Running Towards the Stars

by HeartOfDreamer

Summary

It started with a melody, in the bathroom, with a bit of tone-deaf qualities.

Notes

Thank you to all of you who read, write, or dream about Kylo Ren, you are the inspiration for this fic.
Chapter Summary

You draw the attention of a certain Commander in the most far-fetched way.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for stopping by. I never thought I’d be interested in writing a Kylo Ren story, but there’s too little, and let’s be honest, he grows on you. Inspired by the so many great Kylo Ren stories on AO3. Thank you to anyone who wrote a story about Kylo Ren, thought of Kylo Ren or dreams of Kylo Ren. This is for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 1

It Starts with a Melody

“Those are against regulations.” Your partner tapped your ears and made a motion to take out your listening device.

“Aw, come on.” You leaned on your cleaner droid and pulled out one of the earpieces out from your ear. “No one even notices us. And it makes cleaning up the lavatories more fun. Well—not fun, but tolerable.”

“We’re a clean up team, if you get caught going against protocol we both get punished.” She yanked your old and scuffed up music device and pocketed it. “Why do you even hang on to this trash? I’ll take the interrogation room on the 4th level. You take the lavatories on main floor and we meet in the middle?”

She didn’t even let you agree. BL-7448, nicknamed Bel, walked down the blindingly white halls towards the lift.

“You can take my player, but you can’t take my mind!” You shouted playfully.

“Knock yourself out!” She called back. Her husky figure pushing past a few rows of stormtroopers headed your way, not caring she had disrupted their formation. BL7448. Her letters gave her the name Bel, but to you they stood for bullsh-

A throat cleared and you jolted to the side letting a few members of higher rank step around you.

“Sorry.” You apologized and scooted your droid with your foot out of the path.

With a melody in your head and cleaning supply in the other you, imagined yourself kicking down the door to a bar as you strolled into the bathrooms. Mind you, it wasn’t the most glamorous job in
the Order, but it was very necessary. Right now, you were a part of a whole team of unsung heroes. On the side of everyone's duties was training for combat. The jobs would rotate every few months through squads, so it was your turn for the bathrooms. In the next few months you’d be taking over the mess hall duty. Everyone did their part on the Finalizer, except for the higher ups, which, let’s face it, when you wanted to take responsibility for lives of other soldiers or answer to a choke crazy psychopath, you’d happily step away from a higher position.

It started with a melody. You started humming it in a lower timbre for the part of your song that was trapped in your mind. You were working from the closest stall to the last at the far back and passing the urinals for later, while the cleaning droid rolled outside to get more toiletries and dryers.

Getting into a very passionate part of the song in your head you started to sing it out loud, having a caution to the wind attitude; lacking concern for the missing words you forgot, or the wrong notes that you followed. The sound of the doors sliding open and closed let you know that your droid had come back.

“CU-794!” You shouted."Sing with me!"

And you hit that part of the song with what you thought sounded decent enough to be just as good as the original singer. Yes, you were on a roll. You turned to step out of the stall but before you got out, you heard someone begin to urinate in the bathroom.

You let out a cry and backed yourself up into the stall.

“I am so sorry sir, this bathroom is being cleaned.”

There was no response, only the awkward sound of ‘water’ going down a porcelain drain.

You heard a flush and listened to the person use the faucet; not another word of exchange happened as they exited the facility. You untensed your shoulders and stumbled out. “Why would you ignore a ‘cleaning in progress’ sign?”

You started to place the cleaning tablets into the urinals, “And where’s that stupid droid!”

The doors slid open and you received catcalls from a few storm troopers headed towards the bathroom.

“Stop! Read the sign, boys.” You pointed to the wall where you should have put up a sign. You berated yourself for your forgetfulness and snapped at the troops when they tried a second time to use the bathrooms. “Closed! Go use the next floor’s lavatory!”

They held up their hands in defense and laughed away.

“Bad start on the shift…” You thought of how your high note went in the song and shuddered, realizing it was flat. “How embarrassing.”

But...whoever had been in the bathroom didn’t know who you were, and you’d never see them again. You willed your shame away and continued on your way, knocking into your droid, which had been caught, awkwardly, between your cleaning cart and the wall. All of this technology and engineers aren’t able to make droids clean the bathrooms effectively?

You shook your head as you wiggled the cart away from the droid.

In a conference room farther down the hall, an apprentice in black making his way through the doors started to think of a badly sung tune.
The conference, so far, was continuing without incident. Despite disappointing news about the missing droid, there were no smashed scanners, no broken chairs and no choked employees. Hux had even managed a subtle yet scathing remark on Kylo Ren’s lack of interest in speeding up the interrogation on prisoner#6299.

“Clean up is taking care of the blood stains as we speak.” Hux was at the head of the table while the dark apprentice stood looking out into the abyss of space. “Commander Ren.”

The whole table of counselors looked uncomfortable as they sensed the tension oozing from the amber haired man and held their breaths. Another jab at Kylo Ren’s efficiency made the closest man to Ren, a certain Lieutenant Dopheld Mitaka, increasingly fearful. The poor guy was only there by having the worst luck in a draw to observe the meeting, not because he was actually of some importance.

“Does that ridiculous mask prevent you from understanding the dire position we are in?” Hux was so enraged that spittle had begun to fly.

The entire table, petrified, neither of the company dare not move nor breathe. Which one would go home in a body bag today?

The Lieutenant closed his eyes, and waited for the force choke.

It never came.

Rather than a movement of anger, or a lash out of words, there was something softer.

The entire table turned their heads slowly as if this was a sick trick played by an unstable mind. Their eyes locked onto the back of Kylo Ren’s helmet with all of them having mouths agape.

Kylo Ren was humming.....

....

...

..

.

Then he stopped.

At the exact moment he turned around, the group glued their eyes to the table to ignore the occurrences of the day and tried so hard, seeing as their lives depended on it, to drown out their own thoughts, pretending they didn’t hear what they had just heard.

Don’t breathe don’t breathe CAN’T BREATHE CAN’T BREATHE CAN’T BREATHE CAN’T BREATHE... CAN’T... Can’t... can’t... breathe...

And as poor, unfortunate Lieutenant Mitaka concluded, he would be the unlucky one of the company and found himself gasping for air as an invisible hand began to squeeze around his neck.

Chapter End Notes
If any corrections are needed or there are missing tags, please let me know. Also, this work was rated M in case some language slips. I'd love to make it Explicit, however, I don't find myself capable of writing love scenes so eloquently. Feedback, comments and kudos (considered trivial yet so meaningful) are always welcome. Thank you so much!

Recently edited from M to E rating due to parts in later chapters. Gave it a try ha.
Chapter Summary

Oh music, how I loved thee. Undesired events cause a treasured heirloom to be destroyed.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for coming back! Here's a tip for the numbers I picked. They all make a word if you use a keypad. They're silly, but it makes me smile. I hope some of you figure some out and they make you smile too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 2

Ode To a Music Player

You found yourself eating in the loft area over the observatory deck. You were on the upper rails with your legs dangling over the side with your music player in your ears. You liked this area of the ship the best. No one ever came here. It was a narrow rounded oval shaped space of the Finalizer surrounded by reflective and reinforced, thick glass. Two sets of stairs raised to a second level of railings that met together at the end of the sanctuary, which was were you sat, listening to your player.

It was old, not like the newer models you’d seen, but it was the only thing you had from your home before you were drafted to work for the First Order as a child. It was yours. Not anyone else’s just yours.

As you stared into the oblivion on space, your player started to emit white noise.

“Not again…” You shoved a generous helping of a sweetroll into your mouth to hold it there as you wiped your hands onto your pants before smacking the device a few times. “’Tupi shar cor.” Your words were muffled by the bread.

Stupid charge core. You repeated in your head.

It was overheating again. You opened the backing and started to gently hit out the player’s power source. “Haw. Haw. Haw’. ’HOT!

Almost had it. You used your nails to start picking out the dimming battery and had it loose enough to drop it out, when you heard footsteps on the lower area of the observatory deck.

What happened to ‘No one ever came here’? You turned to see who was making their way down towards below you were sitting. Oh Shit.

You pulled your entire body together and set your player down to peek over the side of the rails.
“What the bloody hell was that?” Screamed a very mad ginger as he trailed after the other in the mask. “It was your orders that had us pull back from the village. It was your orders that pulled us out of Takodana with only one prisoner, not the droid. She’s not even the one we need! I will not risk Supreme Leader’s main objective—”

“His objective will be stopped if Skywalker is not found first. She is our best trace to where we can find him.”

“Stop stalling.”

You were trying to stay still to prevent any indication that you were eavesdropping, unintentionally, on your superiors. Stop moving, breathing, thinking! Was it true that the guy could read minds? No one ever stayed during the interrogation process, no one ever watched, or could watch.

The sound of something being destroyed echoed through the room and you let out a quiet gasp and covered your mouth and stopped trying to glance at the two. Not before you knocked against your music player, which caused the energy core to drop out of the device. Luckily, at the exact moment, Hux shouted.

“Enough!”

You prayed that the sound you made went unnoticed.

“I’ll handle this.” You heard the commander hiss through his mask.

There was a long pause and you bit your lip. Stop freaking out! You closed your eyes and started to think of something to calm you down. You rolled to face the stars and started to hum the melody in your mind.

Hux stormed out and the two of you, Kylo Ren and yourself, were staring out into the galaxy on different floors. You stopped your thoughts and listened.

The commander started to pace back and forth, until finally you heard the steps get father and father, you became bold enough to look out towards the entrance to see the man exit.

After a moment of waiting, making sure the doors wouldn’t open, you started to make your way down the stairs. Where was your battery?

Several minutes evolved into hours and you still hadn’t found your energy core. You massaged your temples and scrambled back and forth the deck looking for it. Without it you’d have to wait 2 months before you were sent on shore leave. And that was even if you could find it at a store that still had your model. You’d checked several models before on the data archives. Your model had actually stopped production before you were born.

“This is an empty room!” You shouted to no one in particular. “How is this so hard to find?”

Did it fall down the grate? You brushed a part of your hair to the side as you bent over trying to look at the side of the room.

“Why is this room so dark!” Obvious reasons, it was an observatory deck for leisure time. The only lighting was provided by the blue floor lamps. You tried feeling around for it but as hard as you tried it wasn’t there.

“No, no, no…” Maybe you could ask the clean-up crew in charge of this station to keep an eye out for it? You slammed a hand against the floor in defeat before standing up.
Back in the main hall you made your way to the mess hall, carrying your food tray of opened yet untouched slop. Technically, food trays weren’t supposed to be taken out of the mess hall, but no harm, no foul.

As you rounded the corner, you saw a group of stormtroopers huddled around something against the wall. That something ended up being someone.

“Yea, show him!” You heard one of the troopers egg on another in the pack.

*Just ignore it…*

You followed suit as others passing by ignored the *hazing*, socially accepted harassment, of one of the new recruits, groaning in your mind.

*Just ignore it…*

You were almost around the other end of the hall…

You sighed in defeat as your feet stopped.

One of the stormtroopers, known as MR-2888, was holding his target up by his collar, smacking the guy’s head with his own hand.

Aaaannddd….there it was. Something snapped inside you.

Your opened, yet uneaten travel pack bowl of brown slop was traversing through the hall passing ducking heads and open mouths to hit MR-2888 on his uncovered face. The pack of howling stormtroopers stopped their antics and forgot about their current prey to look at you.

“It…slipped?” You suggested, hardly convincing.

“Get her.” MR-2888 pointed to you and the dogs were off.

Not expecting the radar technician to return the favor of assistance, you threw the rest of your tray at the group before running in the opposite direction. Despite your best efforts, you felt yourself being yanked back by your clothes and slammed against the nearest wall being held, tightly at the neck. Other stormtroopers that had seen the beginning of the scuffle or saw glimpses of your present situation, steered clear by walking the other direction and pretending not to see.

“Don’t know your place, grunt?” MR-2888 addressed you.

“Come on, guys.” You turned your head away and tried to reason with them, we’re on the same side. The…glory and edification of the…First Order…”

“The same side?” Scoffed the female of the group. “Do we look like we scrub toilets to you?”

“We’re the same.” You looked back at her, “Everyone has a part just as important.”

“Yea, well next time, when you get back from a perfect mission with honors, you can say we’re equals.”

“People like you…” you started to grip the hand that was choking you.

“What? People like us what?”

“People like you disgrace the Supreme Leader.” You finished.
MR-2888 leaned it and gripped harder. “Want to say that again?”

He shook you once then forcefully pushed you against the wall again. This time, something fell out of your pocket. Your player!

“Ooh, not up to code, are we?” One of your antagonists leaned down to pick it up, but their hand never made it to the object. An anxious trooper scurried from one side down the hall and pushed the others.

“We gotta move!” She shouted, forcing MR-2888 to drop you and the others to scatter.

Holding your throat and letting out a coughing fit.

“That’s right! Run you little shits…” You shouted with fake courage and leaned against the wall to get your bearings. After more coughing, you made a sad jab at the irony. You avoided being force-choked in the observatory, only to be choked by a freaking asshole and his fangroup? You pointed threateningly at the cowards that were now running away. “Yea, You better run! Kylo Ren’s the only one person that can choke this-”

“Number!”

You jolted.

“State. Your. Number.”

Slowly, you turned to see the reason why 2888 had run. Facing you, close enough to read your tag was an impossible to read, Knight of Ren. You have never felt more scared or speechless in your life. You were dumbfounded and feeling sick to your stomach as beads of sweat formed on you brow.

“76…6…4.” You barely got the numbers out and stood at attention, daring not to make eye contact with the terrifying man, with whom, you had just given permission to choke you. “Identification Number: DR-7664…Sir!”

The two of you stayed with only silence as a mediator. You started to panic. Your cheeks grew red from embarrassment, and your pulse was racing. What to do? He hadn’t dismissed you yet, were you supposed to say something else? It was harder to breathe than when you had been physically choked. Unable to cope with the situation, you slightly lowered your face and began to think of a song in your head. You found a steady pace to inhale and exhale, you were breathing, that was always good. Your body relaxed and you found your stomach settle.

A few more minutes of silence passed and you heard Lord Ren break through to you with a calm voice, far from what you expected.

“Any issues that should be brought to my attention?”

“No, Commander. Sir.” You looked ahead, but dare not meet his gaze.

The apprentice pressed the issue further. “I heard a disturbance.”

“We merely had…” You felt your heart stabilize and you willed an oncoming headache away. “Conflicting opinions concerning what makes our order so…great.”

“I see.” He replied and waited for you to say more, but your lips were held tight and your mind was humming your muntra.
“Dismissed, DR-7664.”

“Thank you, sir.” You let a small sigh of relieve go when you started to walk away, not caring where you were going, as long as it was far, far away. Maybe back to the observatory. You liked to run down the path of the giant room and pretend you were running into space. That would be a great way to spend the rest of the day. Away. From people.

“DR-7664.” The commander called back to you and you felt your heart stop for a moment. “I’m curious. What was your view as to why the First Order is great?”

You turned only your head out of fear that if you turned your entire body, you would lose your courage all over again.

“Everyone has their part.” You started and turned to face forward. “Not just fighters or heroes of war. We all are a part of something so inspiring. Did you know that a power technician will wake up ever day at 3 in the morning so they can start their jobs to rotate the heater cuffs? Droids can’t do that. The cuffs get knocked around and the pattern they follow after a days worth of revolution is so random that it takes trained adepts to calibrate it properly. But if they don’t do their part with great care whole sections of our system could be set back for months? In the order everyone is just as important as those…” 

And the force choke? The one you were sure you deserved for rambling on, it never came around and once again you found yourself waiting “Am I still dismissed, Lord Ren?”

Another wave of silence was killing you.

“Is this device a part of your belongings?”

You paled. This time no song in your heart would stop your anxiety. You turned your body towards him and saw at the base of where Lord Ren was standing was your poor, battered, core-deprived music player.

Swallowing hard, you bit your lip. Eyes started to water.

It’s against regulations! Why didn’t you leave it in your bunk when your stupid partner said to? Having restricted items on your person would result in severe punishment and solitary confinement for a week. Also, the contraband would be destroyed in the end. You struggled to think of a way to get it back but your mind was slowing down in your panic.

DO.NOT.CRY! INFRONT OF KYLO REN!

“No.” You lied and tried hard to not scoop up your device. “But I could deliver it to the right facility that handles…”

“DR-7664, dismissed.”

You choked back a sob and nodded, “Yes, sir.”

Before you walked out of his sight, you gave a heartbreaking look to your player, lost forever, probably to be crushed under the boot of Commander Kylo Ren. Unable to watch the process, you tore your gaze away and traced your steps back to where you had a tray of spilled food to clean up.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for the encouraging comments. Every single hit, kudos and comment is treasured greatly. And I must admit I reread the comments over because of disbelief. As always, if you feel something is wrong with the chapter, you would like to send constructive criticism, or that a tag is missing, please let me know. Thank you all so much!
A New Friend

Chapter Summary

Karma comes around with a friend.

Chapter Notes

Just to be clear, your new friend is not Kylo Ren. But I do love the idea of the character Matt the technician from SNL (Not mine obviously, but modified) and honestly I hate creating too many Original Characters, so I'm scraping for names.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3

A New Friend

You spend the next couple of days calling trash compactor stations, or getting in touch with several cleaning crews asking about your item, but it hadn’t turned up. Other teams in your sector had tried to lend a hand, but none of the ever found anything. You’d even traded Bel cleaning duties for a week so that she would do you a favor (not really a favor, though she called it that) and chat with the boys in the compactor rooms. You had chosen the ones that were in the subdivision you had last seen your music player. Kylo Ren was a commander. Not a grunt. He would have told someone else to clean it up and that person should have taken it to the nearest trash chute.

You thought that would have narrowed down your search a little, but you reviewed the deposit records of recent scans and there wasn’t any evidence of your device. Maybe the scanners were out of date? They’d been mandatory ever since the fear of people going down the trash chute had been realized as a possibility, but just because the Finalizer had them, didn’t mean that they were up to code. Actually, a fun fact which you learned from one of your new acquaintances, it was Kylo Ren that wanted and made sure the Finalizer had the scanners installed to prevent living things from being dumped down to the compactor. All that effort and you hadn’t found it. You had three more days to look before they sent the trash to the incinerator.

At the moment, you were bent over a decent plan of the ship’s trash system sitting at the mess hall, when someone sat next to you. The person was in his late teens. Way younger than what you had thought to be put onto the starship actively. You nodded to the boy and returned to the map. Looking around, discreetly, it wasn’t hard to notice there were several tables free. Why did this guy have to sit here? And why so close? He had glasses, blond, a ridiculously big nose and he was currently invading your space with it. You took a deep breath and decided it was time to leave…or get far, far away from this person. When he saw you packing up your things, he stopped you as you grabbed for your tray.

“Oh!” He held a hand up to get your attention when you had begun to rise to your feet. “Please. Don’t go. Did I make you uncomfortable?”
“A bit.” You awkwardly smiled at him.

“You don’t remember me.” The boy realized and gestured to himself. “I-I was the one you helped out when those troopers were…um…harassing me.”

“That was you?” Now realizing the connection between you and this stranger, the situation wasn’t as awkward. “How have you been? No more…incidents, I hope?”

“Still a few, but not as um, frequent.” He laughed, “You must have taught them a lesson or two.”

You shook your head and smiled, slightly embarrassed, “Actually, Kylo Ren was the one who sent them running.”

At the mention of his name, your face reddened. Remembering what you’d said about the choking. As you began to wallow in self loathing, your companion’s eyes seemed to shine. He placed his hand on yours, excitedly and started to speak out zealously on the First Order’s mission. As he remembered himself while in the midst of reciting the order’s pledge, he looked to you incredulously.

“You?” He asked, “Kylo Ren saved you? How did he do it? Did he use the force? What about his saber? I heard that he could stop a blastfire in mid flight. How much training do you think he has? Oh, I wish I was there to see his-”

He paused and looked at your face, to show him you were a bit standoffish.

“Sorry. I get a bit obsessive when it comes to the First Order’s commander.” He tried to hide his fervor, but it was too late. “I’m a bit odd, aren’t I?”

He pulled his hand away from yours and a really long pause in conversation lingered on. Just as he was about to leave, you pulled at his wrist to make him sit back down.

“It’s not strange.” You looked at him straight in the eye. “Never feel like you should be ashamed of something your passionate about.”

The boy’s eyes that had been covered with shame, shook it off and he smiled affectionately at you. All his insecurities melted away and he reclaimed his seat next to you.

“MT-6288.” He said gingerly as he held out his hand.

Without hesitation, you grabbed it and shook firmly. “DR-7664”

After a short moment, the two of you carried on as if you’d been friends for years. You found out that he was a fanatic. Kylo Ren and other heroes of war heavily influenced his zeal for the First Order. He admired the strength and powerful members of the organization. You were dismayed to find out that even though MR-2888 had been vile towards your new friend, MT-6288 still held a small amount admiration for him.

As he talked, you pushed away your tray when you couldn’t stomach it anymore.

“What is that?” MT-6288 was pointing to your food.

“What do you mean ‘what is that’? It’s the standard nutrition provision.”

“What level clearance are you?”
You pulled out a clearance badge colored brown (sadly, fitting for your job description at moment). “In a few more months I’ll get rotated to mess hall.”

Your friend didn’t look smug or haughty when he pulled out a blue card. That was second on the clearance level.

You looked at him a bit shocked. “What do you do?”

“People think I’m just a radar technician, but it’s a very loose title they give me because they don’t know what do. I work on (by work on, I mean design) ship upgrades, ventral cannon modifications, update radar anomalies, calibrations, improve target locking mechanisms—” he shrugged, “I’m kind of a genius.”

Your pride as a human deflated a bit.

“And, we also get perks.” He stood up and gestured towards you. “Come on.”

He took you to a restricted section of the ship where there was a lounge area for higher officers. He had snuck you in through the service lift that lead to the kitchen where you both spent the time with an old cook name Roghu who was blind and suffered from severe arthritis pains in his hands, but he was just as zealous to serve the cause just as MT-6288. He was proud to be on the Finalizer, despite his chronic affliction. And it was the best food you’d ever had! Apparently, climbing the ranks or being a super genius might be worth the terror of being body slammed with the force.

Going back to your area, you both took a service elevator that used a simpler style of operation. A keypad. You looked at it closely when MT-6288 punched in the keys for your destination. It had nine keys on it each with symbols, numbers and the international phonetic characters. Two more buttons green and red key at the bottom for confirmation or cancellation should an error be made.

You looked at it and started to laugh.

MT-6288 paused and pulled back from the keypad, confused.

“If you type in MR-2888’s number I.D., you can spell ‘butt’.”

“And they call me the genius?” MT-6288 looked at the keypad and then back to you, jokingly. “I have an education in advanced weaponry, yet I’ve never put that together. Do mine!”

You squinted at the letterings. “ Several combinations, you can choose from three characters per number.”

“Just use the first characters.”

You looked at the keypad then said mundanely. “Matt.”

You looked at MT-6288. He had that same shine in his eyes when he talked about Kylo Ren. Someone was in love with it.

“I guess you could’ve just added an ‘A’ to your ‘MT’. Not as ingenious as I thought.” You said apologetically.

“Matt…” He tried out his name. “I love it. We should make a name generator! Pick your number too! The seven has four characters though. Keep that in mind.”

You stopped him before he got ahead of himself. You already had a name that you went by and told
him. He recited your name to make sure he wouldn’t forget it and put it to memory. The doors to the lift swung open.

“Today was fun.” You stepped out of the elevator then slowed to a stop. "I even forgot how…”

Four the last few hours, you’d forgotten the whole reason you were sulking.

“What?” Matt looked at you confused.

You explained to him about your lost possession and he watched as your countenance fell. You had even showed him the maps you were using as a guide to find your device. Realizing that it was his situation that had cost something very dear to you, Matt grabbed your hands with determination that he would support you in searching. You walked down the new floor, and thanked him for the better grade of food before you both said your goodbyes. You’d had acquaintances on the ship before but no one you would actually call a friend. When you made it to your bunk later that evening, you found yourself in high spirits. You were happy. Something you hadn’t felt -at least on this magnitude- in very a long time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the wonderful comments I received. I always appreciate them and they always push me to do more. Thank you for liking my story, it really gives me butterflies when I know it's making someone happy.

And again, to be perfectly clear, and to avoid confusion, Matt the Technician is not Kylo Ren. He is his own character, his own entity, having his own soul, and is also very enthusiastic, fanatical, about the First Order. I'm sorry I wasn't able to get that across by story just alone! Clearly, need more work as a writer.
False Bravery Goes a Long Way

Chapter Summary

You've lost all hope in finding your music player and Matt tries to cheer you up.

Chapter Notes

I had written the last chapter and this one on the 4th of May for Star Wars Day, but there were too many kinks I needed to work out before I could post it. This one is a bit corny, your character has some awkward phrasing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 4

False Bravery Goes a Long Way

“Why are we doing this?” You grumbled.

The three extra days you had for finding your player had come and gone, and a bad mood had clung to you for the past week. You didn’t want to work, you didn’t want to socialize, and you definitely did not want to be out of your room. You were miserable. It was gone, despite Matt assuring you that there was no way it could have been in the incinerator. Using his clearance, he had asked that the waste be thoroughly checked with the scanners for any possible items of trash that resembled your device before sent to complete annihilation.

You strapped on a stormtroopers outfit and put the helmet over your head, trying to ignore the other people in the room that you’d be going up against. They were all here for a fun time. None of them seemed to have any experience in actual combat.

“Because! Despite our current roles in serving the First Order, we should still maintain diligent training with field simulations, should the need arise that we take up arms.” Matt paused to wave his blaster. “And because shooting at people might take your mind off…things.”

“This is ridiculous.” You mumbled bitterly. “We’re not soldiers.”

“Yet.” Matt sighed and called your name, “Look, indulge me? If I had the physique, this would be my dream job. It’s my dream job!”

“Oh, ok, you wore me down.” Seeing his over dramatic desperation made you stifle a laugh. He was trying to cheer you up. The least you could do was play along. You looked up and down at your friend who barely fit into the uniform. “Dream uniform.”

“I will make it fit.” Matt said with determination and tightened the helmet straps inside. “We’ll be up against a team instead of the usual every-man-for-himself bloodbath. Ah, what else? Five teams of two, each member has a badge attached to your suit shows what team your on, also a there are
banners as battle prizes. You win by getting the other team's banner. You can get hit on arms shoulders and still continue, but if you get hit on your head, center chest or center back, you’re dead. Oh, and guns are on low stun. It won’t hurt much but it’ll still pack a punch—”

“'It's the Butt.” You said with dismay when someone new entered the waiting room. Matt looked at you confused until he saw who stepped in. MR-2888 (MR-BUTT).

“Isn’t this a surprise?” MR-2888 joked as he looked at three of his lackeys. “Looks like today’s gonna be an easy win, boys. What are you even doing here, man?”

The other teams that had been watching you turned their eyes away as you and Matt became the target of four trained combat members. You saw Matt’s enthusiasm waiver and he didn’t even bother to put his helmet on. He was regretting this. Here he was being talked down from a man he admired, and it made your blood boil.

“You wanna play soldier?” Another commented and rapped his knuckles on Matt’s armor. Placing yourself between them you shoved him back.

“Yea!” You shouted out braver than you felt. Your second shout sounded more confident. “Yea! So what if we do? Right, Matt?! For a day, why the hell not! Back off and leave us alone!”

No one mentioned a word. MR-2888 and his lackeys just smiled and backed off, leaving the fight for the mockup. The doors to the waiting room opened to the arena, breaking your momentum as your rivals started to laugh at your false bravado and moved out.

"Think you can keep up, honey?” They joked.

Running on anger, stupidity and adrenaline, your mouth began to run off without you.

“We’ll dominate you, and we’ll dominate you hard-.” No, try again. “Dominate with a blast of hot, steamy- nope, damn it!”

Deciding to shut up, everyone else in the room, the other teams, ignored you and walked out of the room except for Matt, who looked at you like you were crazy, until he finally started to laugh.

“You need to work on you ‘trash talk’.”

“I know.” You buried your face for a moment in your hand. “I panicked.”

Before you and Matt exited the room, Matt pulled you aside and coughed uncomfortably.

“Thanks.” His face turned beat red. “I mean it.”

You gave his arm a squeeze, “Anytime.”

…

Supervisor Novo looked to his executor and nodded. “Begin the simulation.”

In the control panel above the arena, the simulation supervisor watched as the teams started to move. The terrain chosen for this training was a rain forest setting. The buzzard went off inside the arena and the game was set in motion. After a several minutes, just as the players had started to split off and become bolder with each stride, two other members of the order walked in.

“General Hux.” Novo stood at attention. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”
“Kylo Ren.” Hux inhaled sharply and looked to his companion that had joined him. “He needs to be persuaded that our men are reliable and exceed the Supreme Leader’s expectations. I understand you have four honorable members of platoon 426 on this simulation?”

Novo called to one of the controllers and asked him to read the roster of the current training mockup.

“…TG-7667, MT-6288 and DR-7664.” The reader flipped to the next screen and displayed bios of all the participants “Only four of them actually have experience. This wouldn’t be a simulation, it’d be a massacre.”

The supervisor cleared his throat showing his disapproval towards the personal remark in the report. “General, Commander, if you would both prefer a…clearer insight on our soldiers’ progress or adaptations to war, might I suggest the next round?”

General Hux looked to Kylo Ren who was walking back and forth between holograms of each participant before he stopped at one in particular and studied it.

“As my subordinate stated,” Supervisor Novo continued and even dared to laugh quietly, “They’re nothing more than grunt workers.”

“Turn on the audio.” Commander Ren kept his eyes focused on contestant DR-7664’s bio.

“Sir?” Nova frowned, but carried out with the order, “Turn on the receptors. We’ll be able to receive the transmission of all members. Unless we turn on the PA, they won’t be able to hear us.”

“Receiving…now.”

Hux showed his discomfort immediately, “I will not have you judge the value of our entire fleet based on low level.”

Transmission came to life and the room was filled with commands and strategy plans given by each team. The members from platoon 426 were all calling perfect shots, taking out teams one at a time. They were methodical, calculated. Team flags had already been targeted and one acquired. Several rounds of shots had been fired. One of the regulators stood up and looked at the attacks from Team Blue.

"Sir," He called out to Nono. "We may have a problem."

As the supervisor crossed the room to look, a very distinct voice shouted out from one of the participants below, came up on the intercom.

“**Butt! Behind you!**”

…

Matt dodged MR-‘Butt’s blast by diving low behind a fallen tree beside you.

“Thanks for the warning.” Matt’s heartbeat was racing. “I think…we may be a bit over our heads.”

“Really!” You clutched tightly to your blaster. You saw a fighter running towards you about to take a shot but before they could pull the trigger, they were blasted from behind. The body took the impact poorly and propelled by the blast towards Matt, and you heard something break. You raised your blaster and started to shoot towards the area where the unfortunate player got hit.

“They’re closing in.” You shouted as you tried providing cover on your open flank.
Matt looked puzzled. “That’s not supposed to happen…”

“What’s not?”

“These blasters are for simulations,” He rolled the unconscious body until he got a better view of their back and gritted his teeth. “They’re not supposed to jolt you enough to throw your body. They modified theirs, the bastards. Their setting alterations could break bone…shit…if I get hit…it could really mess me up.”

He wasn’t lying. You saw Matt’s physique, and it wasn’t impressive. He could break if he got hit the wrong way.

“Mr. Genius.” You tapped his shoulder, “If they modified their weapons, can you modify ours? Like…with a bang?”

Matt paused for a moment, and then nodded with smile, “Yes, yes I can.”

“I got three of them, Matt. THREE! Holy shit, we might win this.”

“Remember to throw them when you’re farther along. These are energy cores without the stabilizers. I’m heading towards their banner now.”

Kylo Ren watched the progress of DR-7664 drawing attention away from her team member. So far, there were five players left on the board. It was impressive that they’d lasted so long. Their rivals were no longer concerned with trying to get the banners; their sole purpose was eradication. Two others cornered her now. As he watched her movements, an unbelievable charge set off on the scene knocking out her pursuers.

Supervisor Novo was lost at what to do and began to bumble. “Rules of orderly conduct have been broken. Stop the simu-”

“Keep it running.” Commander Ren ordered.

“I don’t see how this could prove useful to any of us.” Hux was red with fury. "Stop this."

“Seeing as two untried members of the cleaning crew and technology division have outmatched your awarded, experienced fighters, it raises the question, how? Continue with the simulation, Supervisor Novo.”

A flash lit up the area and a loud noise caused several men to cringe and cover their ears.

“Matt! That was a huge explosion! Took out two. That means one left.”

“Oh my…”

“Is it the Butt?”

“Kylo Ren is watching us!”

“What?” DR-7664 faced the control panel before continuing to trek across the arena. “Matt, focus.”

“Do you think he smells as good as he looks?”
“Wha-Matt! Not the time to…why do you want to smell him? Do you...love...”

“The darkest hour of the First Order.” Hux rubbed his temples. The silence on the radio made everyone hold their breaths. An awkward cough here and there, but everyone avoided Kylo Ren’s eyes.

“He’s an inspiration to us all!”

“Calm down! He’ll hear you. You’ll scare him away with your man-crush feelings.”

“They can’t hear us...can they?”

The commander heard her laugh as she began running towards MT-6288’s location. It was a charming laugh, and though his mask hid it, it made him, genuinely, smile.

…

“Matt!” You watched in horror as your friend, with banner in hand, was blasted to the side. He had actually made it to the enemy base and gotten hold of the banner. The simulation was over, but MR-2888 had gone on a rampage. You started to march towards him, tearing your helmet off to look the asshole in the eye. “We won! You dirty cheat! The game’s over!”

“‘Over’?” MR-2888 shook his head and took off his helmet. “Over with playing make-believe and imagination? You’re absolutely right.”

He aimed his blaster at you and you didn’t even have time to think before a high-set stun bean hit you straight in the chest and blasted part of your armor off. Your body was so shaken, you couldn’t pull yourself up when you hit the floor like a rock. The lines of electricity could be seen rolling off your body as you lay on your back. The heartbeat slowed down abnormally and your hearing faded in and out until it finally steadied. Pressure started to build up on your chest, and until your vision cleared you didn’t realize what it was. MR-2888 was pushing down on you with his foot. Your jaw clenched as you tried to lift him off, but he was too heavy, and your body was still shocked by the hit. He leaned down to whisper close to your ear.

“Sure. Take your stupid victory in a practice match. Because the truth is, sweetheart, in a real battle, you’d still be as useless, powerless, and weak as you are, RIGHT. NOW.”

He grinded his heel into your sternum for the last two words long and hard until you cried out. Unintentionally, a few tears made it out from the corners of your eyes though you had tried not to let him see how much he was hurting you. He grabbed the back of your head roughly till you thought you’d bleed and kissed you hard on your mouth. You felt disgusted when his lips touched yours. It took all you had to keep your mouth shut when you felt him trying to force his tongue between your lips and when you couldn’t fight anymore you made a desperate attempt and scratched his face near the eyes. He slapped your face before stepping off you.

“Whenever you wanna play make-believe, I’m here.”

He walked away…

And then you vomited.

…

"You." General Hux, appalled by the less than honorable actions of his men, turned to a lieutenant standing in the back. "I want MR-2888 put on a one month suspension, without benefits and
privileges, along with his team. Cited for poor conduct and harassment. Commander Ren, if you want a better demonstration of our best, I suggest an actual mission, opposed to a training simulation."

"On the contrary, General Hux," The commander looked towards the window that looked out into the arena towards. His eyes never leaving DR-7664 as she painfully picked herself up and dragged her feet to her unconscious teammate. "If you men are half as competent as those grunt workers, you might actually make a suitable army."

... Despite Matt having a fragile body, the blast did more of a number on you than him. You suffered from many bruised ribs, bruised and cut lips, popped blood vessels on your left cheek, and a fractured sternum. All Matt got was a bloody nose, but emotionally, he felt awful. After Dr. Rokhard cleared you both in the infirmary, Matt insisted that he accompany you back to your room where a messenger had been standing. He wore a white uniform trimmed with blue, making him stand out.

“DR-7664?” He looked towards Matt who in turn, nodded to you.

“Package.”

You frowned. Who’d…? You looked at Matt who clearly was just as surprised as you were. There wasn’t a sender identification number on it. Deciding to give you time to yourself after the long day, Matt left you alone. Though, before he left, he tried to give you the banner you’d both worked so hard for. But when you insisted that he should keep it, he didn’t refuse. Of course he didn’t. His first win! Even if you both got beat down, a win was a win…with battle bruises to prove it.

After a moment of peace and quiet spent lounging in your room, you finally decided to call it a day. Package in hand, you crawled onto your bed and got comfortable before unwrapping the nameless package. You wish you knew who the sender was. Should you be wary of the package or just open it? You tried to hum something while slow hands began to open the parcel, but your lips were too dry, and your mind was too scattered. The evening would have been better if only you had your-

You hands pulled away from the package before breaking down in tears.

There, sitting in your lap with all its abrasions and scraped corners, was your music player. Yours and yours alone. The most surprising part was found when you realized your rechargeable energy core had been replaced with a brand new one! How it got there was lost on you. You tried to pull yourself together as you put the earpiece in, but yet again, tears began streaming down your face. It was definitely your player. All the songs you had fallen in love with were there. Content and feeling complete once more, you pulled your blanket over you and fell asleep while listening to the galaxy’s greatest hits.

Chapter End Notes

There it is! Happy Belated "May the Fourth Be With You" Star Wars day! I hope you enjoyed this chapter. You have no idea how your kudos, comments and hits mean to me. Thank you so much! I had written the last chapter and this one on the 4th of May for Star Wars Day, but there were too many kinks I needed to work out before I could post it. This on is a bit corny, your character has some awkward phrasing. And towards the
end, if it gets uncomfortable due to the situation, please let me know how to tag it appropriately. Also, if anyone noticed, Dr.Rokhard (one of the character names from SNL, that Adam Driver played in a skit) was mentioned. Very awkward to watch, but fun for giggles.
False Pretenses

Chapter Summary

You find out the reason why BL-7448 was so eager to give up her shift.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much, readers, for your support. Comments, Kudos, Hits and Bookmarks make me realize that there are people who read this, and they’re not just pity reads. You actually like this story (I hope). I am so grateful that you gave this fic a chance and continue to give me chances to keep you attention and improve my writing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5

False Pretenses

The manager of the ship’s delivery system sat in his chair reviewing what you’d already told the window clerk. The man who had delivered the package to you had been a dead end, so you went higher up the ladder to find someone who could tell you, the delivery manager. The unhealthy looking man sat behind a window of service that was too small for a man of his…girth. He informed you that he couldn’t even remember the face of the last guy he had just seen.

Usually, the packages are set for delivery and then sent out before he was even on shift. This happened round the clock making it impossible to track the origins of any unsigned package. If the person wanted to you who they were, they’d have put an ID number on it. Seeing as they didn’t, he told you to beat it.

These past weeks had been nothing but scavenger hunts. Where was your battery, where was your music player, where was this mystery person? It would have gotten under your skin, but you and Matt both made light of the new situation and entertained yourselves by suggesting outrageous ideas of who it could be.

“So…” You looked at the delivery manager expectantly.

“So, that information is private.”

“Look, I really owe this person a lot.” You pleaded. “This would mean the world-”

A gargled sound emitted from his throat made you step back momentarily. He spat into, what you hoped was a trashcan, before shutting your hopes down. “I don’t remember every person who’s dropped off a package, we just deliver them. Without a sender’s ID it’s impossible to know. Besides, even if I did know, it’s confidential. I wouldn’t be able to tell you.”

He thought you’d be satisfied with the answer, but it only made you push again, meeker this time,
“Does that mean…” You leaned forward into the window. “You can’t tell me or you can tell me… but you won’t?”

He smacked you off his ledge as you protested, and, snappishly, slammed the window closed.

“Rude!” You shouted and backed away from the messenger station on the ship.

Heading down the hall you looked at your datapad. Seeing as Bel had done you a favor, you were adding her cleaning duties to yours for a week. You didn’t even care. After work you’d promised to meet Matt in the recreational hall, giving you something to look forward to after work. Also, cleaning cell rooms were better than awkwardly standing in a bathroom stall, waiting for someone to finish peeing. The shift would be longer, but...

You put in your earpiece.

As you entered the lift to the ships lower levels towards the interrogation rooms and prisoner cells, you pushed the on button on your device. It felt good to have its music blasting in your ears again. If you had a thousand years of work and your music, work was tolerable. You broke into a small dance and even dared to shimmy. Your ride had a few other stops along the way, forcing you to stop but when they were gone you continued your tomfooleries, finishing a grand finale move right before the doors opened to your floor. You saw a flash of black before the doors completely opened, and you sprung to attention.

“…Surveillance at all times.” The masked voice stated. “Should anything happen, you are to alert me at once.”

You pulled your earpiece off and tried, unsuccessfully, to catch your breath while hoping the slightly flushed expression on your face from your little dance number went unnoticed. The door revealed Kylo Ren and a mousey looking officer at his side.

“DR-7664.” Kylo Ren paused in front of you, then observed you up and down at your slightly frazzled state.

“Sir.” You stood at attention for a moment, until you realized that your player was still playing from your back pocket, letting a melody of cantina fusion, singing about posteriors, remain distantly audible. You felt your face grow warm when the smaller man began looking up at the ceiling, trying to locate the origin of the song. If he could hear it, Kylo Ren could hear it. You winced at the thought. Thankfully, the moment was short lived and the Commander stepped to the side allowing you to exit. Bowing your head as an apology, you mumbled a quick yet polite ‘excuse me’, and squeezed awkwardly between the two men, pulling your cleaning cart behind you.

The shift wasn’t difficult at all, despite you not having a cleaning droid. Reason being, droids on this level were restricted. Even maintenance droids were banned to prevent hacking threats.

Adding to the current job’s effortlessness, due to more security protocols, you were told to avoid occupied cells until the inhabitant was either taken for questioning, or…disposed of. You felt yourself pausing to think of the deaths you’ve heard of on the ship, but you shook the ideas from your mind. No…don’t think of it. You knew the First Order dealt harshly towards any person that was part of the resistance or discovered to be aiding them. It was justice.

A few hours later, you’d completed the job. And an hour early, too! Wanting to be thorough, you decided to finish a final sweep of the area, making sure all rooms had been touched up on as much as
vacancies allowed. As you packed up your supplies, you saw a pair of stormtroopers standing outside one of the rooms you’d skipped. You already knew there was a prisoner in that room, but to have such high security? The person must have been very important.

One of the partners had seen you and began talking with their partner. That partner now had his gaze focused in your direction and beckoned you to come towards them.

Hesitantly, you wiped your hands on a towel and made your way to them.

“You’re a cleaner, right?” One of them asked. The other had looked to your ID badge above your breast.

“Yea. If your looking for BL-7448, she’s working elsewhere.” You laughed self-consciously, “I took her job for a favor. Don’t worry though, she’ll be back next week.”

“DR-7664. It has a nice ring to it.” The one who had observed your number joked. “My number’s MR-6969. Call me 69, everyone else does.”

“How unfortunate.” You laughed back and started to feel comfortable with the two.

“MR-2777. Call me ‘Lucky’.” The other commented casually. “So Bel isn’t gonna be with us for a while? What was the bet?”

“No, no bet.” Shaking your head, you explained, “She helped me out, so I’m returning the favor.”

“Well that’s awfully nice of you.” MR-2777 paused for a moment. “Considering what happened last time.”

69 nudged his friend and hissed, “Shut it.”

You looked at them both expectantly, but neither of them gave up the story. It was only when you started to feel that your presence was unwanted, they began to cave in. Lucky started the story. Apparently, a few weeks ago, Bel had a bad experience with a prisoner. The incident happened in the room behind them. It was usually always cleaned, but since her incident, she didn’t want to go near the room. It was part of her duties, but ever since she got attacked, it hasn’t been cleaned in forever. It was her job. And seeing that you were taking over for a week…

“That room is a real piece of work now. Really needs a cleaning. The Commander’s been brutal in there.” 69 looked back behind him, “He interrogates the prisoner and breaks them physically, then mentally. Apparently, she’s been able to resist Lord Ren, but her will is breaking. In the end, their will always breaks. Oh, but we swear it’s safe! The prisoner is unconscious and restrained to the interrogation table, so no risk.”

You shook your head, “I’m not allowed in the room with a prisoner. If you could get her temporarily transferred, I’d be more than happy to help, but I have my orders…sorry, guys.”

“They won’t take her out. Commander’s orders. If you could just go in for a few hours to clean up, it’d really help us out.” Lucky gestured to the door. “The smell of blood is unbearable when we check on her. Lord Ren, he hasn’t said anything about the state of the room, but, personally, we think he actually enjoys the blood when it soaks in the ashes.”

“Ashes?” You were completely shaken.
At least now you knew why Bel had wanted time off. She’d been attacked and didn’t feel safe. The two were practically begging you now, but you were still taking your time being persuaded.

Seeing you hesitate, 69 finally snapped, “Look, just do us this favor. You said ‘we’re on the same side’, right?”

Red flags started flying through your mind making you step back cautiously. All trust had broken down. “What did you say?”

When did you say those words? It was crucial to remember, but for the life of you, you couldn’t find the moment in time when you said them. When you were finally to place the time you said it, you covered your mouth and tried to walk away. Those were the same words you’d said to them. Their numbers began the same. MR. The same class ID as…

“Ah, shit.” Lucky sounded agitated and dropped the ruse as soon as you put two and two together. He grabbed you by the arm while 69 opened the door behind him.

“Let go of me.” You pulled away, but before you could get past them, Lucky pushed you down into the interrogation room hard and you felt your head hit the ground with just as much force. You tried to hurry to your feet, but just as you reached out for the door, they shut tight, leaving you alone in the dark with the prisoner.

Chapter End Notes

The song that came into my head was "I like big butts". But by all means, imagine any song you'd like and if you'd like to share it, I'd love to run it in my head while imagining the scene.

Oh, this time, 6969 and 2777 were just for the numbers.
Visions of War

Chapter Summary

For the first time, you struggle with the ideals and the practices of the First Order.

Chapter Notes

I go on a writing rampage for a few days at a time and end up not sleeping until 6am. I promise I'll rest...just one more chapter. Thank you for your ongoing support and sticking to this work of fiction. It wouldn't be alive without you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 6

Visions of War

Terror gripped your heart and you started to pound on the door. The thought of being in the dark with an unknown prisoner of war made you increasingly desperate. You turned and faced the other side of the room, frantically, trying to see something but your eyes never adjusted. It was too dark. Like space without the stars.

"Let me out!"

A beep was heard to the left of the door and was accompanied by a green light. On the intercom, you heard 69’s voice.

"I wouldn’t shout if I were you. The prisoner’s in a heavily sedated state, but, occasionally, a loud noise has been known to wake her."

"If you haven’t guessed it yet," Lucky’s voice came to life from the speakers. His tone was nothing, if not arrogant. “This is for Eights’s suspension. MR-2888. Graduated together. Also, we uh…may have exaggerated a bit about the blood. Tell her, 69.”

“Why not? You see, some of the blood, DR-7664, was caused by Kylo Ren. However, most of it was when the prisoner attacked the staff. We’ll let you figure out how, and try not to slip in it.

The conversation ended.

Hands fumbled in the dark for the communication trigger. The power board had many options and kept you busy by flipping switches and pushing whatever felt like it could be pushed. Still, nothing worked. There wasn’t even a light to indicate it was working. The green light had died out and it was no longer running.

There had to be something you could do…you stood with your back to the wall again, hand flat against it, keeping your eyes wide open, even though it didn’t do any good. If anything were to strike at you now, you’d be completely vulnerable. You let out a choked whine before trying to find other

Trying to access the room’s verbal system was a failure. Nothing triggered. Emergency settings were never disabled. The two stormtroopers must have bribed someone pretty well to set this up. The system had been compromised. You tried again without stumbling over your words; a clearer tone, while maintaining a soft voice.

…Still nothing. The quiet stillness of the room had begun to unnerve you. If the prisoner was, indeed, sedated, it would have been less of a threat. However, if it was pretending to be…it was cunning.

You stared into the darkness wondering how long they’d keep you here and, slowly, slid to the floor hugging your knees close to yourself. Your hands started to reach towards your pockets and tried to find anything that could help your situation. You hoped for an emergency flashlight…nothing. You’d taken it out of your inventory a long time ago. Please, any form of light. Anything. You patted front and back pockets when you felt a familiar item. Your music player. Part of you was delighted. It wasn’t much, but you could use its screen for light. The other part of you held back out of fear. Fear originating from the idea that you would turn on the light to see a face staring back at you.

When was the last time you’d charged it?

You mentally groaned. It’d been a while. You tried to focus your eyes at the darkness but they still wouldn’t comply. There was absolutely no light to help them adjust. You inhaled to sigh, but you almost choked on the stench. Metallic, coppery, like battered iron that’s been rusted. The guys outside weren’t kidding about the room being bloodstained. You’d been so busy trying to see, you paid no attention to the smell. But were they lying about the prisoner?

Making up your mind, you held up your player and turned on the power. The light gave enough illumination to see bloodstains of footprints on the floor, leading out of the area. You were caught in a small corridor that led to a bigger room. You moved the light to get better look at the area, still not brave enough to step off the wall. The interrogation table was upright, in the center of the room. You were relieved when you saw the top of it from where you were standing. There wasn’t a head on the headrest. It was a trick. The table was empty. There wasn’t anyone else. This was just a stupid prank from a group of stupid people. That’s what you’d thought… and then you heard someone in the room groan.

“No…” The green power light on your player turned to red, and you began to panic, “Don’t die.”

Your eyes kept switching back and forth from the blinking telltale sign of red to the interrogation table. Time was short… You couldn’t see anyone in the chair, but you knew you had heard something. Studying the room, the conclusion was that there was only a few places a person could hide. It was either behind the console or the pillar that was filled with… you wanted to say dirt, but you remembered that Lucky had mentioned ashes.

There’s no one here. It’s just a trick. It’s just a trick.

Repeating the lie in your head, and willing it to be fact, you raised yourself up and began to slowly make your way towards the table. The sound of your footsteps was dampened as you tried your best to tread lightly.

Your heart couldn’t take it. It felt like it was going to burst. You hated this situation!
It's just a trick. Please just be a trick.

The smell was increasingly nauseating as you closed the distance. Tugging what little you could of your jumper over your nose wasn’t helping anymore.

You were so close to the table now, you could touch it. Just a bit more. Your eyes were on the headrest as you made your way around it, but as soon as you had a front view of the torture table, you understood why you couldn’t see the prisoner.

It was alien.

The thing was small and bright orange. No hair, just very bright and rough skin. Its eyes were set inside giant craters and quite small. Small. In fact, the creature’s body was so small in stature that the normal shackles on the table weren’t even used. Instead, arms and the neck were strapped down by cuffs and restraints. You knew torture helped the cause of the First Order and sometimes it was necessary, but something inside you was screaming in protest. Around the creature’s closed eyes were shards of glass. If observed closely, one could see that everywhere on the skin were smears of liquid. It was the alien’s blood. You could see cuts that had coagulated but then there were some that still had to heal. Around the restraints was fresh blood that was dripping onto its clothes. Around its neck was a metal ring, welded into the table. It was painful and suffocating just looking at. Instinctively, put a hand to your neck.

While you were observing the alien, your light started to flash, letting you know it was at the end of its life cycle unless you charged it soon. The light caused the creature to stir. Startled, you took a step back as the thing opened its eyes. It was focusing on the light then started to rattle in a panic, trying to fight against its confined state. A nurturing instinct kicked in and you forgot that this was an enemy of the First Order.

“It’s ok!” You held up your hands trying to calm it down. “Don’t struggle.”

The thing was in shock and you saw some of the older wounds reopen and start to bleed.

“Where-where am I...”

It wasn’t the just state of the creature that caught you off guard; it was the gender. That’s right, the guards had mentioned it was a she. You knew it shouldn’t bother you, men and women all fought in the war, but somehow, hearing it intensified the horror of the situation. And from what you could tell from the voice, it was an elder. The alien didn’t even process your presence until you laid a gentle had on its shoulder.

“Stop, don’t struggle, your opening-”

“MURDERER!” She screamed. “YOU’RE ALL MURDERERS!”

The shock from the title paralyzed you as the alien started to struggle and scream.

It’s ok, it’s ok, it’s tied down! She can’t hurt you! You were screaming in your mind.

Suddenly your throat tightened and you couldn’t breath! You dropped your player and instinctively grabbed at your throat, horrified to find out that there was nothing there. You looked at its eyes that were so full of hate. Then the impossible happened. It broke its restraints and reached for your face.

Two things happened as soon as she made contact. You screamed as you felt a sharp pain in you head. As if it was splitting apart. The next, you saw revelations in your mind.
There was burning villages, homes, dynasties, crying children, the dead, charred bodies of women in the streets, and a trail of dead warriors all at the hands of…

“Kylo Ren.” She uttered the name with animosity.

The alien's eyes were cold, unfeeling and focused beyond you. When she finally saw at you, she realized what she was doing. As if breaking out of a trance, her eyes softened and you felt the stress around your neck lessen, but it still maintained its hold. In that moment, she seemed almost regretful at what she had just done.

Her face transfigured from full of emotion to just one now. Hopelessness. She looked at you pleadingly. Her voice, barely above a whisper due to the ring that had taken its toll around her throat and the strain she had put it through to shout out condemnation. She was so tired, so weak, so broken.

“Help me…”

What could you do? How could you help her? But you couldn’t! She was a prisoner of war, and yet, the burden to comfort was so heavy.

The lights turned on in the room blinding you and stopping all thought. That’s when you felt an invisible power push past you and tear the alien away. As it forced her against the wall opposite of you, you felt yourself knocked onto your side on the floor. Your hands touched the new blood that had just pooled on the floor and you quickly pulled away. There was so much blood. Oh gods, there was so much blood. The dark had hidden the thick liquid, but now your eyes were adjusting to the light and you could see that you were surrounded by it.

A tall domineering figure stepped between you and the alien. Terror shook your entire frame. You’d never seen him use the force. Kylo Ren’s hand was extended in the direction of the alien, ferocity pulsing from his very being.

“You have no influence here, Maz Kanata.” The Commander was furious. His hand turned into a fist and the orange alien screamed. “You dare hurt her?”

The one called ‘Maz’ kept shrieking and you couldn’t take it. The sound made you sick, but it empowered you to scramble to your feet. All while covering your ears until you were outside of the room, not daring to look back. Her cries of pain rang in your ears and only stopped once you reached the lift and got inside.

Before the doors closed, you saw one guard on the floor near the opening of the room you had just been in, medics rushing to the scene. Another guard took off his mask and looked like he was on the verge of a break down until he turned his head and saw you. His finger pointed at you accusingly, face twisted in rage, but just as he was about to shout your name, the lift doors closed shut sheltering you from whatever slander he had to say.

Chapter End Notes

I love Maz. The fact that she was based of a teacher of Episode 7’s teacher is just perfect. I hated that I put her in this situation, but I really think she'd be the one to jolt reader's mind and make her question the First Order's objective. Thank you all for your support!!! I wonder if any of you thought it'd be Rey?
Thanks to MikoHiyashi for correcting me on Maz's color.

And does anyone else think she looks like an upside down pineapple cake?
Chapter Summary

Struggling with your values, you find yourself being led back to the darkness.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry, this was supposed to come out right after the last chapter, but I fell asleep on the keyboard. I was right, 6am! Thank you for your comments and support, I'll respond to all of them soon.

Also, happy belated mother's day to anyone one who is a good mother, a good father who took the place of a mother, a family friend who stepped up as a mother, or any daughter or son who has a mother or is becoming a mother/mother figure. Thank you everyone, who has stayed with this story. I hope these chapters are worth it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7

Darkness is Truth

You were running. Then walking. Then running again.

You were in the observatory. Each time you ran, you were running towards the vast window at the end of the long room, giving the illusion that you were anywhere but here. Every time the illusion stopped, you walked back to your starting point, the entrance, and tried again. By your fourth run, your jumper was zipped down with sleeves tied around your waist to keep it from falling off. It was soaked with spots of blood, alien and human but, thankfully, the bloodstains hadn’t made it to your standard issue undershirt, which played into your self-deception that everything was okay.

On your thirteenth run, just as you were nearing your goal, your mind shut out the world and stopped thinking. Your body, unable to cope, couldn’t function in an automatic state. It was as if someone cut the power. You mistimed your step and slammed hard into the ground. You felt your face scrape against the floor. As you started to nurse your face, you pulled up into a defeated position on your knees. The slight stinging made your eyes water.

Mentally, you felt like you had been torn in two. One part of you was distressed at what was just witnessed. The bloody mess on the table had appalled you. This was war, but the steps being taken to assure victory was too much for you to stomach. The image of blood splattered walls from the interrogation room flashed to your mind made you start to feel light-headed. You couldn’t imagine being on either end of an interrogation. The person who caused the pain, or the person who received it? Both were revolting to you. The loyal side of you accepted what had occurred as ‘necessary’. What was bothering you was that the words “accepted” and “agreed” were two different things. You accepted that this was necessary, but you didn’t agree with it. Something inside was telling you that it was wrong. She shouldn’t have been hurt like that.
What treachery was this? You were proud of yourself as a member of the First Order. You were aboard the strongest ship in the galaxy. Trained and educated by the Order since childhood. All doubts or concerns of its actions were justified. But from the weight of what you saw, and what you just experienced, you began to crumble under your uncertainties.

*It's wrong!*

Those words shocked you, and you tried to throw the idea away. The Order was *never* wrong. The end *always* justified the means. No matter what Supreme Leader sacrificed, no matter what *you* sacrificed it was all for a better world...so why?! *Why* did it sicken you...

It was in this state that the doors opened and you heard someone enter. You were near enough to the end of the room where no one had to be close to you for a decent view of infinite stars, so you continued to dwell on your inner turmoil in silence. Someone was being tortured on this ship. Their suffering had been magnified because you couldn’t figure out the malicious intent from two stormtroopers. It was a trap, and you had fallen right into it.

So lost were you in you thoughts, that you didn’t notice the second person’s company again until they had stopped a few feet behind you. You waited for them to ask you to leave, or move, or any type of conversation starter, but the person didn’t say anything. Rather, they seemed to share your opinion of the quiet atmosphere and you both continued to stare into the nothingness of the cosmos.

The two of you carried on for what seemed to be decades. Neither of you said a word; Just the both of you internally acknowledging the other’s presence, sharing the calm ambiance surrounding you both.

After the first second of eternity had passed, he broke the silence first.

“I was under the impression that you’d report to the medical ward.”

Your body went rigid and instantly and you made a motion to stand at attention, but the voice stopped you.

“Please, don’t get up.” No matter how much he had tried to make it sound like a suggestion, Kylo Ren’s voice came out like an order.

You quietly sat back down.

The urge to look at him was growing, but you were too scared to try.

At first, it was fear that had dominated your mind, but then your mind became curious as to why he was in the observatory. Rather than being elsewhere where he was needed, he was here with you. It was astonishing really, but seeing as it was far from your place to ask, you simply, let it be. The man had no reason to satisfy your curiosity, no matter how puzzling his behavior seemed. His presence started to unnerve you again.

Another second of eternity passed and this time it was you who stopped the count.

“I don’t go to the wards because I hate them...” You tried to let go of your tension, but it didn’t work. At first, you had also found the silence comfortable, in a way , but after a while it was becoming unsettling. Trying to avoid those feelings, you began to ramble.

“When I’m here I...try to run away. I start from the entrance, and getaway from every negative emotion, every bad experience I’ve had in a day and just run to the stars. And then...I keep running...until all those emotions are gone. I’m not gone forever just, temporarily. Hypothetically.
Not that I would ever defect! I am loyal to the Order! I would never…”

You fiddled slightly, and turned your body towards the Commander as if showing your sincerity would take back the words you said. Seeing as his demeanor hadn’t change, you let your shoulders drop and you faced the windows once over.

Kylo Ren’s footsteps came closer and stopped beside you, making the finer hairs on your neck stand up. “You are disturbed by what you saw.”

How could you not be? The victim was bloodied, and ragged and mutilated. Her spirit, shattered into so many fragments, was she even still a person? You could remember the shards around her eyes and saw vividly that some skin had already started to heal around it. The blood had stained the floor after weeks of neglect and you had smelled the rot of unattended wounds. That stench had followed you. And the way she had looked at you. Your stomach riled.

“She…called me a murderer.” You trembled at the thought, “But I’m not-I’ve never-”

“They will try to mislead you.” His voice was quieter now. You could hear the resentment when he talked. “Saying that light is truth. That darkness is bondage. Those are nothing more than twisted fabrications of their reality.”

“I saw things…” Your hands rose to your face and you looked on in dread. You didn’t want to remember, but you saw glimpses of the images she gave you. You didn’t know how, but you knew she gave them to you. “When she touched me, I saw so much devastation, and death, and anarchy… at the hands of… you. Me. Us. The Order. And right now, I’m so terrified to ask…I don’t want to ask, but if I don’t…”

You wiped your eyes, pretending you weren’t going to cry, before asking the feared question. Your whole body was shaking, the fact that you were even asking this made your world turn upside down. You were ashamed that you even felt that you had to ask. To make things worse you were about to ask the most powerful man in the Order. Someone who held the Order in such high esteem, someone who had such faith in the goals of Supreme Leader Snoke. Shame, shame, shame. The humiliation was burning on your face. The words were lodged in your throat until you forced it out.

“Are we the villain?”

How dare you question the First Order’s righteous cause? How dare you! You thought you’d be beaten for your impulsive heart and your insolent words. Did your uncertainty know no bounds?

You waited for the him to strike at you. You deserved it for your wavering devotion.

And yet… Kylo Ren seemed to pity you.

He sighed.

There was no rage, no conflict, just simple understanding. He was taking in your situation to heart and indicated so by placing a gentle hand on your shoulder.

“I have walked this path of doubt. Do not be deceived. Focus on the darkness, strengthen your will with the Supreme Leader’s ambition, and you will not be misled. The darkness in true form is freedom. Freedom from oppression and chains that would bind you to a bleak and barren future. That freedom is under assault by the traitorous resistance. No, 7664. We are not the villain of the story, we are the heroes.”

He kneeled down next to you, and you felt him looking at you through his mask. It created a
vulnerable feeling, you felt almost bare in front of him, but you didn’t feel threatened. Instead you felt safe. The Commander placed your smaller hands into his and pulled you to your feet slowly. The gesture touched your heart. Despair and misery left your spirit as he held onto your hands so carefully…as if he feared you would resist or break from his touch.

“Don’t run anymore.” He gently squeezed your hands and pulled them closer, “Follow me, cling to me…stay…with me…and I will lead you to that perfect future.”

His convictions, his closeness, and his sincerity made your heart quicken its pace. As he let go of your hands, you felt a gloved finger remain longer than expected as it trailed away. When you felt his touch leave you completely, something fluttered inside your stomach and you couldn’t understand the cause.

In the next moment, his manner changed, and the atmosphere became threatening. You felt him become unapproachable. Without a second glance, the Commander made his way towards the exit and left you alone, weak in the knees, and your mind occupied solely by him.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry this was short. It tried to make it up by posting three in one day, so wiped out. If it doesn't do its job right, let me know and I'll try harder with the other ideas I have coming up. And now I hibernate.
You Have Me, And I Have You...Sometimes

Chapter Summary

You realize that no matter how close you and Matt are, some things are painfully left unsaid.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for being so patient. I was being torn a part how to plan the next few chapters so I haven't been as adamant about uploading. I hate planning plots. Esp. for the next few chapters. It was killing me how to fit all the ideas I had and where to put them. If they were out of order wouldn't have made sense, but thankfully I was able to fit everything in an outline without cutting anything by adding a connecting sentence. This is for chapters later on, but man, was it killing me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8

You Have Me, and I Have You...Sometimes

“Don’t move...”

“It hurts.” You winced.

