wanted the General so badly. He didn't want to want the General.

He looked down at his other hand, covered in his own cum. He swallowed a lump of apprehension. He wasn't seriously going to... Yes. He needed it. Hux wasn't here, but that didn't matter. He would follow his wishes whether he was present or not. Licking his lips, trembling, he raised his hand to his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)
Chapter Summary

As Hux continues to take Kylo Ren in hand, Kylo is finding it harder and harder to resist the strange new experiences offered by the General. Nothing will be the same if he continues to allow him to destroy him, both body and mind...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The buzz of the com woke him from a deep slumber. A voice came through the channel, sending a rush of adrenaline through his body that jolted him awake in an instant. “Kylo Ren. Where the fuck are you? See me on the bridge at once.” He swallowed. Flung the sheets aside, placing his feet on the cold floor. “Yes.. I’ll be right there, General.”

It was late. How had he slept so late? He grimaced as he pulled his clothes on, his head throbbing with headache as he stumbled into his pant legs. With a crash he tripped over a fallen bit of debris
from the earlier wreckage. He bit his tongue to keep from screaming aloud, muttering curses under his breath as he picked himself up again, rubbing his backside as he went.

His sleep had been deep. Dreamless. He never slept so well. His sleep was always invaded, haunted by imagery and terror that awoke him to cold sweats and a shortness of breath. It had been that way for years. And now... now he had slept well, truly well, for the first time he could remember. And it had cost him. Even before, before things had... he swallowed. Before things had changed, between him and the General, sleeping late would have easily earned him a stern talking to and an argument. The General was nothing if not strict about proper protocols and duty. And, if he was honest with himself, the man wasn't wrong. As half of the top of the chain of command on the Finalizer, he didn't have the luxury of sleeping in. He had responsibilities, as Hux was so fond of saying.

His fists clenched as he pulled his garments onto his body, cursing again that he had slept so long. A tremor of fear flit through him as he wondered what Hux would do about it. That thought almost made him freeze in place, before he finally finished with his robes, stooping to pull on his boots. He paused when he looked at the mask. He could feel a blush creeping it's way across his skin as he contemplated... maybe not wearing it, today. There was a swelling in his groin as his cock stiffened at the thought of the General, the way he seemed to see through him. In an instant he decided against it, grasping the mask and putting it on. A shield against the world. Against Hux.

He held his head up, threw back his shoulders, and strode with a confidence that he didn't feel out the doors, determined not to let the General cow him into hiding. With purposeful strides and hard steps on the ground, he made his way to the bridge.

When Kylo Ren stepped through the doors onto the bridge of the Finalizer, he was met with the sight of a very irritated looking General. He was busy, his stance tall and authoritative as he spoke with the other officers present. Kylo noted with the bitter sting of annoyance that Lieutenant Mitaka was listening with rapt attention to everything his superior officer had to say.

His eyes moved over the well put together Lieutenant. His uniform in immaculate condition. His shoes shined to perfection. His stance military and precise. And his deference in the presence of his betters. Kylo admitted to himself with a grimace that it was no wonder Hux liked him. Everything about him practically screamed 'Hux's type'.

Out of the corner of his eye the General glanced towards him. He didn't deign to acknowledge him yet, finishing his instructions to the younger man. When the Lieutenant nodded, a crisp and professional gesture, he moved away to carry out his orders, and Hux finally turned his attention towards him. His face was the very definition of displeasure, a scowl deepening his brow as he marched towards him.
“You listen here, Ren.” His voice was scratchy and angered, his lips pursed as he spoke. “This is not a pleasure cruise. You have a damn job, and I expect you to carry it out. I don't know what you were doing for the past few hours, and I don't care. Whatever else you are you are a high ranking member of the First Order, and you will behave as such. Is that clear?” Hux's eyes bore into him, as though he could see through the mask. He was glad that the General could not, could not see the flush of shame that reddened his face. Or the way his eyes could not stay fixed on his face, instead slipping to the floor to wallow in guilt. He nodded, unable to find a counter argument. Normally he might have told Hux to fuck off, to mind his own business, but now... now.

“Yes, General.” He managed to mumble out the words, his voice suitably chastised. At that the scowl of annoyance lifted some, a smile tugging at the man's face, the smallest hint of a glimmer of amusement in his eyes. He leaned in close to him, his voice dropping from the louder volume of a stern rebuke to a sinister whisper, meant only to be heard by Kylo. “Just like that? Are we learning our manners so well already? Don't think your good behaviour now will save you from the punishment you already have in store.”

His heart skipped a beat. The words had the intended effect on him, making his pulse quicken and his blood race. A ripple of delicious dread ran through him as he contemplated what the General might have in planned. He bit his lip, trying to steady his breathing as the man stepped towards the door, glancing over his shoulder in his direction. “Come with me.”

With his stomach in his throat he fell into step beside the General. He barely registered the swooshing sound of the doors opening and then closing again behind them as the man walked down the hall, his hands folded neatly at his back, his steps making sharp sounds against the hard floor. Everything about him was clean cut, put together. As he walked beside him he felt a swell of inadequacy next to this man who had clawed his way to the top, who ruled over others with an authority he had forged himself. Who commanded respect based on his actions.

As he continued to match the General's pace, he wondered if he should say something, anything to break the horrible silence that was hanging between them. For a surreal moment he had the sense that this might be what a prisoner felt, as he was escorted at gunpoint through these same halls. A feeling of dread and apprehension regarding their unknown fate hanging about them, the humiliation burning them for being in this position, and the looming discomfort of submitting to the presence at their side, power flowing from their escort in the form of a blaster.

Yes, this must be quite what a prisoner felt. He forced himself to continue to walk alongside the man, shaking his head to clear his mind of the idea. He was not a prisoner. Still... he swallowed a lump of fear clawing at his throat as he wondered what exactly was about to happen.

The wing of the ship he was being lead down was one typically populated by the Stormtroopers. He did not often have much need to visit these sectors, as they were handled and governed mostly by Captain Phasma. Not that he didn't know the area well... Hux was not the only one who knew the Finalizer like the back of his hand. But Phasma generally had a good handle on the governing of the troopers, so he did not usually bother himself with them.

Hux seemed to know his mind, his words echoing Kylo's thoughts. “Tell me, do you know how Captain Phasma keeps the Stormtroopers in line?” Kylo frowned, wondering at the point of the question. He looked toward the General, who's steps did not lessen as he continued marching forward. Kylo paused in contemplation for a moment before struggling to respond. “...Strict discipline, General?” The method had never interested him before. It had always been enough to know that the troopers were being managed, not how.
The corner of Hux's lip twitched upwards at that, amusement lighting his face. “You could say that...” He stopped at the door to one of the training areas. Kylo knew that this room doubled as a disciplinary facility, though he had never bothered to sit in on the training or discipline of the troopers. As the doors swished open however, it became immediately apparent the point of Hux’s line of questioning.

Kylo had never seen Phasma out of her armour before. For a moment he did a double take, uncertain who this sensual woman was, voluptuous curves and bared skin. The blonde woman was standing over a very naked and very bound man. The youths hair was brown, clipped short with a buzz. He was knelt on the ground, his hands shackled behind his back. His face was buried between the woman's legs, his tongue out and licking at her like his life depended on it, while he simultaneously bounced himself on a large phallus that had been attached to the floor. Kylo's face turned a new shade of red as he felt himself begin to overheat in his helmet, the sight of the thick length up the man's ass making him gawk in awe and terror. This was what she did?!

“Get your tongue in there trooper, I can barely feel it. God but you're pathetic at this.” There was the sound of a sharp rapping of leather against skin, the groan of pain as Kylo watched the woman bring her crop down on his ass. “And don't stop fucking yourself on that, I don't want to have to tell you again!” Her voice rang out, angered and impatient as she grasped him by the chin and pulled his face into her with a rough grip. Kylo shifted where he stood, eyes wide as he absorbed this new information, tried to let his mind come to grips with what he was seeing.

Hux looked at him out of the corner of his eyes, barely deigning to notice him and his reaction to the scene unfolding in front of them. “Take off your mask.” His voice low and commanding. Kylo hesitated, his hand moving to grasp the bottom of it, waiting there for a moment, considering. The mask was his best shield right now, concealing the effect all of this was having on him. He could appear calm, composed, unaffected. Without it... he was bare.

The General did not seem to appreciate the delay, his eyes narrowing as he turned sharply in his direction. “What did I tell you about making me repeat myself, dog?” Fear erupted through him, a tremble that ran down his spine at the man’s harsh tone, and he hastened to do as commanded. The helmet and mask removed, pulled off his head and releasing his hair. Awkwardly he set it aside, his body shaking as he nervously avoided the General's gaze.

The sounds of pained moaning was still coming from behind the glass wall. He tried to put his eyes somewhere, anywhere, to avoid having to watch the display, but they kept gravitating back to the Stormtrooper fucking himself as he licked at the Captain's pussy, propelled onward by the force of her crop. It looked similar to the one he had seen in the General's hand, though she wasn't striking him quite as hard as Hux has struck him. The blows left red marks, but did not break skin. He wasn't sure if it was because the youth being disciplined wouldn't have been able to handle as much... or if the woman simply didn't care to administer quite as much. Either way, his jaw stiffened and his throat tightened as he watched. In his minds eye, it was himself on his knees... and it was Hux holding the crop.

The General did not make any move to change their position, instead waiting out the display before them. Kylo was forced to awkwardly watch, waiting for... whatever was about to happen. The show culminated in a breathless climax, the trooper's head clasped firmly in hand, suffocating him on her pussy as he came, dirtying himself completely, shaking and bucking. “Good boy...” her voice was sweet and melodic as her hands moved to pet his hair with what was almost affection. “You’ve earned a respite. Go get dressed and get back to your post.”
The Stormtrooper was panting, shaking and a mess, his face flushed red and his breathing erratic. He retrieved his clothes and armour, the signature white gracing his form. Helmet clasped in hand, he exited, walking past the glass wall, and almost stumbled on his own feet when he saw the two men who had been watching. His face turned a few shades redder and his eyes fixed themselves upon the floor, his back half bent over as he acknowledged his superior officers.

“G.. General Hux. My Lord Ren.” He stumbled over his words, moving to stand at attention, his hands straight at his sides. Kylo’s face was bright red and his eyes filled with an awkward kind of awe that he felt certain the trooper would recognize.. he would see him, see his raw emotions and his obvious arousal. But no... the trooper was himself in a state of humiliated agony, his eyes firmly on the boots of the men before him. Hux smiled and nodded sharply towards him. “At ease, trooper. You may return to your post.”

The boy nodded and rushed off as fast as he dared, slipping his helmet back into place to be absorbed back into the anonymous ranks of the Stormtroopers. Moments later Captain Phasma, quickly changed back into her usual attire, stepped out of the room and towards the door. Kylo felt his face burn with heat as she passed, a strange smile playing on her lips, much as it had the night before. He felt a bubble of incensed anger rise up within him, his hands clenching into fists at his side. Hux hadn't told her about their... whatever this was had he?

She nodded to them, inclining her head in acknowledgement to them. “General Hux. Lord Ren. Enjoy the training facilities.” His muscles relaxed, his heart beat slowing as his breathing began to return to normal. She thought they were here to use the training equipment... and she had used his proper title. *Good.* He swallowed a lump in his throat, nerves still buzzing as he wondered what was about to happen the moment the Captain was gone. After another brief swoosh of the doors, the two men where alone.

Hux didn't even look at him as he barked out his first command. “Clothes off. *Now.*” Kylo hesitated. After the display he had just witnessed, his body was shaking and he could already feel the flow of the Force crashing through him as his mind absorbed the fear and the apprehension about what was about to happen. But the usual anger, the crushing weight of rage and fury was not present. It had left, in it's absence, more room for dread, and more room for this strange feeling of debasement. His cock twitched, hardening, just thinking about it, filling his body with a growing need and desire that he desperately tried to push aside. Not think about.

Hux's voice broke through his chaotic thoughts, cutting through his mind like a knife. Instead of angrily snapping at him about not wanting to repeat himself, he moved closer to him with a sinister, almost seductive smile that seemed to look right through him, cutting to his core and making his knees shake. “I seem to recall someone over the comlink last night... begging me to discipline him for his disobedience.” Kylo shuddered as he felt the man's nearness, his presence, his heat. He was close... he could smell him, the scent of cologne and cigarettes clinging to his form. “Is that not true?” Hux's eyes dug into him, made him feel small and inadequate. He found himself nodding, despite the shame that was burning his face. He truly was pathetic. Hux was right. He was nothing more than a dog, and he needed this.

“Remember Kylo, if you don't want this, you can walk away at any moment. We both know I can’t stop you. Do you want me to stop?” The words were harsh. They weren't an invitation or a soft concession. They were a dare. *Hux was daring* him to walk away from this... fully knowing that he couldn't. He shook his head, his eyes staring into the ground beneath his feet. Whispered words of submission. “No General.”

“Then take off your clothes, get in that room, and wait for me on hands and knees.” The General's
stance had not changed. He still looked every bit as professional and imposing. Kylo felt like he had shrunk, his back bending as his body tried to fold in on itself. His hands grasped at the hem of his shirt without another word, silently moving to obey. A cruel sneer graced the ginger's lips as he continued. “And Kylo... Fold the clothes neatly this time. You're going to learn to behave a little more orderly in my presence.”

Kylo's jaw tightened as he continued, his heart beating so loud he could hear it, the sound filling the room. It seemed a wonder to him the entire ship couldn't hear it. He pulled his clothes off, peeling them off his frame one by one, and this time he folded them. Set them aside next to his helmet, each neat and in proper military order. He had been taught military proceedings before... he had just never bothered to practise them. Hux was seeing to that.

Once naked, Kylo moved into the room, his chest constricting with a very real, very physical sense of impending dread. He was rock hard, his entire body aching for a touch, for something. He could feel his skin crawling with desire as he entered the room, his eyes flitting about to take in the cold, sterile affair. There was nothing comforting, nothing soothing or inviting about it. It was hard and bright, ruthless to the core. Slowly, his pulse racing, he lowered himself to his hands and knees as instructed.

He felt cold, shivering as he felt the ground beneath him. Hux's boots clipped against it with every step, following him into the room and then circling around his prone form. The boots moved out of his line of sight, around behind him. He forced himself to wait.

“Close your eyes.” He heard the order, and he screwed his eyes shut tight at once. Everything seemed to be rushing around him, the Force pulsing in his veins, his senses coming alive like before, feeding on his fear and the humiliating feeling of kneeling naked before the cruel man who had taken it upon himself to control him. His pride flared up, telling him this was wrong, he was the Master of the Knights of Ren and the Supreme Leader's personal apprentice. He was above this. He was above Hux. But the Force pushed back against that voice, letting fear and shame flood him instead. Fear... self loathing and degradation. These were feelings the Force wanted to revel in. They pulsed through him and screamed into him and he breathed them in as he waited for what would come next.

He felt his left hand taken into the General's grip, leather wrapping itself around his fingers as his hand was wrangled into something, something tight that wrapped around his fist and kept him from opening his hand. Then the right hand, receiving the same treatment as the left, until both hands were confined. He bit his tongue to keep from whimpering as confused fear grew within him, leaving him aching and keening for... what, he wasn't sure.

The General moved around him. He felt his ankles being taken in those same hands, leather cuffs wrapping around them. Locking into place. There was something between his legs, forcing them apart so he could not close them... a bar? His eyes opened despite himself, and he turned to look, moving his bound hands uselessly over the ground. He felt awkward and crippled, unable to move. “Hu-General...I can't move like this.” His voice sounded meek and afraid, and he looked up at Hux's face... smiling, a dark and sinister kind of pleasure evident across his features.

“Not as a man perhaps...” The General spoke slowly, casually, as though he had all the time in the world to draw this out. “But you aren't a man, are you?” Kylo felt his hands before he saw them, moving around his head and drawing a silver chain around his neck. He stiffened as he watched those black gloves gripping a leather lead before he pulled on it, the chain tightening, just a little, just a warning. Kylo's heart sank into his stomach as he realized what Hux was doing.

“What are you?” The chain shifted as the man walked around him to stand in front of him. Kylo tried
to move, move his legs, his hands, but he was stuck. His hands would not function, locked away inside of padded leather, and his legs were trapped by the bar, making it impossible to get up. His body shook as he looked up into the face of the General, sneering down at him like he was a... a...

A small burst of anger and indignation flared up, but it was getting harder to maintain. He gritted his teeth, his nose wrinkling as he looked up at him. Hux looked amused at his anger, a gloved hand coming forward to stroke the side of his face. There was a loud crashing sound on the other side of the room as a burst of Force power was unleashed from his body... but there was nothing here for him to break. Even his clothes Hux had made him leave outside. “Oooh... angry are you? Are you going to *bite* me?” Hux leaned forward, his mouth turned in a cruel, mocking grin. “Like a *what*?”

Kylo did not answer. He knew what Hux wanted him to say, and the humiliation of it filled him, roared through his body like a tidal wave. He found himself unable to articulate, even as he felt the choke collar restricting around his throat as the General pulled on the leather lead, pulling him in close to his legs. Pain erupted through his neck, his breathing cut off for a moment, his vision going spotty before the pressure was released. Hux's hand in his hair, gently stroking him.

“There now.. *come on* boy... I know you know the answer... be a good boy now. Tell me. What are you?” Before he could think to try to respond the chain suddenly tightened again, pulling him flush against the man’s leg. His erection bulged under the well cut fabric, and he couldn’t help a whimper escaping his lips as he pressed his face towards it. His mind was reeling, his cock hard and twitching where he knelt. Here, on hands and feet, before the General, everything else slipped away. Being the Supreme Leaders apprentice, the Master of the Knights of Ren, the fearsome weapon of the First Order... none of that mattered. Shame coloured his face as the collar loosened just enough for him to choke out, “I...I'm a.. *a dog*. Just a *dog*.. G..General...”

The man's hand patted his head approvingly. “Yes... just a *lowly dog* at my feet... a dog that needs some *obedience training*. Isn't that right.” Fuck Hux's words were making him hard, so hard, even as he flushed and clenched his jaw, indignant at the shame and the debasement he was forcing on him. His body was on fire, and he found himself rocking and fidgeting. The chain tightened again. “And I believe I told you to *close your eyes.*” As he choked he shut his eyes again, panting from the pain and the way the breath was being squeezed out of him. When it released again he gasped for breath, he felt something cold and metal slip between his lips, stretching his mouth open. Straps of leather were bound around his head, clasped behind him at the nape of his neck. His stomach clenched at the sudden intrusion, almost gagging around the ring before he settled, breathing through his nose and letting himself become accustomed to the feeling. Something was placed on his head, hooking behind his ears. He heard the General chuckle, a cruel sounding laugh before he moved around him again.

“Perfect... *pretty* boy...” Still grasping the lead, Kylo felt his presence shift until he was behind him, and he felt a finger move to touch him. Trailing along his skin, still healing marks from last time. His hand felt so good, *so good on his skin..* he closed his eyes and let the sensation wash over him, submitting to the overwhelming fear and shame that quickened his pulse. A finger pressed against his asshole and he stiffened, a whine emitting from his lips.

“Relax for me, boy... *I know you can take it.*” Hux's gloved finger prodded at his entrance, cold and slicked with something that made them slide across his skin. The finger at his hole swirled around it, sending ripples of a strange kind of pleasure shooting through him. He found himself whining, whimpering, his face coming to rest on the floor as he tried to focus on just breathing, just taking it. The finger began to breach him. Slow, carefully movements, gently coaxing him open as the leather slid inside of him. He bit his lip as he felt it slide deeper into him before another was added, making him gasp aloud at the sudden intrusion.
“Good boy...” The calm voice of the General cooed at him, relaxing him, making him unclench and allow his fingers easier access. They were making wider circles inside of him now, each movement pure ecstasy as they stirred him and opened him. He felt invaded, used, and filled as those cruel fingers explored him, deeper and wider. Then, they retracted, leaving him for a brief moment horribly empty. He heard a moan leave his lips, drool falling past his open mouth as something else was pressed to his hole.

This felt bigger, harder. Hux pushed, and he bucked, groaning through the ring gag and panting, hands scrambling for purchase on the ground but finding nothing to hold onto. His shoulder started to shake as he felt it, felt the foreign object forcing its way inside of him. It grew thicker and thicker as it was slowly, so slowly, pushed into him, the leash tightening to keep him from moving as it went. Then, in a sudden lurch, it entered him fully, and he gasped and shook at the feeling of it filing him completely.

Unintelligible groans and muffled whines fell from him as he shook, hands clenched within their binds. He felt Hux's hand run soothingly over his ass, patting him gently as he adjusted to the feeling of being so filled. “Shh... there you go... don't worry, I'll have something better for that pretty ass of yours later.” He trembled. He knew what Hux meant, and it scared him. He struggled to gather his mind, form coherent thoughts again, but he was trapped in a world of darkness, sensation and humiliated impotence.

Soon he heard Hux's boots step in front of him, at the same time as he could feel the direction of the leash change. A hand reached down to grasp his chin, pulling his head up and to the side. “You may open your eyes now, whelp.” His heart was racing as his eyes fluttered open, to see before him a flickering blue holovid resting just a little ways away. A figure on all fours. If he moved, it moved with him. Recording him. His eyes widened.

As he took in the details of what Hux had done to him, a horrified lurch turned his stomach. His hands were bound into leather pads that made it impossible to use his fingers. They looked uncannily like paws. His legs were cuffed together by a black bar, making it impossible to stand. The contraption around his face was a black leather cage that jutted out from him in the shape of an animal... it was open from the front. In his hair was a band to which were attached what looked like black puppy ears. And... he gulped as he saw the tail that was hanging between his legs. The degrading image stared back at him, making him tremble, flushed with shame and excitement. His cock was already leaking precum, hard and sore. He would give anything in this moment for Hux to touch him.

In an instant his eyes were torn away from the holovid as the General pulled on the leash, the chain around his neck tightening as he was pulled forward. “Come on now boy... You're going to be good for me and please your General, aren't you?” There was a sinister smirk on the ginger's lips as he undid the buckles on his belt, loosing his erection inches from the boy's face. Kylo could feel his mouth salivate at the memory of the last time.

Yes. yes he wanted to please him. He wanted to make up for having disobeyed his orders. He moved forward towards it, awkwardly trying to angle the muzzle on his face to direct it towards his mouth, but Hux moved back a step.

“Come and get it if you want it, dog.” There was a hint of mocking laughter in his voice as he moved just a step too far to reach, the chain tightening, cutting off the breath from his lungs. He moved forward, trying to get closer, but found that he hands and legs barely worked. He slipped, his hands on the ground scrambling to keep his balance. Hux's cruel chuckle filled his ears as shame lit his skin. “C'mon doggie... just a little farther.” He lurched forward, breathing heavily as he went, legs clanking the chained bar between them as he moved towards his goal. Hux stepped back again.
Anger flared up in him and he tried to snap at him, but through the gag all that came out was an animal grunt that sounded anything but human. There was a rush of wind that swirled around them the tighter the leash pulled, his skin bruising under the hard chain as he struggled to breath. He moved forward again, this time pushing himself to concentrate on his movements, trying to reach the tantalizing goal of Hux's firm cock.

“Come on, whelp. We haven't even begun your punishment yet.” His eyes widened in dread at those words. This wasn't the punishment? Then what was this? He whimpered, trying again, slipping against the smooth surface of the floor beneath him.

Finally he felt the man's hands in his hair, gripping and pulling him inwards. Hux's hand directed his cock into the muzzle, feeding it directly through the ring that held his mouth open. He couldn't move, he couldn't suck... all he could do was take it. Of course, he reminded himself with bitter resentment, it wasn't like he was good at sucking cock yet. Maybe if he asked nicely later, Hux would let him try... try to learn... try to learn to suck well on his own.... that thought made him moan, a tremble of want running through him. God he wanted his cock touched. He wanted everything, all at once.

The General's hard length slid into his mouth, and he was unable to even attempt to stop it. It moved deeper, down his throat, making him gag, his stomach turning and revolting at the intrusion. Hux's hands held him steady, even as his body spasmed, his hands uselessly moving over the floor, his shoulders shuddering. Then he started to fuck him.

His cock moved in and out of him in long, careful strokes, uncaring of how deep and how rough he was with his compliant little pet. Kylo moaned and gagged, gurgling appreciation and protests in tandem as he felt the texture and tasted the bitter tangy taste of skin and sweat. When he tried to back away, when Hux's cock went too deep, he felt the chain tighten around his neck, cutting off his air supply, forcing him to lean into it again, accepting into his mouth and down his throat.

