You are the ward of Lor San Tekka. Everything is going just great until Poe Dameron visits one night.
to all comments.

Fic will be updated at least every Tuesday.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Hide under the bed," Lor San Tekka urgently told you.

You nodded, feeling your heart beating like a frightened bird in the cage of your ribs, and wrapped the loose jacket around your shoulders. The First Order was descending upon the village, and there was nowhere to run.

He held up the corner of the blanket to allow you easier access to the space under the platform of his humble bed. You scooted under to the wall and pressed your back again the cool adobe. The blanket flopped back and obscured most of your vision and threw the space into a deeper darkness.

Poe Dameron had already left to get to his X-wing Starfighter by the time you saw the Order's ships closing in and rushed to Tekka's. You had stayed clear of Tekka's home while the pilot was there. There were certain things you knew you shouldn't know. Tekka told you it was safer if you weren't there, and you believed him.

Tekka knew more about the galaxy than you ever would. He told you stories of the Empire and the Force and the Jedi. He told you about Luke Skywalker. It all sounded like myth, but you knew the stories were true. Lor San Tekka had never lied to you.

When you were a girl, he asked if you could feel the Force. You couldn't, of course. You were too young and too ignorant and more interested in learning about the Jedi than actually becoming one. You scoffed at someone like you becoming a Force user now. You were just a weird, mundane girl in a backwater hole of a planet.

You were shaken out of your memories when the blaster fire began. There was screaming and the scrabbling of feet in the sand. You could hear the crackle of stormtrooper comms. You pushed further back in the dark sanctuary of the bed.

A hush suddenly fell over the village and you strained to hear anything. Was it over? Had the Order gotten what it wanted? You had a gnawing feeling it was only beginning.

The whoosh of energy--you couldn't identify the noise, but you knew it wasn't good--pierced the air. There was a collective horrified gasp and more scrabbling and then more blaster fire. Something had happened, something terrible. Someone's death had triggered it all. Suddenly, there were screams and controlled violent blasters, and you covered your mouth to muffle your sob. The village was dead. Everyone you knew was dead. Lor San Tekka was gone. You felt it like a punch to the chest.

You told yourself if you just stayed quiet, no one would know you were there.

There were stormtroopers everywhere. They were ransacking the village, burning the evidence of their crimes. There was a huge, deafening explosion, and you couldn't stop the tears now. You were alone with Order 'troopers swarming all around you. You prayed to the Maker to protect you because you didn't even have a blaster of your own.

The beaded curtains that served as Tekka's front door rattled, and you swore whoever they were could hear your heartbeat.

"Search it," a filtered male voice ordered.

There were three people in Tekka's home, riffling through his belongings. You didn't know how
you knew that, but you trusted your instincts. You pressed your face to the ground to see black boots slowly pace near you. That was no 'trooper, you thought. You knew they were looking for whatever Dameron had been given. It was the only explanation.

Dameron was probably long gone, hopefully.

The bed you were under was jerked away to be flung mattress-side to the wall. You were exposed and you fumbled to get to your feet. If you were to die, you would be doing it standing. You weren't afraid of death and you would greet it head-on.

The owner of the black boots was definitely no stormtrooper, you assessed. The person was towering, clad completely in black, and masked. The only shine came from the lines of chrome around the narrow visor. The person was like a walking void, a black hole, sucking up all the light.

Against your will, your body froze like a statue. You tried to move, tried to run, but to no avail. The person walked forward as you struggled and brought one hand up between you. Your struggles stopped when you felt invaded, chased within your own head. You howled in your mind and pushed against the intruder. The black-hole of a person came closer and touched your temple. The invasion felt worse than ever. You couldn't breathe. You couldn't move. You heard things—arguing, the cold voice of someone telling you that you could be powerful, the screams of the dead, the fervent wish to speak to someone who was never there. They never answered your cries. You loudly gasped as a last, single tear rolled down your cheek. There was too much in your mind and it felt like your head was about to explode.

The darkness of the visor became your sole focus to separate from the pain. You were staring into it, and it stared back into you. The person behind the mask was hollow and hungry and so angry. You knew what they were, and they were no Jedi. They were what Tekka had told you about—a dark Force user.

Dark like the distance between the stars.

Their name echoed within you, bouncing off the perimeters of your mind. Run Ren Ren run Ren REN REN REN REN KYLO REN RUN.

You shrieked at the night sky above, "Kylo Ren!"

His gentle, leather-clad touch travelled down from your temple to your cheek. His thumb stroked your cheekbone. He was going to take your head now. He was going to stab you through with his lightsaber. He was going to burn you alive and keep you with the others.

"Sir?" a stormtrooper asked from your right.

Ren was silent for too long, and the 'troopers shifted uncomfortably.

'You're mine now,' he thought at you. His real voice was so different than the one which came through his helmet. It was soft like suede. It was warm like terra cotta left out in the sun.

You sobbed and fought against his hold. You were no one's. You were Tekka's disciple in name only. You went where you pleased when you pleased. Since your parents' and sister's death, you were beholden to no one. You were untamed, unbroken—some even called you a little wild.

You managed to wiggle away from his obscene gentleness, but your feet were planted to the ground as if you grew up through the very sand. The stormtroopers came near to subdue you as you struggled and tried to keep your balance, but Ren held out a hand to stop them. That same hand
wrapped around your arm as the hand at your cheek gripped your chin.