“It’ll feel good soon.”

“Too hard.”

“Relax, I’ll go in slowly.”

“Mmph.”

“What are you doing?” Matt pulled back the curtain, blushing profusely, to find you with a tongue depressor being held against your tongue and Dr. Rokhard’s free hand on the back of your neck. You leaned away from the doctor who let out a grunt of disapproval. You flinched, but firm hands pulled you closer to his face. His fingers that started to massage the tender area of bruised flesh made you inhaled sharply.

“Do you mind?” Dr. Rokhard closed the curtain to keep Matt from eyeing the session, and then went back to evaluating the condition of your neck and throat.

“Try stroking it or it’ll get too sore.”

“Like this?”

“Good…really good…now go faster-”
“Ok, you’re done.” Matt pulled open the divider and grabbed your hand, not letting go until you were both far away. No matter how confused you were, or how much you protested.

You were in the recreation center now. Stretching out with Matt next to a set of weights. Ever since your life picked up with its assault ratings, the both of you decided it was better to be safe than sorry, promising to each other you’d both get into better shape.

It seemed out of place. Two less than perfect personnel standing in a room looking like they should be reading statistics rather than trying to bulk up.

“Careful.” Matt said as he passed you a weight ball.

The both of you were already starting to perspire. Mouths dry, breathing shallow, oh, how you hated working out. Back and forth back and forth, your arms were already starting to shake with each turn the weight came back to you. You looked at Matt, struggling to do his best. He was not built or made for physical labor. But here he was, sweat beginning to trickle down his temples. If he could work as hard as he did without complaints, you could at least try just as hard. Feeling a boost of energy, you pushed your limits.

Matt’s endurance was insane. Couldn’t take a punch, but the scrawny guy knew how to endure.

“And, switch.” Matt coached.

You got into position as Matt took place as your spotter and held down your feet for crunches.

“Thanks for getting my player back, Matt.”

One crunch…two cru-nope, one and a half crunches…

“That one doesn’t count.” Matt commented on your form and laughed when you swore. “And no problem. Had a sweeper pick it up when they actually cleaned the room. I tried to get as much blood off of it…I’m sorry, some had already seeped into the buttons.”

“Two halves…make one crunch! Thought that counts! I got it out already.” You said exhaustedly. “I didn’t tell you what happened.”

“No rush, you don’t have to.” He rested his chin on your knees, “Go higher.”

“Shiiittt. Six.” You collapsed on the floor.

“Pathetic, 7664.” Matt joked. “I figured you’d tell me in your own time. I can listen to the gossip until you do.”

Your upper body was sprawled on the ground, but the mention of the word “gossip”, your head lifted.

“What gossip?”

He smirked and put his arms on your knees to get more comfortable. “That a certain dark knight broke down the door of a locked cell to come to your rescue. Why do you think other of Butt’s buddies haven’t bullied us any more? They’re all scared of Kylo Ren killing someone else.”

“Killed?” You mind thought of the trooper that had been lying on the floor when the elevator closed. It’d been weeks after that incident. You didn’t bring it up with anyone and ‘anyone’ didn’t bring it
up with you. Not even Matt. He had found you in your room, unwilling to accept visitors, but he was banging the door so violently to make you let him in. He knew you needed him.

“Lies.” That part was still hazy to you. All that came to memory was the action of trying to get out of there immediately, despite being a bloody mess. “The lights were out, someone notified him and he came running. That was his prisoner so he had to go down…Maz…Kanata—”

“That thing has a name?” Matt patted your knee before standing up. “Alien life forms are repulsive. It got what it deserved. Spot me. I’ll make up for the ones you didn’t do.”

You’d forgotten.

The First Order didn’t care for other life forms other than human. You’d never even talked to anything but a human, let alone seen one. The Order made sure to educate its recruits on the various types of alien beings, however, it was very blatant and well-known that the organization’s views on anything other than human were exceedingly low, if not non-existent.

“Matt, something…might have happened.” Ever since you had your doubts about the intentions of the Order, you’d been avoiding your friend. He was so one track minded, you doubted he’d try to listen to anything that questioned or opposed the Supreme Leader’s ideals, but you needed someone right now. “I…”

He had already started working on his crunches with a quick pace. Matt had good form; you gave him that much. His total went up into the teens now, blowing your measly pity 6-count out of the atmosphere, and he didn’t seem to be slowing down.

You continued to watch him, debating on whether or not you should let him know. Then the words began to draw out of you slowly. They were brash and trembling. How could you say it?

“I-I think I may be feeling sympathy for…the resistan—”

“Wait, wait…what are you saying?” Matt stopped his exercise and paused with his face two inches from yours. The sweet demeanor of his face had changed to a darker expression, which threw you off completely, a moment longer, you would have been scared.

You shook your head quickly, “Sympathetic to the resi…dents on…Starkiller base.”

The ominous look on his face immediately faded away and he had begun to smile again. “Yeah, they can’t move as freely as we do.”

Your heart felt like it was being squeezed, so much that it throbbed, as you thought on what had just happened. This was the first time that you couldn’t tell Matt everything. Sure, the events of the incident and even the private moment you had with Kylo Ren you could open up about when you were ready, but how you sympathized with the resistance? How a growing feeling of confusion and distaste for the Order’s methods had been planted in your mind after seeing a battered member of your enemies? You hid your emotional wound from your friend with a smile and an awkward laugh. What would he have thought if you had told him how repulsed you’d been at the prisoner’s state? How you wanted to help her?

...How you wanted to let her go?

Maybe it was due to the number of electrolytes you’d lost over the hour, the physical enervation, or maybe the conflict in your mind, but your head was spinning.

“We’ll both have shore leave this upcoming week.” He said, hopefully. “Let’s go out to a club. It’ll
be my first time.”

“Your first time? Matt. You look young but you at least look old enough to party.”

“I never had a friend to go with.” He mentioned this casually as he counted under his breath. After a while, slight embarrassment started to show on his cheeks when he finally added, “Now I have, um…you.”

“Aww, Matt…” A warm fuzzy feeling wrapped around you and you punched him playfully on his shoulder when he came back up. “Yeah, you do.”

You both smiled, but shortly after. This was why you were friends. Your face became puzzled.

“Why did you decide to come to this workout area? It’s so far from—”

“…22, 23…997!” Matt’s voice suddenly increased in loudness, “…998, 999, 1000!”

You saw a recognizable redhead reason in the reflection of a mirror that was in front you, and you didn’t hesitate to follow suit.

“Geez, Matt! You're so shredded!”

The redhead looked sharply in your direction and you both pretended not to notice and work out harder than normal.

Matt mouthed you a silent “Thank You” when leaving the gym. Who’d have thought Hux would work out here?

As a week came and went, you now waited at the boarding docks a little over 20 minutes now. Here and there, you checked the time on the extragalactic time board above the departure sign. Where was Matt? This was ridiculous. The two of you were supposed to meet up once you were both packed and you were now standing alone. You had your luggage in your hand, set for an entire week of “fun”.

A beeping noise emitted from your wrist. Your communicator. “Matt! Where are you? I’m at the departure gate.”

“Ah,” He sighed.

“Matt,” You heard the call for the departure pods over the P.A. “Sighing isn’t a good sign. That was a pre-apology sigh. I know those sighs, I do those sighs. Why are you sighing? I’ve been waiting here for half an hour.”

“I’m sorry.” He said this with a slight intonation, trying to make himself sound cuter. “But can I meet you at the arrival docks on the planet. Something really big came up. I promise I will tell you later. And…”

“And?” You huffed. “There’s more?”

“You might have to check in to the place without me…”

The P.A. announced once more to begin docking.

“I promise I wouldn’t do this unless I had a really, really good reason. I just can’t tell anyone yet.”
You groaned. “You know…I’m just gonna…not go.”

“What! No, no, no, you go, have fun!” He called out to you a few more times, pleading and whining your name, “I will meet you at the hotel….” He covered up a ‘hopefully’ with a cough.

You became discouraged. The only reason why you were even going was because of Matt. Going alone on a week vacation sounded depressing. You didn’t know any of the other soldiers who had asked for Kamino as a part of their destination.

You huffed at Matt’s response, but his coaxing and fervor promises made you sigh in defeat. Hanging up on the call, you gathered your bag and boarded the shuttle to Kamino.

The planet was in the Rishi Maze Galaxy When it had outlived its purpose of building a clone army, and decades later, it now had evolved into a popular mix of Coruscant and Cloud City. The best part was that it sympathized with the First Order. That meant better hotels, better dining experiences, better deals, and all access to clubs.

“Z!” several buddies out of armor stepped into the shuttle started to punch a man already seated. Each other hooking arms over shoulders and roughhouse opposite of you. Trying to find anything to lessen the awkward loneliness you were felt building up and the jealously of camaraderie which you currently lacked, your hand dug into a day bag and pulled the first things you touched, anything to preoccupy yourself during the trip to Kamino, and to help isolate you from the rest of the vacationers. A book. Perfect. And your music player? Yes, please.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoy the next chapter, a SMAAAALLLL paragraph may be considered NSFW, so just a heads up and thank you so much for waiting.
Elevator Problems

Chapter Summary

Why is it always awkward in elevators?

Chapter Notes

This wasn't even going to be in the story, but it was more preferable than 3 chapters of no Kylo so I'm hoping this makes up for the next chapter or two if he doesn't make a direct appearance. And honestly, once the idea was in my head, I didn't want to let it go! Just in case NSFW due to a few words or a small paragraph.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 9

Elevator Problems

As parties raved down below, and several light shows hit against the window, you were currently in a relationship with heaps of crepes malreaux, namana cream pie, which had been... destroyed by your mouth. You even dared to lick the plate, and for the finale, you finished your binge with six manaan sliders, which you blamed Matt heavily for as you took the last bite.

After several failed attempts on the communicator, it was thrown across the room hitting the wall trying to silence a noisy couple getting intimate.

“IT’s barely sundown! Go out and party, or whatever!”

As if trying to provoke you, they started to scream louder.

Using a pillow as a sound blocker, you started to see what you’ve succumb to on the first night of your vacation. You’d gorged yourself on food, and more food. As delicious as it was, was this how the rest of your paradise was going to be? Fattened up by a chain of Rex’s Diner foods, listening to two people go at it as if the only had this night to consummate. You tried to bear it, you even asked the front desk if you could have another room, but all efforts were thwarted. You couldn't take it anymore. If you stayed in room any longer, you'd just devour everything on the room menu.

…Fine. Fine! You win, Kamino! I'll go out!

20 minutes later, and four more of what you could only assume was murders being committed in the next room, you made yourself up and headed down the hall into the elevator. You fiddled with the zipper of your dress uncomfortably, trying to prevent it from slipping, and hoping, as soon as you let your hand drop, that it wouldn’t drag down. You'd been in such a rush, that you might have broken it.

“Hey! Hold the elevator!” someone had addressed you down the hall.
You saw a surprisingly handsome man running and holding the hand of a blond recruit you remembered to be on the security watch division. Cameras. She watched computer screens all day on the Finalizer...friendly at first, your smile started to twitch when you realized they had exited from the room next to yours.

Not feeling in the mood to chitchat or to get in an elevator with people you’ve heard going through waves of ecstasy, you pressed a button and assured them you were pressing the right one to maintain open doors, when in fact you were pounding the please-do-not-be-open-when-they-reach-me button.

“It’s not working. So weird!” You said with more concern than you felt, “Oh nooo...”

Aaaaannnnndd, closed.

Suckers.

You felt a bit...bad...

.....

....

...

..

No, no you didn’t.

The celebration of the petty victory was cut short when the elevator shuddered. Your eyes looked at the ceiling and then the lights that lit up a floor number. The elevator had barely moved two floors in the direction of the main lobby, and it was already giving out? A bit more groaning came from the mechanism before it slowed to a grinding halt.

Karma’s a bitch!

Or is she merciful? Thinking of the situation with great thought, it was better to be stuck alone in an elevator, than with those people behind you sucking face. Reaching forward, slowly, your hand started to push the call button, emergency button and then all of the buttons. You were button-mashing all of the floor numbers hoping it’d start the elevator, or prevent it from suddenly dropping.

As if by magic, the elevator started moving, though, it was the wrong way. You let it slide; you didn’t care as long as it was still working. Expectations, and the lights on all floor levels made your brain make assumptions that it would stop on every floor, however, the lift was going on a one-way track to a higher room. Once there, maybe the system would reset, or at least it would go down one floor at a time...unless it plummeted.

You felt your dress loosen at the back and sighed. Out of all the ones you picked...

Awkwardly trying to keep your dress from slipping low, one of your arms was raised over your back trying to tug the zipper, while the other held the bottom of your short dress, attempting to get a steady grip. You felt the zipper slide ...lower?

Turning your back to the doors, you focused on the slim mirror in the corner, trying to get a better view of the fit. Shouldn’t have eaten all those sliders. Taking a risk, you tried to pull up the zipper
rapidly and as soon as you did so, you let out a scream realizing that your zipper had caught your skin. In a panic, you unzipped the dress all the way down your back in frustration. It was in this the state that the elevator doors opened and you stepped out of the lift backwards, and quickly, hoping to not get trapped again by the unreliable machine.

“Ouch!” You exclaimed, as you felt the stinging from where the zipper had bit you. You kept moonwalking until your back hit the wall behind you. “This wouldn’t be happening if I didn’t eat that pie…and the sliders…and the crepes…ugh, what else did I eat…and if Matt didn’t abandon me.”

Really trying to fix your dress required a lot of wiggling against the lumpy wall behind you which was abnormally close to the elevator doors. Lumpy. And tall. And soft. Your palms rested against it, and traveled up. Fabric walls became cool metal.

_Not a wall, not a wall NOT A WALL._

“DR-7664. Are you trying to seduce me.”

It wasn’t even a question, but a statement of your latest blunder.

Your hands flew off of what was now understood to be the helmet of Kylo Ren, to the badly fitting dress in order to maintain its level against your body as you shuffled backwards into the elevator where you came from.

"No! No! I would _never_ try to…seduce you.” Now facing the Commander, you tried to stand at attention with your hands to the sides, but as soon as your hands moved from the top it started to slip. Preferring to stay clothed, you hugged the dress close instead. The commander remained silent. As you wondered why, you realized the badly picked choice of your words.

“Oh! Not that I don’t _want_ to. It’s just that you don’t need me to… you seem like the type to get… uh…”

_Shut up._

“…a _lot_ of sex…_sir._” Emphasis on the word ‘lot’. Perfect. You were mentally stabbing yourself and crying on the inside.

_SHUT UP._

“And the way you move!”

_SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!_

“You can tell…so much from a person’s walk, and from what people have said, ‘animalistic, raw and _rough_.’ Girls like that!”

_SHUUTTT UUUPPPP_

You swallowed hard and said the next words as if it was absolute truth.

“_Boys_ like that, do you like _boys_?”

Imagine a lightsaber pushing through the heart right now. You were now internally _sobbing._

“I like boys. Not-not boys, _men_. I don’t like children. In that…way…”
Please, someone stop this one-sided conversation.

Understanding that the deep hole you’d dug yourself was too far down for a self-rescue, Kylo Ren held up his hand and said your name allowing your run-away sentences to come to a complete stop as he entered the elevator with you. He made a motion to press the main floor button but stopped when he saw that the majority of floor lights, from your floor where you were lodged and down, were still lit up. His body turned to you questioningly, but you didn’t even try to give an excuse as you watched the doors closed.

The elevator music was able to reduce the awkward silence. You jolted when you realized it was that same inappropriate song that had been playing the last time you’d been passing the Commander in a lift. Did he remember?

*Kill me now…*

Why was it every time you were with Kylo Ren it was spent in awkward silence? Then again, the alternative were your inappropriate ramblings. Did he like *boys*? Why would you ask something so personal?

“No.”

You looked at him with confusion.

“Not boys. Not girls either, women.”

Was that humor?

A slight distinction was heard from his usually emotionless voice.

“Good to know! For your admirers…boys and girls…women.” You laughed awkwardly, and then stopped. That was a joke, wasn’t it? You took a slight step backwards and tried to fix your dress as inconspicuously possible. Oh, the struggle…You inhaled and held your breath trying to will yourself to be smaller, tinier…thinner. Your exhale was the sign of your defeat.

Kylo Ren sighed. “Turn around.”

“Huh, why?” Your arms wrapped around yourself protectively.

“DR-7664, turn around.”

You felt yourself flinch, as he turned you around so that you faced the elevator wall from where you could see him reflected in the mirror. Your feet were planted, but a tug on the backside of the dress made you slightly stumble and you reached forward to grab the handrails mounted on the wall. The music had faded into a more subtle song now, but it did little to ease the anxiety you were feeling at this moment.

“Sir…”

“Don’t move.”

Your mind was trying to understand the tone of his voice, but as soon as a gloved hand touched you, all train of thought stopped thinking about how his voice sounded and focused more on the light sensation on your bare backside. He seemed to struggle with something and if you weren’t mistaken, that was definitely a curse word he’d muttered under his mask. His hands left you and you heard something dropping to the ground. A moment after, you felt his bare hands tugging the opening of
your dress closer together as he traced down your spine to the base almost painfully slow.

You tried to pace your breathing while closing your eyes, but without your sight you felt his fingers retrace their steps as if they were trying to memorize the feel of your skin. Your chest tightened when the sound of his footsteps came closer so that he could lean close, almost against you from behind, his ungloved hands still at the base of your back and his head rested at the crook of your neck, allowing him to speak into your ear quietly.

“Do you think of me that way?”

An odd sound emitted from your lips, unable to respond appropriately. But what would have been an appropriate way? Yes? No? What was the question?

“When I walk, how do you see me as?”

Your eyes fluttered open as a hand had made its way to the bottom of your dress and ran up along your newly found skin and skimmed over the inner part of your thigh to the edge of your dress. He took another step making his body flush with yours, shocked at the sudden closeness, you flinched backwards against him and that’s when you saw images in your mind.

Fevered, deep kisses. Someone was holding your hands over your head, as your legs were wrapped around the other trying to desperately pull him deeper inside of you with every thrust of his waist. When he pulled away from the kiss, you broke his hold on you and tried to reach for him for another, but an invisible force pushed your body down so that his a hand could roam your upper body while one went lower to play with your already sensitive clit. You were so wet. The weight of him kept you down now, as he kissed you again, this time with more intensity. Knowing you’d bruise and bleed, he bit your lip, trying to dominate you in every way possible. You cried out in agony, but a passionate kiss and a deeper thrust turned the pain into utter pleasure, all moans being engulfed by his mouth which was heatedly pressed against yours.

If faces could hurt from how much blood had rushed to it, you’d be in excruciating pain. As if he was as shocked as you were, the Commander stepped back as well, hands still latched onto your dress.

That was when the elevators dinged and to your horror, the doors opened. They opened to the same awkward neighbors you had heard earlier before deciding to take on the city’s nightlife. The smiles on their stupid faces as they looked at each other dropped when turned to the scene in front of them. There was this girl, panting, sex-faced, bent over, halfway out of her tiny dress with Commander Kylo Ren leaning into her from behind. At least that’s what they saw and their imagination was running wild by the color of their reddened faces. The man jolted out of his stupor and hands fled to the growing member between his legs.

“Sir!” He said trying to stand at attention.

The girl was too dumbfounded to do anything.

“This isn’t what it looks like!” You should hand in a negative fashion at them, side to side, as if that would help to stop them from misunderstanding. “It’s a-”

“Elevator problems! It’s elevator problems…” The girl used an extended arm to hit the ‘door close’ button, also known as the, holy-shit-kylo-ren-is-fucking-in-an-elevator button. She pulled away faster than lightspeed and tugged her companion away from the elevator, making him walk stiffly back to their room.
“Aw, no…” You tried to stop them with a reaching arm just as the doors reclosed, “Don’t have more sex, my ears can’t take it!”

Your dress was tugged at again, this time, with no hesitation, the Commander pulled up the zipper, making you sharply inhale at the loss of breathing and freedom of movement from which you now suffered from.

“Shouldn’t have eaten all the sliders.” You panted through the dress, in a less that comfortable fashion. You looked at the man beside you who now kept a reasonable distance as the two of you rode the elevators stopping at each floor towards the main lobby.

“DR-7664, it’s not wise to stare at your superiors.”

You faced forward. Though clearly confused at his sudden change of character, you thought it best to heed to his warning. After a few more painful stops without anyone willing to join you two in the elevator, the doors opened onto the main floor and you both headed out.

Unable to let things go, you followed after him in your wobbly heels.

“Sir?”

He stopped then turned to face you. You realized that he seemed so much more daunting now, aggressive, as if he would hurt you without a second thought if you made a wrong move. All the other times had been child’s play. Thinking back now, it was just like the time he had returned into his usual character the last time you’d both spoken. The last time he’d inspired you, after he had let himself be vulnerable or broke character with you, he always returned to his aloof and austere nature.

“Did you feel something in the elevator?” Your face flushed at your words, “Not physically- more like…thoughts?”

You were rambling again, but you didn’t know how else to explain the things you’d seen or felt. Last time you’d seen images like those, it was because of Maz Kanata. This time…

Instead of giving you the satisfaction of an answer, irritably, he turned and walked away, letting you stand there feeling stupid. Nothing but the sight of his back getting smaller as he walked away to keep you from feeling abandoned.

Nope…that was pretty much the polygalactic sign of abandonment.

Mood ruined, a night on the town seemed far from enjoyable now. Begrudgingly, you made your way back to your room and to the sound of a breaking bed from the occupied chamber of your neighbor. You rolled onto your side in bed, bitterly, with a pillow wrapped around your head to kill the noises, enabling you to fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was so difficult for me to write, I almost wanted to quit the story because I couldn't figure out how to make it fit into the plot. I really hope you like it and if it's no trouble, ONLY if I deserved it, hits, kudos, comments are always appreciated and let me know if I bombed or did better than I thought. This chapter seriously almost ended me. Thanks guys for keeping me going. Your encouragement kept me crawling back
kicking and screaming to the computer.
Mon Petit Chouchou

Chapter Summary

Mistaken for a valuable asset, you get picked up by some mercenaries.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for your support! I read all your comments more than once to push my into another chapter, Thank you to everyone who left kudos, bookmarked or commented, you guys are my brain food.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10
Mon Petit Chouchou

Exiting the hotel room, you saw a cleaning bots and staff working its way down the hall and passed them with polite hellos as you made your way to the elevator. As it so happens, a cleaning droid passed you, dragging a black, heavy object. You scurried out of its way, not wanting to trip over it. The little dust droid looked like a disk that hovered over the floor holding onto a glove too big to carry.

Out of this galaxy! This was a sign and you needed to tell Matt everything. Maybe it was the few drinks you’d taken from the mini bar that was helping this epiphany, but you felt so brave right now. How often did people try to hold on to weights of life too big to carry by themselves when they could just-

That’s Kylo Ren’s glove.

All philosophic thoughts stopped as you chased after the little thing with your heels. What a sight you must have made when other guests in the hall saw you drunkenly chasing the duster. Ok…so, clearly not a sign from the universe.

You left the hotel after thanking the staff member that had searched hard for the second pair, which had been partially seared on a few of the fingers, rendering it useless, and shoved the two matching objects in your handbag. You’d return them later. As you were in the hired vehicle, you mentally criticized yourself, realizing that you could have just told the staff who the owner was and let them deal with returning them.

Later, you thought. For now, you needed to meet up with Matt.

Even though it wasn’t for the entire night, you had finally met up with your friend and you both were currently at one of the very many nightclubs that lined the main strip in Kamino. He assured you it’d be a story to tell once everything was out of the way and you’d both be living the high life, so as your limited time together came to an end, you concluded your evening by telling Matt what you’d been going through, your ‘terrifying’ experience with Maz, leaving out the resistance sympathy and
the oddly feverish daydream when you were with Kylo Ren, technically, the lighting was dark in your dream and couldn't see the person's face, but to have it at that moment? You shifted uncomfortably when you remembered.

“If people knew this,” He tried not to spit his drink out, “You’d definitely be seen as his favorite.”

You huffed at his assumptions, then whined, burying your face in your hands, “I said he was raw and rough. Oh man…”

“You have to realize that the attention you get from Kylo Ren, he never gives to anyone. You’re special.” Matt patted your back happily while laughing without restraint. “There, there, my little cabbage. Man, I’m having so much fun!”

“Cabbage?”

You turned your head to see Matt thoroughly enjoying himself with another drink, understanding that he was right. This was fun. It didn’t matter that he’d been M.I.A. for the beginning of the vacation, he was here now, and that was all that mattered. You were mind-blown over the advice you’d gotten from a cleaning droid. Besides, he had stated that tonight would be the last time he’d be needed on his ‘project’.

His communicator beeped a few more drinks later, and it was as if all the alcohol he had drunk drained from his system leaving him sober. Silencing the alarm, he put a few credits to pay for the tab.

“You’re like bread!” You shouted, astounded at his ability to level out his alcohol intake, contrary to your inability to handle it. You grabbed his face and pulled it close. “You sucked it all up…that hole in your face, what is that?”

“My mouth?” He laughed heartedly, “How much did you drink?”

The two of you parted ways in separate transports. Matt had already given the pilot the directions to the hotel, leaving you ready for a night of easily obtainable sleep. In the vehicle, you began to count the lights that passed by your window, relying on the pilot to wake you when you reached your hotel.

…”

The first thing that was recognized was that this was not a part of the hotel room. The quietness was nice, there wasn’t a squeaking bed or a moaning woman acting out in heat, but something wasn’t right. Groggy and slightly disorientated, you made several attempts to rub your eyes in order to perfect your currently blurred vision, but either you couldn’t or wouldn’t, your hands never made it to your face.

“What…” You were still slightly buzzed when something touched you on your side, you screamed and jolted as a current of pain stunned you momentarily.

“She’s awake.”

Your eyes came into focus and you found your hands tied behind the back of a chair. Panic set in and you started to struggle or stand, but your feet were also bound. The sound of a blast followed closely as a beam of light flew past your ear, making you swear under your breath.

“Wake up.”

“Stop moving.” A female voice was heard walking closer behind you and shoved your head roughly to the side. “You sure she’s the one?”
“I’m sure.” The man who had shot at you chuckled. All of your captors were wearing scuffed up armor, and using what looked like hand-me-down blasters.

Mercenaries.

Geez, how much did you drink to let yourself get caught up in this situation? Looking around, using what little light that surrounded you and the five mercenaries, you saw that you were in a warehouse surrounded by millions of crates either on rotator belts or stacked along enough rows and columns of industrial shelves so tall and scattered it resembled a maze.

“We use her, and get to-”

“Look,” You shook your head trying to convince them. “This-this is a mistake, I’m a nobody! Whatever clearance you need, I can’t give it to you! I’m just…”

The words got caught in your throat.

“I’m just a custodian worker.”

As soon as the words were uttered, the woman figure aimed her blaster at your head, making sure you stayed quiet. Underneath her helmeted face you heard her fume through her teeth. She pressed the barrel against your forehead making sure that it’d bruise before leaning in close.

“Liar.” She pushed the blaster making your neck snap back before it returned to a normal position. “We’ve seen the recordings. You’re his pressure point, everyone’s got one.”

“Oh my gosh.” You leaned into her, “Matt! You have Matt, you bitch! If you hurt him-”

“Who the fuck is Matt!” The woman hit you before turning to the man behind her who shrugged his shoulders, clearly amused by the turn of events. “You’re sure?”

“That’s what I got from the viddie.” The one wearing blue armor laughed. “Trust me, it’s definitely her, and you really don’t have to hurt her.”

A ringing in your ears was setting you off balance after the hard blow to the side of your face, and your head dropped down. Why was this happening? Was this the cosmos getting you back for closing the doors on that couple? Karma! But wasn’t this a bit extreme? Oh man…you were going to die because you pressed the door close button. Your head was spinning due to the alcohol and all the stress building up, and your stomach pushed out all its contents onto the boots of the female mercenary in charge as you keeled over.

“Okay, okay, don’t blow her head off.” The blue-armored came up from behind you and ignoring your binds, lifted you up in his arms to carry you into the bathroom. “Come on.”

You didn’t believe you had anything else to throw up into the toilet, until you actually were looking down into it.

“Oh, gosh,” You didn’t protest as he wiped your mouth with a, hopefully clean, towel. “How much did I drink?”

“Not a lot, so this is like a surprise. But gross.” Though light-hearted, his response was unsettling, as it let you know he’d been tailing you all night.

Despite this, his actions were surprisingly gentle. He sat you up and rubbed your back. But as ‘kind’ as the gesture was, your guard went up, completely aware that the two of you were alone in the
bathroom, with you in a more provocative outfit. You squeezed your legs together and tried to make yourself very small.

“Hey.” He pulled you to your feet. “I’m not gonna hurt you. Unless you want me to touch you, I won’t touch you. I’m not into rape, and if you saw me under this helmet, you’d realize I don’t need to use force...unless my partner wants it. May I?”

He gestured to your lower body indicating he was going to pick you up now. You nodded slowly. Your feet were still bound so it wasn’t as if you had a choice. He introduced himself as Blue, since he couldn’t use his real name, and at least he was nice enough to let you rinse your mouth before leading you back to the oddly deserted warehouse.

There should have been at least some stormtroopers here, so where were they?

“Sit her back down.” The woman kicked the chair away from your mess towards the man carrying you. “We’ll send a message to First Order tonight. They have enough devoted members in the senate and in the Outer Rim, if she’s that important, we can make this quick and easy.”

“And if I’m not?” You asked more calmly, now that your stomach had relieved itself all over the boots of your least favorite kidnapper. She’d rinsed them off somewhere, but you could hear the disgust in her voice and saw how uncomfortably she walked, making you smirk.

“Then we won’t need you.” A lower tone implied that you wouldn’t be an issue anymore. The voice came from the man in gray, thin-plated armor. “I’m still having a hard time believing this...girl is the one we need.”

“I’m not convinced, either... Kylo Ren’s pet.” One of the other voices in the back agreed.

You were in disbelief. Not caring that if you proved you weren’t worth anything of value, which was, at this moment, the only thing keeping these mercenaries from shooting a beam through your head, you tried to explain yourself. You almost laughed, and would have if your situation were less serious. Trying to convince him that the man didn’t care for anything but the progress of the First Order, was like talking to a wall. Mentioning the awkward fashion he’d leave you, or the awkward questions you’d ask him...you even asked them to look at your ID badge that would prove you weren’t of any value, but that proved to be unproductive as well when the woman pulled out the pair of gloves from your bag with two fingers as if she was sickened with your fashion sense.

“Already did,” She said, “and this, not your style. Play the viddie.”

You eyed the gloves that she’d taken out guiltily yet grateful that no one knew to whom they belonged. Blue patted your back, and pulled out a hologram player and threw it into the middle of the small audience and activated it.

“If this is an elevator video...” You whispered to Blue, “It was a wardrobe malfunction! Nothing happened! Really, like nothing.”

Blue sniggered.

The blue hued hologram was dark, not letting any video feed go through. Your stomach twisted as you hoped that nothing would show on screen to either damn you or set you free. As you all waited, a light was seen coming in from the end of the recording. You recognized the person using a small device to light up the area in front of her. Your breathing quickened and you felt yourself panic and started to tug at the binding around your arms, you didn’t want to see this. You questioned how the footage was acquired, but Blue he just held up a finger to where his lips would be and put a
comforting hand on your shoulder.

You’d already lived through this part, but you couldn’t look away. It made you wince when you saw Maz break free of restraints and throw herself at you. As if seeing it again could make you relive it, you lowered your head to protect your neck.

“Here’s where it gets interesting.” Blue pointed to the screen as the six of you kept watching.

When you saw the panicking look on her face, that was when you closed your eyes. You knew it was coming, and you couldn’t stop it. Maz’s scream and her desperate plea to help her, and then the lights in the room turned on, and you heard her scream again. You muttered a soft ‘I’m sorry’ knowing that Kylo Ren was hurting her now and you weren’t able to stop it.

“Please…” You asked quietly looking down with shame. “Turn it off…”

Unknown to you, Blue had turned to see your regretful expression while everyone else had kept their eyes on the less than perfect projection which had started to give fuzzy images. You felt useless, powerless, and weak…just what MR-2888 had called you.

**You dare hurt her?**

“There it is. Replay that.”

Your ears pricked and you looked up.

You didn’t notice that before.

The voice of Kylo Ren, dark knight and all, had said the words again and once more, the viddie was played back, allowing you to study the scene more closely. The lights had turned on, and you held your breath as the Commander tore Kanata away from you with nothing but force to step close to you. You had been so traumatized in that moment you didn’t realize he had intentionally, and protectively placed himself in front of you. And then he said it again:

**You dare hurt her?**

He wasn’t there for Maz, he was there for you.

You watched yourself run out of the room and heard him give orders to the pair of stormtroopers that had accompanied him to make sure you got medical attention. One of them had mentioned a dead and wounded soldier outside needing more attention, earning himself a trip across the room and into the control panel where sparks began to fly. Then, the knight did something else that made something inside you flutter. No longer seeing Maz as a threat, considering that she had passed out, Kylo Ren picked up something off the ground…

Your player!

He looked to the last standing stormtrooper, who was visibly shaking now, and told him to make sure that the device was taken care of and given to the cleaning crew until it was reclaimed. Any damage done to the player would result in severe punishment and he ended the string of commands by giving a strict warning that it was not to be discarded, as the music player was of *vital* importance.

He knew it was yours.

“That’s it?” The gray armored mercenary threw the gloves he’d been examining in his hand aside. “That’s all we’re going by? The image is too blurred, we can’t even see her face clearly. There’s no
way we can tell if this is her-

“Put them back.” Your eyes were slightly watery now and your voice was angry. “Put the gloves back in my purse, they’re mine!”

“You’re not in the position to make any demands.” The woman pulled out her blaster and pointed at you.

You were going to die in a warehouse in the middle of the night and no one would find you until days later when your body had been roasted under the sunroof like a Twi’lek hooker! Your face would be printed onto photon fizzle cartons all across the galaxy asking, “Have you seen me?”.

“Seeing as this was nothing but a waste of time-

Before she could pull the trigger, a blast had gone through her chest and killed her in cold blood. The others tried grabbing at their weapons as well, but the assailant was faster, killing one more and pushing the others back by showering the opposing mercenaries with fire.

“Up we go.” Without warning, Blue threw you over the shoulder and began to run with you behind crates as pieces of debris started to fly around you.

Blue set you down in the midst of chaos behind a crate, to untie you. Seeing you start to resist him he held up a hand and asked you to hang on as he removed his helmet to reveal a very familiar face of a handsome man.

“Hello, gorgeous.” No wonder he never needed to use force to get pleasure. He was definitely handsome in the roguish sense. “I told you, you wouldn’t get hurt. Yolo Ziff. You can also call me-

“The pervert from next door!”

That’s why he’d looked so familiar. He was the guy banging that blond security girl…which also explains how he’d gotten the copy of your ordeal.

“Not a pervert, more like a ‘love infatuate’. Now, if I help you, can you help me?” He untied you quickly as you nodded and agreed to anything as the both of you took cover, away from the mercenary fire. “Good, will you help me steal a few crates of supplies for the resistance?”

You slapped him hard across the face.

The sound of a blaster going off and a man groaning was heard farther away. The two of you looked around the crate to see the mercenaries, what was left of them, trying to fight back stormtroopers that were flooding the warehouse with a dark hooded figure leading the way.

“Hey, look!” Yolo commented jokingly. "It’s your boyfriend.”

Chapter End Notes

It was either Yolo or Poe. I chose the former! Thank you guys for your support again! I hope you enjoyed the chapter! The title means, figuratively,"My Little Darling" though, translated word by word "My little cabbage." Also, I believe it can be used when calling someone a "Teacher's Pet" which is how I was using it, but I do love the idea of you being Kylo Ren's Little Darling/vegetable.
The Choices of Our Conscience

Chapter Summary

You were going against everything you believed in.

Chapter Notes

I wasn't expecting anyone to really care about the last chapter, so when I got those comments I was so moved. Thank you so much to all of you who are so consistent with feedback and to those of you who commented for the first time! I felt so special and loved, and I'm so glad this fic is making you all so happy and that you're loving it. Thank you everyone! So much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11

The Choices of Our Conscience

“He’s not my boyfriend!” You shouted through the fight that was breaking out. “Wait! You’re resistance!”

You shoved him away as if that would make you look less guilty when the party of stormtroopers found you.

“Hey! 76…whatever your number is, we’re gonna have to run.” He pulled out your ID badge and flashed it in your face, “Not a flattering picture, by the way.”

You grabbed your badge away from him and started hitting him, but your little quarrel was interrupted when a blast whizzed past your head and you both turned to see three troopers heading and shooting your way. You tried to push away from the resistance member and get to your allies, but he grabbed you and pulled you against him just in time for a blast to miss your face. You were shocked at the hostility. Clearly, you were in civilian wear, so why were they shooting at you?

Ziff swore then went out of cover to shoot down the attacking stormtroopers that were headed your direction. You peeked over the side just enough to see Kylo Ren in full blown Commander mode making something flutter again as you watched him.

“Kylo.”

Commander Ren turned in your direction.

Ziff grabbed your hand, pulling you away from sight hoping you two hadn’t been seen. You fought against him as much as you could, making things exceedingly difficult for him to contain you, until he reluctantly decided to stop playing fair.

“Really sorry about this.” He pointed his blaster at your stomach. “Now move.”
Swearing at the resistance trash, you followed him as he held your hand and led you to another area of the warehouse, using the distraction provided from the other mercenaries, passing the bathroom you’d vomited in moments before. Ziff turned to lock the door by blasting the auto lock mechanism and turned his head away while it began to smoke.

It was at this moment you started to pound him. You were a fugitive now to the First Order! If you were caught now, you’d be taken in for questioning and if you were found guilty…you hit the resistance fighter again. Did he have any idea how awful this situation was for you?

“Stop, stop, stop. Ouch! Geez, you’re strong.”

“I work out!” You shouted at him like a child proving it had eaten its vegetables to its parents to get dessert, as you landed a few good blows. Looks like training with Matt had paid off.

“Look!” He pinned your arms against the wall and kicked at your legs to avoid being kneed in the groin. “It doesn’t matter if you’re First Order, Resistance, or just a bystander. An innocent. They will torture you whether you tell them your story or not. It’s how they do things to incite fear. Action first, questions later, and if you don’t want to end up like Maz, you have to listen to me.”

You were at a loss. His outburst quieted you and seeing you in this calm state, he let go of your arms and studied your surroundings. You were at a loading dock near the edge of the city where the ocean had access. Not just a port for boats on the water, but also aircrafts. Several large crates were stacked and from what you can tell by the designs, they were three auto-crafts, already set with coordinates.

“I need your help loading the crates.” Yolo Ziff set his blaster aside, and began to take one side of a crate. “We need to hurry while they’re distracted.”

Whatever was inside them, it was too heavy for him to lift on his own. The area was shut down, and the droids and machines that usually did the heavy lifting were all charging for the night or on low power mode in the droid storage units. There was nothing that could help him, which was why he needed your help.

“I can’t do this alone, I-” Ziff lifted up his hands slowly above his head.

When he had looked back at you, you had taken the liberty of grabbing his blaster, and aimed it straight at his chest. As you ordered him to step keep his hands in the air and to back away he tried to calm you down but your threats pushed him into submission and he backed off. He wasn’t going to underestimate your skill with a blaster and you knew it. Even if you weren’t that good, he didn’t know that and he wasn’t about to take a chance.

“Code.” You demanded. The lock was simple, but you didn’t want to waste your time as stormtroopers were filling the place up by the second, trying to guess what the code was. He gave it to you and you immediately began to punch in the numbers. The building began to shake, and though you didn’t ask, Ziff shrugged.

“The place is booby trapped, and those mercenaries are really good at their job.”

“And what was your job?” You moved made a motion to open the box, “Smuggling weapons to the Resistance? Kidnapping? Killing me?”

Though he seemed aware of the blaster in your hand, now, it seemed he didn’t feel threatened anymore.

“I wasn’t in it for that. Yes, I kidnapped you. But I’m not a part of their little group. They don’t know I’m Resistance.” He ignored you when you laughed sarcastically. “But I had to deal with them
in order to get into the warehouse. So they got me in here, and I got you. I promise I wasn’t going to let them hurt you and they didn’t! Well, you got hit a few times and… the nasty bump on your head.”

“Hey…” Offended, you covered your forehead with a free hand before opening the crate.

When you saw its contents you were immediately confused. You let your guard down with Yolo Ziff, and even then, he didn’t take advantage of you but allowed you to take what you were looking at in, giving you a better understanding of his actions.

“This is…” Seeing that he wasn’t going to attack, you set the blaster down and began running your hands through the cargo. It wasn’t grenades, blasters, or any type of weapon of mass destruction, nothing that would hurt anybody or aid the military advances of the Resistance. It was medicine packs. “Vita-sups, bio-pros, vaccines, antidotes, what…you’re stealing this, why?”

He looked at you and sighed as he reached into his belt pocket slowly and showed you a hologram picture of a dark skinned woman holding a baby in her arms, looking at the child lovingly. Something you’d never know. One of the things the First Order never compensated for.

“She’s a survivor of a raid on a village called Tuanul.” The Resistance fighter now let his hands down, “Your Order led an attack on her village because of information Commander Ren was looking for. He didn’t find it, and afterwards, all the villagers were rounded up, and the men, women and children were gunned down.”

The picture he painted sickened you as it reminded you of the vision you had inadvertently received from Maz. Your hands were full of packs and packs of medical supplies now, as an internal struggle tugged your conscience back and forth.

“That child is very, very sick right now. And I promised his mom I'd help out.” He took the photo back and tucked it in where it belonged. “I need this medicine. The Resistance is poorly funded, and if I don’t get these shipments many survivors of the First Order raids are going to die. If you won’t help me, then fine. I’ll manage on my own, but I—we need this.”

“She was…her village…” You struggled for any justification for the First Order. “Hiding information…from…”

“She was just caught in the crossfire.” Yolo Ziff finally worked up the courage to place a hand on yours, as if willing you to understand, “Just like you.”

Seeing you stall, he shut the crate and began to search for a levy. Or anything. Something that could help him move the giant boxes onto the aircrafts’ boarding platforms. He froze when he heard two objects hit the ground. You had tossed your heels off, and gripped one of the sides of the closest crate.

You looked at him awkwardly and expectantly, and immediately, he was at the other side flashing you an adorable smile, as he muttered a word of gratitude underneath his breath.

Now out of your restrictive shoe wear, the two of you going as quickly as you could to load the cargo. The noise outside had settled down and you knew the other mercenaries had already been executed. Ziff had mentioned while you were both loading the second vehicle that his tracers on the others had disappeared from his scanners only proving your assumptions. Just then, you heard a banging on the other side of the door you both had entered in.

“Shit, there’s no time.” Ziff gave up on the other crates and began to activate the aircrafts via control
panel. “If I send them all at once, maybe it’ll confuse them. They can’t get all of them.”

The port doors started to open and the engines on the aircrafts started to blare.

Ziff called out your name, “You need to leave without me.”

A part of you felt betrayed and enraged. If you could breathe fire, you would have. “After all we’ve been through? You think I can really just leave? I’m going against everything I believe in for you.”

“Gotcha. I just wanted to know what you would say.” He laughed, “Aw, you like me. Can you swim?”

“Why? You asshole!”

Without warning, the doors blasted open, making you raise your hands to cover your head. After another moment, the two of you looked at the newly made hole in the wall. Ziff was the first to break out of the daze and he pressed the confirmation button of the console setting off the loaded and empty aircrafts headed for the planet’s atmosphere. Afterwards, he was dragging you behind the cargo. He took a shot at the console hoping that the information would be damaged enough to slow down the First Order’s efforts in decrypting the last location the aircrafts were sent to. At least until the Resistance could pick up the medical supplies and relocate it to base.

You both waited for fire, but it never came. He looked over you and saw that no stormtroopers were rushing onto the dock and looked at you, puzzled. You two looked at each other, and that’s when you heard it. Deafening explosions started to erupt outside the warehouse and seeing Ziff get discouraged, you understood that some of the aircrafts he’d sent off were getting destroyed.

“Just one…please just let one go through.” He begged the stars, before grabbing you by the wrist understanding that the opportunity they had wouldn’t last forever to resist. “Now’s our chance, hold your breath.”

Something was thrown your direction. It wasn’t something he’d seen before and picked it up the glowing sphere. Several more were thrown your way and still no sign of stormtroopers. You looked at the glass balls of and light curiously, and you knew you’d seen something similar like them before, but you couldn’t place it. It wasn’t until the light around them became unstable and their state became similar to what you used in the training simulation with Matt.

“Don’t touch them!” You shouted and hit the sphere out of Ziff’s hand just as the whole area was flooded with light and fire. The next thing you remembered feeling was cold water wash over you before falling unconscious for the second time that night.

…

When you woke up, the room you were in was dark, and you found yourself laying on a bed. A familiar sight of the time on a side table in the hotel room comforted you a bit as it let you know you weren’t abducted again, but when you tried to get up off your stomach, a pain on your back made you cry out.

Someone comfortingly called your name and a warm hand let you down gently.

“Stay down, stay down.”

“Ziff?”

“Yea.” He began to rub your back. “I used some of the medi-pacs to close your wound. Seriously,
First Order supplies are good stuff, but don’t move just yet though. At least for a day.”

Feeling more trusting of him than you did last night, you relaxed and asked him what had happened and he gratefully acknowledged that if it hadn’t been for your warning, you both would have been caught in the blast. Unfortunately, since you were the closest, and, not wearing any defensive armor, you took the brunt force of things and the force from explosions knocked you both in the water. If Ziff hadn’t covered you in time, you’d have burns on your face. You felt terrible from the wounds you’d gotten, but he said they should heal completely within a week due to early application of the medicine. Limited scarring to accompany a bruised forehead, he joked.

A moment of somberness struck, and he apologized.

He admitted that he was a pretty good member of the Resistance, but he wasn’t the best. The First Order was suspicious that someone from the Resistance would be trying to get into their supplies and hat set a trap, which explained why you hadn’t seen any troops around until it was too late. If he had been better, you wouldn’t have gotten hurt.

When you asked about the shipment, he responded that one ship that had been loaded, the second one that was so rushed, had made it through the First Order’s attacks. You apologized that it was so little, but he flashed that charming smile and said that it was enough.

You two made polite small talk for a while until the sun rolled in.

“Oh. My. Gosh. I’m naked!” As you lay in bed, a thought occurred to you and made you pause. “Is this the bed where you and that blond had _sex_?”

“Shh…” He pet your hair teasingly but quickly pulled away when you tried to bite. “I’m sure housekeeping took care of that mess. And, yes, I got to second base when I took off your clothes to treat your injuries.”

You let out a disgusted noise and he comforted you with a grin on his face.

“Joking.” He laughed.

You dragged your nails into his leg to hurt him enough for it to be annoying, looking at him far from entertained, especially after realizing that he was in your robe. He looked at you and shrugged as if it was nothing.

“Burn that.”

Chapter End Notes

Ziff is such a flirt. Geez. Picture him to be the most handsome guy you've ever seen. Besides Kylo or Hux...or Tom Hiddleston...swoon.

Believe it or not, I was going to use his first name "Yolo", but I couldn't stop saying YOLOOOOOO in a loud voice in my head, so I had to keep addressing him as Ziff instead.

And just a tip incase it never comes up, Ziff is also the one referred to as "Z" when you were traveling to Kamino in the shuttle. Reader won't link that together, but that's the first time Ziff saw you in person and it was love at first sight. For him, at least. And only
in this fic ha.
Body Language

Chapter Summary

If you didn't sympathize with him, you'd have killed him.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for staying with this fic! Though this chapter isn't as eventful as the others, but I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 12

Body Language

A body plopped down beside you and woke you up. You cursed Ziff’s name, still refusing to look at him yet willing to try to swat him off the bed. Your body didn’t hurt as much as it had before, but it was definitely sore. The medicine had done its job of stitching you up, however, you were still far from being well enough to fend off his...everything. His attitude, his demeanor, his swag, it was all too much for you and you missed the quiet he gave you when he was out of the room.

“Ziff?” The exhausted sounding voice was Matt’s. “Someone got lucky.”

You almost pulled away immediately when he patted your back over the covers, but you remembered that you were naked, and there were definitely marks on your body you didn’t want him to see, so you just laid there. The two of you were laying face down on the bed, both exhausted, each other with his or her own reasons. Matt patted you on the back, making you wince, though he didn’t know the reason why, he assumed it was from extra night activities when you two hard parted ways the night before. You’d been asleep for the whole day, and Matt had extended his project for clean up while you’d been knocked out, making the both of you on the fourth day of vacation without it actually feeling like a vacation.

“By the way, you have a gift on the table.” Matt rolled over to grab it and threw it at your head, keeping his face buried in the pillow. “You did meet someone, didn’t you?”

Rubbing the part where the box’s corner had hit you, you shoved it away until you saw the small card attached to it. You squinted at it to correct your hazy vision until the words became readable. In bold red lettering, and written quite crudely, it read:

The things I do for a pretty face.

I was only able to get one of them. Don’t hate me.

-See you around, Gorgeous Girl
You one-handedly opened the box with as limited movement possible, grabbing, with little interest, what was inside. As soon as you saw it, you hid it quickly before Matt could see and shoved it under your pillow. Matt, being an avid enthusiast of Kylo Ren would have recognized it right away. It was the damaged glove that belonged to the Commander. You had thought you’d lost it and laughed before knocking out. A small part of you wished you gotten the chance to say goodbye to your pervert. How that idiot had managed to get at least one was beyond you, but you were grateful. And of course it’d be the one that was damaged.

After you and Matt slept a few hours together passed out on the bed, you two found yourselves beginning to eat breakfast, lunch, late dinner or whatever it was now in the lounge, all due to Matt’s special clearance. It was sunset again, so maybe you should have been eating dinner food, but right now you just craved bread and settled for toast.

“I’m so glad the project’s over.” Matt cut into his nilluk strips before washing it down with whatever was in his cup. “Now I can finally tell you what was going on. I was a part of a top-secret mission. We received word that the Resistance might try to steal from our weapon supplies so I was in on the team that took them out. Weapons Specialist!”

You coughed a bit and grabbed your drink. Matt asked if you were all right, and you gave a sign of approval allowing him to continue. The grave reality of what you’d done hit you as your friend began to spout out his joy of being picked by General Hux himself. If he ever found out what you’d done, you knew for sure that Matt would turn you in without hesitating. You mouth went dry as you thought of what Ziff had mentioned about torture. Would it really not matter if you told your superior that you were forced to help a Resistance Fighter?

Your friend mimicked an explosion sound and your attention drew back to your conversation.

A thought dawned on you. Matt was the Weapons Specialist! That’s why you recognized the explosives from before. Instinctively, you tugged your sleeves lower, hoping and praying the marks wouldn’t show. General Hux had been watching Matt for a while now. He had proven himself outstandingly capable of bigger missions during the training simulation you both had participated in. Matt mentioned that was the time when Hux had first noticed Matt. Then in the gym, he stated Matt’s physical endurance was just as practiced as his mind.

At that part, Matt thanked you relentlessly before continuing his ramble. Your breathing became labored as Matt told you he was overseeing the prototype explosives and field-testing. Did that mean that Matt was there? Weakly, you asked if there was any footage or survivors of the event that could help the Order further. You held your breath until Matt finally shook his head. Apparently, the ‘Resistance Members’ (you didn’t bat an eyelash when he mislabeled your kidnappers) had taken out the video feed that was around the warehouse or in it.

You knew you shouldn’t have been as relieved to hear that Kylo Ren had dealt with the mercenaries harshly before killing them, but you were glad that nothing tied you back to the incident.

“Remember the time when we were at the recreational center? General Hux-speak of the devil.”

You looked over your shoulder to get a view of someone passing the decorative columns as he walked his standard military strut towards the both of you, being trailed by a bodyguard or assistant, who cares. You dare not breathe. The main concern you had was why the redheaded General moved your way, Realizing that the topic he was about to discuss was probably due to last nights occurrences, you dropped your toast and tried to swallow down the hard piece of bread now wedged in your throat.

“I…bathroom.” You pounded your chest forcing the debris down your mouth as you slipped out
from your chair and hurried to the opposite side of the room away from the oncoming...ginger storm.

Like hell you were going to the bathroom. You faked a path towards the toilets, then snuck your way past waiters, desperate enough to be on all fours now, using their food carts as hiding grounds. You didn’t care who noticed you as long as it wasn’t Matt or the orange head, and until they caught you in this degrading position, you were ‘peachy’. You were almost in the clear, currently, thinking up a story to tell Matt about how you couldn’t use public lavatories, until black boots stood between you and the door to sweet freedom. Meekly you crawled to the side but the person continued to block your path. How rude. You shuffled to the other side of them, but they actually made an effort to stand in your way.

“I’m crawling here!” You looked up, and felt the piece of toast try to fight it’s way up your esophagus. You swallowed it back down and sat up looking at the belt buckle at eye level trying to avoid the man’s face. Taking a deep breath, you slowly stood up to your feet and gave a polite smile before choosing you words carefully. You brushed off the conservative clothes you wore from any imaginary dirt that you could find. Pick your words carefully.

“Commander! How’s the sex?”

_Damn it._

“With women.” You finished. Resisting the urge to put your fist in your mouth.

_Shhhiiiiittt._

Oh shit. Can he read your mind?! You really needed to get a reliable source for that assumption. You froze, realizing what could happen if you thought of…don’t think. The other night. Don’t think. Ziff. Don’t think. Suddenly feeling the oxygen had left the room, you felt faint.

“Are you well?”

You could swear you heard unease in his voice.

“I was concerned.”

The words brought you back to reality. How was it that when he spoke those words, you wanted to keep smiling like an idiot. Your heart fluttered. _That_ was it. That was the stupid organ that dropped every time you saw him. It had reacted that way when he comforted you in the observatory, when you saw him pick up your player in the viddie, when you saw him lead his troops in to ambush the mercenaries, and just now, when his three small words insinuated just the tiniest bit that he may genuinely care about your well being.

That, or it was gas.

Straightening your posture, you looked to Commander Ren with growing admiration. This was the man that had gone out of his way to care for you in his own indirect manner. You had proof now. Granted, it was burned or destroyed, but you felt your nerves settle down from over acting and nodded.

“Yes, sir. Thank you for your concern.” You looked at him in the eyes and as respectfully as you could without being more emotional than how you felt. If only you could will him to know how you were beginning to feel. “I really mean it. Thank you. For everything you’ve done for me…Sir.”

You were wondering if your sentiment got through. Your eyes glanced down and you saw his hands, bare, without the gloves. He was still missing his gloves? Not even a spare? After getting over
the shock quickly, a sudden urge to hold them started to grip you. You looked back up to him to fight the desire to grab his hand, and pushed your emerging emotions down. *I want to hold your hand.* What would he think of you if he knew? If only there was a way you could tell. He had limited movement, and trying to read his face was out of the question.

Someone cleared their throat from behind you. And as you turned, you muttered quickly and quietly under your breath, ‘shit, the devil’ when seeing General Hux right in your face.

“DR-7664.” He addressed you, ignoring, or ignorant of the comment you made. “Commander Ren. Now that you are here, we can finally get to business concerning MT-6288. DR-7664, your associate speaks highly of you. Would you care to join us?”

You laughed at the joke loudly, making several guests glance in your direction. A snort even made its way out of your chortle and your voice died into a soft wheeze, hiding your embarrassment when you realized it wasn’t a prank.

“It wasn’t a suggestion.” A charming voice stated from behind Hux. The invisible assistant you didn’t even care to give the time of day stepped closer to you and away from Matt who was looking way too excited for reason’s unknown.

“You!” You looked at him relieved yet horrified at the same moment. “Um…”

“Hello, Gorgeous.” He let his trademark greeting slip with a delighted smile at your shock, before turning stoic towards General Hux. “Due to DR-7664’s excellent track record, and considering her current vocation, I don’t believe she’s necessary to the impromptu meeting with MT-6288.”

He was wearing a dark uniform and glasses, sporting a schedule holopad. The idea ‘Could this man be anymore sexier?’ crossed your mind for a moment as an observation, when he gave you a wink. You felt stressed, and your head started to hurt.

Hux faced Ziff and nodded, “Though I am always grateful for your efforts in managing my time, ZF-7399, It would be beneficial for the two to be present. Please prepare the room. We’ll reconvene in 20. You are both dismissed until then.”

“Yes, sir.” Ziff acknowledged Hux’s command and opened the door for all of you to step through. Surprise overtook you when Commander Ren stepped aside to let you walk through first. Seeing an opportunity, and feeling mischievous, Ziff called out your name before parting ways loud enough for the others to hear.

“Afterwards, would you like to accompany me to dinner?”

…”

“The hell is wrong with you!” You were choking Ziff against the wall in the empty meeting room before the others met up. As soon as you were out of your superior’s view, you had followed Ziff up to the top floor, past a prestigious nightclub for high-ranking officers to the upper meeting room that overlooked it all to interrogate him.

“He was so jealous.” Ziff struggled to get the words out with a strangled laugh.

“That’s why you did that! You idiot! We shouldn’t even be seen knowing each other! Why would you think that I would go out to dinner with you!” You pushed him into the wall over and over again seeing as he had a death wish “How can you even tell he’s jealous, he wears a bucket over his face!”
“Body language!” He was turning purple now, as he tugged your arms down and tried to get you to calm down. Ziff shoved you against the wall, not enough to hurt, but enough to shock you and make you loosen your grip of death.

“Why are you so close with General Hux!” You shouted.

“I’m his personal assistant.” He shrugged his shoulders when he saw you questioning why a Resistance Fighter was running errands for a carrot headed dictator. “I told you I’m not the best member, but I’m good enough to know that this is the best position for a Res—”

“I’m turning you in!”

“No you won’t,” He teased you again. “You like me. It may not be love, yet, but you like me.”

“Ass. This isn’t funny, I’m not amused.”

“You’re so cute when you’re mad.”

You winced as you felt your head hurt. The headache was relentless, and you could feel the blood pounding in your veins making them throb. Ugh this isn’t good for trying to establish a stress free environment while you were on vacation. You stumbled a bit and started to lean against the wall freely.

Yolo Ziff paused and put his had on your forehead and asked seriously. “Do you have a headache?”

“Yes! It’s what happens when I’m with you!” You let go of Ziff and jabbed him in the chest, angrily. “You’re a headache, a thorn in my side. Ow…”

He said your name gently but the seriousness in his voice didn’t leave when when he started to rub your arms comfortingly. “I need you to tell me honestly, did you have any headaches when we met? When we were together last time.”

“No, I didn’t…ugh…maybe when you winked at me? I Don't know-ow…this hurts. What-why are you even asking that?” You shook your head and raised both your hands to it as you felt tears threatening to fall from your eyes. This was so painful.

"Does it hurt?"

"YES! Isn't that obvious?” You’d never had anything this bad before. You whimpered. Ziff tugged your hands down, and cupped your face in his hands tenderly. You looked at him confused as he leaned in closer.

"Do you trust me?"

"What? NO!"

“What are you doing?” You asked wide-eyed.

“Keeping you safe.” Yolo Ziff pressed his lips onto yours. You shoved back but he only kissed harder, wrapping his arms around your waist until you gave in and warmed up to the kiss. You gave off a soft moan when he slipped his tongue inside your mouth, making your mind go blank. Only then did he pull back. Spell broken, you made a gesture to slap him, but he caught your hand and looked at you still concerned. “Did the headache stop?”

You were stunned that that was his first comment, but to your disbelief, all trace of the headache was
“Good. Whenever you get a headache like that, think of me.” He raked a hand through his hair, relieved. “Think of that kiss, ok?”

“Was that like medicine?” You asked dumbly. Still too shocked to come up with an educated or witty answer.

“Uh…Yes.” Ziff’s worried expression dropped and he laughed, “Yes, my spit is magic and has healing properties.”

“DR-7664 and ZF-7399,” Hux was standing in the room, with an open door as Matt and Lord Ren stood to the side. “You will refrain from sexual conduct while on duty.”

Red with embarrassment, you realized that you had been putting on a pretty rough show through the window that over looked the club. You couldn’t even mutter an assurance that it wouldn’t happen again, instead, you looked down.

“And in public.”

As Ziff apologized for the both of you, and gave a nod of acceptance to his superior, you saw Matt trying to hold a straight face, and giving you a the same sign of approval you’d given him at what was supposed to be dinner. Dork that he was, he signaled you from behind the Commander slowly putting on a cheesy grin. And as for Commander Ren, his body language, ungloved hands tucked into crossed arms, implied that he was clearly not amused.

Chapter End Notes

Kylo Ren hasn't replaced his lost gloves yet. If I had them, I'd keep them forever.
The Wrong Hand

Chapter Summary

Yolo Ziff makes a serious proposition.

Chapter Notes

Your comments are too much I can barely contain myself! The only reason why I keep pressing on is because of all you readers. Do you know that?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 13

The Wrong Hand

Your head was spinning. They had played records of you and Matt’s experience in the training simulation. You watched as different camera angles had shown you both picking your battles carefully and using what limited resources you had to help you beat the game. You were relieved that they hadn’t seen your run in with The Butt, while Matt was grateful none of the audio had been recorded.

No one would ever know of his man crush but you and him.

Judging from what they’d seen, Matt’s high opinion of you, and your quick thinking, the General had decided to train you for higher positions. Matt would move from his specialist position to Overseer while you went from a Custodian Worker to a Mission Analyst. You’d be trained how to read charts, understand battle formations, familiarize yourself with fighting strategies, all in order to better communicate to battalions leading them safer grounds or victory under the watchful eye of an administrator.

“This may be unconventional, but you both have shown great determination with your current obligations. I understand, DR-7664, you were to be moved up to…”

Hux looked at his notes.

Your eye traveled slowly to Ziff who was refilling drinks around the room. When he caught you staring he flashed you a smile when you frowned. He even dared to lean a little too close over your shoulder when putting your glass down.

You whispered in his ear. “Stop it.”

A loud thud hit the table, making Matt and you jolt while Ziff casually stepped away from you to stand on the side of the room. The Commander had placed his signature weapon on the table with more force than what was necessary. A clear sign that he wasn’t in the mood to deal with what he had interpreted as ‘horny’ subordinates.
“…a staff member in the cafeteria.” Hux’s eyes ignored the small outburst Kylo had decided to throw and continued on with his evaluation. “You have the chance to serve the Supreme Leader to the best of your capabilities on a whole new level. I know this may seem rushed, but Matt reports that you are loyal and zealous to the cause. That’s why we’ve decided…”

His words started to blend together and you lost focus. You were offered a position because of your passion and devotion to the Order, but you had betrayed them. Last night was your first offense, when you didn’t shoot Resistance Fighter Yolo Ziff, and today or any other minute following, when you continued to let him deceive your superiors, you had forfeited any reward or promotion you deserved or even your life.

“I can’t.” The answer spilled out of your mouth, shocking everyone in that room, and stood up in protest “I-I’m sorry, I don’t think I’m the right person…for this promotion. I don’t deserve it.”

Hux’s mouth dropped marginally open. No one had ever turned down a promotion before, particularly, if he had offered it himself. He tried assuring you that you were the right person and that this honor wasn’t one that should be ignored, almost menacingly, but you were so determined, it was his will that bent first and his determination wavered. Even Matt was at a loss for words. He couldn’t believe he heard you correctly. After he had put in a good word for you, and pressed the General you were the correct choice for the job, you were refusing it? He looked at you almost hurt.

“Could you be more specific?”

No, you couldn’t! How could you? Your mind shut up, not wanting to give any signs of your regret or any hint that you felt guilt due to your actions the night before. Not trusting yourself, you chose to shake your head rather than words.

You’re head hurt again and you winced making a small movement to touch your temple

Hux seemed alarmed and you saw him turn his head to Commander Ren warningly, then sharply back to you as your headache slowly ebbed away.

“DR-7664,” He stepped around the table until he was in front of you face to face, “We consider you a talented asset to the First Order, and I insist you further you standing to better serve it.”