“Oh... you have no idea how pretty you look like this do you? That's why I set up the camera... so you could see yourself... look, whelp. Look how perfect you look like this.” His eyes went with some reluctance to the holovid, capturing every single movement as the General's hips thrust into his face. He whimpered in shame and humiliation as he saw himself, on all fours, taking the man's cock into his mouth like a whore. As his face was fucked. As his own hips rutted the air, desperate for some friction on his own engorged length, dripping on the floor like an animal.

Hux withdrew from him, his spit slicked cock slipping from Kylo's mouth with a whine. He moved as though to follow it, wanting more, wishing Hux would take the gag out so he could suck it properly. His tongue was lolling out of his mouth now, dripping saliva over the muzzle as he panted. Desperate, shaking.

The General put something in front of his face, holding it in front of his eyes. He felt a sinking feeling of wilder fear now, the Force screaming through his veins as he took in the sight. It was a needle... a typical injection pack. They used them often enough on the ship, to administer doses of preventative drugs to ward against sickness, doses of adrenaline in battle, as well as standard issue medical treatment. But he could guess that none of that was what was in the injection pack.

“Do you know what this is?” The General's voice was soft, almost melodic as he moved around behind him, trailing it harmlessly across his skin. He shuddered, shaking his head, unable to speak. Hux didn't seem to mind, continuing to speak as though to himself. “Just a little breeding drug... generally used on dogs and other valuable animals. Makes them able to produce more sperm, cum more times more quickly. Sends them into a frenzy though... it's been widely outlawed by the
Republic for being inhumane. But...” Kylo felt the tip of the needle pressed against his cock, right at the base, the man's other hand carefully holding him in place. “...I don't think you'll mind.”

Fear surged through him and he tried to move forwards, a cry of terror leaving his throat before he felt the chain tightening, pulling him back into position, choking the breath out of him. Pain shot through his skin as he wheezed, and the injection pack was pushed into him. For a moment nothing happened, and Hux tucked the used pack into a pocket, hands stroking his sides encouragingly. Then he felt his skin alight, fire running through his veins. His mouth drooling as he gasped and moaned, hips rocking, rutting the air. His world had become pure sensation. Nothing else mattered. He could feel the air moving around him, could feel the Force surging and rushing, the two of them in the centre of it like the eye of a storm.

And then Hux grasped his cock and started pumping. He felt as though his entire existence was being swallowed up by those sensations, thrumming through his body. The plug in his ass stretching him as his cock was milked, strong and skilled hands moving up and down his shaft. The restriction around his neck. With a scream he came, strings of white falling on the floor and spurting onto his stomach. But his cock did not soften. He whined as he felt Hux's hand release him, moving to grasp his ass.

“That's one... I believe seven was the number of times you came without my granted permission?” Kylo gasped, eyes widening as he realized with growing horror the implications of Hux's words. Seven... he was going to make him cum six more times? He screamed again as he felt Hux's hand grasping the plug. He moved it, pushing it deeper and then pulling it a little. Let him get a feel for the sensations in his ass. He whimpered and moaned at each slight movement, his ass raising on its own to the General's touch.

“That's it... good boy. Head down, ass up.” As he moved to comply, he felt the plug pulling at him, his ass clenching around it to keep it inside, until it slid out in one rush of motion. He gasped at the feeling, the intensity of it as he felt something else quickly replacing it. His eyes flew open. Was that...? “Are you ready to take my cock, whelp?” He moved his hands over the floor, his body shaking with need. Yes, yes, he wanted to... wanted to know what the General would feel like... He couldn't speak, couldn't articulate his desire, so he whined, whimpered, groaned. His ass was already swaying in the air, a crushing need filling him as he tried to push back onto the man's cock.

“Good boy...” Hux's voice was soothing and affectionate as he patted him gently. Then he felt his cock slowly sliding into him. It was bigger than the plug, stretching him and filling him, making him clench his fists and moan aloud. His back legs tried to kick, to close, but he was trapped. “That's it... just take it. I'm going to breed you and you're going to cum over and over for me. Until you're absolutely raw.”

Hux started to move. His hips thrusting into him. Slowly at first, methodical and calculated, but hard and firm. He whimpered. He could not remember ever feeling so stretched, so filled, so invaded. The Force was a whirlwind around them now, whipping at their hair as small objects in the room clattered to the floor. In and out. The rhythm began to pick up, faster now as Hux continued to thrust his cock deep into him, stabbing pleasure rippling through his body. The drugs coursing through him made every sensation that much more amplified, and with another scream, he was cumming again, dirtying the floor beneath him. The scent of sweat and cum was beginning to fill the room, invade his senses. He whined, Hux's cock continuing to pump in and out of him.

“That's two... don't you want to cum more?” He felt the man's pace quicken, the leash pulling tighter to cut off his breathing. He gasped and wheezed, his vision spotting as his neck and skin ached. His cock was still so hard, so sore, and he couldn't think about anything, anything more than this burning
need within him. He found himself pushing his hips backwards, meeting the man's thrusts, trying to drive him deeper into himself. “Fuck... just look at you... look at the holovid.” His eyes flew open to take in the lewd image of himself. Something crashed on the other side of the room, a metal siding in the wall bending inwards as he felt a rush of humiliation. Hux was right, he was right about him. He was nothing. Just a dog. A dog in heat. A dog who needed this.

“Beautiful little whelp. Cum for me again.” Hux thrusted hard, deep into him, and he bucked and screamed. It was beginning to hurt, to ache. He screamed through the gag, saliva covering his chin now as he came again, and this time it was more pain than pleasure. The Force was banging on the walls now as misery continued to shoot through him, agonizing ecstasy filling his body, making him shake and moan. “That's three.. Only four more to go now, boy.”

Hux reached down and around him to grasp his shaft, and he stiffened, his body a whimpering, bucking, gurgling mess. The glass of the picture window between the rooms cracked with a loud bang, sending spindly webs across it. He came again, his cock hurting and raw from the excess of stimulation. His ass was sore and his breathing was ragged as he felt Hux continue to pound into him.

“Four... you're doing well. Are you ever going to touch yourself without my permission after this, boy?” He shook his head, gurgling out sounds that might have been attempts at words but were completely unintelligible and animal. He felt Hux's grip on his shaft tighten at the same time his cock slammed into him, deeper than ever, reaching into him and impaling him. The chain around his neck cut off all breath for a moment. He came again, his throat tearing to shreds from the screams of pain that ripped themselves from him. There was a rushing tornado of power around the two of them, fucking in the middle of the chaotic manifestation of raw Force.

“Five. Come on now. Don't disappoint me.” Hux's voice was beginning to sound strained, as though he were holding himself back, keeping himself in check. His breathing was becoming heavy, panting as he fucked him, pulled at the leash and tormented him with his hand. Kylo whimpered at those words, wanting to do well, wanting to impress him. He could take it. He could take this. He let the pain wash through him, let his mind focus on the sensations and the pleasure of the agony.

He came again. Twice. Two last orgasms ripped through him, the last one dry and cumless. He screamed himself hoarse as he rode them out, bucking his hips and rutting into the General's hand before the man withdrew from him, sliding his still hard cock out of his ass. Kylo was breathless, his body twitching and shaking from the abuse, only dimly aware of the man circling around in front of him. His hand grasping his cock came into his line of sight, and the chain was pulled to jerk him forwards, closer to him. Within seconds Hux was cumming, warm white fluid spilling out over his face and into his hair. He was in a daze, his body still aching and agitated as he accepted the offering being poured out on him.

With a deep breath, Hux relaxed. The chain went slack. Kylo gasped for breath as he let Hux stoop over him, unhooking the clasps that held him in bondage. Removed the gag and muzzle. He leaned against him for balance, reveling in the feeling of warmth and nearness as he released Kylo from the shackles. He could not think straight, but as he drew in breath after breath he felt the Force calming, stilling. A glance around the room told him that while the same or more Force had been unleashed from him during his moments of agony, there had not been much in the room to destroy. He had not created the same amounts of havoc.

Hux chuckled, patting him on the head. “Eventually I can see that I'll have to get a Force-proofed room prepared for this. Dangerous mutt.” The last words were spoken with some amount of affection, and Kylo drank them in as much as he could, leaning his head into the man's hand. “Did..
did I.” He trembled as he tried to form words, his mouth and jaw still sore and stiff. “Did I please you. General... am.. am I forgiven?”

The General's lips spread in a wide smile, a devious twinkle in his eyes. “Yes boy... you did very well.” A beautifully timid smile graced the boy's features, before he seemed to recall something, some protocol that had been forgotten in the haze of his drugged experience. His lips darted out to lap at the cum that still dirtied his face before he began to lower himself to the ground, only to be caught by the General's hand in his hair. “While I appreciate your dedication to my pleasure, boy, this time it is quite alright.” His hand wiped at the cum on his face, gathering it on his finger tips and feeding it into his eager mouth. “Just this will be sufficient.”

Then with a heavy sigh he straightened himself, adjusting his clothes and putting himself in order. “Get cleaned up. I'll send in a maintenance team for this room. Get back to your duties. And Kylo.” His voice turned sharp at the last, making the boy's eyes turn up to look at him, wide and vulnerable.

“Don't let me catch you dallying the day away again.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)


Chapter Summary

The time has finally come for Kylo Ren to return to his training under the Supreme Leader. Will Hux be able to sway him to his side, permanently marking him as his own, or will the Knight remain loyal to his Master?

Chapter Notes

Note: HOLY SHIT I hope you guys realize that none of this is healthy behavior, Hux is extremely manipulative and abusive here, NONE of this is healthy D/s yikes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Hux grunted, his lips pursed and teeth clenched, as he pulled himself up to the bar. His chin touched, just a fraction of a second, and back down. Up again. His arms shook as he felt his body weight. His breath even and controlled, with just the hint of struggle. There was no point in doing this if he didn't push himself, after all.

Sweat beaded on his brow, wetting his hair, usually so orderly and in place. There was no sound in the room except the heavy breathing and the occasional grunt of exertion from his lips. No sound at all to distract him. He was locked in his own mind as securely as he was in his body, as much as he could feel the strain on his muscles and the aches in his arms.

As he continued to lift his body off the ground, sweat staining the grey tank top and drenching his back, his mind wandered. To his plans. His ambitions. To the Supreme Leader. To Kylo Ren. Each stepping stone on his way to his goals, each carefully thought out action that would bring him closer to galactic conquest. A beeping alarm went off, alerting him to the passage of time. His feet came to rest upon the ground, a hard breath released through his teeth as his hands released the bar, turning to switch the alarm off. Grasped a canister of water, pulling it to his lips as his heartbeat began to slow.

Kylo Ren had been surprisingly easy to subdue. Hux had been amazed at how badly the boy craved the discipline he had begun in measures to enforce upon him. How easily he could be cowed with only a harsh glance or a stern word. He tried to act frightening and resistant, but over the past few weeks Hux had come to learn with no small amount of smug pleasure, that the dog was all bark and no bite.

And his temper, to the amazement of every man and woman aboard the Finalizer, had been quelled. Now Hux was the only one who saw his fits of rage, his rash displays of Force power and temper tantrums thrown in destructive mayhem. Their sessions had done much to calm the boy, and Hux had noted with satisfaction and pride that nothing of note had been broken since the incident in the medical bay. Who would have thought all the boy needed to reign him in was regular beatings and a steady diet of cum?

Hux drew in a deep breath, closing his eyes as he set aside the now emptied metal container and reached for a towel. His mind was a mess of chaotic noise, clambering for him to recognize each dissonant thought that pulsed through him. His hands clenched on impulse, nails digging into his palms for just a moment before he grasped the towel, raising it to his face to wipe away the sweat that was collecting on his brow.

They were only a day away from their destination, and the time to act was now. He needed to secure Kylo Ren's loyalty, permanently, and it had to be before the boy was back in the clutches of the Supreme Leader. He could only hope that he had had enough time to turn him. If the timing was off... he swallowed, tossing the towel over his shoulder and striding towards the showers with an easy kind of confidence that he did not feel. Kylo Ren could easily kill him once his plans were revealed. So the question was... was Kylo Ren far gone enough under his control to be swayed? As the hot water hit his back, he finally allowed himself to relax, his shoulders slumping as his sore muscles were pounded by the heat. He would be, he knew. He had to be.

Everything was hanging on their next encounter.
Kylo heard the buzz in his helmet, and immediately stiffened, that delicious shot of anxious, breathless anticipation running through him. The past few weeks had been a nightmare of delicious pleasure. Even when not around, Hux was clinging to his person like a ghost, like a presence that refused to dissipate. His skin was now littered with welts and small scars, some in stripes along his back, others circular around his neck, arms and torso. Even if he managed to turn his mind to something else, a single movement could irritate the wounds on his body, bringing a rush of memories back to him, and the scent of cigarettes and hard liquor.

“Kylo Ren. See me in cell block C6-955 immediately.” A cold shiver ran down his spine at the summons. That block, he knew, was one of the interrogation cells. As a wave of trepidation washed through him, he thought with a wry smile that it was surprising Hux hadn't fucked him in one of them before now. His heart began to race at the idea, wondering what that might be like. To be a prisoner, strapped into one of those interrogation chairs, at the mercy of the First Order General. The thought made him giddy with fear.

“Yes.. Sir. Right away General.” He cringed in embarrassment as he imagined the smirk that must be spreading across the man's lips, the smug assurance that he had full control over the actions of the younger boy. And Kylo knew, despite his humiliation at the prospect, that the General had every reason for that confidence. As he walked through the hallways, his cock was already stiffening at the thought of seeing him, of what he might do to him next. When he reached the room, he was already almost delirious with fear laced desire, trembling as his hands went to the helmet, lifting it off his head. The helmet, he knew, was not permitted during their encounters.

He knew, on some level, that Hux had trained him, even in the same measure as he hated himself for it. He knew his actions and his behaviours had changed based on what would best please General Hux. He knew that he craved the man's approval, as much as it disgusted him that he be so dependant on someone. Especially on Hux. But he was powerless to stop himself from obeying, from submitting. He walked through the door, heart sinking into his stomach as he took in the form of the man, back turned to him, stance perfect.

“You wanted to see me, General?” His voice murmured the words, hesitant and almost shy. He had to clamp down on his breathing to keep it steady, his blood racing as the doors swished closed behind him, putting the two of them alone in the dimly lit room. The man did not respond for a moment, before he turned to look over his shoulder at him. A tired smile resting on his lips. “Ah, there you are Ren. Prompt as always. Good boy.” Kylo swallowed as he watched the General step closer to him. His movements were measured and calculated, each click of his boots turning him around him like he were on display to be inspected. “Tomorrow,” the General continued, “...we will have arrived at our destination. The Supreme Leader says he wants to finish your training in the Force.”

That made Kylo's eyes widen. He flushed as he realized that he hadn't thought of the Supreme Leader in weeks. His mind had been consumed, occupied by lust and terror, inspired by someone very, very different. But at the mention of his Master a rush of ambition came to him. Complete his training... achieve more skill, more power. Excitement bubbled up within him, a smile flitting across his scarred face. The General seemed to eye him with suspicion, raising a brow in his direction before he spoke again.
“Let me ask you something Kylo. Just how loyal are you to the Supreme Leader?” The man’s eyes bored into his, and he frowned, taken aback by the question. How could Hux possibly question his loyalty? “How loyal?” A flicker of anger passed through him, but it was overcome by confusion. He blinked, tilting his head to the side, his fingers worrying the helmet clasped in hand. “Incredibly. I live for the First Order and the Supreme Leader. I would never betray our cause. Surely you know that.”

Hux regarded him with a thoughtful gaze for a moment, a gaze that Kylo could not read. His brows furrowed, his tongue darting out to lick his lips. His next words were, if possible, even more surprising. “How loyal are you to me?” Kylo could not understand the line of questioning. If he were loyal to the First Order he was loyal to all it’s leaders. And Hux should know, especially after the past few weeks, how true that was.

“Unflinchingly. General, if you are asking if I would ever think of going back to the Republic...” He stopped. Looked at the man standing before him, and all of a sudden General Hux no longer seemed so very tall, so very large and imposing. His breathing was erratic, though he did a damned good job of hiding it. Flicking his tongue across his lip, Kylo bent his mind, reaching out with the Force, filling the room with himself as he grew in consciousness. Heard the sound of the General's heart, beating like a drum. Could almost taste the smallest drops of sweat that were forming on his brow.

“Wait...” He frowned. The General was nervous about something. Afraid. In an instant he marched forward on him, his helmet clattering to the ground as he reached out a hand to push the man into the wall behind him. His strength when paired with the Force flowing through the sinews of his muscles and amplifying the power of his strike was more than enough to slam the slighter man's back into the metal siding with a loud crash. Hux grunted, glaring at him, about to speak, when he forcibly pushed his hand onto his head. Breathed deep. And looked into his mind.

Images flooded him in quick succession. Stars swirled around them like diamonds floating in the inky blackness of space. Crowds of people, bending to kneel and bow their heads in reverence and fear. The form of Snoke rushed into his mind’s eye, dead and broken, blood pooling under him. Hux, standing tall over the mayhem. Kylo Ren. First he was a madman, a maniacal force of nature, the red of his blade whirling around his head as he fought. Then he saw himself again, this time naked, at the feet of the General. General? No. Emperor. He was being crowned, while a chain wrapped around a gloved fist that connected to a black leather collar coiled around his servant's neck.

Kylo fell back from him, panting as he withdrew his hand. Shaking. Both men were breathing hard. That familiar feeling of rage began to fill him, his vision red with it as he looked at him with shocked horror. Hux looked like a cornered animal, eyes darting about, teeth bared. But still, he waited. He was keeping his calm in the midst of the discovery of his traitorous thoughts and ambitions in a way Kylo would never have dreamed of. He grit his teeth and clenched his fists, even as Hux's hand twitched towards his blaster holster.

“You. You're planning on betraying the Supreme Leader.” Both men eyed each other, calculating, watching. Kylo could feel tears welling up in his eyes, his emotions raging and conflicted. Pain, a different kind than he had been learning of late, was screaming through his veins. The lights flickered in warning. “You want to take over... maybe not tomorrow. Maybe you'll bide your time a little longer... but you're planning on staging a coup.” He could hardly believe the words as he spoke them. He had never liked the General. Hux was many things... but Kylo had never thought he was a traitor.

He lunged at him again, fists reaching out to grasp at the man's shoulders. Hux was too fast, darting
out of his way to slam his elbow into his stomach, sending him stumbling backwards for only a moment. He coughed, his heart racing in his chest. “Is that was this all been about?!” He screamed the words. It felt good to scream. Put out his hand and let the full power of the Force rush out from him, grasping the man by the throat and sending him again back into the wall. This time a crack spread out from where Hux's back had connected. A trickle of blood dripped from his nose. “You've been trying to get me to turn against my Master?!!”

Another grunt of pain choked out of the General, but he did not deign to scream or kick. He turned an icy glare on the boy, a mad smile that looked only this side of unhinged creeping over his features. “Of course that's what it's all been about, you naive child!” His voice was strained, tight, as the Force squeezed his throat and cut off his air. “What, did you think I was romancing you? Did you think I had any reason to subdue you other than to use you?” He taunted him, and Kylo found himself faltering. The Force wavered. He felt a sickening lurch in his stomach as he let the man fall to the ground. Hux landed with grace on his feet, panting as he leaned backwards against the wall, sucking in breath.

A short bark of laughter left the General as he looked up at the enraged Force user. Kylo's eyes were wide, shining with anger and confusion. Hux jeered at him with a cruel sneer as he took in his responses and reactions. “And it isn't like you don't want it, crave it, beg for it. You need to be used.” The words were spat at him just before Hux moved around him in a flash, delivering a sharp kick to his legs that made them buckle, and then caught his fall with his hand in his hair, yanking him to his feet. Whispered into his ear. “You've seen how the Force responds to my touch. Don't tell me you haven't noticed.”

Kylo knew. He knew with aching certainty that Hux was right. The Force grew stronger the more he wallowed in the humiliation and self deprecation. He had even been entertaining the notion that Hux might always be there to provide that friction to propel his powers. Like a partner... or a... no. He bit down on his tongue, grunting in pain as he tasted blood fill his mouth. Snapping him out of his desires. “I will never betray my Master.”

Hux's arm pulled him forward before he spun him around and slammed him into the dented wall, their positions painfully reversed. Pressed himself into his back. Kylo felt a shudder of fear ripple through him as the man's nearness overwhelmed him, his body and his heat, his scent and his touch. “Are you sure?” Hux's voice was pure honeyed poison, soft and compelling, with a cruel edge that made him shake. “Does he give you what I give you?” His breath on his neck elicited a moan, even as his skin flushed hot and his vision went red. “Does he touch you... like this?” With those words Kylo could feel the General's hand reach in between his legs. He whimpered as he felt him cup his testicles, moving his fingers back and forth to massage him, pleasure flooding his senses. No. Snoke didn't touch him like this.

“Does he give you the approval you so desperately crave?” His mind was flooded with images as Hux put his forehead to his neck. He couldn't block them out. Images of Hux towering over him, memories of being on his knees, stripped in more than just a physical sense. Vulnerable. Open. Hux’s cold eyes moving over his willing nakedness with approval. 'Good boy.' Praise given for his degradation. For his whorish need and wanton displays of lust. For his obedience and subjugation.

Hux’s voice cut through the images. “Are you sure you can live a life without it? Without affection or love?” That made Kylo laugh, a sharp and bitter sound that carried no humour or mirth. Love? Of course he didn't need love. “Love.” He spat the word, wrenching himself free of Hux's grip with a growl, turning around to face him. “I don't need love. Love is a weak person's ambition. I am sith. I use the Dark Side to rend and destroy. If I had wanted love I would have stayed with my family. I wouldn't have killed my Father.”
The cruel sound of Hux's laughter filled the room as he moved around Kylo's side. Kylo turned, keeping his front towards him, watching him like a hawk and maintaining distance. The General's smile was positively sinister as they circled each other. His voice was soft and filled with cruel intent as he spoke again.

“Ahaha but that's one kind of love, isn't it, dog. Pure, good, uplifting. You know damned well that that is not the kind of affection I offer.” He smiled as he moved closer to him. Kylo took a step backwards, his heart beating so loud he thought his ears would burst. His pulse racing in his neck. “No, I give you the only kind of affection that you're good for. You've seen the way the Force responds within you, every time I hurt you, every time I degrade you and force you to your knees before me. Every time I beat you raw and bloody.” Yes. Yes the Force needed it.. wanted it. It was eating him alive and the only thing that quelled it, powered it was the pain, the suffering at Hux's hands.

Hux advanced on him again, pushing until he stepped backwards. Felt with his hands what he was being backed into. Fear lanced through him as he felt the sides of the interrogation chain around him. Hux's cruel voice cut through his mind, only pouring more fear, more humiliating impotency into him. “That's the only kind of love you can accept, the only kind of affection that you deserve. You and I both know how badly you crave it. Crave to be at my feet, licking the dirt off my boots, hungry for even the smallest praise and approval in the midst of your humiliation.”

Kylo's eyes widened as he let himself be backed into the bondage contraption. Every word that fell from Hux's lips were spinning through his mind. He had always thought love and affection impossible for him. If he was to follow in Vader's footsteps, achieve the power he wanted, Snoke had always told him that connection and relationship were to be shunned. Too good. Too Light. But Hux's words awoke a longing within him. Maybe.. maybe he could have love. A different kind of love. Darker, sinister... twisted. Degrading.

A whimper tore it's way through his throat as he deliberated, his mind rife with confusion, warring with desire and yearning. “I... you can't teach me the ways of the Force.” He raced to come up with a reason, a way to fight back against the sweet promise filled words of the man who's hands were even now clapping him into the restrictions of the interrogation chair.

“No, I can't.” His smooth voice rolled across his senses. “But I can teach you the ways of pain.” Kylo felt metal clamp around his wrists, his legs. He knew he could use the Force to escape this. But that was the point, wasn't it? He didn't want to use the Force. He needed this.

“I can torment you, day after day, just like you long for, just like you deserve.” A gloved hand reached out to gently caress the side of his face, and he found himself leaning into the touch with the desperation of a pet dog. “Snoke doesn't touch you like this...” His hand moved down his neck, fingers moving over where lay the circular scars as they reached his collar bone. “He doesn't hurt you like I do.”