'Sleep,' you heard and the world went blank.

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You came to in a bright room. It was clean and white and shiny. You were a sand-covered aberration in such a sterile environment. There were voices murmuring amongst themselves around you. You tried to sit up, but found yourself strapped to whatever you were laying on.

"Shit, how the hell is she awake?"

There were hands on your shoulders, pushing you down. You knew they meant you no good. You kicked against your restraints and screamed for blood, for freedom, for revenge. The small metal cart nearest you rattled strangely. On top, the instruments laying on the white fabric vibrated as though in an earthquake. You tried to scoot away to help your eyes focus on the bizarre happenings.

A pinch at the fold of your elbow made you snarl and try to pull away. You looked down to see a person dressed in white pull a half-full syringe out of your arm. The liquid inside was a sickly, pearlescent blue.

"No, no," you said. "Take me back. I don't know anythuh..." Your mouth wouldn't finish the thought. You wanted to say that you didn't know anything. You had seen nothing.

You wanted to ask where your clothes were because you were wearing a palest of gray med gowns. There was a neat little row of white ties going up the gown on the lefthand side. You really didn't think gray was your color. You wanted to ask for a gown in your favorite color.

But your mouth didn't want to obey. You frowned and put your head back on the decidedly comfortable pillow. You'd ask someone about the gown when your mouth came back online.

The person with the syringe put a little bandage on the puncture wound. "I don't know how she metabolized that so quickly," they said.

"Just keep her quiet and calm until Reconditioning calls for her," someone replied but you didn't see them. You couldn't seem to turn your head on the pillow anymore.

Syringe person said, "What the hell was Ren thinking, bringing another rebel onboard?"

"Maybe she can fill in where that pilot can't."

You stared up at the blurry ceiling. It was too close. It felt threatening. It was looming. It was a bad ceiling. Its mother was probably very disappointed with it.

'You're a naughty ceiling,' you mentally accuse it. 'I don't like you.'

You heard laughter, but no one around you was talking anymore.

'I don't like you, either,' you thought at the laugh. 'Whoever the fuck you are.'

'Go to sleep,' someone tenderly replied.

You knew that voice. How did you know that voice? Did all ceilings have such nice, deep voices? Wait. You did know that voice. It had told you to sleep before. You had been enslaved by that voice. You were here because of that voice. You needed to get out of here.
Your body felt too weak to yank at the cuffs around your wrists and ankles. You sobbed and tried anyway. No, no, no, nonononono...

"Dammit! Hold her!"

You knew that voice. You hated that voice.

"Kylo Ren!" you wailed with all the fire you could muster and then promptly blacked out.
Reconditioning wasn't as terrible as you had feared. You didn't feel reconditioned. You were bored. The elaborate chair you were strapped to was strangely comfortable. The black leather was nicely cushioned and slick. The metal of the chair was cold, yes, but none of your skin actually touched it. The room was warm enough that your gray gown felt like enough insulation, though it would certainly be nice if someone gave you some underwear.

You had to assume that the stormtroopers were given instructions not to hurt you because no one beat you when you fought. They had gripped you tightly, probably tightly enough to bruise, but there were no threats of violence. You didn't know how you had earned their tenderness, but you had tried to use it to your advantage. You had stomped on feet and thrashed in their clutches despite the wide cuffs on your forearms.

It had gotten you nowhere.

They had injected another one of their concoctions into you once you were secured. It was a clear serum and cold in your veins. You stared at the screen--image upon image fading in and out--taking up your field of vision and felt nothing different.

They were so sure you would break. Break from what? Break to allow in what? You didn't know.

Instead, you felt tired. You wanted to sleep. You let your head rest on the strap across your forehead and closed your eyes.

A 'trooper came in after an indeterminate amount of time to check on you. You stared at them. You wanted to snarl and snap and call them every filthy name you'd ever heard. The appearance of more 'troopers stopped you, though. You could abuse one, but five? No, you understood group mentality. If you egged them on too much, they would kill you where you sat. Orders be damned.

They put you back in cuffs and walked you in the opposite direction of the med wing. The hallways were bright despite the dark walls. You felt quite exposed and watched. In front of you was a hexagon-shaped station of controls with five uniformed officers busy within. There were hallways branching off from the main station.

You realized this was the detention center. You were a true prisoner now. The stormtroopers who were escorting you took you down C Hall and pushed you into a cell. They ordered you to stick your cuffed arms through the slot in the door, and you did so. They unlocked the cuffs, took them off you, and left.

The cell was lit from the grated floor. The metal grates hurt your bare feet. The hard platform protruding from the wall was a pitiful excuse for a bed. And it was the only comfort in the cell. In the corner was a toilet and sink combination. You sat down and wished for underwear or real trousers or a bra, for Maker's sake.

You were hungry, too.

You found out, after what felt like a couple of hours, that prisoners only got one meal and it was at 1200 GST. You reasoned your reconditioning was going to be as long and tedious and boring as your stay in the detention center.

The days went on like that, and you felt no different. You were no Order dog. You would never conform. They'd have to kill you, and you told them that much. Everyone ignored you.
On the third day, no one came to get you for your special session of ass-sitting. You paced in your cell until your feet hurt too much from floor. You felt off. Something was seriously wrong. You wanted to let out a wail for no reason you could comprehend. There was a sudden emptiness like something vital had been snuffed out. You sat with the smoke from a million embers inside you and stared at the opposite wall. You bided your time until you understood.