In layman’s terms, you didn’t have a choice.

…

Matt was livid. You kept at least a few paces behind him in case he decided to lash out at you. In fact, he was so mad that his face was turning purple. Not red, purple. When you tried to reach out to him again, Matt swung around and looked as if was going to shout. You braced yourself for the storm, but he held his breath and turned back around to walk away at a faster speed.

“Maaattt.” You tried to coax him, but he was fuming so much, he didn’t even let you touch his arm. “Matt?”

Finally giving up, you let him walk away. He was mad and you knew you could only blame yourself. He had gone out on a limb for you, and you had rejected his help. You had embarrassed him in front of his heroes, one of them being the very person he admired most (even wishing to be Kylo Ren). You watched, regretfully, as his figure got smaller and smaller, becoming increasingly difficult to find as the crowd in the club swarmed around him to cover his tracks.

Tired of the chase, you made your way to a less congested area like the balcony to catch your breath. When you got there, you immediately regretted your decision. Ziff was standing outside, talking on
his communicator, not the standard issue from the First Order, but a rather tried piece of junk, that almost seemed like a homemade radio. When he saw you he gestured you come closer. Unable to read his expressions for the first time, you became curious. He was speaking an alien dialect you didn’t know. Granted, no one in the army probably knew unless they had a translator.

His expression was serious, and he groaned when he ran a hand over his face. Instead of interrupting or trying to understand what was going on, you leaned yourself on the glass balcony to rest your posture while he tried to figure out a solution to his dilemma. Though the company was less than preferable, the view was agreeable. The sun was setting over the ocean and the smell of salt filled your lungs, making you take a moment to enjoy where you were right now.

For a moment, you forgot about your betrayal.

Until Ziff brought it back up again.

You would have hit him, but the next words out of his mouth made you pity him instead.

“They can’t find it.” He laughed trying to hide his disappointment. “The shipment.”

He leaned on the balcony, both of you with the light hitting you in an almost somber way. You didn’t know what to say, or even if it was all right for you to comfort him. When you looked at his hands, the way he gripped the rail, was almost vice-like. It should have hurt, but he was oblivious to the pain. If he gripped it any harder he’d break something, but what to say?

Gingerly, You tapped his hand twice and pulled your hand back to yourself.

Ziff regarded the hand you touched then you, as you looked away, slightly embarrassed and uncomfortable, hoping he wouldn’t make it into a huge thing. The smile he gave was sad, but appreciative.

“I’m sorry.” He didn’t take his eyes off you, wanting to show how honest his feelings were. There was no fleeting eye contact, no shuffling of the feet, or stumbling over words, he truly meant what he said. After he expressed his remorse, he turned back to the sunset. “I got you into a dangerous position, put your life on the line, and...what a mess this has been. It wasn’t even worth it.”

You remained quiet, allowing him to vent.

The Resistance Fighter swore and pounded a fist on the railing making some of the guests react badly and increase the distance between. Some of them had even decided to walk back indoors so as not to disturb you or your bothered companion.

“You try so hard to be the good in the galaxy that it needs and it’s never…” Ziff sighed, “good enough.”

This time you edged closer to him.

“If I can’t even handle a simple cargo delivery, how can I handle…” He stopped his words and bit his lip so they wouldn’t run off without him while he was in an emotional state, but four more slipped out with hints of jealousy. “If it was Poe…”

That was when you placed your hand on his back supportively.

“Yolo Ziff...You. Are. Amazing.” You patted his back, maybe a bit too strongly, when you saw him look at you, surprised. “I don’t know that many people who would do what you did for that child. Your...child?”
He smirked then shook his head.

“Even better. A complete...stranger?”

He nodded slowly, and the smirk turned into a smile.

“I don’t know that many people who would risk their own life, a few mercenaries’ lives, and the life of the cutest janitor you’ve ever seen—”

“Now promoted—”

“Not at that time,” you continued, “to get medicine—not guns or death star plans—medicine, to help one family. Yes, I know, those crates could have helped a whole village, but I know that you set out on this...endeavor...to help that one family.”

“How do you know that?” Ziff put on his poker face.

“You’re a good person, Yolo Ziff.”

He looked at you with a bit of astonishment and for a few minutes he couldn’t say anything. Gathering his thoughts, he contemplated whether or not to express them until he finally gave in and said what was on his mind.

“What are you doing here?”

The question stunned you and you pulled your hand away. “What?”

“I said ‘what are you doing here?’” His voice was lower now, so that you had too lean into him. “You are an officer of the First Order and you had multiple opportunities to just leave me back at the warehouse.”

“You were in control.”

“You got my blaster, and could have taken me out.”

“I’m not a good shot! I would have missed!” You defended.

“You helped me load those crates.”

He was starting to make you mad. “I didn’t have a choice.”

“You had a choice! You had so many chances back at the warehouse, and you still have a chance right now to turn me in, but you’re not. I’m not making you do anything, you’re making your own decisions and what is so striking is that all your choices go entirely against First Order conditioning.”

You didn’t have a response to his claim. What he said was true, and it hurt. All your crimes proved that you were not an officer of the First Order. You’d committed a terrible act against the organization, to which you’d thought yourself to be so loyal to.

“I saw how you looked away when Maz was getting tortured by Ren. You couldn’t stand how he treated her, even after she had attacked you...” He faintly spoke your name under his breath, hoping to convince you. “You’re a terrible officer because you’re a good person and that’s not a bad thing.”

“Stop it, Ziff.” Confused. You had felt this feeling before and it was exactly after the incident with Maz.
You couldn’t go through these conflicting emotions again, especially, if the Commander wasn’t here to help illuminate the right path. Without him, you’d fall back into questioning what was right or wrong. You made a gesture to walk away, but he placed his hands on yours and drew them to himself. Not unlike how a certain dark knight had done to lift you up when you were at your lowest.

“Come with me.”

“What?” You were bewildered. “You can’t be serious.”

“Let’s run away.” Ziff nodded, “You don’t have to put up with the Order. Join the Resistance and fight for what’s right. We can help restore the galaxy to what it should be. A better future.”

The man’s words echoed in your mind and they reminded you of the last time someone held you hand with such endearment. Almost similar to him. You’re anger drained and you looked at Ziff’s grip on your hands and studied how fervently he held on. It was like he needed you. And for a moment, you couldn’t stop yourself from thinking how nice it was to hold someone’s hand. You couldn’t stop yourself from thinking how nice it was to hold Yolo’s hand…

…But…

If only it was his hand.

“I don’t want a better future…” A softer tug and Ziff’s grip came undone. You weren’t running from him anymore; you were confronting him and standing up for what you believed. “I want a perfect one.”

The Order and the Resistance had the same agenda. To make the galaxy a better place. However it was the course they decided to take that greatly divided them. The First Order used power and direct conflict, a course of action rather than words. The Resistance and New Republic were too slow, and spent the time bickering in a hall far away from the subjects they discussed. They were soft, and they were too young to control the whole galaxy.

You brushed a thumb against Ziff’s face and kissed his cheek before walking to the doors. You wouldn’t be leaving the First Order and he understood it.

“You’re not one of them.” He lamented.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know, no Kylo, I'm so sorry!! It's important! And I really hope some of you have warmed up to Ziff a bit more in this chapter. He's honestly a second rate Poe and he knows it. He will never be as good though he tries so very hard. What makes him great is that he isn't going to stop trying.

I love you all for giving this fic a try, and sticking with it. You're comments and kudos and hits and bookmarks mean so much more than I could even say/write. So thank you! I wish you knew how much I seriously obsessed over them, especially the comments, so please never think that it doesn't make a difference, it makes such a huge one. Thank you , thank you ,thank you.

Also, I was so frustrated that I couldn't write the chapter I wanted for number 13 (that
number being one of my favorites), but if I jumped straight to the Finalizer, it would have felt incomplete to me. I hope this chapter was decent enough and that it did its job!
Chapter 14
Two Knights of Sun and Moon

After a few days, you found yourself back on the Finalizer.

Lying on your bed, you’d been running over through your mind the changes that had happened last week in Kamino. Your last days of vacation had played out decent enough, but it still ended up rocky. Matt had eventually warmed up to you again, but he didn’t understand why you had initially refused, and you knew he wouldn’t be able to. You had aggressively expressed that you in such a position would slow down the work of the Order, and explained you hadn’t wanted to the promotion until you were adequate enough, hitting all the right notes he wanted to hear.

As for Ziff, you had pulled him aside and threatened that if he ever kissed you again, or if you ever saw him messing with the First Order’s mission, you’d turn him in. Of course, he laughed off your threat, but he hadn’t made an appearance since then, making you wonder if Hux had reassigned him. The last thing he’d said to you was that despite your conflicting beliefs, he thought you should have accepted the promotion the first time around, believing you deserved it as a hard worker. You wondered about Ziff and the path he had chosen to walk. And, in turn, the stolen shipment of medical supplies weighed on your mind. Rather than being discouraged of their missing status in the First Order’s inventory, you were wondering if the recipients ever found them, if the family ever got them. That should have been the last thing on your mind, but the issue wouldn’t be forgotten so easily.

The peaceful little room only made it harder to drown out your concerns.

And then there were these damn headaches! You hated them more than your bleeding heart. Every time they threatened to pop a blood vessel, you had to think of…you let out a fake gag before thinking of Ziff’s kiss. He said he never forces girls…ugh. To your dismay, the thought of that act really did stopped the headaches right away. Did he somehow train your mind to lower its pressure when you thought of him? Impossible. But if it was so impossible, why did it work?

You’d been lying awake in bed for over three hours now waiting for the day to begin. Currently, you
still had another two hours to go until your shift started. You tried counting backwards, forwards, by ones, fives or tens, but nothing worked. Eventually you gave up and just lay there. You huffed and turned onto your side facing the room and your small table that was adjacent to the head of your bed then opened one its drawers to pull out what was currently your most cherished possession.

Delicately, you pulled out Lord Ren’s glove and studied it, wondering if his initials were written inside to mark that they belonged to him. No such luck; that would have been too human. He was a commander, not some insecure schoolboy that needed to mark his belongings. Still, they were uniquely patterned. Giving up on the initials, you wondered if they would have been his current name or the one Supreme Leader had banned. You didn’t know it, but some of the older members of the Order still remembered. Though, they refused to admit or say it out loud, even in light conversation and trusted company.

Testing the glove, you slipped it on the proper hand and clenched it into a first. These were the gloves he had on when he first held your hand. You looked at both of your hands now, and brought the gloved one over the other, running that scene in the observatory over in your mind. His actions had been chivalrous, with nothing romantic but you played with the idea that maybe…

Your fingers interlocked together and you pretended that there was something more. Focusing on the sensation of you holding his hand, your eyes closed, hoping that if you tried one more time, you’d be able to drift to back to sleep before your training started. And for the first time in your life, you wondered how a certain apprentice looked without his helmet.

…

The first day of training had been a disaster. You were late when you arrived to your station. You had thought you’d been prepared the night before, but several things weren’t where you thought they’d be in your room, making you fumble for your uniform when you actually decided to get up.

Training on the computers and acquainting yourself with new vocabulary of battle was difficult. On several occasions, you drove your holographic army into bogs or quicksand, because you couldn’t remember the correct terms for right and left. Your supervisor was tougher, and more abrasive with words than your last, making you actually miss cleaning toilets. At least you were alone and didn’t have your trainer breathing down your neck every simulation. In the end, your supervisor decided maybe you’d be better off managing shipments and transport teams rather than battalions, to which you happily agreed.

Also, you forgot to add to the list of disappointments, the uniforms were the worst. Instead of an easy one-piece jumper with a zipper you had grown accustomed to, you had a button blouse and pants, typical for officers on the brain team. Goodbye perfect jumper and undershirt, but at least it was still long sleeved.

You had kept using medicinal salves to prevent the scarring, but the wounds on your back were still noticeable. A few more weeks should help. Thankfully, you didn’t have to visit the medical ward again, having bought the salves from one of the shopping areas on the Finalizer.

As far as doctors went, Dr. Rokhard’s office wasn’t as bad as the others, in all honesty, he seemed like a quack doctor, and oddly enough, you felt more comfortable with him than the other doctors, where you felt like a science experiment. But ever since Matt dragged you out, it only increased your dislike of the medical centers. The strange smell that followed everyone out, the staff that showed little to no interest in how a patient was actually feeling, the embarrassing, invasive tests and probing they performed, you’d rather live without them.

Back to the passing day cycle, Matt’s experience, on the other hand, was pleasantly different. You
met him in the ship’s bar with several other people he had met in his new location after his first day of training, giving him proper treatment for joining the ‘big boys’. You laughed at the title. They were all as socially awkward as Matt, except they prided themselves with different obsessions, not Kylo Ren. That, you two could keep to yourselves, maybe to your grave even. But man, did they know how to party. Although others had already left, your little group had started on another round while a couple of stragglers were in the corner, one of them trying to pull the other drunk party off his seat to leave.

“Can I get some more drinks over here?” One of Matt’s coworkers waved to the bartender who sent his second to drop off more bottles of spirits at the small round table and you all found yourselves reaching for them again. Just one more.

Something zipped by your head and smashed against the wall making the others quiet. Matt sprung to his feet and pulled you away from scattered shards of glass to prevent you from injuring yourself. Did someone seriously just throw a bottle? You both looked up from the broken pieces to the corner to find MR-2888 in a drunken state, trying to stand on his own. He looked miserable and angry, but most of all dangerous and unstable. Sensing the danger, Matt put an arm around you protectively, though you could feel him shaking.

“Come on, Eights, let’s just go.” MR-2888’s companion stated, thinking more clearly.

“Don’t touch me!” MR-2888 pushed his friend roughly away and started to stumble towards your group. Some of which, had already started to walk out. They didn’t want this trouble, nor did they need it.

“Let’s go, Matt.” You grabbed him by the arm and started following Matt’s colleagues that had already exited the room but you didn’t get far at all.

“Who the hell are you! You’re nobodies!” MR-2888 began to follow you both before you could leave, and grabbed Matt by the hair yanking him back, roughly. “You two get fucking promoted while I get downgraded?”

“Back off! You don’t know what you’re doing right now.” You gripped the man by the hand to get him away from Matt and stepped in between. “You’re drunk!”

The smell of his breath almost knocked you over. It was as if he had drunk the bar dry. He shoved Matt back and, before you could process what was happening, a strong blow to your face knocked you down. The room began to spin and your vision started to swirl as it went upside down when you hit the floor.

Another sound of glass shattering hit your ears, and a blurry sight of Matt falling on the ground a ways from you made you panic. You tried to blink until your eyes focused, just in time to see the bartender being thrown across the room, hitting MR-2888’s friend rendering them both unconscious, and the waiter ran out.

Matt screamed, and you picked yourself up as soon as you could, something warm and dark looking all too much like blood, touched your leg. Blood…it was blood. Matt’s blood. You pushed hard against the ground and forced yourself to rush at Eights who was now cutting into Matt’s arm with the broke bottle, making him pass out.

Your speed made up for your lack of skill, making you able to push off Eights, preventing him from doing any more harm to Matt. Stupidly ignoring your attacker for a moment, you looked at Matt and tried to wake him up by lightly tapping his face.
“Matt! Wake up, we have to get out of here, Matt-”

MR-2888’s hand swung around you from behind you and grabbed you by the throat to pin you down to the ground as he mounted you. Not again, not again! You were screaming in your mind, and kicking what you could, grabbing onto his face. When he became tired of your efforts, he grabbed your hands and restrained them above your head and started to beat you until you almost passed out. No more fight left inside you, you felt your head loll to the side and you heard him make a disgusting noise.

“You know what I noticed a while ago?” You felt a hand go sliding down your body and underneath your clothes. “How much I fucking loved it when you were underneath me.”

Your mind, slowly, began to process what he was hinting at, and you recoiled as much as you could from his touch. His hands were underneath your underwear now, and you felt them pushing aside the thing fabric as you started trying to get away from him, only able to move enough to feel his growing arousal. Just as he forced his mouth onto yours, you turned your head.

“Don’t touch me!” You shouted as loud as you could, but couldn’t manage to fend him off, with your hands still wrangled. You felt repulsed. You wanted him out, but the more you cringed or moved, you felt him go deeper. Desperate for anything to separate him from you, you tried to throw him off, but he was too heavy. While he toyed with you, he enjoying the sounds you started to make as you cried.

Someone help me.

When you screamed, that’s when he took advantage and thrust his tongue inside. Not hesitating, you bit down, making him pull back as blood filled his mouth while you spat at him in the face. He pulled out his hand from under your clothes and raised it to hit you again, but before he could strike again, someone shouted your name, and a foot came crash down on MR-2888’s head and the man let go of you, falling to the side and clambering up to his feet to face the new player in the game.

“How did he know!”

Surprisingly still agile while drunk, MR-2888 sprung on to his feet and lunged towards your friend. He made several attempts to hit, but Ziff countered each of them effortlessly before striking MR-2888 and putting him into a headlock to pound his ribs from where a crack was heard, betraying the fact they had just broke. Just as Ziff as had almost subdued his opponent, a figure from the corner, misreading the situation, attacked your defender and Ziff found himself knocked back, turning all attention to MR-2888’s drinking partner. Leaving your enemy unattended.

His eyes locked on you again, this time, he was going to maim you. You saw MR-2888 pick up a glass piece and that was when you tried to get up and run. You couldn’t even get to your feet as he grabbed your leg and started to pull you beneath him once again. You were screaming your head off when the blade came down.

“You little bitch! You think I don’t know your secret.” He said almost possessed, “I know you were in that warehouse, resistance whore.”

All time seemed to stop as your mind tried to go through what he had just said, leaving your attention so scattered that your defense faltered and you felt him slice your chest. How did he know!

How did he know!

You mistakenly grabbed the sharp edge to stop it from diving into your flesh, and he pulled it back
cutting your entire palm. Learning from the pain, all you could do was cover your face and feel the blade cutting you up, from your face to your torso, and everywhere in between.

Completely at his mercy, all you could do was curl up on your side to try and protect yourself. This was how you’d die? You eyes were red now from the tears and his previous raid on your neck. You could feel the unpleasant sensation of blood soaking through your clothes as you shouted over and over in your mind for someone to help you. And of all the times for your head to hurt…this was the worst.

You held your breath and waited for the attack to end or until you passed out, whichever came first. Accepting what was going to happen next, you closed your eyes, but the sound of the bottle fragment dropping to the ground made you open them again. You didn’t venture to look up until you heard a strangled sound coming from MR-2888’s throat and you followed his terrified gaze to the door. Kylo Ren stood with his hand outstretched about to snap his neck, but he didn’t get the chance. The sound of a blaster charging finally stopped as it fired, straight through MR-2888’s head with Ziff’s hand on the weapon still aimed at the body.

Chapter End Notes

Ziff actually STOLE a kill from Kylo Ren. WHOO...no ash-burning ceremony for him tonight.

I hope you liked it, except the uncomfortable part. There is a reason why I put it in there. I promise. I'm going to a wedding now! I'll try uploading the next one later today. Doing this all in the car, because I love you.

Thank you for your comments and some of you bookmarked too?! Thank you!!!I'm so in love with you all. Feeling really romantic because of the wedding ...ha, next week I'm going to a funeral. So you know sh*t might get real sad. Ah, and then another funeral the week after. Oh, death, you don't play favorites at all.
Chapter Summary

A non-traditional confession.

Chapter Notes

Slight NSFW in this chapter. This chapter was the one that stumped me. Finally, last night everything just came together. Mix of sweet and spicy. Fell asleep at 6 again, hope it was worth it, and you like it!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 15

Think of Only Me

Cold and calibrated, Ziff belted his personal weapon and pointed to the bartender who was getting up, then to Matt, barking orders to take the unconscious man to call medical personnel. He kicked over the body nearest to him, MR-2888’s partner, several blast marks on his torso and the slump of his figure let you know that he had also been disposed of. In your panic, you hadn’t even heard those blasts go off. He didn’t have to kill the companion, but if MR-2888 had been blabbing about what he knew, all his friends would become a target. You had to come to terms that Ziff was a resistance fighter. He had heard MR-2888’s claim and nothing was going to jeopardize his mission or your safety, so without pause, he had eliminated the threat.

“Lord Ren.” He acknowledged the apprentice before looking in your direction and tending to you. His voice changed from indifferent to worry. “We have to get you to the doctor.”

You froze, momentarily, and adamantly refused, swatting his hand away. That was the last thing you wanted, you just needed to get away from here. Somewhere far away, ugh and MT-2888 had touched you; you needed a shower, not a doctor. Your body was shaking as your perceptive sensors were telling you that despite your adrenaline rush, you were coming down from it and all the pain you experienced was about to get worst.

“I’m fine, Ziff, I can fix this myself.” Your hands were shaking when he caught them.

“Stop fighting me. You need a doctor.”

Ziff stretched out his arms to pick you up, but someone intercepted him.

Kylo Ren braced your back before tucking his hands under your knees to lift you up, stopping Ziff in his tracks. Ziff looked confused, but then a dark look crossed his face and his guard went up. His eyes turned dangerous for a brief moment, before turning civil once again.

“Lord Ren,” Ziff stood up and put on a half-assed smile that would have worked on any girl, but this
was no girl. First he explained the situation as two medics stepped in to tend to Matt. He leaned forward to relieve the Commander from his situation. “This is highly…unfitting, for a man of your standing. Allow me.”

“DR-7664 despises the medical ward.” Kylo Ren pulled away from Ziff who looked like a child had just lost its favorite toy and wanted it back. His arms still extended, trying to take you back, when Lord Ren added, “Considering your relationship, you should have known that.”

What is going on here? You mouth dropped slightly and covered it with a hand trying to be discreet, not knowing how to react to the Commander’s actions. Was he being catty? And for the very few moments in life, Yolo Ziff was speechless, trying to find a way to get you far from Kylo Ren. Taking advantage of his pause, Kylo Ren stepped back and walked away, still carrying you as you looked at Ziff with a terrified expression mouthing, ‘what do I do?’.

He tapped two fingers to his temple then brought it to his lips. Think of the kiss?! How would that help you now?

Seeing your panic, without thinking, Ziff grabbed his arm and everyone in the room, the medical staff that was loading unconscious Matt onto a gurney, the bartender and waiter giving accounts to two other stormtroopers for a report, everyone stopped. A couple of people even gasped. All wondering, who would be stupid enough as to lay a finger on Kylo Ren?

“I insist that I care for DR-7664.” Ziff’s fake smile was gone now.

“And I insist you remember your place.”

Ziff felt compelled by an invisible force to let go, but he fought it as hard as he could, gritting his teeth and straining as he was forced to release the arm he was holding. He wasn’t given mobility until Commander Ren and you were out of the room and farther down the hall.

…

You were too scared to make any sudden movements. Hell, you were scared to even touch him when you felt yourself slipping awkwardly and actually tried willing yourself to be lighter. This was too much. Thanking the stars, that there was no one to pass in the hall.

You could only bear the growing awkwardness as he carried you in silence. You prayed for something to break the tension, but it never happened, and rather than try making conversation again, as you had done so in the last few times you’d spoken, you closed your eyes and began to hum in your mind. It worked for a while, until he spoke.

“I can hear you.” He said flatly.

“Huh?” You looked at him stupidly. “Ah, I didn’t…say anything, sir.”

“You hummed.” He readjusted you in his arms, and you instinctively wrapped your outer arm around his neck, then pulled away quickly. “You don’t realize it, but you hum out loud.”

You were horrified. How many times in your life have you hummed trying to cope with a situation and you were humming verbally instead of mentally? You buried your face against him, unthinkingly, but then winced away when your cut hit his clothes…and…got blood on it.

“It’s fine.” He commented when you started to try wiping off the stain. Maybe since it was on black fabric, it didn’t matter to him?
“I can walk. Sir.” You said eagerly, wanting to end this nightmare but he didn’t respond. He just acted on, carrying you as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It was only when you saw the sickbay sign pass you by, that you decided to open up again. “Um, sir, you passed a medical center.”

“You hate wards.” He replied. You had finally made it to a door that opened on its own, and observed your surroundings as you both headed inside, where you were set down on your feet. “Why would I take you somewhere you hate?”

The room was triple the size of your small, rectangular skinny room, nothing fancy, but it had more furniture and an attaching bathroom. Much better than your living quarters but practical...you froze when you saw a table, that was the final resting place of a twisted and space-worn helmet.

“Is...this...” You started your sentence, but never finished it when you saw the disturbing piece on the table. You’ve heard it before from cleaners assigned to Kylo Ren’s room, and it seemed the rumors of him keeping a relic were true. You didn’t know what it signified but you had enough smarts to keep away from it and your hands to yourself. This was so alien to you.

Not knowing what to do with yourself when Kylo Ren stepped into the other room, you tried to stand at attention, but a wound in your side stretched open and you bent over the chair and slumped into it. You felt another one bleed on your upper thigh and for a moment, it seemed the pain wouldn’t end, but you tried your best to stop the bleeding temporarily. The man disappeared into the bathroom and came back with a few objects in hand that you couldn’t see from where you were sitting.

“Move to the bed and undo your shirt.”

“S-Sir?” You thought you misheard him and your felt your body stiffen.

He repeated himself and you tried to understand his tone, but your mind didn’t comprehend as you rose to your feet and mindlessly stepped toward the bed to sit down. You followed that instruction, however, you didn’t reach for the buttons on your shirt, even when the Commander pulled his chair infront of you and seated himself. There was no sudden movements, or gestures, he sat there watching you, waiting.

You were still clothed, but you already felt naked. Your unsteady hands went to the top of your blouse and stopped, resting on the highest button. When you didn’t make any movement, you heard him speak with an almost displeased voice.

“Well?”

“I-I don’t want to...” Your eyes were already stinging as the tears started to fall like a waterfall. Couldn’t even try to cry in a cute way, you were so overwhelmed with the awful position you had found yourself in after an awful night and an awful first day. Your chest hurt from the way you tried to hold back your sobs, and you began to hyperventilate. “P-please d-d-don’t make me!”

After your outburst had tamed a bit more, you wiped your face, feeling a keen burn as the salt from the tears aggravate your cut face as quieted sobs went down to a sniffle or a hiccup here and there. Your cries were smaller now, but then your head began to hurt. With so much practice, your mind thought of Ziff as soon as the pain began and you thought for that quick moment, he was where you wanted to be, he was what you wanted to be near to feel safe. Safe. And right now you felt so far from him.

“You think of him so much.”
Frowning, you lowered your hands to your lap and gathered some fabric to wring between your fingers. You were scared to ask. “Who, sir?”

“ZF-7399. I’ve seen it.” Otherwise, perfectly lax, the only tension Kylo Ren showed was his grip on the chair’s armrest, making streaks into the material, damaging it. “You used to sing, or hum when mentally strained. Now I find you thinking only of him. His body, his touch, his kiss...how he makes you feel...safe.”

He’d been reading your mind.

All those headaches.

All that pain.

He had been forcing his way into your thoughts.

That was why it hurt. Your lip quivered when you finally understood. That was why Ziff wanted you to think of that kiss. Not of him, of the kiss. Whenever Kylo Ren would see that image, he’d step out of your mind, but today was different. You had thought of the man, not the action. You had given Kylo Ren new information and you prayed he hadn’t seen far.

You bit your lip as a few tears fall quickly without catching on your cheek, and then swallowed hard. How could you protect him? Feign nonattachment? “He’s...not my...we’re not in a relationship. He’s just always...there”

“And he makes you feel protected.” Kylo’s voice seethed.

How could you lie now?

“Yes.” If you had shown the Commander something and Ziff ended up dead...Stop thinking stop thinking before he tries to enter you mind again. You were trembling now realizing that it’d be all your fault. You were looking at the cold mask that he wore for any sympathy, anything human, but for the first time you understood what it meant to be on the other side of the First Order. What it felt to be on the other side of the darkness.

It was terrifying.

“Are you frightened of me?”

You paused not knowing which was the right answer. Which would give you mercy or redemption. If you said yes, did that mean you were honest and trustworthy, or did it mean you had something to hide which prompted your dread? If you said no, you’d be lying to the face of the First Order. Not knowing which to decide on, you didn’t speak but clearly began to cry again and settled for nodding as a confirmation.

Finally satisfied with an answer, he waited a moment, contemplating his next move when, finally, he raised his hand to the back of his head and pressed a pressure point on his helmet. It hissed, momentarily, as the sound of a latch came undone and the front of it lifted, allowing the removal of Kylo Ren’s mask and the uncovering of a very human face.

It wasn’t a monster, or an alien hybrid. It was just...a very human, very normal face. Whatever horrible scarring people thought that the mask hid was clearly not there, in the end, it was all speculation of a gossiping populace. In another setting, you would have called it charming.

You didn’t know where to look, so you turned your head away and closed your eyes, but a now bare
hand gently turned your head straight, while another dabbed something cool against your face. When you looked back at the apprentice, you saw him dabbing the rag he had in his hand into a bowl that had been laid on the table, gathering more water to wipe away the blood.

“Sir?” There wasn’t any immediate response to your questioning tone as he gently touched the cloth to torn skin on your face, careful to avoid causing more pain.

“My first thought of where to take you was the observatory deck. But…for cleaning wounds, not sterile.”

Without the modifier, his voice was deep and low, and natural as he talked. With the mask gone, you felt more at ease, and he knew it. He set down the rag and his hands slowly to the top of your blouse and waited for you to give him a sign of approval. The last thing he wanted you to feel right now was threatened, seeing as he had gone through such lengths to balance your emotional state by showing you his face. He took your silence and calm breathing as a sign before slowly unbuttoning your shirt.

“Some of your wounds might be too deep to treat. A med-assistant will be here shortly for those.”

His hand brushed a sensitive area on your torso and your cheeks grew warm as he tended to you. Biding his time, his leisure-paced fingers pulled apart a new section of fabric, and made their way painstakingly slow ghosting over the small amount of flesh to the next button. As he leaned in closer, you could feel his warm breath over your neck making your mind blank. You debated making him stop, but you watched his hands as they carefully separated the edges of your clothes while you began to anticipate when his ungloved fingers would brush over your skin.

When he touched you, something was building up inside, and you felt yourself beginning to squirm and squeezed your legs together, not sure whether it was to stop or incite the pent up emotions that were being stoked at that moment. You were stuck in the middle between what you wanted. If only he’d stop touching you, or go faster. His hands were going lower, and lower, and finally, his palm, by accident or chance, finally brushed against the spot between your legs and the self control that had been stretched to its breaking point finally snapped and you let out a noise which could only be described as provocative, or needy.

As if he’d been suffering the same torture, the Commander advanced quickly until he was on top of you, and pushed you down onto the bed, kissing you without restraint. You thought you’d break. He was carelessly hitting all the areas where you’d been battered, but in the mix of pain and pleasure, you started to rub yourself against him and, in return, he rewarded you by thrusting forward to meet your rhythm so you felt the delicious friction overtake the hurt through your clothes.

A pressure from the cut below your collarbone made you wince, Kylo Ren moved his hand to trace under it. He pulled away from you to regard your bruised neck, more sore than it looked, then up to your cheek, then finally resting to your cut lips to stay over them for a moment longer, slowing down the pace of his hips, but maintain the pressure. He frowned when you winced, and stopped his observations to run his thumb over your bottom lip, which had taken more of the beating.

“He did this to you.” Kylo Ren gripped your jaw and pulled you closer to inspect the mark that had been left on you. You couldn’t answer after being thoroughly overwhelmed. His tone turned coarse and he tugged down your blouse, looking closer at all the bruises on your body. His rage was growing more by the second. “After watching you, thinking of you, obsessing over you, you must know how maddening it is, to know that that filth bound you, touched you, tasted you instead of me. Where else did he defile you…”

The last sentence was a hum in your ear with the undertones of sex, want and desire, sending
pleasant shivers down your entire body to the area he was currently pushing against. You sighed when he shifted, and you felt his lower member rub against you and grow in size. Something in your mind was opened, and you felt a light sensation rather different than a sharp pain, trying to bring up the memories and emotions of where the other man had dare touch you. Everywhere that ‘Eights’ had touched you, the Commander mimicked, replacing the entire experience.

He claimed your lips first, gently nipping, until he couldn’t hold back and bit down to re-mark the once already claimed territory, then trailed down to your neck, still venturing to mar the skin with more original signs of his handiwork. Your mind shifted again and you almost gagged when he brought to the surface the last place Eights had intimately touched you, but Kylo Ren already began to play with the top of your bottom clothing to brush that recollection aside.

Without a moment’s notice, he stopped his movements and focused on slipping his hand underneath the fabric to stroke you, then lower to begin parting your folds. You couldn’t hold back a moan now as you pushed yourself into his hand. Your arms went up to wrap around him, but an invisible force pushed your back roughly and stretched them above your head. A more pained sound escaped your lips and Ren stopped his interactions, and you felt your invisible bindings go limp. You didn’t understand why he’d stopped, until you felt him move back from you to apply uncomfortable pressure on your side with the rag.

You raised yourself back up, but he stopped you by raising a hand for you to lie back down. The wound had torn a bit more. You looked at his face to see that the concern was real. His expression showed very little at this moment, but a small crease between his brows let you know, without a doubt, he cared.

“Move up higher. The medic will get here soon for this one.” He supported your back and pulled you closer to the head of the bed before going back to stopping the bleeding wounds. You two kept each other company in relaxed silence. The same type of silence you both had shared in the observatory for a moment.

“No medical ward?” You asked quietly and hopefully.

“No medical ward.”

You tried to explain the growing feeling inside you. Your stomach flipped and your heart fluttered, while your pulse sprinted. What was wrong with you? You placed your hands on your face, flushed…then you winced away as your palm hit the cut on your face.

As your hand was falling back onto the bed, Kylo Ren caught it into his and began to clean the damaged palm where you had foolishly grabbed the bottle shard. Your heart stopped as you watched him. No gloves, no fabric, nothing in between, he was holding your hand. His cheeks flushed. He was still slightly red along his cheekbones from your previous activities. You thought him lucky. You, on the other hand, must have looked like a shaved, naked and chafed ewok compared to him.

“Don’t think of him anymore.”

“What?” Confused, more than enlightened. “Sir.”

“Whenever you’re in pain…think of me. Only me.”

You couldn’t believe what you were hearing. Kylo Ren was using the same words Ziff had recited to you to protect you. He leaned forward from his position next to you and kissed you, but softer this time. It wasn’t as rough as the others, but it didn’t lack of need either. It was chaste, and one could even say loving. It was the type that melted hearts and you felt your chest tighten in a lovesick way.
Simply put, it was his confession.

“Think of that kiss…” It looked like it almost pained him to ask, and his complexion reddened significantly. “Ok?”

If one could die from happiness…

You were trying to fight the urge to smile and barely winning. This feeling, this feeling…what was this feeling…? His face was trying not to show how uneasy he was as he waited for your answer. Is it possible to think of Kylo Ren as endearing? Your heart jumped when you felt Kylo Ren give your hand a gentle squeeze and pressed it between both of his, trying to will its pain away or instigate your response so he could begin breathing again.

“Ok.”

Chapter End Notes

There you have it. Kylo had been mostly trying to see how you felt about Yolo Ziff. He didn't know how to tell you that he cares so he borrowed Ziff's words. And the only reason I let the last chapter's events happen, was just so he could... eh... I guess touch you haha.

Now for real, I'll pay attention to the wedding.
Of Friends and Enemies

Chapter Summary

Friends are not identical

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone who pushed me, and if you visited this story, commented on this story, gave kudos to this story or bookmarked this story, I'm talking about you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 16

Of Friends and Enemies

“Holy Fuck!”

Your supervisor shouted when he saw your face, making several of your peers crane their necks from their computer screens to see what the commotion was. Raising a hand to your face, you tried to hide a healing cut with stitches, then the other side, which was still swollen…well, lumpy. You tried icing it this morning but having no time (or ice; you had used a cold wash cloth), it proved ineffective leaving your cheek grossly misshapen. Grossly, as in ‘obviously’, but ‘disgustingly’ worked just as well.

“And your eye!” He was talking about the pretty shiner you’d just gotten that morning.

Right. Your eye.

Earlier today, in a room that was not yours, wearing sleepwear you hadn’t put on, you had woken up to the muffled sound of a shower turning on and a strong urge to pee. The bathroom door was still open, so, shuffling a potty dance, you inched your way closer to the unlit room, relieved to see the shower separated by another door where light had crept through the sides, leaving you an empty area to pee. It would have been a perfect moment, but when you turned on the lights, you swore a very long string of words when you saw your face and scared yourself shitless.

Did he see you like this?

…Oh no.

Did he see you like this?!

The shower stopped, and you heard the person inside, without a doubt in your mind being Commander Ren, moving towards the room you currently occupied. It made you panic, and as if your face couldn’t get any worse, you hit you face on missed attempt for the door, resulting in your black eye, and ran out of the bathroom and out the room.
Back to the present, your command officer lifted up your damaged hand with which you had tried to stop MR-2888’s attack by grabbing his weapon, and waved it in the air, making you bite your lip with a mix of embarrassment and a bit of pain.

“How are you going to type reports? Do inventory.”

You stuttered a weak response saying you could still count without use of your strong hand, before he ushered you out and gave you at least two days for the medicine to do their job properly. Besides, he had added at the end, you were put on mandatory sick leave. Orders from higher up. He hadn’t even been expecting you for work today.

Mandatory and higher up? As much as a part of you enjoyed Kylo Ren’s attention...your face was shit right now.

“S’cuse me- Whoa.” A young cadet trying to pass you, when you finally left your division. He halted in his steps to avoid running into you, but when he saw your face, he choked on his words. “Sorry, I didn’t...you look...nice.”

You tried smiling, but this expression made you feel like a monster when he stepped away from you, almost painfully with squinting eyes as he went on his way.

“Oh, like you’re such a catch.” You barked at him when he cringed away and tried to avoid you on the other side of the wall. Ugh, you were repulsing everyone who saw you, and the last person you wanted to repulse was Kylo Ren. Your made up your mind.

You’d try to avoid him.

You couldn’t let him see you like this.

Stupid drinks, stupid fight, stupid MR-2888. Why’d he have to involve himself...in a way, would he have been killed if he didn’t know you’d been at the warehouse? Ziff would never have ...You were feeling sorry for Eights.

You were the bad guy! He had known what you were up to, and he was doing his job as a trooper... no no no, if he was doing his job right, he should have reported you in, right away. Instead, he wanted to use it as leverage to hurt you. That was why he was killed. No, no, you didn’t want to think of this now. If only you’d ushered out Matt fast-Matt.

“Matt.” You said, sympathetically. How could you forget?

Instead of heading to you a more private area, you ignored the stares of people you’d barely see again and never get to know, and headed for the closest ward near the bar you had visited the night before. When you reached the correct division, you bit down the discomfort and thought of Matt before walking into his room. You’d been avoiding the staff, worried they’d try to admit you and had been hiding your disfigured face.

“What are you doing?” Matt reached for a juice box on a food tray. “I’m not contagious.”

You had tucked the lower part of your face into your shirt when you walked in. Hoping that the stench you smelled was just hospital smell, not the person who was wrenching their guts in the bathroom that Matt shared with his roommate.

“She has food poisoning.” Matt explained. “She’s not contagious either.”

“How are you?” You asked, as you dragged a seat closer to his bed.
“Better than you.” Matt smiled encouragingly, but then his face turned sullen as he started to run last night’s events in his mind. The joy left his eyes, the youthfulness left his face and was replaced by bitterness. You saw it when he frowned and began to squeeze the box in his hand more forcefully. When he finally snapped he threw the drink to the side with a loud shout. “We were so helpless!”

“I know.”

“There were two of us!”

“I know.”

“What makes them so special! That they can treat us like that!” He was crying now, ashamed of his lack of ability to stand up for himself. For you. For everyone who felt worthless at one point of their lives.

“What makes them so special that they have the right to hurt us! To humiliate us! To use us!” He had added that last part for you, knowing and fully enraged at what MR-2888 had done. He continued to shout his cries of whys, unable to stop his rage that was birthed from the awful injustice stemming from the miserable First Order troops. He was shuddering now. The only way you know how to stop a rampage was physically. You weren’t a genius, you weren’t spiritual or, unless you were drunk, philosophical. You leaned over from your seat to hug him until his crying became nothing more than slight splutters, then answered him with full belief.

“Nothing.”

When the two of you let go from each other he took off his glasses to clean them off and began to mumble.

“Although I shouldn’t be, I’m glad they’re dying off.”

You reseated yourself and looked at him questioningly as you pushed his tray away, letting an incoming nurse know that it was done with.

“Dying off?”

“Today,” Matt put back on his glasses and nodded, “Apparently, another of MR-2888’s groupies got into an accident in one of the engine rooms on duty. Fell over the railing. Second day back from vacation, and they die like that. That’s why you should never get complacent, even after you’ve done your rounds a thousand times.”

“Vacation?”

“Well, not really vacation. They were one of the ones I had trained with our new explosives. On that attack I told you about, back on Kamino? Oh, speaking of Kamino, how’s Ziff? I heard he was the one that stepped in. I need to thank him. Will you be seeing him anytime soon?”

“Z-Ziff?” You nodded and emphasized a strong maybe while your mind was questioning if the dead member actually died by the hands of fate, or at the hands of a more physical entity. “Yeah, I’ll go see him after…this.”

The door to the bathroom swung open and you heard a scream of surprise when the person stepped out and shouted your name. You’d recognized that voice anywhere.

“I heard you got promo-” Bel stopped moving when you turned around so that she saw your face.
“Oh…honey, you need a makeover.”

This day was exhausting. You should have been resting, but you found yourself jumping from here to there, keeping up with what was going on and getting a ridiculous amount of makeup caked onto your face. You had already left the ward looking for Ziff. And if you thought the stares your face was getting before were the worst the cosmos could throw at you, it was not. The make-up had made it far worse. People were shocked before, now they were petrified.

Something caught your eye down the hall headed your way.

Of course this would happen.

You saw a trademark, black-wearing terror walking in your direction. He didn’t seem to notice you, but you could never tell, exactly, despite Ziff’s impeccable ability to read Kylo Ren’s body language. You had barely thought about last night, or this morning due to your troubles, but now, with a face like Jabba the Hutt, you didn’t want to see him. You quickly mixed with a group of cadets passing by and grabbed someone’s clipboard, with a bit of protest, but you managed to strike their hand away until they stopped grabbing.

The next outburst happened very quickly.

Kylo Ren suddenly activated his weapon mid strut to attack the sides of the hallway, carving into the walls.

*Bad mood! Bad mood! He’s in a bad mood!*

You, along with your camouflage entourage, shrieked and ran to the other side of the hall, no one willing to get caught near that wreck. Unlike your colleagues, you weren’t as light-footed with your movements, and for a second time that day, with limited vision, you smacked into a wall. You landed on your ass, but quickly ended up crawling away around the corner, hoping you didn’t draw too much attention to yourself.

“He’s done the same in the hospital ward.” One of the others said in a gossiping tone as the others joined in.

Kylo Ren was on the hunt.

You stomach twisted itself into knots, wondering how you’d explain this MIA status if he ever caught up to you. *When* he caught up to you.

Not having time for this, you threw the clipboard away and ran off to find Ziff.

Surprisingly, you found him in the lower cafeteria, not the higher officers’ lounge with the blond from Kamino leaning close against him before getting up to leave the mess hall empty as the kitchens closed to prepare for lunch.

When Ziff saw you, he was riddled with concern and bombarded your with questions about your health, your mental state, and if Kylo Ren had broken you, but after a moment of sitting together, he couldn’t keep a straight face at the sight in front of him. You looked like a court jester. He tried stifling his laughter by concentrating on your wounds, but everytime he saw the sad outline of your lips and the poor attempts of shaping your face, he laughed it up all over again. He even tried to wipe some of it off your face, but it just smeared, making your makeup irreparably damaged. Matt had thought you were beautiful! When you commented on that, he replied that Matt’s ideal mating partner wore a helmet 90% of the time and cackled, until you finally had had enough and asked him seriously.
“Are you behind MR-2888’s companion’s death?”

The smile died on his lips and his eyes became unsympathetic. The change was unsettlingly fast. His attitude reminded you of last night, something you didn’t ever want to remember. “I’m taking care of it.”

You mouth went agape. “Take care of it? Ziff, are you saying that you did?”

“It was necessary.”

“Ziff! You’re acting like a killer.”

“A killer who’s saved your life more than once, so being a little bit grateful would be appreciated.” His voice was cold. You had never heard it like this, even when he was against unbeatable odds, he had maintained his cool and endearing humor. “It’s not easy to pull the trigger, I hope you know that, but if someone is keeping me from the success of my mission, I won’t hesitate.”

“Your mission?”

Underneath all the charm, all the heroism, the concern for the wellness of the galaxy, he was still a resistance fighter. He was still an enemy on the other side. You tried to wrap your head around what you were listening to, but you couldn’t. He had just murdered three of the most awarded stormtrooper division as if it was nothing. As much as you wished his attacks had been for defense and your protection, as was stated in the report, you knew it was because they had posed a threat to his cover.

“And what is your mission? To murder as many of us-”

Ziff pulled an object from his a bag and placed it gently on the table. He didn’t need to raise his voice to stop you, or a display of brute force for attention. When you saw the item he had it.

“They found this at the warehouse site, and this…” He pulled the sister pair out. “…is what they found in your room.”

The glove.

Your heart sank, piecing together what he’d been doing. In the little amount of time, he had been researching, gathering data, understanding how you’d been put in the line of fire and why. Seeing the blond wasn’t just for fun, you realized he’d been using her to get access to viddie archives and security records with your safety in mind. Not only did those go her way, so did emergency calls. Calls like the one that the waiter made after he had screamed out of the bar last night.

“My mission may not be as on a grand scale as the First Order’s strictly because I’m on a different side, but my priority will always be to keep innocents safe and the galaxy far away from the grip of tyranny. Believe your Order’s propaganda if you want, but I know you, DR-7664, and I know that you understand that what the First Order is wrong.”

Seeing you speechless and getting farther from his reasoning, Ziff rose up to leave, taking all evidence of your affiliation. But before he walked out of the room, you managed to speak without your voice quivering to issue out a warning, which unlike your other admonishments, he didn’t laugh.

“If you cause any more trouble for the First Order, I will report you.”
And with that he left. You wanted to cry, but your faith in the First Order wouldn’t let you. It had hurt when he called you by your ID number rather than what you preferred. Gloomily, you dragged yourself out and went to the only place on the ship where you felt safe.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter warning, NSFW. I'm so tired ha. Inadvertently, signed up to help with a bridal shower...gah, more weddings and baby showers. Spring is so busy.. But I'll load the next one in a day or two! I'll do my best! I just need to proofread it and change a few more things I'm not happy with. I already have an almost completed and fleshed out story outline, so stay strong! I've got you!

I'm always writing at night, it just seems easier.

Also, it seems that reader's finally put the foot down with Yolo Ziff.
In no time at all, you found yourself at your usual spot, with your legs dangling over the edge looking out into the void listening to your music player. You were contemplating what to do if Ziff did come after more of MR-2888’s group members. Could you really turn him in? But that wouldn’t settle the conflict you kept going through.

If you had actually stood for the First Order, you shouldn’t have even paused when you had the opportunity. Like Ziff had mentioned before, you had so many chances, and the fact that he was still walking free on the *Finalizer*, only magnified your failure. He had mentioned before that you being a terrible officer meant you were a good person, but right now you felt miserable. Did good people feel this miserable?

You were going around in circles...AGAIN.

Your thoughts were blaring in your mind, and the music, blaring in your ear. So much so that you didn’t hear the footsteps climbing the stairs to the bridge that connected each side of the room, where you were sitting. You didn’t pick up the presence of Kylo Ren, until his footsteps made the ground vibrate underneath you.

He didn’t say anything, but if you could correctly judge his movements…you gave up. Who could tell? That mask was a blank slate. Or maybe he was mad? You looked to his hands and saw they were fists, extending and clenching at a slow pace, trying to hold back his…

…Rage.

Hurriedly, you rolled onto your side away from him and stood up, covering your face as you looked straight at him. Today was not your day! You felt your foot slip, trying to walk backwards, and ended up landing hard with a cry. Your eyes peaked at the glass ceiling through the holes between your fingers, and you realized there wasn’t a point in running anymore. Smitten with defeat, instead
of trying to leave again, you pulled yourself to a sitting position with one hand over your face and
another to rub the new bruise on your body as you scooted to one side of the bridge to lean your
back against.

Whatever Kylo Ren had been expecting it wasn’t \textit{that}. He followed your more voluntary actions, and placed himself next to you. You still refused to look at
him.

“Why did you run?”

His voice sounded flat because of the mask, but a barely noticeable fluctuation occurred on the last
word made you turn to him in a ridiculous fashion with your hand acting as your makeshift mask. After watching you awkwardly try to soothe the part of your back you’d just bruised, the
Commander pulled your hand away and took over its job with his own hand.

After a moment, he asked the same question with less confidence than the first.

You glanced at his free hand and realized it was still flexing. An idea dawned on you. He wasn’t
doing that because he was mad, at least, not in this scenario. It was because he was…nervous?

Taking a moment, you pondered what was happening right now.

\textit{You} made Commander Kylo Ren \textit{nervous}?

You felt his movements become softer and you realized he was going to stop.

“I don’t want you to see my face!” You shouted before he pulled away. “I ran into a door, got a
black eye, a friend tried to fix it and painted my face, another friend…”

It was so curious how moods could change from a single word.

“Another…person smeared…face…”

You fell silent. When had you started to consider Ziff someone you could call a friend? Melancholy
crept in and your voice was lost. The sound of the Commander undoing his helmet distracted you. You turned to focus on what he was doing, but before you could even process his sudden actions, you felt his helmet being squeezed over your head, leaving your hands free for him to grab one and
hold on to it. The moment was surreal. Impossible even. You looked at his hand. The difference in
size was so obvious, as it wrapped around yours, making you feel giddy, and later, you would
pinpoint the feeling you felt and describe it as happiness.

“Is this real?” You were surprised to find your voice unaffected by the modulator and played around
with the mask trying to activate the distortion, to no avail. Maybe if you locked it on? You thought
better of it and stopped trying to figure out how it worked.

“Of course.”

“It’s so unlikely.” You squeezed his hand. “I thought you hated me.”

“No,” He shook his head, obstinately.

This still seemed so bizarre, that someone like him had taken a shine to someone like you. Was that
what was happening? When did it happen? You didn’t understand it. You wanted to but at the
moment you were content with how things were. It was still new, this unknown feeling of
attachment, and you didn’t want to discover what it was at that moment, or even if you knew, you
didn’t want to name it just yet.

He handed you your player, which had fallen from your lap when you jumped up earlier.

“Is the new charge core still working properly?” He asked, surprisingly knowledgeable about your
item’s make.

“Yes, but it’s an old model. I can’t believe someone was able to get...” You turned him and though
you couldn’t show it, you squinted your eyes. "It was you?"

He didn’t respond with words, but as you live and breathe, from what you could tell in that dark
environment, Kylo Ren was smiling. You felt a warm feeling in the center of your very being and
your heart pulsed faster. Just how much did this man, to whom you’ve barely spoken to, care about
you?

The next moment, he sounded out a soft grunt in response to how you’d forgotten you were still
wearing the helmet and had tried to kiss him, or some kind of romantic gesture. Instead of hitting
wherever you had been aiming, you rattled the hard surface of the mask against him along his his
cheekbone. You settled for resting your head on his shoulder after a second attempt failed.

“Sorry.”

“So clumsy.” He looked away for a moment trying to hide a bigger smile that threatened to present
itself on his lips. “Did it hurt when you hit the wall?”

You mentioned your shiner again, but Kylo Ren shook his head and referred to the one where you
were in the hall after he’d attacked the hallway.

“You knew it was me!” You shouted.

“Not at first, but when you hit the wall, I was sure.”

You wondered if he had read your mind, but a continuation of his answer calmed your nerves. It
wasn’t what you thought, or the way you walked, or even your occasional hum, that time it hadn’t
slipped. On the contrary, you’d preferred that it was one of those, but in the end, what had given you
away was...

“Your hips.”

“Huh?”

“When you crawl away, they sway a certain way. I noticed it on Kamino when you were trying to
escape General Hux.”

The mask hid your face, and you knew you were turning red. How could he say things like that with
such a serious face? He had studied how your body moved? As a million ideas ran in your mind how
unattractive you must have looked, you felt Kylo begin to remove his helmet from your head. You
slightly whined out a ‘no’, but he shushed you and assured you that the light was too limited to see
your face properly, just vague expressions. You both faced each other now, when you relented and
allowed him to take away the cover. One of your hands just covered your face now, as the other
supported you up. It would have stayed that way, but you felt his hand push against your sex,
catching you off guard as you yelped.

“Good.” His voice had changed tone to a more primal nature. “We didn’t get to play long enough
yesterday.”

Your wounds had ripped open then, so you both had to stop. Despite his reputation on the base, with you, he was surprisingly caring. One hand went to your side where the tear had opened the night before.

Fearing the same might happen right now, you put your hand onto his to stop its ministrations and to object, but he knew your concerns before you even spoke it, and gave your pussy a rough squeeze, making you buck your hips forward and heat shoot towards where he touched you and caused an erotic sound to leave your lips.

“Don’t move, or I’ll stop.” As if it was that simple. He edged closer to your ear to give it a wet stroke from his tongue, promising it would be repeating that act elsewhere. A straight finger pushed against the cloth over your opening roughly and began to tease you slowly, testing the limits of how much the fabric wound allow it to go inside you. “Do you want me to stop?”

You didn’t move a muscle, but a small moan was let out by accident, when he pushed harder with his gloved finger against your moistening entrance.

“So obedient.”

Just as he was about to dip his lips lower along your jaw line, the sound of the observatory doors opened and the voices of a man and a woman made you freeze. The slight gasps, and the high-pitched laughter from the girl, followed by moans by the man sent up red flags and you knew what they’d come here to do.

Each other.

Almost grateful for the interruption, but still a tad unhappy, you shrugged at your Commander who simply waited and listened to the couple now beneath you both as they started to remove their clothes. They couldn’t see you two and you and the Commander couldn’t see them.

The best thing to do now was to crawl out and leave. It wasn’t as if it was your first time when promiscuous members of the order ruined your quiet atmosphere. Though not frequent, it usually happened at the worst of moments. You placed yourself on your hands and knees and began to crawl away, trying not to interrupt the couple underneath the bridge.

However, your waistline got caught and you found yourself being dragged backwards, and your garments down.

What is he doing?!

The cold hitting your more intimate areas made you cry out, coincidentally timed with the female on the first deck. You tried to stay modest by pulling up your underwear at least, but when it wasn’t as easy as it should have been, you turned to see a sight that sent shivers down your backside. Kylo Ren looked like a lust filled demon from hell with a smirk that sent out the question begging to be answered. What had made you believe you two were done?

“We’re not done yet.” He yanked you back forcefully, and with you ass up, he thrust his tongue inside, without warning. Your mind was stunned as he drove his mouth over and over and over. The pace and the shove was so sudden, it overwhelmed you! Your body started to try and claw itself away for just a bit of relief from the sudden tongue fucking, but Kylo Ren grabbed you by the thighs and hooked his arms to keep you locked to his mouth. Your ass was in his face as he was eating your wet cunt, leaving you shuddering, trying to hold back every moan that threatened to escape.
“So…fucking…nggh.” Your face hit the floor as your arms gave out trying to sustain you, and went to cover your mouth instead. If he kept this up…you tried to wriggle your way out, but you only succeeded in rubbing your clit against a finger that had found its way to the front teasing, pressuring and circling the area almost made you come undone. "Wait."

When you tried again to pull away, you felt him spread your lips with his fingers. Then you felt something vibrate at your opening. He was vocalizing making the ensuing vibrations send you waves of pleasure. Almost like a soft hum to a tumultuous pulsation. You moaned wantonly. Almost. You were almost reaching your breaking point.

The throaty vibration made you curl your toes, followed by his thick tongue parting between the folds of your sex.

“I can’t, Sir, I can’t-"

A gloved hand came flying to your mouth shoving two fingers inside to gag you while his thumb pushed your jaw closed. Obediently, you started to suck until the glove became moist and he pulled away. You ‘can’t’? The sound of your wetness was already hitting your ears, going against what you’d just said. Kylo Ren’s technique abandoned precision for a moment, to drag his tongue down to up, slowly. He waited a moment, before he did it again, this time even slower, and when you couldn’t take it anymore, you finally pushed back for better friction, but he pulled away and waited.

He was waiting for you to beg.

Face flushed, body warmed to its highest point, you tried to push back again but he held you firmly. When you didn’t make your move, he pushed your clit down making you cry out.

“M-more!”

And that was all it took. All gentleness abandoned, he grabbed your ass and pulled it apart to enrapture you sopping wet cunt with his tongue, pushing in and out of you going deeper and deeper, until when it was no longer capable of passing its milestone, he added and shoved the long fingers you’d soaked with your mouth inside you with no more preparation and began to fuck you with all three parts while the other hand stroked your clit, throwing you over the edge as you moaned and screamed, finally reaching a climax that came with the aftershocks running throughout your limp body.

Commander Ren pulled you gently to himself to end the affair with a deep kiss, allowing you to taste yourself thoroughly. This tryst of ecstasy was for you; his pleasure could wait, and at that point in time, neither of you cared about anything at all, except for the company of the other.

Giving you both a break before each one had to rejoin the world outside the observatory, Kylo Ren reached for your player and pulled you against him, between his legs as he leaned against the railing as you adjusted your clothes. You thought he was done rearranging his position, but his actions started up again. Carefully, as he put one earpiece in his own ear, then the other in one of yours and picked one of the songs in your most played list, allowing you both to enjoy this moment.

Both of you completely forgetting the couple below as they crept out, absolutely ashamed they were unable to compete with screams of one of the unknown lovers on the bridge.
Thank you for reading! And if it was uncomfortable, or awkward, I'm sorry! Going to binge watch a few shows, and read a few books now and a few ff. That truly is my guilty pleasure. I love you all! Send me a comment or a kudos or bookmark if you loved it. Thank you everyone for giving this fic a chance!
Moment of Weakness

Chapter Summary

You relapse.

Chapter Notes

Some days I can't get into it or find the right words, but other days you just get on a roll. I'm really proud of my words in this chapter and how it's been executed. It may seem really small and insignificant, but I really am proud of myself. Even though there's nothing racy going on, I had a pragmatically boom in this chapter so I hope you all like it, and others appreciate it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 18

Moment of Weakness

“Watching everyone here, as they go along, they lose their fervor for the First Order and their life fades to gray. When I first saw you, you were avid about your position, thought it was less than desirable. And when you told me your views what the the First Order meant to you…you lit up.”

“Is that so…” Your chest began to swell with pride. Not only did the Commander find you attractive, what had made you stand out from other drones was your personality.

“I couldn’t shake you from my thoughts.” For a moment he had forgotten himself and even you as you stood next to him in the lift, he recounted the first thoughts that described you as they came to mind. “Bright like a rainbow.”

_Huh?_

“A what?” Your head craned backwards to look at him. It was by chance that you both had found each other and as the crowded space had gone from thick to thin, you both started to communicate to each other, slowly. Your discussion had started with small talk at first, to the question that had been burning in your mind. Why had he _seen_ you? Not through you, he actually saw you as a person, no longer a number. On several occasions in passing, he addressed you by your name, knowing that it’d make you smile all the way to your next destination then throughout the day.

Out of all the tens of thousands of people aboard this ship, he had noticed _you_. During countless times, encounter after encounter, you had somehow impressed yourself in his everyday thoughts and each day, foggy memories had shaped to clearer recollections. You weren’t a passing face to him anymore, now, you were an actual part of his life.

It was unusual, this situation. You were both drawn to each other, but he had moved first. If it weren’t for his boldness, you would have never even considered this…‘relationship’? You stuck out
your tongue when you thought about that foreign word. Anything associated with feelings or emotions with the man next to you left an odd taste in your mouth. Bitter. They didn’t fit. Him and affection.

Granted, since that time in the observatory, he hadn’t touched you again. There hadn’t been any midnight rendezvous, bold exchanges of passion, or loud declarations of love, but there were moments that spoke out more than physical. You’d find small deliveries of medicine supplies so you didn’t have to visit the medical ward, mandatory breaks from your superior to make sure you had healed properly, one time, your division had even gotten a taste of remaining level 2 food rations during lunch due to a ‘overflow’ of supplies. In his own and very unique way, Kylo Ren was courting you.

As stated before, the situation wasn’t typical, and this could have been said about terms of commitment, nothing that been put down, officially, but with each passing day, though, it was unspoken, you both felt a growing bond stating that, yes, you did indeed belonged to each other. Neither of you were interested in pursuing other romantic ventures. You’d only think of him.

And he better DAMN well only be think of you too!

Your face warmed up when your memories brought back the feel of his hands against your skin or of his teeth when he marked you along your collarbone. Your eyes fluttered to his covered neck and felt a desire to ‘mark’ him back. Not that it’d show, but…ah, maybe, if you knew something about him that no body knew. His name? No, no…you didn’t want to break Supreme Law. Ugh, but the fact that there were several people who could cry out his real title besides you made you…terribly jealous. Oh, man, were you falling hard.

The name wouldn’t do, regardless if the upper officers remembered or forgot his name. In fact, you’d asked about it one time, in passing, but he had ignored the question. It was a past he didn’t want to remember and as much as it pained you, you had to let it go.

Without realizing it, you touched the area over your clothes where he’d bruised you. The spot was already healing, leaving you downcast, but in only made you more hopeful that he’d bite again. Next time, harder, so the bruise would remain a bit longer. He’d tease you, take his time when he touched you…and…you almost moaned. Catching yourself, you cleared your throat and pretended to scratch an itch under your collar.

“You don’t know what a rainbow is?” He stood up straighter than normal, his tone completely surprised you didn’t know, and he began trying to explain this common phenomenon. “After it rains, it usually emerges. In Kamino. Light reflects against the…”

Blah, blah, blah.

Who’d have thought he’d be such a nerd? You raised your hand to interrupt.

“I’ve spent most of my life in base training or on a ship.” Your face reddened. Was this something everyone knew about? “And whenever there’s a scheduled break…um…we never go during storm season in Kamino.”

He didn’t respond after that, and you felt yourself getting nervous. Did you just say something stupid? To cover up your feelings of shame, you started to belt out a less than convincing laugh that went on for a length of fifteen seconds. Why you didn’t stop before then, you didn’t know.

“I’m joking. Of course, I know what a laneboo….canebrow is.”
“Rainbow.”

“That’s exactly…what…I…said.” You started to push the next floor’s button to make and quickly rushed out, ignoring the fact that it was the wrong floor. Whatever it took to get out of that conversation, you’d do it. His demeanor stiffened at your change of character, clearly not understanding the purpose of your actions as you squeezed yourself through the doors before they had fully opened to escape.

“This isn’t your station.”

“What-it is? I can’t hear you? Great job on the…” You mimicked swinging a saber with your hand as you walk away, ever so briskly, and exceptionally angry with yourself and your missing vocabulary.

“What the hell’s a chainboe?”

Hours later you were sitting at your desk sending glances to your supervisor. Every now and then, he’d walk down the lane surrounded by members on computers ordering and canceling cargo form the ship’s loading bay. You were one of these people now. Crunching numbers, clicking keys, arranging schedules, oh the joy.

And the constant breathing down your neck?

The best!

“Pay. Attention!” Your supervisor clicked his tongue in irritation and you picked up the pace as he pulled away. “If this were a random inspection, you’d fail.”

After waiting several moments until he was onto the other aisle, your movements slowed, and, with the push of a button, your screen changed from statistics to the archive search about chainboes.


The person next to you nudged you fiercely in the side after you had slightly increased in volume at your word search. You muttered an apology before hitting the select button. In a world of gray, you were a…

“Rainbow…”

Your breath hitched when you saw an image in the sky, arching over green scenery. So many colors from one object! Delighted, you scrolled down and saw to your more images flooding the screen with different varieties. Some half, in the day, others, full ring around moons at night.