Hux's voice was becoming almost hypnotic. Kylo whimpered as Hux began to undo his robes, pulling them apart, barring his flesh. “He doesn't know what you so desperately need.. like I do.” Fingers expertly moving fabric aside, pulling his clothes open and revealing his body beneath. Hand moving to grasp his cock in a firm grip, already half hard and quickly becoming harder. “Join with me, and I'll beat you bloody as often as you need.” Kylo's eyes met ice cold blue as the General's gaze met his. Ruthless eyes. And lips with poisoned promises.

“Some days Ill make you cum over and over until you can't stand it anymore. Other days I might not
let you cum at all, though you beg me with every breath you have. But no matter what I do to you, you will exist in a perfect state of blissful misery. Just like you need.” Kylo couldn't help moaning as the General's expert fingers gripped his shaft, moving up and down. He pulled against the restraints, revelled in the feeling of being so trapped, the Force bursting inside of him.

“Join with me. Help me destroy Snoke, and watch me bring the Galaxy to its knees.” He was panting, moaning, squirming now, the friction against his cock making him loose all sense of self and logic. He could feel his mind slipping away, his will power crumble as the General continued to touch him, his hand beginning to pick up speed. All Kylo could do was gasp, a low whine emitting from his throat. Then he nodded. A small, but very noticeable gesture of submission and acceptance.

Hux's face broke out into a wide grin, and he let go his cock, stepping back from him. Kylo could feel his eyes roaming his half naked form, and he swallowed, breathing heavily under the man's punishing gaze. He watched the man's back turn to him as Hux stepped aside, moving towards the implements used to torture prisoners. A keening whine left his lips as he contemplated just what the General was going to do to him. Had this all been a ruse, to get him to agree to treason and then destroy him for it? He swallowed, his heart trying to beat it's way out of his chest.

When Hux turned back towards him again, it was with what looked like a long, sharp needle. He felt time seem to freeze as he saw, almost as though in a meditative trance, Hux's gloved fingers dip the end of the needle into a bowl. Closing his eyes and reaching towards it with his mind, the pungent smell of sharp alcohol filled his nostrils. What was he doing?

“The restraints are rather superfluous...” Hux was musing as though to himself as he came close to him again, needle in hand. “But, they're really for your comfort more than anything else. Consider them a boon.” Kylo saw the tip of the needle gleam, a sharp light in the harshness of the darkened room. He swallowed. “Because I am going to hurt you far worse today than I ever have before. You'll be glad to have something to pull against.”

Kylo could sense something on him, a sadistic longing, a gleeful anticipation that matched the relief that poured from the General's mind. His emotions were so loud in this moment, his desire for his captive's screams and torment so palpable, it made Kylo moan aloud in response. Hux was no longer afraid. Now he was fully in control again, his ambitions flooding through him with a vengeance, and all Kylo could do in the face of such unbridled passion was too wait and see what the man had in store.

The General's eyes were blown dark with lust as he reached forward, holding the needle in front of Kylo's face. Letting him get a good look at it. Letting fear and apprehensive contemplation wash over him. Let the tip just graze the skin of his cheek, dragging the sharp end down his face. Kylo stiffened, terror overwhelming him. Hux's voice was low, and dark.

“You're so strong, aren't you.” There was a quiet awe in his tone, in his words. He spoke so softly Kylo almost thought it was to himself. “Physically strong, strong in the Force. Anger and power tearing through you, barely restrained, all wrapped up in the form of a man. A hurricane with skin on.” His eyes were filled with fascination and appreciation. Kylo wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry under the scrutiny of this soft moment. Hux's manners felt, in a word, far more intimate than he could ever remember him being before now.

“But there's a fragile vulnerability to you as well... “The low murmur was lulling him, hypnotic in it's lilting words and sounds. “I can see it in your eyes. The way you shake. The way I know you could collapse at any moment. You're not actually strong are you... not of will, or of mind. You aren't a warrior... you're just a weapon. You need someone to wield you.”
Yes, yes it's true. Kylo's mind was bending, yielding now to the soft words spoken to him. Yes, he needed to be wielded. It was so exhausting, having so much responsibility. He had never wanted to be in charge. It was too much to bear. He wasn't good at it. He had power, but he didn't know what to do with it. Hux. Hux was good at it. Hux was good at controlling and managing, at leading. Hux could wield him.

The tip of the needle was dragged down his neck, until he felt Hux's fingers suddenly clasp his left nipple. His eyes widened as understanding washed over him. He knew what Hux was about to do. He gasped, thrashed against the cuffs to keep him in place. Eyes glassy with fear. “Hux, no, please... I...I can't.” His lips trembled as he spoke, unable to tear his eyes from the delicate way that the General clasped him in hand, the needle dangerously close to him. If Hux had noticed his sudden lapse of memory, forgetting proper protocol and calling him by name, he did not mention it. Instead, the needle plunged through his nipple, and pain shot through him like a tidal wave.

Nothing had ever hurt this much, this excruciatingly. It consumed him, filled him. Time was distorted around it, and the mere second that it lasted stretched on and on. He screamed, screamed his throat raw. He wanted to thrash, pull against the cuffs, but fear of tearing himself free of the needle froze his body in place. One of the lights in the ceiling exploded with a crash of sparks and glass. Hux was unmoved. Something pushed through the hole after the needle, and another shot of crushing pain made him scream out again.

“When I am Emperor, I am going to take your degradation further.” Kylo moaned, shaking, sweat drenching his face and sticking his hair to his skin as the pain began to ebb. He looked down to see a silver ring through his nipple, the smallest drop of blood sliding across his skin. Hux's hand went to his right nipple, grasping it the same as the last. Needle dipped in sterilizer as he continued to speak. “I will no longer have any need to hide our relationship or your status. It will be widely known what you are... the Emperors pet war dog. My crushing weapon, my battle hound. You will destroy and kill in my name, my enforcer, striking fear into the hearts of my enemies.” The fantasy played out in his mind. The General's promises clung to him like bait, luring him into a state of humiliated need. And then the needle passed through flesh again.

He screamed. The moment was excruciating, making his mind shoot off into oblivion, his vision going dark. It was as though he was falling through space, bright stars all around him in the darkness, his body floating, untethered to reality by anything but pain. And again, as the silver ring was pushed through, taking it's residence in his flesh. The scent of blood and metal hit his senses as the Force amplified him, as he reached out and around with his mind, moving through the room as though he might escape. Except that he didn't want to. He soaked in the pain, whimpering, gasping, moaning, hungry for the words that fell from the General's lips. General? No... Emperor. His Emperor.

“And then you will return to kneel at the feet of your Master, and all will quake with fear, knowing that I tamed Kylo Ren, the most powerful Force user in the Galaxy.” Kylo wanted to cry, wanted to tell him yes, yes, he had tamed him, he wanted to be tamed for him, but the words stuck in his throat, raw and ragged from screaming. His chest heaved as he panted, body limp in the chair, held up only by the restraints holding him in. Hux had been right... the bindings were a boon. A comfort. It meant he didn't have to be strong anymore... he could let go.

Then he felt Hux's hand grasp his cock, rock hard and heavy between his legs, and his eyes flew open. A gurgling sound formed in his throat as pleasure mingled with the pain, overtaking his body and making his hips squirm, rutting forward to feel that hand on his shaft. He saw the needle in the General's other hand. Dipped in sterilizer. Held aloft for him to see. His body began to tremble.

“You know where the last piercing goes...” Hux's eyes looked into his, soft and gentle. His words a
whisper that made him ache for more. Terror gripped him. He couldn't possibly take it... that was too much...

“Do you want it?” He nodded. He did. He wanted it badly. He was terrified but he wanted it. Hux's voice took on a harsh tone as he gripped his cock tighter in his hand. “Then say it.” Kylo bit his lip, tongue darting out to taste the blood from before. He whimpered, his body tight and strained. “Yes... I... I want it.” He admitted, skin bright red as the shame of the admission overcame him. He was nothing before this man, nothing but a dog who needed to be beat. He knew that, now.

“Come now, dog, you can do better than that.” Hux's voice was unimpressed. “Beg me for it. Beg me for my mark of ownership on your body.” Kylo was too far gone to refuse, too mired in pain and pleasure and animal need to even think of refusing the command. He parted his lips, blood flowing over the cut he had made in his own flesh. “Please... please General... please mark me for you... I... I'm your dog, your...s...slave... oh please hurt me...” He heard the words leaving his own lips with a sense of disassociation, as though he were outside of himself, as though a Force had overtaken his body and compelled his mind and his actions.

The needle pierced through the head of his cock, and the world crumbled around him. He screamed himself hoarse, his throat scratching and aching from the pressure. His hands balled into fists as he strained against the cuffs. The remaining lights in the room all shattered at once, filling the room with debris and bright sparks of electricity. Everything in the room shook as he screamed, yelling into the void as his mind snapped for just one raw second before the deed had been done. Nothing had ever hurt so badly, so deeply, in his life. His body trembled, shaking from head to toe from the ordeal as Hux released his cock from his grip, setting the needle aside, stepping back to look at him.

“Well don't you look lovely, all pierced for me like a fucking pleasure slave, tagged like a dog.” The man's words rolled over him, soothed him, humiliated him. Not only had he wanted this, he had begged for it. Loved it. Every single drawn out, distorted moment of it. Was already missing it as the pain settled into a dull, throbbing ache. Blood on his cock, on his chest, on his lips. Hux reached forward, smearing a small trail of blood that had gotten on his gloved fingers over his torso.

“Please... please Hux-General, General, please.. please make me cum...” He whined and mewled, desperate for some relief to the all encompassing feeling of pain the was crawling through his skin, begging for an outlet. Hux huffed out a short laugh, shaking his head before he began to unhitch the cuffs, releasing the mechanisms in the chair that would keep a prisoner secured. “Not on your life, you idiot. Your cock needs to heal. You will not be cumming again until you see me next.” Kylo fell forward, limp, caught in Hux's arms. The General pulled him to his feet, setting him to lean against the wall as he panted and whimpered.

“Now then... go back to your chambers, and ready yourself. Tomorrow is a big day... you have to be ready to meet with the Supreme Leader.” Kylo's vision was still blurry, the room spinning around him as he tried to focus his mind on what Hux was saying to him. “Supreme Leader...? But.. I thought...” They were still meeting with the Supreme Leader? Weren't they going to kill him... oh, god.. he had agreed to treason.

“Your training isn't complete yet, Ren. Do you really think you're any use to me without full understanding of your powers? You're going to go to the Supreme Leader. You are not going to let it slip where your new allegiance lies, or any of my plans. You are going to complete your training under his tutelage, and then you will return to me.” As Kylo listened his mind grew sharper, recovering from the intensity of the pain, the pain that was still throbbing through his veins but was now lessening. He nodded without a word, waiting for Hux to continue.
“But don't worry... I've given you a way to remember who owns you now.” The smile on the General's face was positively vicious. “Every time you move, every time your clothes shift over your aching body, every time you look at yourself naked, you will remember me. You will remember that I own you. That my mark is upon you. You will remember, and you will not fail me. Is that understood?” Yes.. yes it was understood. Kylo marvelled at the beauty of it, the conceptual perfection. He was marked. He had a way to remember. Pain to remind him. Yes. He belonged to Hux, and here in his skin was proof.

“Yes General.”

“Good.” Hux smiled. Turned to leave him there, alone, panting, wanting. Boots crunching on the wreckage beneath them. Eyes flitting over his shoulder as he reached the doors, as though Kylo was just an afterthought. “Get ready.”

The large, hulking form of the ship moved through the vastness of space, finally coming to its destination after a long journey. The obscure, backwater planet it approached was remote, removed from most other civilization in the Galaxy. A casual observer would have no inkling that it harboured one of the most evil beings in all the Galaxy, and that was what made it perfect. Barely inhabited, harsh climate and little resources to attract traders or scavengers. It was the ideal location for the Supreme Leader of the First Order to make his hiding place.

The stars in the night sky seemed to part ways, like water, as the ship moved through them. The denizens on board were in a state of agitated preparation. Some were elated, excited at the prospect of being even a fraction closer to the Supreme Leader, the fixation of many a worshiper. Others were gripped with fear, terrified to be anywhere near the ruling power behind their order. Many were simply relived to finally be out of danger of being tracked down by the Resistance.

Few knew the agitated and tense anticipation that wracked the ship's commanding officers. For them, their arrival was a step in a much longer journey that could only end in either disaster, or complete triumph, no middle ground. No compromise. As a shuttle launched from the Finalizer, headed for the planet's limited atmosphere, those two men could feel the tension and the weight of their next moves. It was with heavy heart and mind, that Kylo Ren steeled himself for the last leg of his training under the Supreme Leader.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)


Chapter Summary

While Kylo Ren is training with the Supreme Leader, Rey is also receiving training of their own. The two will discover that they are more entwined by Fate than they realize...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun was hot, beating down on the all but deserted planet. The air was still, filling the atmosphere with a calm, tranquil sort of peace. The kind of quiet that could drive a person mad with the silence. The only sound was the sound of the crashing waves that moved up to clasp the shorelines, yards away from where she sat, cross legged on the ground.

They ached from constant use. The long steps leading up to the temple had worn her down, making the trek over and over, several times a day. She had asked once, in naive exasperation, why they could not make their beds at the top of the mountain, near the temple, rather than at the base. She had been given no response save a withering look, which told her that her mentor thought her quite too smart to have posed such a question. So up and down she went, forced to make the long journey up
the steps over and over.

Her legs were in a constant state of aching fatigue, at times almost refusing to function, often threatening to buckle out from under her. And yet they never hurt more than when she finally was allowed to sit and rest. Meditation was all the more difficult for it, her mind distracted by the pain that ebbed through her limbs. Right now, however, her mind had something else to focus on. Something perhaps far more frustrating.

Before her sat a haphazard pile of stones. All of varying sizes, all of them the same dull gold brown colour of the mountain on which she sat. As she closed her eyes and reached out around her with her senses she could feel the hard earth beneath her, smell the scent of water and dirt, and hear the sounds of the waves, moving in their endless dance over the shoreline. And she could feel the surface of the stones before her, each of them slightly different, unique objects who's exact shape would not be replicated in all of the Galaxy.

Keeping her breathing steady, she lifted first one, then another. The stones began to float off the ground, levitating in mid air a little ways in front of her knees. She did not have to open her eyes to sense them, their presence and their shape. Reaching out with the Force, expanding her consciousness to extend to touch them in grasping tendrils, she moved them.

They began to inch towards each other, moving into a line, before they clattered to the ground. Again. She sighed in frustration, her eyes opening to watch the fall, the crashing sound of stone against the earth filling her ears. This was the 10th time, and she still could not get them to form a tower. Her fingers twitched in irritation where her hands lay rested on her knees. She could feel her pulse beginning to quicken as frustration surged through her.

"Relax." A voice, old and gruff, sounded to her left, and she turned her head towards the intrusion on her thoughts. The robed man was old, his face lined with the wrinkles of age and experience, his beard long and grey. Nevertheless he was imbued with a certain presence that made every interaction with him tinted with a feeling of awe and reverence. “Concentrate. Let the Force flow through you. You can do it.”

She huffed in annoyed impatience before she narrowed her eyes and settled herself to try again. Closed her lids. Let herself seek out again the Force, that invisible connection to the world around her. Once again she reached out to the stones, pulling them in her mind, taking in their dimensions and their weight. Once again she pulled them into the air, letting them lift off the ground as her mind lightly caressed them. Once again, as she attempted to move them, they fell.

She let out an angry grunt as she rose to her feet, standing in one swift motion, her hands going to her hips. Useless, tedious exercise! Her brows narrowed, she turned towards the man who stood only a little distance away from her. Calm, patient. Unperturbed by her sudden movement. “What is the point of these stupid exercises??” Her lips pursed as she regarded him, only further annoyed by the calmness with which he gazed back at her. A soft smile upon his lips.

“The point is control. Anyone can posses power. It takes skill and effort to control it.” His eyes took on a knowing glint as he moved closer to her, his hands tucked into the sleeves of his robes. He moved around behind her, facing towards her pile of stones. “The Force is a chaotic energy that can eat it's users alive, destroy them from the inside out if they let it. The Light side and the Dark side are not exactly statements on morality... it's more like how much you let the Force consume you.”

As he spoke the stones began to lift into the air, turning around themselves, spinning in elaborate patterns. Rey's breath hitched as she watched in fascination the display of precise artistry, intrigued
by the smallest movements he was able to coax from the stones. “The Jedi Order was created to keep Force users from being destroyed by the power that dwelt within them. The Force has a tendency to amplify the users most extreme emotions to uncontrollable extents. It feeds on them, is fuelled by them. Meditation and strict control of yourself and your mental and emotional state is the only way to keep the Force from devouring you whole.”

The stones settled again to the ground, coming to rest in an exact circle on the hard earth. Rey's breathing was returning to normal, forcing herself to still her thoughts and her frustration. Luke's voice filled her mind as his eyes closed once more. “The Force flows out of you in a rush like a torrent... it is up to you to build a dam.”

Deep breaths. Regulated breathing. She let her body still, her muscles relaxing as she sat herself down again, legs crossing in front of her, hands resting on her knees. Grasped lightly at the stones. Raised them up into the air. As she began to move them, keeping careful control of her breathing and of her mind, she set them down again, this time in a tower, each stone resting on the one beneath it. As she let each stone go, setting them in place with slow, methodical care, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Then they shot out in all directions. Fast, hard, spinning through the air like weapons. Her eyes flew open as she watched that split second as the stones blasted away from their position with the force of a blaster fire. Her breathing immediately was rough and ragged, panic filling her in that split second as she tried desperately to grasp at them, keep them in place, recall them. But they were gone.

Luke smiled as he watched her, an unreadable expression on his face. She turned to look at him, wide eyes, tears welling up within them. Why couldn't she get this right??

“You're very powerful...” His voice sounded distant as he looked from her out to the water, far below them. “I have only see one other with your raw ability.”

She frowned, even as she panted, sweat pooling on her brow and sticking to the loose strands of hair that fell in her face, escaped from the buns that tied it back. “Who?” He only smiled, turning to regard her with a strange expression of sadness, longing and remembrance. She felt in an instant that there was a history she was not privy to, written across his face in a language that she did not speak. The sun was beginning to set, the air darkening around them. She hadn’t realized how long they had been up here.

“I think that's enough for today.” His voice was gentle as he nodded to her, and she slowly rose again to her feet, this time sheepish and beaten. She sighed again as she nodded in acknowledgement, turning towards the steps once more. At least going down was much easier than coming up.

The metal pieces laying across her lap were cold to the touch. Not that she was allowed to touch them. Her eyes closed, carefully concentrated on the task at hand. The Force was like a whisper in her mind, a soft breeze on her skin as she reached out with it to levitate the small mechanical pieces. Move them through the air towards each other. Slowly... slowly...
And they crashed into one another, falling back into her lap. She huffed out in impatience, reaching for them with her fingers. “Ah ah.” She heard her mentor's censure, and reluctantly drew back, looking up at him with an expression of annoyance. “It's easy enough work, I understand the mechanics! It's just so small and finicky that it requires a bit of finesse! I could do it with my fingers!”

“And that's exactly why you need to do it with the Force.” She sighed again at that and closed her eyes once more. She knew he was right. It was just so time consuming. Reaching out she felt the small mechanical bits and pieces, and began to assemble them. Try as she did, pieces continued to slip out of her grip just as they were about to snap into place, forcing her to set her mind to the task over and over.

“Large displays of power are far easier to master than small, controlled tasks.” Master Luke's voice was gentle and encouraging, and she thought she heard the hint of empathetic rememberings. There were times she could almost swear she could hear his thoughts, but they would be gone so quickly she couldn't be certain.

After painstaking hours for a task that should have taken only a half, the contraption clicked together, each piece assembled and in place. She finally reached down to touch it with her hands, feel the weight of the long staff that she had carried with her for years. It was lighter now, hollowed out for the mechanical workings that she had now built into it, and shorter, but it still felt familiar in her grip.

“Where are we going to get crystals for it?” She asked, her breath short and her cheeks flushed with pride at having finished the task as she looked at up her mentor. He smiled, his lips curling with warmth and praise as he reached into his robes. Pulling out the lightsaber that she had traveled so far to bring back to his hands, he extended it out to her. “You already have them.”

She blinked as she looked at it for a moment, and then shook her head. “No. That's yours.” Set her jaw as her hands clenched around the staff. That was a lightsaber with a long, drawn out, and complex history. She couldn't possibly gut it to take it's crystals for her own weapon. And yet, he continued to stand there, arm extended towards her, the lightsaber held lightly in his grip.

“It called to you. The Force chose you to carry on it's legacy. Besides... I haven't wielded this lightsaber in a very long time. I have another one.” His words were soft, even as his face betrayed a range of complex emotions. Looking into his eyes, she thought he was about to cry, but he did not. Frowning, she reached towards him to lift the weapon out of his hand, the Force extending from where she sat to bring it to her grasp.

It took another hour to disassemble it and remove it's crystals. By the time the kyber crystals were in place in her own weapon, the sun was high in the sky, beating down on them with a ferocity that made her sweat. When she was finished she looked up at Luke, who watched with a trained eye as she rose to her feet, staff in hand, and powered it on for the first time. Tears welled up in her eyes as the blue blade sprang to life, extending the staff to it's former height. It was at once as beautiful as it was terrifying, a strange pulsing force of natural energy that made her want to weep.

Luke's voice took on a note of pride as he spoke again, making a lopsided grin form on her own face despite herself. “Now we can start training you how to use that thing.” She laughed as she tore her eyes from the beauty of the blade to look at him. “Oh, I already know how to use it.” She had been defending herself, fighting off bandits and crooks with the staff her entire life. She griped the handle, felt the familiar feel of it in her hands, and gave it a tentative spin.

Luke only smiled and shook his head as he watched her. “No, you know how to fight with it. That's
not the same thing.” Those words made her falter, looking at him with confusion. His words did not make sense to her. It was a weapon. Of course fighting with it was the same as using it. She tilted her head as she dug the end of the hilt into the earth beneath her, resting the pulsing weapon at her side. “What do you mean?”

He paused, as though considering the question. “Do you know why it's usually only Force users that wield lightsabers?” She frowned, thinking the question over. She hadn't considered it. He continued. “Anyone can physically pick up a lightsaber and start swinging it around. But a lightsaber has power, and it resonates with its user. You must do more that wield it. You must be one with it.”

There was a whooshing sound to match the sound made by her own saber, and she watched as his green blade sprang to life at his side. She hadn't even seen him take it out from his robes. They stood facing each other for a moment before she nodded, ready to test out the feel of her staff now it had been so modified. In a whir of motion and the hiss of impact, the blades met each other.

“The Force is a part of you. You need to feel it flow through you like an extension of yourself.” She could feel it. That rush of power. The way the Force spun around her head, guiding her movements and making each strike land exactly where she wanted it to. It was as though her body where not her own in that moment, something invisible grasping hold of her and moving her as it would. Her heart began to race.

“Don't let it overwhelm you!” Luke's voice rang out behind the volley of light that separated them. “Master it, or it will master you.” There was a crash as the blades met, her body spinning in tandem with his. “It is very difficult to wrangle the Force under control. It is very easy to give in to it and let it sweep you away in its grip.” She panted as she moved, her body aching from the long hours of motionlessness, her arms bringing the blade down to meet his with a crash of sparks each time.

“You speak as though you know.” She looked into his eyes for a moment, amazement at how strong his emotions were, though he held them back. They were crowding her, loud and screaming. Pain. Loss. Betrayal. Death. “I do. I have seen it. More than once. The stronger the Force is, the more danger there is. And the Force is strong in our family.”

He meant his own family, of course. She knew his history, the sordid Skywalker legacy that bore both heroes and the most sinister of villains. Still, there was a nagging voice at the back of her mind, a voice that said she was more connected to that legacy than she thought...

More seemingly useless tasks, tasks designed to frustrate and tax her patience. She thought she had
seen the end of them, and now she was sitting waist deep in seawater, and told to still the waves. As if the waves could be stilled. The more she tried to still the flow around her the more agitated it became. She gritted her teeth in frustration as instead of calming, the waves began to move around her, rushing like a whirlpool. Her eyes opened to look into the steady gaze of Master Luke.