You heard footsteps coming down your hallway after meal time. Whoever it was, was coming for you. You could feel their intentions to see you, to feel you out. And, the more you reached out, the more angry you became.

It was Kylo Ren to gloat over you. You were his, according to him. You were a prize.

You hated him. You didn't know if you could send him your hate, but you tried anyway. You wanted him to know you hated him. He killed your village. He was a shit-covered happabore's asshole.

The door to your cell opened and there he stood like a tall, bucket-headed, black sack of crap. You stood to face him and ignored the uncomfortable floor beneath your feet. You wanted to claw his hidden eyes out—if he even had eyes.

"Get away from me," you told him.

"Are you actually ordering me?"

Your hands curled into fists. "I'm warning you."

"Now you're warning me?"

"You're the worst person in the galaxy," you spit out. "I want you dead. I want the First Order dead."

"That's a tall order."

"No bigger than you," you fired back. You felt you could take him. You wanted him on his knees and bleeding and crying and begging. You could see it in your mind's eye.

"You're lucky I'm in a good mood," he told you as the door shut behind him.

"I don't care." You wouldn't be intimidated by him or his moods. He could slice you apart, and you would come back from the dead to kick his ass.

"How's your training coming along?" he asked.

"It's boring. You're boring. You're supposed to be so scary, but you're a--" You choked on the last word. You were going to say joke. You glared at him despite not being able to breathe and thought-screamed joke at him. You closed your eyes as your legs gave out. Once you collapsed onto the shelf bed, you were able to draw in air.

If this was his good mood, it sucked. He sucked. He was awful.

His mask was in your face as he knelt down between your knees. His cowl shadowed the both of you from the illumination coming from below. He reached out to wrap one of his big hands around your throat. He didn't squeeze, he just held you where you were.

"You're not progressing at all," he summed up.
"I'm fine as I am."

"You could be."

You shrank back from him. You didn't want to be molded into something you weren't and never wanted to be.

"You have a gift," he stated, and you scoffed, then he continued, "You need a teacher."

"You killed the only teacher I wanted," you hissed as you glared into the black hole of his visor. Tekka was the one to whom you were loyal, and he was dead. He had taken care of you and hadn't scolded you when you went wandering. He had answered every question you ever asked.

Ren seemed to study you for a long moment. "How I envy you."

You frowned and thought he was trying to lure you into a conversation that would change your mind. You looked down at the black plate that hid his nose and mouth—if he were human, that is. You had assumed he was human.

"I'm human," he assured you.

His other hand trailed up and down your outer thigh. It was as though he was trying to soothe you like you were a wild animal. You felt that he was the animal and you were the human. You didn't go around killing a whole village for whatever Dameron had needed.

"Hadn't you heard?" he rhetorically asked in response to your thoughts. "Poe Dameron has escaped."

Then whatever Dameron had been looking for had been confiscated or was missing like the pilot himself. He probably hadn't known you were taken. Even if he did, he'd had a mission. The mission came first. You were just some person who was occasionally around.

Whatever Tekka had died for, you hoped it was long gone. You hoped the Order never knew or found what they were desperate for.

Ren hummed. "Not quite." You understood he meant that the information or item or whatever wasn't lost, but it wasn't in their possession just yet.

You finally spoke: "You think I know?"

"I know you don't. That's not why I'm here."

You glanced down your body at his gloved hand on your leg. You were afraid of why he was in the cell with you. If he didn't want information, and you weren't interested in instruction on something you had no talent in, then he must be here for something else—something sexual.

Would it be better to give in and let him...? Maybe he'd have you once, get tired of you, and send you away. You were no stranger to sex, but this situation was entirely foreign to you.

You whispered, "Why are you here, then?"

"Not for that."

You bit at your lips. "Just kill me, then. I'm no use to you."

"Oh, but you are." He gripped your ass and quickly pulled you forward. Your legs spread on either
side of his thighs. You tried to fight his hold and pushed against the hard bed for leverage. He had said he wasn't here for sex. What was he doing?

"No," you blurted out.

He couldn't be stopped, though, and he didn't until you were flush up against him. Your med gown was rucked up your thighs. His hands were brands on your flesh as yours were on his hard biceps.

"I want you wild," he said.

"Then why the reconditioning?"

"General Hux's idea. He wants to send you back to the Resistance as the Order's covert killer."

"I don't know anything about the Resistance. I only know what little Tekka told me. I didn't see anything. I have no connection."

"But the Force is with you."

"No, you misunderstand, no. I just trust my gut. I have no value, I swear."

He shushed you. "You and I can do great things together. Just..." He trailed his hand up your ass to the small of your back. You could feel the coolness of the air on your back. He had pushed the gown up and exposed your whole backside. You hoped no one was recording or monitoring your interaction.

"No," you said again and pushed against him. It was like trying to move a mountain.

Ren's hand tightened on your throat in warning. You seized up against him and shook your head. He was just doing this to get a rise out of you, you thought. He didn't want you wild. He didn't want you at all, really. He wanted you complacent.