Suddenly, your computer screen flickered and blacked out. You blinked and hurried to try the power button but nothing came on. Your computer had died. Looking around, everyone was still hard at work momentarily, but afterwards, their workstations began to flash threateningly and one by one they finally died. Everyone cadet that hadn’t saved their work screamed!

Calming the frantic public down, the supervisor started to check everyone’s screens trying to activate them, but nothing worked. He immediately went to the floor communicator and began to call one of the higher ups as his face lost its pallor, listening to the other line.

A thought occurred to you and your eyes widened. Did you just give the Finalizer malware? You didn’t move or breathe; worried that unwanted attention might be given to you. Luckily, the ass was
sweating so hard, he didn’t have time to look your way.

After his call, he informed everyone to take a break in their seats, and that you’d receive notice that there was a glitch in the system and a tech team would be visiting momentarily along with extra precautions to ensure this was nothing more than said ‘glitch’.

After a few moments of unproductive prodding from the tech team that arrived shortly after the problem has occurred, your group was told to step outside, grumbling, and still flustered that their work was lost. There wasn’t any progress with getting the screens back on.

“You!” The woman who sat next to you shouted furiously. “You gave us a virus!”

“What?...Oh.” Another member looked at you, understandingly. “Were you downloading porn? Our leisure servers in the computer rooms are too slow, but if you download them from our work computers you can get like seven movies in two minutes.”

“No!” You threw your hands up in the air. “I was on the archives!”

“Uh-huh.” He patted your back. “Don’t be ashamed.”

“Not ashamed!” You tried to convince him. “I was looking up raibows!”

One of them looked confused. “What’s a cranesow?”

Your demeanor lifted as you realized you weren’t alone in ignorance. “Exactly!”

“All fixed! Get back to work.” Your supervisor clapped his hands twice to grab everyone’s attention, perfectly oblivious to the sordid downloads of his staff, and began ordering everyone back to their postings. “Just a glitch. Ah, Lord Ren! Apologies…no signs of…”

His voice fell softer while your body went rigid as the command officer passed you to speak to that smug bastard further away. Indefinitely, he had heard your declaration of stupidity. Your face was faintly colored as you walked back to your seat to restart your work. The only sounds that kept you occupied to lessen the darkening hue on your cheeks were the clicking of keys and the tech team’s banter between each other and the radio. Bored of the typing sounds, you focused your attention and chose gossip.

“Ugh. The cells are on the fritz again. Gotta go and fix-”

“Not it.”

“You can’t call out like that without warning. It’s not fair.” One of them had started to belt his tools that were never used when dealing with the items of your division, so why did they even bring them out? “You saw what she did the last time. Nu-uh, I’m not going down there anymore. I hate putting up with that freak…and why is it orange?”

Maz Kanata.

“Well we won’t have to put up with it much longer.”

“Oh yeah? She gettin’ transferred?”

Your typing went to the speed of a fenner’s rock and not even caring, you started to type random symbols so you could hear entire conversation better. After a added efforts of poor quality to at least try, your attention to your work finally diminished to the point that you had begun to mash your hand
“I guess you could say that. That thing’s got a one-way shuttle to meet its…uh…spirit guide? I dunno, whatever that thing worships. Lord Ren isn’t getting valuable information, so she’s got no use anymore. Execution in a few days.”

“So it’ll be safe again to go back down there? Nice.”

The two gave an encouraging sign to each other and started to head out as you faced the screen again but your fingers stalled on the symboard. So it was finally going to happen. After serving a purpose, and siding with the wrong side, Maz Kanata was going to be executed. She was going to die.

......
....
...
..,
.

Good.

You’d made up your mind.

I don’t care.

I don’t care.

I don’t care!

I DON’T CARE!

You head dropped to your desk in defeat.

So why did it bother you so much?

“DR-7664!” A yell resonated from outside the room, as your superior had caught you once again slacking off. “GET BACK TO WORK! YOU LAZY…”

Blah, blah, blah.

...

You were waiting outside of General Hux’s office, leaning against the wall. There were points when your courage reached its peak enabling you to go inside, but your courage failed you as soon as the momentum broke. Usually, by passing cadets, or storm troopers. You swiveled like an insect with a torn wing and fell back to the wall opposite of the office.

Who’s to say he was even in there? You steadied your pace and took a deep breath to try again. When you riled yourself up once again, you hurried to the door, tapped the keypad to open it and just as you were about to enter, your froze and gracelessly stepped to the side to stand at attention as General Hux exited the room followed by his assistant, ZF-7399.
Yolo Ziff.

The General was, for a second, surprised to see you. Before another moment was spent, he eyed his right hand man who, in turn, didn’t spare you a second glance. He had ignored you. Your mouth fell somewhat open to say something, but it closed before it could form a thought with words as you swallowed them down, standing in silence. Broken and defeated, you started straight ahead, waiting for them to leave.

But for whatever reason, largely due to his misunderstanding of your relationship with the man behind him, which looked entirely like a lovers’ quarrel, or perhaps it was him, being the sole keeper of his own personal secret that he had a soft spot for office romances, General Hux continued walking away, not looking back, instructing ZF-7399 that he had 10 minutes.

You and Yolo Ziff were stumped.

At a loss for words after being abandoned, he scowled as he looked at you and began to walk away. You couldn’t lose this chance and reflexes hit you as you grabbed out for him, missing his arm by infinity only able to pinch his sleeve between your fingers, calling him back.

He was still angry with you.

Furious that you had even dared to show your face to him, Ziff was about the yank away, but you found your words before you could shake you off.

“She’s going to die.”

His face turned sideways to you slowly, and you saw his eye widen before they narrowed.

“And?”

“She’s going to die.” You were distressed now. You couldn’t bring yourself to say ‘save her’ or ‘help her’. That was the only thing you could get out without trying to go against your upbringing. “She’s…she’s going…”

You lost your courage and started to mumble.

That was what broke the spell, and Ziff callously pulled away to meet up with his superior, not saying another word or even bothering to look back. Leaving you with feelings of dejection and hurt pride.

Chapter End Notes

Ziff is ignoring you, what an ass. I hate power plays. Ugh. I've started falling for him Hahaha. Don't worry Kylo all the way. This reader will never be romantically inclined towards him.

And Hux is a romantic?! Who'd have thought? Of course he is. If anyone out there reads any manga, you might like Otomen. That's what Hux reminded me of this chapter.

Also, the chapter's title refers to the reader unable to stand her ground wig what she believes. Just putting it out there.
Alone Again, Naturally

Chapter Summary

A state of where Kylo Ren becomes inconsolable, and you can't help him.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this is later than usual. Busy week, and I started having a terrible pain in my abdomen. Rushing to the hospital is such fun...not. Feeling better though! I'm sorry if this chapter was a disappointment, this week is kicking my butt! I wanted this chapter to be better, but my brain is pudding. Forgive me, though I promise I tried my best! Brain is gobbledygook.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 19

Alone Again, Naturally

You were eating actual solid food instead of paste that came in three shades of gray. Out of habit, out you had stopped by your old cafeteria. You were done for the day, and had pocketed the untouched half of a sandwich you’d try to save for later, however, seeing an unhappy trainee who was looking at her sad excuse for a meal. You changed your mind, and placed your leftovers next to her tray passing by, leaving her looking grateful and nodded her head to you in thanks.

You sat in the corner of the room and tried to be discreet. The feeling of today was supposed to be lighter than yesterday, but your heart still weighed you down as you thought of Maz, and after a short visit to Deeper Level, levels in the back center of the ship, you had never felt heavier.

Earlier that day, you had actually dared to pass by Maz’s cell. You tried to stress eat, but maybe it was because your body wasn’t used to it, but it wasn’t settling with the new and real food you’d started to be getting, and you were craving the unrecognizable. Maybe it was guilt? You didn’t deserve the benefits of your position because you had been deceiving yourself and breaking your promise.

When you saw Maz Kanata through the bars in the room, she wasn’t moving. Those holding cells weren’t the normal private ones, used for prisoners of war, they were the execution waiting room. These rooms were more spacious, and inside there were sectioned off areas by bars, a tribute to older, more sinister days of war. White lavatory, white walls, white floors, and a raised platform bolted to the wall for sleeping. For more mind-breaking tactics, there were restraints on the wall behind the bars should the need arise.

Maz Kanata had been sleeping on the makeshift bed rolled onto her side away from you, when you peered through the small window on the door. You thought about if you should go in. Should you have woken her to give her words of encouragement? Maybe you should have convinced her that the First Order’s way was the right way and she should join?
Even your own illusions wouldn’t lie to you.

She’d rather die.

You remembered that her hands were tied behind her back. A pointless precaution. Why should they have even bothered with confining her hands? The force could be executed with sheer will.

Her breathing was unbearably shallow and the lacerations around her arms, after failed attempts to heal, had caused her anatomy to swell in order to clot the openings.

In the end of your visit, unable to decide your next move, you said nothing and left while a stormtrooper went in, no doubt, to take away her full meal tray.

The cafeteria staff member seemed to know something was up and eyed you suspiciously, understanding that you no longer needed to come to this part of the ship. You met her skeptical look with an apathetic expression, and in the end, she let it slide, granting you a bowl of muck.

No questions asked.

You did your best to think of other things, pleasant things, but the idea of Maz being killed by being shoved out of the airlock would keep resurfacing, fatiguing you, mentally. Tired of the day, you scooped as much of the nutrients as you could stomach so you could clear off your tray and stack it on the dirty pile.

A sudden pain was felt in your very core, making you drop in stature. Someone behind you, waiting for their turn, patted your back and asked if you were all right, but you couldn’t reply. Something was very wrong. You nodded as best as you could and exited the cafeteria right away, trying to find a less occupied area. The hall was deserted and you leaned against the wall to keel over. You panicked and thought of Kylo Ren reading your thoughts, but you were in pain everywhere rather than solely on your mind.

You felt loneliness, rage and hate all at once in such an extreme way that you fell to your knees when you tried to take a step away from the wall. Why were you feeling this? Betrayal and more rage, feelings of abandonment by your parents...you gasped as the tension eased for a moment, then returned, tenfold.

“Parents?” You asked out loud.

These were not your thoughts.

You had no attachment to parents, a small longing, but never did you have a connection to this extent. The reactions you were feeling were resentful towards them. The emotion turned from those feelings of abandonment, to a split moment of happiness, then straight to hostile. You wanted to hurt someone. Kill someone.

Just as you thought that, images passed through your mind.

He was an emotional wreck. The weapon he swung destroyed everything in sight as several high raking men around him tried to avoid the attack and get as far away from him as the could. When they made an attempt to escape through the door, he stopped one with a quick wave of his hand and pushed the others away, throwing them like dolls across the room. His objective was clear. The man was sweating and crying and begging to be let go. How dare he speak that name? His name. He babbled, he swore, he prayed. He was pathetic. The man tried to fight now, and shouted a sad whine as the knight charged and stuck the lieutenant down with his weapon of execution.
People started to run down the hall from around the corner, all of them pale after their close encounter with Kylo Ren. Others from the cafeteria, hearing the commotion, stepped to look outside and crowded around the fleeing trainees.

“He’s never been this mad before.” One of the survivors gasped as they tried to catch their breath.

“He’s going to kill the council.” Another one shouted.

That was a councilmember…what you were looking at, that man was a councilmember. He killed a councilman!

Something was very, very wrong and Kylo Ren was experiencing it. The wave of sickness crippled you. The floor began to spin, making it increasingly difficult to stand. You started to pull yourself up to your unsteady feet with your hand along the wall. Unfortunately, your system’s equilibrium was still lost to you, and you felt gravity take hold, dropping your weight so that your face hit the floor first.

Some participants in the gathering audience around you had seen you fall and helped you to your feet. Unintentionally, you ignored them and, roughly, you grabbed who had spoken.

“Where?!”

The portside council rooms.

You were running down the halls, sprinting where you could, and pushing past other fleeing swarms of people who knew being apart from Kylo Ren by a few rooms down wasn’t enough, and those running opposite of your direction were well aware. They were giving him the entire side of the ship, which would soon be the entire floor. It was hide and go seek, and Kylo Ren was it.

“What’s wrong?” You were trying to ignore the pain you tried to get your feelings across the space separating you both as you continued on your way. “What’s wrong? Tell me what’s wrong!”

Filled with determination, you broke into a run, worrying that if you stopped, you’d fall again. If you stopped, you’d be down for good. So battling the agony, and pushing through the screaming, his screaming in your head, you picked up the pace. You needed to him before it as too late.

…

The choice of weapon for a jedi or the master of the knights of Ren, lightsabers were said to cauterize its wounds, leaving blood spillage little to none.

Little to none.

There were so many cut up parts of body pieces, so many marks on the corpses that the measurement of little to none was unreal. He had taken his time, killing them all, making sure that every one of them had suffered more than a just a few injuries. When a wound had cauterized he had made a new one and the smell of fresh blood hit you worst than when you had been locked up with Maz.

The table was overturned, the chairs cut into pieces, still red hot at the end where they’d been severed. The man was shivering, holding his severed limb close to himself, and pressing his body as close to the wall, distancing as he could to the corner, knowing that he was already dead.

Kylo Ren raised his unstable lightsaber.

In a moment of foolishness and heroism, flung yourself in front of the victim, but before you could
touch him, he raised repositioned his blade and you almost impaled yourself at the neck of his saber trying to advance. You froze, when the hum swung again in your direction, you didn’t move.

“Get. Out.”

You still didn’t move out of the way. Instead, you were convulsing, and choking back tears that mixed with the sweat falling from your brow. You felt the urge to faint, but tried to hold on to consciousness. Your lip quivered and you barely had enough courage to shake your head. Oh maker, you’d just thrown yourself between Kylo Ren and his target.

*What's wrong?*

You tried to say your thoughts, but they wouldn’t come out.

“GET! OUT!”

You were dumbfounded and your mind broke. You couldn’t hit back, you couldn’t get out of the way. Your fight versus flight instincts added a third option, and you chose fright, paralyzed on the spot. He raised his weapon and you held your breath as it swooped down and sideways to your neck. The burning sensation sent you spinning as it hovered on your neck, not enough to hack your head off, but enough to cut and enough to make you scream and fall to your knees.

As soon as you shouted, the feeble looking man in the corner clambered onto his remaining hand and knees and skulked away as fast as he could, but he wasn’t fast enough. You saw his use of the force as Kylo Ren dragged him back and brought his neck to his left hand, beginning him to choke the life out of the man who was struggling to say his last words.

“Speak up, Admiral. I can barely hear you.” His voice was eerily calm through his helmet, expecting no response, yet the dead-man-walking surprised him with a stutter.

“Y-you-” With only one hand left, he tried to struggle against his captor. When he finally gave up, he shouted out the words in his heart he knew would be his last. “You’ll always be the bastard son of Han Solo.”

The lightsaber cut into his heart and sliced up as the knight’s other hand let the admiral drop to let gravity do its work. You screamed again as the split upper torso landed on the ground spread apart from each other with a sickening *thud*. The smell of burnt flesh was devastating, making you desperate to distance yourself from the body by gripping the wall.

You were hyperventilating so quickly your chest hurt. The smell of the dead was getting worse and your felt you own blood trickle down from your neck. That smell wasn’t just from the bodies, it was coming from you. The smell of burnt flesh included *you*. You forced the vomit down as best as you could, but it kept trying to come back up.

Kylo Ren’s rampage went on. He carved into the walls, demolished the table, damaged the machines, destroyed the communicators and revisited the corpses, hacking into them again mercilessly while you watched. What little blood there was turned into pools, and it speckled the surrounding area, everytime Kylo Ren’s saber pushed into a body. Drained from his recent outburst, the Commander dropped to his knees and you could hear him breathing heavily as the light from his sword returned to its hilt.

It had been almost an hour before you decided to make the first move.

“C-Commander?”
You softly spoke out to him with his title and it occurred to you that you never called him anything else. Even in your mind he was always the Commander or Kylo Ren, the Knight, or Sir. It was never anything intimate or special. And even now, with just the two of you, you called him by rank. Taking very slow steps, you walked towards where he was with his back turned towards you. His breathing had been brought down to a slower rate to the point he could have been meditating. Maybe you should have let him be and just left, but you pressed on.

Did he forget you were there?

You extended your hand out cautiously towards his back and pressed your lips firmly together to stop them from quivering until, finally, you dared to say his name.

“Sir.”

The attack came as a shock and you tried to scream but your voice came out in gasps and short spurts of choked disbelief. He stood up abruptly like a warrior that had been waiting the first move, only to counter it with a vital attack, and had slashed you left to right, waist up, and your body was in shock. You felt your legs give in to let you fall, as the pain overwhelmed all your other senses, still in denial that he had done what you’d feared the most.

“Ren…” Your words stumbled.

Your state of shock shook him out from his trance and Lord Ren’s weapon deactivated and fell to the ground as he tried to pull you close to him. This wound wasn’t like the ones you’d received before. Cuts, bruises, blast marks, this was from a lightsaber. The mark he’d made on you before was like hot iron on flesh, this was as if your body was on fire, still scorching, still melting, and still being cut.

You shuddered and crawled back trying to distance yourself from him.

When he grabbed you by your ankle and drew you close, you tried to push him away ignoring the new wound on your body. Unable to handle the look of distrust and lack of faith in your eyes, the sudden loss of admiration, the Commander chose a last resort, and took off his helmet, humanizing himself to regain your trust.

You didn’t know whether to snap at him, to shout, to scream, but when you read his face, it was so scared. You’ve never seen anyone so scared before and your anger and feelings of hurt left you as your hand moved to bring his forehead to yours. It’s okay...

You lied to yourself.

He was holding your hand now, shouting for someone who wasn’t coming. Weary eyes couldn’t stay open anymore and you felt yourself stooping over while someone was begging you to stay awake.

But you were so tired and gave in to sleep with the last words you heard being pushed into your mind.

*Will you leave me too?*

---

**Chapter End Notes**

That bastard, I can't believe he hurt her. So random! It wasn't supposed to be as severe,
but the other injury I had written earlier was too weak. So I went bigger. And am I the only one who thinks Maz looks like an upside down pineapple cake?
Chapter Summary

There aren't enough words in an apology.

Chapter Notes

This chapter changed a LOT. It wasn't supposed to be NSFW, and it wasn't supposed to end like that! That's for sure, but it just sort of...happened?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 20
Love is Just a Drug

Will you leave me too?

They weren’t your words.

You woke up with a gasp and then a groan. As your chest expanded to let in a deep breath, your broken skin stretched to accommodate your lungs, but damaging the stitched up skin in the process. The pain was unbearable for you. And when you tried to turn your head, your neck stung from another injury and you remembered the reason for your discomfort. You used your dominant hand to reach up to the wound, but found that it was being held tightly in someone else’s. There, at the edge of the bed was an exhausted Knight of Ren. He was so tired, the man hadn’t even noticed your cry or struggled movements. Instead, he just sat in a pulled up chair, your hand between both of his, and his head resting on the top. In a different galaxy, it could have been mistaken as a prayer. This wasn’t a prayer, just defeated man willing that you’d get better.

You should be angry with him, you should feel animosity, maybe it was the drugs that kept you sedated and calm, but right now, as you heard a soft sigh from his lips that one could only make in sleep, you just smiled and closed your eyes again for another round of dozing, making sure to squeeze his hand just as hard as he’d been squeezing yours to let him know you were still here. And alive.

…

It was the drugs.

When you woke up, your mood turned sour realizing you were alone. Without his state of unhappiness in front of you, the little bit of pity in your heart shriveled up and died. When you realized where you were, you were even more hurt. You knew there was no other place you should be, but the fact that you had to be there upset you.

The familiar smell of disinfectant and medicine filled your lungs and you coughed out the air from
the hospital wing. Coughing was a mistake, and a shock of pain resonated throughout your torso and up to your neck. You’d be here for days. You gave a short pity cry before you tried to twist yourself out of the bed. You must have triggered something, because as soon as your toes touched the floor, an alarm sounded. Loud and obnoxious, telling the whole staff on deck that you were awake. Immediately you retreated to under the covers just as a doctor and his assistant entered the room.

Though you knew it was their job and tried to tell yourself they’d see these things everyday, you still hated the way you felt so vulnerable. Every mark, on your body, every cold, and every infection that you had ever come across in your life from birth to adulthood was laid bare. Every embarrassing, awkward moment you’ve ever had concerning your form was brought out to the open and the questions, supposedly standard, increased with discomfort to the point where you didn’t want to answer anymore and asked them to leave.

Clearly, they weren’t happy to be instructed, but they accommodated to your wish and left without another word.

Loneliness and idleness are dangerous things when combined. Being alone was terrible enough if it was unwanted, but idleness was what caused gears of the mind to turn. You let yourself get angry. How could he?

HOW COULD HE?

...A few days had rolled in and away from you. And every single day, he would visit. Each time he did, you responded the same. You'd ignore him, almost hurting yourself to look away so that you couldn't see his face. The worse part, is he would just stand there, like some guilty little kid who couldn't face their actions. At least apologize, damn it! Don't stand there looking so...sad. You weren't supposed to pity him, but hell. He wore that torture so well.

Those days turned to weeks and in the end towards a month, you had decided to just pretend to be asleep so you wouldn't have to deal with it.

Kylo Ren wasn't the only one to visit you. Matt came around, so did Bel. She offered another self help face painting session, but you politely turned it down with an allergy excuse, or blaming it on you injuries.

You were recovering slower than usual. You're ribs had been damaged, scalded, blackened, burned, making it almost unbreakable to breathe or move. Even the more superficial wounds of yours on your neck had decided to take its time. A cut from a lightsaber was no joke. Neither were blasters, but the jedi weapon was beyond those.

You gripped the center of the wound as it started to throb.

HOW COULD HE HURT YOU LIKE THAT?

Ribs weren't your only problem, he had hit some lower organs and tissue too. The only grateful thing from his cut was that it wasn't as deep, but shit! Shit! SHIT! Literally, SHIT. Your sides did affect the muscles you needed for so many things. Walking, adjusting posture, going to the fucking bathroom!

This, what he did, it was beyond forgiveness.

Your eyes were stinging with tears. Almost a month into the medical station and you still hadn’t seen the extent of the damage. You'd always looked away. The doctor had come earlier to observe how it
was healing, and you had averted your eyes when he front of your gown to pull it down your shoulders to see the injury.

Clutching the thin fabric, you argued with yourself whether or not to look underneath. As you discussed the pros and cons or tried to mentally prep your mind the door opened to reveal a stunned Kylo Ren. He hadn’t expected you to be up. Especially after all the times he’d come in while you were asleep. Unknown to you, he knew you’d been faking, but he let you pretend anyways.

“Are you…” He started.

You looked at the mask then turned your head away, ignoring the scream from your brain telling you that you were still injured and shouldn’t twist. It begged you to turn back, but the last thing you wanted to see was him. It wasn’t words that gave your emotions away, but your body’s trained response. The water gathering around your eyes continued until they started to overflow as unsure steps made their way towards your bed and you heard him sit down again in the chair next to your bed. You weren’t ready for this.

He was at a loss.

Taking a chance, Kylo Ren took advantage of being out of your field of vision and you felt his hand gently grab yours and hold onto it tightly. The spell of midnight and painkillers was already ruined and you weren’t as charmed as you were now. Fully cognitive. Instead of embracing his hold, you slowly pulled your hand away from his and rested it on your lap, letting him feel your rejection for the first time. Feeling bolder than you had in months, you concluded that he had already done his worse. You had been caught up in his juvenile fury. What else could be more terrifying than that? When he called out to you, you shut your eyes.

“Lord Ren.” The nurse had come back carrying a few tablets of what you assumed were more painkillers and water.

The man stood from his seat and addressed her without looking at you a second time.

“The patient is to be transported to my quarters immediately. Maintain discretion.”

You looked at him as if he had been taking spice.

“I’m staying.” You said, decisively.

“I expect the room to be prepared so that she has everything she needs.”

The nerve of him. The gall, where the hell did he get off thinking that you'd go anywhere with him? You shook your head, vehemently, trying to dissuade the nurse from following his orders.

“I’m not leaving the medical ward.” You repeated yourself without wavering, then added for good measure, “Sir.”

Kylo Ren turned on you so fast you flinched and he had confined you with arms on each side feeling caged.

“I will not say this again twice.” With every following sentence, his weight pressed down the bed as he closed the distance between your face and his. “You will be moved. You will submit. And you will. Not. Be. Difficult.”

Smmmmaaaaaccckkkkk
The nurse dropped your medication on the floor with a loud gasp and tried to cover her mouth. She looked so terrified, her face beyond pale. You mirrored her expression but you were in your own private hell, your hand in the air. The aftermath of your actions. Your eyes were wide open, grasping the concept of what you’d just done.

You, in all your glorious stupidity, had just slapped Kylo Ren.

*It was his fault! You tried to justify it. It was his fault! His words! They were-

Immediately you could feel your pores opening, and the sweat began pouring out of you. The poor nurse behind you had no idea how to react and you saw the look in her eyes, believing that you were dead. Just like the slaughter in the meeting rooms, you were dead.

Kylo Ren didn’t say a word.

Obviously, your beyond feeble attack did nothing to hurt him but it was the principle of the thing! You blinked stupidly trying to think of an excuse but came up short. This was ridiculous. You’d just survived a lightsaber attack only to have your life taken away from you, because in the heat of the moment, you decided to hit Kylo Ren. Hit-no…slap. It wasn’t a hit. A hit would’ve been more warrior-like, you had slapped him like a schoolboy.

Lord Ren raised his hands to release the latch and the hissing sound you’d heard before reverberated in the small room as he removed his helmet. You saw in your peripheral vision, the nurse started to freak and turned away so she couldn’t see. If only you were as lucky. Kylo Ren’s eyes were looking at you straight on and you had nowhere to run.

“Are you done.”

It was not a question.

You nodded in a daze. All your anger and rage flushed out of you. Say goodbye to courage because it died the moment your hand touch his helmet.

“Did you hurt your hand?”

You shook your head, but then started to nod as your hand began to protest the bruise-inciting act.

Son of a bitch, that helmet hurt!

He sat back into the chair with irritation written all over his movements and threw down his gloves to massage your hand, alleviating the pain and hopefully to prevent a bruise.

This time you didn’t pull away, too scared of what he’d do in retaliation. You waited a while longer, but he just continued on. When you couldn’t stand the waiting game anymore, you frowned.

“You’re not… gonna hurt me?”

“No. I wasn’t…I’m not.” Kylo Ren’s head dropped and shook side to side. “I never wanted to hurt you. Not you.”

He paused from giving his attention on your hand to focus it on your neck. He was gentle when he brushed his hands around the wound then showed disappointment, as he looked away. As soon as it had shown his eyes darkened and he shouted out to the third party member in the room.

“Is there a reason why you’re still here?”
“M-medicine! She-pills-”

“Then go get it!”

She hustled to get you food, another pair of painkillers and a glass of water, which she left on a tray that unfolded from the side of your bed. When she finally got away from the room, she picked up the pace to make accommodations for transportation to as far away as she could get you, thanking whatever deity she worshipped that she had made it out alive. Kylo Ren had swung his hand out towards the door to slam it louder and you heard a click indicating it was locked.

In the meantime, the two of you had some time to heal.

Forgetting your injuries, you popped the pills and a swig of water into your mouth and threw back your head. Your head stood erect and you waited for the pills to drop.

You waited.

And waited.

And waited some more.

“What are you doing?” He looked at you frowning.

“…” You felt the water trickle down but your throat closed up before the solids could make it through.

“Can’t swallow it?”

You spat out the medicine into your hands. “It’s too big. And it hurts to swallow.”

Not surprised, he grabbed it from your hand and pulled your food tray closer to the bed. Kylo Ren playing nurse? He started to break the medicine down with a utensil into the squishier parts of the meal and scooped it up to put the bite in front of your mouth.

Kylo Ren playing mommy.

“Seriously?” You asked, barely hanging on to your serious note.

“Seriously.” His face was serious, there wasn’t any joking in his face. “Ahh.”

The last bit broke your mask and you chuckled as you accepted his trivial peace offering.

“My mother did this for me. When I’d get sick.”

You were stunned at the very notion.

“Mother?” You knew he’d been born from something, but when he was Lord Kylo Ren, it was hard remembering that he was a person. The fact that two people actually conceived him was so easily forgotten. He wasn’t just a monster in a mask. Your eyes lowered at the thought. Monster. Subconsciously, you hand went to your neck. If he was still human…was there a reason why he did what he did, or was it just irrational.

“Why did you hurt…kill those people? Why did you hurt…me?”

Knowing that this was going to come up, he shook his head.
"It wasn't you I was trying to hurt."

"Then who was it?!" You shouted.

"My father." He answered with a raised voice, growing hatred just by mentioning the cursed man's name.

You both took a moment to contemplate his answer. He was in complete turmoil.

"I wasn't myself. That's no excuse, but I'm trying to explain. They'd brought something painful from my past to demean me. To lessen me. Remind me where I came from." He didn't meet your eyes as you watched him try to explain the reasoning for his murders. "You weren't supposed to get hurt, but when you said my name…"

"Because I said your name?"

"My past." Kylo Ren was crouched over but at his next confession he leaned back and looked up to the ceiling. "I'm trying to run away...like you. But for me, there's nothing to run towards and it keeps catching up with me. I hope for the day when no one will remember my heritage, but every time someone brings to light my disgusting origin, it gets more and more difficult to forget."

“But I don’t know your name…” You said almost disappointedly.

“I didn’t hear you say Ren. I heard my true name.” His hands clenched and you saw them begin to shake. “So I tried to destroy the memory. I didn’t realize it was you. And I’m sorry.”

How to feel? How to take away the mistrust and the hurt?

He stood up and sat down on the side of your bed and leaned close to kiss your forehead. “I'm so...so sorry.”

He went to your brow and placed another one.

“I’m sorry.”

Left and right cheek.

“I’m sorry.”

The corner of your lips, to the center, your jawline, your neck, he gave more than enough attention to your wounds as tenderly as he could. But when the fabric blocked his path, he slowly undid the ties on the front of you gown along your chest to let it fall open to expose the cut and a part of your breast. You heard him make a sound of disapproval when he saw your wound.

“This is going to scar.”

He waited until you were looking at them and saw him hold his movement, waiting for your permission to go on. Taking your silence as a yes, you felt him run his fingers over your skin. The sensation was becoming more and more familiar to you these days. You started to feel self-conscious under his scrutiny and tried to pull cover yourself back up, but he pulled your hand down and positioned himself on top of you. You didn't protest. Maybe you should have, but your eyes were locked onto his lips, wishing they'd continue their job.

“Why is it that every time we have a moment like this you’re hurt?" He wasn’t putting his weight on you. His intention wasn’t to hurt, it was to make you feel safe. And good. Without another second to
waste, he trailed his tongue through the now loose opening of your clothes and mouthed your nipple only to go lower as delicately as he could to leave kisses over your scars, new wounds, every hurt that you’d ever experience and your heart pumped faster with every lick, every warm sweep of his tongue, every tease of his fingers until you thought you’d melt.

The emotion you’d been feeling for him grew into more than just liking, or fascination. You felt it as he was tending to you. It had evolve into something much more, but you were too scared to think of it. You already knew what it was now, and it terrified you. So instead of thinking on this emotion, you blocked it and focused more on his attentiveness as he started to push his hips into you, hitting your clit with nothing but your thin hospital garb, completely bare underneath it. Your arms went up to around his neck and you heard him sigh as he began to arrange his clothes.

“You know what you do to me?” He asked you softly, but his tone had more than one emotion in it. Frustration, longing…lust. And then you felt it. When he pushed against you again, you felt his erection get harder and you bit back a moan.

You winced when he pulled away with your arms still around his neck. Understanding the cause of pain, he unhooked your limbs and pushed them down. “Don’t move, or I’ll stop.”

A smile! A honestly warm smile! It was teasing and yet sweet at the same time. Did hell freeze over?

He kissed you on the lips tenderly and you felt yourself sink into the bed as he pulled away. Eyes watched as Kylo Ren held up two fingers and coated each one with this tongue making you shudder. When he kissed you again, your mind concentrated as the two newly wet digits began to trace up and down against your opening, driving you insane. Your body reacted by matching the slickness that was being rubbed against it and soon you felt the Commander’s fingers pushing their way in slowly. The heat was unbearable but it felt so good as a moan escaped and a desperate cry for him to keep going was let out. To which he satisfied your need by pushing his long fingers all the way in and began to pump them in and out slapping his palm against your skin when it made contact.

“Do you hear how wet your are?” He asked.

The noises your body was making turned you red and Ren quietly laughed. Last time he hadn’t been able to see your reactions and knowing that he was in control, set him on edge and he bit the other side of your neck that wasn’t damaged. Despite your best efforts to keep your composure, it was breaking. You were panting, sweating, your lips were swollen and throbbing, needing something bigger to fill you up. When you thought you couldn’t take anymore, Kylo Ren pulled his fingers out, only to replace them with something else that waited at the entrance.

Your mind raced with a thousand thoughts. You knew what it was and your body was aching for it. Just barely, did he started to move his member up and down your slit making sure to wet it with all of your essence that had started to seep out. When he pushed in the tip it was only for a second before he pulled out again. How much did he love this? You at your breaking point and he was toying with you and you let out a longing sigh.

Shit, you couldn’t handle this. Ignoring his first orders and the pain your body threw at you to protest, you reached up with your hands and pulled his lips onto yours willing him to know how much you wanted him. How much you needed him and when you pulled away, you barely moaned out and begged with a single word that sent your love into a fury.

“Kylo…”

You had never addressed him by his first name and his control broke as he thrust into you, not holding back. You cried out as you felt his cock stretch your ring of muscles, shocked at how much
you hadn’t been prepared for. The second time he pushed into you, you were more accustomed to his length. But oh, how he had hit that spot perfectly. Your toes curled, your mouth dropped open and your head tilted back when he slammed into you again. Each hit was dead on and you felt the bed move and shift with every exchange of force he used against your body. Pull out, then push in. Heat started to build up in your center and you felt yourself reaching your peak. No longer able to control yourself, your legs wrapped around his waist to meet his pace and you started to pull him in closer as he started to increase speed.

“Ohh…fuck.” Your hands went to your face to hide your creeping embarrassment but the force pulled them away and held you down and a sudden circular motion started to move around your clit. “Oh, fuck! Ren!”

"Eyes on me." He ordered you as he used the force to stimulate your clit even faster.

His hands were sure as hell not doing this and as the sensation became more vigorous you felt your body convulsing, your cut getting impossibly wetter, your breath shortening and when you finally came, you rode out the sensation. Kylo Ren followed after, filling you up with a warm liquid that spread deep inside you. Pumping out what was left of his buildup and making sure it was satisfying every area, he hauled out only until he was sure you were completely filled with his cum. And even when he pulled away and left you empty, you could feel the sticky sensation spill out reminding you of what just happened.

For a moment, he let you catch your breath.

"This doesn't make it right." You said, but you were so tired of being angry. It was exhausting, and painful. To be honest, it made your time in the ward more miserable than the constant physical agony you were in.

"I know. It's not. What I did will never be right." The man moved to get a better look at you. "I'm not good at this."

He motioned a hand between the both of you and continued.

"It's hard for me to express what I feel through words, so, if you'll let me, let me show you how I feel."

You were exhausted, but he still had more affection to show you. To him, it wasn’t enough. It’d never be enough, but for now it was all he could do. He spent the leftover of your time together trailing kisses up and down your body to apologize as he moaned your name, not expecting pardon for what he’d done, knowing it wasn’t deserved. Each kiss was accompanied by an ‘I’m sorry’ until you desired to feel him against you again and you shifted slightly to the side to allow him to crawl into bed beside you, switching the use of a pillow with Kylo Ren’s arm.

Sleep was a powerful ally, but it could also be a bitch. With help from your activities, it was kicking your butt. You felt Kylo Ren stroking your hair as you tried to fight back sleep a bit longer, wanting to remember everything about this moment. And as you were struggling in a losing battle, Kylo Ren sighed and hesitated with the words he wanted to say next. Sensing his unease, you planted a kiss along the closest bit of exposed skin that you could and waited patiently for his words.

“Ben.”

“Hm?” You looked at him interested, but a bit lazily. Sleep was going to claim you one way or another.
“Ben Solo is…was-my name.”

Your brain didn’t calculate at that instant how ground-shaking this moment was for him. He had trusted you with his past and in a way, his present and his future. If you had known, you would have been too paralyzed to say anything, but you, in your contentment and satiated state of being, drugged by happiness (that sly emotion), and perhaps the actual drug you’d taken just before this experience had a part in this, you let your true emotions slip. That emotion that had developed into so much more, but it had terrified you when you realized what it was. You would never had said them if you were in your right mind.

“No matter who you were…who you are now, or…who you’ll be…” You started.

Your breaks were filled with yawns and sleepy groans. Your head tilted in to him and you felt yourself knocking out. But not before you finished your declaration, which Kylo Ren’s body responded by holding its breath and increasing his heartbeat.

“…love...y...” You let your eyelids fall.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who was concerned for me! I'm feeling better! I just couldn't believe that episode happened. I have enough health problems as it is, I definitely didn't need that. Thank you everyone who encouraged me that health>updates ha. I forget.

I hope you enjoyed the chapter and I hope that Kylo redeemed himself a little. If he didn't, let me know. And if it was too soon for reader to confess like that, inform me IMMEDIATELY, and I'll rewrite it. I didn't want her to say it, but it just ended up like that when I was making the final draft.

From here on out it's a roller coaster. Oh, and this chapter ha. I don't know if I could keep writing these touchy scenes again, so would it be alright if I didn't? I love to read them, but writing them is so frustrating for me! Ha. I have a whole new appreciation for those who can write smut in EVERY chapter. How I love you for that. This pooped me out!

Also, I've been getting into supernatural. Never thought I would but Dean's cheekbones! AH! If anyone knows a good dean/reader fic, please, I'm begging you, tell me. I'm going through them so fast. @_@.
The Calm Before the Storm

Chapter Summary

A short intermission before making your stand.

Chapter Notes

Made slight changes (just a small paragraph) with the last chapter after a comment pointed out really good things, so the timing just stretched out a bit. (You giving him the silent treatment for a month in the hospital ward). And I added two sentences that explain when he had sabered you, he didn't see you, it was his dad.

From that hallucination, we can conclude: Kylo Ren is a druggy.

I was going to make even bigger changes—cutting out the intimate scene and taking out the confession (still up for debate) but I forced myself to stop after reading all the comments. Thank you for your input, I appreciate ALL of them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 21

The Calm Before the Storm

You woke up in different quarters. This wasn’t the place where Ren had treated you the first time you'd been injured. It wasn’t as basic as his actual sleeping quarters. Here, there was a viewing window, that you were facing. It was the first thing you’d seen. Next, the bed. It was patterned; not standard at all. The walls were light and decorated, there was even elaborately designed furniture to give the room a less military feel and a more relaxed atmosphere. It's color scheme was light rather than the rest of the ship's glossy or matte black pattern.

“The ambassador suite.”

Yolo Ziff entered the room from a corridor to what you assumed to be the entrance. You didn’t know what your reaction would be when you saw him again, but at that moment, the desire to apologize to him was stronger than ever. To tell him that you didn’t mean it.

“Ziff.” You edged a bit towards him on the bed, even though he kept his distance. “Why are you here?”

“Highest security. Apparently, you’re very important to the Commander. Enough for him to take down monitor visuals while you were being transferred, and enough to reassign any medical staff that tended to you in the ward off the ship.” Ziff leaned his back against the wall parallel to your bed and smugly crossed his arms. “As for why I’m here, who do you think moved you?”

“You’re Kylo Ren’s errand boy now?” You said it to rebuff his stern and harsh tone and regretted it
right away. But with what little pride you had as you lay in bed, with nothing but a thin lightly
exposing ward wear, you rose up from your flat position to feel less helpless in front of him. You
wanted to eat your words, but they were tearing out from you. “It suits you.”

“Well, temporarily,” Ziff’s face was calm. “But it’s better than being his slut.”

You winced. His raw attack on what you’d been doing with the Commander hit home and you found
yourself unwittingly shirking. You're How much did he know? With you cheeks burning your tried
to fire back another insult but he raised his hand motioning you to stop.

“I’m not here to fire cheap shots at the monster you’ve chosen to fuck, but I need your help.”

You almost glared at him for that remark, and almost cursed him out for asking for your help after he
himself had turned you down to help Maz, who, in your absence you were sure was executed during
your time in recovery. However, this time, your temper was in check, and if it would help ease the
relationship between the two of you, you would swallow your pride.

“Our friend of interest.” He began. “I’ve bought her as much time as I could, but I can’t keep her
from execution any longer. She needs to get off the ship.”

Maz Kanata was still alive?

So Ziff hadn’t given up on trying to save her. You had threatened his life because of his resistance
ties, but here he was, still acting like a hero whether there was someone watching or not. He was
still doing what was...right. You pushed the guilty feeling of betraying the order and continued that
this course of action was the right thing.

“Whatver you need.” You answered without your voice breaking. “I’ll do it.”

“I have a plan, but I need your department’s clearance.” He was surprised at how quickly you
answered. He had expected a fight, or some sort of small argument but certainly not your eagerness
to help. “There’s a cargo hold that doesn’t get a lot of traffic so it’ll be empty, CH-R2. I need you to
schedule a departure two weeks from now at half past noon.”

“Two weeks from now?” You were unsure if you’re injuries would be healed by then enough for
you to work, but you’d find a way. “Why then?”

“Less security. Kylo Ren and Phasma will both be on leave during a field attack for a few days, and
that’s the best time.”

“Can’t you order it yourself? You’re really high up on the food chain. Or maybe hack into the
system?”

“Any orders made by me...would cause suspicion. My orders come from Hux and are run by before
being executed. It would create too many questions. And besides, I’ll already be pushing my luck.”
Ziff explained what he’d been up to after he had given the façade of rejecting your offer. “I tried...to
discreetly arrange a date in your database, but, surprisingly, the transportation schedules are difficult
to hack and I got shut out. I might have blown out your systems while trying. Honestly, worse than
Hux’s private catalogue.”

He saw you frown so he tried to explain.

“His password is Milicent.”

“What’s a Milicent?”
“A demon. With whiskers.”

You smiled a bit not because you understood his joke, but because you thought you’d never hear it again, his humor. A part of you wished he’d stay with you for a moment longer, but it was for the best that Ziff leave before anyone had any more reason to think you both were close. If things didn’t end well, they could go so wrong. The less affiliation you had with him, the safer it’d be. He made a move to leave, but he stopped before he disappeared into the hall.

"How will you get her out?" You asked.

"It’s better if you don’t know." His jaw tensed. "Just in case."

You thought of what little information he had told you. He had tried already to hack into the transport system? The "porn" incident. You hit your forehead. "So it wasn’t someone downloading porn."

"What?" Ziff gave a small, ridiculous smile.

"Someone thought that I was downloading porn." You pulled your hand away and shook your head.

"Were you?"

"No!" You shouted and realized that both of you were laughing. When was the last time you laughed with him. Did you ever? All the times you'd been around each other, the majority of it was spent nagging at him, but here you were talking like old friends.

"You sure?" Ziff asked, incredulously. "Because on work servers, you can download seven movies in two minutes."

"So I’ve heard." You laughed again, but this time it was sad.

Ziff seemed to make the connection as well and also began to think of the last time you both had been as casual. He couldn’t remember and the thought pained him. You saw him frown and look off to the side as he realized that you both had fallen apart.

“I thought you were done for.” Yolo Ziff’s voice betrayed him. His feelings had shaken over the words, giving you a bit of insight to his true emotions and why he was with you at that moment, pushing your stupid chair all over the ship. That was grunt work. Not a general's assistant. “When I heard you had ran towards the conference rooms, I thought for sure you’d be dead. I thought, this is where I lose her. You may not think so, but I care for you. Deeply. And the fact that this happened… It’s not right.”

“What happened, I’m not okay with it.” You interrupted him. “It’s not okay…but, Ziff. I…”

You couldn’t think of how to make things easier, you tried, but you couldn’t justify what had happened so you just let your voice trail off before trying a different approach.

“He wouldn’t hurt me.” You words elicited a skeptical grunt from your companion when he looked at your bandages. “Not on purpose. He would never.”

You lied to yourself again. You wanted to believe what you were saying, but you weren’t convincing. Ziff ran a hand over his face as if it hurt him. Your devotion to the First Order and to Kylo Ren hurt him.

“Gorgeous girl,” He said this affectionately and the sound of him using your term of endearment put
you at ease. You missed it. “If Kylo Ren had to choose between you or the order, he’d drop you in a heartbeat. Maybe even worse. He would hurt you in the name of the order. As long as he believes what he’s doing is right—”

You didn’t counter because deep down, you knew it was true. And you felt your eyes begin to sting.

“This will be the last time we speak. This will complete my mission.” Ziff straightened his clothes professionally and hid his concern. “It’d be best if we distance ourselves from each other permanently to prevent any connection between us…Goodbye, DR-7664.”

This was good-bye. This was really goodbye. Not an angry one, but still a goodbye. Something was going to happen in two weeks and you knew things were going to be different either in a good way or a terrible way. If anything went wrong, Ziff could end up dead and Maz would still be executed. Was this the last time you were going to see him? He’d still be around the ship, wouldn't he? You mind was sprinting. Then it occurred to you that his mission, all along, wasn't to infiltrate or steal secrets from the Finalizer. Those were a bonus. This, it was a rescue. He wasn't coming back after this.

"Di-"Your eyes started dropping tears like you were losing a part of you. The pain of being on different sides of morality. "Did you need anything else."

“No, just that.” He sighed, clearly unhappy with how you both were parting ways. He considered asking you again to abandon the First Order, but thought better of it and expressed his concern. “Take care of yourself, all right? For me.”

Of all this time with him, knowing him, he'd been taking care of you. He went as far as saving you from the mercenaries, avoiding punishment from the First Order. If you'd been caught in that warehouse, you knew it wouldn't have ended well for you. And again with saving your life in the bar against MR-Butt. He could have just let you die. The situation would have been cleaner for him if he had let you die, you being the only person who knew about what he was. He could have just let you bleed to death, but instead he had ran towards danger to save you. He really was a good guy.

“Um…Ziff.” Your voice cracked and you looked to the outside of the ship to hide your face, “Thank you. For caring.”

And that was all that was left between two once-friends. Ziff left you feeling more alone that you thought possible. You tried to ignore the emptiness in your heart and focus on the bright side. Maz wouldn’t be your problem anymore, you’re conscious would be clear and you could go back to how things used to be. You just had to last two weeks.

The next time the door opened that day was when you had settled down into your temporary quarters. You had soaked in the tub (not focusing once on your wounds), to get out the hospital smell that was clinging to your skin and even figured out the controls for the room’s star window. There was spare sleepwear in the drawers that you slipped into. Anything was better than the bare-butt drapes you had been wearing. You were currently spending your time opening and closing the shutters with buttons arranged near the bed when Ren walked in and took off his helmet.

“Are you comfortable?”

“Really.” You straightened up, but kept looking at shutters, honestly fascinated with the motion until it stopped, leaving the room with a perfect view of space as you lay on the bed. Trying not to look directly at him.

After the conversation with Ziff, you were trying to shove the feelings of guilt and, you didn't realize
it, but you were also running away from the restlessness you still felt from being near him. Your demeanor around him before the accident was already wary, but now you had an actual reason to be on edge. It’d always been a slim possibility that he would slice you up, but you never thought it’d actually happen.

You heard the sound of fabric being shuffled and turned to see him disrobing. Just the cowl, but what was lacking around his waist drew your attention. He didn’t have his saber on him. So where was it? You tensed for a moment until Ren answered.

“It’s not on me.” He threw his cowl onto the nearest piece of wardrobe and fell onto the bed face first parallel to you. He looked a bit silly hanging off. Even though it was a generous sized bed, his feet hung over the edge from the bottom of the mattress.

“Not on you?” You asked and lifted your arm as he adjusted his position a little more towards the head of the bed to roll onto his back with an arm covering his face.

“Temporarily.”

A knight without his sword? Unheard of.

“Doesn’t that mean you’re vulnerable?” You bend your head over his and fought the urge to poke his face.

“I don’t need a lightsaber to ki-” He must have felt your body go rigid because he stopped talking.

You weren’t doing it on purpose. The last thing you wanted to be was afraid of someone who was trying to earn back your trust, but your body was reacting on its own, causing uncontrolled flinching or in this case, tensing. You took in a deep breath, willing your muscles to relax, but it didn’t work. Feeling your distress, Ren sat up from the bed and walked to a storage unit opposite of you. He grabbed a few spare cushions and placed them on the floor before you could protest.

Ren shushed you gently then kissed your face before lying down on the ground.

“What are you-”

He rolled onto his side facing away from you. “You started to shake when I mentioned the saber. You’re still afraid of me.”

You didn’t even notice. When you looked down to see your hands, there was a slight tremor. Clenching your fists, you urged them to stop, but they didn’t. You looked over the bed again and saw him trying to sleep before you also turned your back to him, and then regretted it immediately when the sting across your chest intensified so you returned to your original position.

“Did you mean what you said?” His eyes were still closed as he addressed you.

“Hm?” You looked at him as far as your neck would let you. “What did I say?”

He didn’t answer. His breathing was soft, but there was a distinct break in it. He had been holding his breath.

“Kylo?”

“It’s not important.”

You didn’t understand what he was saying and tried to press further, but he didn’t bring it up. What
did you say? You tried to think of the conversation you had just had, but the dots weren’t connecting with his question. What was it that you had said?

The gap between you two, physically, wasn’t some great distance, however, the space between you both emotionally had somehow gotten further. Even after being intimate, your body was still feeling the aftershock of being hurt. Mentally. It was more mentally.

“Hey...this fear I have, it…” you gripped the sheets, “it’ll pass. We just need time.”

He wasn't responding to your words. Instead, Ren seemed to be in his own world, thinking of how to react? Or maybe reminiscing, you couldn't tell.

“Next time, I’ll say it.” He rolled onto his back and eyes met your face. “Next time, I’ll say it first.”

“Say what first?” You sat up.

He closed his eyes again. And though you were completely lost, you decided to humor him.

“All right.” You slowed your words down, still trying to register what was going through his mind. “Next time, you’ll say it first.”

He smiled. Just happy to be next to you.

...

Though your bones protested quietly, in one week you had pushed yourself to start working again. After you had your short discussion with Ziff, you focused on the time you had and used it to get rest. You weren’t completely at 100%, but you were able to sit up. As soon as you were capable, you scheduled a shipment at the time and date appointed. By the start of the days leading into a full second week, Kylo Ren had departed for a mission just as planned and you began to count down to D-day.

When the day had finally arrived, you had never felt so queasy. You were in the dark to the rest of Ziff’s plans so all you could do was wait out the rest of the day, hoping that the transfer went as smoothly as possible. It was almost noon.

“Are you alright?” Your neighbor asked you with a curious expression on their face. “You don’t look so good.”

“I-I’m fine.” You smiled weakly and focused back onto your screen. You were beginning to perspire from your unease and if you didn’t know better, maybe an upset stomach. “I need some air.”

“Yea. You need it.” The girl beside you said this almost pitying you as you raised a hand to your superior to get his attention. Maybe water would help.

Ever since the incident, which resulted in your sporadic use of sick days, your colleagues had grown somewhat respectful of you. Surviving a lightsaber wound? What a badass! Some had even tried to get the details, but your superior stopped all conversation on the topic. Everyone knew there was someone stupid enough to stay in the same room as Kylo Ren during a rampage. Said person, being you. But no one knew the lengths Ren had gone to save you.

By now, you had finally gotten more courageous and looked at your wounds head on by the planned second week. You shouldn’t be alive. From the reports of your injuries you should have died on the spot, but something had been holding your broken tissue and mess of a corpse together until you got to emergency room for them to sew you shut. That something was Ren.
Back to the present, here and there you’d find someone trying to get a look at your bandages, but as soon as you so much as turned or tilted you head in their direction, they shied away.

You looked at the clock again and started to tap your fingers. Move faster. Time didn’t listen and if anything, it started to move slower.

“DR-7664,” Your supervisor handed you a datapad. “If you need some fresh air, perhaps making marker rounds would be helpful. Go down to the docks and make sure today’s scheduled departures are executed.”

All that walking? You were already having a touch time sitting upright.

“Sir!” The man sitting across from you jumped up. “I volunteer.”

It was the man who had accused you of downloading porn. He gave you a toothy grin as you eyed him suspiciously and dipped your head, showing your appreciation. What was he playing at? You saw his eyes go down from your face to your neck then down to your chest.

“I’m not showing you my scars.” You said, flatly.

“Damn it!” The man grabbed the datapad from the supervisor and grumbled out of the room.

“Whatever, he needs the exercise.” Someone else commented and the rest laughed. “Break time for us!”

As the group talked amongst themselves, your eyes floated back to the clock before joining the casual conversation. In your absence, you didn’t realize the amount of gossip you’d missed. They went on and on, when the topic started to rear towards what had happened with you, your co-workers hesitated to see if you’d bring it up, but as soon as they saw your lips were tight-locked, they passed the issue and went on to a new subject. You kept you eyes on the clock as they neared the quarter marker.

Please, let nothing go wrong.

Of course, something always did.

Just as you were about to start tapping the keys on your operating system, a flashing from an emergency light started going off along with instructions to remain calm and stay in your stations with a loud warning sound the doors automatically closed and the speaker voice turned on to briefly state the emergency.

A prisoner was missing.

The ship was going in lock-down.

Chapter End Notes

Also, sorry for such a long wait, my brain was stumped. Also, I didn't want to press forward with the story because things are going to take a nasty turn and because how bad it's going to get, I don't know how to make things good again ha. Brainstorm! Someone brainstorm with me!
Chapter Summary

Can't make lemonade out of these lemons. Not this time.

Chapter Notes

Some were born to greatness, some were born to die

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 22

Things Fall Apart

Gleaning information from your supervisor about what was going on, you were able to understand that they had found Maz Kanata’s cell empty. If that were the case, then nothing would be able to get in or out of shipping. If Ziff didn’t get off this ship soon, they’d do a detailed sweep of the entire area to find Maz, and trace the escape back to him. He needed to get off now. You eyed your monitor feeling weight of doomsday pressing around you.

“We’ll keep an eye on the-” He was interrupted on his comm-link when someone raised her hand.

“Sir! We’re getting a disturbance in cargo hold R2.”

You stiffened.

“Requesting a team to check out CH…R2. You, bring up the video feed.”

“Um…I can’t. Something’s blocking my scanner.”

You knew that the scam was up. By now, the higher ups were already decoding any smokescreen that the blond in security had put up to shelter Ziff’s actions from the real time recording. Probably a loop. They’d head for her first.

Your breathing became shallow.

“Central Command, this is Shipment Management. We’re getting interference…of course.” Your supervisor disconnected the call and turned to you and the rest of the group. “Follow protocol and stay put. Break if you want, but no one is leaving this station.”

He pulled out a black plated metal card from his chest pocket and slid it on his own system. You understood that he was closing all ports and docks, making escape impossible. When he finished the procedure, you saw him pocket the card and pat it where it belonged.

Just ignore it…
You followed suit as everyone else around you began to stretch in their seats. They groaned unhappily as the lockdown went into effect and the doors to your area shut automatically, locking out anyone outside of the room. Most of your coworkers had wanted to get out, but now they were stuck. As everyone was beside themselves with boredom there was one man, out there, on this ship trying to save a life.

The girl next to you sighed as she causally took a sip of her hot beverage as if nothing was wrong. How could they be so ignorant? Ziff was going to get caught. He was going to die. Maz was going to die. That poor security girl was going to die. But you didn’t have to get involved anymore. They’d get executed on the spot, you’d never be suspected.

Just ignore it? You were doing the right thing.

“They’ll find the scum.” Your neighbor spoke with a smile to you, snapping you back to the current situation. When she saw your gloomy face, she tried to comfort you for all the wrong reasons. “Don’t worry, that thing can’t hide forever. Lower life forms, they’re not that smart, you know? That’s why we’re better than them.”

‘We’ were better than ‘them’?

There it was. Something snapped inside you.

“We’re the same.” You looked back at her, “Everyone has a part just as important. There is no one better than the other, we’re all the same!”

The same emotions, those same words you had spat out to Eights were the same words you were spitting out to this crowd. In the future, you would reflect on this moment and realize that in that point of time, you didn’t think of yourself. You didn’t think of the consequences or what was going to happen to you. You didn’t think, you just acted and did what you thought was right and knowing that it was, you would never regret this decision.

You ran up to your supervisor and punched him, causing him to daze backwards and grip the wall for stability. For good measure, you hit him again making sure he stayed down. You didn’t pause and shoved your hand into his chest pocket to tear out the keycard overriding the emergency protocol.

“What are you doing!” A girl screamed. “You’re opening all the shipping docks!”

Another scream and the group backed away from you as you picked up a chair and started to ram it into the controls rendering them useless, as well as a broken chair. As much as you wanted to stand there and remain in a stupor, you didn’t have time. Ziff was still in trouble.

Your co-workers kept their distance and didn’t bother to stop you as you ran out the door letting it auto-lock you out as it shut. You left the rest of the guppies in limbo and started to make your way to CH-R2.

“What am I doing, what am I doing, what am I doing?!” You shouted out to yourself, still holding up the broken chair support as you ran down the halls.

Chaos was everywhere, and you thanked it. Because of the crisis, stormtroopers were passing you by without questioning why you weren’t practicing lockdown protocol. You abandoned the lift realizing it wasn’t about to operate without a stormtroopers access card during lockdown. You tried to swipe the card you’d swiped, but the system asked for retina scan. You didn’t have time for this! When you stepped outside to go into the door next to the elevator for the stairwell, you froze as your eyes
played a terrible trick on you. What was he doing here? He was supposed to be gone!

Trouble.

Guilt.

Consequences.

Torture.

Death.

A million single worded thoughts, all unpleasant passed through in a second.

There, at the end of the black road was Kylo fucking Ren. You were both stock-still. He saw you. You knew he saw you. You and your determined eyes suddenly melted into a sea of dread and you looked like livestock caught in a tractor beam. He didn’t move yet, but both of you understood that you were not supposed to be out and about against protocol.

Should you fake ignorance?

And then it happened.

Your head felt like it was going to crack open, and you knew what he was doing as you cringed. This pain had stopped ever since you two had become close, but now, it was back with a vengeance. You sensed Ren force his way into your mind, excruciatingly, almost wrenching out the information, making it painful simply because he could, and you could feel him steal a name and a title.

Yolo Ziff, Resistance Fighter.

And then the brute energy of his rage hit you.

The weight of his emotion made manifest tenfold by the force almost knocked you over but you pulled yourself together, an impossible feat, and flung yourself through the sliding doors leading to stairs. Your action caused you to fall and you felt your body tumble down a level before you were able to stop and bolt away on your feet desperate to make it to Ziff before Kylo Ren, still feeling the after effects of Ren's power.

…

Yolo Ziff was lucky.

All his life he had been extremely lucky. With women, with money, with escapes, but this time, his luck seemed to have run out. He found himself, bloody, pinned down to some work in progress shipment with a beyond reparable arm. As heavy fire started to disintegrate the shelter behind him, he took a moment to look at the damage to his arm, practically shredded, and not in the good type of shredded. He took another moment to swear at the realization that he wouldn’t be able to pilot the ship.

He should have given himself more time to move Maz to the boarding unit. The alarms had sounded before he could even get her on the damn transporter. By that time, the stormtroopers he’d passed that were already suspicious of his crate came back asking to see the content, and so, here he was. Staring down the last day of his life.

The handsome man gave out a soft exhale, mixed with what could have been labeled as a cry, but he
quickly inhaled a breath of tank preserved air that circulated the vents to force out a laugh at his hopeless situation instead.

“Always knew this was a suicide mission.” He looked at the ship that he had planned to use as an escape then to the blaster in his hand. The thing was small, but boy did she pack a punch. He looked at the power light and counted how many charges he’d have left. Two. If he was really merciful, he’d shoot Maz and himself and be done with it. At least that way, Maz wouldn’t have to suffer the torture all over again. Currently, she was packed comfortably and under a hibernating stasis in the cargo ship he’d plan on using.

If only he could make it to the control panel, he could override the lockdown and set the cargo ships on autopilot just like at the warehouse. He looked at it longingly and measured it, being located a few good yards away, but as soon as his head reached out a bit too far, the familiar heat of a blast singed off the tips of his already frazzled hair.

“Not my best feature anyways.” He joked to himself, smelling the smoke.

His faced fell serious and he lightly bumped his head against the breaking piece of metal behind him. Between here and the console, there wasn’t another object to cover him. And even when he got to the console, it would be a one-way track. And that was if he was able to stand up long enough to punch in the destination after he got shot in the back from the two stormtroopers leftover from a group of eight. Maybe there was a third somewhere? He’d lost count. Ziff looked at a dead trooper that lay a few feet away from him. If he could grab his gun then maybe he’d stand a chance? Two shots out from his own blaster, then pick up the other arm candy…he listened for a break in fire.

And, GO!

He fired his last two shots as he bolted for the dropped blaster. The fire never came, but he didn’t stop until the weapon was in his hands. Ziff aimed it at his would be attackers, however, the the sight he saw stunned him. At the entrance of the room, beyond a light barricade, was a silly girl waving a broken…chair leg? Hitting one stormtrooper unconscious with poor technique and equally poor balance.

She had come back? For him? No, that would be too lucky. But he couldn't stop grinning and pretending that that was the reason.

“Ziff.” She repeated. “Controls? We really don’t have time. We need to get out of here.”

“We?” The sound of that word made him hold his breath. Ziff made his way to the controls and started to activate a timer, giving them enough time to get on a ship while she picked up a blaster and shot at the door panel to lock it. Man, did she look sexy. “Uh, my arm, I can’t fly us out.”

“I’ll try to pilot for us.”

She was trying to sound brave, but he saw her pause as if trying to take a moment to realize what she was doing. Betraying the First Order. Would she turn back? Ziff saw her nervous tells come out as she began to pace nervously. Did she know how many she had?

“But I’ll need your help.” The girl looked back at him expectantly. Those beautiful doe-eyed eyes.

“I’m yours.” Ziff clacked on the keys and halted his movements. “It’s yours. My help. You have it and it...is...yours.”

She ignored his blunder and he was grateful for it. The last time he’d been head over heels enough to muddle his speech was at...what age...eleven? He entertained himself with ideas of what life would
be like if the war didn't exist. Well, he wouldn't have met her, so for that, he'd be pro-war.

"I'm sorry."

She just looked at him.

"I shouldn't have gotten you into this." He didn't want to look at her as he apologized so he pretended to focus on the machine. What if she didn't forgive him?

"This was my choice." She said, understandingly. Not the time or place, but his apology was appreciated. "Let's just get out of this. Together."

Ziff felt a jolt as he was about to execute the countdown and something felt wrong. It wasn't love or happiness. He pressed a hand to his side and pulled it back for a quick look to see red, but another jolt shook him, the tremor starting from the shoulder.

…

"Ziff!"

You were making your way towards Ziff when it happened and you barely had time to process it when Ziff fell to his knees and slumped against the console with new burnt holes though his shirt. If the mind couldn’t think fast enough, the body was even slower. Something hot seared through your chest and you stumbled back and fell.

There was another stormtrooper? You choked down the blood and with unsteady hands you reached for the blaster you’d dropped frantically before the attacker came around the corner to finish the job. He didn't know what hit him when you pulled the trigger more than you needed. The soldier dropped like a rock and you shoved the weapon away from you, full of shock. Your body was shaking from your wound, but mostly from your first kill. For good measure you kicked the blaster as far as you could and then you realized that your leg had been shot as well. When? How could you not feel that?

The kicked blaster skidded across the floor and crossed your view with Ziff's fallen body. You rose too quickly, forgetting the injuries, and felt gravity pull you forward onto your face, the pain and the noise you heard told you you’d broken your nose.