“I can't get it! Why won't the water still!” She groaned aloud her annoyance, her fists clenching and striking the water with a splash and spray that did not have nearly enough give to be satisfying. He was the perfect picture of patience as he watched her. “Because your mind hasn't stilled.”

In one perfect swoop of anger she rose to her feet, water drenched through her pants as she glared at him. This was a stupid test, a stupid task. Nobody could still the crashing waves of an ocean, and he knew it. As she felt her blood begin to race, she could feel the power of the Force, screaming through her veins. The water around her lifted up, up and up. Surrounded her, spun around her like a tidal wave. At once her anger dissipated, giving way to fear as she gasped, looked around her at the torrent that spun in an angry storm through the air, threatening to swallow her, take her under, pull her away.

Luke's hand went out. The water stilled. Mid air, it stopped. Not a drop moved. It was as though time itself had frozen, the moment lingering as she gazed in awe at the water that hung in the air around her. She locked eyes for a moment with her mentor before she nodded, wrangling her breathing back under control. Reached out with both hands, and lowered the water back into place. It was still.

Luke's voice was heavy with warning when he spoke next. “Rey. There's been an awakening in this Galaxy. You are going to meet him again. Don’t go down his path.” The words were laden with an almost eerie kind of sorrow, a pleading sound that spoke of volumes of pain. She frowned, feeling a tear well up in her eyes despite not understanding the weight of his words. “Who's?”

His words, when he spoke again, were cryptic. But she was becoming accustomed to that. “Blood calls to blood. The Force ties us together. Even when separated, the Force brings blood back together.” Her eyes widened. Surely he couldn't possibly mean what she thought he meant.

“Blood... you mean... Kylo Ren. He's my-”

Kylo gasped as he awoke, the lingering aftershocks of the nightmare gripping his mind and making him sweat cold. His body trembled where he lay, a small cot in a small tent. He could not remove the images from his mind.

The image of a small girl, so very young. Fragile. Weak. The image of his Master Snoke, standing over him, pointing to the girl. “Finish it! Kill her! Family. Love. These are weaknesses.” He had blood on his hands already, what was one more? One more death to bloody his already filthy hands. He swallowed, looking at the small, trusting face that gazed up at him.

The Knights were there. His Knights. Suddenly Snoke was gone and he was alone with them, with
the girl. One of them reached forward. “Shall I do it for you then, my Lord?” The flash of a lightsaber. Without thinking he intercepted it with his own, sparks flying through the air. The child screamed, a visceral howl of fear and despair. “No! I will do it. This is my burden to bare! Stand down!”

The Knights had disappeared. He knew what came next. Jakku. Sand. In all directions sand. It was a death sentence in and of itself, to leave a child here. With a sickening twist in his gut, he forced himself to leave the small girl in amidst the dunes. She cried, her tears and screams of horror and betrayal haunting his memories for years to come.

As he awoke he felt a wash of guilt and shame move over him. His mind was at war with itself. He had failed, failed in his task, failed to put aside his love and his family ties. But he had also murdered an innocent child. How could he reconcile the guilt of having done it with the guilt of not having succeeded? He screamed, his voice loud and feral, the sound ripping through his throat as he stood from the bed.

The Force became whirling tornado around him in an instant, making the air move and the tent shake. As he screamed it grew stronger. He gripped his head in anguish, tore at his hair until his scalp bled, and still it wasn't enough. His screamed continued, the tent ripping from the posts, the fabric flying away and exposing him to the elements. Naked, afraid, alone. He could dimly hear the crash of thunder in the distance as it began to rain. Cold water hurling down at him from the sky, as though it could ever be enough to cleanse his guilt. But which guilt? The guilt of being too Dark? Or of being too Light?

Snoke stood some distance away, watching. His face twisted in a maniacal grin as he nodded his encouragement. “Yes... that is it!” He heard the man's voice flood his consciousness, push him further towards the brink of angered insanity. “You are doing so well! Don't reign it in... let it overtake you! Give in to it! To your anger! Your fear! Scream and feel it's power!”

Kylo Ren's rage echoed through the makeshift camp, destroying everything in it's wake as he screamed himself bloody, his throat bleeding up through his mouth before he fell to his knees, the rain washing over him in a torrent. As though nature itself were giving voice to his anguish. He was nothing. Nothing but a vessel for the power that surged through him, used his body as it's home. He was being destroyed from the inside out. And then he felt it. Felt a stab of pain ebb through his body from his nipples, felt the water hit the rings in his flesh without mercy.

Hux. Hux was his redemption. Hux could control him. He didn't need to worry about whether his actions were right or wrong if Hux was going to be there to guide them. His hand shot out, grasped at the power that was pure, unfiltered chaos. Closed his grip. Lightning flashed as he felt it surge through him. He could wield this, if Hux could in turn wield him.

He had no other choice.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a
long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)
This Is Not a Drill

Chapter Summary

When the First Order attacks the Resistance, Finn and Poe think they may have the enemy on the run... when it is revealed that the attack was a diversion for a completely different tactic...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Finn took in a deep breath, inhaling the scent of diesel and leather. It was a heady concoction when mixed with cologne and the subtle hint of tropical shampoo, still lingering faintly from earlier in the day. His heart was racing, his skin felt like it was alive, crawling with sensation as his hands moved to caress the other man's hips. Pulled him in closer. His lips pressed against the lips of the other, the smooth velvety texture making his heart race in his chest.

“Poe...” He gasped the name as he felt the man's hands around his back, fingers exploring his
shoulder blades and teasing his skin. He could feel the weight of his body on him, his legs tangled in
his own, and the feeling of his firm erection rubbing against his. The seat beneath him creaked as he
was pushed back, hands moving to the hem of his pants. “Ummhmmm?” The man's breath was
muffled, his mouth hot as it moved across his neck, making him gasp and shudder.

“We.. we shouldn't... here.” He looked around for a moment at the X-Wing cockpit, the enclosed
space that made the little tryst feel all the more intimate despite the unconventionality of the location.
He drew in a deep breath, a moan just lingering on his lips at the feel of the man's tongue moving
across his skin. “We'll get caught..” The protest was uttered breathlessly, hard to make his voice
sound as stern as he wanted it when the man's expert fingers were busy working their way under his
pants, exploring his flesh until they grasped him tightly. The other hand was occupying itself with
pulling the hemline down, exposing him to the air.

“So what... let them see...” Poe's voice whispered into his ear, and he had to stop himself from
shouting in pure bliss as he felt his hand moving up and down the shaft, his cock hard and straining.
His legs parted easily to allow the man further access. His hands were grasping at him, pulling him
close even as they fumbled with his clothes, hoping to bare more of his lover to his touch.

“This is... non regulation...” He muttered, halfheartedly as he leaned forward to taste the man's lips
again. He tasted like breath mints, the sharp flavor washing over him as he explored his mouth with
his tongue. Fingers tightened around jumpsuit fabric, reaching to pull the garment open. “You worry
too much...” The voice teasingly came back. He shuddered as he felt teeth playfully biting into his
ear.

Then there was a blaring of sirens, and all hell was breaking loose.

Poe immediately lurched off of him, looking up in alarm. The pilot was hastily pulling his jumper
back together, Finn scrambling to do the same as the sounds of alarms going off cut through the
windows into the X-Wing cockpit. “What's happening!” He managed to gasp the words, his arousal
quickly fading the longer the chaos continued. Poe was opening the top of the ship and climbing out
in a hurry. “Don't know... gotta find out.”

The landing pad was in turmoil. People were yelling, running every which way. As Finn followed
Poe to the ground, he heard the announcement comm ring out, the sound of General Organa's voice
clear through the din. Several yards away Finn watched an explosion go off, a sinking feeling of fear
gripping his stomach.

“All pilots to their stations, now. This is not a drill, repeat; this is not a drill. We are under attack.
The First Order is attacking, let's move!” The alarms were loud in his ears, taking in the panic and
confusion around him. Poe clasped his shoulder for a moment, giving him an encouraging pat. “It's
alright. We'll get through this.” He looked into the pilots eyes for a moment before nodding. He
leaned in, catching the man's lips in a quick, chaste kind of kiss before leaving Poe's side to make it
to his own X-Wing. As he went he was passed by the rushing droid BB-8, hurrying to find it's
Master amidst the confusion.

A series of beeping sounds met his ears as he crossed the platform to where the X-Wing designated
to him had been stationed. An R2 unit was waiting for him, tittering on it's wheels. His own
breathing was quick and shallow, fear washing through him as a sense of impending dread lingered
in his mind. This was it. This was the first time he was going to into active duty as a Resistance pilot.
He had never done this before. And the First Order was here. His stomach flipped in his gut. He
worried he was going to hurl.
He could hear the sounds of X-Wings engines revving up, the ships beginning to take off as directed. Poe was already in the air. Shots were being fired. He swallowed, gulping back the icy feeling of anxiety that curled in his gut as he watched the R2 unit getting into position.

There was a series of beeping sounds, ringing from the droid. He could only half comprehend it, the complicated language one he had been working diligently to pick up over the past several months he had been with the Resistance. With Poe. “Yes, I know!” He responded in aggravation, trying desperately to still his breathing and keep calm. A whirring sound of alarm, ending in a questioning signal met his ears.

“No, I haven't gone into combat yet, thank you, but Poe's been working with me on simulat-” he was cut off as the droid rattled off another series of electronic beeps that signalled the droid's lack of faith in his abilities. He found himself clenching his fists around the ship's helm in frustration. “You know what now is not the time!”

Poe's voice rang out over the ship's communications, the sound a refreshing relief amidst the terror fuelled panic that was sinking into him. “You got this babe. Just like we practised. Let's show the First Order that we don't fool around, yeah? Just like the day we met.”

He took a deep breath, nodding at the consoles before he powered up the ships engines. The smell of metal and engine fuel was heavy in the cockpit, mingling with the scent of his own fear. “Yeah. Yeah.” He muttered in reply, waiting to be cleared for take off.

As he heard the whir of TIE fighters in the air, he gulped. It had been a long time now since he had been face to face with the First Order, but the prospect of being found, taken back by them was still enough to cause him to break out in a cold sweat, tremors wracking his body. I can't go back to them, not now, definitely not now.

He knew the First Order would not forgive his betrayal. He would not be disciplined by the Captain for this, he would not even be sent to re-education, though he shuddered to think of the more intensive forms of mind control and manipulation that were employed when the infraction was above what even Phasma's methods could curb. No, if he were captured by the First Order, the best he could hope for was a swift death, and even that was unlikely.

The only thought that soothed his mind, was that the First Order likely had bigger things to worry about right now than one defected Stormtrooper who hadn't been seen in several months. As he launched himself into the air, he took long slow breaths to calm himself. Closed his eyes for a moment, clearing his mind. He was not Force sensitive; he knew that. But if what they said about the Force was true, then maybe it would be on his side if he asked. He really wasn't certain he understood much about it, but from the way people talked it always sounded like a living, breathing kind of entity. So even if he couldn't hear it... maybe it could hear him.

“Please let me be okay at this...” The X-Wing moved through the air. He felt the lurch in his stomach as he careened through the sky, whirling around to get into formation with the others. TIE fighters were already swooping down on them, the sounds of shooting and crashing explosions rocking the air space.

“Everyone stay in defensive formation, fight them off! Form a shield. Follow Leader Dameron.” The General's voice delivered crisp and to the point instructions. Finn manoeuvred himself to follow Poe's lead, and before he knew it the chaos of the moment had overtaken him. He didn't have time to think, only to react. The sound of blaster fire and the explosion of ships was all around him now.
His R2 unit let out a loud series of beeping noises at the same time a pair of TIE fighters lit up his screen. “I see them I see them!” He grumbled as he whirled out of the way of a blaster, his pulse racing at the near miss. The movement sent him flying for a moment, the ship turning over and around before he was able to stabilize it, catching his breath as the world seemed to spin around him before righting itself. For a surreal moment he wasn’t sure which way was up or down, but the inertia was the least of his worries. He spun the ship around in a quick second to fire at a nearby TIE fighter. Missed. Tried again. The fighter seemed to scream as it careened through the air, limping as one of it’s wings was taken out by the shot.

“Fuck.... Don't you say a word. I'm getting better!” Adrenaline coursed through him as he moved the ship around to patch up a gap in the formation, blasters firing to shoot at another TIE fighter that was getting too close to the base for comfort. His thumbs pounded down on the firing clasps, a rush of light and the sound of explosions made a grin break out over his face. “See! I told you!”

He wasn't sure how much time passed like that. The air was filled with the cacophonous sounds of blaster fire and raining with the debris of exploded ships. He was pulled in every direction he could think of, more often than not operating upside down than right side up. It was pure chaos, but he found his body responding to it rather than succumbing to it. After a while, he thought with a wry smile that he was getting the hang of it. It was certainly more intensive than the simulations.... but the raw reality of the situation made his veins flow with adrenaline more than ever before, and he found the hindrance of over thinking gone from his mind.

There was no time to think, after all, when one wrong move could set you ablaze. More than a few X-Wings went down like that, crashing with a flurry of light into the planet beneath, or exploding in mid flight like fireworks. There was no time to mourn his companions however. There was only time to react. After some time, it even seemed to be paying off. As more and more TIE fighters suffered similar fates, they began to back off.

“Looks like we've got them on the run ladies and gentlemen! “ Poe's voice, loud and exuberant over the comms. He could hear whooping and hollering in reply from some of the other pilots, and the enthusiasm was infectious. He felt a surge of energy, encouraged and exultant. TIE fighters were retreating, others crashing into the ground in a flurry of sparks and debris. He grinned.

But then, he heard a different voice. A voice that chilled him to the bone. A voice that still haunted his nightmares. A voice that was very, very familiar. General Hux. The man's voice rang out over the comms, causing everyone's cheering to die down, even as the last of the TIE fighters had retreated from the onslaught of defending X-Wings.

“Resistance fighters, stand down. We have General Organa in our custody. Compliance will ensure we do not harm her. Stand down now, or your Princess dies.” The comm switched off before anything more could be heard, though the sounds of struggle were apparent.

Finns blood ran cold. He felt an icy chill creep over him. He had hoped, against hope, he would never hear that voice again. Every day aboard the Finalizer, seeing the man's face delivering speeches of propaganda, instilling in him an almost unshakable loyalty to the First Order. To himself. He shuddered, swallowing around the lump of fear that was threatening to crash his X-Wing as his hands froze in place. A series of indignant beeps from the droid shook him out of his fear before Poe's voice was heard again, this time much less jovial.

“You heard the man, stand down. Do not engage, repeat, do not engage.” Finn felt the grip of despair twist in his gut. That even Poe had given the order to stand down made a wave of hopelessness crash over him. The TIE fighters had been a diversion. He watched with a sinking heart
as a First Order shuttle launched into the air, the shuttle he felt sure contained the one man in the universe he certainly never wanted to see again. And with him, the Resistance's highest political figure.

Rey stopped what she was doing, a frown on her face as she stood up. There were alarm bells ringing in her mind, the sound of screaming and the crash of blaster fire against metal hulls. The staff in her hand switched off, the sweat on her skin cooling as her breathing regulated. Her brows furrowed as she tried to come to grips with the images that were flashing through her mind, in sharp contrast to the peace and tranquility around her.

“General Organa... Master Skywalker, what is happening?” Her hands reached up to clutch her head as she sank to her knees, unsure of how to deal with the cacophony of imagery. The Jedi seemed to tower over her before he bent down to place a hand on her shoulder, soothingly moving his fingers over her back. “It's a Force vision. What do you see?”

“I see explosions. Bright light, everywhere. TIE fighters. General Organa is being held at blaster point. She’s screaming at her officers not to stand down... but they do. People are yelling... there is mass confusion as the First Order escapes, Organa in tow...”

She peered at the Jedi, frowning in incomprehension. “I have to go help them. Finn is there. I can sense his fear from here.” Skywalker nodded as he listened, gripping her hand and pulling her to her feet.

“Then we better power up the Falcon.” She gave him a quizzical look as he gestured towards where the Millennium Falcon was docked. “Aren't you going to try to stop me?”

Luke gave a tired, humourless chuckle as he shook his head. “No. I'm going to come with you. I've been away for too long already as it is.” She frowned as she matched his pace. He was headed for the Temple. Keeping stride with him she quirked a brow in curious confusion. “My training isn't completed yet.”

A sad smile rested on his lips. “Neither was mine.”
The months had passed almost in the blink of an eye. The Finalizer was certainly all the more peaceful for the lack of the Knight, and Hux had found it far easier to get actual work done without the added pressure of having to bend such an insolent and unpredictable creature to his will. He smiled as he watched the fruits of his labour unfold.

The infiltration and espionage required to bring him the intelligence he had needed to launch such an attack had not been easy. Many of his agents had died in the pursuit of such plans, and while that was regrettable, it did nothing to lessen the feeling of triumph he felt now that his efforts had paid off. Long sleepless nights spent pouring over paperwork and filed reports, judging when and where to strike best. Which people to use for which missions.

And now the enemies General was being brought directly into his hands. Not only their General, their rallying point. As much as she disliked the title Princess these days, most still thought of her as royalty. A figurehead. A monarch. He had long studied both her political and military history, and she was nothing if not a fearsome adversary. Which only made it all the more sweet to think of putting her in a cell block and using her leverage against the Republic.

The Resistance, after all, where not the real threat. They were the rag tag humourless joke of a military organization built to fight against the First Order without the Republic needing to claim culpability. In other words, a front for a cowardly political structure that could not even own their own ideals and actions. The Resistance did not need to be dealt with directly, if the Republic could be eliminated at the root.

And the Princess of Alderaan was the playing piece he needed to secure their victory, Resistance be damned.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
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Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)

I'm also open to other platforms if you have any suggestions!
I Will Bring You Back to the Dark

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren returns to the Finalizer only to find a presence aboard that he has more than a little trouble dealing with. Luckily, Hux knows how to block out the call to the Light for him.

Chapter Notes

Warning for gore! Also there is NO AFTERCARE HERE I hope you understand that that is SERIOUSLY FUCKED UP, BAD HUX

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kylo could feel her presence the moment that his one person shuttle craft was nearing the Finalizer.
Her mind was reaching, *searching*. For *him*. In many ways it always had been, ever since he had made his decision to follow the path of the Dark Side and claim the heritage of his grandfather. She had always been on the corners of his mind, reaching for him, seeking him out. But he had not felt her so strongly in years. His gut twisted inside of him as he came aboard the First Order flagship, feeling the sting of rage run rampant through his veins.

*Hux. How dare* he. *How dare he bring her here.* His mind immediately strove to block his mother's call, block her voice and her insistent searching. At the same time he let his own presence grow, let his mind probe the ship's rooms and corridors. He was stronger now, more powerful. He could feel his mind expanding as he looked for the man who had brought his mother so near to him, so dangerously near.

When he found him, he grimaced. He was *waiting* for him, the smug bastard. He was in one of the training rooms, the only places on the ship where he could be fucked into submission without his uncontrolled Force powers destroying everything around him. The bastard thought he was going to *fuck* him. Kylo felt a low growl curl it's way out his throat at the thought. *Not now.*

As he marched his way through the ship's corridors the men parted way for him, eager to steer clear of the returned Knight. As they should. His mood was hanging about him like a cloud, anger and vitriol evident despite the mask that covered his face. People could sense it. They avoided him like he was a plague. He *was* a plague.

He let the march fuel his rage, let that cloud grow in volume as he went. By the time he had reached the room in which the General waited, he was a barely restrained tempest, electric fury buzzing under his skin. Shaking. He did not bother to key in the access code to open the mechanical door. Reaching out with the Force he gripped it fast and *tore* it open, wrecking the mechanisms and letting the thing spark and hiss.

And there was *Hux*. He wrenched his mask off, flinging it to the ground, his eyes burning with an internal fire as he advanced on the man. Hux did not make an attempt to avoid him. Even as a clenched hand went out to fling him back against the wall, making the man grunt and clench his jaw on impact, he could not sense a raised heartbeat or even a tremor of fear pass through the man's mind. It made Kylo all the angrier. Invisible weights kept the ginger pinned to the wall, Kylo's fingers clasping air as he wrenched on the man's flesh to cause pain. He wanted his attention. He barely seemed to have it.

Hux only let out a huff of a laugh, a dry bark of sound as his lips curled in a smug kind of sneer. “A pleasure to have you back on board, Ren.” Kylo grit his teeth as he eyed him. He had expected Hux to fight back, to tell him his *place*. To make a show of dominance so that he could tear it down. He had more power now. And enough rage to match it. But the man was too shrewd for that. Hux’s lack of resistance only made Kylo feel *less* in control.

“*Where. Is. She.*” He advanced on him physically. It was no longer enough to make a display of Force prowess. He needed to feel *physically* in control. Physically *stronger*. He cornered him, boxing him in against the wall with the weight of his hips and his shoulders. *Tangible.* But it still wasn't enough. Hux did not react except to broaden his smile.

“If you are concerned for your mothers safety...” A pang of sickening longing filled him when Hux referred to the enemy General as his *mother*. The taunting mockery in his voice was apparent even without the cruel turn of his lips or the dancing twinkle in his eyes. Kylo gave a cry of frustration as he drove his fist into the wall next to the man's head, not even rewarded with so much as a flinch despite the way the wall caved around his fist. The General was unmoved.
“I am not concerned for her safety.” He forced the words through gritted teeth. “She is going to throw everything off balance. Just like my Father did. You have made a grave mistake bringing her here. You must let me kill her.” As he spoke he tightened his grip on the Force, letting the General feel his power, crushing him with invisible strength and energy. Instead of crying out in pain like Kylo wanted, Hux kept eye contact, and slowly, deliberately, reached out his hand to slip between the Knight's legs.

Kylo froze as he felt the General's hand through his robes. Felt him grasp his cock with the kind of intimate knowledge of a lover and the roughness of a disciplinarian. He felt the man's thumb roll over the head, touching the ring that had finally healed. It sent a sudden shudder of pleasure through him, despite himself, but more than that it was a reminder. Of everything. Of being on his knees, tears in his eyes and pain in his veins. Of the electrifying sense of vulnerability and fear at the hands of another. Of Hux, towering over him, his boot on his face. The taste of boot polish and leather. He faltered, the Force dropping Hux from his grasp. Left him bare and open, the only thing holding the man to the wall now his physical body.

“I will let you do no such thing, dog.” The cruel sneer was evident in the man's voice as he pulled him with a rough jerk of the hand forward. Kylo stumbled, his hips now resting against the General's. He drew in a sharp breath, his cock aching in the ginger's hand. “She is my hostage, and might I add a very valuable one. You will not question my actions or my methods. Good god, just look at you.” His cold eyes raked over him, taking him his shaking and dishevelled appearance, his breathing and his grimace of angered confusion. His brows furrowed, his nose crinkling in distaste. “You look even less in control of yourself than when you left. What has Snoke been teaching you?”

Kylo dropped his gaze, unable to maintain eye contact with the General any longer. Unable to look into that frozen stare that seemed to dare him to make another move. He swallowed, jaw clenching as he struggled to form words in the midst of the chaos that raged in his mind. “Snoke...” His hands balled into fists as he leaned against the wall, his arms still boxing the General in. It was ironic... he felt like he was the one pinned to the wall. “Snoke doesn't teach me control. Snoke teaches me power. Harnessing. Unleashing. Destruction.”

He faltered, the blind fury of his mind giving way to something else. Desire... need, yearning. Yearning for the control that only one person had thus far brought into his life. He chewed on his lip for a moment before his voice broke the silence again, this time almost timid in it's admittance. “...You're the one that teaches me control.”

A cruel laugh met his ears, but one that made him tremble with anticipation. Longing. He looked back into the face of the General and was met with a sinister smile. “Oh... and has the terrifying beast missed the control of it's Master?” Hux's voice was soft now, tinged with the mockery of sympathy. His had released his cock, moving instead up his body, fingers running over his front, circling nipples with a teasing cruelty. The sudden flash of memory made Kylo whimper. He barely managed to nod, a small and feeble gesture.