"No, I want you for my own. I found you. Me." He shook his head and looked back to you. "Hux is a short-sighted bureaucrat who doesn't know the power of the dark side. Train with me, and we'll take the galaxy."

"The Republic," you pointed out. The Republic could stand up against the First Order, to Kylo Ren. Even if you could harness the Force, you wouldn't be able to stand up against a government and a regime. And you didn't want to. The Republic was good and trying to fix past wrongs, and the First Order was definitely the worst of all options.

"The New Republic is gone. As of today," Ren stated. By gone, you knew he meant destroyed.

"How...?"

"Didn't you feel it?"

The off feeling you had earlier made sense now. You felt queasy and gripped him harder. The emptiness suddenly became clear and defined within you. The Republic was literally dead. Somehow, the First Order had taken them down in one clean blow.

Ren nodded at your new understanding. You searched the mask's visor for something, some sign of life, but came up empty. You felt him in there, but you couldn't see him. You couldn't see his eyes. You wanted to see into those eyes of his.

The door to your cell opened before you could request he take off the mask, and Ren quickly
covered your ass like he gave a damn about your modesty. The officer in the doorway gave a little salute and said, "Pardon the intrusion, Lord Ren, but we’ve received intel that the BB unit is on Takodana."

Ren straightened up to his full impressive height, but didn't move away from you. You reached down to push the gown over your lap. Your legs were still on either side of his, but you hoped you hadn't just flashed the officer everything below the waist.

"Inform the AALs and the second TIE/fo squad that we depart for Takodana in ten minutes," Ren ordered.

The officer hesitated, and you could tell that the order would be a difficult one to fulfill, but they saluted again and rushed to pass the order up the chain of command. They didn't bother to close the door behind them. You stared out into the hall and wondered if you could make a run for it.

Ren turned back to you and crouched down, caging you in again with his long limbs. He touched your knees, and you tightened your legs so he couldn't spread them. He didn't seem interested in doing so, but you didn't trust him.

"I'll return, and we'll continue this discussion," he solemnly told you. He didn't mean it like a threat, but you sensed that it could be one.

He gently touched your cheek and it felt like a caress. His gloved fingers ran down your shoulder to your bare arm. Before you could pull back, or say anything for that matter, he stood and was gone in a flurry of black robes.

The cell door snapped closed before you could even stand, and you folded over to lay on the uncomfortable bed. You weren't going anywhere unless Kylo Ren wanted you somewhere.
Eyes of A Tragedy

A meal marked another day, and still no Kylo Ren. No one took you back for reconditioning, either. You felt a tension in the air. Something was amiss. It was extremely still and quiet in the detention center. You dared not ask about it lest you incur someone's wrath.

You remained quiet when you were escorted to the prison refresher. The sonic shower pelted the dirt and grit and build-up of oils from your body and hair. You felt, well, *refreshed*. You had washed out your mouth while there, too, and your teeth felt smooth for the first time in almost a week.

The officer gave you new clothes once you were clean. This time you had a detention one-piece uniform. It was blood red with the First Order's black emblem on both upper arms and back. To go underneath the hideous uniform was a comfortable compression top and ladies-cut underwear. The officer asked for your shoe size and produced a pair of black canvas slip-ons from the large clothing cart.

The grated floor didn't seem so bad once you had on your new shoes. You paced a little for a time and jogged in place to keep yourself active. You napped and picked at your cuticles. You took off your shoes to wiggle your toes. The hard surface of the bed was growing on you. You could spin on your butt and walk on your hands with your knees tucked to your chest. You briefly wondered if you should stretch before laying down for the night.

It was late into the evening when sirens started going off. You pushed your feet back into your shoes and bent down to peek out the slot in the door. You couldn't see shit, but you felt better for trying. However, you could hear the slapping of feet on the hallway floors.

Something big had happened. The tension hadn't been for nothing.

As quickly as the sirens had started, they died down. The hush that fell over the detention center was deafening. You couldn't hear anyone. No one was in C Hall besides you, anyway. But the central hub of the hallways was quiet, too.

You sat back down and waited. Ren said he would be back, and you had to believe he'd come for you. You didn't know if that was a good thing or not. You didn't want to hear about his desire for your company in his *plot to take over the galaxy, patent pending*. You didn't care about using the Force unless it made picking things up easier.

You were no warrior. You were a wanderer. You wanted to roam. And how could you roam if you were tied to some master? You didn't want to kill or conquer. You just wanted to see. You had found all sorts of weird things on Jakku, and Jakku was a desolate desert planet. You imagined what a water world would look like. You'd only seen an ocean through holos. They were described as smelling like minerals. How could a body of water smell like stone?

The door to your cell suddenly opened to reveal a lone high-ranking officer with perfect ginger hair and an equally perfect uniform. His great coat looked worse for wear, though. It was smeared with dirt and something red. You figured it was blood. His shiny knee-high boots were speckled with small spikes of green foliage and mud.

"So, you're the one," he haughtily appraised. His crisp, Coruscanti accent made him sound snobbish and old-school Imperial. You thought he used such an accent to cover up how young he actually was. Maybe it was his real accent, but he certainly seemed to use it to make himself come
You couldn't help but bristle. You weren't Ren's. You were yours.

You licked your lips and shrugged. If he was going to be a shit, you were going to be difficult. He could just sit and spin.