“Ziff.” Your cry started a slow and painful crawl towards him. The lack of engines being ignited told you he hadn’t started the launch. “Ziff!”

Oh no… Please don’t be dead.

You sobbed as you fought through pain and the cries from your body that was threatening to shut down. At least start the launch, or else all this would be a waste. Your eyesight was getting dark and you shook your head, trying to concentrate on the pain and the feeling of the cold ground to keep you conscious. Why was this so hard? Then it hit you. You were dying.

“Ziff, ZIFF, you bastard!” You were almost angry with him. All that talk, all that swag, and he…he was just- as if he was dead! "Don’t be second rate, you’re not! You can’t be dead, you ass! You can’t!"

He didn't respond.

You were almost there. Almost there.
Everytime you insulted him, you hoped he would just retort or wink or give off that stupid smirk. Let this be a joke in poor taste. Let this be another of his moments teasing you. You could hear the pounding on the doors now. The angry shouts of soldiers on the other side and then the sound of heat melting through it because of a light of red cutting through. A lightsaber. Your panic pushed you through the last stretch, holding out your hand to feel...

Ziff's motionless body. No pulse? Where do you find his pulse? You picked a part of his neck and pushed down trying to find something! ANYTHING!

You would have broken down then and there, but the sound of the door being broken a part made you begin to move. You inched your way and pulled yourself slightly up to get your hand over the console’s edge, and finally. You pounded the launch button but nothing happened. Tears, tears and more tears. Again and again! Nothing! Your heart was miserable. All that effort, everything you'd given up, everything Ziff had gone through was all for nothing! About to let your body drop, you heard something drop out of your pocket and on to the floor next to you. The keycard! With a last effort, you slid the card through a slot, and relief flooded your heart when hearing the clearance go through with a beep, no retina scan needed. You let you body go limp beside Ziff’s cold one as the heart of all the ships around you in the dock roared to life.

You looked back down to your friend's pale face and pulled him close, cradling him over your lap. You allowed yourself to sob over him. You tried wiping away some of your tears but you were a blubbering mess.

“You can’t be dead...you can’t be, I won’t let you be dead! You idiot, you still-” Your voice cracked and your face let out an unending stream of tears when you saw the trail of blood that had followed you and the red that painted his torso. The damage was bad. Both of your damage was bad, how were you still alive? You began to black out and let death take you, still trying to bait Ziff back to life. “You still…you still have to take me to dinner...you asshole...”

The last thing you saw was the room being flooded by light as you heard the countdown reach zero.

Chapter End Notes

Thank goodness you swiped that keycard. I love you all!!! Still hooked on supernatural ff, went on a rampage and bought alice in wonderland stuff, supernatural stuff and a mini vinyl of Dean...I need help. Hope you all enjoyed the chapter, and whoo! This thing is almost done! Again, thank you for comments and kudos and hits and again, the 50 BOOKMARKS I CAN’T BELIEVE IT!!! Thank you all so much, I don't deserve awesome readers like you, but I'll appreciate you even more so!

And thank you for those who offered to help with brainstorming, you know who you are! I ended up shooting for the sky so I'm just gonna let it be. The issue in question was actually the entire point I started revolving the story around. Not yet, but I'll let you know when that part happens.I LOVE YOU ALL!
Chapter 23

The Man Who Loved Evil

“Shh…” A man’s voice. “We can’t be too loud.”

“Won’t we wake her?”

“She’s been out since she’s been admitted. No way is she waking up anytime soon.”

“You sure this is all right? She’s a high profile prisoner.” Another man’s voice. “We shouldn’t.”

“Shut up. You want this or not?”

The second man didn’t answer.

“Just put her in the restraints. I’ll keep a look out from outside while you finish, then I’ll have a go. I’ve been looking at her for too long. She’s coming out of stasis tomorrow, so this’ll be our only chance.”

Something was forced on your face and you turned away. When the object persisted, you opened your eyes to find yourself in a room with only one light, lying on your back against a cold table, facing a nervous looking man as he slipped whatever it was over your mouth. A gag?

A cold cuff of metal locked your wrist to the table and the sluggishness of your body dissipated as you quickly connected the dots of what was going to happen.

You tried to scream, but when that didn’t work, you started to struggle twisting your face to get the muffler off your face. Seeing you struggle, the man became flustered. Not knowing how to react, he began to hit you and a sharp pain erupted from your lip.

“She’s not drugged! She’s waking up! You said she was in hiber…”

You didn’t stop fighting and began to dig your nails into the man’s face with your free hand. In the struggle, your body fell off the table, one arm still locked against it. The end resulted in you dropping partially on the ground in an awkward position on the opposite side of your captor. The sharp twist
of your arm ended poorly and tears drowned your eyes as you felt pain of your arm being dislocated by the bad fall and the strapped arm.

You flung off the gag and started to scream at the man to back off and then for help. He froze. He hadn’t been expecting any of this and your voice scared the shit out of him. The door slid open and the man whose voice you recognized started to restrain you.

“Help me sedate her!” He grabbed a syringe from a tray of tools and started to come at you cautiously. Seeing his partner in crime was too shaken up, he shouted to break up his fight. “Well?! Grab her!”

That was the incentive he needed and the man charged you and turned you around to push you face down into the table. “Do it!”

“DON’T TOUCH ME! DON’T TOUCH ME! DON’T TOUCH ME!” He put a hand over your mouth and you bit down hard until you felt his blood pooling in your mouth.

“You bitch!” The second man had found his louder voice and began to hit you with his other hand until you let go as you the needle came closer and you screamed until your voice gave out shouting for help. Your eyes shut to help block the pain, but you were anticipating it and whined when you felt the sting and the touch of a hand inappropriately sliding down your body.

A new light source hit your face and everyone in the room stopped to focus on the opened door. Even the stinging from the injection site stopped and you heard the glass shatter on the ground. You didn’t know whether to be grateful or upset that you were still alive.

“The First Order will not tolerate this disgusting behavior.” Captain Phasma stepped with powerful strides followed by a sharp looking woman with a datapad in hand. She was like a female looking Yolo Ziff, but heartless. “Take them to solitary confinement where they will await their punishment. To be determined Lord Ren. General Hux is too lenient with this filth. Collect the girl for relocation. She was reported sufficiently recovered?”

Recovered? How long had you been out?

The men who’d attack you started to scream at each other as they were led out bound at the wrists. Though you were grateful, all you could focus on was the Captain’s words.

“Just enough, yes, ma’am.”

“She’s been cleared for the next stage? How long ago?”

“She was removed from stasis 7 hours ago. Body has been washed and prepped.”

The faint scent of antiseptic surrounded you. No, it was you.

“Good.”

As they conversed about protocol and regulation, you found your voice.

“What happened to Maz?” You asked with a dry throat whisper, surprising everyone there, even yourself, that you had enough energy to even speak. Chapped lips cracked, voice hoarse, but it was still usable. “What happened to her?”

What were you expecting? Some sort of recognition or proof that what you did, what the consequences were, that they’d be worth it if she was alive? And what if she wasn’t?
And did you really expect an answer?

The Captain eyed you up and down and in your sack of blue light weight clothing that stopped just below your mid thigh, you realized how naked you were in contrast to all her military glory. You felt the stormtroopers unlock your arm and without warning, you cried out as one of them popped your shoulder back into place. There wasn’t even time to cradle it. Your hands were pulled back and you felt them attach restraints. The muscles in your legs were weak and several times, they wanted to give out, but the men behind you held you up.

“Pitiful.” Phasma ignored your question. She despised you. The most powerful woman in the entire First Order was looking down at you will little to no sympathy. You reminded her of how weak women could be. You were everything she wanted to forget. Unable to stand the sight of you any longer, she nodded her head to the troopers behind you and they followed her unvoiced command by shoving your forward, instructing you to move.

Why hadn’t you died like Ziff? A whimper escaped before you could stop it, earning you a jab to your back and harsh words from behind. Ziff, oh Ziff. You remembered when you placed your hand under his chin for a pulse and the feeling of his cold body. How did they even keep you alive? You should have been dead on the spot. Instead, you had been-what? Resuscitated? Looking down to your chest, you couldn’t see any telltale signs of injury, but you could feel a thin band over the opening. They had taken care of your wounds and you were healing. Phasma had said, ‘sufficiently recovered’. Sufficiently recovered for what?

As you continued down the hall, you became braver and managed to look up at a familiar route. You tried to place it, but after so long of inactivity, your mind was still slow. There were some symbols along the walls that you were able to identify and used to piece together clues to where they were taking you and the steps you took began to drag as you started to remember. Your body shuddered, and intuitively, you started to dig your heals into the floor and drop your weight, struggling however you could to prevent going into that room.

The torture room.

“Shit. Hold her up.”

“No, no no! Please no!” If you tried to rip yourself away from them, but the stopped you before you could break free. “You can’t do this! You can’t do this! Stop! Please!”

“Shut up! If you think resistance members had it bad, wait until you see what’s in it for you.”

It was the same one. Maz’s torture chamber.

Your eyes filled up to the rim with tears at the realization and you started to shout, not caring who heard you. The stormtroopers swore and gripped you so hard you began to bruise. You fought hard. You kicked, scratch, shoved and did what little damage you could against their armor covered skin. You yelled and cried, begging them to stop the same tragedy that happened to Maz from happening to you, but in the end, you felt the cold metal clamp down around your wrists and ankles and kept shouting as the men left you.

“Please…” You weren’t talking to anyone, but it comforted you as you pleaded to nothing. If only words could will the cuffs open. You were becoming inconsolable. Your breathing was increasing by the second as you increasingly realized that it was hopeless. You tried to yank at the cuffs regardless. “Please, please…open, open…” You yanked as hard as you could then finally gave up.

What were you going to do?
You saw the pile of ashes and across from it was an instrument table. Lined up like a doctor’s tray was a bunch of tools designed for cruel torture, one specifically with multiple jagged edges made you shudder as you let out a whine and hung your head. You didn’t want to believe this was happening, but it was too hard to ignore everything your senses fed you.

Just tell the truth. You thought to yourself. Just tell the truth…

A small light in the top right corner let you know that the cameras were on. Your lip started to quiver as you realized that there was someone who’d be watching this. Maybe that someone…

You looked straight into the camera.

“Please stop this!” You shouted pleadingly and shook your head. “This isn’t right! The system it’s-it’s not what it’s supposed to be! You can stop this! Please-please, don’t let this happen. Not again! If you’re watching this, y-you can’t honestly believe that this-this is what we stand for.”

By the end of your sentence you were a wreck.

“Such romanticized beliefs.”

The voice was sly and at the pace of a slow drawl. Sluggish, almost slurred in the beginning, but towards the end, they became light and flowy.

You stiffened. You had been positioned away from the door so you hadn’t realized that there was someone already in the room with you before the guards had closed off your room.

“I don’t…” If you could have wiped your face you would have. “I-I’m not going to lie about anything. I plan on disclosing- e-everything. Why I did what I did.”

Footsteps started to make their way towards you as your appeal.

“It was never my intention- I didn’t want to separate from the First Order. I-I love it.” You found yourself growing calmer as you comforted yourself with the sound of your own voice, straightening out the facts, and your views on the organization you’d grown up with. “I…I didn’t…I just didn’t want to see Maz Kanata executed.”

“Resistance trash?” The man’s voice was intrigued and you felt the back of your support jolt as he gripped and threw his weight against it. His warm breath on your neck made you turn the other way.

“I just wanted…to stop her from hurting.”

“You aided a registered enemy of the First Order to do it. Several men (good men) died because of your insubordination. And it was all to help that yellow…piece of shit.”

“Their deaths weren’t my intention. But you must believe me when I say that the Order is flawed.” You swallowed hard trying to make your case. “Maz Kanata may not be human, but she didn’t deserve to be treated like fodder. Not like that. And if you-” You bowed your head and started to cry. “If you have any human in you, you would-please-just try to see what we could be. We’re better than that.”

“We?”” The man stepped around you and kept his face turned away as he picked up a small projector from the table you hadn’t seen. It was turned off but one by one, holograms of everyone you had known on the ship opened and closed, only to bring out the next face. “My dear, there is no
‘we’. Do you know where you are right now? You’re on the interrogation table. You’re ‘them’. And I am the First Order. Please, take your time, and look at all the lives you’ve made worse.”

“What do you mean? Worse?”

“In time.” From what you could guess with his back turned, he tapped his nose.

Matt’s face was one of them. Matt…why was his face there? The holograms stopped before you could see all the faces that passed.

“Matt! He’s innocent!!” You struggled, “Why is his face there? What does that mean!”

He ignored your questions.

“You’ll be pleased to know that he’s not dead. Hux’s orders. Useful kid.” The man laughed as you became relieved but you quickly tensed back up when he started a blue flame coming from a small igniter. He placed several metal devices over it, including the scalpel he’d been playing with earlier and your body started to visibly shake. “Though, I assure you, he wishes he was. Lucky him, Kylo took over his torture period. You and a few others got me.”

Too many thoughts were going through your mind. Torture? Were they all tortured? No. NO… there’s no reason for them to. And not Matt, not Matt…he’s a true follower Without question, the stupid boy would jump out of a shuttle for the Order. Not Matt…Ren wouldn’t have…He could read minds, so…he wouldn’t-

“Tell me, are you relieved or disappointed that the Commander’s not the one handling your session.”

Still with concern for Matt, it took time for you to process his sentence. Was he implying your relationship with Kylo? The man carried on, no longer hinting at the idea of a more intimate tie between you and Ren. He didn’t know. He didn’t know that part. You thought about Kylo for a moment and wondered how Ren would be punished if your connection to him ever got out.

No.

That would be the one thing you kept from him.

“He would have destroyed you.” The grim man said, unwaveringly. “In fact, I heard that when he arrived on the scene, he was the first to attack your already dead body. I quote: ‘Bathed in a red glow’, from some soldiers on the scene. He had to be pulled off. Two more of our men died trying to pull him back. Such anger. Such unharnessed resolve to kill. Care to tell me why?”

Those words almost destroyed you. You tried to focus on the idea that Kylo Ren would have your head on a platter if he could, but your heart was breaking. There was no more connection, no more affection on his side. He wasn’t even here. If he had cared for you still would he let this happen? If he could prevent it, would he?

For the first time, you weighed your greatest loss.

Him.

It grew difficult to breathe as the impact of your consequences hit you head on. You’d lost Ziff, Matt, and more painfully, you’d lost him. When had he become so important to you? You bit your lip in despair realizing that you now meant nothing to him. If you had meant something, he’d be here. Not this…thing.
“I want to see Commander Ren.” You choked out your words. “I need to see him. Please.”

“You’re begging and I haven’t even started.”

You had to explain yourself, to tell him that you didn’t want to hurt him. This wasn’t how things were supposed to be. You just wanted to stop Maz from dying. If only you could tell him everything. There were so many things you wanted to say to him but the biggest words of all were I’m sorry. You were so sorry. If he had been sorry for inadvertently hurting you, you were more than a thousand times sorry for deliberately hurting him. At the time it wasn’t a main thought, but you knew that it would pain him greatly.

“I’m sorry to disappoint you, but…you won’t get that luxury. I’ve been assigned to you and I intend to do my job. In fact, Lord Ren has been advised, admonished really, to keep his distance. I wouldn’t want you dying on me before I get what I need.”

When he turned around you mouth dropped open at the most disfigured face you had ever seen. One eye was partially shut as the other was sewn up crudely. A lopsided smile followed down and evidence of burning and melted flesh that could never heal properly was obvious. His pale gray skin did nothing to help slow your pulse and the sickening thought that this was once human disturbed you greatly. It was as if every evil thought in the world was put into this sad, ugly jacket of flesh only to disfigure it even more. This was a man who loved evil.

“Now. I know this is going to be difficult, considering, you don’t really take to pain well. Actually, do any of us?” As he patted your face, he picked up one of the instruments that had already started to burn red and you struggled in your restraints. He bent over to say his instructions in your ear and you leaned away. “But try not to faint after the first cut.”

You saw the hooks on the object too late to mentally prepare yourself.

He jabbed the hot blade into your side and ripped up your body, tearing through skin, fat and muscle, hitting against every bone in your ribcage as you started to scream. Before your mind could try to save you and let you drift into unconsciousness, you heard your tormentor shout angrily and expectantly.

“What did I just say?!”

Just as you were about to let go, something suddenly splashed over you and it wasn’t water. You jolted back into high awareness as the chemical ran into your wound making you shriek when you felt its sting starting to burn all the areas of your skin it had touched, forcing your body into shock. As for the other streams of water that didn’t get onto your body, you felt some enter your mouth. As soon as you tasted the bitter mix, you wretched and began to cough out as much as you could. Something was cutting your throat. From what you could see, you had started to cough up blood. He shushed you as you started to flail and you felt the table begin to shift down into horizontal position. When you were completely flat, the man put on a surgical mask as he looked down at you, waiting for you to bring yourself out of shock.

“Let’s try that again.” He applied something on the wound and picked up a different tool to drill into your other side, as you started to beg him to stop.

Almost more than three hours had passed in that miserable state. You didn’t know how many times you fell in and out of consciousness but everytime you came back, there was a new part of you body that was bleeding. He hadn’t hit anything vital, but that wasn’t his target or his goal. His goal was to bleed as much of you as he could before having to let the blood coagulate, just enough to start all over. The table was wet and drenched in red and though you couldn’t see the floor, you could hear
the blood on the table dripping down onto the puddle on the floor.

The worst of it was, not ever, did any of his questions bring up the Yolo Ziff and the Resistance or the attempted rescue of Maz Kanata. Your answers strayed away from his personal questions about your private life. Here, he had paused for a few minutes giving you relief as he babbled on, but when he picked up another torture device you nearly lost it. Again.

“NONONONONO!!! PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, NO MORE! Please don’t hurt me anymore.” You broke down and started to shriek as he continued to carve you, ignoring your struggle to get away, instead, relishing in it. “I’M NOT- I’M NOT RESISTANCE I SWEAR I’M NOT-“

He pulled back the jagged blade as if he was listening, only to dive back in.

You screamed your head off this time. If it weren’t for the blood coating your face, your head would have been red from screaming. Whenever he pulled the blade out, your body relaxed for a moment in a duller sensation of pain, before he plunged the blade back into you, making you try again to escape, knowing full well you couldn’t.

The bastard wanted to hear your scream. His eyes smiled when your blood seeped through his clothes to touch his skin.

Muscles tensed and finally relaxed. Too tired. Breath, haggard and hoarse. You couldn’t catch it anymore and your body screamed at you to pass out, but you were scared of the liquid fire he’d pour down your throat. Something was in it that was shredding you from the inside. He raised his hand again and you shook your head, blood and tears mixing together on your face.

“I DON’T KNOW ANYTHING! I DON’T KNOW ANYTHING! I DON’T KNOW ANYTHING! STOP STOP STOP STOP STOP!!STOOOOPP!! PLEASE STOP!!”

You shouted your pleas, which developed into a chant over and over again as if it would somehow help ease the pain. It helped take your mind off his blade, but as soon as you had to breath in again for air, he started hacking at your body again. This time, you couldn’t help it and you felt yourself pass out.

“Aaaanndd, time.”

The sound of a timer going off mixed with his words were the last things you heard.

“Damn, did I over do it?”

You didn’t dream as you slept. Your mind was too exhausted.

The pain of the restraints holding you up pulled you away from sleep. Efforts to go back to dozing were in vain. The position was too uncomfortable, and before you realized where you were, you had forgotten for a very short moment. Four seconds. You had felt at peace for four seconds before remembering where you were and that you’d never feel that kind of peace again. You failed at taking a deep breath. As soon as you lungs painfully reached their full size, you sputtered and coughed, and though it couldn’t be seen, you felt something thicker than spit run down your chin.

You didn’t have to look to know it was blood. Everything looked like blood in this lighting anyways. The room was dimly lit and only red floor lights were lit up. A part of you had been expecting him. But he wasn’t here. You looked around you. Just ashes of resistance fighters and the blood stained instruments on the surgical table. That asshole left them there to remind you.

And then there was that pitcher.
The one filled with poison.

The sight of the object only made you thirsty. You swallowed then slightly groaned at the sensation. It felt as if you’d swallowed knives. Your groan turned into a pathetic whimper. How many times had you taken water for granted? Just a drop right now would be enough.

Now you were reflecting. You laughed at yourself. Now you really were pathetic. This was your lowest. At least, you hoped this was your lowest. You tried to remember what they did to Maz, but your mind wouldn’t let you. First they…break…

You started to cry softly.

What was this mess you’d gotten yourself into. Why couldn’t you just let things be? Why couldn’t you have been a better person? A better officer? Why couldn’t you just…you thought of all the mindless soldiers, all the drones that could just follow orders without thinking. Why couldn’t you just be like them?

The crying grew louder.

You were just a stupid janitor, so why did you try to change the world?

Chapter End Notes

Down to it, the reader doesn't regret saving Maz, but she does wonder why she couldn't go about it another way.

Thank you all for your lovely comments! I wanted some people to cry about Ziff. Makes me know how much he was loved. And I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry. Trigger: torture.

I kept breaking down and building up this chapter. My brain is running with too many thoughts so I needed to organize it. Also, 2 more deaths in the family and a bridal shower. Busy week. Oh death, you have no favorites. Or is it Life that has no favorites? It's ok, they were loved and lived a long, loved life.
Fire in a Storm

Chapter Summary

Then they break your mind.

Chapter Notes

Some were born to change the world, some never even try.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24

The cleanup had been humiliating and painful. It was just as bad as you thought it’d be and when the water pressure hit your skin, you cried out whenever it forced open a healing wound. At least your smell improved.

Time was irrelevant. You didn’t know how long you’d stayed locked up to that table, and you didn’t know how long you spent in the medical wards. But you had at least gotten some relief.

When they came to take you again, you were so sure that they’d lead you back to a cell, but when you looked up, it didn’t take long until you were screaming again and dragging your feet, dropping your weight and trying to run away. One had to carry you over his shoulders to get you back into the torture room. This time you were placed face down onto the table with your arms over your head, crying your heart out and shaking so much your body hurt.

“NOT AGAIN NOT AGAIN NOT AGAIN!” You begged and pleaded with the stormtroopers locking you down. You saw the faces of the officers passing by the open door, trying to overlook you, trying to pretend you were invisible. And it hurt when the thought struck you. Were you the only one on this ship that had thought this was wrong?! Maz had you and Ziff. She didn’t know it but you had pitied her enough to get you out. Who was there for you? Was there a person that would take pity on you like you did Kanata? Just one person!?

JUST ONE PERSON!

Your eyes were focused on the doorway, hoping for just a glance of pity, kindness, or mercy. No one looked your way, as soon as the doors closed, the man with the deformed face had already slipped in and you lowered your head down into the table, overcome with loneliness.

Again, time was irrelevant.

He said he wanted to be ‘fair’ to every side of you.

And somehow, the inability to anticipate his damage, the inability to see the blade cut in made the pain worse. You couldn’t what he was doing but, hell, could you feel it. When it tugged, when
something stretched, you didn’t have a lot to go off of, but your mind filled in the blanks.

His questions weren’t really questions. Not really. They were more of a one sided conversation. The string of words would start of with “Have you ever…” or “Did you know…” They had nothing to do with “Why did you do it?”, “How were you able to get into the system?” or “Who knew about your plans?” he never asked that.

He already knew.

“You were recruited into the First Order at a young age and it wasn’t until a leisure trip to Kamino that you were acquainted with Yolo Ziff. He saved your life. You were not affiliated with him in any other way until he forced you to be his accomplice in the rescue of Maz Kanata. What was it? Blackmail? I don’t know how, but it doesn’t really matter anymore. You helped him, so that’s already enough to condemn you…”

You flinched when he pulled back a strand of your tasseled hair to see your tear-drenched face. A finger traced your cracked lips and sighed.

Finally. Finally he put the blade down. You whimpered when the now empty hand floated over the first object that had hurt you, but it passed over and grabbed a towel instead to wipe his medically gloved hands.

He sat down on his mobile chair and rolled over to order to grab a glass of something clear. Your body started to shake again when he brought it to your lips.

“Just water.” He took a sip of it himself before letting you drink it. “Promise.”

You knew it was only a power play, he was just messing with your mind and throwing you off with this move, but you were so thirsty and you let the water go down. He was so casual with everything he did. As if it was the most natural thing in the world.

When you were done, he even took the time to wipe your mouth with a clean rag.

“You know, I…genuinely love what I do. If you were to ask what do I call it-it’s…a hobby? An obsession? I wouldn’t know. Work?” He picked up a drenched tool to wipe it on your soaked covering as you recoiled. Your clothing was already cut so much; nothing was left to the imagination. “The First Order saw my talent. And they pay me to do something I love. If that isn’t a perfect life then I don’t know what is.”

He laid the dull part against your back and started to draw up and down making you whimper every time it ran over a cut.

So that was it.

It wasn’t an interrogation. Answers were just a bonus. You weren’t kept alive for questions. You were kept alive for this man’s sick pleasure.

“Oh, please don’t think that what I’m doing is just because I want to.” The knife dug into an open cut and you bit your lip as he pushed in. “No, there’s a reason, I hate being wasteful. If it’s time, or money, or food…I do my job, and I do it well. Perfect even. There are some who rush the process of extracting information. They don’t care like I do…”

He rambled.

“I found the perfect way to use you.” He pointed the weapon close to your eye and you let out a
short cry and stayed perfectly still. Even after he pulled the blade away. “But I need to make sure you respond appropriately.”

He tested you again and brought the blade close to your vision and you cowered, hiding your face in your upper arm.

He gave out another lament and you knew he was disappointed.

“Almost, but still not quite there.” He pressed his face into your hair and took a deep breath. “I want you to be so terrified of me, that you’d tear off your own arm, to get away. I want you to piss yourself when you know I’m coming for you, whenever I even get close to you with a blade I want you to break. And when I finally cut into you—”

And he struck home with the blade with a sawing motion into your shoulder making you shriek until you were out of breath. In your struggle, two cuts had hit your face; one, dangerously close to your eye and another had landed on to your cheekbone. Outside, for those who could hear you through the closed doors, their blood curdled.

He pulled the blade away and buried himself into your neck. And you felt something moist touch the skin as he shuddered, taking in your sweat and blood. Before “Please scream like that.”

The teeth sunk into your neck and your whined and cried. This wasn’t the playful bites Ren had given you, it wasn’t affectionate, it was vulgar. Tearing at your flesh until it ripped. You stopped screaming as he removed his teeth.

“Break time.” He wiped his mouth but you saw him lick at the corners where a bit of your blood had touched. “Thirsty?”

Jokingly, he picked up the pitcher and you knew it wasn’t water. He put the liquid near your lips and you begged and begged him no as you let yourself fall apart. The poison was shoved closer, but he didn’t force you to drink it.

“You don’t have enough endurance.” He sat back down on his chair and poured himself a glass of actual water and leaned back, completely relaxed. “Now, Maz, she was a fighter.”

He noticed your eyes glance over to him and he smiled, knowing he caught your interest.

The man set down his glass slowly, before slamming his hands down onto the table around both of your sides, making you jerk.

“Would you like to see how brave she was?”

He let you have enough time to think about it, but he didn’t take his eyes off you or step back until you made your own choice. His eyes were looking at you, opened wide, awaiting your decision. Eager. He was excited. He wanted to show you.

You looked over at the table, passed the crazy man leaning in and you felt your bottom lip quiver when you saw the tools he hadn’t used yet. He cleared his throat and continued to wait as your eyes were brought back to his face. How long did you have before he hurt you again? You knew this was a trap. It had to be. You shouldn’t watch whatever he wanted to show you, but you needed a break. You needed just a moment, if you could have just a short time of rest then maybe you could bear the rest of the time on the table. You glanced at the still running countdown. After several attempts to swallow, no good, your mouth was dry, you bit your lip and conceded with a small nod.

After a few moments of letting him adjust your position, the table was now in upright position and
you felt pain intensify momentarily as your weight shifted. You didn’t put up a struggle when he
undid your restraints along your ankles, and you didn’t shove him away when he rotated you onto
your back. Where would you go? You looked down to your legs where you saw the mess they’d
been transformed into. You couldn’t even walk. Not now.

Whatever he wanted to show you would be blurred. Your vision in one eye was already dissipating
due to the swelling over your brow. He picked up the hologram again and dropped it onto the pile of
ashes letting it play a new viddie as a faint cloud of human remains clouded the presentation, briefly,
before clearing up again. One screen opened and you saw an empty cell.

There was nothing there.

What did he want you to see?

You shifted your eyes to look at him before looking at the timer, willing it to move faster.

Movement on the screen started from the left as a table was rolled into the room with a familiar body
laying on it. A sluggish Maz lay on the table, rendered immobile. You saw her struggle with the
straps, and try to fight as much as she could, despite the drugs that had been pushed into her system.
They must have been wearing off, because a voice ordered the stormtroopers accompanying her to
add some more restraints, realizing that they were no longer enough. You recognized the voice.

“Lord Ren, I’ll leave you to it.”

The sound of his name knocked your breath far from you. And your mind pulled together the
segregated thoughts that had been unrelated at the time. This was Maz’s torture record. No. You
couldn’t see this! You couldn’t watch her like this! You couldn’t watch him like this!

“Turn it off.” You started to shake when her small body, started to fight back, injuring the first
troopers that had tried to add another hold over her. “TURN IT OFF!”

Ignored, you dipped your head down, but the man had already predicted it from behind you felt a
belt wrap around you neck and tighten, almost choking you, so you couldn’t look down.

“TURN IT OFF!” You screamed as you saw Kylo Ren enter the camera’s eye.

The man’s hand raised a hand flicked his wrist. The sensor from the projector picked up his
movement, and obediently, it split the image into multiple screens that were surrounding you. All the
pain from your limbs and torso were overshadowed by the growing ache from your heart. It grew to
the point where it hit you with everything emotional and you realized what you were about to see.

Everyone you had ever come close to having a conversation with, every single person that had said a
friendly greeting, a warm good night, or bid you a good day was on one of those screens. All of
them in the same position you were in now, being tortured by the same monster that had been cutting
you up. The view shifted to the victims’ faces, with them locked on the interrogation table and all of
them began to scream as their faces became colored with their blood.

You started to scream trying to block out their crying.

The security girl that had helped you, the blind man Roghu, that had let you eat in the kitchens, the
workers in the power technicians that greeted you when you were a custodian, your coworkers and
supervisor from your shipping division…and…Bel and Matt, anyone that you had so much as
looked your way was there. Their cries filling your ears as this man tortured them. It broke you and
you cried and cried at the conclusion that the only thing they had in common was ever being kind to
you, everyone who had known you.
“Stop it!” You cried. Angry that he didn’t comply, you started to shout as what little blood you had left started to rush to your head and your voice was roaring with such hate. “You Bastard! Stop it, Stop-STOP IT! How could you do this! They did nothing wrong! They’re innocent!”

“You’re right!” The blade he had been wiping down took a turn and he pointed it to the tortured and then to you. “They didn’t do anything, you did. Worlds don’t turn for one man DR-7664. One disaster affects everyone and you are their disaster. Your consequences are their storm, and believe me when I say this. That wasn’t the worst of it. Keep. Watching.”

You turned your head to the side, but he struck your face with the blade’s sharp end to make you look back at the screens. All of them disappeared except one.

One by one they were shoved into a room you couldn’t identify but you saw everyone frantic and try to push back the stormtroopers. All of the tortured magnitude, a bloody mess. One of them was desperate enough to throw out his arm as the door shut over it, severing the limb from the torso.

“I’m sorry.” You tried to tell them. You sobbed as you watched their faces, everyone was scared, no one knew why they were being treated like this. Unknowing. They didn’t even know why. “I’m so sorry. I’M SORRY!”

You looked away when the door came down but the man beside you forced you to turn back your head. How could you watch this?

“I’ll rip off your eyelids if you turn away again.”

You forced yourself to keep your red-rimmed eyes open.
The people were panicking now and you felt sick as one soldier kicked the arm aside to get to the panel.

“W-What is that room?” You asked as your vision blurred.

Eyes fluttered back and forth from one corner of the screen to another in order to understand what you were looking at. Your mind raced to figure out why the people began shouting and banging on the door until the other side of the wall opened and the entire populace was sucked out of gravity into the nothingness of space. You didn’t hear yourself screaming, but you were sure you were. As several started disappearing into the distance, you saw them all freeze, some dying as the clawed at their necks, everyone with the question ‘why’ on their faces. The image cut off, and then ran through again, starting with Maz’s record.

When your scream cracked and died down into more sobbing, you didn’t bother looking at the thing next to you. You didn’t bother asking him questions or begging him to stop, your heart was too damaged.

It was your fault.

It was all your fault.

When the man picked up a different blade, you didn’t even feel it cut into you, believing you deserved it. You submitted to your punishment, but you didn’t hold back your tears and your apologies as if the dead could hear.

... 

After the second torture, after the videos and after the man had gotten his fill, you were dragged into a room that you didn’t care to look at. As soon as they dropped your body, you just laid there on
your side looking at the wall. You might as well be dead. You didn’t know how long you’d been there until the ground became too uncomfortable. Slowly, and painfully, you lifted yourself to your knees and gave a quick look to the bunk to judge the distance.

You didn’t have to look around the room to know that this was where they sent prisoners into before they were executed. And how much did you want to bet that this was where Maz had been staying? You looked to the door where there was a small window that gave insight to the other side and wondered if there would be someone who’d look at you as you did to Maz. You hoped to yourself that maybe there was someone who cared. After a long while, you gave up hoping.

“Ma…z.” Was this how she felt?

Maz. The viddie you’d watched made your eyes water as you recalled it. Finally able to move your hands, you covered your mouth to muffle your wailing and then to wipe your eyes.

You looked back at a small bunk attached to the wall and allowed yourself to drop to the floor, keeping your eyes on the now empty bed. You winced when you struck your chest with your arm by accident. Eyes watered again at the unexpected pain, and you dared to look under your soaked clothes to see a terrible wound that had started to scab, surrounded by your new cuts. Between the torture and the hosing down, you hadn’t even noticed your older injuries. He had left those untouched. For what? To remind you? Of the day you abandoned the First Order?

The wound was dry, no infection, but the hole, the trench of a wound that dipped into your body was a nightmare. In turn, you looked at your leg, the one that had been shot in the hangar, and was a bit more relieved to see that it was only grazed. A finger traced the bigger wound and you muttered to yourself that you should be dead, feeling the memento from the trauma your body had gone through.

“I should be dead.” You said with mistrust. “I should be dead!”

Why weren’t you dead?

You almost sobbed again as you started to wish you were, but you pulled yourself together before you let your mind go down that dark road. Looking at the wound again, in very dim lighting, your sternum should have been shattered on impact; your heart should have stopped. You gave it some more thought.

Did you die?

The sound of a moan hit your ears and sent shivers down your spine. There was someone else?

Only the small pale blue lights were there to give you insight on your surroundings. When the stormtroopers had left you, they shut down the main lighting. You hadn’t minded. Darkness was perfect for self-pity, but now, you wish they’d kept it on.

You looked around the area and saw that you weren’t the only one occupying it. A small crumpled up person, a woman in a two-piece prisoner’s uniform was crouched in the cell next to you leaning on the bars that separated your side from theirs.

A gargling noise came from the body and you stiffened. They were choking. From the wheezes and clogged breathing, you could hear the airway close.

Your first try for calling help was a raspy whisper. The few tries after, followed better.

“Hey! HEEEEELPP!!” You looked to the doors and prayed for the guards to come in, but they didn’t
show despite your screaming. “HEY! HEEEEEYYY! SOMEONE HELP!!!! SHES GOING TO DIE!!!”

You stumbled a bit before you were able reach the woman through the bars. When you came closer, you realized to your disgust, that her face had been smashed so much, up to the point that blood was everywhere. Even entering her lungs, which was why she was choking. If this her face was terrible, how messed up was the rest of him? You weren’t a doctor! You weren’t a nurse! You tried patting the half conscious woman’s back hoping she’d cough through the choking. She reached for your hand and you grabbed it.

“You’ll be fine! You’ll be fine! SOMEBODDYYYY!!!!” You shouted again, trying to comfort her as she coughed through the attack. Her voice let out an ugly, disturbing burble before her body shuddered and went flaccid. She wasn’t breathing. You pulled your hands away from her and eyed her chest hoping it would move. “Come on…breathe!”

In a desperate attempt you started to shake her.

“Breathe…please! Don’t….”

Nothing.

“Don’t leave…me.”

So fragile.

Life was so fragile, and if it was, then why were you still alive? You were angry now and started to rustle with the woman’s clothes trying to pull enough away to find enough skin under the stiff collar.

“You’re fine…you’re ok! You need to be okay.” You sobbed.

You put your fingers along the jaw and waited for a pulse, under the chin? Nothing. You gave up before you could find another angle. How long would it be before you ended up like this? You looked at the cuts along the hands and wondered if the body was the same. The cuts were deliberate and deep.

Defeat.

“I can’t save anyone!” You cried and cried and cried. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

You tried to straighten out her clothes to make her more presentable as you thought about all those people who died just by looking at you. Even the cadet that had made an odd look at you when you had gotten that terrible makeover from Bel, or the mess hall serving lady that had let you eat in her cafeteria even though you weren’t supposed to be there. All those trainees you hid behind when running from Kylo Ren. Your grip loosened on the dead body and you covered your face as you tried to quiet yourself as you broke down.

“Gorgeous girl.” The man’s voice coming from the ‘dead’ body made you scream back and fall back, off balance. “You can’t find a pulse to save your life.”

Only one man called you that.

Your eyes filled up with tears so quickly.

“ZIIIIIIFFFFF!!!!”
That frail body in the room was not a woman. Just a starved, tortured, deflated, and battered Yolo Ziff. Nothing but a tattered shadow of the man he used to be. He looked like shit, but right now he was the most beautiful thing you’d ever seen. Forgetting the pain and the blood, you threw yourself at him through the bars to hold him. Ziff smelled like sweat and blood and something you brushed aside from your mind. It clung to you like death that loomed around the corner, but you didn’t care. You kept a tight grip on him trying to prove to yourself that this was real.

He was here.

He was alive.

This was real.

He endured his pain as long as he could and even then, let you decide when to let go, which you only did when your cries had gotten under control. After all that, he still didn’t rush you. Instead, he stroked your matted hair until you were able to breathe regularly, giving off a comforting hush sound here and there to let you know everything was ok. They weren’t, but the lie was a comfort.

“How?” You shouted through your crying.

He honestly didn’t know, but even that was enough.

In the end of your child-like tears he tried calming your breathing before you hyperventilated and passed out. You repositioned yourself and rested near him, as close as the bars allowed, and the two of you took consolation in each other’s company. You studied his face and the more you looked at it, the more you wanted to burst into tears again. You looked at the small quarters you’d been given and saw nothing that could wipe away the blood from Ziff’s face, then at the bottom of your clothing and started to tear a bit off.

“I get a show too?” Ziff joked quietly. “Sexy.”

“Really not the time.” You let out a sad laugh. Before you would have scolded him, but now, you promised you’d laugh at every one of his stupid jokes until you both died.

You started to clean up the blood off his face a little at a time trying not to hurt him. Every time he cringed it was a weak, slow jolt. He wasn’t trying to be brave; he physically couldn’t get enough strength to pull away anymore. During your time playing nurse, he responded to your questions with a few set of words.

You had been out for four months. When he told you, you almost swooned. That long? Ziff had recovered in two, he had heard that you’d survived but were in critical condition. Information that he had only gathered from his torture appointments with the disfigured man. He and you had been in his charge for the interrogation. If you thought you’d been through hell, from what was left of Ziff’s strong physique and roguish features, he had gotten far worse and far longer.

He found it hard to believe that you’d been under for four months, he hadn’t believed it, but when you told him of your injuries he went silent and you saw the same question that crossed your mind was the same question that was going through his.

“I felt your pulse.” You said to Ziff as you tossed away the dirty fabric and leaned back into him as he accepted you. “You were dead…You were dead. Unresponsive.”

Ziff grinned, “You can’t find a pulse under my chin.”

“How would I know that! I’m not a medic.”
“I know. Your lack of knowledge about human anatomy is truly frightening.”

“All right.”

“Terrifying.”

“Okaaay.”

“Tell me, where do you think the heart is?”

“I got it!” You would have slapped him but you caught yourself before you hit his already damaged body as the both of you had a decent laugh, for a single moment, forgetting the dire situation you both were in. And just when you thought you had your emotions in check, you started to cry again.

“That’s the first time, I’ve really laughed…in- in…I thought you were dead.” You cried. Was this how he felt when he thought Kylo Ren had killed you? You were so relieved.

“Hey, hey, not dead,” Ziff pulled you into himself again and kissed your forehead as comfortably as he could. “Not yet, anyways. See? I’m still here.”

“But for how long?” Your foreheads touched as you tried to capture a steady breath. “Ziff, what… what are we going to do?”

“We’ll figure something out.”

“What if we don’t?”

“It’ll work out.” He lied. “It’ll work out. I promise.”

You both sat together side by side, holding each other’s hand and leaning against each other through the bars. The warm sensation calmed both of you down into a tired state. You were both exhausted and fell into each other as much as possible. The floor wasn’t comfortable, but being close to each other was.

“Oh, Gorgeous Girl…” Ziff said kindly, his eyes closed. “You don’t belong here…”

You recognized the words and smiled. The same words he said to you when you were on that balcony in Kamino. How were you to know that in the future you’d be stuck here, on death row with a resistance fighter?

You wanted to ask about Maz, but if they didn’t tell you, what made you tin that they would tell him. Rather than reminding you both about the recent failure, you inhaled Ziff scent to prove one more time that he was still here, before falling asleep against him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your lovely comments last chapter! I’m sorry it took so long to update. I’m really dragging my feet. And hurray! Ziff!

Ah, fun fact, Fire in a Storm was the title of an old fic I had written on fan fiction. Old, so please don’t judge haha.
Also, the lyrics I've been putting up are from a song called Born To Cry, by PULP. A very beautiful song in my opinion. Can you place which characters are which? But I'm writing these chapters and especially the next chapter surrounding this song.

And again, I'm so sorry for what the reader is going through, or will go through.
Born to Cry

Chapter Summary

But Darling, you and I were born to cry.

Chapter Notes

I implore you all to listen to Born To Cry by Pulp.

I played and replayed it over and over. I suggest starting it around the part where you and Ziff are walking down.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 25

Born To Cry

“This is weird.” You said defiantly but you tried to humor him.

“No, trust me this is normal.” Ziff cleared his throat. “So here we are, in the most expensive restaurant in uh…Tatooine-.”

“Yuck.”

“You’d be surprised on how good their drinks are. In fact.” Ziff raised snatched a glass off of a waiter’s tray and handed it to you. “Try this.”

You laughed, taking the cup out of his hands, knowing you wouldn’t taste what he imagined, but played along. “Mmm.”

“It’s good, isn’t it?”

“Tastes like Jabba’s ass.”

“That’s a very rude thing to say.” Ziff turned serious, “I bet you’ve never even tasted his ass. I daresay you might even like it.”

Unable to control it, a bit of your drink came out to laugh again. You handed the cup back to him. “What next?”

“I take off your coat. It’s sweltering. Why did you bring a coat?”

“It came with the outfit!” You said without hesitating.

Believing in it, feeling it, and making it real.

“Well it covers up your breasts too much, I hate it. With its red-"
“Meh...”
“Green?”
“Nuh-uh.”
“Oran…mm, blue?”
“I guess.”

“Blue *pinstripe* fabric, it doesn’t suit you, but I think you pretty in spite of that.” Ignoring your disgusted noise, he removed your coat as you both sat down at your table, despite your grimace at the design. “Besides how can I cop a feel if your wearing a TaunTaun skin?”

“Ziff.”

“Please, call me Yolo...ha, all right. I’ll try to behave. But it’s very hard.” He smiled, “You, are the most beautiful woman in this cabaret. And I mean that.”

“Sweet talker.” You shook your head and looked down at your turning depressing meal. The magic was fading, but Ziff recovered quickly to stop it from dying too soon.

“That looks delicious. *Honey,*” Ziff looked to your plate. “Will you switch plates with me? I think I want the special.”

He reached out to take a bite but you playfully smacked him. “If you wanted the special, you should have ordered it.”

“Really. Our first date and you’re not going to share? Shouldn’t you be worried I’ll think you eat too much?” For a moment he sulked, truly believing that you were going to keep it from him. Giving into his pout, you took a piece of your…steak? And leaned over the whi-the candle lit and white… linen table to give him a mouthful which he accepted gratefully.

How could he look at you like that? Ziff looked at you as if you were the most beautiful woman he’d ever seen and he saw himself as the luckiest man alive to be sitting across from you.

“After dinner, I’d be gentleman, up unto the point where I accidentally,” he used his fingers as quotation marks, “spill a drink on your dress.”

“Oh no...”

“And I would take you up to my room at the hotel and I’d offer you one of my shirts for you to change into-”

“Ziff!”

“And we’d fall asleep on the bed, nothing sexual.” He finished quickly. “One look at my body would have made you nauseous. Disturbed even. You would have faked an injury to get away from this.”

And you were laughing again.

The decorated wallpaper became stripped and bare, the feeling of stiff muscles overtook the false comfort you had felt a moment before and your 'gorgeous' blue pinstriped, taun taun skin outfit was replaced with your prisoner garb. Reality began to sink in, but it didn’t hurt as much. This was your very first dinner with Ziff. In a cell, separated from each other by bars. Platters on the floor, holding
the worst food you'd ever eaten, but together you could bear it.

It had been several weeks since you'd been tortured and your wounds were finally showing improvement. It seemed they had let you alone for now. The distance kept between you and your torturer set you on edge, but you tried to brush passed the growing fear of ‘when’ and focused on day to day. As the days had dragged on, you and Ziff had fallen into a sort of pattern. Eat, sleep, wash. The bars that had separated you from his compartment in this two celled room were spaced out enough for an encouraging amount of contact here and there. The majority of your time together, you’d both be leaning against each other through the separations and sit in silence. A joke, here and there and some wanderings of random thoughts. Occasionally, you’d both be separated when it was time to wash and every time you were reunited, relief flooded over both of you like rain after a drought. You didn’t know it the first time, but Ziff was on guard making sure you had female attendants. He made his unease known when a male attendant had arrived for him before your own had checked in and insisted vehemently that he wait until until your attendant arrived, lady parts and all.

Considering the first incident that had occurred when you had woken up, you realized how lucky you were to have Ziff with you, rather than being alone. Men were men, but Ziff was one in a million.

A chill ran down your spine and you didn’t understand why. Seeing you shudder, Ziff pushed away his tray and laid a comforting hand on your shoulder.

“Hey, you ok?”

Your heart beat fast and your temperature started to drop. You were scared and you didn’t know why. You looked to the door and began to wait for what seemed like hours. What were you waiting for? For the door to open? You feared that your torturer would come back at any moment. If psychological damage was his end game, he succeeded. Every time a guard came in, or a shadow scurried passed the small window, you became nervous and for moments at a time you body would shut down. As if thinking of him had such a hold over you, your body began to ache. Every wound he had inflicted on you began to scream and you tried to suppress a shudder. Living like this was exhausting, but Ziff would bring you back. Everytime.

“It’s ok.”

You looked at Ziff, threatening to break down. But it’s NOT. You wanted to say those words so badly, but you were so scared that if you did, you’d never climb back out from the despair you both were sinking into. You were falling faster than Ziff and he was trying to pull you to higher ground but he was failing. It was eating at him. You could see it. And you wanted to be positive like him, you wanted to beat this growing depression inside of you, you wanted to help stay upbeat, but you couldn’t. So instead of telling him your fears, how you felt, though you knew he already could read you like a book, you bit back, wiped your eyes and just nodded.

“It’s ok.” You faked a smile and he knew you were lying, but he appreciated it. “It’s ok.”

“When we get out of here…” He swallowed that lie hard. “I’ll take you to the nicest hotels, vacation spots…everything. All the expensive clothes you want. All the best meals.”

You sniffled and laughed a bit, “Promises promises, Ziff.”

“Promises promises.”

Your body heat began to rise again, and you could feel yourself calming down. You didn’t realize
how close you two had been leaning towards each other until you saw his lips. They were chapped and cut. Dehydration, yelling and screaming. So many reasons for them to be in such disrepair. He must have been looking at yours too, and without much thought, he ran his thumb along the bottom of your equally, if not more, chapped lips.

He had lost considerable weight. His beautiful skin was marred and damaged beyond repair, his muscles were damaged. You sometimes wondered how he even stood up. When he went to relieve himself, you looked away as he did his business but you’d see him stumble before he got to point b. His charming looks were ragged now, but his eyes still held a roguish gleam here and there. Despite the horror his body had suffered, his soul shone right through. And it was pure. It was good. It was right.

In your eyes, right now, Ziff was the most beautiful man in the whole multi-verse. His eyes weren’t lusting, it was admiring. They were honest right now and when he placed a kiss on your forehead you didn’t pull away. The contact felt so warm and nice, you didn’t want him to let go.

“I’ve always wondered…what would have happened.” Ziff’s serious face had come back as he gently brushed aside your hair and pulled your face closer with both hands, “if you had met me first…”

As close as the bars would let him, he began to lean his face into yours and you shut your eyes by instinct and gave a silent approval, consenting to a chaste kiss. However, before your lips could touch, whatever spell had captured both of you it was shattered when the door to the room opened and an all too familiar voice flooded in.

“I leave you alone for a few weeks and you replace me?” The man with an ugly face wasn’t alone. Two stormtroopers had pushed in a interrogation ‘chair’. “I must say I’m a bit jealous.”

He checked some adjustments on the torture device before turning around to lean against it with a casual air about him. The last time you’d seen this was when they had tortured a resistant pilot.

“Were you happy to be reunited again?”

Ziff was on edge and tried to pull you to the back, giving you as much space from the threat as he could, even though the security was false. The man had just to say the word and you’d be ripped away like two siblings separated at birth. Your fingers intertwined with Ziff’s, trying to draw courage.

“How do you like my handiwork? Yolo. Ziff.” The way he said Ziff’s name was taunting. He was trying it out, this alien name. It was a mockery to the First Order and he spat it out whenever he spoke it. The man rested his head on his hand as he referred to the new scars he had created for you. “I studied notes, passed lectures, books and data from the old School of Torturers on Coruscant. All gone now, but there are still few who practice the fine arts of torture.”

The stormtroopers were followed by a floating torture droid. One you had seen many times, and you felt your breathing quicken.

“There’s so many ways…” The man stepped aside as the stormtroopers began to set up the area. “Bugs, that’s always fun, chemical torture, not enough control for my taste, slave collars, the embrace of pain was a favorite for more lascivious means…but again, what’s the point of torture if you’re not the one inflicting it-”

“Why don’t you just let Ren read our minds, you sick bastard! Get the information out and get it over with.”
“Because I am a sick bastard.” He answered in a ‘matter of fact’ tone, “You don’t belong to Ren. You both belong to me. And I don’t intend on letting Ren taking control unless absolutely necessary…no matter how many times he asks ‘daddy’. Persistent.”

The last comment made your head turn as the man flashed a look to the camera in the corner, causing Ziff to eye it. He had asked to take over? A terrible feeling was brewing and you saw Ziff look at you worriedly. Was Ren watching this? Ziff stepped towards his own cell’s entrance despite your sharp whispers to keep close to you and not provoke this monster.

“Fine then. I’ll put up with your little game. But I promise you this. I’ll beat you.” Ziff was against the bars now, eyeing the man infront of him with pure hate. “Count your days, Cal-Zorok. You don’t have many left.”

The monster now given a name smiled and laughed.

“The resistance will not be intimidated by you.”

How could he say that without faltering? How could be so brave in the face of this madman? A part of you awed at Ziff’s ridiculous amount of undying courage. He was so heroic. Or stupid.

“I not trying to intimidate you…I’m trying to break you. And this game?” He patted the interrogation chair before he leaned off of the device and stepped closer to Ziff until they were eye to eye. “Isn’t for you.”

You’d been so preoccupied for Ziff’s safety, you forgot your own and instead of the stormtroopers heading towards Ziff cell, they had opened yours and begun to drag you towards the chair as you began to scream your head off.

“Not again not again not again!!!”

You were so pathetic. Abandoning all dignity and pride, you begged and begged and begged as they strapped you down with the metal constraints, connected your arm to vital readers, and placed your head into the ring where you could see a surge beam of energy, ready to hurt you at Cal-Zorok’s whim.

Ziff grabbed out towards the man, but he stepped out of reach, letting the Resistance member shout out impossible threats.

“In a way, I suppose this is for you, Yolo Ziff.” He dismissed the soldiers and let them retreat outside the doors. “If it were just you who took all the pain for the Resistance, for the Republic, you would have bore that weight until you died.”

You breathing quickened into hyperventilation as you heard the device charge.

“As long as you were the only one suffering, you’d take it.” His hand hovered over a board of buttons attached to the chair and Ziff shouted at him to stop but the damage was down as soon as Cal-Zorok let gravity pull his hand down onto the control board.

You shrieked as the electrical shock scrambled your mind and jolted your body. When it ended, your head lolled back and you felt yourself begin to pass out but something stabbed your neck and you straightened up as you felt the escape of sleep leave you. You didn’t know how many more times this happened. Your vision was darkened and all you saw were blurred shadows and your hearing became muffled. Echoes. You had to focus. It sounded like a transmission that had been scrambled. You couldn’t see you couldn’t hear, how long had it been? There was a barely audible sound you didn’t recognize but after its endurance your mind started to correct itself and the sound that was so
foreign just a moment ago turned into a sharp clear scream accompanied by ringing. Sight followed after.

It was Ziff. In your prolonged time between consciousness and dream, he’d been desperately trying to break his way to you. The guards had started to taunt him and batter him whenever he got too close to the bars. His knuckles were bloody, you could see torn flesh exposing bone, and as much as you were worried for him, you were so scared for yourself. You were so terrified! How were you not driven insane yet by this fear? You couldn’t do this anymore, you couldn’t let this happen for a moment longer! Incoherent words fell out of your mouth pleading you’d do anything, say whatever they wanted. A confession? Death? Fine! Anything to make them let you go, however your words were only met with bazaar looks from the man, and he just fiddled with the device.

“I must have put it too high. Darling, you’re not making any sense.”

“You bastard! Let her go!” Ziff roared.

“Where is the location of the Resistance?”

Another shock came. It wasn’t breaking as the earlier shock treatment, but it still hurt. For a moment you thought your heart had stopped but another shock kicked in and it began to beat as well as it could despite its abuse.

“You can make this all go away, Yolo Ziff!”

Another shock that shook your very core. You felt as if your bones were melting. You wanted to pass out, but you didn’t want to be drugged again. After the prodding, the constant piercing, your neck was raw and bloody so you fought it.

“She’ll die!”

“Where is the location of the Resistance?”

Your eyes widen as he drew attention to an old wound on your neck that had barely healed. You didn’t have time to anticipate his next action when he used his hands to rip it back open. The pain was searing hot and you couldn’t even feel yourself screaming or your eyes crying. The binds on your wrists, on your neck, everything was focused on your new pain as fresh blood began to paint over everything below.

“I can’t- I can’t- I can’t!” You begged again, but this time you weren’t begging your torturer, you were begging Ziff and it pained him as you cried and whined as he tried to call your name and snap you out of your defeat. “Ziff-” You stuttered, “I-I-I C-c-can’t”

“Look at me! Eyes on me! You can do this!” Ziff was frustrated, he couldn’t help you or comfort you, “Keep your eyes on me! Keep your eyes on me!”

You were playing right into Cal-Zorok’s hands but you couldn’t stop. He wanted you and Ziff to get close again, he knew Ziff’s weakness, and just like he had said before, he had found out how to use you, and he was going to exploit it as much as he could until Ziff broke. That’s why you were still alive. Hard as you tried you couldn’t stop begging Ziff, you couldn’t stop your tears, and you couldn’t stop hurting him with your cries to him to make it stop hurting. “Ziff…I’m sorry, I can’t…”

“HOW CAN YOU JUST WATCH THIS!” Ziff shouted angrily. “I THOUGHT YOU CARED! SHE’S IN PAIN AND SHE’S DYING!!! HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO SOMEONE YOU LOVE!”
“What?” Cal-Zorok turned his gaze to Ziff, but whatever questions he had were lost to him after what happened next.

Ziff was thrown by nothing onto the back wall and hung up off his feet as he grasped whatever had grabbed a hold of him by the neck. The lights flickered and Cal-Zorok stepped back away from you quickly making room as the door opened with a determined Kylo Ren strode in with hell trailing after him. The cell where Ziff was caged in, its bars were pulled apart as Ren stepped through, hand extended.

“What are you doing!” Cal-Zorok was enraged, “COMMANDER-”

Cal-Zorok could no longer move or berate the Commander as his role as the villain was stolen infront of him.

Ziff was red in the face as the Commander approached him he could feel his mind breaking and tearing. He tried to fight it, he tried to keep the information secret, he tried to protect his friends his comrades, the general. Every single memory laid bare.

It was only when blood began to trail out of his nose, did Kylo Ren let Ziff drop into a coughing fit on the ground. Fearing nothing from the shadow of a man before him, the Commander turned his back towards the spy and stepped out of Ziff’s cage.

“Ren!” Cal-Zorok was fuming now as he grabbed the taller man’s arm making your eyes widen as Ren used the force once again to maintain a distance from him.

“The resistance base is in the Mid Rim, on the planet Hoth. It seems old habits die hard and they’ve taken refuge on a dying base. News of Resistance Fighter Yolo Ziff has already been transmitted and they may no longer be stationed there. We must act quickly.”

Ziff was in shock.

“Ren…” Your torturer seethed. “This assignment was given to me.”

“Then instead of playing with your food you should get results.” The Commander gave a forceful push with the force as he began to exit. “Waste of the First Order’s resources.”

You couldn’t look at him as he passed you. This was how he would remember you? You haven’t seen him in so long and after today, you’d be forever thought of like his. Nothing. Your lip was quivering as you held back your voice. You had run over in your mind what you wanted to say to him before you fell asleep, just as you woke up. You were sorry you hurt him, you were sorry it turned out this way. So many unspoken words, but now…your eyes stayed on the floor. You didn’t look at him, and he didn’t look at you.

“A waste?” Cal-Zorok looked to Ziff then back to you. “Then there’s no reason to keep her alive.”

The hook was cast and you saw Ren pause and fist his hands.

“She doesn’t know anything, you saw! She’s innocent.”

“I’ve seen inside your head, traitor, there’s no advantage in lying. She was the initiate behind the entire operation to liberate the prisoner PN-27753” Kylo Ren kept his view straight ahead.

“Her name is MAZ KANATA! ” Ziff tried to rush at the Commander, but he was being held back with the force. “Why are you doing this! Why are you lying? You know she’s innocent!”
“I see through your deception, Yolo Ziff.” Ren addressed Cal-Zorok. “There’s still use for her.”

At this, Ziff stiffened.

“Really.” Cal-Zorok was doubtful. “After we’ve extracted the information from the spy, there is no need for either of them.

“Those are the Supreme Leader’s Orders?”

“Protocol. I was hoping to keep them along longer, but...you’ve spoiled the fun.”

“These tactics aren’t fun, they’re established and utilized to achieve the endgame of the First Order.” He turned his head to the man, “I believe she knows more than she’s letting on. I’d force her mind, but you’ve ruined her. DR-7664 wouldn’t last a second once I break through her mind. Send her to the medical ward, until she’s better. I’ll extract the information from her until then.”

“This isn’t a charity, this is a prison.” Cal-Zorok let the silence of the Commander get to him and thought better of it, “Very well. I’ll see to it they’re both looked after, but here, in their cell, and give a status report to General Hux.”

He had said the medical ward? As much as that would have been nice, prisoners didn’t go to the medical ward. Was he trying to help you? And what information? Him seeing Ziff’s mind should have shown him you knew nothing about the Resistance. Cal-Zorok sneered and scrutinized you, Ziff, still trying to understand the situation. You saw him come to a conclusion, but you were never enlightened.

“We are agreed.” Ren started stepping forward towards the door, but he didn’t get far.

“Ahh, Commander?” Cal-Zorok said playfully, stopping the Commander once more. “Correct me if I’m mistaken, but I heard an old rumor, people love to gossip, about you and a certain girl from transmissions...or was it transport. DR-7664, you’re from transport, aren’t you?”

Eyes still focused on the floor, you felt your heart catch in your throat. How much worse would it be for Ren if it was known he not only was involved with one of his subordinates, but with a traitor? Panic rose, not for yourself, but for him. You prayed you didn’t give anything away. The silence was maddening. And no one in the room made a sound. As Cal-Zorok came to the conclusion he wasn’t going to get any response this way, he chose a more damning piece of evidence.

“You know, she has a scar that cuts across her chest.” You couldn’t suppress a disgusted noise when he touched to trail the scar underneath your clothes. “It looks as if the wound was cauterized. Could you tell me, what...could seal a wound bloodless in such a large stroke? I certainly didn’t give it to her.”

“You are mistaken.” He was so calm. How could be so calm. If he could hear your heart beating right now, would he have had any sympathy?

“Crying out for help in an abandoned division of the ship doesn’t ring a bell?”

“I assure you, this thing means something to me.”

How those words cut.

“So she doesn’t?”

“It was a matter of wrong place, wrong time.” He didn’t even hesitate.
“Just wrong place…wrong time?”

It was so quiet. Ziff was holding his breath, curious to how this was going to play out. From the corner of your eye, you tried to read what he was thinking, but when that failed, you looked back down on the ground and tried to be a bit braver than when you were a moment ago.

“Prove it.”

Cal-Zorok’s playfulness died down and he looked at you coldly. He wasn’t an idiot. There was no more banter or goading. He was straightforward and challenged just how little you meant to Kylo Ren. If you meant anything at all. You started to shake. What was he asking?

“May I remind you, Cal-Zorok, that I outrank you.”

“Me, yes, the cause of the First Order, no.”

“You doubt my loyalty?”

“I do, so prove it. If she is nothing to you, hurt her.”

You looked at Kylo Ren as you waited for a reaction, any reaction. The wait was damning. Your vision clouded as your eyes began to water and before you knew it you were beginning to choke on broken words as you looked at him. Don’t do it!

“No! P-p-please don’t h-h-hurt me.” Was he thinking of doing it? Your softer cries started to fall heavier as longer it took for him to answer. How could he?

You turned to Ziff and screamed at him to help you, breaking his trance as he began struggling again. Commander Ren had turned around with his hand extended to stop the Resistance fighter in his tracks. Gritting his teeth and veins popping in his neck he began doing the impossible. He was pushing through!

A faltering gesture on Ren’s part, as Ziff gave out one more battle cry and stole 5 more steps. Ziff was almost there, determination, and a goal to protect you before Ren had had enough and threw Ziff to the side. You screamed after your fallen friend, but the last thing you heard was the familiar hum of the lightsaber activating before you smelled burning flesh and knocked out.

…

“Please…please talk to me.”

Ziff tried to reach out an arm to touch you, but you kept your back to him and moved away from his touch. You didn’t want to talk. You didn’t want to listen. You didn’t want to move or do anything. That pit of depression had swallowed you whoe, and Ziff couldn’t pull you out.

You didn’t want him saying how wrong you were. You didn’t want him to tell you that he was right. You didn’t want to believe he was right.

But he was.

Ren had been given the choice between you and the First Order, and he had picked the organization. He said he wouldn’t hurt you again, and he hurt you in the worst way possible. You knew he was doing his duty. But that small part of you before this mess had started, that small bit that had thought you would respect him for choosing the Order rather than personal feelings of…love (No…whatever you two had experienced), it was gone. There wasn’t any respect left for him. Only questions of
‘why’ and ‘how could you’. The same emotions you felt when he first hurt you.

After you’d been tended to, unconscious through it all, you had huddled yourself against the wall, despite Ziff’s attempts to console you.