“Submit yourself to my control, then.” There was something almost hypnotic in Hux's voice. His other hand came up to touch his cheek, the smooth texture of leather on skin making him shudder. His body responding to the sensation as he felt the man's fingers play on his lips. Two fingers pressed between them, parting them, making him take them within his mouth. He could feel them on his tongue, the taste of leather familiar and reassuring. Slowly, his eyes never leaving his, Hux pulled downwards. Kylo felt his knees sink in obedience at once, letting the man draw him to the ground before him. His knees hit the cold hard surface of the ground, and it felt as though the universe were righting itself.
A wave of emotion washed over him. Rage was replaced with desperation and broken longing that shook him to his core. There was something about being on his knees before his General that made him quake with neediness. As the man's fingers left his mouth his lips parted to speak again. “You don't understand...” There was a tremble in his voice, this time compliant as he tried again to explain his distress. “I can feel her. Her mind is calling to me. I'm blocking her but it's exhausting. She's trying to bring me back to the Light.” He almost felt he would cry as he reached out to grasp hold of the General's pant leg.

Hux listened with a look of supreme patience and bored understanding. Like he was being benevolent in even allowing his subject to bring his concerns before him. Kylo felt in that moment that he was. His voice soothing on his senses when he spoke, his hand resting with affectionate reassurance on his head. “If you are so tempted by her presence, then I will be happy to shut her out for you.”

Fear swam through him at those words, understanding rocking him. Yes. Yes, he understood now what he needed. He needed Hux to block this out. To make him forget. To quiet and still his mind and give him the outlet his emotions needed. To drain him of this like an infected wound is drained of pus.

“Give your power into my hands and I will bring you back to the Dark Side.” The words ran over him, needled in his skin as he moved without thinking. Hux's calm presence, perfectly balanced, perfectly controlled, was almost trance inducing. It reminded him with an ironic twist of the meditative practises Skywalker had taught him. He felt his hand move to his belt even as he closed his eyes. Grasped the hilt of his lightsaber in hand, pulling it off of the belt clip.

He bowed his head, taking the saber in both hands, flat across them, and raised it up to the man who towered over him. The symbol of his power, of his Force and his will. His destiny. His inheritance. In that moment he felt truly like a Knight, swearing fealty to an Emperor, as the General's hands took the hilt, and lifted it out of his grasp.

Heat lit the space between them as the lightsaber switched on. He could hear the sound of the thrum of the blade, red colouring his vision without even looking up. The Force surged through him in response to it, swelling through him in time with the ebb and flow of the energies in the blade. The cracked crystal that mirrored his own conflicted mess of a mind. Hux did not speak as he held the blade in hand, the blade that was his, that no one but he should be allowed to wield. But he belonged to Hux. So by definition, so did his saber.

He screamed as he felt the cross-guard dig into his shoulder. It was dragged along from his back to his front, just the end cutting into him, his clothes and flesh burning, the smell filling the air as he screamed himself hoarse. Panting, gasping for breath. But he did not move. Did not pull away, instead letting the pain scream through him, fill him, consume him. When the blade was retracted, he looked up at the man who held it, sweat drenching his brow as he drew in shaky breath after shaky breath.

“More. Please. General.” Hux's eyes were cold and unfeeling as he nodded, raising a brow and motioning with his chin. Kylo felt the knot of fear tightening in his stomach as he moved aside, backing away from the wall he had previously pinned the General against, turning to drop to his hands and knees. He bared himself, opened himself, gave Hux access to his body to use however the General would see fit. He closed his eyes, holding back a terrified whimper as he heard the click of the General's heels against the floor. Felt the man's presence move around him at ease. And the thrum of the lightsaber, still loud and imposing.
He felt the blade in his side and he screamed. The smell of burning flesh and melting fabric filled his nostrils as air ripped itself through his throat. The coppery scent of blood, replaced swiftly by cauterization as the heat burned through him. His body lurched where he knelt, weight on his hands, unable to stop himself from cringing away from the blow even as another came.

Everything left his mind. Leia, Snoke, the Force. Nothing mattered. All was pain, and all was Hux. Hux's control. Hux bleeding him out, wracking his body with sobs and shudders of torment. Hux was all he could see, Hux cold and menacing behind the red of the blade, the light casting an eerie glow against his skin.

His heart raced in his chest as he felt the searing pain wash through him. Another strike, this time across his back, and he could feel the blood surge through the wound before the heat melted his flesh together. The cauterization hurting almost as much as the initial slicing through his skin. He continued to scream, though he no longer registered the sounds as coming from him. He felt as though he were outside of himself. He was only just aware of the rush of air around him, and the way that the walls seemed to bend inwards, loud crashing sounds as the Force pushed out from him.

Time lost all meaning. He was in a trance that was comprised only of pain. Everything else was blocked out, and the rage that had overwhelmed him was leaking out of him like the blood that oozed from his wounds. The devastating temptation of a mother's warm embrace was a thing of the past. Another strike, this time his other side, another rush of the smell of blood. Another blood curdling shriek of perfect agony.

He was barely conscious when the lightsaber switched off, panting and gasping for breath, his throat raw. He had screamed himself bloody, coughing bringing drops of red up upon the floor to match what had seeped from the wounds across his body. His eyes opened just a fraction to see the lightsaber hilt being held in front of his face.

“This is yours. If I give it back to you, do you promise to behave yourself, and not misuse it?” Kylo's eyes struggled to focus as he looked at the hilt, dormant and innocent. As though Hux hadn't just taken his entire existence apart, piece by piece with it. He nodded mutely, looking at it as a wave of euphoric pain washed over him, making his chest heave. The hilt clattered to the floor with a loud crashing sound as the General dropped it in front of him with an irreverence that might have made him angry were it not for the hemorrhaging blood leaking from multiple lightsaber wounds. Were it not for the cauterizing heat from the blade, he would easily be bleeding out on the floor. He knew it.

“What do you say?” The ginger's words echoed through his mind, and he hastened to respond. Gratitude that this man had taken the time to temper the storm, the confliction raging within him, rushed through him like a river. “Thank you, General.” He managed to gasp out the words through the crawling agony that wracked his body, shaking and panting. His hands clenching and then unclenching on air as he wrestled his mind back into focus.

“You're welcome. I trust this topic is closed.” He heard the man's footsteps though he could barely see his feet as he turned to leave. “Report to the medical bay. Get those wounds treated. That's an order.” As the General's footsteps continued towards the open door, the mechanical panel still sparking and in ruins, a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips. He turned back for just a moment to through an offhanded word over his shoulder.

“Welcome back aboard my ship, by the way, whelp.”
Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)
Use Your Tongue

Chapter Summary

Kylo Ren is settling back into life on the Finalizar and under Hux's rules.

Chapter Notes

Okay so what Hux is doing to Kylo here is a seriously bad idea, please don't try this at home and BOY HOWDY have I mentioned lately that this fic is *not intended to be SSC*?

Chapter dedicated to garbage boy who requested some blaster play :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He could feel her presence at all times. It ate away at him, incessant and relentless. The amount of
turmoil that surged through him was incredible, and it was only held at bay by the ache and the agony that set into his body every time he moved. The pain that the saber cuts still caused, days later, despite being tended, dressed and mended. Despite the stitching and the bandages that held him together, every step and every move was agony. But he needed that. It shut out his mother's call.

He needed Hux. The first day, he had found himself at the man's door, buzzing the comm to request entrance to his office. He had gritted his teeth, maddened by his own inability to stave off the need he felt. He had been away from the ship, from the General, for months. Months of hard training and bitter surges of power that tore through his body and left him a shell of himself. Snoke's tutelage had left a toll on him. Hux's ownership had left a toll on him. Leia's call always left a toll on him.

“I assume there is a reason you are here interrupting me in person and not making use of the communication channels.” The man's voice had been hard and cold, as it always was. There was never a hint of friendliness or affection, not unless he had him bound on hands and knees, gagged on a cock or screaming in agonized bliss. Not unless he was debased and dehumanized at his feet. And Kylo needed that affection in the same breath as he needed that humiliation. They went hand in hand. They were one and the same experience. He knew he was only worth affection in those stolen moments of degradation.

“Please, General. I need... you.” There had been a pause, silence meeting this admittance before the door swished open in acquiescence to his plight. Kylo had entered to find the General waiting for him, the room dim and foreboding. And he had returned every day since, like a loyal pup seeking out its Master's favour.

Now he found himself on his knees, naked before the man, his hands bound behind his back with binders that cut into his wrists and strained his shoulders. His still healing cuts stinging. His lips parted in submission, the taste of metal and burnt matter heavy on his tongue as he worked hard to please the General, his mouth closed around the barrel of a blaster.

“Use your tongue, you aren't making it as useful as it might be.” Hux's voice drawled a slow, bored command as he watched him out of the corner of his eye, blaster in hand. His other hand was busy with the datapad on the desk, flipping through reports and streams of data. Multi tasking, he called it. Far too busy to give his pet dog his full attention. But watching closely enough that he could correct the actions of the lesser man.

Kylo could feel the heat of shame colour his cheeks as he hastened to do as told. He was burned by the thought that he wasn't good enough. Not good enough to pay attention to, and certainly not good enough to be allowed to suck the General's cock rather than simply have his face fucked into submission. His tongue rolled out along the underside of the blaster, letting him taste the charred metal, tingling and unsettling. Hux seemed to know his thoughts, deigning to glance in his direction from time to time to see his progress. Kylo had no sense of how long he had been knelt like this, though he knew it was long enough that his knees were aching from the position.

“Deeper. If you can't take it deeper than that on your own you're never going to be able to do this.” The General's words were derisive as he glanced downwards, pushing the blaster in his hand forward just slightly to drive home his point. “I'll have to fuck your face myself if your going to be that useless at it.” Kylo whimpered, a low sound at the back of his throat at the thought that he might end up being unworthy to serve. Untrained, unwanted. Hux's keen eyes noticed the slight widening of Kylo's at this threat to his pride. Then his attention was back on his datapad.

Kylo wanted to scream in frustration. Instead he leaned forward, forcing more of the blaster down his throat. His stomach clenched as he did so, the hard surface of it scraping the inside of his esophagus,
tears springing to his eyes. But all of this, he needed. He accepted that he needed it, now. Pain. Focus. A humiliating task to work on, a degrading goal to put himself to. He just wished he had more of the General's attention.

His movement slowed as his glassy eyes looked over General Hux's ambivalent posture, the way his attention was firmly on his work. Kylo's brows narrowed with a frustrated huff as he came to a stop, his movements stilling. If Hux wasn't going to bother paying attention, why was he even doing this? As if in answer to the unspoken query, the General's lips parted, though his eyes did not betray the annoyance evident in his voice. “Who told you you could stop?” Fingers swiped at the pad, scrolling through the report at the same time as the fingers holding the blaster tightened just a fraction, the trigger making a clicking sound in warning. Kylo's eyes widened, a tremor of fear shooting through him. The man was bluffing. Wasn't he? Kylo wouldn't shoot the blaster while it was in his mouth. Would he? Hux began moving again, terror running through him as the man's gloved fingers relaxed on the trigger. “Good boy...” He still wasn't looking at him. But he could evidently see him well enough. Multi tasking indeed. Kylo could feel the hard and sharp bits of the blaster in his mouth, heavy on his tongue. Saliva coated it and made it slip with ease down his throat and back again. He closed his lips around it in reverence and fear. Hux wouldn't kill him... surely?

Finally the man set aside the datapad, moving towards him to face him more fully. Kylo closed his eyes, a moan deep in his throat as he basked in the sudden attention, craving more of the man's touch and guidance. “Just like that... I'll make you into a good little cocksucker in no time. Wont you like that?” Kylo could feel his fingers lace themselves through his hair, his gloved touch a breath of fresh air. His head was yanked forward with a rough pull, forcing the blaster barrel so far down his throat he gagged, his arms pulling against the binds in a futile attempt to free himself. Hux's hands holding him steadily in place.

When his gagging subsided Hux slowly pulled the blaster out of his throat, angling it towards his face, letting it rest against his forehead. Kylo panted and sputtered, staring up at him with dark eyes blown wide with lust. His hair was pulled painfully back. “You're going to practise until I think you've got it right, understood? That should keep you out of trouble.” Kylo hastened to nod. “Yes.. Yes General.” He watched as Hux stood, towering, over him. He wondered if the man would let him suck his actual cock now. The sight of it hard and straining at the fabric of his uniform was right in his line of sight, after all. A tongue darted out to lick already saliva coated lips, his body practically vibrating in anticipation. But instead of undoing his belt, the General only leaned around him to undo the cuffs that bound his hands behind his back. As the sudden rush of freeing movement washed over him he looked up in confusion, hurt glassing his eyes. They weren't done... were they?

As if in response to his unvoiced concerns, Hux gave him a rare and almost affectionate smile. Gloved fingers patted his head with delicacy and warmth, and Kylo could not help but whine in needy abandon at the touch. “Jerk yourself.” Hux's voice was smooth like silk as he sat himself again, and before Kylo knew what was happening the blaster was shoved between his lips once more. Relief rushed through him in tandem with the cold metallic taste and he moved his hand to grasp the hard length of his cock with a swell of gratitude. His eyes were tearing from the emotion that rushed through him. Grateful that this man took such time out of his day to bother putting him in his place. To teach him.

“I want to see that tongue moving, don't slack off just because I'm letting you touch your cock.” The General's voice rang out and he hastened to comply. The intensity with which Hux watched him was
exactly what he had been craving, his hand moving against his shaft in long strokes, his body shuddering from the pleasure. He wanted to please him. Revelled in the sheer simplicity of it. If all he needed to do was to please his General than nothing else mattered. Everything else was blocked out in these moments. His warring mind was finally at rest.

There was something powerful about sucking back the General's blaster like it was a cock, something fearful and humbling. It made him feel so very small. Even if Hux wouldn't really fire a blaster bolt down his throat.. which, he wouldn't, not really, Kylo was sure of it, it sent a powerful message. Who held the control. Who held the power. Not him... Kylo knew that the only way he could overcome Hux would be to use the Force... and he knew he would never do that. Hux knew that. So here he was, cowering in fear as he worshipped the man's blaster, wishing for a taste of his cock. The lingering fear that if he did not perform well enough pain would erupt from the blaster like semen from a cock, pouring agony down his throat.

“I have received intelligence stating that the Resistance is planning a rescue mission for their General.” Hux's bored voice drawled at him, as casual as though discussing simple minutia. Kylo's hand continued to jerk himself, the feeling of utter debasement only fuelling the pleasure the act brought to him. He was achingly hard in his grasp, each movement a swell of need and a pulse of euphoria. “You'll get another chance to actually be useful to the Order, then. I trust you will perform better than the last time.” As if to punctuate his words he shoved the blaster forward, driving home the concept.

Perform better. Do your job better. Be better. He closed his eyes and opened his throat, letting the barrel deep inside of him. He could feel the Force surging inside of him now, but it was wrangled under control. He could feel it like lighting in his skin but it was his to command. Not he it's. He let that sense of calm overwhelm him, relaxing so he could take the blaster all the way down without gagging on it. Opened his eyes to look up at Hux as he moved his tongue along the underside of it, caressing it with reverence. His lips closing around it to suck, hallowing out his cheeks. Hux smiled a sinister smile of approval as he watched him work, the message clear.

I will do better, for you. I will learn to be better for you.

“Good boy... now you're getting the hang of it. Maybe next time I'll let you actually suck my cock.” Kylo moaned, a deep sound at the back of his throat, whimpering keens of devotion and gratitude. He wanted it, wanted to feel the texture of skin and taste the taste of sweat and precum on his tongue. More than anything he wanted the General to be pleased with him.

“Make yourself cum for me, dog.” Kylo's motions quickened, his lips pursed to suck the barrel of the blaster in tandem with the movements of his hand over his cock. Hux's eyes washed over him, propelled him. His stomach twisted as the gloved fingers in his hair pulled him forward on the blaster, pushing it in painfully, up to the trigger. Hux's finger moved, squeezing the trigger just a little, just enough to scare him, make him cum over his hand, strings of white slicking his skin and pouring over his stomach. The blaster was slowly drawn out of his throat, this time a thin line of blood lacing the saliva following the barrel. He sputtered and shook, his body convulsing from the intensity of the orgasm.

He felt Hux's hand in his hair as the gun was set aside. “You know what I expect.” The words sounded to him as if in a dream. Without hesitation he moved his hand to his mouth, trembling lips taking in his own cum, just as he knew was expected of him. Just as Hux had taught him. The taste was bitter and salty, but welcome after the tang of the blaster. It coated his tongue and soothed his raw and aching throat as he swallowed eagerly.
As he panted, a thin trail of blood between his lips, he looked up at the General with eyes filled with adoration. “Th-thank you General.”

Kylo flexed his fist, staring at the black leather through the visor of his mask. He could feel the Force like a rush of air around him, swirling and careening through his room like a vortex. A tornado, hungry to devour him. He knew it would certainly do so, one day. His life was to be an endless struggle to keep it under control, under wraps even as he used it, letting it destroy him piece by piece. But in the meantime, he would wield it. Bend it to his will.

His mind searched the ship, his will and his presence expanding itself. He could feel his mother. He knew that her mind was searching for his, as well. But more than that, he could feel another presence. Not near, not yet, but somehow just as powerful. Distant, but searching.

He recognized it. It was the girl from before. The one who had humiliated and overcome him, the one who had gifted him the scar of his defeat. The one who had cost him Starkiller and the map besides. Her mind had grown in stature over the months, just as his had as well, and he could feel her searching for him.

Hux had said that the Resistance was sending rescue. He knew with a certainty that Rey would be with them. And with her... A tremor ran down his spine. Some of the most powerful Force users in the Galaxy were about to be brought together. A clash of wills and energies was about to take place. He could see it in his minds eye, could see the bright light of sabers crossed and the sparks of machinery destroyed. Blood and tears, wailing and gnashing of teeth. He could see it all. It ripped through him with the weight of a hurricane.

There was about to be a reckoning.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!
Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)

Chapter Summary

Luke Skywalker, Rey, Poe and Finn have set out on a rescue mission to bring back General Leia Organa. But the First Order is anticipating their moves before they do them, as Kylo Ren tracks their intentions with the Force.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Warning: MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The ships moved through the darkness as though they were one with it. Quiet, stealthy. The larger body with the two smaller companions in tow. This deep into space was awe inspiring, and more
than a little unsettling, the way the inky blackness just expanded in all directions with no end in sight. The light of the stars winking off in the distance, ever present but never near. Finn could think of nothing like it. If he let himself stare too far into the void he could feel his skin start to crawl, the fear of being swallowed up, lost forever in the open nothingness. But then he would look to the side, and there was the Millennium Falcon and the other X-Wing, and he would feel his breathing start to calm. He was not alone.

“I'm picking up the Finalizer on scan.” Poe's voice was a welcome reprieve from the silence of the journey, though the words themselves were less than comforting. Skywalker responded back over the same channel, filling the cockpit of the X-Wing with his voice. “I see it. Get ready.” Finn swallowed, eyes darting to his own data feed. It wasn't in the eyesight yet, but it soon would be if the feed was any indication. He could feel a twist of fear turn in his gut as he raised his eyes back to the emptiness of space, looking for that break in the endless expanse of starlight.

“Easy there, Finn.” He could hear the gentle smile in Poe's voice as he spoke over the comm. “They won't be able to spot us on their radars. We've got top of the line cloaking tech here, I promise.” That assertion made Finn bark a nervous laugh before he switched the button to speak over the comm. “I believe you that you think that. But First Order tech is very advanced. I should know.”

“Relax. The Resistance hasn't exactly been idle these past months. We've recovered First Order tech and been able to reverse engineer a lot of it.” Finn wanted to believe Poe's words. “They won't be able to pick us up on scans.” As the large bulk to the enemy flagship began to come into view, growing in size like some kind of giant, hulking creature, he could feel his skin start to crawl. As though anticipating his emotions, he heard Poe again, voice soothing and compassionate.

“You know you didn't have to come, Finn.” The implication was clear. He could go back, if he wanted to. Poe wouldn't think any less of him for it. Long months of patiently helping him adjust to life outside of the Order, and being there in the middle of the night when nightmares startled him violently from sleep had taught his partner what the Order had done to him. Finn shook his head, firmly setting his jaw and shrugging off the fear like a heavy weight off his shoulders.

“Yes I did.”

Poe understood. He was the most patient person he had ever met. Finn felt a wave of emotion wash through him as he considered the possibility of never having met him, and what his life might have been like otherwise. Pragmatically of course he would still be with the First Order, probably well reconditioned by now. But it was more than that. He didn't think he would have wanted to live out in the wide Galaxy without him.

When Starkiller had come down, destroyed by the efforts of the Resistance, he had had nowhere to go after that. General Organa had taken him in, at the behest of Poe Dameron. Finn remembered that day, during the victory celebrations when Poe had declared, perhaps a little drunkenly, that if the Resistance didn't want a defected Stormtrooper then it didn't want Poe Dameron either.

“I'm serious!” The man had slurred as he swayed where he sat, a bottle in his hand. The glass on the table ignored in favour of swigging the contents from the source. The night had been alive with the bustle of people, exuberant and boisterous voices merging with the swell of music to make a cacophony of sound that was not wholly unpleasant. “Finn is a. Damn hero! Did I tell you he rescued me? We're taking him in! He already... look he already looks fucking fine in that jacket. I'm keeping him.” His arm had locked around Finn's neck, pulling the blushing man close to him like he was claiming a lost puppy.
Everyone had laughed, assuring him that Finn was more than welcomed. Poe was known as one of those happy kind of drunks, who wanted nothing more than for everyone in the Galaxy to know how much he loved them when he imbibed. Not that this was out of character, his sober self was no less open and caring. That's what people loved about Poe Dameron. That's what Finn loved about him.

Organa had not been drinking, but she had watched her best pilots antics with a fondness evident across her face. She was a woman unlike any Finn had ever met. Poe clearly looked up to her as a motherly figure, and it was not hard to tell why. She had a wisdom about her, and an authority in her manor that was not undermined by the kindness in her eyes. She intimidated Finn, but she inspired him as well.

Finn's thoughts wandered to his other two companions, aboard the Millennium Falcon. Luke he did not know well, and he wasn't sure what to make of the legendary figure. It was easy to tell he shared blood with the General; they both wore the same kind of gentle sternness about them like a shroud. An almost mystical kind of perception in their eyes. When Rey and Luke Skywalker had arrived at the Resistance base, he had felt dwarfed by the man's mere presence.

“Finn!” Rey had called his name excitedly as she exited the Falcon, running to meet him with a look of relief. The moment had been one of happy reunion as he rushed to his friends arms, embracing her with an earnest kind of affection. “I was so worried! I could sense you were in danger... Are you all alright?” As they had released each other he took her hands, feeling the texture of her skin against his fingers and looked into her eyes. “We're all fine. I'm so glad your back.” He had smiled eagerly into the face of the dear friend he had grown so fond of, had fought the First Order for and who had saved his life on more than one occasion.

It was a new family he had found himself forming here, with the Resistance. They all had such strong ties to each other, and he felt at times like it was a wonder that they considered him a part of it all. There were times when he felt overwhelmed by the fear that all of this was a beautiful dream from which he would soon awake, eyes opening to the sight of bright white walls and bright white uniforms marching down white hallways. In those moments he needed Poe's gentle touch and warm embrace the most.

But right now was not the time to break down, to give in to fear. Right now was the time to step up to the fight. He clenched his hands around the helm of the X-Wing, readying himself. The Finalizer was there before him, and he let his eyes sweep out over the enormous mass of it, let the image burn itself into his retinas. He would not be cowed by the First Order.

The ships approached, silent and undetected, swooping around as they searched for their way in. He could hear his R2 tittering, the electrical sounds and beeps conveying it's query. He replied in an exasperated voice, not at all in the mood to argue with a droid. “Yes, I know where we can board. It hasn't been that long since-” He was cut off by a string of emphatic noises and electrical whirrs. “No I don't think I may have forgotten! I knew this damn ship inside and out alright! There's a left hangar that if we- Oh. Oh shit. Shit!” Moments before it came into his line of sight, he saw the TIE fighter on his scanners.
“I've got a TIE fighter coming up from the right!” Finn's voice broke over the comms, even as he ducked away, spinning his X-Wing out of the line of a blast from the enemy vessel. The ship careened to the side for a moment before he heard Poe's voice in reply. “I see it. I got two more on my tail over here.” Poe sounded grim, determination colouring his words as he also took evasive maneuvers. Finn could hear the screaming sound of the TIE fighters as they moved through space towards them, and the piecing shriek of blaster fire.

“I thought you said this cloaking shield would be good enough! I told you the First Order's tech is top of the line!” Finn pulled at the controls, putting his X-Wing into a spin that momentarily disoriented him before he brought it up and around again to return fire on the enemy. The TIE fighter dropped out of the way of his blast, and he muttered a curse under his breath, sweat beginning to bead on his brow.