"Sure, I'm the one," you said. "What do you want?"

"He's asking for you."

You frowned. Why would Ren send an officer to get you? "He said he was coming to me."

"Well, Lord Ren isn't coming to anyone in the condition he's in."

You almost stood up at that. Kylo Ren was injured. Kylo Ren was injured and asking for you. He wanted to see you while he was vulnerable. It was either a play at winning you over or he was at death's door. Did you want to see either scenario?

"Am I being ordered?" you asked.

The man sighed and generally looked put-upon. "I don't have time for this, you sand-encrusted lunkhead."

You smiled at his outburst, and he sneered back. He was the one who was arguing with a lunkhead. Which was worst, being a lunkhead or trying to reason with one?

"Come with me or don't," he growled. "I've got a Star Destroyer to run."

You stood up, then. So, this was General Hux. You didn't want to push too many of his buttons. You were in his care, after all. He could throw you out an airlock for being too impertinent.

"Sorry, sir," you apologized and smoothed out your uniform. As you approached the general, you were taken aback at how tall he was. Did the Order have an extreme height requirement? Or was Kylo Ren just that inspiring to tall fascists everywhere?

You gave the general a wide berth as you walked beside him. You couldn't believe he allowed you to match his pace. You couldn't believe he'd actually come to fetch you from the detention center.

The officers stopped in their travels to yield the hallways to Hux. It was rather impressive. You'd never been shown such respect. Of course, it seemed like a waste of time. If there was an emergency, wouldn't it be prudent to ignore protocols and get the job done? You didn't understand it, but then again, you weren't military.

Once you both reached the med bay, an assistant deferred to Hux. They wouldn't even look at you. You didn't know if you were a nonentity to the assistant or if you unnerved them. You had done a lot of screaming while under their care.

"This is Ren's... pet," Hux introduced you.

You rolled your eyes. "Woof."
Hux leveled you with a look that if you were a lesser person, you would cringe. However, you weren't, so you didn't. You didn't care whether he liked you or not. Sure, he was quite attractive, but no one like him would dare touch someone like you. And he was an asshole who had destroyed an entire system and its inhabitants. There was no point in investing your energy into getting on his good side.

If he even had a good side.

"He's this way," the assistant softly said as they gestured to the back of the infirmary. There were a few closed curtains, so you didn't know which one Ren was behind. You might be able to follow your gut, but why bother?

"Thank you for the tour, sir. It was an honor," you wryly said to General Hux and started walking back. The assistant caught up to you and led the way back to the dimmest corner because, of course, Kylo Ren would be in the darkest part of a med ward.

The assistant motioned for you to hang back while they peeked behind curtain number-four. They waved you forward and closed the curtain behind you.

Kylo Ren looked like hammered shit. That was your professional opinion as someone who had seen plenty of shit.

He was shirtless and covered to the waist by a couple of white sheets. His upper arm was bandaged, along with his opposite shoulder, there was a huge square of gauze taped at his waist, and, worst of all, he had a jagged cut down his face. But that brought you back to his face. His literal, real, right-in-front-of-you face.

Ren had dark, thick hair and an angular, pale face that wasn't conventionally handsome. He was beautiful, in your opinion. His deep brown eyes belied his young face. His long nose was elegant, interesting. His mouth looked so kissable and soft. You hadn't realized you were staring until he spoke.

"Now you see me."

You had nothing to say to that. Yes, you finally saw him.

His actual voice was nice. It was better than his hard filtered voice. It was almost as dulcet as his mental voice. You liked it and wondered why he bothered with the helmet when he had so much beauty to show off.

"You sent for me," you finally replied.

"I am going to finish my training."

You blinked in confusion. Why had he offered to teach you when he, himself, hadn't fully mastered the Force?

He continued, "You can't come with me."

You hadn't wanted to, so you didn't mind. If he was going to finish training, that implied that he had someone to train with. "You have a master?"

He nodded as little as he was able while not jostling his injuries. "Supreme Leader Snoke."

"You don't want Supreme Leader Snoke to train me?" you asked.
"Snoke doesn't know about you."

"Oh." Of course Snoke didn't. No one knew why you were on the ship--which you just found out you were on a ship. You thought you were on some planetary base. It was hard to discern since you hadn't seen a single window since you, apparently, came onboard.

Wait. Onboard. The doctor had said you had come onboard. By the Maker, you had been given that clue within your first day. You were a lunkhead.

'I don't want him to know about you,' Ren murmured in your head as if Snoke was listening in.

"This is part of your domination plan, huh?"

The two of you in harmony with your respective inner evils as you battled your way across the galaxy. It all sounded so romantic. Maybe you two could get married, and your bouquet could be made of the fingers from your fallen, mutual enemies.

He reached up to touch you, and you stopped him from straining himself. With skin-on-skin contact, you were flooded with emotions and little pieces of the past day or so. You saw snow through his eyes. You saw the face of an older man--handsome, lined by a good life with a neat scar on his chin. Father, you heard. His features flashed with pain and then with a loving acceptance that only came with death, and then he dropped out of sight.

"What did you do?" you asked. You were horrified at the very thought.

"What had to be done."

You shook your head. You thought Ren had killed his father. You wanted to ask why. You wanted to know if that was part of his training. You needed to know if that would be part of yours.