Bitter tears were falling down as you lay on your side facing the wall. The pain in your shoulder was still excruciating, but it didn’t hurt as much as the one in your heart. A sob here and there made you pound your chest as if it would make it stop hurting. You just wanted it to stop hurting. You could bear the torture, the mind games, but the heart…Yes, you had hurt him, but not intentionally. Never, intentionally. Maybe…he did this because…you tried to figure out a way to justify his actions, but you couldn’t.

“I am so, so, so sorry…” Ziff’s voice was heartbreaking.

Ziff…was apologizing? In all your time in captivity, you never thought about it? Did you ever blame Ziff for this hell? You’d been so relieved when you saw he was alive, the thought didn’t even cross your mind. Even now, you never even thought that for a moment this was his fault. Didn’t he know that? Is that why he thought you were upset?

“He lied.”

“…Lied?” Ziff understood, “I’m sorry…”

“He promised…’

“I know.”

“He said he wouldn’t…”

“I know…”

“Ziff?” You asked weakly. “I can’t…do this anymore…”

“Yes…”

“I can’t…” You covered your mouth to quiet your tears. “Do you know what it’s like to go against everything you think is good in the universe? We’re raised thinking we’re doing the galaxy justice. That—that we’re making a difference. I wanted to help that cause! And I-I betrayed the First Order! I went everything I stood for.”

Heavy tears swelled up in your eyes.

“And for what? I’m going to die and rot…here…Just like Maz. Maz, who’s dead for all we know. I couldn’t even make a difference in that!” You covered your face as you cried. “I betrayed my Order, my Supreme Leader! I am trash! I have nothing left to live for! I have nothing! My life is nothing! I am nothing! I-”

You heard Ziff shush you, and shuffle behind you. Before long, he had laid himself down and wrapped a protective arm around you, pulling your both closer until you could breath easier. You could hear feel his heartbeat as the tempo did its job and began to lull you from a sobbing wreck, to a more reasonable sniffling mess.

“Do you know…what a butterfly is?”

“Something…” You didn’t understand his question but decided to humor him as you wiped your
“running nose, “…you throw in the mess hall?”

“No, but that’s clever.” His voice rumbled with laughter against your back. “It’s a bug.”

“Ew.”

“One of the pretty ones…”

“That’s…” you chuckled, “that’s not possible.”

“It has very beautiful patterns of color on their wings some are orange, some look glass, others are so vibrant in color…but they weren’t always beautiful or new.” Ziff felt you warming up to him and leaned his head down to innocently bury it in your hair. “They used to be caterpillars.”

“What is that?”

“It’s a worm.”

“Gross. I don’t…Why are you we talking about this?”

“Before a caterpillar becomes something beautiful, it has to be cacooned.”

Ziff squeezed your arm before wrapping his arms around and giving you a full hug.

“You’re making your cocoon.” You groaned a little when he hit a sore spot, making him lessen his grip. “Right now, you’re about to transform, change. It’s the beginning of your own metamorphosis. And someday you’ll become something beautiful-oops, more beautiful. Caterpillars may seem insignificant at first, but they’re the beginning of something so much more. And if you think they are, it’s the First Order infecting your mind. Without a doubt, gorgeous girl, you are a caterpillar you are not nothing. You…are extraordinary…”

You are a caterpillar.

You are not nothing.

You are extraordinary.

The comfort of Ziff being there, his closeness, his words, his everything made you feel so secure.

“Ziff?”

“Yeah?”

“When we get out of here…” You closed your eyes as you began to drift. “Let’s go on a real date.”

Ziff let out a sigh and a small laugh and you fell asleep with his warmth on your back, feeling safe.

When next you woke, the dark room had lit up and you jolted awake. The room was empty… alarmed at the sudden emptiness and loneliness, you rose quickly to your feet. And started to call out for Ziff. Where was he? Did he get taken? Your throat, too sore to call out loudly, started to crack and fail you.

“Heeeeyyyy!” Your scream was more of a whisper and you gripped your throat. The first time you rose to your feet, you fell again on all fours before crumbling down on your injured arm. Where is he? “Ziff…Ziiiiiff!!”
They’ve never separated you two before like this. You were in distress. You couldn’t do this alone! You put your hands up to your head as a wave of panic started to drown you. The door opened and the footsteps of stormtroopers coming closer after opening your cell went unnoticed until they ordered you on your feet.

“Where’s Yolo Ziff!” You got a hit at the storm troopers armor, before another locked your hands in cuffs.

“Move.”

“Where is he!”

Rather than be goaded by your shouts and occasional hits on their armor, they held you back and picked you up by the arms to drag you along with locks on your wrists.

“Where. Is. He.”

“You’ll find out soon enough.”

Someone called your name from the outside of the room and you rose to your feet.

“Ziff!” The guards had to hold you back and slow you down as you rushed outside and collided with him. You put your head on his chest and listened to his heart to prove this was real. “I thought I lost you.”

Ziff’s expression was pained.

“What’s wrong?”

“…You have to be strong.”

“What?” You stepped back. “You’re scaring me. Why…why are you-”

“Move!” A trooper kneed you in the back of the leg making you fall. Ziff was already on his knees trying to help you up with cuffed hands.

“You too Prince Charming!” They shoved him away, leaving you on your own to pick yourself up off the ground. “Walk side by side. Give us any reason, we’ve been ordered to shoot, so don’t try anything.”

As you both continued to walk, you realized you saw as everyone avoided you. It had always stung, and hurt, your walk of shame, but this time…it was different. Every now and then, one would catch your eyes as they were trying to look passed you. There was something different. There wasn’t just a blatant effort to ignore, or a look of embarrassment, it was pity. It was shame. It was…remorseful? They were sad for you. One had even bowed their head and closed their eyes.

A terrible feeling in your heart started to grow, each step you took felt heavy and you tried to think and brace yourself for what was happening.

“Ziff…what’s happening?” You whispered, but the worried note in your voice couldn’t be disguised. “What’s going on?”

You saw him bite his lip and his eyes watered.

“Ziff?”
“You have to be strong.” His voice cracked as his tears dropped.

“Ziff…what’s going to happen?” For such a proud man to cry, something terrible was going to happen and he wouldn’t tell you. “Tell me.”

He smiled sadly, and kept his gaze straight forward.

“In here.” A stormtrooper nudged you both to face a door.

As the doors opened, rows of stormtroopers created an aisle for you both to walk in between. The soldiers behind you pushed you both forward to make you and Ziff walk on your own. Completely lost in thought, you followed Ziff’s lead. His steps were slow as if her were taking his time.

In your walk down this quiet room towards the end, you studied this man you had met so long ago. The man the world never turned for. Nothing ever went right, but he still fought for good. “Good”. How had he not given up? Ziff was handsome, charming, he could have done anything in the galaxy, but instead he chose to fight for a ragtag team, a handful of people that wanted to change the world. Your heart fluttered and your chest swelled at the pride you were feeling.

Ziff called out to you and began to speak softly, “You have to change.”

“Ziff-”

“And grow-”

“Stop it.” You hissed.

“And become a beautiful butterfly.”

“You’re scaring me! Stop saying stupid things.”

“And when you feel your head splitting, or your heart breaking…” He laughed. It was a sad laugh. A pity laugh for his own dumb joke. “…think of my kiss.”

You were about to scream at his lightheartedness, but you were pulled to the side, just short of another door. A door with a porthole. From your side, you could see the inside was an empty room. Normally used for ejecting waste or trash…

...

.

An airlock.

You turned cold.

It was an execution.

“ZIIIIIFF!!!” You started to fight. But the stormtroopers held you back. “NO! NO! LET ME GO!”

“Yolo Ziff.” General Hux addressed the guilty party, to his other side was Commander Ren and Captain Phasma. Everyone in the room was cold and unfeeling. How could they just stand there?! “You are accused of espionage, murder, perjury…”
The list went on and all you could do was cry.

“Your death shall be used as an example to the Resistance, other spies that have infiltrated our ranks, and any active member of the First Order that dares to betray our way of life for furthering the agenda of the Republic.”

Your cries went ignored for only so long until someone hit you. You head dropped and your guards had to hold you up by the arms. When you looked up, you saw a familiar person looking at you with hate.

You mouthed Matt’s name, but his angry glare fill up with tears and he look away. “Matt…” He continued to ignore you. On the side of his face he had turned to you, you could see the scars of the torture droids. You remembered the videos you were forced to watch, and you hung your head in shame. He had been caught up in your mess and he had paid dearly with it. He wasn’t even a part of it. His only crime, being your friend.

When the verdict was given. Yolo Ziff was going to die while you and MT-6288 were going to live. The first door was opened, you screamed and started to fight again. Your second fight caught the guards off guard and you were able to slip through. You sprinted to Ziff and tried to hold onto his arm as best as you could as the guards started to pull you away.

“It’s okay,” Ziff said gently.

“It’S NO OKAY!” You cried, “IT’S NOT OKAY! ZIFF YOU CAN’T-YOU CAN’T LEAVE ME!”

“Look at me, you can do this!”

The guards were still trying to pull you away. One had even started to strike you, but Ziff threw himself over you to take the blunt force of the blows.

“I CAN’T! NOT WITHOUT YOU!” You shouted and kicked. “I WON’T LET THEM!”

“It’ll be okay…Gorgeous girl, you have to be strong. How can I leave you like this, you’re making it so hard.”

“THEN DON’T GO!” You asked, knowing that he didn’t have a choice.

He laughed until real tears started to fall. “That’s not a fair thing to ask.”

They finally managed to pull you both apart. Ziff, completely resigned to his fate, while you tried to fight it.

“I promise you’ll be okay.” Ziff tried to console you as they led him to the airlock. “You’ll be okay! You. Will. Be. Okay!”

The door shut and he stood up proud and tall, eyes already threatening with tears. If your appeal wasn’t working on Hux, you thrashed and fought your way to Commander Ren and fell down at his feet and clung to the bottom of his robes.

“Stop this! P-pl-please stop this! Please! I’m begging you, Sir! If you think that-”

If you ever cared just a little bit for me then please!

“This-this is not wh-what the Order st-stan-ds for, I-intimidating and-and slaughtering and these cruel
ways of execution and torture-It was supposed to be something *better!*”

*Please don’t take him away from me! Don’t do this! I’ll die without him!*

He said nothing.

“No? Then if someone has to die then-then-kill me instead! Please Please! Please! It was my fault! It was all my fault, it was me! Please! I-I asked him to save her! Please, please-"

*Ren, please? Kylo, please?*

“You bitch!” The stormtrooper kicked you.

“Enough!” Commander Ren shouted making the soldiers stop in fear. “Let her say her good-byes. Get this over with General Hux, and control your men.”

You looked at him as you broke down. You did that so often these days but today you felt so low. You were going to lose him! You were going to lose the only person right now who cares about you. You had *lost*. No begging or any offer of prisoner exchange was going to help Ziff. The guards, with more caution, picked you up and led you to the porthole as you sobbed.

“Gorgeous girl…”

“Yolo…” You tried to catch your breath in between your crying, but you couldn’t.

You didn’t care about the onlookers, you didn’t care that your face was scrunched up and distorted with tears and ugly and bruised. You didn’t care about the wounds you had ripped open, you just stood there and sobbed.

Ziff made a fist and slammed it on the door.

“You will get through this.”

“No..” You whimpered and shook your head. “*Not* without you, I can’t.”

“You will!”

“You keep saying that, you don’t *know* that! I’m not strong enough, I’m not…”

*I’m not a butterfly.*

“Yes I do!” Ziff rested his head in on the glass and kept it there. Willing you to believe you could do this alone. “I know you will. I KNOW YOU WILL. I promise. Why can’t you believe in me-in yourself?”

“*BECAUSE THE LAST PERSON WHO PROMISED SOMETHING LIED!!!!*” You were shaking. You couldn’t trust anyone anymore, you wanted to believe in yourself, you wanted to say you could do this without Ziff, but you couldn’t. You shout was a cry for help. *Help. Help me.* And the only thing that was holding you together was going to die. How could this get better? How could there be any sliver of hope in this gods awful situation?

Ziff looked troubled. You were inconsolable and hurt, and damaged. How could he help? Ziff let you cry yourself out, until he saw the guards behind you move in to begin to pull you away and asked you, desperately.

“Do you trust me!”
“What?” You wiped your eyes.

“Do...you...trust me?”

He had asked you that before, on Kamino, and you had flat out said no. It'd been so long since then...when he gave you that stupid kiss. You almost laughed at the irony. Did you trust him now? Ziff looked at you and when your eyes went from soft and mournful to hopeful and determined, he smiled. Not a sad smile, and it wasn’t his charming ‘let’s have fun sexytimes’ smile. It was a happy, promising, relieved smile.

“Yes, Yolo.” You nodded your head slowly. “I trust you.”

“Then trust me when I say that you’re going to be okay.” He lowered his fist from the door as he relaxed. “I promise.”

The guards pulled you back, gently, far from the door, but not far enough where you couldn’t see Ziff’s face. That punk. He was smiling way too happily for a man about to die, while you were barely holding up your smile through sad puppy dog eyes.

He grinned ear to ear now as the warning sounds went off. Then that dumb Yolo Ziff, impossible Yolo Ziff, touched two fingers to his temple then brought it to his lips. A simple reminder to think of that dumb kiss. You left out a half-hearted laugh. Then after, he gave you that wink, and that award winning smile that did said, ‘let’s have fun sexytimes’. With one more endearing look he said his final good-bye.

“See you around, Gorgeous Girl.”

And then in a few seconds, you held your breath, dug your nails into your hand, and didn’t look away. The second door opened, and he then he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Whew, I was putting this chapter off because it was too depressing to think about. That was supposed to be Ziff's exit all along. The only reason why I even put Ziff in this story line was so he could die and change the world. But then I fell in love with him too x( I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I know there were readers who loved him too. I'm sorry! But what a way to go, right.......TT-TT I miss him.

Just know that if Ziff and Reader had escaped together, they would have run away away, left everything and started a very simple, yet happy life together. BUT would it have been because she loved him, or just because he was there? That's up to you. LET ME KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS ABOUT THE CHAPTER PLEASE, this was very hard for me to write. Ha, my heart wasn't ready.

Sorry it took so long for this chapter, another funeral, my writing app got deleted, so I couldn't write anything!!! or open any of my documents including RTTS, and I had my B.day! Dressed up as Rey, the costume was FANTASTIC! But...KYLO REN WAS NO LONGER AT DISNEY TT_TT...got a pic with his grandaddy though...NOT THE SAME. But did promise to join the darkside if I got a selfie with him. Got the
selfie.
Ziff is dead.

He’s gone.

For good this time.

What would you do now? What could you do now?

You stared at the empty chair across from you. You banged your head backwards against the chair you were seated in. This time at least you were in a real chair, complicated and connected to the ship’s power system. It wouldn’t be giving out and resetting any time soon. You looked down at the metal rings that kept you to the chair then to the empty chair across from you. It wouldn’t matter if you tried to struggle or kick your feet, they were locked down too.

After the execution you had collapsed, and guards were given strict instructions to get you to the medical ward, you were to be kept alive. After getting your wounds redressed, your new clothes, you were sent to this chamber. How much money did the First Order spend on torture? Though they hadn’t begun interrogating you yet, but you were sure you’d go through the same things, the screaming, the torture, but this time, you were very alone.

The cold and metal against your back sharply contrasted the warm feeling of when you had leaned against Ziff the last night he was alive. A dull ache swarmed over your chest as you thought of him. He was gone, and the wound created by his passing was too fresh for memories to bring out a smile.

You shut your eyes tight and tried to visualize Cal-Zorok to desensitize you from whatever was going to happen. He had mentioned last time he had a softspot for something call the ‘embrace of..’ something. Maybe it was like a straightjacket. He would walk in, no…he’d wait. You’d know he was in the room, but he’d just stand in the corner, watching you until the silence tore you down without him lifting a finger.

You swallowed hard to distract you from your already shaking frame.
Try again.

He’d stroll up from behind, and you’d suddenly feel a touch on your shoulder. It would either be a gloved hand, or his scalpel. You whimpered. If it was his scalpel, you’d feel it dig in right away. Would you cry out? You would try hard, but you wouldn’t be able to stay silent for long. You’d have to shout. Then maybe you should concentrate on your shouting, rather than the pain?

But then your voice would die out.

Ziff’s kiss? No. Too short. And you didn’t even remember it that much. You remember what you felt. Confusion, surprise, anger, embarrassment. A passing fancy presented itself in your mind and you thought if you should have kissed Ziff one more time before he…left. You gave a pity laugh as you remembered Ziff before crying a bit.

You wish you could feel safe again. The room was freezing and your new prisoner garb was still too thin for it to help keep you warm. Maybe you wouldn’t die from torture. You’d die from a cold. Wouldn’t that be a way to stick it to the First Order? Dying on your terms…but you could never intentionally do yourself harm. As your mind ran through your options, bashing your head, strangulation, a few more ideas arrived but neither one appealed to you.

You tensed as you heard the door open behind you. Shortly after, you heard his footsteps. The breaths you were taking were becoming too short to do you any good. Trying to show a bit more control, you started drawing in longer floods of air, but the streams were unsteady and you couldn’t hide your nervousness completely. You felt your eyes start to fill, and rather than let him seeing you cry, you shut them tight, keeping them closed as you heard Cal-Zorok round your chair and sat down across from you.

You hadn’t planned on opening your eyes. You wanted to keep it together for as long as possible, but a click and a hissing noise made you open your eyes and focused them down. It wasn’t Cal-Zorok.

As soon as his helmet hit the ground you shut your eyes again and started to cry again. Why did you always feel at your weakest in front of him. Head down, unable to meet his gaze, he didn’t say anything, but you could feel him watching you. Your gown was getting wet and the dark spots that had been dampened by your tears were growing in number.

“I would have preferred Cal-Zorok.” You said bitterly.

How dare he come here. How dare he show his face to you. After what he did to you, to Ziff, to Matt, to Bel! Your chest had begun to rise and it wasn’t because of fear, it was because of anger!

“He would kill you the first chance he gets.”

“I don’t care anymore.” You turned your head away, “let me die.”

It was like you put to much strain on a cord and something snapped. The Commander lurched towards you and slammed his hands down on each side of you to rest on the chair as if you needed more restraints. You didn’t want to look at him but he pressed his face so close and went into your view.

“After all that’s happened, after everything you’ve done, after all the lives you’ve affected, you think you deserve to just die?”

“What I’VE done?” As he snapped at you, you found your let every boil over, “WHAT I’VE DONE?!”
Taken aback by your new tone of voice, Ren leaned back into a standing position and stood his ground while you began to let out everything you felt.

“What have I done? Feel sympathy? Despise and go against the violations of basic rights of life?

Try to uphold what the First Order SHOULD be? Be human?” As you talked, Ren had started pacing. “You have shown more cruelty than any man, any thing, or monster I’ve ever known. You have tortured me, you have hurt me in so many ways, broken such deep levels of trust, you have lied to me-”

At the mention of a lie, Ren threw his chair across the room and you saw tell-tale sparks of the immense damage he had just caused making you flinch and hold back your string of pain coated words.

“You play the victim so well-” He began.

“What-”

“You dare speak of lies and pain unfathomable. I have never hidden my intentions with you.” He shouted back though, and when you tried to argue back you felt his power push against you and you head tilted back. Unable to move, you turned your angered look and held his gaze as he spout out your crimes.

“This torture you unabashedly speak out against, you think it was without reason? Without CAUSE?” The room was in chaos as his anger took over. “You act as if your role was innocence itself, need I remind you that you are charged with, and have been found guilty of treason, of aiding a Resistance Spy, not only once have you helped the enemy Yolo Ziff.”

“Don’t you say his name…”

“But more than one occasion, hiding his true identity, theft and destruction of First Order medical supplies, possible assistance in infiltrating of the Finalizer, liberation of a prisoner of war, that scum of the galaxy, murderer, thief, betrayer, YOLO ZIFF-”

“Don’t you DARE SAY HIS NAME AS IF HE’S-”

“NOTHING! He is GONE!” By now the room had started to get heated. The machinery inside was overloading and you could feel shards of metal ripping through the air. “His name will be forgotten! A yea-ten years-a hundred years from now, no one will even remember his name.”

“He was someone. He mattered.” At that moment, you saw just how ugly the First Order was. Bullies, remnants of an old empire, even from the very beginning, you finally realized the true nature of this genocidal goals. “We’re all the same. We’re all equal. Someone’s life shouldn’t be more important because of their title or their race or their blood, we’re ALL The same and if this is the First Order’s true nature than I don’t want it!”

As if the hurricane of debris and shattered elements weren’t enough to spike your level of fear, Ren activated his lightsaber making you scream out his name and cry, before the weapon could harm you again. You had gone into shock and your breath had become short once again as you stared down the unstable beam of light. Your body remembered the pain inflicted on it and had already begun to shake as you waited for the burn. As if forgetting himself, he let the weapon fly passed you and into the door behind you. You didn’t care where it landed, or whom it might have hit, as long as it was away from your face. You relaxed only a bit as the room calmed down and Kylo Ren regained control over his emotions.
“It is my duty…” His voice was calmer this time as he composed himself in front of you. “It is my obligation…to carry out the orders of the Supreme Leader. My priority of a member of the First Order will always carry a heavier weight of importance over personal matters. The same with Yolo Ziff.”

You wanted to ignore him but you couldn’t.

“He would not have betrayed the safety of his comrades for your life, DR-7664, you would have died if Cal-Zorok let it get that far. Yolo. Ziff.”

You knew where he was going with this and you closed your eyes again. What you had seen before you closed your eyes wasn’t a man full of hate now, but pain. And you didn’t want to believe that the thing that had let Yolo Ziff die, a thing that had hurt you so much, could be anything but a monster and instead be human, like when you had struggled with your choices of right and wrong. You couldn’t believe that this was just a man following orders. That he was just like you, except you both had chosen different paths. You didn’t want to humanize him, instead, remember him as the villain. It hurt to seem him so ordinary, so you closed your eyes.

“What hurt the most…”

You could hear him closing in on you. He was leaning forward again, and his breath was touching your face.

“When you had first doubted yourself in continuing this path in darkness, you confided in me.” There was pain you didn’t want to hear in his voice, but it was there. “I had asked you to think of only me. To rely on me. To run…to me. And instead…”

You had run to Yolo Ziff. He had become your comfort, your rock your safehouse.

It was his turn to bear his soul. For the first time in months, you both had finally been able to share each other’s thoughts and feelings, and everything was coming to light in the most unpleasant of circumstances. Fearing another flood of emotions, you bit your lip and tried not to cry again, but the corner of your eyes started to flow, betraying that you were listening to everything he was saying. You heard him pick up the helmet he had dropped earlier. His movement were slow and unmotivated and you realized…he didn’t want to do this.

“If you had just asked me,” He was brought to his full height now and his voice was hurt. “If you had requested it of me that Maz Kanata receive better treatment…or even to release her… I would have done so.”

You didn’t want that to be true. It couldn’t be true. If it was true then…this was all just a waste. Waste of time, effort, life. He had to be lying. The tears were running down now and you couldn’t stop them. You wanted to get out of here. You couldn’t be in the same room as him. Not now. Why did things have to be gray? Black and white was easier, but this entire part of your life had been one big mess after another.

You heard him put the mask back on, and when you dared to open your eyes, his hand was outstretched to you and you knew what was going to happen next. This time you didn’t beg, you didn’t plead for mercy. You took a deep breath and exhaled right before he entered your mind.

Days after your mentality had been prodded and invaded, every secret, every feeling, after everything had been laid bare for Ren to scrutinize and decipher, you were in your cell, curled into a ball, facing the wall farthest from the entrance.
You covered your face with your hands as you remembered feeling him open and close all the doors to you emotions. He had not only rummaged through past memories of your interactions with Ziff, but he lingered on how he himself, Commander Ren, had made you feel good, when he touched you, he had brought up how you felt when you had your first kiss, what your heartbeat sounded like when he had met you in the observatory deck. Was it to hurt you or to shame you? Or both? He was searching how much of what had been brought to light amidst your crimes was true or without merit. All the memories he traversed through were uncomfortable and yet he pushed on anyways.

You felt violated.

After several physical tests, or grooming, when you were returned to your cell, on several occasions, you had forgotten Ziff was gone and had expected him to protect you again, but it never happened and you remembered why. When you did, you would break out again in tears.

It was taking a toll on your health. You hadn’t even eaten since he died. What was the point? The last time you had eaten was yours and Ziff’s last meal together. Whenever the guards brought you something, you just ignored them. It was and accident the first time. You had only meant to put it off, but before you realized it, the guards had already come back to take away an untouched tray.

And just like, that, you thought of a way you didn’t mind dying. It hurt at first. Putting off your meals. But now you were able to avoid almost all your meals. When you woke up each…whichever cycle it was, you could feel the damage grow inside. How long could the human body last without food? You didn’t know, but you could keep at it for a bit longer.

A few days later, you had grown accustomed to starving yourself the whole 24hr cycle. However, your bad habits must have gotten his attention because shortly after you new type of rebellion was finally harboring results, he came in to see you and dismissed the guards.

“You must eat.”

Beyond the unhuman qualities given from the mask, you could tell he wasn’t pressing you. It was a suggestion. A suggestion that you ignored. You kept your back towards him, and settled for drawing on the wall with your fingers. You would not look at him and, you would not listen to him.

The tray was pushed closer to you in arm’s reach, and you paused your actions but when you saw that he wasn’t going any further, you continued to ignore him.

“You need to eat.”

Hearing him use a more commanding and threatening quality made you freeze and go rigid.

“If you do not eat, I will force you.”

This wasn’t an empty threat.

After a moment of unyielding will, you thought it best not to push your luck too much. You kept your back towards him, and searched with open palms for the tray to pull it closer. You took one bite and pushed the rest away, but his patience wasn’t as forgiving as you thought. Your leg was pulled by his power and you gave a shout as you were dragged out of your little alcove underneath your bed and forced to look at him. He sat on the ground on the inside of your cell and looked at you expectantly.

“Try again.” He warned, as you gave in.

You were both sitting across from each other on the floor, and the arrangement made you
uncomfortable, reminding you of Ziff.

“What, is this a date?” With a bitter note, you scoffed. A pain hit your head and you muttered angrily, “Is this an interrogation?”

He stayed silent.

“Then don’t read my mind!”

You picked up the tray and walked back to sit in a corner to eat. He didn’t leave until you finished and when you were done, you threw the tray away from yourself angrily and lay back down on your side to pay attention to the wall.

He never said a word after that.

But as soon as the doors closed when he left, you went to your toilet and gagged yourself until everything was thrown out of your stomach, making his efforts to…(what, to keep you fed? Why did it matter if you ate or not?) make you eat, in vain. Unfortunately, after that incident, he ordered a guard to watch until the contents of your stomach had passed.

You had taken this defeat a bit hard. It was the only plan you felt yourself capable of executing yourself. There was another route, but it would take far longer and more painful. But, hell, you were already there. People could die from broken hearts, couldn’t they? Depression was a bitch. You barely slept these days, you dozed here and there, but mostly stayed awake underneath the elevated wall bunk. It wasn’t much cover, but it made you feel safe…ish. You’d also developed a crude habit. Your invisible drawing on the wall had turned into scratching. Unkept nails were your tools, and you had begun scratching everyday into the wall until your fingertips bled.

It had been a while now, but Ren hadn’t been there to see you. You hadn’t seen him since the he made you eat. You kept your eyes on the scratch marks you created and counted. Two weeks? Has it really only been two weeks? You wanted to laugh at yourself, but the door opened. You didn’t bother to turn around, and you wondered how Ren would deal with you this time. You stopped your scratching and waited for him to say something, but the voice you heard made your breath hitch and your skin crawl.

“Finally mine again.” Cal-Zorok sighed, relieved. “Take her to interrogation room.”

You were taken and strapped down to the chair again, but this time you didn’t even protest, you didn’t sob, you just stare at Cal-Zorok. It was the same room you’d been in with Ren. You watched as Cal-Zorok began laying out his blades directly to your right so you could see your future. Before you could control yourself you felt you body already begin to betray you, but your eyes were still hardened.

“When Commander Ren got permission to interrogate you for a time,” After all the blades were set, he waved a hand over the tools, making sure you had your eyes on which one he would pick. “I didn’t expect you to still be alive. All that time I spent training your responses…I almost felt cheated. Lost control of your breathing so soon?”

It was true. In spite of this, you battled with your emotions and tried to hold on the reins, but you were failing. Seeing you start to crumble, Cal-Zorok finally settled on the serrated blade and picked it up.

Your courage was failing fast and you weren’t crying, but your eyes were tearing up and you had begun to sniffle. You thought of Ziff and wondered how he’d stay so determined. How did he stare
down the faces of so many unbeatable odds? Cal-Zorok drew the knife close to your neck and, in a panic, you said the first thing that came to your mind.

“The-the resistance will…”

Cal-Zorok’s movements were brought to a halt as you voice died off into a softer decibel.

“…not be…intimidated…by…you…”

He was so taken aback that he dropped his blade and started to laugh at you. You tried again, this time stronger.

“The resistance! Will-will-not be-”

He was wheezing now and holding his sides as if they’d split from laughter.

“Will not be intimidated b-by you!”

“Stolen words.” He cackled and pulled down his surgical mask. “You think you can be brave by using stolen words? You have lost. You have failed your pathetic mission, and you will spend the last days of your meaningless existence that has led up to this point and amounted up to nothing.”

Your ‘stolen’ words…they seemed so out of place. It was so mismatched. Those words coming out of your mouth felt wrong, like an outfit a few sizes too big. The ridicule was more than enough to shut you down, but you didn’t want to lose so easily. Something that was catered to you, and gave you hope? You looked at him in the eyes and drew in a huge breath.

“I AM NOT NOTHING!” You shouted, making him stop.

“I…AM EXTRAORDINARY!” You went even louder. Cal-Zorok was no longer laughing. He had seen a light in your eyes, and he wanted it put out. He picked up his blade again, daring you to continue as he brought it closer. As you saw your reflection in the blade, you faltered for just a moment, but regained your confidence before shouting out at the top of your lungs with a surprising smile on your face, and tears streaming down it as you said these ridiculous words.

“I AM A CATERPILLAR!”

The next moment happened so quickly; the both of you didn’t react fast enough. The ship rumbled at first, and the both of you looked up. Was that a fluke? The second tremor was so large it knocked out the power, plunging the room into darkness. Five seconds it the dark was all it took for the back up low use power mode, restarting, resetting, repairing everything in its first mode, but five seconds turned the tide. The sound of clicks and locks and systems rebooting rang in the room and you both stared at each other for a moment before realizing something big had just happened and what it meant.

The power had gone out.

The room had reset to first position.

Even the chair.

It took a split second for you both to react. Cal-Zorok slashed at your neck and barely missed as you dodged to the side and you rushed at him, taking down the tray of blades with you. You got off him as fast as you could but you felt him grab at your right leg and you shrieked as you felt something cut deep. Reaching with your hand, you grabbed the nasty hooked blade he had so cruelly used in the
beginning and you slashed at him blindly trying to get away. You didn’t know you hit your mark until he gave a loud and terrifying cry of pain and released you. You sprinted with your damaged leg to the door, smashing the keypad on your way out locking him in.

You could hear him scream on the other side. It gave you a small bit of satisfaction, but you couldn’t stay at the door for long. Something was happening. It must have been big because the guards outside the room had abandoned their posts.

Another rumble shook the ship and you fell onto your bad leg with a cry. Just then the warning lights started to go off. What perfect timing! You braced yourself against the wall and tried to hurry, but after months of no physical activity and two weeks of malnourishment, you fell all too easily. Not to mention the cut. You looked at your ankle. That man knew where to hit. You ignored the severely damaged tendon and looked up.

Another tremor, and in the hall across you saw some cadets desperately trying to rush to their stations out of their lockers…LOCKERS. Painfully trying not to leave a blood trail, which seemed impossible, but planned strides helped prevent a massive bloodletting. Truthfully, in this situation, you didn’t even have to be as discreet (which was saying volumes on how badly the ship was in), you limped your way to the lockers and grabbed the easiest completed set you could find and wrapped up you injured member as quickly as you could before painfully putting in boots, you almost fainted but you had to focus. Next…next…escape shuttles.

As you stepped out of the room, taking care that the interrogation room you had stepped out of was still shut, you froze as you saw storm troopers trying to open it. Cal-Zorok’s screams were breaking through the wall and your heart jumped as you bottom started opening slowly. How would you get around without him noticing your limp?

“You!”

“Sir!” You straightened up with a wince as a trainer, judging by his uniform, addressed you angrily.

“This isn’t a drill!”

“No, Sir!” You saluted.

“Then fall in line and get to your division!”

“Yes, Sir!” You saw as a swarm of cadets headed your way and thank goodness! As a cadet you’d have all the excuses you’d need to go anywhere. You jumped in the crowd and tried to stay in the middle as you distanced yourself from Cal-Zorok.

This was insane! This was reckless! This was… Ziff. But how you were in so much pain. You regretted not eating more. Seeing your mistake you laughed to yourself. Kylo had been right. You were sweating and your vision was already hazy, but you tried you best to stand up straight but you could feel the blood already start to pool. Just a bit farther.

You asked around you as the group began to break off here and there, and tried figuring out which would be closer to the ships you needed. One girl was very open, and she and a few others were on their way near the docks. Perfect. They would split away from you and you’d go the opposite way towards the nearest emergency ships. Every few seconds, the ship would shake and tremble as it kept getting rocked.

“What’s happening outside?” You finally decided to ask. “Asteroid belt?”

“We’re being attacked. Resistance.”
Words have never been sweeter. You’d bunk down in the shuttle and wait for the fire to go down.

“Hey! Are you alright Your…is that blood?!” The girl looked down to see blood that had begun to seep through the sole.

“I must have stepped in something.” You gave a highly dramatic sigh, but as you did, you looked forward and the world started to spin. Cal-Zorok was waiting for you down the hall in the direction your group was walking. It was too late. He had seen you. You stopped in your tracks and ignoring the pain you turned around and started to run. You had to keep running! You had to keep moving! The injured leg was screaming and your tears were falling. You were so close, this can’t happen. Shoving through the oncoming groups of troopers, and technicians you tried to find a place to hide, but he was so close. You leg was going to give out and you knew you couldn’t run forever. Hoping that there was enough distance between you both, you started to check doors as you ran trying to find an unlocked room.

The sound of the opening chime almost made you cry a second time, but you dived into the room and waited. Because of the shaking of the ship you weren’t able to hear outside. Very rare moments of passing stormtroopers, but other than that there was no way to tell if he had passed you. You’d already waited for so long and you wanted to get the shuttle before this attack either blew over or the Finalizer was destroyed.

You looked down to your foot that was throbbing. It wouldn’t last any more. And if your blood was filling the shoe as much as it felt, you wouldn’t last long. As you tried to move it, seeing your range of motion, you decided to bind it once you were safe in the escape shuttle.

Counting the seconds, you finally decided enough time had passed you stepped out of the room and started to walk, more like hobble. The PA on the station-wide intercom came to life as the person began shouting orders for retaliation. It was so curious. The Resistance had never been able to get a proper read on where the Finalizer was on standby. And the fact that they dare attack such a massive destroyer was suicide. There was no gain in such a strategy, so why bother? It didn’t make sense.

So distracted by your thoughts, you didn’t see the attack before it was too late. A very sharp pain in your side hit before you saw the world fall sideways. When you hit the ground your breath was knocked out of you.

Cal-Zorok had found you and he wasn’t letting go. You screamed and kicked, with knife dug deep in your side as he overtook you, pushing you to the ground beneath him and wrapped his hands around your neck, while you feebly tried to pry his hands off.

“You know, I can’t figure out why.”

Where was your knife? You looked to the side to see it far off from reach, but you tried to grab at it either way. Cal-Zorok smiled at your weak attempt and even gave you time to let you try.

“Could it be you really are valuable to the Resistance? Are they here to rescue you?”

You felt him tighten his grip as you cried at the realization that the blade was too far, you weren’t going to reach it so you settled on trying to grab his arms away. Cal-Zorok leaned in closer as your vision started to blacken. He was going to enjoy every last part of this as you were nearing the end of your life. If only he wasn’t the last thing you saw.

“Why wouldn’t Ren let me kill you?”

You weren’t planning on him being the last person in your mind, but as soon as his name was
spoken, you thought of him. No, no, no. You didn’t want to think of him. Not now. Your last thoughts would be about him? You tried to focus on anything else, the pressure that was building up in your head, the blood soaking your foot or the sharp pain in your side from…

“Good-bye, DR-7664. You were hardly worth the effort.” He gasped in shock as you dug the blade from your side into the side of his neck. As you felt his grip lose, you repeatedly dug his choice of torture into the artery until he slumped over and fell on top of you as you started to cry out loud. That was the first time you had ever taken a life.

You strength was sapped, but fear of the dead corpse resting on top of you gave the force you needed to push him off. Your hands were shaking as you sat up, covered in more of his blood than your own. What have you done? Seeing more blood collect on the ground, you needed to put more distance between you both. The smell was overpowering as the color on the ground spread out and you felt lightheaded.

Get to the escape shuttle…

You kept telling yourself, but you couldn’t move. You just sat there, trying to bring in bigger gulps of air, trying to force yourself with inner monologues and tough speeches to yourself to pick yourself up but you just couldn’t do it!

A gasp was heard from behind you.

Turning far to quickly you groaned and a hand went to your side as the wound stretched. You didn’t expect to see Matt here. He looked like he was caught in headlights when he made eye contact, letting you realize he wasn’t here to stop you, it was coincidence. He was just as shocked and horrified as you were.

What must you look like? Blood soaked, through and through, sweating, panting, you must have looked like a murderer going on a spree. Matt’s eyes shifted from you to the dead body and you saw his hand twitch towards the wall where you saw a near his person was an emergency call button. Pressing it would alert central command and send troops to that location

Standing between you and your freedom, was your oldest friend on this ship. At the realization of what you might have to do, you started to sob while slowly crawling to grab the knife from Cal-Zorok’s neck, and leaned on the wall to pull yourself up. You aimed the blade at him weakly, without meeting his gaze. The heart was far from this. Even if Matt attacked you, or tried to stop you, it wouldn’t allow you to hurt him.

And you realized.

This was where it ended.

Both of you ignored the voice in the intercom as Matt contemplated his next move. Why did he even have to stall? Just activate the alarm already. You waited as he weighed his options. Was he worried you’d stab him as soon as he hit the button? You would rather end your life, than go back to that hell. You didn’t want to be living like this anymore. You couldn’t go back to that cell. To being treated like you were less than fodder. Did he know that?

His footsteps told you that he started to move, but when your eyes shifted up, he was walking towards you. With no will at all, you kept the tip of the blade facing his direction making him grow cautious, but he didn’t change direction. Stop, Matt, STOP! When he was close enough to you, he
got his answer and he knew you wouldn’t be able to hurt him. It was over…you waited for him to detain you, you waited for him to restrain and take you in, but as you waited, something improbable happened. Instead of laying a finger on you, he walked on with a determined look on his face and then … passed you.

You looked at the emergency call button, and saw that it hadn’t been activated and your eyes flooded as you dropped the knife. Matt disappeared around the corner and your knees gave out letting you crumble to the floor against the wall.

Matt was letting you go.

You couldn’t even begin to quiet yourself as you bawled. Didn’t he know what that meant? It was treason. The hurt you experienced couldn’t overshadow the feeling of love and gratitude towards your once-friend. You were on opposite sides now, and you had caused him tremendous pain, but he was going to let you go?

You cried until you were too exhausted to cry anymore. You tried to move again, but your body wouldn’t listen. Another effort to stand let to an accidental push against the gash in your side. It screamed for you to rest, but your mind was begging you to get up. Just a small break. You just needed a small break. Eyes still closed, you felt your hand drop as your body gave out.

Just five minutes.

When you regained consciousness, the lights were dim, the power had shut down to back up power. At least for this side of the Finalizer. Your blurred vision saw someone in front of you but you couldn’t make them out just yet. Their words were soft and they kept tapping your face slightly.

Annoyed, you turned your head, but they were persistent. When you couldn’t take it anymore, you squinted your eyes at your oppressor until your vision started to correct itself and become accustomed to the new lighting. Your eyes widened when the familiar mask came into focus.

“We have to move.”

That was it? That’s all he had to say? Ren grabbed you by the arm and you cried out in pain and clutched to your side when he pulled you up. This wasn’t happening! Rage flooded from your heart and you started to pull away from him, not caring about your wounds. You fought against him even if it was a losing battle.

You were dragged on your feet effortlessly, which infuriated you to no end and you tried to dig your good heel into the ground. Your endeavor worked against you, leading to stumbling and terrible reminder of how ruined your ankle was. The pained feeling of swollen tissue and skin almost made you swoon over. When he tried to continue on, you had had enough and started to shove him away.

“Why! Why is it you!” You screamed and sobbed, “Let me go!”

He ignored you and kept you on your feet going an unknown direction.

“I said let. Me. GO!” Losing all reason, you shouted and screamed and insulted him with promises that you’d rather die than spend another day on this ship as his trophy; as a symbol of his victory over Ziff. Amongst your death threats and declarations against the First order, you ended up shouting out at the top of your lungs the words you never wanted to say.

“I HATE YOU!”

Drawn by your demonstration, two guards had rushed to Kylo Ren to see if he needed aid as you
struggled, but they never even made it to you. There was a quick flash of red, and something flew through the air piercing both of them. They were dead on the ground before they even knew it.

You screamed as the bodies fell on top of each other and you wrung yourself free from Ren and pushed yourself back against a wall sinking to the ground while he retrieved his weapon. Once it was back in his hand, he started making his way back to you. What was going on!? You couldn’t deal with this? What was his endgame? Was he trying to intimidate you? To put you in a false sense of security and then rip apart your trust?

He approached you slowly, with care, his actions, still confusing. Even more so, when he knelt down.

“We need to keep moving. You won’t make the shuttle in time if we don’t.”

Make the shuttle? What was he saying? As in escape? You couldn’t handle this. Again, he tried to get you to your feet, and again you tried to fight him. This was too heartless. Feigning affection? Putting on this act? Your heart burned inside and you shook your head, putting up your arms, defensively. You couldn’t do this again! What was he doing to you? Messing with your mind, your heart. After all the pain he’s put you through, this was the most painful. Did he honestly believe you would fall for this hurtful trick? How could he be so sick?

“You let Ziff die!” You shouted.

“I did.”

“You tortured me!” You were pushing away from him roughly as he tried to get closer.

“Yes.” His hands went up to his mask.

“THEN WHY?! WHY are you doing this!!”

“Because I love you.” He tore of the mask before it could even unlock all the way and tossed it as far as he could.

Face to face.

Whenever he wanted to show you his true feelings he always did it face to face. You both sat there for a moment, each searching each other for the other’s reaction. You shook your head, not believing what you were hearing. You couldn’t! How could you believe this?

“You’re lying.” You cried and wiped your eyes. “This is a trick.”

“Believe what you want,” His voice was gentle, but changed note with his next bit of news, “but we need to keep moving. Security has already been alerted of your disappearance…and your victim.”

“I can’t.” You looked at your ankle and he understood. Repositioning himself, he lifted you up and started carrying you down the dimly lit halls as the ship shook. Whatever was happening, Ren was trying to be quick about it. His strides had picked up the pace, but even then, he seemed as if he was trying to land his steps with caution, preventing you from feeling a shock to your wounds.

As he walked with purpose, you stole glances of the face you thought you’d never see again. You were so tired now, and your exertions in your state of health had already drained you a long time ago. Too fatigued to hate, and too worn down to fight…you didn’t care anymore. You were going to end it, anyways. It didn’t matter if you let your guard down around Ren anymore.
Signs on the wall started to let you know you were nearly to the escape pods. You just had to cross the hangar and get into one and so far, nothing had interrupted the both of you. After he paused before entering the hangar, you let out a sigh of relief seeing it was empty.

He seemed to breath easier as well. The entire time you’d been cradled by him, you could hear his heart. It had been beating as if it was on a timer, but being here, the rate began to slow down. And despite your better judgment, you let it calm you down too.

“I’m going to set you down. Are you ready?”

You were still in disbelief, but as he slowly lowered you down and saw him open up the spherical pod with one hand on the keypad, you dared to hope that this was real. As he inputted coordinates and activated the escape vehicle with you leaning against his other arm, the sound of static reached your ears and you looked over his shoulder as group of stormtroopers entered the hangar.

No, nothing to worry about on this end.

They were on their communicators.

Actually, hang on.

“Commander Ren!”

The leader of the trio started to advance to the both of you, and you went rigid. Ren stepped back, and guided your hand to support yourself along the side of the pod’s entrance. You were to remain quiet. You turned your body to hid the red splotches in the frond of your uniform and looked away as if checking on the pod for inspection.

You could feel perspiration running down the side as you tried to keep your breathing to a minimum volume. You hoped that they’d leave soon. Your body was already starting to sway under the pressure you were putting on your undamaged leg.

“Soldier.”

Alarmed at seeing the Commander without his helmet, he tried to look everywhere else. Unfortunately, everything else included you and you could sense his eyes lingering.

“Uh…” He didn’t know what he was looking at, but his shields had gone up and he approached the situation with care. “Sir, uh…we’re…I’m sorry, is there something you needed?”

“We are under attack by the Resistance, and you’re asking me if I need anything? Get to your post!”

The stormtrooper, feeling ridiculous and slightly afraid, started to apologize for his insubordination.

“You!” He addressed you before turning tail. Most certainly, he was going to call you away, but Ren intervened.

“She’s needed here.”

“She’s needed here.”

“You’ll take your men, and guard the entrance. Let no one through.”

“I’ll take my men, and guard the entrance.” It’s as if the soldier lost his own individual thought or identity and clung to what Ren was telling him. “Let…no one through…”
“Dismised.”

As the leader started to walk towards his men with new orders, one of the troopers seemed alarmed when you had turned to follow the zombified stormtrooper. He saw the blood and understood who you were.

“PRISONER DR-7664!” Without warning, he pulled out his blaster and fired at you. “Step back!”

**Prisoner located! DR-766-**

You saw the light coming at you fast, but Ren reacted faster and you saw the direction of the light beam switch its course in mid air, into the direction of the squad leader, leaving him dead on the ground, while the others were either choked or thrown across the room to the other side. Even though Kylo had reacted quickly, he hadn’t stopped that transmission from going through to central command and before you had time to blink, the alarms were set off and red lights started to flash throughout the hangar.

“Get in.” Ren urged as he unlocked the pod, but seeing you drop slightly he moved to support you.

“But…they reported it.”

Ren didn’t answer this time.

“Ren-Ren you killed *them!*”

Ignoring you, he strapped you into chair and tugged on the belt for good measure. Time was shorter than ever, soon this place would be swarming with stormtroopers, leaving Kylo Ren on his own.

“Why?” This was really happening. No more tricks, no more lies, he was trying to free you? He started to exit the pod, but you unbuckled your safety belts and grabbed his hand, almost mid stumble. This was real! It was really happening! You grabbed his hand and tugged at him to stop.

“Ren…” You tugged at his hand. “If you stay, they’ll kill you too!”

He kept his head turned away from you and you forced him to look at you and it was obvious he was trying to decide. Too much had happened between you both, and time was short. There wasn’t any deep level of understanding, only confusion and desperation. Without thinking, you looked at Ren straight in the eyes and said the same thing Ziff had said to you on the balcony in Kamino.

“Let’s run away.”

You couldn’t him die for you too. The shock on his face was apparent. Those words were the last words he thought he’d ever hear from you.

“Let’s run away!” Was it the fear of loneliness or the understanding that some small part of you did still care for him? “We-we can just leave, no looking back! We don’t have to fight this war!”

You were begging him again, this time to stay. As you ran out of things to bait him with, you were at the end of your time him. Words that were once comprehensible, turned into babbling and eventually fell over each other until Ren shut you up with an embrace. It was unexpected, but you welcomed it and wrapped your arms around him as you buried your face into his chest.

“Come *with* me.” You asked again as the sound of stormtroopers was drawing nearer, waiting for him to respond. "If you meant what you said, then come with me!”
Ren’s hold on you came undone, and he grabbed your hand and put a familiar object in it. Your music player? He had kept it this entire time?

“You’ve chosen your path as I’ve chosen mine.”

It was evident, when you felt his power push you back in the chair and the belts locked you in. He didn’t react when you shouted his name trying to convince him again. As the door closed with Ren on the outside, through the window, you were able to see troopers begin to fill the hangar. But whatever happened next, you couldn’t see. With one final look from a man you couldn’t understand, Ren set the pod into lightspeed and the Finalizer and the First Order were gone.

It was over. Before the pod had shot straight into hyperspace, you were able to glimpse a quick look at how badly the destroyer was. It would survive, but the Resistance Pilots seemed to have known which spots would affect the ship’s power the most. They had had help. You didn’t know if it was by Ren’s or Ziff’s hands, but they had helped.

It took a while for you to feel at peace, but when it came, so did the death of what aderenalie was keeping you temporarily pain free. Adjusting yourself a bit, you made your position comfortable and trusted that Ren had taken care of everything. While you closed your eyes and felt the rumble of the escape pod, you let yourself finally rest. You’d deal with your turmoil of emotions the next day. If your pod crashed, you took solace in the fact that you were no longer under the thumb of the First Order. And if you survived, you’d break out of the pod completely transformed and new, making an impossible promise that you’d find Ben again and change his mind.

Chapter End Notes

I really wanted someone to battle cry "I AM A CATERPILLAR”. Haha.

Also, the only reason this fic even started in my head was because of the end scene that i thought of first, where he ships reader away ha.

The only reason why there are 25+chapters is so Ren could shove reader in a ball and sens her away, yay love spread out through the stars! Now go chase it. (Not the end!)
Time Goes On

Chapter Summary

One year later...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 27

Time Goes On

You heard a tapping noise on damaged, but not yet shattered glass. You ignored it. You were too tired, and the blood loss didn’t help your sleepy state. Hoping the person would give up and leave, you turned your head to your side. The tapping turned to banging and the pod began to flash warning lights and bold angry fonts. You looked at the blurred vision of the man’s figure. Where were you?

A Pod? You remembered.

You were in an escape shuttle, all weight pulling you back, telling you the shuttle had landed poorly. You opened your eyes to find yourself on your back in the chair, facing up at the opening of the pod. The landing was a mess. Something had happened with the hyperspace function and you weren’t able to make a proper landing. Shifting in your seat, you tried to move, but you were too weak and the pain in your side had started to smell foul. How long have you been in here? Another urgent noise started to blare, notifying you that oxygen functions had also deteriorated.

The words he shouted were muffled by the damaged glass and his mask, but his intentions were clear.

“We’ll get you out!”

You should have been hysterical, but your body was being taken over by so many factors. You were so tired and your eyelids already started to droop. The man at the window started to try and break through the glass but you were already gone. Your eyes shut as the man pulled off his mask and screamed, telling you to stay away but you were gone. Your last thoughts made your heart skip when you saw his face.

“Ziff…”

A year had gone by since then.

You sat in your room as you went over some files concerning the best outposts for new Resistance bases and best sky formations with the fighters they were dealt with. Who would have guessed that you did indeed make a good strategist? General Hux was right. As you replayed the viddies over and over, you rubbed your eyes, frustrated that you couldn’t recognize the pattern yet.

Deciding to give yourself a break, you pulled up reports of the face of the First Order. More attacks on homes, more devastation, more death, let by the hand of the person who had saved you. You
stared at the newest viddie captured by a running refugee and zoomed in on the man robed in black as he was followed by white-armored troopers destroying the village, wondering how you could sway him. Unlike his attacks in the past that seemed to have purpose, these were all random. It wasn’t like him. Losing yourself, you began scribbling all over a worn page in your notes, until you threw it across the floor, barely missing a very young girl who had entered your room.

“Jaira!” You scolded her for not announcing she was there, knowing full well it was your fault. You quickly closed the screen. “Are you all right?”

Ignoring your stern tone use for her name, she jumped on your bed and crawled beside you as you scooted to the side, and grumbling here and there about her messing up your files, but deep down, knowing you didn’t mind.

Moving more of your items on the bed to make room for herself, the girl stretched out her arm to show off scars left by medical injections. She had been very sick a couple of years ago, but luckily, the Resistance had gotten a shipment of supplies. They said it was like a miracle. You looked at the scars lovingly; she’d never know how hard it was to get that medicine to her.

“I can’t get it to play.” Jaira handed over your old music player. She was fascinated by how old it was and, over time, borrowing became possessing. It hurt to look at it, so you didn’t mind not having it around anymore. She called your music, old and ah-jed, a result of her efforts saying aged. A word that she had gotten from her mother.

When you had been ushered into a very sad excuse for an infirmary, the very opposite of the well-stocked and spacious ward on the *Finalizer*, after a few days of resting, Jaira’s mother had come in to your little cubicle, separated by tattered curtains with a smiling little girl, dark skin and impossibly huge eyes. It took one look, and Jaira’s mother, unable to say anything that could match the gratefulness of a mother’s love just threw her arms around you and cried and cried and cried. Word of Ziff’s sacrifice had not gone unnoticed. In the end, he was an outstanding hero, who would always be loved. Even if he’d never know it.

On the day of his death, he had sent a transmission to the Resistance base on D’Qar, *not* Hoth, the base was never on Hoth, which led you to realize that Ren had either been unable to read Ziff’s mind, or…he had lied to Cal-Zorok. Ziff’s transmission urged General Organa to save an invaluable asset to the Resistance and in doing so, would gain a substantial upper hand on the First Order. So Ziff had planned this from the start… was that why he had told you to be strong? Because help was coming, but instead you had cried and blubbered like a baby.

“ Aren’t you going to eat?” Jaira asked as you started to fiddle with your player, blowing in the areas prone to gather sand and dust before turning it off and on.

“I have a lot of work to do, Jaira.” You kissed her forehead before handing back the device. Without hesitating, she slipped on the listening device and played it. The girl looked at you doubtfully and started to slowly slide off the bed, slow to the point where she was thinking of ways to get you to go.

“Momma says it’s because you don’t like people getting close.”

“Oh?” You sniffed at the observation.

“Momma says you have poster tram attic dress sin drums.” She planted both feet on the ground. “It’s why you always wake up sweaty and screaming and crying-”

You laughed loudly to drown out her words, “Your momma talks a *lot!*”
“Momma says you’ll die alone if-” She paused and her face made a cringing look and asked you for the definition of the most crudest word you imagined a little girl would say.

“Jaira!” You were red-faced and horrified. “Who taught you that word!”

Your tone was more serious this time and it did elicit growing tears in her eyes, unsure of what she did that was so wrong.

“It’s in the song-“

Your face paled and you snatched the music player. You hadn’t deleted any of the graphic songs you’d listened to when you were still in the First Order. Apologizing and consoling the girl so she wouldn’t cry, you started to delete the obscene artists and songs in your inventory and purifying it.

“Don’t cry! Don’t cry! Okay!” You pinched her cheeks harder than necessary making her wail. “If I go out, you won’t cry, right? And you won’t tell momma that word?”

You were in the clear as she quickly forgot your misplaced anger when you gave back the music player.

The little girl nodded and even promised to stay with you if you went with her outside, but the traitorous thing abandoned you first moment she got when she caught sight of a charmingly rogue man who was walking around with a food serving. As Jaira tugged at his hand, you patted her back to make her go easy on the poor man who was now the center of her attention.

“Poe.”

“She pulled you out again, huh?” He smiled and gave an remorseful look for stealing your companion.

“Mm-hmm!”

“Hey, great job with the detailing. My team was able to get out of there before it got too heated. You’re the best-”

As Jairi tugged him towards the fire where a circle of acquaintances and would be friends awaited, the site made you uncomfortable. It shouldn’t have. There were people of all different types of backgrounds. Even an ex-stormtrooper, so you’ve heard. But just the thought of getting close to someone again…Jairi and her mother were different, you felt responsible for them after Ziff had…departed. And, besides, the girl would never leave you alone. But Poe Dameron?

Even from the first day you had mistaken him for Yolo, whenever you saw him, he reminded you, painfully, of Ziff. You couldn’t even look at him most of the time. The same hopeful look, the ridiculously charming smile, and even the same cocky attitude that made you want to slap him, it was all too much to bear. It was the successful version of Ziff. It was the side that always confidence but also the luck and achievements to back it up.

Seeing you shift uncomfortably, he politely offered you to join him and his…friends. You thought about it for an awkwardly long time, before deciding that no, thank you, what a kind offer, but you were not planning on staying out too long. Too many charts to read, and codes to break down and the scouting preparations, oh goodness, the scouting preparations. No, maybe another time…

After a long list of excuses, you saw him get pulled away to an inviting fire surrounded by laughter and unity. Aliens, human, masked and unmasked, armored…and naked? How does that thing walk around like that?
Sighing, you walked a ways off near the edge of the camp. You would have gone to your room, but that monster was eyeing you with a glare that said, ‘go into your room, and I’ll tell momma the word.’, brat. Jaira’s done it before, too.

It’s not like you wanted to be alone, it just felt so much safer. More for them, than you. And if they had known that you were the cause of so many people dying on the Finalizer, how would they react? And what if something were to happen to them? And even Jairi? You couldn’t ever face Ziff again in the afterlife. No, better keep a safe distance. Looking at the circle of friends, you took your draw and walked off.

You had found a nice quiet place and started to sit down when you noticed that another lone figure was already there sitting on the ground against a wall and eating his own meal in peace. Peace, which you blatantly interrupted without noticing.

“I’m sorry!” You tripped over your feet as you backed up. “I didn’t see you. You blend in the shadows…so well. Not because you’re dirty or…” You kept on making uncomfortable comparisons.

Leon Bos was a strange man. Quiet, closed off, just like you. He never took off of his mask, even as he was eating right now, he took off the mouth area, rather than giving his head a break. You often wondered, how sweaty it got underneath and how foggy the eye guards must have gotten.

He had shown up six months ago, injured across his breathing apparatus and several appendages. He was found on a random info-gathering mission, and brought back. Another victim of the First Order.

The man had taken residence in a small two-leveled bunker at the edge of the base, nearer to the older setups that had been abandoned for the newer side. No one minded or paid him enough attention, but it was unnerving at times when the man would silently sometimes decide to join the main area of the social group. It was always a surprise when he chose to mingle.

Leon was always quiet, but when he did speak, his voice was distorted through a voice scrambler. You could tell he was human. Whatever the reason, he never spoke much, and you wondered how you never seemed to piss him off when you would accidentally run into him. On such occasions, you would ramble about the most awkward things, hoping to distract from the circumstances. You’re pretty sure that you used the phrase booty call, but you couldn’t remember clearly. How had he not killed you yet? You realized that more than half the time you were spouting out nonsense, but strangely enough, he didn’t seem to mind it. In fact, he seemed to enjoy your ramblings.

“Sorry, I didn’t realize anyone…was…” You looked around and saw another dark and brooding-like wall on the other side of camp, “I’ll go to-”

Leo made a very slight move to the side. So slight, you weren’t even sure he did it, but as you stood there waiting, you realized he had ‘moved’ so you could sit down. Minding your step and squinting to see if anything was on your seat of dirt, besides dirt, you finally found a spot that wasn’t damp, or bumpy and sat yourself down. Maybe even too close to the man. You didn’t consider the distance until you both were already touching arms. Your mind started going into overdrive. Should you stay? But that was awkward. Should you move slightly away? But what if he gets offended? Thinking so much made your head hurt, so you just settled for staying put as you slurped your drink…a few moments later you sputtered, when the man unexpectedly spoke.

“Wouldn’t you prefer to be surrounded by friends.” His voice had a bit of a flanging quality like it vibrated through the air. All thanks to the ring around his throat. It was of a cheaper quality, but better this voice than none.

“I wouldn’t call them friends.” You set down your drink, and began to play with your food or fiddle
with your gloves. Gloves you wore to hide the crude habit that you never got rid of. Even after you’d been liberated. Instead of wall scratching, you had begun to scratch the top of your hands, resulting in very scarred tissue or bleeding wounds. “Possible friends, but, no…we’re not.”

“Why?”

You were taken aback by his blatant question but decided to answer it anyways. “Because to be friends, you have to get to know someone. I don’t take the time to do that…”

“So you don’t want to get to know them.”

“I-” You stuttered over your words as he asked his more than over the line questions. You barely knew him, so why was he being so invasive? You started to scratch through the thin fabric of your gloves. “I don’t not want to get to know them.”

“Then why hide away?”

“I just have to...not be so close to them. I’m not hiding, if anything, you’re hiding.”

“Choosing to be alone and having to be alone are very different things.” He argued. “Why do you ‘have’ to be alone?”

“Because I can’t let them get close-” You felt a dampening sensation on the top of your gloves and you knew you had dug so deep a scab had ripped letting the familiar liquid starting to ooze through the gloves. You just wanted him to stop talking and decided to use the shock factor. “Last time I got too close to someone, they died. People who just said hello to me died. So no, you’re right, I don’t want to be alone, I have to be alone. You bastard. I hope you choke on your dinner.”

It was a harsh and petty victory, but you managed to shut him up. As you gathered your things, you clicked your tongue and muttered very quickly, “Actually, please don’t choke, I don’t know how to do that stomach-hug thing.” Then, hurriedly, you started to walk away without dusting off your rear.

What a rude man! You had found another bunker to lean against, on the outside, dimly lit by an orange light. Food completely forgotten, you had begun to aggravate the bleeding sores on your hand. Sniffling here and there, you also occasionally wiped your eyes. Angry tears were trying to gather and it just made you even angrier. Where did he find the gall to ask you about this?

So consumed with shame and anger, you didn’t realize he had followed you to ‘your side’ of the camp. In your mind, you thought it’d be like when Jairi played with the droids. ‘This side of the room is your side, this side of the room is mind’. So why was he on your side. Certainly, you hadn’t expected him to come over and you grew alarmed when he knelt in front of you, making you back up. He was making you feel more and more uncomfortable the longer you interacted with him. Just when you couldn’t take it anymore, he spoke first.

“Me too.”

“Huh?”

“Someone got hurt because of me. Someone very special to me.”

So he had lost someone too. Your heart softened as you both found some common ground towards each other. He pulled something out of a side satchel that hung on his lower waist and pulled out some sort of packet and while he made himself more comfortable and sat down completely on the ground facing you, you felt your guard heighten. His hand moved towards yours a bit too quickly, and protectively, you moved them away. His movements stopped, but he continued more slowly to
“Advance until he got to them.”

“You snorted, making him freeze.

“Sorry, I...I heard those words before. Or ones like that. And…”

You were going to leave it there, but he waited for you to finish before continuing his own work.

“They lied and I got hurt. Pretty bad.”

This time, he took off his gloves, making them look less intimidating and held them up to show you before carefully pulling off yours off to inspect the damage. So he had seen you scratching. It wasn’t a pretty sight, skin peeling and scabs trying and failing to heal again. Feeling slightly exposed, you made an effort to pick up your gloves, but Leon ripped a packet of medi-gel with his teeth and a small first aid kit with only essentials fell onto his, what ever that was, a black poncho, that had begun to rest on this lap and picked up a sanitizer.

“Is that person okay, now?” You asked. “The one who got hurt?”

He shook his head. “She’s…no.”

“…I’m sorry.” You said, genuinely.

Squeezing out a generous amount of medi-gel, he started to spread it over the irritated skin and immediately, you began to feel the cooling effect. He pulled some wraps that rested on his lap and started to wrap one hand after the other. For a man who was so closed off from everyone and look tall and scary as hell, he was actually very sweet.

“It was impolite of me to ask questions.” He started to pack up his kit, rolling up the unused straps of fabric and picking up any debris before he stood up. “If you want to choose being unhappy, it’s your choice.”

“Choice?” You felt as if you didn’t hear correctly. His voice was so flat, your mind blanked until the initial shock of his words passed over you as he continued.