“It's not that. They can sense us.” Luke's voice cut through the communications channel from the Falcon, calm and knowing. He did not seem surprised. “Or rather, Kylo Ren can sense us. There's no hiding from the Force.” The man's voice sounded heavy whenever he spoke, a weight to his words that always unsettled Finn. As though every word he uttered were a part of the fabric of space itself, full of too much understanding and too much purpose.

Poe's voice was equally calm when he responded. “Doesn't matter, we knew they'd spot us eventually. All we have to do is be a distraction. Master Skywalker, you take Rey onto the ship and get the General. We'll hold things down out here.” Finn could hear the sounds of fire as Poe ran circles around the TIE fighters he was engaged with. He wasn't even out of breath.

The sound of conflict was loud on his ears as he moved his ship around, jerking it this way and that to avoid the deadly shots from the enemies. There were more of them coming, now, to make a total of five TIE fighters in the air. The Finalizer's weapons however remained dormant.

“They can't see us on their scanners still, we have the advantage.” Poe sounded reassuring, and Finn felt a twitch of a smile on his lips. Poe was right. They could do this. They just needed to keep the fighters distracted long enough...

He watched as Poe made effortless spiralling aerial loops, his blasters firing in quick succession. A TIE fighter screamed as it went down, the first explosion of bright light and debris to rock the spacial battle field. Poe was a master at these dynamic stunts, and for a moment he found himself just watching in awe as he moved with a kind of grace that should not be possible. The frantic beeping from his R2 unit rocked him out of his reverie, just in time for him to avoid becoming a display of fireworks himself.

As he turned around, bringing his own X-Wing in a curving maneuver he locked on target and jammed his thumb down on the trigger. The TIE fighter did a spiral, spinning like a barrel out of the way just in the nick of time. He sighed before giving pursuit, keeping a close eye for it's companions. The battle field was alight with the deadly energies of blaster fire and sight of aerial acrobatics performed by the ships as though they were in a dance. He took a deep breath. Steadied himself. Fired again. This time the TIE fighter in front of him went to pieces, shot through the side and careening outwards, useless dead weight in the vastness of space. It hadn't been a perfect hit, but it had done it's job.

“Heyy there you go babe! Nice shooting! And your evasive maneuvers are getting better too! You're doing great.” Poe sounded casual, as though this were a mere simulation and not a life or death moment upon which the fate of the Resistance hung. Finn found himself smiling despite himself.
Moved his X-Wing upwards and around another TIE fighter, shots firing. The sound ringing in his ears.

The fight was drawn out as long as they could. He was beginning to lose track of time, enemy fighters coming out onto the battlefield as fast as they could take them down. Poe was godlike as he steaked through the field, evasion and offensive shots in equal motions. Finn could only hope to be as good as him someday.

There were only two TIE fighters left, when he heard a new voice break over the comm. It was a smooth voice, melodic and female, and it sent tremors of fear down his spine in an instant as a special class TIE fighter came up around the Finalizer and onto the scanning screen. He recognized that TIE fighter just as surely as he recognized that voice.

*Captain Phasma.*

“FN-2187, it's been some time.”

“General. They're here.” Kylo's voice was deep and heavy through the mask, the timber lowered and the consistency altered. It was intended for intimidation, both for ally and foe alike, though it had never worked on the General. Kylo strode onto the bridge where Hux was standing, preoccupied with preparations and discussing tasks with the Lieutenant at the weapons station. His voice rang out loud enough to reach the ears of the First Order General, who frowned as he turned to face his co-commander.

Although their relationship had... *altered* drastically over the past months, General Hux was professional enough when on duty not to betray the odd shift in their interactions. On the bridge, they were equals. Or, as close to equals as they could come. Of late Kylo was beginning to feel that they were putting on a pantomime for the crew when they were around the other men. The mask completing a *costume*.

“I don't see anything on our sensors...” The General looked him over before moving towards the sensor readings, looking over the shoulder of the young officer, who's face had blanched at the idea that his work ethic was being called into question. “Resistance technology can't possibly have progressed enough to evade our equipment.” As his eyes swept over the sensors looking for the blip that would tell him of the arrival of enemy ships and found nothing, the officer let out a sigh of relief.
He hadn't simply missed something.

Kylo felt an irritated huff well up inside of him, but held himself back from breathing it out through the mask. “They're. Here. I can sense them.” His words made Hux look up at him, his eyes searching the impassive mask for something before he turned to the view screen in front of him. They hadn't yet come into a physical line of sight. “You should deploy your best shooters.” He continued to speak, watching the back of the General’s head as he stood with an impassive stance. “They will have to take them down on visual.”

That would put their fighters at a disadvantage, he knew. How the Resistance had furthered their technology so drastically was no longer a question worth spending time pondering, and the General seemed to come to a similar conclusion. Within moments he was barking orders, crisp and in control, while the officers on the bridge scrambled about to get into place.

“Inform Captain Phasma, and have the fighters ready to take off. Put the ship on high alert!” Messages were being volleyed through the communications channels as preparations were made. Kylo watched as though apart from the calm and controlled chaos that surrounded him. He was not connected to this well oiled machine of a group of people, not a highly tuned instrument like the rest of Hux's men. He felt a twinge of awe run through him as Hux marched through the room, perfectly in charge, each officer falling into place like a well rehearsed dance.

He wasn't like them. He didn't fit in here. That realization made him ache.

The General's voice cut through his thoughts in an instant, and he turned to look into the eyes of the man who he had come to worship. “Tell me about them, Ren. How many are they?” His tone was perfectly even. No hint of the intimacy that they shared. He could feel his cock ache around the ring that marked him as his, frustrated that he could see no knowledge of it in the General's eyes.

“There are two X-Wings. And the Falcon.” He answered with as much calm professionalism as he could muster, desperate to match the man's cold and impassive stare. Nothing seemed to effect Hux. He wished he could say the same of himself.

The General barked out a cold kind of laugh, devoid of humour. It sounded more surprised than amused. “Only two X-Wings?” His brow furrowed as he processed that information. Kylo nodded, staring out for a moment into the blackness of space as his mind branched out like a web to seek out the intruders. He could feel them, like a spider could feel the insects that got caught in it's lair. Their minds were loud. Their intentions were easy to read.

“They aren't intended as a full aerial assault.” He could sense their plans, their tactics. What their minds broadcasted was simple enough to intercept, their intended courses of action. His old Master was not even trying to hide himself, and Rey.... she did not know how to do so even if she wanted to. “They are a diversion. The Falcon will attempt to board us while our attention is occupied. Skywalker and the scavenger girl will go in to get Organa while our men are busy.”

When he spoke like this, it was almost as though he were in a trance. He was staring off into the void, his attention on the presences, the strands of consciousness that he could feel, the minds of his enemies. Drinking them in like he were a sponge, hungry to consume them all each in turn. He came back to himself only when General Hux spoke again.

“Let them board.” The General made a wave of his hand, gesturing to the Knight before him. “I will leave the interception to you. Anything else I should know about?” The question was clipped and short. Kylo reached out again, intent upon the situation, the pilots. He smiled beneath the mask, a
small bubble of laughter lodging itself in his throat before he turned to fully face his General again.

“You will find this situation rather familiar, General. History has a way of repeating itself.” He had heard that particular phrase before, both from Snoke and from Skywalker. But never before had he given it any credence, not understanding it beyond being some abstract and mystical saying. But as he parroted the words of his teachers he couldn't help but smile. “The pilots of the X-Wings are FN-2187, and Poe Dameron, the Resistance pilot from before.”

He watched as a sinister smile crept over the General's face. It sent a shiver down his spine and a thrill through his body, his skin crawling with the beginnings of arousal. He had seen this particular smile etched into the man's features many times now, usually while he was looking up at him from some debased position on the floor. “The prisoner he helped to free?” Hux's voice was laced with that sadistic kind of pleasure reserved for situations in which he was about to thoroughly enjoy himself at the expense of someone else.

It was a heady concoction. He could feel the power and the anticipation radiating off the man, and it was contagious and intoxicating. His cock was stiffening in his pants, the ring throbbing with want for this man, this man who's desire to inflict pain and suffering were so loud they were clouding out the rest of his own thoughts. Hux looked supremely menacing in that moment, and he felt a surge of admiration rush through him, eager to be a part of his General's plans. “You may be able to get your pair of skulls after all, General.”

The wolfish smile on the man's lips curled just slightly in response. He looked Kylo over, his eyes raking his form and making him all but tremble under the scrutiny.

“One can only hope.”

Finn's skin crawled at the sound of that voice. Like the General's, that voice was one he had very much hoped not to hear again. Of course, if he was honest with himself, he had never expected her to actually die in the trash compactor he and his friends had left her in. And he wasn't certain if he had hoped for it or if he had hoped she would get out. His feelings towards the Captain were... tumultuous.

He didn't dare reply, unsure of himself in the face of the terrifying woman who had dominated his life for as far back as he could remember. The woman who's boot heel he could still taste in his
mouth, cold and metallic. The mere sound of her voice made him war with himself, fighting back the
desire to drop everything in surrender, to beg her for mercy. So he did not respond.

Instead he brought his X-Wing around, determined to face off against her as though she were any
other TIE fighter on the field of battle. Don't think about it, just do it. That's what Poe had taught
him, through endless simulations and practice runs. Don't think. Just do. Poe was already giving fire,
the sounds of blaster shots screaming through the spaces between them, the light bright and hot,
burning into his retinas. This was a fight. They could do this.

As he lined the TIE fighter up in his sights and slammed the trigger, she moved like the wind,
elaborate spins as she returned fire. There was not a moment that he was not ducking and weaving to
avoid getting hit, and not a single shot landed on her. Even Poe couldn't hit her. Finn could hear his
droid frantically beeping at him, and he yelled in exasperation. “Yeah I know! I can't... damn it, she
won't stay still!” Another series of mechanical whirrs. “Look you wanna try piloting this thing?!”

Her voice cut through the communications once again, menacing through the distortion of the
helmet. “If you surrender now, FN-2187, and come back quietly, I may be able to convince the
General to be merciful.” The words struck him like a slap across the face, delivered as she moved in
a quick loop around him, shooting from behind. He barely managed to dodge out of the way, his X-
Wing whirling around in tight circles that left him gasping for breath.

He knew it was a ploy. There was no way the First Order would let him live if he surrendered. And
yet the devastating desire was there, the aching need to throw himself at her feet. He struggled to stop
his ship from spinning, the R2 unit screaming at a high pitch from the disorienting inertia. A deep
breath was sucked in through his teeth, his heart beating so loud in his chest it seemed to echo
through the cockpit.

“Don't you listen to her, babe, we've got this!” Poe's voice. He smiled. Shook his head. Phasma was
a thing of his past, a horrible reminder of the life he had once lived, had once submitted to. Poe was
salvation, hope. His everything. He had given him freedom, and a family. His resolve steeled itself as
he came around and responded to the Captain's offer with a renewed vigour, white hot energies
erupting from the X-Wings canons.

She moved. The TIE fighter was fast, and her skills were unprecedented. He had never seen anyone
fly so well. It was almost beautiful, mesmerizing. The TIE fighter like a graceful dancer that soared
through space in elaborate patterns that were impossible to anticipate or predict. As he saw blaster
fire coming at him, he moved to get out of the way. Just a second too late. The fire tore through his
ships left wing, causing him to limp through the blackness like a crippled bird. His X-Wing dipped
awkwardly.

This was it. He watched Plasma's fighter coming around again to finish him off, the whirring sound
of engines blazing hot in his ears. It was all alright. He could sense, in a moment of clarity, as if that
mystical Force everyone was always talking about were reaching out to caress his mind, a peace
about his situation. He had fought the First Order. Against all odds he had fought them, something he
should not have been able to do, and in so doing he had changed his legacy. He had made friends,
forded a family outside of the Order. He was about to die here, and all he could think of was how
glad he was that he had rescued Poe.

“Finn!”

Just as the blaster fire was about to connect with the hull of his craft, he felt a horrible and sickening
lurch in his stomach. A bright light filled his field of vision as another X-Wing intercepted the shot.
His eyes widened as fear gripped him, constricted his chest and chilled his blood, icy cold tendrils of terror caressing his skin like the sinister hands of a lover. *No.*

“POE!”

The Falcon managed to slip in, undetected. That was a small mercy. She had anticipated trouble in this stage of the mission, but it seemed that their distraction was working. She only hoped that Finn and Poe could keep the First Order distracted long enough to free General Organa. She felt better though, with Master Skywalker by her side. She could feel the pulse of the Force flowing from him, and it comforted her. It was a peaceful stream of energy, in direct contrast to the *other* predominant presence she could feel here.

She recognized the feel of Kylo Ren’s consciousness early on, even before the Finalizer was within sight. Differing greatly from Master Skywalker, *he* felt like an angry torrent of emotional upheaval, barely kept in check. It was maddening to try to block out. It was the same as it had been before, though perhaps if anything *stronger* now. The last time she had faced him, she had not understood the Force enough to know what she was experiencing. Now she did. His thoughts were *loud.* Projected over distances that most could never cross.

He was in pain. Constant, mental *agony,* always suffering. The turmoil of his mind was overwhelming, and it was hard to shut out. She felt a well of emotion for him, an understanding and a sense of compassion this time that she had not felt the last time. This time she understood. The Force was *consuming* him.

As she jumped down from the Millennium Falcon next to Skywalker, she looked around in a resurgence of awe. She had been on this ship once before, but the memory hadn’t done reality justice. It was an impressively expansive display of might, and she felt a twinge of fear in the face of it. They had manoeuvred the Falcon into a little used hanger, one that Finn had reported would give them the least amount of trouble. And with the fighters off dealing with the X-Wing pilots, it was all but deserted. Still, they had to duck quickly out sight as a trooper passed by. The Falcon would be discovered soon, they knew. They had to act quickly.

There was no time to sight see. Skywalker moved through the hallways with caution, motioning her to follow as he lead, carefully choosing places to hide whenever troopers marched through the corridors. He looked around him with a calm sense of purpose. There was a twinkle in his eye as
they leaned against a wall, out of sight for a moment around a sequestered corner. “Well... this is all rather familiar.” There was a hint of laughter in his voice as he spoke.

Rey eyed him with a raised brow. He certainly did look as though he knew what he was doing. “You've done this sort of thing before then, have you?” Her words were whispered as she looked around, following his head as he waved her to follow him. Continuing onward. She wasn't sure where he was going, but he moved through the hallways as though he knew the place. She could feel his mind reaching out, mapping the ship as he went, searching with the Force.

“Oh yes...” he smiled as he glanced in her direction, his attention split. “This isn't the first time Leia's been held hostage...” A peal of laughter came from him, a memory playing in his eyes. “In fact, it was a rather similar situation when she and I first met.” He looked like a man deeply engrossed for the moment in the past, a warm sense of nostalgia radiating from his mind as she watched him. The words, however, made her frown in momentary confusion.

“First met... I thought she was your sister?” That elicited a full chuckle from him, amusement showing across his face as he nodded. He continued to move through the hall, finding another spot to hide for a moment. Rey gripped her staff in hand as she too tried to keep her attention on their surroundings. “She is.” The answer did nothing to alleviate her confusion, but he did not seem apt to explain so she did not press the subject.

“She's near... I can sense her. Come on.” She marvelled at the bond that Skywalker and Organa had, the way that he could easily pick her out amidst the cacophony of other essences. The General had always had a gentle kind of aura to her, powerful but quiet, unobtrusive. She didn't know her well enough to be able to sense her the way Master Skywalker could. They turned around another corner, locked doors lining the walls.

Then she felt a horrible sense of dread fill her. A sinister wave of fear creeping over her like a shadow, darkening her vision and dotting her skin with goosebumps. “Wait.” She stopped dead in her tracks, horror coming into focus as she steadied her mind. Shot out a hand to grip her Master's with urgency. Immediately his attention was on her, his own mind freezing in place as concern narrowed his brow.

She could sense them. A scream pierced her mind, loud and painful, making her grip Luke's hand even tighter, her other hand moving to grasp at her head. Her eyes closed to blot out the images but she could still see it. Bright light. Pain. The face of Finn, screaming into the impassive void of space. “I can see... NO!” She wailed, pain flowing through her in a river, the Force swirling around her in an agonized cacophony. “No no no no no!” She thought she could feel something warm and sticky on Luke's hand where her nails dug in just a little too hard, her arms shaking.

“POE!”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!
Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)}
Who's the Master Now?

Chapter Summary

Kylo faces off against Rey in a battle of strength and wills. Will Rey be able to defeat him again, or will their Force connection be her undoing?

Chapter Notes

WARNING: MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH. This is an exceptionally sad chapter nothing is good and everything is bad.
Also I gave Leia a PINK LIGHTSABER because I can that's why.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The presences aboard the ship were becoming stifling. Loud. Distracting. A cacophony of minds,
radiating with Force power that threatened to drown his own thoughts. His mother was the least of his worries at the current moment. No. Now it was his Uncle that he needed to deal with. And even more disconcerting... the girl.

He swallowed back the lump of fear that threatened to engulf him as images flashed through his mind of the last time he had seen her. He could still see the blue of the lightsaber, the lightsaber that should rightfully have been his, streaking across his vision. Could hear the beat of her heart, feel her breath on his skin. Red filling his line of sight, humiliation burning itself into his face in a jagged and bloody scar.

He feared her. He could admit that, now. Could embrace it. If Hux had taught him anything, it was that fear was no enemy when it came to the Force. Fear was something to be harnessed, used. Not denied. He let it sweep over him, closing his eyes and letting his skin crawl and his back shudder as he felt the dread pooling in his gut. It turned his stomach. It focused his thoughts.

He would use this. He would defeat her.

He stalked through the halls of the ship, power pulsing through his veins and flowing through his body. He was radiating it. Dwelling in it. The Force was thick about him like a mantel, and he gripped it in hand as he went. He knew which way to go. How to find her. Her mind was a beating, thriving thing. It was filled with a sense of purpose, of self-righteousness and determination. But beneath that he could feel the thrum of her heart beating in tandem with his own. She was afraid, too.

As he rounded a bend in the hallway, the Force growing louder and louder in his ears like the rush of a river, she came into view. She had been waiting for him. Of course, she could sense him as much as he could sense her. For a moment the two stood, paces away from each other, staring at each other. The seconds that lingered between them felt like eternity, as his eyes took in hers. The resentment she felt for him. The fear. The compassion.

Without saying a word he reached up with his hands to remove the helmet. This was personal. As with Hux, this was intimate. This was something that needed to be faced head on, with vulnerability. The helmet clattered to the ground as she met his eyes, her face impassive. But her thoughts said what her face did not. She was drawn to him as much as she was repulsed by him. He knew this, now. And she could hear him as clearly as he could hear her. There was a confidence written in her eyes that had not been there the last time they had met, and a haunted fear in his. Their positions had been reversed, and both of them could sense it.

They moved as though connected, each igniting their sabers at once. Linked, by forces stronger than themselves. He noticed for a brief moment that she had modified her lightsaber, and felt a stab of repulsion flow through him. How dare she have desecrated that lightsaber, gutting it and transforming it for her own selfish gain? He grimaced as the red of his own weapon filled his vision, and within moments the two of them had come together.

Sparks flew as saber met saber. He pushed against her. She pushed back. Their eyes were locked as surely as their weapons. She broke free, flinging her arms up and wrenching the staff in a half circle, causing him to stumble backwards. Fear thrummed through him, and he could sense her own thrill at gaining the first upper hand. Her teeth gritted, grinding against each other. Her brow set in a scowl. A smile jerked at the corner of his mouth, lopsided and crazed. A bark of laughter escaped his throat as he lunged at her again.

“You're enjoying this.” The blades met once, twice. And again. She ducked in a whirl and swung the staff around towards his back. He spun to meet the strike with his blade. Each time they met they
sparked, the air filled with the sound of the hum of the raw energy. “You aren’t the underdog anymore. You’ve become more powerful. And you’re enjoying it.” His eyes searched hers, his mind reaching out to caress hers. He could feel the pulse of power. She had learned light side techniques of control, but there was a torrent of desire just waiting to be unleashed.

Anguish rippled in her mind, beneath the surface. Anger. His smile widened as she flung him aside, wrenching on the staff and throwing him against a wall with a pulse of Force power. His back ached as he crashed into the metal siding, the impact reverberating through his bones. He grinned. Accepted the pain. Let it rush through him. The lights flickered.

Hux had taught him very different methods of control. And they all involved embracing pain. Fear. Humiliation. She rushed at him again, and the blue of her blade came crashing down towards him, caught against the flash of red. The light illuminated his face, casting an eerie glow on his features. “You want to kill me.” The words breathed through a crazed kind of masochistic glee.

He could see the struggle on her face. The war between what she had been taught and the emotions that were threatening to overwhelm her. He had gone through such a struggle once, himself. He pushed with the blade, bringing his saber up to launch another series of attacks as he careened away from the dent his back had left in the wall behind him.

“I’m in control.” The words sounded uncontrolled, barely restrained as she forced them out through gritted teeth. A thrill of satisfaction rushed through him. This was more personal than last time. He could feel it radiating off of her. With a screamed cry of uncontrolled anger she showered him in sparks, blades flashing in quick succession. His mind reached out to grasp hold of her thoughts with every collision of sabers. Her mind was throbbing with loss.

“The pilot?” His tongue darted out to wet his lips as he considered the ache of death that reverberated through her. “I didn’t kill him.” The intrusion on her thoughts caused the flash of Force vision to come again, forcing her back through the experience of the moment Poe had died. And this time, he felt it too, connected to the pilot through his connection to her. It was a familiar sensation. He was intimately accustomed to the effect of death on the mind of a Force user. It felt as though a blackness swept through him, an empty hole that gnawed at his head and surged through his veins. The pain and fear of the pilot himself, the instant he died. She screamed again. He let the horror wash over him.

“Everything you stand for killed him.” This was good. Her mind was clouding, the torrent of Force just waiting to swallow her whole only barely held back by the techniques taught by Master Skywalker. She was teetering on the edge. “Just like you tried to kill me.” A new rush of memories. A small girl. A small girl he had seen often in his dreams and his nightmares, guilt that threatened to crush him. But this time he was looking out through her eyes. He was looking at a ship, leaving the atmosphere. He felt the sand whirl around him, the heat from the sun beating down on him. The horror of knowing he had been left to die.

The hum of lightsabers and a crash of sparks brought him back to the present. He ducked to avoid a blow that hurled into the wall above him, before a hand shot out to force push her backwards. Her stance widened to resist, but she was forced back several paces. He took another swing, crashing his blade downwards from above. She met the blow, but screamed again as the crossguard dug into her shoulder. The smell of first blood filled the air around them, like a cloud of copper and pain.

He could feel the pain as though the saber had cut into his own shoulder. Their experiences were connected, and for a moment it was hard to tell where his mind ended and hers began. He could hear their hearts, beating in tandem, and their breath coming in the same panting gasps. In. Out.
“Let that anger consume you. *Embrace the pain.*” His arms pushed down against her, digging the crossguard deeper into her. Overcoming her resistance. The pain lanced through his body and they screamed as though of one mind. All it would take was one more push to overcome her.

He felt her mind give way to his own. It seemed to bend, to break under the weight of his own. She had been taught to *resist* anger and hatred. He had been taught to *live in it.* The force of his will eclipsed her, and he could feel her mind slipping away inside of her, cowed by the strength of Force that whirled around her and beat through her like a drum. Hatred. Fear. Agony. He wrenched the lightsaber free of her shoulder in a spray of blood, the smell of melting flesh heavy in his nostrils. Her staff fell to the floor and she stood, motionless before him. Her eyes blackened and blank.

When Luke's eyes met Leia's, there was a swell of emotion that passed between them. Unspoken, but immediately understood with an intimacy that spoke to years of separation. Relief, longing, *missing* and love. Both had sensed the tension in the Force. Both knew that what was about to take place was going to be a devastating end. Both were ready to face it together.

Luke stepped towards her, a sad smile warming his features as his arms went out to clasp her hands in his. Immediately he felt her presence rush into him as he pressed a kiss to her cheek, lips feeling her skin. Rougher now than when last he’d kissed his sister, and worn with age and stress, but still full of life. She returned the embrace, her hands gripping at his in a dependant and urgent kind of need. Each taking solace in their connection to the other.