If killing your beloveds was the path to the dark side, you wanted nothing to do with it. You couldn't partake, anyway, all your loved ones were dead.

You dropped his hand. He stared up at you. You looked from one injury to the next. This was part of the dark side, too.

Lor San Tekka had told you there needed to be a balance in the universe. The Force would always seek balance. The Jedi thought that balance was control and strictly following the light side. You didn't understand that. A balance was an equal representation of both light and dark. It was in every person alive.

If there was too much of one, the universe--through the Force--would take it back to zero one way or another. You thought zero had come and gone. The age of balance was upon the universe. No wonder your Force ability had manifested. It was working through you. You were a tool of the universe like every other being.

It was bantha fodder. You didn't like it. You were supposed to be controlling your destiny.

"Now you really see me," Ren repeated softly.

You turned from him and left the med bay. You voluntarily went back to the detention center. You needed some time--a day or two--to sort your head out.

You weren't angry with Ren, not really. You were in some second-hand mourning. You felt he had turned a corner which could never been retraced.
And what did that mean for you if you were his and you couldn’t follow him?
In the morning, you felt him urging you back to the med bay. He didn't feel as angry or as volatile as he had before. Something had settled inside him. However, he was an itch that couldn't be scratched, a fly that couldn't be caught.

You put all your irritation into one thought, 'Fine.'

Your cell in C Hall was unlocked and had been all night. The officers working at security tried not to appear as though they were watching you, but they were watching as you strode around the hub and off to the med bay.

He was where you had left him last night. His hair had been braided back from his face. The jagged cut on his cheek was smeared with a green gel. The shoulder and arm injuries were now pink scars. The one on his torso was invisible under a fresh bandage.

You didn't bother to greet him or smile at him or ask how he was doing. You went to the most pertinent question:

"Who did this to you?"

He pointed at his face. "A scavenger." His fingers swooped to his opposite arm. "A traitor." His hand came to rest on the torso bandage. "A... A wookiee."

"There's something wrong with your leg, too." You could feel that injury pulse like it was your leg. You answered for him, "The scavenger."

He nodded. "The scavenger is strong. She's..."

You didn't need him to finish the sentence. She was strong, and anger had fueled her attack. He had done something to provoke her, and she had retaliated. He had been a fool to think some fancy sword waving would intimidate her.

You were strangely proud of this scavenger.

Ren scooted over in the bed to give you space to sit at his hip. You took the invitation and hopped up onto the mattress. He took your hand and laced his fingers with yours. You didn't know what he was doing exactly, but you didn't pull away.

'Han,' he started and amended his thought. 'The man I killed last night. He said something to me--something I already knew.'

You nodded to let him continue.

'Snoke will finish my training, but--' Ren sighed out loud. 'Ultimately, he will be the death of me.'

You frowned. Tekka had told you that the bond between master and padawan was good. As the bond got stronger, the knowledge shared with the padawan increased. The connection in the bond was like family. It was supposed to be a comfort, a protection. You didn't know how the dark side worked, but you didn't pull away.

'There's a group of us,' Ren went on. You saw them all together--a rare occurrence. They were dressed in black armor and deadly. They were all at least Force-sensitive, if not full-blown users.
They all had weapons any bounty hunter would envy. They all had a ruthlessness that any Sith would admire. In a word, they were terrifying.

'They're not loyal to Snoke,' Ren assured you. 'They're loyal to me.'

They were the Knights of Ren.

You didn't know if they got their title from Kylo Ren or if Ren was a name they all adopted. Hell, you didn't know why he was telling you this in the first place.

You felt his thumb tracing a path over your skin and you had a thought. 'You want me to join them.'

'I want you to travel with them. You need to stay away from Snoke.'

'Why?'

'I can't tell you because if I tell you, it's in my head. I can't even plan it because he'll be able to see it.'

'You're going to--'

Ren reached up with his free hand to put a finger to your lips to stop the thought. If he heard it, Snoke could pick it out of his mind. You didn't know how he would shield your presence from Snoke, but maybe he would put all his concentration on that and let the rest be seen. He could give away a lot to keep the most precious to himself.

"I should be out of here in a few cycles. Your training will start then," he said. The finger on your lips traced the border between your skin and your lip. You allowed it because it felt good. His touch was feather light and caused your nerves to flare to life in the most delicious way.

His free hand wrapped around the back of your neck and pulled you down. You knew what he wanted. You looked at his mouth as it got closer. Yes, you wanted to kiss him. You had wanted to kiss him despite your better judgement last night. You were curious. He probably knew that.

When your lips met his, he let out a little noise. It wasn't a moan, but it was a release of something, some tension that had been growing within him. You felt his pleasure like having a long drink of cool water during a hot day. He wanted more, he wanted everything. He was, deep down at the core, lonely and needy.

You tilted your head to slot your lips perfectly over his. His mouth was soft, but his kiss was strong and overwhelming in its passion. In contrast, you could feel the chilly temperature of the green gel on his cut. You slid a hand up his sternum to cup his throat, and he arched a little against your slow touch. His pulse hammered against your fingertips.

You don't know how long you kissed him, but when you pulled away, he made a small wounded sound. You stayed bent over him and looked deep into his warm brown eyes. He had been of the light side at one time, you realized. He still had it within him. He railed against it every day. He had conditioned himself to live for the pain, the fight, the triumph over what was perceived as weakness.