“I chose to be alone because I enjoy it. And in some ways, it’s my atonement.” How could he say these things so coolly? You were still too flabbergasted at the change in direction his words had taken. Instead of bonding with him, he was digging the trench. “You, you choose to be miserable.”

Was he trying to console you or insult you? After seeing your confusion, he added.

“You act like you have to be alone, but that’s not true. You have much self-pity. So much that you drown in it. You’re miserable. But it is your choice.”

“I’m not miserable.” You said angrily and stood up to look him in the eyes but you might as well have been a tooke staring down a wookie. This man was tall. “I’m not! Don’t tell me how I feel!”

“You barely eat, you don’t celebrate, and your only friend is a little girl.”

You didn’t even know this guy, and here he was spouting out nonsense. Who was he to tell you how you felt? He didn’t know you, understand you, he didn’t even know what you’ve been through. Your blood was boiling.

“Thanks for the…bandages!” Over your limit you shoved passed him and trudge along to your
room, having had enough mingling for one night. After you had told him something so personal, that was how he chose to act? Feeling slighted, you hurried back to your bunker and slammed the door realizing you had interrupted a quiet moment with the General and young woman with a peculiar hairstyle.

“Sorry, I…”

“Don’t be, she was just about to leave. Thank you, Rey.” The two exchanged a few more words before the girl exited the makeshift foyer that would lead to other rooms divided into at least eight. “You look terrible.”

“I’m just tired…” Seeing that you weren’t going to get let off easily, you walked over to the General and sat down on a low chair nearest to her.

Out of everyone here in the camp, out of all those members that gave you cautious glances or kept their distance because of your ties to the Order, Lady Organa had tried to learn very odd things about you. She had been the one that stayed by your bedside when you had been found days later after your pod had crashed, and ordered that you be kept alive no matter how many resources of their limited stock was used. When others had questioned why you weren’t going through the system with interrogation, her word was law and you had been given clearance. Cleared of any suspicion, of any espionage charges, she had trusted you from the beginning and in turn, they had trusted her.

Keeping you alive was the least of odd things she did around you. She tried to get to know you on a level more personal than a soldier and a leader. Borderline friendship and for lack of a better term, motherly. On a few occasions in passing, if you were to sneeze or cough, she looked at you, alarmed. At first, you thought maybe she wanted to keep away fearing, compromises to her immune system, but she would show up later that night, at the door to your room with basic medical supplies and an immune booster. It baffled you the first time. Why should she care if you got sick? By the eighth time, you almost had started looking forward to it even though you knew it felt like a very awkward situation for you.

“You’re not going to celebrate? Today was a very big day for us. No casualties on our side.”

You bit back your response and just stayed quiet. It had been a year since you pulled away from the First Order, but you still felt tied to it. You’d believed everything they said about change and had clung to every word given by Snoke since birth. Hearing them have victory over your old comrades still felt wrong to you. Rather than comment on how you really felt, you bottled it up.

“No.” Slouching in the chair you watched as Organa took the chair across from you. “I have stuff to research and simulations to run through…no time for friends.”

The word was drawn out too slowly, and you regretted the sour note it sang when you said it. You didn’t mean for it to sound so painful, but it happened. Averting your eyes, you focused on the heater that had started up again with a red glow after the low temperature triggered its sensors.

“I know it’s still hard for you to lower your guard down,” You flinched slightly when she took your hands, making you increasingly conscious of the wounds you had torn open under the gloves. Ignoring the fresh pain, you listened to her words as the poured out. “Whatever happened to you on that ship, there’s no one here that would ever hurt or mutilate you like that again.”

You winced at the term to describe what had happened to your body, you couldn’t even look at yourself in the mirror anymore. Cal-Zorok had left your face unscarred, but the damage everywhere else was horrific. You had heard the doctors had described the state of your physical damage as a rough comparison to a bloody slab of meat at a butcher’s shop. Even though Cal-Zorok was dead, he
made damn sure you’d always remember him. But it wasn’t just that…you’ve already been through this once tonight, you didn’t want to talk about it again. Feigning fatigue more obvious than needed, you lifted yourself up and headed towards your

“You have to know that whatever happened to Ziff, it wasn’t your fault. Ziff chose his path. We warned him against it and he went anyways, knowing that there was a chance he wouldn’t come back, and what happened to those people wasn’t your fault either.”

She wanted you to repeated it, but you didn’t. You couldn’t.

“That idiot may have rushed in, but he accomplished a lot. He got us supplies, Maz…” She paused before adding, “and you. Don’t waste the second chance because you’re scared of getting hurt, or hurting other people.”

You ran a hand over your face to hide your emotions. “I think I should go rest. Excuse me, General.”

As you started walking away, Organa shouted back, “Tomorrow, there’s going to be a scavenger team. Why don’t you go out with them? And try to make…acquaintances, at least.”

The situation was far from desirable, but feeling like you owed her, you gave a small ‘maybe’ before locking yourself up in your room and turned on your datapad to check any recent reports or information regarding Kylo Ren who was taking the offense side a galaxy away. Viddie after viddie…what was he doing?

After the loneliness set in, you looked through the small window in your room and opened it to get a better view of the sky, here and there catching a few stars streaking across before they burned out, wondering if the man who was far from your person, but not far from your heart, was looking at the stars too.

Chapter End Notes

Deep down we all know...

Also, was debating starting up from the time she opened the pod...but...blah, I wanted to jumpstart it haha. And another version, Leon Bos, enter new character, was going to be buddies from the get go, but I settled for this instead. Budding friendship! She needs a friend. Ha.
This Is Why!

Chapter 28

This was a mistake.

This was a huge mistake.

At the suggestion of General Organa, you had signed up for a scavenging team. She had said team. A team is at least three or more. So why the hell were you ‘paired’, paired meaning ‘two’, with the inconsiderate asshole who offended you the night before? You were standing next to Leon Bos, far from happy with the arrangement and your face was showing it.

The leader was breaking up the group in pairs. Panic had set in when you counted the group’s uneven total. You tried your best, you really did, but being the only one who hadn’t forged any relationship, you found yourself the odd man out. One by one, potential partners had disappeared. The dark skinned guy to your right had headed straight for the girl with the strange hair beside him, even the gold droid had been taken. And no one ever wanted to be coupled with him.

Maybe it was his OCD tendencies or the limited supply of comm-links, the head of the group wanted pairs ‘only’, rather than let you join another group of two as an embarrassing third wheel. And who, out of all the people on base would decide to stroll out in the side view of the team leader?

Fucking Leon Bos.

So here you were, standing in the shade of the man you had told to choke and die. Neither of you said anything as the leader sent lists of items you’d be looking for to your compact system that was strapped to Leon Bos’s wrist. One person from each team would have this ensuring at least someone has a connection and locator in case of emergency.

Always looking away, you barely heard the warnings and precautions given by the instructor. How could this have started off already so wrong? The foul mood above your head was growing into a storm, and so far, nothing was going to quell it, so you might as well bear it until the day was over.

“Look,” You still didn’t turn to him, “We don’t like each other, but this is what we got stuck with, so let’s just…carry on, and then after this is done, we don’t have to talk to each other.”

You didn’t even wait for him to answer. As soon as the sign was given, you started to trudge off infront of him as the group while pairs started to split apart from you, picking up plants or whatever native things you could hold easily on the list.
The canyon was also somewhat of a ship graveyard due to its past of being old racing grounds. It wasn’t dangerous, at least not in the predator department. However, environment-wise, there were weak ground spots. The ground was less stable, and could cave into the area’s tunnel system. But even then, there were ways around it if you just paid attention. Lighter patches of dirt where areas were warning signs to stay away.

You kept your pace up, intentionally, trying to add more steps between you and your partner. You didn’t want to be around him, but his stride was farther than yours. You were already exhausted, and after a few hours, to your dismay, he had stayed close behind without breaking a sweat. You threw off your pack after you felt the last of your stamina deplete and sat down in the shade when you finally found some. Panting, and sweaty, you wiped your face with your sleeves as best you could and tried to search your pack for some water. Water that you realized you didn’t pack. Opening and closing your mouth to gather up some moisture, you gave yourself a hell of a beating in your mind for not bringing something so essential.

And you just burned yourself out trying to separate yourself from him…

Leon sat himself behind you and started to rummage through his own pack while you looked at him, enviously, through the corner of your eye when he brought out a cold looking canteen. Your look of envy turned into a slight begging and pleading one, but when you felt it setting in, you turned your head. You were not going to ask for his help.

Not wanting to think of your parched mouth, you looked at a path that had been undisturbed. Maybe you’d be able to find some plants or mineral deposits there. Maybe even scrounge up some parts from damaged transporters.

“Hey!”

You looked in the direction of the voice to see a pair coming towards you. One of the resistance members named had called out to you and Leon, one girl and a boy… what was her name… Jenna, Jessa…

She came up to you with more energy than you had to spare, “Mind if Bastion an’ I sit here with you? Need a break.”

Maybe it was the lack of exertion talking, but as soon as she sat down, your heart started to beat furiously, when you nodded. Judging by her appearance, she was the same age as you, the missions she’d been on were a high successful rate, and from you gathered by how she had responded to your orders when giving a short briefing before setting out practicing your new formations, she didn’t mind that you were a past member of the First Order.

A chance! She seemed like someone nice to be friends with. A smug look that lasted for only a second swept over your face as you stole a very quick glance to Leon. You were going to prove him wrong.

“It’s…” What to say? “It’s really warm today!”

Such a novice thing to say…

The girl smiled and agreed, “I’m Jessika.”

Jessika! That was her name. You almost stuttered yours out when she held out a hand to shake it. They signed up on this scavenging team because they’d lost a bet and even though the circumstances were far from ideal, with every new fact you learned about her or every skin deep detail you
divulged about yourself, you were happy to realize the conversation was maintaining pleasantries. It’d been a while since you were able to talk about something other than toys, and having someone with a larger span of vocabulary than a seven-year-old was flexing your social skills.

Most days at base were spent prepping and planning, and finally presenting the next way how to take down. Those were really the only times you actually spoke, nothing along the lines of socially. As a bit of time passed, you saw Leon Bos checking the surroundings, while Jessika’s own partner kept his distance.

“We should go.” Jessika’s partner said, agitatedly.

When she looked at him, you saw a quick exchange, but she conceded by getting up and you followed her lead. You wouldn’t have thought anything of it, but Jessika’s small facial expressions were telling him to back off. A warning. Her friend let out an unhappy grunt, like a scolded child. It was more hostile than irritated which took you by surprise. He seemed upset with you, specifically, which suddenly explained why he had been keeping his distance. Not for scouting out the surroundings, but to keep clear of you.

“Do you have a problem?”

The words didn’t tumble out of your mouth, which made you freeze, they came from Bos.

“Yeah, actually I do.” Bastion gave you a disgusted look, which confused you to no end. More than that, it stung. “How does it feel to be around First Order trash?”

You were so stunned, you couldn’t even reply. Where did this come from?

“Baston!” Jessika looked at you apologetically, but he didn’t stop there.

“Stop it Jess, you don’t know what’s she’s done. You’ve never seen the warehouse tapes.”

Warehouse tapes?

“There are more people than just her that turned from the First Order.” Bos stepped in front of you when Bastion started to advance in your direction. “Organa trusts her.”

“Uh-huh, well, when she helps take down a freaking starkiller like them, then I’ll trust her.” Bastion took a step, but Bos was quick enough to shove him back.

“Stand down.”

“Or what?”

“I said, stand down.” Being an entire head taller, Bos was a fight best thought about twice and judging by Bastion’s silence, he was thinking more than that.

“What tapes?” You said almost too scared to ask.

“Kylo Ren’s pet. Does that make you remember anything?” Bastion looked at you with complete judgment as you stopped breathing. “Ziff was never good with completely covering his tracks. He was never good at picking the right people to trust, either.”

The last time you heard that term was on Kamino when you’d been kidnapped.

“Well, if you kept watching, those mercenaries were mistaken.” Your face was turning red with embarrassment, as Jessika tried to pull him away.
“All I know is that my buddy Ziff is dead, and you’re alive, so what does that say about you?”

“I-” You shouted. “I’m trying to help!”

“We don’t need your help, and we don’t want it!”

You felt your eyes watering, what the hell? You were just trying to do the best you could and you were getting criticized. This asshole didn’t know what you went through! What you suffered before you escaped, how torn you were about deciding what side to be on, walking away from everything you had been taught and fed since birth, he’d never know how you were tortured for mentally and physically for going against them. He didn’t know!

“I didn’t realize…there were uglier people in the Resistance. You’re just as bad as some in the First Order, if not worse.”

“I’m worse? Really? I’m not the one that has a fucking lightsaber scar. Two of them.” He saw your mouth drop open. “Yeah, word gets around. And injuries like that aren’t easy to shut up about.”

Damn it, you eyes were making it rain and you turned to walk away, your face burning from his words, “Fuck you!”

“Fuck me? Fuck you!” Bastion yelled out until he spat. “Actually, why don’t you go back to the First Order to spread your legs for Kylo fucking Ren, you slu-!”

He never had a chance to finish his sentence or what other insults he had lined up, Leon Bas had hurled his fist straight into the other man’s jaw, however you were already walking fast in the opposite direction that you missed the actually moment of contact, but his curses traveled to your ears quick enough to turn for a short second seeing Bastion a good few feet away from where he’d been standing, on the floor touching his jaw. Jessika was already at his side.

Damn it. In front of a potential friend, too. Your face heated up again, even hotter this time, your mind running through the possible thoughts starting up. And if Bastion had seen those tapes, what about the tapes in the elevator?

Unable to walk anymore and far from the view and earshot of the others, you took a deep breath before bending over and letting out a tremendous cry. Anger, frustration, hurt, embarrassment. You cried it all out. You were upset, and tried to find someone to blame this on. Organa? Fine. She was the one who had insisted on this stupid friend-making exhibition. And why the hell did Bos have to deck the guy? As appreciative as you were, did he always burst out like that? The man was a menace! What would have happened if you had lost it last night? Would he have punched you?

“That man is insane.” It’d be best to head back to the base. And maybe just hide out in your room for the rest of the week…or month…And definitely stay away from Leon Bos. “That guy’s an animal! Because of what he did we might get latrine duty. Doesn’t he think?! Who hits people like that! Psycho!”

Said Psycho…

You turned behind you and became alarmed! Running towards you with incredible speed and purpose was Leon Bos.

Oh, shit!

Did he hear you?! No…Impossible.
You stood up straight and shielded your eyes from a setting sun that was right behind him. His speed was abnormal and...increasing! You were going to stand your ground, but as he came closer, he started shouting something incoherent at you and stretched his hand out. He was yelling at you! He was mad! Terror gripped your heart as courage fled, and you took off the other way.

“Get away!” You screamed at the frightening image of him chasing you. “I didn’t mean it! I swear I didn’t mean it!”

He was too angry, too fast, and too damn tall! He was going to overtake you, and you could swear that you were running in slow motion. Now was not the time for your mind to be playing tricks on you!

A glance behind you turned into a full body turn to see his hand in front of your face, horror horror horror! This was it! This was the end! Just as your mind was screaming that, your footing slipped and your heard a cracking sound. Cracking? In a very short second you found yourself...shrinking? No, not shrinking, you were falling!

The tunnels! Looking at the different colored ground collapse, you were able to connect the dots. So stupid! He wasn’t trying to run you to the ground, he was trying to get you away from it. And down you went as Leon Bos grabbed your hand trying to pull you out, instead, he was lucky enough to get pulled down with you.

This was the worst possible thing that could happen on this excursion. As you both tumbled down, you swore NEVER AGAIN, would you let an old lady talk you into making friends.

Chapter End Notes

Whheeeeee!
Night Terrors

Chapter Summary

Alone time is bonding time

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for all your comments and devotion. I can't believe there are still people reading this, it makes me so happy! We're nearing the end soon! Thank you everyone. Bear with these ridiculous plots for a while longer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29
Night Terrors

Son of a bitch.

You weren’t planning on opening your eyes, but flashes of red painting the back of your eyelids caused you to stir. When you finally did take a look at your surroundings, you wish you had kept them closed. This was rock bottom, literally. You felt as if you were lying on hard rock. You were groggy after the fall, but you tried hard to revitalize yourself in order to assess the situation.

It was dark, but the light coming from above was bright enough to illuminate the majority of the cave. You took a moment to stand up and look at the entrance, which was right above you. The drop was too far up and steep to climb, but thankfully not too far for serious injury if you rolled away, though how you walked away without any was surprising. Maybe your body had went limp? That must have been what had happened. You began to dust yourself off, but the same red flash that had woken you lit up the cave and for a moment you saw stars.

You squinted, as the light receded, your eyes following it to a very quiet Leon Bos who had his arms folded, attached to one, a very broken looking comm-link that was flashing red. The sight of him made you jump.

“Are you all right?” You asked as you dragged yourself towards him.

“No thanks to you.”

You froze in your tracks.

“It’s not my fault! You charged at me! What kind of person rushes at someone? If you needed to get my attention, you could have just called out.”

“By dumb luck, you didn’t fall from where you were standing. Also, I had shouted out to you several times before ‘rushing’ you. You were sobbing so loudly.”

You choked a bit and no longer had any desire to advance towards him. Screw him! You walked
back to your side of the cave and shouted. “Just get someone on the communicator so they can get us out!”

“Damaged.” He threw the thing at you, to prove his words. The screen was broken, but it still had a red light emitting from it. “You broke it when your huge ass landed on my wrist.”

Your eyes narrowed at his comment.

“The emergency beacon works, but knowing their protocol, they won’t send anyone out at night. It’s safer to work in the day.”

“That’s stupid.” You muttered. “What if one of us was dying?”

“If only.”

“The feeling is mutual!” You hissed before laying down and turning your back to him. “We’ll just wait in silence until help comes. How’s that?”

He didn’t say anything, which only made you madder.

“FINE!” You answered for the both of you and tucked an arm underneath your head for a pillow.

This was the worse! How could this have happened…If this is what happens when you tried to make friends on this stupid planet then you’d rather be alone. Ugh, what would people think if everyone in camp knew you’d slept with Commander Ren? Just the thought of it was enough to make your heart spike up at a dangerous speed. It wasn’t long until you started feeling the anxiety build up into suffocating levels. Would more people think that you were untrustworthy? If they kicked you out so much would be a waste…everything you’d been through, and Ziff…what he did just to get you out of there…you covered your face trying to hide even further away from the world.

If only it’d go away.

“Was he any good?”

You stiffened. His question confused you, but when you understood what he was asking, you curled into yourself. “None of your damn business.”

Not the best of responses to someone who ran around hitting people, but you were upset. Let him throw his tantrum, you were going to sulk. Judging him based on what little information you had, you expected him to get angry, or furious, but he chuckled. His sudden change was so unexpected, that you turned your head slowly, to get a better view, but the moment had passed as soon as it had started.

“What?” you asked angrily.

“You’re not as quiet as I thought you’d be.”

You rested your head back down, realizing he was right. Around the camp, your answers were quiet and short. You didn’t go out, and even when you were with Jaira, it was a fake happiness, or a temporary one at best. Were you like a robot to them? Did they think that you didn’t care about the Resistance? Could that be why you were being targeted by jerks like Bastion?

“I like it.”

“WHAT?!?”
“When you get angry. I like it.” He added, “You never showed emotion. I thought you were a robot.”

“I’m NOT A ROBOT.”

“I can see that.”

You huffed. He liked it when you got angry? Is that why he kept taunting you? On purpose too. You were so upset right now the blood in your veins were pounding, and the noise was already drowning out your thoughts. Who in their right mind goaded people? Bullies. That’s who. One moment he was doing something sweet, borderline crazy, then the next he was saying things like ‘if only’ one of us were dead, or talking about your ass breaking the stupid communicator…

A moment of insecurity, and you moved your hand to your hip, wanting to move it to measure your rear. How much weight had you gained since the First Order…not a lot to break…okay, at a certain angle, you guessed that maybe it was possible that you could have broken it. But shit, if it was your ass, his hand shouldn’t have been there.

“Can we just stay quiet for-”

“Everyone chose to join the Resistance.”

He’s not going to shut up. You ran a hand over your face and sat up, crossing your legs to get comfortable. “What are you talking about?”

“You’re afraid of letting people in, you don’t want it to be your fault if they get hurt?”

Not this again. Looking at him with an irate glare, you let him continue as he started to pull out emergency supplies from his bag to set up a compact heater. You hadn’t realized how cold you were until the warm red glow started to fill the space you both occupied. It was welcoming, and appreciated, unlike his commentary, but he either didn’t realize or he didn’t care how wound up you were and carried on.

“But you are a formation coordinator.”

“Yes…”

“Wouldn’t you feel bad if they get hurt on a mission?”

“Of course I would. I’m supposed to give them a plan so nothing bad happens.”

“But if something goes wrong, you must know it’s not your fault.”

“Yes it-”

“It’s always going to be a risk. You said people died because of you? For being around you? Yet, you weren’t the one that ordered their deaths.”

“But…if they never…”

“Never said ‘hello’? Impossible to avoid.” He said mockingly. “If the next mission goes wrong should you get buried by regret ‘If only I did this, if only I did that’? The burden isn’t yours alone, so don’t carry the blame yourself.”

You had no words as his sunk in. There were things you couldn’t control…no matter how badly you wanted to control them. The fact that he had been dwelling on something you had said the night
before was curious. Was he…trying to comfort you? Maybe he really wasn’t as bad…

“However, I think you’re arrogant to think it’s your fault.”

Noope.

“I’m going to sleep!” And very childishly, you pouted and shouted back. “Stay on your side of the hole!”

What he had said wasn’t wrong…but you didn’t want to admit he was right. He was the last person you’d want to give praise to. Maybe afterwards when you stopped hating him. You could bear to look at him. You thought about all the interaction you’d had with him so far, and realized he wasn’t too bad of a person. Maybe he was just socially awkward? But that conclusion was also confusing. Everything about him was confusing. He had said before that he liked being alone, but here he was trying to make conversation with you.

“Um…” You didn’t turn around, “Thanks for punching him.”

He didn’t answer right away and slowly decided how to respond, but the answer he chose was not comforting at all.

“I like the feeling of breaking bones.”

That was why he hit him? Rather than hurt your head trying to figure out how to counter his reasoning, you curled your body together, protectively, and shut your eyes. Leon Bos was such a strange man. However, you did manage to chuckle a bit while imagining the look on a person’s face if he asked what his top favorite things were. They’d probably kick him out.

“Your social skills are terrible.”

You heard him shift.

Then he shifted again…

And again?

Was he uncomfortable?

“Do you think they’re terrible?” He asked.

“Yes!”

There was a long pause and you thought he had gone to sleep, but his voice startled you and made you twitch.

“But you still talk to me.”

Man, this guy was confusing, you thought about what he was asking, then reworded your previous comment. You turned your head towards him and saw his hands in fists. Was that his habit?

“They’re terrible, other people would get anxious or put off by your way of interacting.”

“Are you…‘put off’?” You saw his hands begin to flex and unflex as he used the words from your lexicon as if they were something new, and waited for your response. By his reaction, he was deeply concerned how you would reply.
“No.” You answered honestly. “I don’t really care. It’s odd as hell though…”

“Good.” He relaxed sighed. But why would it even trouble him? Why would he be so concerned if you were bothered by his way of communication? “That’s all that matters.”

Weeeiiirrrddd. He was so weird! If you weren’t put off before, you were starting to now. Your guard went up and you scooted a bit farther from him and turned your body to face his direction. You had wanted to sleep facing away, but now, you could probably forget about resting. Brushing a bit of unkempt hair over your face, or maybe…you covered your eyes with your upper arm, but left a space just enough to keep an eye on him.

Maybe it was the warmth from the artificial fire or the darkness growing around the corner of your eyes, you felt slumber setting in, and by the time you had told yourself for the hundredth time to stay awake, your eyes had already given in and you fell asleep.

It was just a dream.

But it was horrible all the same.

Jiara had already told you that you woke up screaming and crying, so why should this night be any different. Maybe a part of you thought you deserved it, but you had never gone to see a doctor to treat your mind. Only now were you regretting your decision. As you tried to catch your breath, sitting up, sweat pouring down your face and mingling with your tears, your cries being deafened every now and then by your screaming and sobbing.

You had been back in the chair. The dream…the nightmare had started out with you in the cage, before two stormtroopers had pulled you out and dragged you to that chair where it sat next to the familiar tools used by that man. By the time they had strapped you in, you woke up, grateful that it didn’t get far this time. Your mouth, by now, had been left open that spittle had already begun to soak your gloves.

It was just a dream.

You tried consoling yourself as you wiped your face.

It was just a dream…

You whimpered a bit, but one more time.

It was just a dream.

You put your hands to your face and took deeper breaths, feeling your critical mood being brought down. The chair’s image flashed in your mind and you sobbed again.

“I’m not there… I’m here.” Keep saying it until you realized it. “I’m not there. I’m home.”

Wait.

Reality hit you hard as the red on your face crept up, only to be disguised by the heater’s red. You turned your head to find a quiet Leon Bos looking your way, arms crossed, no movement as you eyed him with dilated pupils. Was he awake? You felt yourself paralyze as soon as he rolled his shoulder. He was awake. Embarrassed and angry that he had seen you so weak for a second time, you shouted at him.

“What the hell are you looking at?” You squinted your eyes and turned your back to him, this time
for good. To hell with keeping an eye on him, you didn’t want to know that he had an eye on you.

The sound of ground being disturbed alarmed you as it grew closer. He was walking towards you. Your breath got caught, and choking a little, you shouted again.

“Don’t come near me!”

He stopped advancing for a moment, but you heard the steps coming closer.

“I said don’t come near me!” You sat up too quickly and your face hit something metallic. The thing sang a key that was flat when your brow bone hit it spot on.

“Idiot.” Looking down at you with the bottom part of his mask already removed so you could see a grimace, he held out his canteen. “You’re not even hydrated and you’re wasting your energy by crying.”

You were stunned. Were you hallucinating? You gave out a laugh of disbelief as this man tried to help under the guise of insulting you. Was he serious? A sniffle hear and there, wiping the underside of your eyes and scrubbing at your nose, you appreciatively took the canteen and opened it as Bos sat next to you. This set off a warning, internally, but water had never tasted so good. It was cold, too. You almost forgot yourself and drank the whole thing. Almost regretfully, you pulled your lips away from the opening, forcing yourself to save it for later and handed it back to him.

“Thank you.” You didn’t say another word as you laid down and faced the other side of the pit. Go away…you just wanted him to go away. It was obvious wasn’t it? Your eyes were open, but realizing his height probably gave him an advantage, you shut them tight. How many more times did he have to see you like this.

“Do you always have these night terrors?”

Letting the question die in silence seemed to be easier than answering. You didn’t want to open up that part of you to anyone, least of all him. Not fooling anyone, you pretended to be asleep within the short few seconds you had put your head down, repeating in your mind to just ignore him. As time grew longer, you heard him move and give up. A bit smug, you smiled, only to have the small win turn into a great loss.

Something bumped against you and you felt an arm drape over you.

“What the fu-” You pulled away, but Bos brought you back down until your back was flush against his chest. “LET GO OF ME!”

No longer feeling timid or scared or any remnant of the nightmare you had just experienced, you thrashed your arms and kicked your feet. He didn’t say a word as you exhausted yourself, and when the stamina had dropped, you pulled his hand up to your face and bit him hard. He didn’t even flinch, though you were sure you had made him bleed.

“Leon Bos!” He only squeezed you tighter. “LEON BOS!”

“It was just a dream.”

Everytime he opened his mouth, he stumped you.

“It was just a dream, so don’t cry anymore.” And then, almost affectionately, he placed his chin on top of your head and kept it there. For a while he just held it there, but after so long a wait, you realized he had fallen asleep.
“Bos?” You whispered it. “Leon…”

The even, steady pace of his breathing as it expanded and contracted his upper body gave you a gentle rhythm that you wanted to last as long as you could have it. The last time someone held you like this was…

“Ziff.”

Your eyes watered a bit in passing memory, but you blinked them away before letting yourself nuzzle backwards to feel just enough of the heartbeat, reminding you when you had felt safe and sound and remotely happy. Surround by his heat, you fell asleep again, only this time without the nightmares.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a bit nervous haha. We're still a few away from the ending, but I'm worried how you guys will take the ending. Thank you everyone for being so supportive! Everytime you leave a kudos or a bookmark or a comment, I feed off of them haha. Thank you so much!
A Desperate Arrangement

Chapter Summary

You need sleep

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the wait, I will be getting to answering comments soon, I'm so sorry I haven't responded to you yet, I will! Promise! Just juggling a few things at the moment! But just know I read them a thousand times when I get them! I love and treasure each of them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 30

A Desperate Arrangement

You were pacing back and forth, stopping for a moment or two to peek between the curtains, trying to get a look through the two screens. Agitated by the limited view had you start up again and holding a stolen dessert of mist-pudding. It was either this or the chor-cake, but that one had looked mushier than normal, so you had settled for the one in your hand. You had actually taken it from a resting patient a few dividers over, one person did NOT need four servings.

Sure enough, after one night in the pit, a search party had reached your distress signal before you had even woken, and just as Bos had said, the party had started out as soon as light hit your side of the planet. It wasn’t until he strapped you into a pulley they had sent down when you realized that his arm was injured. The bastard was hurt and he didn’t even tell you? And rather than you go last, the stupid man gave the signal to send you up before you could protest.

The doctor’s murmuring from the other side of the curtain caught your attention, and you paused to look through the opening again. You had suffered slight dehydration, while he had suffered a dislocation? A broken bone? What? Shifting a bit to the left to see him, the idiot still had his helmet on and vocalizer, but at least he was removing his shirt. He had a bit of trouble getting the sleeves off, but with the better of his hands, he was able to shrug it off. If someone were to see you now, you’d look like a pervert, but damn was he built. Muscle, here, muscle there, a ‘v’ shape definitely there.

“You’re all right!”

You almost shrieked. Catching yourself before your face turned too red, you stopped your stooping and stood up to turn away quickly, almost dropping your peace offering.

“General!”

“I was worried when I heard you didn’t return with the group.” The woman pulled you in a familiar
embrace, and you patted her back with one hand, while the other held out the pudding. “Are you hurt?”

“No-”

“You weren’t alone?”

“I had a partner with me…” You lifted your token and showed her. “He got hurt…so I’m bringing this to him.”

“‘Him’?”

“Yea.”

She looked at you suspiciously and a bit devilishly.

“It’s not like that.”

“What’s his name?”

“It’s really not like that.” You confirmed this, vehemently. “Leon Bos.”

“I want to meet him.”

“You really don’t.”

“Did you…” She gave a suggestive look, making you gasp, but she brought her suggestion into a less explicit rating, “make a friend.”

“General!” You shouted a bit too loud before bringing your voice down to a lower decibel. “No. And for the record, I would rather sleep in a Taun Taun carcass than with him. And from what I hear, they smell terrible.”

As you uttered out that comparison, the curtain swung open, and out strode the man of the hour, clothed once again, with his wrist in a brace. Without a doubt, he had heard you. He looked at you and the general before walking passed. Only a few feet away, he turned around and pointed at your butt.

“For the record, your fat ass sprained my wrist.”

You looked at him horrified and beet red as a few people walking by heard his comment and exchanged glances to look at your rear. “It’s a normal sized ass for my type of build, you stupid nerf-herder.”

Rather than fight, the asshole ignored you and just started to walk away. The nerve of him! Excusing yourself you trailed after Bos shouting out everything you could in your defense and it continued this way until you found yourself far from the confines of the more occupied part of the base to his secluded set up. It wasn’t until he swung around, abruptly, and was standing in the doorframe of his place when you realized just how spaced out you’d been to find yourself where you were. He had turned around so quickly the item that should have built a bridge, smooshed between you and him as you collided. All of it resting on your shirt, while his armor was relatively unsullied.

“Why are you following me?” He asked before asking another question, this time crude and teasing, “You want to sleep with me again?”

You blew a raspberry as you wiped your shirt. “Never.”
“Then why are you here?”

“I was giving you a piece of my mind and...” You looked at the crumpled confection, which no longer resembled something decent, it was just a stain now. “Ugh, look what you did to my shirt.”

It was silly, but you were a bit hurt that you had gone all this way to try, but your ‘effort’ lay smeared instead of where it should have been delivered. Frustrated with how this had turned out, you decided to give up and leave, however, Bos had different plans. He grabbed your arm, not rough enough to bruise, but rough enough to jolt you and strong enough to keep you.

“Stay the night.”

“Stop playing.” You tugged, but he held fast. “Hey… You’re making me mad again.”

“If you beg me to, I’ll sleep with you.” He chuckled, “Again.”

“Nothing HAPPENED.” You huffed, this time you were really mad. “Let go.”

“I won’t abandon you like the others. I would stay.”

“You’re such a jerk!” You pushed your hand forward, and then pulled down hard to break his grip. Why the hell did he tease you so much? Your cheeks were so warm, that the night’s cold air didn’t even bite. Rubbing the area he had grabbed, you looked at him loathingly, “And who would ever want you to stay.”

The words had come out harsher than you meant, and you regretted it. Oh, how you regretted it. Leon stood there for a moment until he conceded and turned to face the door despite your delayed words of ‘wait’ or ‘I misspoke’. He entered his quarters without a goodbye, and could you blame him?

The door shut on you but you were still looking at it. How could you have said something so mean? Trying to justify it, that he had been the one to push you, he had been the one to provoke, your conscience wasn’t letting you fool yourself and timidly, you found yourself knocking on the door to apologize, but nothing happened. Humility was far from you when you tried a third time and that was the last draw. Puffing out your chest as you marched off, you thought, you tried to apologize and there was nothing you could do if he didn’t want to accept it.

After a week had passed, you looked like death. Hair frazzled, dark circles, slouched shoulders. The best night’s rest you had had in months was in a cave, and the reason for it was the smugly postured man in black that sat in his own little corner near the entrance, in his own little chair in the eating area. Rather than eat in your room, which you always had done, you found yourself beginning to hate your bed, which had become a constant reminder that you weren’t sleeping. Every so often you’d be able to doze, but never for long.

It had started affecting your life so badly, that even the General had pulled you out of work until you got proper rest, which irritated you to no end. You had been depending on exhausting yourself to the point of no return, or until you passed out, but now that was a dream. Maybe if you worked out?

He looked so calm on the other side of the room that you wanted to punch his stupid vocalizer until he couldn’t talk. You wanted to bite off his head, throw food in his mouthpiece, smear bugs on his visor. That’d be the life. All these thoughts were tempting. You imagined every detail as your eyes drooped and your head fell to rest on your propped up hand. In a short while, it began to bob up and down, with gravity daring to drop you into your bowl of soup.

You were saved by someone sitting opposite of your table, the noise of his body sitting down
snapped your head up and blink the sleep from your eyes. When your vision came back into focus you looked at the man with more hate than confusion.

“Your nose looks like it’s healing poorly.” You stated flatly at Bastion. It was true, his nose seemed to make no improvement since his scuttle with Bos. Just how hard had he hit him? Even his cheekbones had taken a beating.

“I’m not here to pick on you. Swear.” He paused before adding, “I can leave if you want me to, but I just want to get a few things straight. No ill intentions, I just want the truth.”

You didn’t say anything, and he let himself get a bit more comfortable before letting on the reason of his intrusion.

“I’m sorry about the way I acted.”

He was apologizing? Maybe he wasn’t like the worst of the First Order.

“A lot of people here, we’re in a lot of pain because of this war. But it was no excuse to hurt you. You probably never even shot a blaster before. What were you in the First Order?”

You looked at him dead on, “A custodian worker.”

“I can respect that. Someone’s gotta do that job.” He looked uneasy, “If you could open up to me, about your relationship with Kylo Ren…I think it would help me deal with my anger that I have towards you. You don’t deserve to be mistreated for someone else’s faults or some viddie I misunderstood.”

He wanted to understand you? And him? This was increasingly unlike the First Order. You let off a small smile at his effort to try and make a bond and you nodded.

“He saved my life.” You said, whole-heartedly. “It was Ziff who kept me through it, it was Ziff who planned my escape, but Kylo Ren, I guess he decided last minute to help get me out of there.”

Bastion was alarmed. “He let you go? What if he tracked-”

“He damaged the tracking system before activating the escape sequence…” You said almost a bit sadly. “He had no intention of finding me again, or letting the First Order relocate me.”

“It sounds…too unreal…”

“I know it sounds crazy, from everything he’s done since then,” you shook your head, “but…he’s just lost. It doesn’t excuse what he’s done, but I know that he’s good. And someday, I’m going to find him and convince him to come back.”

He looked at you doubtfully.

“Or I’ll drag his ass back.”

This time, he laughed. “That’s what I like to hear. I’m glad you feel that way. I haven’t known you long, but I know you’ve had a hand in helping us. If you think he really is someone worth…trying to save…then maybe I can help.”

The mood suddenly changed and he leaned in closer, and beckoned you to follow suit.

“What if I told you, you might get a chance to save him sooner than you think?”
He looked around, before placing a small sd device.

“Open the files on your system later, lemme know what you think, tomorrow. Please keep this between us for the time being.”

Bastion picked up his tray and left the decent sized dining area as you studied the item he had left from a short distance as if it’d blow up. His change was sudden and surprising but he had seemed sincere.

You quickly ate your dinner and cleared your table before heading towards the door. Pausing a bit, you realized you would have to pass him...his head turned in your direction and you charged towards the door, breath seething as you passed him. Don’t look at him, don’t pay attention to him, and don’t notice he even exists...but in passing, your foot caught something making you stumble a bit. Looking back, you saw that the jerk had stretched out a leg to make you trip.

“You...” Gritting your teeth as he played ignorance, “Ugh, forget it.”

Just ignore him. After the last few interactions with him, it had to be accepted that the two of you were not compatible. Two awkward people were better off as two awkward people. With a huff, you spun the other way and hurried to your room.

It took a while of questioning yourself and Bastion’s intentions until you worked up the nerve to plug the storage device and browse through the files. After some time of studying it, you found yourself holding your breath. Why hadn’t he turned this information to the general? On it was data tracking of a familiar command shuttle. Kylo Ren’s shuttle. The reports went as far back as a few months. Comparing the facts on where you’d seen his attacks it made sense...timing wise, they were confusing. Even so, the time frame of Ren’s attacks weren’t too inconsistent. As you followed the words on the screen, you realized that the report was starting to predict the movements of the shuttle.

The shuttle was in the Outer Rim and predicted to land in Arbra in a few days. That planet wasn’t far from here...what was their objective? You scanned the articles, but nothing stated any reason why it’d make a stop there. Was there possibility of it being attacked? Why hadn’t he given this to Organa? Decisively, you decided to walk to Bastion, but realized midway you had no idea where he was boarded. Looking and feeling like an idiot in the dead of night, you started to walk to go through your options.

What would you even say to Ren if you saw him again? Would you even be able to get passed his guards? How many troops could a Command Shuttle hold? No, if his shuttle was off track from a usual route, then whatever he was thinking of doing out here must not require as much man power... unless it was an attack? But it was just his shuttle, so maybe it was a solo mission? How confusing. And you still hadn’t figure out what to say. And how did you look? Passing by a window you managed to catch a glance of your reflection.

Haggard!

The lack of sleep ad taken its toll on your face. Would he even recognize you? You needed sleep. Tugging at the bags under your eyes, you groaned. Sleep...you frowned at the first option that came to your head. No no no. You weren’t going to ask him. Just the thought gave you shivers, you’d try again to sleep by yourself.

In bed, you played the waiting game, you played the counting shaaks game, you even pulled out a sleepmask, but you ended up shoving it up and grabbing your pillow to scream. No matter what you did it wasn’t working. What a mess you must have looked like when you banged on Leon Bos’s door until he answered to survey what you’ve become.
Leaning on the side of his doorpost one arm tucked away, the other free hand holding a drink as he drank, you could feel the arrogance permeating the air.

“You look like shit.” He placed his beverage on a table behind the wall where you couldn’t see as he waited for a reason why you were at his place so late. It wasn’t as if he didn’t know why you were there. Hell, he knew, but he wanted you to say it.

“My worst days of looking like shit are still better than your best days of looking good.”

“Good-bye.” He stood up and only stopped from pressing the close button when you begged him to wait.

“I’m sorry!” Your hands were tugging at each other again as you tried to calm yourself down. “I’m sorry that we ended up in that cave, I’m sorry I…I’m sorry I broke your wrist with my…butt.”

“You came here just to apologize?”

The moment of truth…

“I haven’t been able to sleep since…” He was just staring at you. Geez, say something! “Since… you… I need to get some rest for…um, work…so I was hoping…I could…you would…in…bed…”

He just stood there for the longest time, staring at you. You could feel the aggravation underneath your gloves. And when he finally spoke, your heart only sank.

“I thought you would rather sleep in a taun taun carcass.”

That was it. He wasn’t going to help and by the time you ever got around to seeing Ren again, you’d be a mess, you’d probably die on the spot from exhaustion. How could you plan and infiltrate wherever he was going while your mind was being driven made by sleep deprivation? So emotional right now, you felt your eyes watering.

“Fine! I don’t need your help to sleep and even after I apologized too. I tried to apologize earlier, but you even ignored-”

Leon Bos sighed and grabbed your hand when you started to turn away and dragged you inside.

“I don’t want your help anymore!” You shouted, lying with every word as he locked the door and dragged you to the bed in the dark.

“You don’t…you don’t sleep naked, do you?”

“No,” He kicked off his clothes to the side and you could hear him laugh, “Why, you want me too?”

“No.”
“Turn around.”

By now, you saw his silhouette reach up for his helmet and you looked away, hearing him set it down.

“Why do you always wear that?”

“I’m vain.” His answer made you laugh slightly, but you jolted when you felt his body shake the cot as he came from behind and started to press himself against you. You really didn’t consider that his body would overtake so much space and you found yourself almost at the edge. Struggling to stay in, you inched backwards trying to avoid his crotch in the process and wishing he had kept on more clothes. Your hands kept scratching at each other, and when Bos took notice, his hand went over your body and plopped itself down on top to stop them from moving. A gesture that was way too personal for you.

“This was a mistake.” You commented and started to try and rise but a weight swung itself over your legs. He had wrapped a leg around you so you couldn’t get up. “Leon Bos, let me go.”

“I’m not going to hold back. Just go to sleep.”

“How can I when you’re too close!”

Accepting your challenge he dug his face into the crook of your neck and nuzzled in, making you squeal.

“Hey!” You scolded him. “If you do that again I’ll scream.”

“I like screamers.”

Your face reddened at his double meaning.

“If you do anything inappropriate…my boyfriend, he’ll kill you.”

“Oh?” His altered voice was humored.

“Yeah, Kylo Ren isn’t someone to take lightly.” You started to brag. “One guy ended up dead after he tried something.”

“I’m so scared.”

“You should be.”

“Terrified.”

You bit your lip so you wouldn’t laugh, but the smile on your face was growing as he played along, and soon after, your body finally got some rest. Tomorrow you’d ask Bastion about the information he’d given you and in a few days of more rest, you’d finally get to see Ren again. But in the meantime…

Bos’s fingers curled over your own and you found yourself allowing yours to interlock with his and you focused on the warmth of this body which was more than welcome after the time spent outside in the cold.

Chapter End Notes
I can't believe there are 80 bookmarks. You guys are so amazing! I love you all. Started back to work after a long hiatus, don't worry I'll still be updating this. But I really love this chapter ha. The end part was in my mind for the longest time, though it did happen a bit differently than I was going to have it written. Bos was going to be more flirty, but it ended up with him being stoic. Aie, that guy. Hope you enjoyed it!

Oh and as stated, we all have an inkling of what may happen in the future ;) so be wary of spoilers in the comments!!! <3
Comparisons and Guilt

Chapter Summary

Whose is bigger?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 31

Comparisons and Guilt

The room was so warm, even after he had left the cot to a small adjacent room, which from the sound of it, was the refresher. He was taking a shower, while you had pretended to still be asleep. It was still dark out, from what you could tell from the boarded openings of the room. He even had a mini heater, built out from scrap parts from what you could tell. It didn’t look stable, but at least it was working.

Near the foot of the bed and few steps off was a small sitting area with a table accompanied by a chair and a stool. Did he eat here? On the other side, a chest with the arm of an unworn shirt sticking out. His storage case. Laying on top was a holoplayer. How simple.

You stared at the door when the sound of water stopped, would things be any different with him? Straightening up, you started to stretch. No sore muscles, no feelings of heaviness in mind or body; today felt good.

The words of appreciation were on your tongue but they were quickly replaced by a scream. “You are so shameless!”

Butt naked except for a towel over his head and over his face to dry his hair. You shut your eyes the moment they dropped below his waist.

“Where are your clothes?”

You knew he was smirking, damn him.

Bos moved the towel over his face to scrub at it while your eyes opened to trying to find somewhere else to look at, not missing the chance to skim over what led up to his visage. You saw a scar from his neck crawling up underneath the towel. So rumors of him being disfigured were true?

He strutted over to where his clothes were as you heard him throw on his equipment taking his time with his vocalizer and pants. You heard him test his voice as he pushed the small blue-lit, device into his mouth.

Keeping his face turned away he maintained his hand’s rhythm as he dried his hair.

“Why would you leave your clothes outside of the bathroom?”

“Why are you so red?” His back towards you he threw to towel aside and pulled on his helmet and
asked with a very amused tone. “Mine’s bigger?”

Is his what bigger?

“Shame!” You looked at his now covered crotch when he turned around to see you frown when he caught you glancing at it.

“Well is it?” He threw a towel over his shoulder and picked up a shirt, shaking it a few times before he started to put it on. Dare you humor him? You looked at his chest and back to his helmet.

“You look like a sex slave.”

“Your sex slave.” He said with a melodious flair, putting his shirt on. “We should spend more time together.”

“Why?” You weren’t really going through the steps of conversation because you were genuinely interested. It was more automatic.

“People sleeping together should better know each other.”

You scowled at his wording, if someone could hear you both, it’d be so inappropriate. Touching the ground, you reached down for your shoes, but something was tossed at your head.

A dry towel.

“Wash up. Take a shower.” He was already completely dressed now and headed towards the door. “I’ll get us breakfast.”

“What? Breakfast? No.” Absolutely not. Sleeping beside each other was one thing, but showering and breakfasting? “I don’t think so.”

He was quiet for a moment. Thinking. You could hear the gears turning in his mind. Why would he hesitate. “Fine. But you should wash up, you smell a bit…unpleasant.”

You looked at him horrified, demanded an explanation, but he slipped away and exited his little abode to get away towards the cafeteria.

Did you need a shower? You smelled yourself and your clothes but you didn’t find anything off. You should just leave, but it was a bit of a walk to the communal showers. What if you were to pass someone and they smelled whatever he had been smelling? Trying again to sniff any area where there might be a foul scent, your hair, your armpits, you smelled fine!

Taking your time, you stepped closer and closer to the makeshift refresher debating whether to wash or not to wash, but you eventually gave in. It’ll be quick. Just a quick shower. You stepped inside and realized just how small it was. Did he make this himself? The area was put together, and there were places were pipes and cracks could be seen quite plainly, but it was impressive.

Son of a bitch. He had made his own bathroom. Maybe to avoid showering with the rabble.

It was cramped, but for a single person, it was enough. You saw why he had kept his clothes outside. There wasn’t anywhere to set them down or hang them.

You looked at the damp sink compared to the bed outside. No competition. Drying it as best you could, you patted it down and started to undress as soon as you shut the door, laying them neatly as possible in the sink, along with your towel. Wait. Not the storage device. You emptied it out and laid
it on the bed. If it got wet, you’d never forgive yourself. Making sure it was safe from water, you quickly shut the door and jumped in the improvised bathroom.

In contrast to the cold, low-pressured communal showers, you were delighted to find out that Bos had fixed the place to run warm water. He was quite the handyman. What was supposed to be minutes, turned into a half hour. And even to your shame, you dawdled long enough to almost an hour. Your fingertips were pruny, your skin and hair soaked thoroughly, but oh, how good it felt. You found yourself laughing a bit, completely content as you dried yourself off and started to redress in your clothes.

Exiting the refresher, however, had the opposite effect. Sitting at his small little table, in his small little chair, Leon was looking over familiar files being displayed by his holoplayer. Files that Bastion had gave you strict instructions to keep to yourself. The bastard had opened them.

Angered at the invasion of privacy, you rushed over and grabbed the device and pulled out your SD. “What is wrong with you! You just open people’s things?”

He was unaffected by your current verbal abuse, only when you tired yourself out and wobbled down onto the stool, did he actually do anything. He shoved a spoon in your mouth that tasted like…

Mist pudding.

It couldn’t go to waste…

You gnawed when the spoon was empty, and he pushed a small serving of the dessert closer to you as you calmed down. Was he trying to buy your affection with food?

Smart.

He grabbed the holoplayer slowly and you loosened your grip. Well, he already saw the files…it wouldn’t do any good now to hide them. He slipped it out of your arm and you exchanged the information for more food. While you ate slowly, Bos continued to review the files and zoom in and out of the pictures. One in particular that was between you and him. Kylo Ren.

His thumb and index finger grabbed the middle of the image and zoomed in. You snorted and coughed, when you realized he was giving estimates of Kylo Ren’s…

“I really want to know. Whose is bigger.” He did have his moments, you had to admit. You decided to play along.

“His.”

“Really?”

“Huuggee.”

“Like what.”

“A…DL-44.”

“Tiny, did you even see mine? A Z6 Baton.”

How could you two even be having this discussion? Your face was warm from embarrassment, but you were smiling, trying to think of an inappropriate object.

“An…a dianoga.”
“Crude. And disturbing.” It was his turn to laugh. “Um…an exogorth.”

“Ouch…” You squired in your seat. “A…lightsaber.”

He sputtered at this and your face jumped a few shades darker.

Too far.

“You two…” He cleared his throat as the hologram, being untouched for too long went into sleep mode, leaving your face clearly visible to him and very red. “I didn’t realize you were…like that.”

“I-I’m not! I was just joking…”

“I’m not judging you, if it felt good.” He rose up and started to fold up the cot, completely caught off-guard by your slip of the tongue. He even ejected the storage device and handed it to you.

“No! We never used that! The only ‘lightsaber’ I ever felt was the one in his pants, shit. It wasn’t like that. And besides, I’ve never even seen his…” You coughed and Bos paused.

“What?”

“I…” You wanted to shut up, you really did, but instead you kept digging your grave until you were buried alive. “I’ve never seen it…we…only did it once. Or…twice or three? If using your mouth…him not me. On me, not him. Himself…”

Shut up!

And really? did you really only do it so few? There was in his quarters, in the medical ward…and in the observatory, oh gosh. You had never seen it! You could count how many times you actually had him on one hand. Even then, you’d always been clothed…Was he…did he not find you attractive?! Your mind was spinning.

“Our relationship…” How often were people supposed to do it in the beginning? Some people couldn’t keep their hands off each other. Maybe…for some, but you were both so dedicated to each other’s work, that could always be a reason. You scrambled for a reason. “It was more…on a deeper and emotional level than…phys…i…cal.”

Did he not want you? And even now…your body wasn’t flawless. Not that it was perfect before, but even less so. All the scars and the damage done to it during your ordeal, you were no better than minced meat.

“Then its true.” He stated.

“Um…well, we care…cared for each other…I’d like to think so…yes.”

“What? No.” He stood up to push the cot closed leaving a more roomier space. “It’s true his penis is small.”

“What?” Out of all the conclusions, that was the one he was picking.

“Why else wouldn’t he show it to you?”

“No. That can’t…be.” You started trying to remember. “I think if felt big…”

“You can’t even remember it.” He laughed then paused. “Do you remember mine?”
At the mention of it your head tilted down and you shook your head to rid yourself of the image. Of course you remembered it, it was right there!

“Stop it.” You pushed him, slightly irritated, but not enough to shove him far and he clung to you.

“Don’t feel unsure of yourself. If you could easily forget him… Kylo Ren never appreciated you enough.” His body advance and yours scooted back as he leaned into your ear. “He should have imprinted himself onto you every chance he had.”

You cleared your throat form imaginary debris when you noticed the air around you both had changed and Bos had backed you against the table.

“You’re making me uncomfortable…” You mumbled, but didn’t push him away a second time when his voice, even though modified, sent a wonderful break in the air, pushing against the quiet, causing a lovely hum. You should stop whatever was happening right now, but you let it drag.

Even when his hands started to move towards your side and held your firm as he pushed himself against you until you felt it. He was hard as fuck. His body hit you just right and you felt yourself wanting to open.

“He should have touched every part of you…used every part of you, pushed your limits until you couldn’t cope without him.”

Your breathing was uneven, as your body reacted and began to ache. It was just a little friction, but how long had it been since someone teased you this way? The familiar sensation of yourself getting wet and the feeling that small bit of fabric beginning to cling to you was making your head spin.

As your eyes focused past him, you, trying hard not to think about how he was gradually increasing the pressure aimed at your lower body, one hand took it upon itself to start tracing a finger over your mouth and dragging the bottom open, just begging to be abused.

If this carried on like this, you’d make a huge mistake.

It was difficult, but after a moment or two…or three moments of him waiting to see your decision, you slowly turned your head away and raised your hands up to prevent him pushing against you even harder.

“Please, stop.” Your voice was weak, but sincere. You didn’t want this. At least, not completely. Your body was pleading, but your mind wouldn’t let it continue.

His advancing came to a halt and held itself there for a moment longer, long enough for you to remember later on how hard and excited he had been, before he pulled back, slowly. You sighed with relief, but the other half with disappointment.

The weight, the warmth, the desire ebbed like the tide, and you both took a moment to calm down. It may have seemed as if he was the only one, but as he spent his time in the refresher rinsing his face cooling himself off, you spent your time wiggling in the chair tugging down your undergarment to stop their uncomfortable hold.

With nothing left to do but sit, you felt you had outstayed your welcome. You left without a word and trudged off to see Bastion. Searching the barracks, and several other areas around the base, you were disappointed to hear that he was out. When you were unable to get clear answers, you finally settled with telling Jessika that you’d meet him in the evening in Hanger D. You didn’t want him anywhere near your quarters, and the mess hall was too loud at that time. At the end of the day, most missions had settled down, so there wouldn’t be too much traffic in your meeting place.
As the time drew closer to Bastion’s arrival, feeling a bit more self conscious about your smell, you decided to shower once more, this time in the cold communal showers. It wasn’t until then, when you had a moment to think about the indecent incident with Leon Bos. How could you? Shame and guilt started to swell up inside you and you were scolding yourself. Someone gives you attention and you fall apart? You should have shoved him hard and slapped him. How could he say things so easily? Awful.

But…

It would have been nice if you could remember Ren more vividly. It was a shame, all those times you had looked away when his helmet was off. You’d been so scared to look at him. So scared to act…or even be yourself. Pressing your head on the cold tile, a sharp pain in your heart reminded you how much you missed him.

After your pity party, the sensation of water on skin brought you back. The shower was terribly cold, and before you caught a worse chill, you exited the shower and quickly dried yourself, throwing on a more comfortable and clean outfit.

You smelled yourself twice before heading to the hanger. The last thing you wanted was to look inferior to Bastion. He meant well, you supposed, but his words still wounded you. Stars forbid that he get a different reason to spark criticism again.

As you briskly walked towards the hanger, your footsteps slowed when you saw and recognized the tall figure of Bos sitting down casually in the well-lit hanger against the wall. What was he doing here?

Before becoming uneasy, you faked your confidence and transformed your unsteady steps into a march of sureness.

“Why are you here?”

“Why didn’t you say good-bye?”

Good-bye? Was that why he was here? Because you didn’t say good-bye?

“How could I? You were…” you shifted, “calming yourself down…”

The mind wandered on it’s own and you couldn’t help but ask yourself. Did he…touch…himself?

Your eyes glanced down quickly, but you stopped them from staying down too long and looked away before he saw you. You didn’t want something like that happening again. You’d been pushing it down, but you had felt so guilty for having, even for a moment, an uncontrollable urge to submit to Leon Bos’s suggestive gestures.

No! NO NO NO! This was NOT the time.

“You have the files?”

You put your hand in your pocket and gripped the device.

“Something’s not right.” He stepped closer and you backed up out of habit. He stopped for a moment before closing the distance and held you in place by your arm. “I don’t think you should trust him.”

You let out a surprised huff before pulling back your arm, slightly offended. “You don’t have any
say on who I should or shouldn’t trust. And, honestly, my search for Ren doesn’t concern you.”

“I’m just telling you to be careful.”

Your little quarrel was interrupted by Bastion’s voice entering the hanger with an angry walk.

“On what grounds?” He strode up with a hardened expression aimed towards Bos, followed by a disappointed look to you. “I thought I told you not to tell anyone else.”

“It was an accident.” You explained.

“There’s something wrong with the information.” Bos stated without hesitation.

“My men and I worked hard for that compilation.” Bastion sneered. “If there is something faulty with what we’ve gathered, prove it.”

It was here where Bos lost his conviction, and you saw his breathing stiffen as he answered plainly. “I can’t.”

He gave a triumphant look.

“What do you hope to accomplish, Bastion. Last we met, you were so quick to judge her for her past mistakes. And now you want to goad her?”

Bastion’s nose flared, each moment increasing his dislike for the man beside you playing bodyguard.

“Kylo Ren is a cornerstone of their organization. Can you imagine it without him?”

“Ridiculous. Snoke’s ambition won’t be dissuaded because of a missing soldier.”

“Kylo Ren is not just a soldier, you idiot.”

“And even if this wasn’t false, this sham, how are you going to stop him.”

At this, Bastion pointed at you. “We have her.”

Bos scoffed.

“He cares for her-”

“So you’re hopes are riding on the fact that she can change him.” His voice modifier shifted as he lathered his words with mockery. “There is too much uncertainty. If he still cares, if he even remembers her, this will not end well. Your arrangement is full of error and begs the question, did you even think? What did you plan to do? She’s branded a traitor. How would you even lure him out. Use her as bait?”

Bastion’s silence confirmed the rhetorical question and Bos swore then ridiculed.

“Hell of a plan.”

You pushed both of the boys apart and raised your voice. “There is no plan! I haven’t even agreed, I just wanted to discuss it! But if there’s a way to save Ren, then I want to be a part of it.”

“It’s fake.”
“How would you know?” Bastion spat.

“I can’t explain it but if you send her out there, she’ll get herself killed.”

You took offense at that, but you couldn’t get a word into the argument.

“She wouldn’t be in any direct danger. We would scout out the area first. See if he’s there, read the situation, and then pick which plan to execute. We had several.”

“Why not go to the General?” You asked quickly.

“There are some who would prefer killing Ren on the spot. I thought you wanted to avoid his death.”

“He’s not easy to kill.” Bos countered.

“Even so.” Bastion shook his head. “I’d rather not risk it. More so now, since you’re so adamant that our sources are incorrect. But we may never get this chance again. She may never get this chance again. His shuttle will land in a few days’ time on Abra, and after that, a shuttle will stop on this planet. If we review our options we can succeed in crippling the First Order. But we need to know. If you’re with us, we can go ahead with the plan, but it all falls apart without you.”

“Don’t do it.” The tone of Bos’s voice wasn’t his usually smugness, and it didn’t have a demanding push. It was almost a plea. He was watching you, and he could see you leaning towards ‘yes’. But could he blame you?

“Everyone’s counting on me…” You said quietly. It was ridiculous how guilty you felt, but more towards Bos.

“Two days. Can you prepare without her?” Bos said. “Give me Two days to review the information. You said they were stationed on Abra?”

“That won’t be necessary!” Bastion shouted over you both and was offended. “Good men died for this information and you have no foundation for your paranoia! You have no credit, no proof save for a ‘feeling’? What does someone like you know of First Order’s procedu-”

At this, Bos grabbed Bastion by the front of his jacket and slammed him against the nearest thing which was a small shuttle, making it rock as the shorter man’s body hit the metal skin. “I was Kylo Ren’s Shuttle pilot, you pathetic shit, is that enough credibility for you?”

“Bos!” You grabbed him by his hands trying to pry them off Bastion, but before you could even pull away a finger, Bos dropped him.

You looked at Bastion while apologizing, and ran after Bos, following him into the dark.

“What the hell!” You shouted after him. Not caring to keep your voice down, most members of the resistance were either eating around the campfire, in their bunks or in the mess hall. What several people, who were on guard duty, you couldn’t care less.

Your hand reached out for his arm, but he shoved you away, which hurt you more than you thought it would. Pausing for a moment in your steps, you debated letting him go, but as Bos’s figure kept shrinking as he walked away, you sighed, upset with yourself that you couldn’t stop yourself. With much more hustle than he had to use, you pushed yourself to catch up and then to keep pace with his long strides.

“Bos, talk to me.”
The man stopped too quickly and you bumped into his back and rebounded a few steps backwards as he turned to face you.

“Will you go?”

“…Maybe.”

This bothered him, you could see his body tense and grow increasingly rigid.

“Do you trust him more than me?”

“What?”

“Do you trust me?”

“Bos…” You shook your head, completely confused. “I don’t even…know you. Not really…”

“I see.”

“Bos!”

Why were you always chasing after him? You kept up with him until he got to his bunker and he shut the door in your face.

“Aw, come on…Bos. This is so childish.” You banged on the door. “Bos, open up.”

You waited a bit, until a few minutes had passed. You could hear him shuffling and moving things around, as he was getting ready for bed. Angrily you kicked the door, doing more damage to yourself than to the object and turned back defeated, upset at the fact that you’d upset him, and partially because it meant you’d be sleeping alone tonight for speaking the truth.

And that whole trust thing was beside the point. You trusted him enough not to hurt you, but you were still strangers. You’d only recently been acquainted. And of course you trusted him more than Bastion, but stopping a once in a lifetime opportunity to get Ren back just because something didn’t feel right was ridiculous. It was a risk. And being a part of this movement was all about taking a chance. The sound of the door sliding open made you look back and you paled. He was holding a blaster and charging towards you.

“Whoa!” You held your hands up.

“Don’t be stupid, I’m not going to shoot you.” He grabbed your hand roughly and fitted the blasted into it. “Can you fire one of these?”

Smaller than average, it was still comfortable to fit in your hand. It was barely more than a pistol, but the grip was decent, and you could see that the molded fit gave enough curves to hold onto it when it kicked back.

“I…I did a simulation once…”

“So no.”

“It was kind of…like…they have triggers too.”

“You’ve never killed anyone before?”

You were about to say no, but bit your lip. “Not with a gun.”
An image flashed to Cal-Zorok and your free hand started to reach for the other to rip apart. But before it claimed a hold, Bos reached down and grabbed it, pulling you around his little hole in the wall to its backside where there were scraps of metal plates bent at the bottom to stand up right at eye level. Scorched marks on them told you what the point of them was.

“A practice range?”

“You’ll need to learn how to shoot.”

“I’m not meant for fighting, Leon.”

He began arranging the targets while you waited patiently.

“If you’re going on a mission, you need to be prepared.”

“I don’t go on missions. It’s pointless.”

“Just,” He was frustrated. “For once, would you listen to me? You, going with them is a mission.”

“A meeting.” You answered quickly. “I don’t think we’re even going to engage.”

“Either way, just-” He strode behind you and kicked your feet apart to get them into firing position and then molded your hands to grip the weapon properly, reaching over your shoulders. The first time you pulled the trigger, the recoil hit you hard.

“Again.”

And again, and again, and again.

Misses. Every time it was a miss.

“Finger off the trigger! Never leave it there unless you fire.” He warned and chastised.

Several more instances occurred were he was tapping your back, swatting your fingers, barking orders and relaying instruction. Time passed like this for at least an hour and you were getting irritated. You had followed him to make sure he was all right, instead, he was drilling you into something you didn’t care for at the moment. Just when your patience had deteriorated and his stress was at it’s peak from the constant misses, you hit the target for the first time. He froze and looked at your trigger finger and was delighted to see you had pulled it off.

“If that was a stormtrooper he’d still be alive.” He evaluated and you groaned, “but it’s progress.”

“I still don’t see why I need this.” You lowered the weapon from eye level, “I’m the support in people’s ear, I’m not in the front lines.”