“You escaped on your own.” He blurted out the words, to a snort of half laughter from her. “You wouldn't have fit into a Stormtrooper's uniform anymore.” Fingers playfully poked at his belly, now much wider in girth than it had been in his youth. He smiled with a wry kind of humour as he shrugged. “Well we can't all stay eternally beautiful. You haven't aged a day.” After a moment his expression turned grim again, reaching into the folds of his robe to draw out a lightsaber that neither of them had seen in a long time.

*Luke still remembered it like it was yesterday. Guiding his sister through making her own lightsaber, personalized for her. It fit her grip like a glove, the rivets in the hilt lined up with her fingers. A delicate and light shade of silver. She had engraved it with the symbols of her house, the now destroyed house of Organa. The crystal had been personal. A shard of crystalline taken from the*
asteroid field that was the wreckage of her former home. Of Alderaan.

But when she had switched it on for the first time, a blade springing to life with the hum of her history and her legacy, light rose in colour, she had turned it off again immediately. “This was a mistake...” Her lips formed the words, but they carried volume, breathed with a kind of reverence and hesitation. “I’m not what you are, Luke. I’m not a Jedi.”

“You’re just as Force sensitive as I am, Leia.” Luke had frowned, his brow pursed as he tried to reach out to her, to calm her. To see what it was that she saw that made her shake her head. “I know. But this isn't my path. This isn't what I want.” The now dormant saber had been pressed into his hand, her fingers moving to close his around the cool metal casing. “You will rebuild the Jedi order. I am confidant in you.”

Now she took the hilt that she had abandoned so many years ago, when the Empire had newly been defeated and there had been peace and optimism in the Galaxy. This time her hand wrapped around it with confidence, pulling it to her side as her thumb switched on the blade. It sprang to life, bright rose coloured and vibrant. Determination set her features.

“Where is my son, Luke?”

This was it. He was prepared for it. He had been preparing for it for years. He knew that he had it in him to do this, to finally rid himself of all pull to the light. Wind whipped around him, his hair caressing his face like the hand of a lover as he felt the tug on his consciousness. Felt the growing twin presences of both his mother... and his uncle.

He had known Luke would be here. Master Skywalker. He had felt him, had felt his mind and his intent. He knew who had been training Rey. But now that it was about to begin, he was having trouble keeping focus. His old Master was coming nearer. He looked to his side to see the now docile and waiting form of Rey. She was still, but her body was tense. On edge. Ready to spring back into action at a moment's notice. Her eyes were nothing but inky blackness, the whites disappeared behind the control he had on her mind. She was his, now. To use. She had let him in.

He wondered for a brief moment what it felt like. Was she locked inside of her own mind, screaming for release? Or was she revelling in the newly unleashed power that was now flowing through her in torrents, like he was? Did she feel pain from where he had cut into her, the air thick with the smell of blood and fear? Or was she numb to it now? Reaching out to her mind with tendrils of the Force he locked in on her. Saw the world through her eyes for a brief moment. Felt the rush of intoxicating blood lust and anger, pulsing through her like a toxin. She felt alive.
“Ben. What have you done?”

He heard Luke's voice break his mind out of Rey's body, and in unison both youths turned to see the siblings. Kylo and Rey's sabers both sprang to life, red and blue energies thrumming with satisfaction. He didn't waste time speaking. He knew more than well what both of them would have to say. Instead with a roar of enraged passion, he strode towards his uncle with a swing of his lightsaber.

Red sparked against green in an instant. Rey's staff whirled through the air as she too leapt into the fray, and the blue of her blade met the rose of Leia's. Unlike Kylo, she was silent. Dispassioned. Unseeing eyes starred out at her opponent as her arms worked to move the weapon in spiralling blows that the Princess hurried to dodge.

“What have you done to her, Ben?” Luke's words stabbed at him as he ducked underneath the swing of his former Master's lightsaber, manoeuvring himself around to swing at his back. The Jedi's hand went out to grasp at the Force, throwing up a barrier of energy just in time to turn around and face him.

“I've enlightened her, Master.” Kylo's voice was cool and controlled despite the never ending hurricane that was his thoughts and his emotions, crashing against his mind unceasingly. The way he used Skywalker's former title was mocking and bitter. He reached out to touch his uncle's mind, only for Skywalker to push him out again, the Force hurling him backwards as he dug in his heels.

“Ben! That's enough!” Leia. Leia's voice. It had been years since he had last heard it. A heart wrenching feeling, deep in his gut, made him falter for a moment. Leia was still parrying Rey, blow by blow, their body's entwined in a deadly dance of force. Rey moved like a droid, with precise and almost programmed movements, as though in a trance. She did not speak.

“I don't want to hurt either of you.” Leia's voice was strained and tense, her teeth gritted, but there were tears in her eyes as she pushed the girl off of her with a twist of her arm. “Ben. Please.” Leia ducked underneath a swing from Rey to move herself closer to her son, and Kylo cringed as he felt her presence, her smothering, stifling love reaching out for him. Threw up mental barriers to block them. The lights exploded down the hall, one after the other, in a shower of sparks until the corridor was bathed in darkness. The lightsabers the only source of illumination.

Rey's eyes starred out of the darkness, black and glassy. Kylo was panting, breath coming in short bursts punctuated by guttural cries of frustrated rage. He moved to jab the red of his blade towards his uncle's chest. Rey was moving around to cut off Leia, her unseeing eyes intent upon her prey. There was an anguished cry of agony as his saber caught his former Master in the side. Kylo could see the pain in the pair's eyes. The hurt. The betrayal. A cruel sneer spread on his lips as he reached out with the Force, to grasp at that pain. That emotional upheaval. He would use it. To make himself stronger. He felt as though the universe were rushing into him, crawling through him.

He twisted his hand. He could see simultaneously out of Rey's eyes as well. She had Leia cornered, backed against a wall, and his mother was too kind, too empathetic to use the strength that was rushing through her. Rey's staff was barring Leia's exit, the energy blade of the saber inches from her face. That was good. He didn't want Rey to kill her. He needed that for himself.

His attention turned back to his own body, seeing through his own eyes again. Luke's hand went out to send a blast of Force power, separate himself from his attacker. That power wrenched on him, tearing at his right arm, still gripping the lightsaber. In a horrific moment of sheer agony he felt something in his arm snap, bones breaking with a sickening sound of crunching and the snap of
ligaments. The corridor was thick with the smell of blood as his arm was torn clean at the elbow, the spray painting the floors and the walls. The lightsaber clattered to the ground.

But this pain would be the Jedi's undoing.

His screams pounded in his mind, his heart beat rushing through his ears like the drums of war. With a clenching of his fingertips he felt power crackling into lightning, rippling across his hand and flowing over his skin. The surge of energy launched itself at his enemy, and he could smell the scent of flesh burning and tearing as the sound of crackling filled the room. Vaguely he was aware of Leia's shrieks, as she felt each stab of pain in her brother. Another thrust of the Force and Kylo brought Luke forcibly to his knees before him. Bent to pick up his lightsaber, his right hand still clutched around the hilt.

Pain rocked his mind, poured itself through his body like molten starstuff as he thrust his lightsaber through the Jedi's neck. Tears drenched his face even as he hollered, the raw sound echoed in the voice of his mother.

“Who's the Master now?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;}
I Did What You Could Not

Chapter Summary

The battle between Kylo Ren and Leia Organa is reaching a conclusion. Will Kylo be able to kill the last of the love in his life in favor of a life in the darkness? Or will Hux have to step in?

Chapter Notes

WARNING: MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hux didn’t believe in fate. Not really. He knew that the Force existed, though it did not impress him in the same way it impressed others. He did not fear it. His relationship with Kylo Ren had been
strained from the very start due to that fact. But he certainly did not believe in a mystical, all knowing power that ran through the universe and pulled the strings to peoples destinies. And, in fact, if such a power did exist, he was hellbent on defying it. If Jedi and Sith were meant to play the chords that moved the Galaxy, he would defy them all.

If fate said that Supreme Leader Snoke should rule by the force of his power, then he would steal that very power out from under him. Wrapping Kylo Ren around his fist on a proverbial leash was only the beginning of his ambitions. A weapon by which to spit in the face of so-called gods. But as he neared the sight of the battle, he could feel that ancient power as though it cast a physical presence, a shadow lurking around the corners and twisting in his gut. It was the closest he had ever come to fearing the Force.

The sounds of lightsabers rang through the ship, and there was a smell of burnt ozone and charred energies that lingered through the corridors. He could feel them. All three of them, powers connecting and resisting and pushing at one another in a sequence of cacophonous and chaotic motions. His skin prickled as he moved closer to the scene.

When it unfolded before him, he sucked in a quick breath, hissing between clenched teeth. Across the large chasm in the ship, behind the safety railings, was quite a sight to behold. Kylo Ren, his mask off and his nose bloodied, face contorted into a permanent expression of rage and pain. The red of his saber flashing against the softer, more serene colour of rose as his mother parried his blows with a lightsaber of her own. She was on the defensive, not attacking, only protecting. He could not hear what was said as her lips moved, but he could feel the presence of her, the aching need in her, rolling off of her in waves. A mother's love for a murderous son. Forgiveness for the unforgivable.

It almost made him want to laugh in the same breath as it made him curse. He realized in an instant that Kylo Ren had been right about Organa, though he would certainly never tell the boy that. He had underestimated her power. Her resolve. Even as her brother, the famed hero of the Rebellion, lay dead on the ground. Blood covered the floors, the walls, the people. Kylo himself was bleeding, clutching a bloodied arm to his chest. Hux felt a sick twist of fascination as he realized he had lost a hand. Swinging with his left now, he was held back by the loss of his dominant arm, and his movements were slower and clumsier than was the norm.

But his Knight did have one advantage. The girl at his side was wielding her own saber, curiously modelled as a staff, not against him but for him. He could detect no emotion in her face, and her eyes were glassy. She was under Kylo's control. That.... could be useful. The both of them were cornering the enemy General, who didn't have the resolve to fight back. For all the power that coursed through her, she was hobbled by her inability to lift a hand against her son. Foolish. Such sentimentality was for the weak.

When the General was cornered, her back against the wall, the two dark Force users closing in on her, Kylo stopped. Rey stopped, in tandem with the Knight's emotional pull. He stood over his mother, saber at the ready, but did not move. Hux narrowed his eyes as he looked out over the distance that separated them, glaring down at the pair of them. Words were being exchanged, no doubt Organa was trying to sway her son, bring him back. Words of love and of acceptance. That simply would not do.

“Finish it, whelp! That's an order!” He called out, voice carrying across the distance to the dark Knight's ears. Kylo turned to look at him, his eyes widening. His face was an expression of terror and of conflict before he looked back to the woman pinned to the wall. Rey was motionless at his side, her mind in a stasis. She needed his command to move her.
Hux watched the turmoil written upon Kylo's face with an uncaring sneer. *He can't do it,* he realized with a cruel twist of disgust in his stomach. *The little fuck can't do it.*

*I'm going to have to take matters into my own hands.*

Kylo loomed over the shaking form of his mother. She was breathing heavily, her hair slicked with sweat from the strain of the battle, from fighting off the saber blows dealt by her own son. But despite the imminent danger to her life, she did not go on the offensive. All of her movements were intended to block, to defend. She would not attack him.

He felt his lungs heave as he drew in breath after breath, throat raw from shouting incoherent cries of rage and frustrated impotence. He wanted her to come at him. To attack him. To *hurt* him. Then he could justify destroying her. But just like his father... she wouldn't. She was still looking at him with those *damned* compassionate eyes, eyes that spoke to him of love and *healing.* He could not bare the sight of it.

“Ben... please.” Her lips turned into a smile. How *dare* she smile at a time like this... she didn't have the *right* to smile, so lovingly, so *empathetically.* “Release Rey. Come home with me. We can *escape* from the First Order... I can get you the help you need.” After all this time, after everything he had done, she still thought he could be redeemed. Could be *cured.* He felt his teeth grinding against each other as he grimaced, shaking his head. The pull of her love, the Force rushing out from her like warmth, like comfort, was overwhelming. It beat against him in waves. Then he heard it.

*Hux.*

“Finish it, *whelp!* That's an *order!"* Hux. Hux who demeaned him and diminished him. Who put him through pain and suffering and humiliating agony. Hux who drew out the Force from within him like a faucet. Hux, who knew Kylo's *place* and routinely *put him there. That* was what he needed. What he *yearned* for.

But as he turned back towards his mother, he found his body frozen. Unmoving. He could not make his arm reach forward to thrust the saber through her body the way he had his Uncle. The way he had his father. He couldn't. He didn't have it in him to reject his mother's unflinching, unconditional, undeserved love. She was going to win. To bend his will to hers, to drown him in affection if he didn't pull away. Panic welled up within him. *Help me!* His thoughts were a torrent of chaotic screaming, loud inside of his own mind, trapped. *I need help, I can't... please save me! Someone!*

Something tugged at his mind, a pull from the Force. He turned to look across the chasm to where Hux was still standing on the other side of a railing, looking down at them with a scowl of derision and distaste. The fury in his eyes was deeper than Kylo could remember seeing it before. His own
eyes widened, time seemingly coming to a standstill as he watched Hux methodically remove his gloves. Finger by finger, each tug a sensual and intimate pull that stripped him of that impersonal air he wore at all times like a mantel. The gloves were pulled free. Kylo couldn't remember ever seeing his bare hands before.

And then there was a blaster gripped in his right hand, and Kylo's heart sank at the same moment that relief rushed through him. The blaster was pointed outward, his arm reaching across the gulf between them. As the bolt was fired with expert precision and perfect aim, he felt it. The gut wrenching reaction of the Force as his mother died, struck through the brow with a blaster bolt. Pain engulfed him, agony blossoming across his own head and mind, and he screamed, clutching at his skull with his hand. Tears wet his face, drenching him through as he processed this distortion in the Force. When he looked up again, Hux had left the railing.

As he stood panting, his breath returning in quick gasps, he heard a blood curdling shriek. There was a clattering sound as Rey's staff fell to the ground. Looking to the scavenger, he saw horror widening her eyes, eyes that could see again, eyes that understood. Reaching out with the Force he heard her thoughts, felt her emotions as they thrashed within her, her hands raised to grasp her face in shocked abhorrence.

“No...No! NOO!” She shook, falling to her knees as she took in the devastation, the blood, the corpses that lay between them. “What did you make me do... What have I helped you to do. What have I done!” Tears swelled in her eyes, falling from her like a tempest as she wailed, clawing at her skin until blood seeped from nail marks across her face. Kylo did not answer her. He was emotionally spent, drained. He could not feel for her, though her pain washed over him like a tidal wave. It was moments before he heard the clamour of Stormtrooper uniforms and the clip of the General's boots on the cold surface of the floor. When he looked to him, he was met with a face just as emotionless as the impassive masks of the troopers.

“Take her into custody. Get Force inhibitors on her, but I want her alive.” The girl was too shell shocked to resist as the Stormtroopers grasped her by the arms, careful to step around the still lit saber on the ground. Bindings were placed on her wrists. She did not put up a struggle, screaming and crying, her eyes staring the entire time at the bodies of those she had once looked up to.

Kylo's attention was wrenched away from the scene as Hux strode up to him, grasping the ruined and bloody stump of his arm in his naked hand. He screamed as the General pulled it upwards, inspecting it with a cold and disinterested calculation. His eyes locked with his own, Hux glaring with icy disapproval. All Kylo could think as he gasped for breath and fought past the pain to stay lucid, was that he didn't think that Hux had ever touched him with his own naked hands before now.

“You couldn't kill her.” The General's voice bit into him, shame and guilt clouding his mind. No. He hadn't been able to do it. At the most important moment, he had failed. Again. His head slumped over backwards, his eyes screwed tight as he swallowed back wave upon wave of intense agony.

“...No. I couldn't, General.” Even as he choked out the words through gritted teeth he found himself screaming again as his arm was twisted in Hux's grip, red spilling over his pale fingers. “You begged me for permission to do so, and when it came to it, you couldn't even do it. But I did it for you. I did what you could not. Aren't you grateful, cur?”

Kylo nodded quickly, whimpers and gasps pulled from his throat like mewling moans of pleasure and of agony. “Yes...yes General. Thank you. Thank you.” Hux's hand squeezed tighter. The sound of liquid hitting the floor could be heard, wet and viscous. He spoke slowly now, softly, so that Kylo had to strain to hear him. Forcing him to pay close attention. “Snoke will be your next target. You
will *not* fail me next time.” The words were a statement, not a question. Kylo hastened to nod again.

“*Yes General.*”

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Finn wasn't sure what had transpired aboard the Finalizer. He only knew that after Poe's death, he hadn't been able to hail anyone. No word from Luke, or Rey. He could only assume they were dead as well. The rescue mission had been a failure. There was nothing left, not for him.

He had been fleeing for he wasn't certain how many weeks now. It had been time enough. He had managed to make it out of First Order space and find a halfway station out in the middle of no man's land, after a spot of luck. There he had sold the X-Wing and the droid for credits. He needed to put as much distance as he could between him and the First Order, and that was accomplished by hiring ships from one space station to the next. He didn't mind what obscure Outer Rim planet he ended up on. Just as long as the First Order couldn't find him.

He knew that he could have gone back to the Resistance. Reported on the failure of the mission and the loss of the lives of the mission operatives. But he was tired. He hadn't wanted to join the Resistance in the first place, his initial instinct having been to flee while it was still possible to flee. He had been convinced otherwise. By Rey. By Poe. By the promise of family and purpose. Now, it was looking as though he had been right in the beginning. The only people he loved in the Galaxy were dead, and he was not far behind them if he couldn't escape the First Order now.

Besides, in the weeks that followed those events, there had been a political shift in the Galaxy. General Hux was using his capture of the Resistance General Organa to it's fullest extent, and images of her in binders were flaunted on First Order broadcasts Galaxy wide. Many Republic planets had surrendered in the name of Organa. There were still many in the Galaxy who regarded her as a figurehead, a monarch. Nobody wanted to see her put to death at First Order hands. And it wasn't as though the seeds of fear and doubt hadn't already been planted. Starkiller may have been destroyed, but the fear of the First Order still remained. This was only icing on the proverbial cake.

The Resistance was loosing supporters by the day. He knew he had to keep his head down. If it got out that he had belonged to the Resistance... or worse, that he was a First Order defector, well. He wasn't certain what the bounty on his head might be, but he knew that the First Order wasn't going to just let him escape without attempting to retrieve him. And now he didn't have the Resistance to be a protection.

It was a big Galaxy. And Finn was on his own.
Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)

Chapter Summary

With the Resistance all but defeated and the Republic well within his grasp, all that is left for Hux now is send his wardog after the Supreme Leader himself. Will Kylo Ren be able to defeat his old Master?

Chapter Notes

A quick note on this chapter: This chapter HEAVILY features Darkside Rey and her fall under Kylo Ren's power. This is not a good fate for her, it is a complete invasion and dismantling of her person and personal agency. I will reiterate that this fic is intended to be dark, disturbing, and a look at a “what if the bad guys won” scenario. This is not something I would condone for canon. I love Rey and want to see her succeed okay? She just.. doesn't, in this fic, and it was heartwrenching to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Kylo was kneeling, prostrated on hands and knees in the darkened room. There was nothing but a dim light that cast shadows across his tormentors face and made the silver of the jewellery glint with a malevolent shine. Three rings... each embedded in his flesh, marking him as the property of another. Reminding him of his place. He could feel each one of them, his front low to the ground, and his cock aching and pulling.

“That's it... stay right there like that for me. That's a good boy.” There were delicate chains attached to each ring, keeping him securely fixed in place. They weren't strong chains, but the pain afforded by even the slightest hint of movement sent rippling shudders along his body. The room was filled with the sound of the low and constant whine that he could not help but make, deep in the back of his throat as he felt the General's cruel hands exploring him. Each movement across his skin made his body shake, met with throbs of pain through each torturous piercing in his flesh.

“G..General.” The address was mewled from his lips as he tried to remain motionless. Leather fingers ran along his sides with an almost affectionate tenderness before a hand moved to push inward on the plug in his ass. His body lurched forward in response, a cry of pain clawing it's way out his throat as the piercings tugged at him, reminding him of their presence. “You'll have to stay perfectly still...” Hux's voice purred through his senses as he shook, drawing in shaking breath after shaking breath. “We wouldn't want those rings to tear, now.”

He focused on breath. Long, slow breaths that calmed him as he felt the plug being pulled, and then pushed. Whining moans streamed from him as he fought to stay still, fear shooting through him at the prospect of the rings accidentally being torn free. He could feel his cock twitch at the thought, pain lancing through the tip of it. The plug moved deeper as another hand stayed firmly on his hip, mercifully helping him to stay in place.

“Good... you're doing so well.” His cheeks flushed at the words of praise from Hux's lips as an appreciative whimper left his own. He so wanted to do well. To do well for Hux. The hand left the plug, moving to run soothing caresses down his ass and thighs. “You're so beautiful for me, pup.”

Hux's hands moved now around his shoulders, teasing sensitive flesh. Sharp stabs of pain shot through his nipples before he managed to still himself, arms shaking from holding his own weight. A hand ran down his right arm, gently touching the place where flesh met metal. “And it looks as though the new mechanical arm is holding out rather well, isn't it?” He had lost track of how long he had been on hands and knees like this, testing to see if the new arm's strength would match the real thing. A hand reached into his hair to stroke him softly, and he found himself leaning into it despite the pain those hands were causing him, despite the utter humiliation. “There we go..”

That voice was so soft, so calming. So tender and kind... he felt the hands roaming his skin and felt a yearning rush through him. Lips trembled as he strained to turn his head, gasping as the movement caused more pain, the chains pulling taught. “Please... please General, please touch me.” His eyes were wide and imploring as he quivered under the gloved touch. Hux frowned, raising a brow at him in contemplation. “I am touching you.” The reply made Kylo whimper again, biting his lip as he shook his head slightly. His whole body was shaking, limbs aching and rings screaming.

“Without the gloves... please? General... please...” He wanted to feel Hux's bare fingers across his skin. Wanted to feel that last layer that Hux constantly kept between them stripped away. There was a scoffing sound as the ginger barked a laugh at the request, and Kylo thought for a moment that he was going to be punished for daring to ask. Presumption. But then he felt the hands lift off of him for a few moments before black leather was tossed in front of his face, resting on the ground next to the
latches that chained him down.

“Only since you sound so pretty when you beg.” Skin on skin. The feel of naked fingers being dragged across his back, lightly, teasingly and playfully. Then more firmly, pressing into him. He felt a swell of raw emotion and almost choked on the tears that began to spill from him, sobs of awe as he was overcome by the beauty of that simple, naked touch. Hux’s hands moved to clasp the sides of his face as the man came to stand over him, turning him to look up into his eyes. Tears were flowing liberally from his eyes as he felt the man’s fingers explore his lips, forcing them open, pressing his thumb down on his tongue. The taste of flesh, not leather.

He was crying openly, whimpering and blubbering as tears streaked his cheeks. The smile Hux turned on him was so beautiful, and all he’d ever wanted. He felt a rush of eager expectancy as Hux pulled his face gently forward. “Open up, now, pup.”

It had been a week since her capture, and Rey's mind was a whirlwind of conflicting thoughts and emotions. Raw, agonizing hatred that consumed her and filled her with nothing but pain and remorse. She hated Kylo Ren. Hated the First Order and everything it stood for. That hatred, that anger, was eating her alive from the inside out. She could feel it crawling under her skin like a parasite, voracious in its appetite for her flesh. And she let it, filled with an insatiable fascination and curiosity to see just how far it would go. How much of her it would consume.

Bitterness. Grief. She thought of Luke Skywalker and Leia Organa, dead at her feet, and her vision went red. Kylo Ren had made her participate in their slaughter. But that was only a piece of the picture, and she knew it. She had allowed him to do so. She had let her own anger overtake her, invade her. And it had resulted in the loss of herself. And now she sat in a cold cell, waiting for what was to come. The guards had removed the Force inhibitors at Kylo Ren's command after time had passed enough that her screams and tears and dried themselves out. Now she felt a curious sense of calm as she let her exhausted emotions do as they would.

There was no use fighting the anger and the hatred any longer. There was nothing to fight for. So she let it tear through her like knives through flesh, her emotions seeping from her like blood. She could feel the Force whirling around her now. There was a power as vibrant and living as electric currants rushing through her the more she wallowed, the more she allowed herself to feel.