"You're not as dark as you think you are," you whispered. He was damaged, hurt, injured down to his soul.

"You don't hate me like you think you do," he returned.
You agreed with him. You didn't hate him. You hated what he had done. You hated that he took Tekka away from you. You weren't going to place Ren's crimes at Snoke's feet any time soon because Ren had your village killed of his own accord. He would pay for that one way or another. The best way to see that was to be at his side.

The curtain around Ren's bed was abruptly pushed back, and the action made you sit up. You didn't bother to hide your laced fingers as you looked over to see General Hux. He was as self-contained and full of distain as he was the night before. Hux gave you a cursory once-over and turned to Ren.

"Supreme Leader Snoke has given you nine cycles to recover," Hux reported.

You didn't think that was long enough. Ren had been shot through the torso, you wanted to point out. Even with the technology on the ship, the body still needed time to adapt to the introduced nanohealers and integrate the fresh cells.

"Fine," Ren acknowledged the order.

Hux looked at you with a curl of his lip before throwing the curtain closed again. You gathered that he didn't think much of you. You were a distraction, a nuisance, a pest. He wanted to squash you like a bug.

You thought he'd best be careful because some bugs were venomous.

Your training started sooner than Ren had originally said. Snoke had changed the timeline of your life once again. If you didn't know any better, you would think that invisible destiny was driving the direction of your life.

From your reading of Tekka's collection of micro-books and talking with the man himself, you knew about Jedi training. It was arduous and long--usually years. You didn't want to be training under Kylo Ren, or his Knights, for years. You didn't want to be an old woman by the time you were finished.

Ren fetched you from the detention center early in the second cycle since he had been injured. He no longer wore his helmet, and the people who finally saw the human, now-scarred face of Kylo Ren almost stopped in their tracks. His outer robe was gone too, presumably destroyed in the fight with the scavenger. He donned a black pleated tunic with its stiff banded collar, wide belt with lightsaber hooked to it, black trousers, and knee-high boots. He looked formidable and menacing.

"You're going to stay in my quarters from now on," he told you as you walked out of the detention center.

"Only until you leave, though, right?" You had to assume that once he left for Snoke, you would leave for one of the Knights.

He nodded as you crossed a foot bridge to the next section of the ship. "Our time is limited, so your training will be intense."

"As long as I don't need to go to the medcenter, I'll be fine." You hoped.

"I'll send you there regardless--"

You almost tripped over your own feet. "What?!"
"They'll put you in the bacta tank every night to help you recover."

"Isn't that a waste of Order resources?"

He smirked down at you. "Are you saying you want to be sore and stiff every morning?"

"Of course not, that's not what I'm saying. How did you get approval for that?"

"I don't need approval. I am approval."

You were silent as the elevator transported you and Ren to the officer's barracks. Before you arrived at the proper floor, Ren asked, "Are you hungry?"

You smiled at the doors in front of you. He'd gone from imprisoning you and trying to have you brain-washed to offering you food and instruction. You glanced up to see him watching you with a little moue of concerned interest. You shook your head and silently chuckled to yourself.

You were quite hungry since the midday meal from last cycle was long gone. You nodded and told him you were. He nodded to himself as the doors to the elevator finally opened.

The barracks hallways were deserted. He led you to his quarters and put his hand to the scan-pad to unlock the door. The room was dark until he ordered the lights at fifty percent and the port-window shields open. The room was as you expected: black, austere, and impersonal. There was a shelf-bed platform built into the wall, the mattress was snug within the confines and made up in the deepest of gray linens. There was a chair in the center of the room which faced a table with a pit full of ashes by the wall. It was strange, but you didn't comment on it.

The ship was passing by a purple-and-gold toned planet with a disc of red rock vertically encircling the planet. It was beautiful. The light reflected off the planet bathed the room in swirls of rose gold and lavender. You walked up to the wall of clear durasteel and stared out into the system the ship was passing through. You never thought you'd live to see anything off-world. Yet here you were, in a First Order Star Destroyer, looking down at a planet you didn't even know the name of.

You smiled and felt your eyes burn with unshed tears. You didn't know what was going to happen after your training with Kylo Ren, but the present, right now, was perfect. You heard Ren's voice behind you, but you knew he wasn't speaking to you. You pressed your cheek to the port window to see the planet's satellite in the distance. It looked blue, and you couldn't wait to get a closer look.

Ren called your name, and you turned around to find him with a neat stack of clothing balanced on his forearm.

"For you, for training," he explained.

You toed off your shoes and pushed them aside. As you unzipped your uniform you heard Ren make a choking noise. You looked up to see him staring at your compression top. The white top gently pushed your breasts in. You didn't look a boy by any means, but it created some pretty decent cleavage from your point of view.

You released the zipper and walked up to him. If he was going to be weird about you changing clothes, which wasn't a big deal, you were going to do it in privacy. You tried to snatch the clothes out his hands, but he caught one of the legs of the leggings in a fist. You yanked at the article, and he just smirked down at you.

"You're a dweezer," you informed him as you gave the leggings another pull.
Instead of replying, he reeled you in closer and quickly caught your face between his leather-clad hands. He bent to kiss you, and you put up a fight by trying to wiggle away. He got a hand at your waist and pulled you flush against him. You didn't want to really hurt him, since he was still recovering, but you were not happy. He used your ambivalence against you, naturally. He bent lower and got his mouth on your neck. He kissed you under your jaw and down your throat. He worked his way back up to kiss the lobe of your ear.