“It’s just a precaution. I have a small case for it so you can hide it under your clothes.” Bos gently reached towards your weapon and put on the safety, making sure you knew where it was located. “You’ll need more practice before you can use it properly. But it’ll protect you if you use it right.”

An unpleasant feeling was building up again inside. And you recognized it as guilt. Guilt because of how happy you were that this new acquaintance was concerned for you. Guilt because of how it made you feel you realized that he was probably looking for you worried around camp because you were with Bastion, in his eyes, someone he saw as a threat. Even more so, you felt guilty because a very small part of you could see yourself getting attached to Leon. Just enough to not look for Kylo.

Bos started to walk off.
“I...” You second-guessed yourself if you should say your next words, all for the sake of lightening the mood. Against better judgment, you coughed a bit before pushing out the sentence lodged in your throat. “I wouldn’t be...sleeping with you if I didn’t trust you.”

Bos faltered a bit with his footing. As he collected his wits, the least he could mutter out was an awkward grunt and a hurried. “Let’s go home.”

“Home?”

Such a small word could create a huge problem, but in the meantime, as Bos was walking around his little tin house, you stood there dumbfounded for a while, too happy to refute and too happy to move.

The next day, you declined Bastion’s offer and decided you’d trust Bos’s instinct to let the mission go.

Chapter End Notes

So unhappy with this chapter, but I feel the need to squeeze something out.

For those of you who’re curious, Bos's vocalizer is like a small, very, very small, retainer.
Now or Never

Chapter Summary

You're done thinking.

Chapter Notes

Feeling like there was so much drama with bullies and writers, so I pumped out another chapter to make all the writers impacted feel better. Stay calm and keep reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 32

Now or Never

The few days that should have had you reviewing for the mission and planning on getting to Arbra came and went. Bastion avoided you, and he no longer tried to get your help. However, his mood seemed to get worse and other people began to notice his descent into isolation, but like you, they disregarded it. If your paths ever crossed, Bastion never mentioned the mission, and you never tried to bring it up.

Your time with Bastion had never even had a chance to develop, but you found the company of Bos had bloomed and grew more and more enjoyable. Whenever he had spare time off or when he had arrived from a debriefing, he kept up at least an hour or two helping you familiarize yourself with your new pistol. At a reasonable distance, not too far, but enough for a medium-sized room, you were able to hit your target. As long as your target or your person stayed still. Improbable in a real life situation, but you felt like a badass nonetheless.

Some days he’d be off and you both parted, but night was always spent together. You had started getting in the habit of waiting for him. At first you pretended to be staying up, your alibi? You were researching. Tracking. Whatever. It worked, until the time he didn’t come home. You were bitter for the rest of the day, and very bad-tempered. You’d almost picked a fight with a pilot who was twice your size.

In the end, you’d even sulked enough to go back to your own bunker, ready to spend the night alone, when Bos shocked you by banging on your door at one in the morning until you opened up. He jumped you. There was a small amount of struggling from your end, but very little heart was in it, and he easily overtook you. Rather than waste precious time walking back to his holding, he straddled you, wrapped his arms around you, then fell asleep on top. Though you complained up a storm the next day, your heart had almost exploded with positive emotions.

On a comfortable morning, which had followed a night that ended too soon, you opened a sleepy eye to a hand that had found its way up your shirt. His hand had been there a while. The thing must have traveled its way up during the night, but you were debating your next move as you had done every day since you had met Bos.
A thousand excuses came up in your head about why you shouldn’t be there, or why you shouldn’t stay were popping up. The biggest one was guilt. You felt like you were cheating…

You sighed deeply and Bos tightened an arm around you.

The room was quiet except for his breathing. You stretched your toes underneath the heavy blanket, something he had gotten a few days ago. As you readjusted your arms, they brushed up against his hand. It wasn’t grabbing anything, you considered.

But the skin on skin contact was getting harder to push away every morning. It just felt good. Subconsciously, your hand reached under your blouse for his and lingered a bit, before you lowered his hand back to a more appropriate area. It should have been brief, but you slowed the movement and closed your eyes and played quietly with the idea of drawing it to a more pleasurable area.

His fingers were long. You could feel them drag. Stop stop stop…you tried telling yourself before you let go and pulled your hand out of your shirt along with hit, realizing it was getting more and more dangerous. What if he’d caught you?

Was he awake too?

You’re head turned into the sheets as you built yourself up to ask him questions.

“Bos?”

He grunted.

More asleep than aware.

“Are you awake?”

He sighed, and rustled around a bit. When he was settled, he rested his arm back along your waist. His mask wasn’t on, and the night before, you had argued with him that you would just sleep on your side. You hadn’t gotten a glimpse of his face, but you still saw the edges of the scar. It was daunting. Did he get that while on an excursion with Kylo?

“You were Ren’s…pilot?”

“Mm-hm.” He was still half asleep.

You’re hands were close to your chest, and you had begun to rub them gently, but he snatched one away in his own and squeezed.

You squeezed back.

The scars were fading. There were still scabs here and there, but there were no more new cuts or gashes. He had been doing it on purpose. Grabbing your hand. At first you didn’t realize it, but after it was brought to your attention during an incident in the mess hall where he had gone completely out of his way to grab your hand, resulting in a fallen tray of food (He had dropped it, not you) and getting your ear talked off by the food crew, you were sure that he was doing it intentionally. You tried it several times, and found your theory to be fact. Even the slightest move would send his hand darting to yours and you found out down the line, that you liked it. But currently, you were still fighting if you should like it. And if you did like it, shouldn’t you stop it?

Ren, Ren, Ren…
Time apart was supposed to make the heart fonder, but the reality was...you were starting to forget him. You didn’t want to. It wasn’t like that at all. Maybe you should review the files again. Or look up reports. You hadn’t done that in a while...

“What was he like?”

The wait was long and it was possible, you thought, that he had fallen asleep again, but he answered as soon as you were going to forget about it.

“He was an asshole.” He had slept with his voice modifier in.

“He was, huh?” With a small laugh, you pulled the blanket closer to yourself until your head was half covered.

A pause before you continued.

“Did…” A long pause before you finished. “Did he ever...mention...”

You swallowed hard.

“Me?”

Bos took his time. Was he just tired? Or was he choosing how to respond? All the while, you held your breath for an answer you weren’t sure you wanted to hear.

“No.” His answer was blunt. There was no sugar coating it.

“Oh…” You let out the air you’d been holding in as you dwelled on his answer longer than you should. Well, you were a secret. He had gone to great lengths keeping the relationship quiet. And if he hadn’t he would have been disciplined more harshly, you supposed. And yet...it burned. That you were something completely off the record. If there was no evidence of the relationship, it might as well have never even happened. And it hurt to be forgotten. It was highly likely, that you had already been a chapter of his life that was closed. For good. He could move one without looking back. You, on the other hand, had a great deal of reminders all over your body. More like a tattered meatsuit.

“But...there were times.” Bos began again. “He would hum.”

“Hum?” Your heart skipped.

“Mm-hm. It scared some people shitless.”

“What...was it like a commercial tune or...”

“One song...I think it was something old...” He cleared his throat and started to hum a few notes of a familiar tune and you almost started to cry then and there but you wiped your eyes clean. It was the first stupid song you had belted out when the two of you had met.

That awful bathroom song.

“One time, he was humming a very provocative song.”

During breakfast in the mess hall, you had brought up the subject again.

“Did he hum often?”
Bos shifted, and you took it for discomfort. He did not want to talk about the subject any more than he needed to.

“It was seldom…but when one of our own took notice,” Bos tapped his fingers on the table, “He would throw them across the room.”

“That’s awful…”

“Mm.”

When Bos had gotten up to clear the table and headed towards the waste deposit, you saw someone begin to approach you. It was Bastion. It was as if a storm had just rolled in and said storm was headed. When he reached you, he looked at you angrily.

“Do you have any idea how selfish you’re being?” He hissed.

Taken aback by his sudden abrasiveness, you couldn’t help but sit there speechless. As you sat there trying to figure out a retort, the sight of Bos headed your way made him cringe and sent him scurrying. When Bos asked what the rat had come to you for, you stated that Bastion was still bitter about your decision to stay away from this plan, to which Bos replied:

“It would be better to forget Kylo Ren.”

For the rest of the day, his words were the ones that left an off taste in your mouth. They disturbed you more than the ones Bastion had tried to spurn you with. Forget Kylo Ren? It began to occur to you, that perhaps the reason why he had urged you to not go was because he had wanted you to drop the issue altogether.

That wasn’t your intention.

You had chosen to trust Bos’s instinct. But his choice of words started to make you regret your decision. No, you wouldn’t regret them. You’d work harder at getting him back. After your shift ended, you went to work on the files you still had from Bastion, and you started to follow reports of his latest conquest. Oddly enough, there was no report. You scanned and scanned and scanned, but there was no attack, no mention of raids. Irritated, you turned your attention to Arbra, but that had given you less that what you had started with. The reports didn’t mention where they’d land, what they wanted, or why they were there.

As the afternoon turned into evening, your state of being had turned into agitation. It was how Bos had found you when he came back from an assignment.

“You’re worrying yourself over nothing.”

“It’s not nothing.” You said quickly, shutting him down.

You looked at the hologram that gave you stats on Arbra and scrolled for any information that you might have missed. There was nothing! You couldn’t find any resources that would be useful for the First Order, no labs or ruins for plunder so why the hell would he be there? What were the odds that he’d be so close to you…unless…he somehow knew you were near? Was he looking for you? Maybe Ren was reaching out? The report didn’t say a fleet, it only stated his Command Shuttle was going to be there.

You rose to stand, almost knocking over your seat while Bos was doing nothing more than sitting up in the cot.
“I need more information.”

The words must have stirred him and when you grabbed your coat, hand on the holding’s keypad, your roommate was already to his feet, and slammed a hand on the lock forcing it to shut as it was opening. The suddenness of the gesture made you jump and his forcefulness confused you.

“What are you doing?” Those were his words; words that should have been yours.

“I’m going to see Bastion.”

“Why.” He stepped between you and the door and you saw red warning signs.

In all your time around Bos, you had never felt threatened.

Nervous, maybe, in an awkward, and uncomfortable way, but never afraid that you might get hurt. This was different. At this moment, something in the way he had moved, how he was speaking, and how forceful he had become to block your path, something was off, and you were on edge, feeling unsafe. That was it. You didn’t feel safe.

“Bos.” In a voice, calmer than your heart was beating, you didn’t meet his eye and kept them on the door behind his person. “Get out of my way.”

“No.”

You tried to slow your breathing as the blood in your ears were pounding.

“Tell me.”

He wasn’t budging.

“I…” why was he doing this? “I need answers.”

“About him.”

Your eyes narrowed. “Yes. About him.”

“I already told you no. Those reports are fabricated.”

“You keep saying that there’s something wrong, but you never gave me a reason, or proof. I’m not even thinking about going, I just want to ask him questions.”

As you were giving your explanation, Bos made a fist and slammed it against the wall denting it and you let out a short lived scream.

“You’re not going.”

Eyes were clouding up with tears.

You were so angry! You were getting to the point where fear was leaving you and being replaced by rage fueled by confusion and hurt. What was he doing? Did he really expect you to stay like some pet just because he said so?

“Get. Out…” Your voice was dangerous and defiant. Who did he think he was? “Of. My. Way.”

The silent round lasted only a few seconds as you both glared at each other. Or at least from your end, you glared at him. It was broken when you made the first move. You shoved him back. He
must not have been expecting it, because despite his size and the amount of power, all that didn’t matter as he stumbled away from the unexpected hit. Your hand flew towards the pad, but Bos had recovered faster and blocked your move grabbing you and threw you towards the bed.

As you screamed his name, he either ignored, or he didn’t hear. He was so focused, looking back on this moment, it was the latter. The man was on top of you before you could scream again. All you could do was kick. When you tried to slide off to the other side of the cot towards the bathroom, Bos grabbed you by the ankle and dragged you closer to him before you could get away.

After all your flailing, something shattered and the light turned off, making you fend for yourself in complete darkness. You felt Bos grab at your arms as you writhed trying to get any kind of upper hand, but what you were defenseless in, he was dominant. That damn mask let him see in the damn dark. If you could just…

In the struggle, your hand struck home and you saw a quick spark of light around where his face should be, before Bos cursed. One of his hands that had been holding you down let go and you heard him take off his headpiece and drop it to the floor with a heavy sound broke the struggle for now.

It was off.

You both paused for a moment unsure of where to go next. The situation was a compromising one and the two of you were increasingly aware of the short of space between the two of you. All you had to do was lift yourself up by a fraction, and you’d be flushed against him.

Bos made the first move and you felt his lips touched your face.

He must have been blind as you were; he missed your lips. But by this time, he had gained permanent control of your arms, finally able to lock them into place.

“Wait! Bo-” Your words let him know where to aim, and mouth open as you pleaded, you felt him slide his tongue inside as his body matched the movements by grinding against your lower half where he had pushed his way between your now spread legs and you realized, remembered, just how good it felt to be wanted, and needed.

You bended your knees and started to push upwards. Almost surprised at your response, Bos paused for a quick moment before you felt him smirk and grinded hard, evoking a moan as he swallowed it up with another kiss.

He had you.

An image of you forced its way into your mind as you thought of Bos finally doing what he wanted pushing himself inside you and pulling out over and over and over until you’d break, and sob and finally beg for it. Your body would ache in such a way, a memento, it would be covered in all his marks, all his territorial designs so that every time you looked down, you’d know who’d put it there, you’d remember him, not Kylo Ren.

And you froze with one word in mind and more than one emotion backing up how you felt.

*NO.*

You weren’t ready.

And as quickly as Bos had started, he stopped.
In the calm, in the quiet, you had started to cry. You didn’t mean too, but you did. This was messing with your mind.

You cried and Leon said nothing. He may have felt remorse, but you were too distraught and too angry to care about his apology that fell onto deaf ears.

He was still on top and when his words didn’t get through you felt him rest his forehead on to yours with apologies that stopped when you stopped crying. Your wrists felt bruised, your heart was heavy and the killing blow, when Leon’s words finally got through.

“He doesn’t love you.”

And it hurt. He wasn’t using his words in forceful way, maybe that made it sting more, but the reason they hurt was because deep down, you were coming to understand that the longer things stayed this way and the farther you were from him, it was more and more likely true.

“Get off.”

He did.

“He never cared about you.”

“And you do?” You said hatefully, touching the ground with your shoes.

“Yes.”

The directness and the simplicity of his answer took you by surprise but you couldn’t say anything kind about it. Upset with his blunt statements of Ren’s unmutual feelings had made you unable to stop your words from running, your misery was grasping at ways to lash out, to hurt him for the sole reason of trying to get closer to you. “You don’t even know me.”

You headed towards the door and he motioned to follow you.

“I know you like to look at the stars.”

Your face, if he could see it, was stumped and confused as you turned back. “What?”

“I know.” His voice was moving towards you, “I know that you try to keep up a façade about wanting to be closer to others, but you keep your walls up so they don’t get hurt.”

“That’s enough.” You held up a hand in the direction of his voice hoping to push him away if he came any closer.

“I know that you’re scared of people rejecting you because of your connection to the First Order. I know you feel guilty about what happened to Ziff and you hate the fact that you survived and he didn’t.”

“Stop it!” He grabbed your hand, to prevent you from leaving.

“And I know you’re lonely.”

You were in the dark, but you were feeling so exposed.

His words were calm, as if he understood why you were trying to pick a fight. Which made you even more angry. You didn’t want him peering into your soul, you didn’t want him close to you, and you didn’t want him to misunderstand.
“You think…that because you can pick out several things about me that you know me?” You scoffed. “I guess it’s confusing, this…situation, but I’ll make it easy for you. You’re just a replacement. A time killer. There is nothing between us, there is no connection, no understanding, I don’t even know what you look like! And that’s not the point.”

You tugged your hand away, and instead turned around to place it on the doorlock while he said nothing, did nothing.

“I’m…not coming back.”

Regret hit the moment the door shut, but you kept on walking. What were you doing? You asked yourself the question again and again. You were abandoning someone that you could potentially be…happy with. Someone who could make you happy. But the idea terrified you and you brushed it off. You knew you were being unreasonable. You knew you were being ridiculously immature. But...

Kylo.

You ate dinner in the mess hall trying to surround yourself with other people, but in only made you feel lonelier. Some of the faces you recognized, You saw the ex-trooper, Jessika, no one close enough to breach a conversation, so despite your willingness, and your wants, your actions only stopped at thoughts and you never made a move.

What a MISERABLE existence.

After that mistake, you made your way to your bunker, passing the living area where someone had called your name. It was Jiara’s mother, motioning you with a finger to her lips to stay quiet and come over.

“I need to step outside for a moment, but she’s sleeping, can you put her to bed?”

“Sure.”

“I’m sorry, I forgot something at the communications tower and I don’t want to wake her.”

You assured her that it wasn’t a problem and when she had left, you nudged the child to not startle her when you picked her up. It took of moment for her to recognize you, but once she did, the girl wrapper her arms around your neck without saying a word. You laughed a bit when you saw that she was clinging to your old music player tightly in her hand.

Passing several bunker rooms you counted twice before making sure you were at Jiara’s and walked in to lay her down and tuck her in. You sat and looked around for a moment at the makeshift toys and the books. One of them had caught your eye. A wooden toy doll. It looked new and not as damaged as the rest. You picked it up and realized it was hand carved, without a company logo to declare otherwise.

“Your scary friend gave it to me.”

You looked at Jiara, whose eyes were closed.

“My scary friend?”

“I don’t have any friends but you.” You poked her side and she squired.

She was talking about Bos, then?
“He’s nice.”

You set the doll next to her in the bed and she grabbed it and hugged it instantly, abandoning your gift long enough for you to take it and power it down.

“Who’s Ziff?” She asked and the question stopped your heart.

“What?”

“Who’s Ziff?”

“You know him.” You tugged her blanket closer to her chin. “Mommy told you about him. Yolo Ziff.”

“Oh, I know him.”

You nodded and kissed her forehead and turned off the light.

“He talks to me all the time.”

Ghosts!?

You turned on the light making you both see stars and you shook her away as gently as you urgently could. “Jiara, what do you mean ‘talks’!”

She had quite enough and swatted your hand away pointing to your music device.

Quietly in your room, you eyed the player. If this thing started to get supernatural, you were going to salt and burn your player. You loved it but it wasn’t worth being haunted.

“She said he talks...”

You put in the buds into your ear and turned off the lights expect for the light coming from the player. Maybe the screen said words? Or...Before you left Jiara, you tried getting some more info, but she was too tired to say anything else. Your hand skimmed to the recently played list and you closed your eyes going down the list and listening to a few seconds of each song. You had reviewed the list before for profane songs to shield Jiara, but other than that you had never checked them anymore. You never updated or added, the reminder was too painful.

“Next.” You muttered.

Nothing.

“Next.” You sighed.

Uneventful and boring.

You took out one side of the earpieces when a familiar name shocked you while you tossed the player aside.

“Gorgeous girl.”

You let out a small cry and looked at the device from far away now. Looking at it like it was the devil. You’d thrown it off the bed and it was in the corner. Oh great. What if you broke it. You’d never believed in this kind of stuff, channeling through to the beyond. There was talk, sure, for Jedis that it could be done, but Yolo was no jedi. You looked around to make sure there was no apparition
or dark shadow. Nothing.

The player kept playing and the screen was still lit.

Inching your way to the castaway device, you looked at the screen more closely to see a title you hadn’t noticed before. You hadn’t looked for it, you never had cause to.

A track that was playing, titled the very words you heard and you lunged to the object to listen, fumbling with the earphones. Bruising your knees and shins, in the process. You curled up into the corner and replayed the track with your hands shaking. Tears welt up, as you realized it was a final good-bye:

Gorgeous Girl.

How long had this been here?

I know you think that right now, it’s hopeless. That right now there’s no end to the tunnel. But you’re going to get out…kriff. I hope this gets to you. I want to tell you that everything will be okay, but in my last moments, you’re going to have to trust me.

… That’s why he was gone when you had woken up. He was making this recording.

I’m going to be executed today. And there’s nothing you or I can do to stop it.

Your heart started to hurt. His last thoughts were of you even though his death was right around the corner.

…I know, I need to hurry, just…hold on.

There was something inaudible in the back. He was talking to someone else.

I have a confession…because of my allegiance and devotion to the rebellion…I was…never…going to stop Cal-Zorok’s torture of you. I saw you looking at me. I heard you begging me. Telling me that you couldn’t handle this life anymore but…I-I can’t. I couldn’t. Forgive me. Oh, please forgive me.

He broke down here.

I can’t betray my cause for the life of one person. This was all my fault…and I-I am so so sorry. I was never used to having someone next to me and I was selfish. You strolled into my life in your short black dress uncomfortable heels all distressed when we first met, and I wanted you next to me. For as long as I could. I didn’t remember that having someone close could put them in danger. It’s happened before, but I didn’t listen. I didn’t learn. And in the end I couldn’t protect you and I even now I…I can’t protect you. I won’t protect you.

Oh Ziff…

But Ren will.

What?

Ren has given me…a proposition. He is willing to get you out, under the condition that there is a diversion created on our end. I’ve given Ren coordinates and under his…help, I have sent
out a coded message to a member of the rebellion, stressing and…embellishing the value of you as a member of the rebellion. A plan has been put into affect for your rescue. But…you just have to …you have to wait.

It’s going to be…okay. I know it because…Ren…he’s…an 'okay' guy.

You laughed at the effort he put into saying that. It hurt him to.

And I can’t help but wonder what you’d be doing when you’re out. After this…when you’re away, I hope that you’ll be able to have an ordinary life. Go on regular dates and run wherever you want without this fighting. A normal life. A happy life.

Something was moving in the back that sounded like a chair.

See you around, Gorgeous Girl. And...be happy?

Footsteps.

All right, all right…turn it off.

The message ended and your sleeves and face were drenched. The understanding that Ziff had chosen not to stop your suffering hit you hard. You knew he couldn’t…he wouldn't, but actually saying it…and the rest of his message? Ren was the one who coordinated your rescue? You clutched at where your heart rested. SO not only was he the one who had placed you into a pod, he had…

“Damn it.”

Planned the whole thing. You remembered when he had tried to get you to eat. He knew what was going to happen. He had such a terrible way about going through things. And the worst timing. And what of now? You replayed the part where Ziff had described the kind of life you could live. You could either get locked into this fight and stay, the end result rarely being happy, or normal. Or…you could run away. Never look back move forward. Be normal. Be regular, have a happy ending, find someone to be happy with.

There was a knock on your door. A loud disturbing knock.

Bos.

You wiped your face gripping the player in hand. You couldn’t. You’d tell him directly, that you were going to keep looking for Ren.

The door slid open to reveal a red faced, desperate, out of breath, and determined man.

“Bastion?”

The man pushed his way in and wiped his brow. Whatever he had been doing, he was making a

“It’s now or never. He’s on the planet.”

You’re mind thought fast as to whom he was referring.

“We may never get this chance again.” He said between breaths. “Are you in or out?”

You tightened your grip on your music player and thought.
What was the point of having a happy ending, if you weren’t with that someone who made it a happy ending?

You’d promised yourself to save Ren and you were going to do it.

“I’m in.”

Chapter End Notes

I had planned on ending the chapter where Jiara says "He talks to me all the time" Haha. Darn. Missed opportunity. SALT THEM AND BURN THEM #supernaturallove (I’m sorry, I’m one of those #sorrynotsorry)
Chapter 33

This Time It's Different

The group you were with wasn’t friendly.

For the few hours you’d spent in the cramped space, everyone in the transporter was somber and unwilling to socialize. Judging by the situation, they had every right to be. They were all about to go up against the Kylo Ren. And if you weren’t enough to calm him down or bring him over to this side of the war, it was going to be a slaughter, not a fight.

There was eight men and three women. You were one of the women, there was another which you assumed by her body was a woman (she wore a body suit and a helmet), and the third was Jessika, she, however was looking sicker by the moment. Every so often, she would glance to you, but she never said a word. You had tried to make a few attempts to talk with her, but more than once, a strong jolt of the vehicle shook you up that you stopped. Another moment, you thought you had caught her eye, but she looked away so quickly, you didn’t get a chance to initiate. In the end, you decided to stop making the effort, and in doing so, you had more time to let the infectious atmosphere overtake you as well.

You tried thinking of something encouraging to say, but everything that came to mind sounded stupid or desperate. You decided to just review the plan in your mind, only to be dismayed that Bastion hadn’t give you any instructions yet.

Trying to reach out to Jessika would have led to another awkward case of trial and error, so you asked a rather large man next to you.

“Do you know what the plan is?”

He turned to you slowly, and you watched as his mouth curled up into a grin. The next thing he did, he started to laugh. It wasn’t of a jovial nature, but cruel. The man never answered you question, and you felt more tension than you had started with.

“Just be you.” The man across from you said, rather comfortably.

“Me?”

“Yea.”

You’ve never seen him around the base before either. Brown hair, lifted up in to a headband. Dirty. He spat to the side, to which another member grimaced, but said nothing.

“You have any weapons on you, sweet heart?”
“Why would I need weapons?”

He chuckled. “That’s right. You don’t. Leave it to us.”

Frowning now, the look you have questioned him before words, “We’re not trying to hurt him.”

“If he puts up a fight,” He winked. “And he will put up a fight, we’ll have to.”

A sinking feeling in your gut started to make you restless. And regretful. You should at least have told someone whom you were going with. What if things ended badly? You’d be hurt or a rotting corpse in the ground and no one would even know. If you were the

Maybe you should have practiced rehearsing what you’d say to him?

‘It’s been a while?’

That sounded all right. Or…very stupid. What if he cut you down on the spot and…you…you never got a chance to say anything? Should you be forceful?

‘You’re coming with me.’

No. Stupid.

The last thing you should be was forceful.

Or was it the best thing?

The nervousness, the anxiety, the unknowing of his mind. Even his intentions. At least, not completely. You usually guessed or made assumptions about his actions. With a sigh, your body slumped back. In the time in between, you had forgotten how difficult it was to talk to him. Looking at the music player in your hand you ran a thumb along the buttons. That could be an opener? You had

When you looked up, Jessika was looking at you again. She looked sad. You looked to the seat next to her. There wasn’t much space, but you timed your movements in between the bumpiness of the road and squeezed into the small spot next to her. Her neighbor grunted, irritated, but you ignored it and gave her a friendly smile.

“It’ll be okay.”

“What?” She was shocked at your response.

“I won’t let him hurt you.” You smiled again. “That’s why you’re worried right? If anything, he’d probably go after me before anyone else.”

“…Yeah.” Jessika looked as if she was going to hurl. “Um…”

You started to pat her back. “It’s okay.”

“Can you… stop being so nice?”

Your hand stopped trying to comfort her as she turned her back to you.

“You should get some rest. The place we’re heading to…it’s far. You should at least get a decent rest, even now. So…”
Her reaction left you confused, and you went back to your original seat wondering what you had done wrong. What had happened? Did you offend her? The only thing you could think of that was disagreeable was your relationship with Ren. Come to think of it, Bastion had stated there was many that would just kill him if given the chance. This group…what was their opinion of the whole mission? It was Bastion who was giving you the chance to save Ren, everyone else around you could be in disagreement.

You were left to yourself, and realizing that the members may have ill will towards you, you decided to keep to yourself. You did however feel rather drained. Pulling the coat around you until you were wrapped properly, you let the warmth gather around taking Jessika’s advice and started to sleep.

The dream you had wasn’t pleasant and time had sped up while you dozed. When someone kicked your foot, you stirred slowly and realized the transporter had come to a stop and the passengers were now exiting through the back.

You must have ridden quite a ways, it was, from what you could tell, late afternoon. The land around you was barren, and sand covered the ground for miles. The tracks that the transport had made seemed just as endless, but other than that, your attention as grabbed by what looked to be a small abandoned depot base with a very worn out symbol of the First Order on the doors.

“Is this…” You looked at Bastion, “Is this our HQ or… he’ll be soon?”

Bastion nodded but you didn’t know which question he was answering, as he stepped out of the driver’s seat, signaling and shouting orders to the other party members to split up, double check the area, set up posts at the exits, turn on the power and prepare the room.

“Room?” You asked Bastion for clarification and he motioned you to follow him, leaving a very unhappy looking Jessika to do a stats check on the transport. “This is a very old base.”

“I know. Most likely, it was a prototype or a training facility, though, you may know more than I do. It still works though.”

When the two of you walked in, you saw one member stationed in a small booth and a control panel that you recognized. “You should disable the emergency alert. Just in case.”

“Emergency Alert?”

You gestured to one of the lights. “If the base is under attack, or gets hit ny negative impact too many times, it sends an automatic distress signal.”

“…Could that call Ren here?” Bastion thought aloud.

“Uhmm…I don’t think so…if he were the closest team, then they might order him to check out the base, but that would alarm too many unnecessary troopers we want to fight.”

“You know so much. Were you part of the emergency response team?”

“No, I was a janitor.”

There was a quick misstep, but he hid it well when you mentioned your past occupation. Bastion dismissed this quickly as you kept up with him.

“We’ll stick with the original plan.”

“Great.” You were unenthused.
He opened the door and gestured you to go through. The room was empty and of a decent size. It was dark, save for the light that was coming in from the door and you wondered what part to play an abandoned base had in Bastion’s mind.

“So…” You turned around to face him as he stood in the doorway looking at his sleeve and correcting the placement. “What’s the plan?”

Bastion stepped into the room and from what little light that could find its way to his face, but remained quiet.

“Bastion.”

He smiled before readjusting goggles resting on his head, and moved them over his eyes. A simple tap to the side activated them.

Your blood started to pound.

Your hands started to sweat.

And your heart sped up realizing what was going to happen.

The purpose of this room…

It was a prison.

The door shut quickly and you reacted as fast as you could, but time seemed to slow as you reached for the blaster in your boot. You grunted as someone tackled you at your side and you hit the ground hard. They had the advantage, but you had reached your goal and aimed the blaster at the sound of another set of footsteps coming at you.

Someone screamed.

Realizing you were armed the person who had taken you down panicked and froze, giving you the opportunity to shoot them dead. The weight of them pinned you down but you kept firing as you shoved the body off of you, too desperate to stop and hurried to your feet. Shooting every sound you heard until the room went quiet.

You waited.

Did you get everyone?

Someone grabbed your extended arm and you felt the weightless as you were flipped, only to be slammed down onto your back. Your blaster went off a few more times before your hand was slammed up and down to separate you from the weapon. The familiar feeling of shackles, and the ringing sound of chains resonated. Thinking you had given up, you were able to sneak in a jab to the person’s face. Smiling smugly when you heard him scream.

Bastion.

Your knee shot up and you heard him grunt, letting you know you hit home. While he was distracted, you took the opportunity to knock the side of his head and the weight holding you down lifted. The chance you took was a scramble for your lost blaster, and you hoped you could find it, but your desperation wasn’t enough.

Bastion slammed you down and you felt him grab your hair and crush you back into the floor. And
once again, his weight kept you immobilized. The lights turned on and Bastion was gloating as he held you in place. There was something warm on the side of your face, and you already guessed correctly that it was blood.

Your body had started to shake, and the reality of the situation was started to sink in. Nostrils flaring, your eyes started to burn, your body ached as your adrenaline began to let you feel again. In such a locked position, your mind was the only thing that could run.

It ran and it ran as time seemed to stand still. Everything that had happened until now, Bastion’s disgust to sudden empathy, Bos’s warnings when Bastion had tried to get you alone to talk about this, oh, what a fool you’ve been. And even Jessika. She was distancing herself because she was feeling guilty. Then the crashing realization that Ren was never even in this part of the galaxy. You were fed fabricated evidence. How in depth did Bastion go to get you here? He even changed documentation from missions to try lining up the timeline he had created. All this for you? It took a moment to catch your breath and when you caught it rage pent up inside you and you screamed.

“Why!”

Bastion looked around at the dead and to the injured.

“She wasn’t supposed to be armed!” One of his crew said as he kicked over the man you had spoken to earlier, the one with the headband that had asked if you had any weapons. Nothing more than a corpse now. The man grimaced at his damaged arm and looked at you angrily.

“Whose fault is that?” Bastion pulled your head back and smashed your face into the floor almost knocking you out. Dazed from the hit, and too much in an awkward position, to look up, you helplessly waited for whatever was going to happen next.

He got off from on top of you and kicked you to the side, letting you curl up as he motioned to the other man to suck it up and pull out the dead member.

“How much of it was a lie…” you said this softly at first before shouting again. “YOU FUCKING COWARD!”

In return, you were awarded another kick to the stomach. It was here, you started to cough up blood.

You pulled yourself up to your knees and forearms, but you were still not strong enough to stand. Your head hung low to hide your tears, letting them drop straight down to the floor, no trace of them on your face. When he didn’t answer, you looked up. You saw Bastion pick something off the ground and fiddle with it.

“That’s mine.” You indicated as he played with your music player. He slipped one of the pair of earpieces in, and laughed at the choices of music showing on screen. “Ziff left a message on there for me, it’ll prove-”

It didn’t take him long for him to pull them off and in one swift motion, he threw it to the ground and as you shouted out for him to stop, when he crushed it underneath his feet. As if it was your heart taking the beating you rushed at him head on, but he was quicker and took you down again.

“No!” You screamed and made another attempt but it fell apart just like the first.

Bastion gave a final blow to you and your last memory, and kicked the thing to the side.

You cried openly now. “We were supposed to be working together…we were supposed to be on the same side!”
You looked over to your broken player. The final words of Ziff and the last gift from Ren. You made your way, dragging yourself to it. How pathetic you must have looked. How pathetic you felt. You hadn’t felt this low since…

The First Order.

“The same side? With someone like you.” Bastion started to circle you.

No…this was worse.

He was worse.

Cal-Zorok knew what he did was horrible.

Bastion did it because he thought he was right.

“Someone like me?” You gritted your teeth and looked at him full of hate.

“I don’t care if Ziff thought you were worth dying for. I don’t care if the general thought you were worth saving.” Bastion looked down on you. “You’re still the trash that served the First Order and you’re the same piece of trash that left the First Order.”

The broken pieces of metal and glass reached your fingertips and you ran a hand over it before gripping them in your hands.

“Someone like me.” You repeated.

Bastion knelt down in front of you. “I’m going to make your life a living hell.”

The ground was covered in red now.

“So go ahead and cry.” Bastion smeared the blood on your face. “Your tears may have worked on Ziff, but they won’t work on me.”

He had such hate. So much hate, enough to play nice until he had you where he wanted you. You were, for a second time, at the mercy of someone who wanted to destroy you. The life you clung to was in the hands of someone who wanted nothing more than to break you.

The situation was the same. You thought.

But then you thought some more about what had changed.

And you looked at Bastion straight in the eyes. He was matching your gaze, and even entertained himself about what you might say as he wore a self-righteous grin.

You leaned your head back slowly, and then head-butted him.

The fool wasn’t expecting it, and you lunged on top, beating his face in with your two hands that clung to each other.

Did he think you would take this sitting down a second time? That you would beg, and cower and shed tears in the corner as you did before? Did he think you were just going to take it? Like fucking hell! He would never hear you beg. Not someone like him. And you were not the same person a year ago! You weren’t the same docile little thing that let things be. If this was to be how your last day was, then you would be the one bringing hell into Bastion’s life. Not the other way around!
Blow after blow, they fell down like a storm. It took two of his men to restrain you and another to hold up a damaged Bastion as he cursed your name and ordered the men to hang you. They grabbed you by your cuffs and hung you to the ceiling.

“You bitch.” Bastion wiped the blood off his face as you were uncomfortably held up.

“You lied!” You seethed. “He was never here!”

“No. But he will be.” The man gloated. “Shall we test his force awareness?”

“Awareness?” You mocked.

“It’s said that the force connects everyone. Some connections are stronger than others.” Bastian walked behind you. “When someone close to the General was in danger, she was able to feel it.”

“You think he’ll come for me…” You shook your head. “you’ll be disappointed.”

“Not as disappointed as you.”

You didn’t think of that and his words stumped you, but not as much as the punch he threw to your jaw and the second and third throw to your torso.

“He will come, and when he does, we’ll all be ready for him.” Bastion fumed. “Even if we have to sink this low.”

The man had more faith in Kylo Ren than you did. Bastion turned towards the door, making it clear that his business with you was done for the day, but a man he left behind with orders to beat you.

“He’s not coming!” You shouted before he shut the door and the lights turned off.

He’s…

He’s not coming.

Long after your first beating you had held your emotions in. When the wall started to crumble, you waited for a few minutes longer…colder to an hour before letting yourself finally break down and cry. How could you have been so stupid?! You asked yourself. How could you have been so blind sighted and reckless to let this happen? You tugged at your restraints angrily. Stupid. Would you never learn? Self-hate and frustration dominated your emotions.

You should have listened to Bos, you shouldn’t have let your feelings get the better of you and now you’d thrown him away. It’s just that...

You wanted was to see Kylo again.

Trying to view your surroundings was useless. The room was dark and all you could focus on was the increasing amount of pain your body was feeling. What was it Bastion had said about force awareness? Ren could feel your pain? Or sense it? If he could do that, your suffering with Zorok would have been shorter. But what if it was possible? And if then, what if he knew and still never came for you? The thought was dread itself. You head hung low and your heart became heavy. Burdened and exhausted you let yourself fall asleep.

The next time you woke you gasped for air and your entire body was in pain, and you knew parts of you were swollen. But you kept reminding yourself…you’ve had worse. You were thirsty, and your muscles burned now from the position you were in. Everywhere, something was bruised and
something was broken. And again, you reminded yourself this was not hell. You’d been to hell and killed the devil. You concentrated on your breathing but with nothing left to occupy your mind, for a second time, you passed out.

“Hey.”

You stirred.

“Do…do you need to use the bathroom?” It was a very soft voice and it sounded kind, but when your vision focused, you gritted your teeth and yelled. A hand covered your mouth, but you bit it and tasted blood. Jess cried out, pulling back, and continued to babble how she was sorry, she didn’t mean for this to happen or get so far. She didn’t know this was going to end up with you black and blue, but this was for the greater good, they couldn’t stop now.

Excuses, excuses.

“Do-do you want to use the toilet or not?” She said this hardly any braver. You could take her down if you wanted, but she added, that there were still others outside that were willing to gun you down if you stepped outside the room. And you had to admit, you didn’t want to piss your pants.

The chain was never removed, but it was loosened by releasing more of the chain, it was longer than you realized, and you were given enough leeway to reach the toilet in the far corner. When you were done, she bolted the chain at a looser setting rather than letting you remain stretched and taunt, even giving you the option of laying down.

She didn’t bother to stay. Her will wasn’t as strong as Bastion’s and you could see she was beginning to waiver after seeing you so badly treated.

“When I first met you,” You started as she paused by the door. “I wanted to be friends.”

This seemed to have stung, and you saw her wince as the door closed.

That night, or what you assumed to be night, they never fed you.

Which was fine.

You were so worried you’d have to relieve yourself and the emptier you were, the better it was. It was not preferred that they catch you with your pants down. The room was a decent size but in disrepair from neglect. It seemed as if it hadn’t been used in a while. The only signs of use was from your own imprisonment. The blood stain, the footprints you choked when you remembered and saw your broken player on the floor. You tried a few times, but you couldn’t reach it as much as you strained. In the end you gave up and looked around again, turning your head.

How were you going to get out of here? So your arms didn’t stretch, you curled up underneath where the chain was attached to the ceiling and tried to catch more sleep before your next beat down.
And What of Leon Bos?

Chapter Summary

He’s forgotten you too.

Chapter Notes

I love you all!! Thank you for staying with this fic! I can't believe you all put up with my long waits.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 34

And What of Leon Bos?

“This isn’t working!”

You heard Bastion say as you swayed back and forth once again hung up. The words were distorted after the beating. You were already fading in and out of consciousness. Bastion believed you were already out cold. The unnatural feeling of your face swelling twice its size was ever prominent when you almost smiled, hearing a comment that the damage you’d done to his face was preventing him from being inconspicuous back at the base. People kept asking him questions over the past few days of where he’d been, what had happened to his face.

It came as a surprise to learn that Bastion wasn’t able to keep his stories straight. He warned the others that his stories were getting muddled and they replied that this had to move along faster.

“If we hurt her more than we already are, she’ll die.” A woman, who wasn’t happy at all, stated angrily. It wasn’t Jessika.

Had you been here longer than a few days? They had started to give you food and water, you remembered. Not much, but enough to keep you alive. You had thought about letting yourself starve, but that was what you had done before wasn’t it? No, you’d try to save up your strength this time.

“Why doesn’t he come?” Someone else asked, his voice like gravel.

“I don’t know!” Bastion yelled back in disgust. “This is all a fucking mess.”

“It needs to get messier if you want to call Ren here.”

They were amateurs.

For which you were very grateful.
Zorok had been neat, and proper, and very precise. He knew what hurt the most, and what disturbed the most. These fellows, on the other hand, lacked his finesse and took to brute force. That’s not to say the blows were weak. They were hard hits, the first few times they had used just their fists and kicks, the other days they used…what was it? Sticks? For how long, you couldn’t remember…Today they used whips or something thinner. But you didn’t cry. Or perhaps you did, but you didn’t cry out loud. Maybe your eyes watered, or a tear managed to run, but your lips were silent as the grave. Your shirt was damp, and sticky, but for the hundredth time, you reminded yourself this was nothing, failing to realize, your palms had started to bleed due to your clenching fists. You had to have an outlet somewhere.

“And what about her damn bodyguard?”

“They had a falling out before she left.”

“That man was a pain…”

So it was a rush job. It wasn’t a coincidence that Bastion had come up to you that night, he had waited until you were away from Bos. You two had been, for a short while, almost inseparable. He realized that that chance would have been the only one he’d get.

The conversation went on to the next step, what they could use to push your limits, but they, despite their rugged looks and their tough act, were resistance and they were young.

They weren’t holding back, it was their limit! They just didn’t know how to proceed and break the ceiling. Hopefully, they wouldn’t learn how to in the near future.

You remembered that Ziff had mentioned that he’d done things for the cause, but he was out in the field all hours of the day and you had seen when he was brutal, and when he was cold and unfeeling, especially when it came to protecting you from…someone…a butt? Your mind remained clouded and your thoughts were diluted. For hours you’d stayed like this, until you were quickly dropped. This caught you off guard and you did cry out as your open wounded back touched the ground roughly.

“I’m sorry!” A girl’s voice. “I’m sorry.”

Jessika’s voice.

Unfocused vision finally sharpened and you looked around behind her as you automatically backed away, only able to calm yourself when you found the both of you quite alone. You groaned as the cuts on your back started to stretch and she put a ‘comforting’ hand to steady you.

You were confused and your eyes never stopped showing your hatred for her, but when you saw what she had brought with her, a small basin of water a cloth and long strips of bandages, medical supplies, they softened and you stopped struggling.

The first time she saw your back you heard her gasp in horror. You didn’t react, but the sound of her voice made your worry that something worse than the cuts had revealed itself. You didn’t feel like anything on your back was broken. Your ribs, fine, but your back? Your spine?

She started to cry, and you almost lost it, but you felt a hand travel along somewhere where there wasn’t a fresh wound. She was looking at the older ones and her silence unnerved you.

“They’re horrible, I know.” You said callously.

“No.” The girl shook her head, “I mean, yes-I mean…” She cried on and on as she started to wipe
away the blood. “They look the same!”

The same? As much as you’d preferred not to talk to her, you were curious what she meant but whatever reason she had it was so distressing to her that she couldn’t get out the words to explain herself. Among her supplies, while she went on feeling sorry for her own condition, you noticed something gleam. It was a needle about the size of you palm, just there, lying short distance from the basin and suturing thread.

Your fingers made slow twitching motion, but that was as far as they went. A few minutes later, you were ready to try again, but Jessika was already finishing up with the cleaning process. Should you wait for her to use the needle and snatch it after? No, she’d be sure that she had it while she was with you.

Distract her!

“Why are you doing this?” Your fingers drummed once. “They’re just going to rip open again.”

You felt her hands stop, and then start up again.

You eyed the needle and your heart pounded louder. It was a marvel she didn’t feel it when she dabbed at the blood. You were terrible at this skulking approach. Slow and patient, you tried to convince yourself, but the string in your mind was already so taunt, it snapped and you went on the bitter and offensive path.

“Well?” You sharply turned to face her and as she backed away meekly and fearfully (she raised a blaster that was hidden on her person to your head), your hand took the opportunity to ‘adjust’ to your weight and glide over the desired possession. “Why are you doing this?”

“I don’t know!” She went back and forth with her justifications, then how Bastion is going to far, then back again with how it was necessary. Somewhere in the back of your mind she reminded you of someone, but you brushed the thought aside.

In the end, she forgot about the needle and when she noticed it missing, it was quickly assumed that she had forgotten it and settled for bandaging you up rather poorly, showing how little she knew about wound care. You didn’t bother to point it out, you only hoped the needle you stole would be strong enough. But what then? Even if you got free, how would you open the door?

“How long have I been here?” You asked.

She was surprised you started to talk and answered nine days.

More than a week!

People had assumed you had deserted. The General had made inquiries and didn’t believe it, but all they found from your quarters was a hastily rummaged room and signs of your leaving. She was obliged to think you had run off. The little girl and the mother had denied it and thought it slander, but whom could they turn to? Who would believe them? And even if it was true you were missing, there was a war going on. What was one more missing soldier?

And what of Leon Bos?

The man, had disappeared on a mission for several days off planet, and when he came back, there was no change in his routine. He had gone on with his life just as everyone else. Here and there he received contracts, and small scavenger excursions, but nothing suggested he knew or even cared.
The next ‘torture’ sessions became shorter. Or perhaps your mind was more preoccupied than it had been for a while. This time you studied faces in quick glances; you paid attention to who was there, picked up on their schedules that were mentioned in between the blows.

For the most part, they all tried to be on the base as much as possible. Every so often, two would go get supplies like food. And then the times that Bastion would be gone. That would leave the base with a minimum of six on base if timed properly. Three to four people were always posted on each side of the building, leaving three or four inside at all times.

You just needed the right timing.

And a way to get out of the stupid cuffs.

All your time went to sleeping and messing with the stupid chains. You didn’t pretend to know what you were doing, you just fiddled. After the sessions and in between your dreams, you started laughing at yourself how you’d started to see locks and picks in your sleep. But despite your best efforts, your more enthused rattlings, the chains around your wrist remained locked.

After one session, you’d been exceptionally tired. You pretended to be unconscious, fighting the urge to wince when they tested if you were faking. They had bought it, and you were left alone.

Your hands were shaking as you forced one open and tried again to put it in the keyhole and you went to work.

A few hours you still hadn’t given up, per se, but you were already falling asleep. Your eyes didn’t even bother to stay open and the pick you were using was doing nothing more now than poking at the keyhole. It was the last thing you remembered before dozing off.

There was a ‘click’ and you shrieked.

“OW!” You rubbed the part of your face that hurt the most. “Jessika!”

You slowly stood up and looked to face her, but she wasn’t in the room. Looking down to your wrists, you realized that you’d done it! You picked the lock! You rubbed your wrists and looked up at the shackles.

How the hell did that happen? And what the hell do you do now? You walked around freely, but the moment was short lived as you heard someone at the door.

Oh shit!

You weren’t on the ground, you’d been hanging! You looked at the distance and realized jumping to climb back into your restraints would have been stupid. What to do? Rush them? Play dead?

Too late!

The door opened and someone stepped inside. It was the other female member you saw. Under her helmet, her head angled to your hands and then to the ceiling. She grasped something at her side and flicked the weapon open and it crackled to life. A charged baton.

Ooh, you weren’t prepared for this.

The woman marched towards you and raised her weapon, You raised your fists in a pathetic attempt to feel strong but something went wrong and her body stiffened, going limp after a few seconds as she fell to the floor.
Behind the passed out body, you saw a terrified looking Jessika standing with her arm stretched out. At the end of it, judging by the light, a blaster set to stun. She dropped the blaster and began to shake.

“Oh my-”

“Shut the door!” You hissed and she did so, unsure with every step.

Your brain was scrambling for ideas and you tried to calm her down.

“What did I do?!?”

“Shhh!” You patted her quickly. “We have to get out of here.”

You looked at the limp body on the floor and to the door.

“How many of them are outside?”

“Um…ah, one.”

“That’s good.” You started to strip the woman of her black clothes and armor.

“What are you doing!” Jessika tried to stop you, but you shoved her away and put on the helmet.

“Help me!”

Jessika started to tug at the woman’s boots as you were putting on her other clothes. Every move was difficult, but you forced yourself passed the pain.

“There’s only one?”

“Yes but it’s not a good thing. I don’t know where the others are.”

You tried to put on the armor, but it was too stifling in your damaged condition and you couldn’t breath with it on. If you couldn’t wear the armor, you’d have to worry about the blood soaking the black clothes too quickly. In the end, you couldn’t handle it. Even the helmet was a burden, but Jessika encouraged you to keep that on. The exit wasn’t too far and you would be able to breath slowly until then.

“What about transportation?” You asked Jessika. “Is there any outside?”

“Um- there’s a transport outside, the one we came in and a speeder. We can pretend we’re headed back for…I don’t know.”

“We’ll wing it. Get to the base, report to Organa.” You groaned and almost stumbled. “Jess, you’ll have to do the talking if things start heading south.”

“Yeah.” She made a gesture to steady you, but you’d have to stand your own and shooed her hand away.

“Let’s go before she wakes up.” You both headed towards the door, and took a deep breath. Jessika was calmer now, but you knew she was still on edge. You nodded to her and you both exited the room silently.

You’d just exited.
You didn’t even make it five feet when you saw a tall silhouette appear around the corner down the hall. You felt your courage failing, but Jessika nudged your arm and pushed you to the right to lead the way opposite of the threat and to, what you assumed, the path of the location.

The two of you stayed silent, and the third member never addressed you. You just had to round the opposite side, and you’d be out of his sight, but Jessika halted suddenly and shouted out.

“What are you doing!”

When you turned around, your stomach flipped realizing that the man was at your cell.

“None of your business.”

Your flesh began to crawl.

“Bastion said-” Jessika was running towards the man now. If only you could keep up. “His orders are to leave her unharmed while she sleeps! Don’t go in there!”

“I’m not going to hurt her. I just like to watch her sleep.” The man responded as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

You wanted to vomit. Had he snuck in and watched you before this? His words implied he did this regularly. You tried not to think too much of what might have or could have happened and tried to help Jessika intervene, but she had reached him first.

“DO NOT OPEN THAT DOOR!” She screamed in desperation, but he shoved her roughly aside and the door opened to reveal the scene you’d hoped wouldn’t be discovered so soon. A partially clothed member of their squad lying unconscious on the ground. She didn’t share the same skin tone as you or the same hair style, much less the same color.

“What the hell?” He turned to you both for answers, but by the time he did this, Jessika pulled out her blaster, and pulled the trigger.

The man screamed and you saw him kneel down, but that was where he stopped. With extraordinary determination, he gripped Jessika’s weapon and arm, and threw her across back into the room you’d both just left and didn’t move again.

You swore and tackled the man, but off your feet, he had the advantage, and was much taller than you. If you were lower, you’d aim lower. You started to kick him between the legs, and it worked for a while, until he grabbed you by the shoulders with two hands and pulled you close. You didn’t expect him to bite your neck and you let out a strangled cry through gritted teeth. He was like an animal with lockjaw. You tried to gouge at his eyes but he grabbed your arms to hold them down.

Kick!

KICK!!!

You didn’t have time to. A jolt of electricity ran through your body. Your attacker got the worst of it, and it was enough surprise to release you. Jessika had picked up her blaster and was currently laying shots into the man until he was on the floor, and continued to do so even after he stopped moving.

When her rage subsided you both looked at each other, with ‘holy shit’ grins, feeling incredibly empowered. She held out her hand, and you didn’t bother to catch your breath as you took it heartily.

Ah, camaraderie.
You felt her balance her weight out to pull you up, but the tug never came. She fell down the opposite way as a small beam of red light pierced her upper body and she lay on the ground gasping.

“JESS!!!”

You turned to the door and felt a searing pain shoot into the leg and you were down. Another blast of energy hit your head, and if it weren’t for the helmet you’d be dead. The whiplash was hell, though, and the beam had damaged the armor piece shattering more than half the face visor. It was as if you were hit by a ton of bricks to the face and they were lying on top of you. You tried to get back up, your mind screamed to get back up, but you found that you couldn’t move.

You closed your eyes and tried to move, but the best you could do was roll on your side. You didn’t even manage a crawl when Bastion stepped on the leg he had just shot.

You screamed and saw the man smile.

“I’ve been waiting to hear you scream like that.” He lifted his leg up briefly and then pushed down again and you groaned. “Not like that, do it like before!”

When you didn’t, he dropped all his weight onto your leg. This time you were ready and you held in the cry. It infuriated him and he started to beat you. You raised your hands trying to block, but his attacks were brutal and eventually you stopped trying to defend and tried to attack…poorly.

“WHY!” Bastion grabbed you by the front of your shirt and shouted in your face after you were too exhausted to fight back. “WHY DON’T YOU JUST BREAK!”

You made a grimace, trying to catch your breath. Bastion read it as a mockery to himself and took his revenge by kicking you across the floor screaming how you were nothing. How you were and worthless. How no one cared that you’d been missing all this time and that not even Ren was coming for you. He was at his wit’s end. Everyone was. If you were no good to the alive, then they’d see how it’d work if you were dead.

He waited for your response and the room was quiet.

Until you started to laugh.

The sound unnerved him.

His hair stood up on end, and you heard him take a few steps back unless you had a few tricks up your sleeve.

Your laughter was even foreign to yourself as you started to laugh maniacally.

“I have NOTHING to lose!” You shouted between the deafening laughter. “You wanted to BREAK me? You idiot!...I WAS TORTURED BY CAL-ZOROK!!! THIS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HE PUT ME THROUGH. And this?” You ridiculed Bastion as he pulled out his own blaster. “This is child’s play. Resistance soldiers playing bad.”

“Then you can die and rot here, knowing that no one cares for you.” He aimed it at your head threatening to pull the trigger as you pulled yourself to your feet.

“You think that this matters?” You shrieked like a mad woman. You were so tired, so exhausted you didn’t give a damn anymore, you’d die singing his failure. “If someone comes to save me from this shithole? You think I’ll fall over and cry because Ren isn’t here? I’ve had worse. I’ve survived worse.” The truth hurt, but you pretended that the tears rolling down were because of laughing too
hard and you smiled through it, knowing you were okay. The look on Bastion’s face was worth the trouble. “So try your fucking best and pull the damn trigger...because Kylo Ren is NOT coming.”

Bastion was shaking now, understanding that there was no win for him. He hadn’t been able to make you suffer, he hadn’t been able to tear you down. It didn’t matter if he killed you, there was no guarantee that Ren was even channeling in on your pain or that he’d even come after you were dead. The plan was poorly conceived and though he’d love to kill you, it its own way, it was worse than keeping you alive. Even a making a deal with the First Order was risky, assuming they still wanted your head. They always received the upper hand and would no doubt kill him and his team after an exchange was made. There was no merit for Bastion, just catastrophe.

Trembling with so much rage, his face had begun to turn purple. The man looked as if he was going to pop, but the room began to shake.

You both looked up, and another shake of the area occurred, knocking you down. The lights of the base started to flash red and Bastion reached his comm-link that latched on his upper shirt on the right.

“What the hell going on out there!” Static was the only response. He shouted a name through the comm but you couldn’t understand it. “Get your damn explosives under control!”

He tried a few more times to get someone to respond, but no one would answer. While Bastion was growing anxious again, you looked at Jessika on the ground and tried to see if she was still breathing from where you were.

Bastion’s irritation was growing, and rationalization was slipping away, while the situation remained critical. He couldn’t get an update on what was happening outside and was unsure whether or not to leave you. He swore and slammed the thing to the ground and turned to head towards the door, deciding to deal with you later, when a tired worn out silhouette appeared at the door, the man’s eyes were wide and red, you saw that his abdomen was covered blood and a decent sized hole.

“He’s...” The terrified man kept a hand against his wound and you saw the sweat from Bastion drop heavily. “He’s here-”

You didn’t even have time to think what that meant when a gloved hand shot out from behind your point of view from the dark, on the other side of the wall and grabbed his throat. Bastion wasted no time in rushing back to you to use you as a shield and place the blaster at your temple while you were still in a stupor.

The daze was shortlived and you snapped back to attention when the man started to give off a garbled scream as he was lifted into the air by sheer strength and a sickening crack was heard as his body went limp and crumpled to the floor.

You pissed yourself.

The smell of urine permeated the air. But the sensation was off, you were dry. Sweaty, and bloody, but the area around your crotch was quite dry. Your mind had enough sense to tell you that it wasn’t you who was soiled, but Bastion. He was just as afraid and it hit you, just how insane this plan was, just how inadequate these men were. What...what had he done? He led a dangerous man to where you were, and you were now both caged with the most mentally unstable, irrational human being with force awareness and fucking telekinesis. And someone who could break someone’s neck with one hand!! WHO THE FUCK DOES THAT!

There was too many variables. You didn’t know how he’d react if he saw you! Oh fuck. You were
going to die. Ren was going to kill you. You’d prepared yourself for death, but this would… Your breathing wheezed and your mouth dried up. You didn’t move, you didn’t speak, you didn’t dare take a deep breath. You tried not to make a sound but your damn heart was pumping so hard it hurt and threatened to burst. And just when you thought the pressure would shatter you, the man you’d been waiting for stepped out from the dark to reveal a familiar mask.

And a ridiculous voice modulator with blue lights.

The man aimed his own blaster at Bastion and he began to advance slowly towards you.

You didn’t know whether to be disappointed or relieved, but in the end your eyes teared up and relief won over your tired body.

He wasn’t what you wanted, but what you needed.

“B-Bos!” You leaned forward but Bastion pulled you back.

“What…the fuck!” Bastion screamed and pushed the barrel into your temple where a nasty bruise had planted itself. “How the hell did you get here!”

“Let her go.” Bos took another step.

“Do I look like I’m in a disadvantage!?” Bastion aimed the blaster at Bos in hopes of him backing away, but it didn’t. “STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR I SWEAR I’LL KILL HER LIKE I DID HER FRIEND!”

You eyes fluttered to Jessika who was extremely pale, but not dead. You could see slight movements on her fingers, or a twitch near her eye. She wasn’t dead, but if you didn’t get her help soon she would be…you eyed Bastion’s weapon.

“Do you realize that the moment she hits the ground dead, I’ll have no reason to keep you alive?” Bos’s voice was calm. “She’s the only reason you’re still breathing.”

“BACK OFF!” Bastion was erratic now and shot his blaster to the ceiling, making you wince, before aiming it again at Bos. “I said BACK THE FUCK-”

You were staring at Bos’s hand, and then all of a sudden…

It was gone!

It exploded!

Bos had shot Bastion’s hand and at such a close range, it flew into pieces!

Thank the stars your mouth was fucking closed!

Bastion cried out and cradled his deformity, letting you go in the process. To which you responded by bolting towards Jessika’s body.

“Jess!” You tried to wake her gently, “Jess, come on we’re saved, we can go.”

The girl’s eyes slowly opened but barely.

“We’re gonna get you patched up.”

Bos said something but you ignored him. His tone wasn’t positive.
“But I need you to stay with me okay?”

Her lips moved and you delicately asked her to repeat it.

“I…wanted to be…better. I’m sorry…”

Bos was trying to tell you she wasn’t going to make it, but again you ignored him.

“You are! You are better! We’re better. Let’s get out of here okay? Just like we planned.” You repositioned her, but you only got as far as pulling her an inch before you had to drop and cradle her.

“Come on. One more time.”

“You’re so brave…I couldn’t even…nothing…”

“Jess! You’re not nothing! You’re not! You’re-you’re-” you tried to regain her consciousness, but she remained unresponsive and her body drooped, “…extraordinary.”

You suppressed a frustrated cry into your hands, and you wanted to shake her awake, but you knew it wouldn’t do any good. For a moment you spare a bit of sadness, but when your eyes fell upon a discarded baton, hate filled your heart and you grabbed it without hesitation and focused all your anger into beating the shit out of Bastion.

You rose to your feet with a doubtful tremble at your knees and started to limp towards a cowering Bastion in the corner as he tried to salvage his hand…wrist…nub. And as you thought of Jessika’s pain and death, and the stupid things you suffered all for a man’s revenge, your limp broke out into a mad dash, and claimed a strike across the face that would turn a lovely purple green. But something had cracked as well. And when you turned on the baton’s current Bastion sang you a symphony of pain, which was more than you ever gave him.

You beat him like the piece of shit he was, and ignored your own pain as it started to alleviate from the high you got when you heard a bone break. As you let the madness take control of you temporarily, Bos, as if he was patience himself, waited until you exhausted yourself.

He didn’t try to stop you. He didn’t try to tell you how you were justified, or if you were wrong. He was just…there. There when you needed him the most. And when you finally collapsed, shortly after Bastion had passed out, though you gave in a few more blows just for good measure, only then did Bos come up to you and lay a pistol by your side, telling you it was your choice if you let the thing live or die. He wouldn’t stand in your way.

You wanted to pull the trigger.

And if Bos had given you the blaster in the beginning of your rampage, you certainly would have used it.

But, no.

You didn’t know how deep Bastion had altered the records at the base. You didn’t know who else was a dirty mercenary. Who else had he told about the Resistance base? You’d kill him after.

Bos may not have killed Bastion, but he did take the time to kill everyone else. When though, the hell did you know. The man at the door and the woman whose armor you had stolen, their necks had been snapped in their sleep.

You’d have to remember that the next time you made him angry.
“We need—” Your voice cracked, trying to explain you needed to take Bos.

“I know.” Bos knelt down beside you and put your arm around his neck while his arms came underneath and supported you to gently carry you out. “First, you.”

You groaned when he took a misstep but he quickly corrected his gait.

“You came for me?”

Bos grunted.

“Even after… I…” You rested your head on his chest. The armor was cool on your face and you didn’t realize how swollen it must have been until you felt the contrast of your hot face against the steel. “Bos?”

“Hm?”

You could see light coming from the exit where it showed you a clear sky that was fading into night. You wanted to tell him you were sorry and how it was all your fault. You wanted to cry for the girl who was your mirror image without Ziff or Matt or Ren… or Bos. How you missed him. You missed him so much he could read statistics, or even have him berate you for being stupid. You’d still just want to be near him. Maybe he would yell at you later, hell, you didn’t care. You were perfectly content where you were, at the moment, and you closed your eyes to focus on his heartbeat.

“Thanks for finding me, Leon.”

His pace was steady, and there was no notion that gave away if he was happy or irritated with you, but he was here. And after a short silence, his only response was entirely unselfish, without judgment against you. Nor was it condescending.

Just an apology.

“I’m sorry it took so long.”

Chapter End Notes

Just realized I’ve been spelling Bastion’s name wrong! It should have been Bastian. x(

Also, Bos was late because he had spent the time looking for signs of you at Arbra, Where Ren was supposed to have met up (Stupid Ren). Bos and the others weren’t at base for a good while, and it wasn’t until Bastian reappeared at the camp when he realized the bastard lied.

And RIP Jessika, your awakening was too late. Huh, All my side characters die (so far). Can you imagine she was just gonna be a total jerk? There was gonna be this whole bit how you fight her and take her down, and Bastion just shoots her, but things change. And don't get me started about the torture. Bastion was gonna pull a knife, but RC is too psychologically damaged by knives. and Lightsabers. He was gonna get to see reader freak out a bit, but gah...the writing.

Hope you enjoyed it!!! now to go into recluse. I seem to update it waves of two.
Thank you for all your comments. They mean the world to me. And the kudos and the hits and the Bookmarks, you guys! I love you all, thank you for the insights and the love! And those of you having a tough time with life right now, real and online, I hope this made you happy!!!

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