And this was what Kylo Ren was talking about, this was what he had meant. The light side teachings had all been about repressing her emotions, stifling them, denying them. This, this was what it truly meant to not hold back the power that was at her fingertips. To allow the rage she felt it's place, it's due. To feel power rush through herself in tandem with the hatred and the grief.

Kylo Ren had been right. This felt right. She hated him for what he had done, but she knew that she
needed him as much as he needed her. Skywalker had told her that their fates would be wrapped up with each other. Entwined by the pull of blood and the power of the Force. She would follow him, loving him as fiercely as she hated him. Visions swept through her, images of the Knights of Ren surrounding her, touching her, accepting her. Becoming one with them.

Then images of Snoke. She knew his name, breathed into her ears by an unseen voice, whispers of the power that loomed above the First Order. Kylo Ren was going to defeat him. To destroy the greatest evil in the Galaxy. And she would help him. She knew this as certainly as she knew her own name. It did not have to be discussed. Kylo Ren would come to her, and when he did, he would initiate her into his order. They both knew this to be true.

There was a sense of relief in her, that the events that tied up the fate of the Galaxy were about to reach a conclusion. Balance would be restored. A grim determination set her features as she waited for the inevitable, power coursing through her skin in waves of pain, electric bursts leaping from her skin and leaving scars in their wake. She did not even scream. This was all according to plan, as decided by the cosmos themselves.

She could not even feel it when her eyes glassed over again, black as tar. The end was coming.

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Kylo could hear the soft intake of breath as Hux took a drag on the cigarra. The smell of spice and smoke filling the room made a thrill of anxious anticipation run down his spine. He could feel himself stiffen, the triggered response now to that unspoken promise of pain and derision. But Hux was not interested in using him again, his lust well sated. Kylo would have to go unsatisfied.

“Just how much Force potential does this girl have?” The question was asked as a hand, now gloved again, moved with an idle kind of affection through his hair. Kylo thought with a bitter smile that the caress was likely more for his own benefit than out of any real warmth from his Master, but he accepted it with eagerness all the same. Smoke was thick on Hux’s breath as he spoke, and he could just feel the heat from the end of the cigarra lingering inches from his face. He wanted to beg him to hurt him. Instead he focused on the question posed.

“Rey is very strong in the Force. Her power rivals my own.” The admission was drawn from his lips with some reluctance. In truth, Rey’s power more than rivalled his. She was in all likelihood just as if not more powerful than himself. But he didn't want to tell Hux that. Something in him was afraid, afraid that the General would leave him in favour of a stronger weapon, a more powerful and dangerous war dog. He shifted where he knelt, moving a hand between his legs to touch himself. Feel for the ring that marked him as Hux’s property. The cold feel of metal against his skin was a comfort.

There was another sharp intake of breath, and another exhale of smoke that hung thick around his head. He choked back a coughing fit as the General continued to speak. “Then are you certain this
induction is a good idea? Can you be sure that you can control her?” Kylo winced at the disdain that coloured his tone of voice. He knew it was not undeserved. He had fucked up enough times now that his abilities being called into question was to be expected.

“I can. Her mind is open to me.” Kylo spoke with a calm he did not feel, working to keep down the whine that threatened to claw it's way past his vocal chords. He wanted to live up to Hux's expectations. He was determined to do so. “She will make a powerful addition to the Knights.”

“Then let me be perfectly clear.” The hand laced through his hair slowly tightened it's grip, until he could feel sharp pricks of pain along his scalp as he head was pulled backwards. “As your apprentice, she is your responsibility. I will hold you personally responsible for her actions. If something goes wrong, and she betrays me, it will be on you. Do you understand me?” Images came to his mind of what Hux might do to him if he failed in this. He saw himself screaming, in the throws of agony. A malevolent Hux standing over him with a knife, a twinkle of sadistic ire in his eyes. Skin separating from flesh under the General's merciless attentions. Were these images projections from Hux's mind? Or where they the product of his own imagination? Kylo could not be sure.

He hastened to nod, looking up into the man's eyes with new understanding. “Yes General.” He would do everything he could to put this man on the throne. He had come too far now, cut too many ties and burned too many bridges to go back to the way he was before. Hux had remade him. He would not fail.

The hand grasping him by the hair pulled just a little tighter, and he watched as the man's eyes narrowed, a sardonic sneer pulling at his lips. “Oh no, dog. I don't think that's quite right anymore, is it? I think it's time you learned a new form of address.” Kylo's tongue darted out to wet his lips, a thrill of breathless desire rushing through him. Again, he nodded, feeling the pull against his scalp even as he did so.

“Yes, my Lord Emperor.”

They were assembled. The newest member of the group stood calmly, waiting with patience and a sense of purpose. She was dressed all in black, the fabric falling across her in waves of silk, leaving nothing but her arms bare, twisting and dancing scars red and angry as blue lightning crackled in her skin. Half of her face was covered in a mask, from the nose down. Hair tied in a braid that circled her head like a crown. She was a like a storm, waiting to be unleashed. Everyone who stood near her could feel the Force power emanating from her. Her eyes were deep wells of black, that pulled one in to drown and suffocate.

Their thoughts were almost like a hive mind, a conglomerate of consciousness that moved with fluidity between each of them, and Rey's new acceptance to the group had only strengthened them. Where one began another ended, and their emotional states where an assimilation of each and every
There was tension and a sense of anticipation amongst the other Knights of Ren. The six of them knew that big changes were about to happen. They had each seen visions. Their Master did not need to tell them for them to know, so intimately connected by the Force as they were.

The Supreme Leader was to be eliminated. All they needed was the word from their Master.

When it came, moving through their minds like a rushing wave, loud and roaring, them moved as one. They had been waiting, waiting for Kylo Ren to give them the signal to rush in, weapons drawn.

Kylo stood on the dais, looking up at the man who had trained him, given him knowledge of the Force and the ability to wield it. He felt nothing, no emotions as he stared up at the raised throne where one of the most powerful Force users in all of the Galaxy sat. He was not as impressive in person as he was over the holo communications. He was tall, but not giant as he preferred to project himself. He was a man, flesh and blood like any other. He could be bled.

As the holo projection of General Hux blinked out at his side, he was left with a chilling feeling of being alone. A twinge of fear shot through him, moving the Force around him like a cold breeze. His former Master had known that this was coming. There was no possible way he could not have known. Force visions and portents of his own death doubtless clung heavily to him like thick smoke. Like every darkside user, he knew his time had it's limits.

“So now you turn on me, my apprentice. I suppose your Knights are waiting for my blood?” Snoke rose from the throne on which he sat. A poor throne, on an obscure and deserted planet, indicative of the true farce of his authority. Kylo could feel the desperation rolling off of him, his pride and his lust for power and rulership. In many ways he was similar to Hux in that regard, desire for blood and dominion almost intoxicating to tap into. But while Hux was on his way up... Snoke's mind felt old. Decaying. He was on his way down. Still, that fear of his Master still hedged around the corners of his mind, twisting in his stomach. Wounded, desperate animals where often the most dangerous of all.

“The very Knights I gave to you.” As the Force user stood, the dark cloak that shrouded his form was shrugged off, cast aside to the ground like so much excess weight and baggage. Pale blue skin riddled with the scars of a past Kylo had no knowledge of, his skin melted and contorted around his facial features. His lips had turned in a cold sneer that revealed sharp and pointed teeth. “The very power I gave to you, you will turn it on me.”

Kylo closed his eyes for a moment, his mind reaching out for the Knights. His Knights. He felt the
swell of their minds responding to his. He could feel Rey still among them, her mind now assimilated with her new companions. She was vibrating with anticipation, hatred and anger and a lust for vengeance, desires that were now coloured by the desires of the rest of his followers. As the Knights rushed out from hiding to surround the Supreme Leader where he stood he could feel each of them, their minds clamouring for blood. For glory.

Snoke looked around with an amused and unaffected smile, dark eyes taking in each of the seven figures surrounding him in turn. He put out his arms as if in welcome, gesturing towards them each in turn before looking back to their leader with a wide grin. “I am so proud of you, Kylo Ren.”

There was a lingering pause, before the room erupted into chaos. Lightsabers were drawn, and the Knights moved as one, each in tandem with each other, leaping in to attack the Supreme Leader. His hands went out in an instant, a rush of Force pulsing out from his palms to send them each flying, though the force of the blow did not manage to knock them off their feet. The Knights were pushed back from him, the thrum of saber energy filling the room. There was an array of colours from bright yellow to orange to red flashing in their grips, bathing the chamber in an eerie light.

Rey’s saber staff whirled around her, held behind her back at the ready, the only colour that did not fit in this gradient. The bright blue light cast shadows across her face as she moved as one with her companions. Eventually she would make a new saber, she knew. She could not keep using the one forged under Skywalker's tutelage. The new one would be blood red to match the horrors that she had been party too, the bitterness that pooled inside of her. But she knew also that she would never relinquish the crystal that pulsed in her saber for now. She would keep it with her always, as a reminder of the past that had lead her here, to this moment.

And in this moment, she was aware of the combined minds of all of the Knights of Ren, the pain that collided with their chests and pushed them back as Snoke sent them careening away from him. But he would not have the concentration to deal another such blow. Their Master, Kylo Ren, had his own lighstaber drawn, gripped in a mechanical hand that clinked as it moved. He charged his Master, this supposedly supreme being, with a cry of rage and a force that necessitated Snoke to turn his attention toward him.

The red flash of his lightsaber and the thrum of energy halted as Snoke caught the swing with his hands, a pulse of Force energy rippling between his fingertips. This halted Kylo, but gave the other Knights the opportunity they needed to advance. In an instant there was a rush of motion as a Knight leapt at him from behind, two orange sabers, one in each hand coming together to lash at him. Snoke spun in a moment, throwing Kylo to the ground with a shout of pain as lightning leapt from his fingertips to block the sabers and halt the Knight in his tracks. The screams of pain howled through the room. Each of the Knights could feel what the other felt.

Rey watched in fascination as lightning crackled in his hands. He was wielding it like a blade. She rushed forward, her own hands beginning to surge with a similar force, blue lightning flowing from her hands and into her saber as she spun the staff around to catch him in the side. The room echoed with sardonic laughter as lightning met lightsaber. Around the edges of his robes, she could just make out the lines etched into his skin, scarring in elaborate patterns that matched her own.

The next few minutes passed in a blur of activity. The Knights came at him in twos, the sounds of saber energy thrumming through her ears and the flashes of light painting her vision. Her own body moved as though in a trance, and she hardly registered the motion as the room seemed to spin around her of her own accord. She was in the eye of the storm, watching as though outside of reality as pain lanced through her over and over and from all sides.
Kylo Ren was parrying blow for blow with the Supreme Leader now, Snoke's hands gripping lightning between them to stave off the red of his saber blade. Each collision caused a crackle of energy. She watched as Snoke's hand went out to grasp Kylo by the throat, pulling him up off of the ground, his feet dangling in the air. She could feel the breath leaving her, as each of the Knights in tandem felt the Force constricting around their own necks as well. Kylo Ren was looking down into his teacher's eyes, and as the two stared each other down, she moved.

Her staff came around her shoulders in a flurry of motion, and with a cry of agony she let lightning hurl itself from the end of the blade, thrusting out and upwards from behind him. The blue of the saber blade entered the Supreme Leader's back, lodging itself straight through his heart. He did not scream. As blood poured through his lips he grinned, a chocking, dying laugh on his tongue.

“My legacy is complete.” He locked eyes with his former pupil even as the shining blue light of Rey's saber cut through his chest, twisting in his body. “My apprentice has outgrown me. Well done.”

Kylo dropped to the ground, his face grim and impassive as the Supreme Leader's grip on his neck loosened, his hands falling to his sides as he sank to his knees. The vibrating and thrumming energies of the saber cut through him as he moved, but still he did not scream. Did not cry out in pain. There was no anguish, only a calm sense of completion, as Supreme Leader Snoke died.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!
I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)
Long Live the Emperor

Chapter Summary

As everything falls into place exactly as he wanted it, Hux steps forward into his new role as Emperor of the Galaxy.

Chapter Notes

Thank you SO MUCH to everyone who read and commented and left kudos and cheered me on during the writing of this fic! I love and appreciate every single one of you. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it! PLEASE let me know what you thought, I'm so anxious to hear how you liked the ending!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Holoscreens across the New Republic showed the face of Leia Organa, princess and former senator, and General of the Resistance. There was a hush across the Galaxy as people in little dive bars on small under populated planets turned as one with those in the comfort of their Core world homes. The First Order had broadcasts and propaganda Galaxy wide, and everyone's eyes widened as the regal visage of the Princess of Alderaan flickered across the projection screens.

“Citizens of the New Republic, it is with a heavy heart that I make this announcement. The Resistance will surrender to the First Order, and I urge the senate of the New Republic to do the same. In order to save more lives, we must yield to the the First Order to prevent another tragedy. I implore the Galactic Senate: Relinquish control now, and bow before the First Order.”

She spoke calmly, and with an innate authority. She was not dressed in her military uniform but in a flowing black gown that hung about her shoulders, silver jewellery around her neck. Her hair was tied in a long braid, hanging over one shoulder. She looked every bit the Princess she had been in her youth, admired and looked up to by the people.

And she was advocating for complete surrender to the First Order.

“General Hux. There are armed bounty hunters here to see you... and I think you will like what they are bringing, Sir.”

Hux turned from the holo projection screen to face the Lieutenant. The only hint of emotion upon his face was the almost permanently etched scowl of annoyance at being interrupted in his work, but he gave the Lieutenant a crisp nod as he folded his hands behind his back. “Very good, Lieutenant. Please show them in.”

The sound of muffled struggle and the clank of armour filled the corridors, and Hux had to suppress a sneer of distaste as two large looking men entered the room. He hated bounty hunters, hated dealing with them, hated tolerating them. Uncouth men and women who believed themselves to be above the law... well, he would sort that out as soon as his ascent to power was solidified. For now he had no choice but to bear with them. Especially considering the prize that they held between their large hands.

*FN-2187.* The rogue Stormtrooper who had somehow, against all precedence, broken free of his conditioning and joined the Resistance. The boy had his hands shackled behind his back in heavy binders, and was gagged with a rope around his mouth. He was still struggling even as he was dragged in, but Hux could see the fear in his eyes. That pleased him.

“I see you have found my lost trooper. I hope he isn't overly damaged.” Hux didn't bother speaking to the captive. One of the large men stepped forward with a gruff nod. “We heard the bounty was higher if the boy was brought back alive.” The man's voice was rough and gravelly, matching his
large muscular frame. He was a nautolan, with large black eyes and tendrils resting across his shoulders. The other was a rodian. Both were dressed in heavy leathers and blaster resistant armour, rough and worn around the edges from a life of back alleys and navigating war zones. Hux thought both of them utterly reprehensible, but for the time being they were a necessary evil.

With a curt nod Hux gestured to the Lieutenant standing nearby, his hands behind him as he awaited orders. “Lieutenant Mitaka, please see to it that our guests are adequately compensated for their services.” There was a nod of acknowledgement. “Yes, Sir. If you two would follow me, please.” Hux watched without comment as FN-2187 changed hands from the bounty hunters to the armed Stormtroopers, blasters trained at his neck. Hux's cold gaze raked across him with disinterest before he turned to speak directly to the trooper.

“Take him to the carbonite chamber, I will be there shortly.” The trooper nodded, and the captive was dragged away again. The sounds of struggle had abated, and there was a defeated look in the ex-trooper's eyes. Acceptance of his fate. Probably just glad he wasn't going to be hurt overmuch at First Order hands.

Hux turned back to his holoscreens, intent on finishing the work that had been interrupted, but a smile spread across his lips. The last loose end had been caught and tied. And it was not an insignificant one. He had never been able to ascertain exactly why or how FN-2187 had been able to break free from his social conditioning. By all accounts it should not have been possible, and if there was a fault in the Stormtrooper Program that allowed for such outliers, he needed to find it. The defected trooper would be frozen and sent to one of the First Order's planet side research labs for testing.

Meanwhile, the bounty hunters and other scum of the Galaxy would need to be dealt with as well. His new Empire would not tolerate such low lifes and criminal activities like their predecessors. The hunters who had brought this prize now would be compensated, but he would be certain that tabs were kept on them from this point on.

The stadium was filled with people, a massive crowd that spanned as far as the eye could see. Holovid cameras were stationed at intervals, broadcasting the event to those off world in the rest of the Galaxy. Those poor unfortunates who could not make the travel to Arkanis. Many thought it was a strange choice of a planet on which to hold a coronation, backwater Outer Rim planet that it was. But to those who called the planet home it was a joyous event, bringing with it an honour and prosperity that was unprecedented. All of Arkanis was in high spirits, celebrations and revelries taking place in all sectors.

Weeks had passed since the New Republic had begun to crumble. At the behest of Leia Organa, planet after planet gave in to the demands of the First Order, accepting military occupation and martial law in return for their peaceful surrender. The New Republic was disintegrating from the inside, no longer able to sway public opinion in their favour. The First Order gained ground within
the Core Planets day after day. And now the culmination of that victory was at hand. *This was his hour.*

Hux was dressed in jet black clothes, militaristic in nature but with a more formal flair than his First Order uniform. They were well cut, tailored to his form with a perfection that made the onlookers stare. A red cape draped over his shoulder, stark and menacing in colour against the dark ensemble. He had his back turned to the waiting crowd, facing towards a series of steps leading up to a raised dais upon which stood three figures.

Phasma, recently promoted in rank from Captain to Colonel, was dressed in a form fitting dress. Silver in colour, it shone like liquid metal, hugging each and every one of her curves. It's length reached the floor, but a revealing and alluring slit travelled up the left side, giving one a tantalizing glimpse of leg, but nothing more.

To the left stood Rey, and a twinge of a smirk pulled at his lips as he took in this most recent subject and new addition to his hound's Knights. She wore black, a flowing gown that shifted with a feminine but foreboding appeal. Most striking of all, was the way that Kylo Ren had used to the Force to manipulate her appearance, aging her face and visage until she was the spitting image of the late Leia Organa. A most satisfactory illusion. She stood passively by, her hands folded in front of her. The only hint of a difference between her and the aged Organa was the black tar that filled her eyes. But such a detail was small and easily missed from afar, or over holovids.

And in the middle of the dais was Kylo Ren. Hux's smile widened as he looked over his appearance. He wore a strapless dress that showed off his arms and neckline, with a tight fitting bodice and long full skirts. He had originally entertained the notion of having his prized wardog displayed in nothing but the skin on his back... or perhaps some form of slave attire that struck his fancy, with jewellery and silk to amplify the appeal of his body. But this was, after all, a *formal* occasion. This achieved the goal of humiliating the boy without anyone being able to accuse him of immodesty. And Hux had to admit to himself, that he certainly did look striking. The bodice pulled his midsection in to create an hourglass shape that was decidedly feminine, which only added to the effect of the bright red lipstick painted on his lips. And clutched in his hands was a *crown*.

It was silver in colour, a beautifully crafted piece of metalwork. Handcrafted flowers were built into the strands of silver, blooming petals and twisting stems of artistry. It was held with reverence in the hound's hands before him as Hux began to move, feet making their way up the steps towards him. There was music that swelled through the stadium, triumphant and hard, matching the enormous First Order banners that hung behind the three standing at the top.

As his feet climbed the steps he was brought to stand directly before Kylo Ren. His heart raced with a thrill of anticipation, elation rushing through him in waves of energy and hunger. This was the final moment, the victory he had dreamed of his entire career. Slowly he sank to one knee before the Knight, the only time he would ever deign to do so, and bowed his head. This was for posterity and ceremony, but he could feel the way Kylo's hands trembled at seeing such an act from his Master. Then the boy began to speak, loudly, the holovids amplifying his voice so that all could hear.

"In accordance with the will of the people, and in full witness of all the Galaxy, may I present to you this crown of office. May you reign forever, *Emperor Armitage Hux.*" The Knight stooped over him, placing the crown with reverence upon his brow, and Hux could feel the weight of it. He could not stop himself from smiling as he looked up to see Kylo's face red with flush before he spoke again. "Long live the Emperor!"

A cry of applause rose up as the crowd cheered. Hux slowly lifted to his feet, turning to face the
people. Arkanis had been a good choice for the ceremony. The planet's population were largely First Order supporters and sympathizers. He was well aware that at this moment, not everyone in the Galaxy was cheering. But this would show nothing but enthusiasm for the documentation of the event. The history books would remember this as a joyous occasion. History was, after all, written by the victors.

“Citizens of the Galaxy!” He raised his hands outwards towards the crowd, even as Kylo Ren dropped to his knees beside him in deference and submission. The Knights of Ren were assembled as well, standing just a little ways down the steps, along with some of his best First Order officers. “Today ushers in a new era, an era of peace, prosperity, order, and justice for all!” As he spoke the crowd grew louder. His fingers laced themselves into Kylo's hair, pulling him forward to lean against his leg. As the boy fell against him he could feel his erection, aroused by the sight of his Master, newly crowned and addressing his subjects for the first time.

Hux could hear the small whine from Kylo's lips as he looked up at him with wide puppy eyes, and he knew the effect the display was having on him. Every eye in the Galaxy watching him prostrate himself, debase himself, at the feet of the Emperor. If he commanded it now, he knew that Kylo would do anything he asked of him, including rutting like a dog on his boot or touching himself like a whore for all to see. Hell, Kylo Ren would eagerly suck him off here and now if he commanded it. It was not an unpleasant thought. Instead he let the boy squirm, panting and whimpering as the crowd cheered for him. Kylo Ren looked rather lovely like this, desperate, painted and owned. As he stroked his hair, he reflected on how very nice it was to have such a beautiful pet at his side.

A chanting cry began to be picked up, repeated over and over, swelling through the stadium and around the planet.

“LONG LIVE EMPEROR HUX! LONG LIVE EMPEROR HUX! LONG LIVE EMPEROR HUX! “

“It's been one year, by the Galactic Standard calendar, since the First Order put Emperor Hux into power.” The holo projection in the pub flickered, showing the image of a togruta reporter from the waist up. She was dressed simply, but wore a cheerful smile that made the viewer warm to her immediately. Behind her appeared to be a crowd of laughing, happy people, as she spoke into the recording droid’s lens.

“On today, the anniversary of the Imperial coronation, there are celebrations taking place Galaxy wide. Citizens of every world are taking part in the festivities to honour the Emperor. As we celebrate, let's remember all the things that our gracious Emperor has done for the people.” The image changed to show cities in the Outer Rims, planets that had been destitute for decades and were now in the process of being rebuilt.
“Planets in the Outer Rim have been experiencing unprecedented prosperity, the wells of extreme poverty a thing of the past. Social programs have been set in place to put an end to hunger and starvation, and nobody is without work. Let us not also forget the First Order's distribution of medical supplies across the Galaxy, to those poorer areas that were in gravest need.” Images showed smiling children receiving packages from First Order Stormtroopers while happy parents looked on. Then the holovid turned again to the reporter.

“The First Order has been a saviour as well to those suffering under the cruelties of small world tyrants. Crime syndicates continue to be rooted out and shut down. The First Order has been diligent in it's pursuit of those criminal elements that had been able to breed freely under the Republic. With Lord Ren at the head of the Emperor's Enforcers, there has been a halt in criminal activities of all kinds. Truly a marvellous feat for our Emperor, who is working tirelessly on behalf of the people!”

There was another change in the scenery depicted as images sprang to life of smiling officers and white clad troopers. “The peace and prosperity we are experiencing now could not be possible without the Stormtroopers and First Order officers stationed on each world to keep the peace and establish moral. Take time today to thank your local law enforcement for everything they do to make certain that our lives are as secure and safe as possible!” The togruta smiled for the recorder, nodding towards the viewer with enthusiasm. “Festivities will be continuing throughout the Galaxy as we celebrate our great Emperor Hux. Long live the Emperor!”

As the broadcast came to a close, the woman's face fading away to nothing, a mechanical voice intoned over the audio systems, “Broadcast paid for by the First Order. Long live Emperor Hux.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!

I LIVE for your feedback, so please let me know what you think! Your comments go a long way to motivate me to keep writing!

Please also come and say hi on Tumblr! I'd love to chat ;)
Chapter Notes

Illustrations have been added to each chapter, and here is some cover art! Both a textured and a non textured version :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Chapter End Notes

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