"I've been thinking about you," he whispered hotly in your ear.

"Go through a lot of sheets in the med bay, then?" Like him lusting after you was supposed to win you over.

"No, they had plenty of tissue."

You grinned despite yourself. He was a total dweezer. You ran a hand through his wavy hair in silent acceptance. You did like being pressed up against him. He felt strong and his hands were nice because he never dug his fingertips into your flesh.

Ren kissed back down your neck and pushed open your still-unzipped uniform with his chin. It seemed as though he didn't want to let go of you lest you run away. He lavished your chest with kisses until the beep of a delivery droid interrupted you.

The droid pushed a button on the wall and a small shelf table with two benches on either side slid out. Breakfast for two was placed on the table along with a medium-sized pitcher of water. The droid beeped again and rolled out of Ren's rooms.

Ren let you go, and you zipped up before walking over to the table. There were fresh biscuits, some sort of egg scramble, and a potato hash. It was all still steaming. You wanted to pump your fists because you hadn't had a hot meal since Jakku. However, you didn't want to eat at the table like some Imperial snob, so you poured yourself a glass of water and took everything for you over to the window wall. Ren mirrored you and sat near you on the floor.

You knew it was polite to make conversation, but you were too interested in stuffing your face. By the Maker, you were hungry and thirsty, and everything tasted good. There were these bits of salty meat in the egg scramble that you adored. The potatoes had soaked up a little flavorful oil in frying. The biscuits were tender and flaky and buttery. You wanted to thank the droid who made your meal. You wanted to lick your plate clean and praise First Order standards.

Instead, you delicately sipped at your water when you were finished and stared out into the space between planet and orbiting moon.
Improve Your Thresholds

Training: Cycle One

Your arms were limp noodles after all the forward overhead strikes and the side strikes and the uppercut strikes you had made with the heavy practice sword. You didn't know what the sword was made of, but it weighed about double what it had any right to. Your thighs were shaky from the different squats Ren had you do. Your abs still burned from holding your upper body at a 45-degree angle while your legs were spread wide on the floor.

You hated Kylo Ren.

He had kept pace with you despite his injuries, though. Everything he had asked of you, he did as well. You were both sweating by the time the physical side of training was over. It had taken everything you had to stretch your overworked muscles.

"The physical is barely half of what you'll use," he said as he went for something to drink.

You were laying on the cool floor of his private training room. The outer room--his sleeping quarters--were just beyond the doorway. The clear durasteel windows continued in the training room. He had turned the lights on to full brightness. It was like a spotlight was on you to highlight all your shortcomings as a new Force user.

Ren put a fresh glass of water next to your head. You grunted in thanks and rolled over. You didn't trust your body to behave itself if you actually tried to sit up and reach for the glass. You gulped down the cool water and then put your forehead on your folded arms.

If this was how every day was going to be for the next week, you were going die. Or lose all your limbs. Or your face would melt off. Or all three.

"The Knights will test you as you continue on this path," Ren said as he sat down. He massaged the red scar on his face like it felt tight. The gel that had been on it healed the lightsaber wound quicker than you'd ever seen. The regular skin around it seemed to pull at the scar, though, and you thought it must be uncomfortable.

He went on: "You've already proven you have insight. It's probably your strongest gift."

You knew of the Trials. You had thought they were for Jedi only. Apparently, the dark side used them as well. It was a fair test of a padawan, though they could be dangerous.

"Spirit shouldn't be much of a stretch, either," Ren commented.

"So, that leaves skill, courage, and flesh," you summed up.

The Trial of the Flesh scared you the most. It involved pain. You weren't keen on physical pain at all. But who was? Emotional pain wasn't new to you since losing your whole family. You didn't like to think of them much. Losing Lor San Tekka was a fresh pain, but one you were used to.

What could the Flesh take from you? An arm? A leg? You could be a fully functional human without them, of course. You could adjust to the loss of a limb.

But there had been padawans who had died during their Flesh Trial. You didn't think any Knight of Ren would give two shits if you didn't pass yours. They'd probably make sport of you, see how
much they could take from you until you gave up and died.

You looked up to see Ren studying you. You were being read, paged through like an old book. You didn't mind that he knew you were scared. You'd yell it in the middle of the crowded mess hall however many decks below.

Ren offered you no comfort, no soothing words. He didn't coddle you.

You just stared at him, and he back at you.

Training: Cycle Two

"Feel the Force," he instructed. "Reach out for it."

"It's not a thing. It's everywhere. I can't touch everywhere." You had your hands balled on your knees. You were sick of sitting on the hard training-room floor. His instruction didn't make any sense.

"Open your eyes." His voice sounded closer than it did a minute ago.

You did as he requested and found him kneeling in front of you. He took one of your hands, uncurled your fingers, and brought it to his chest.

"Feel my heartbeat?" he asked. You nodded. You could feel it as though his heart was resting in the palm of your hand. That was easy for you. "That's just the action. Now feel what drives it."

Blood did not drive the body in front of you. The spirit, the energy, did.

"Don't seek it out," he murmured. "Let it come to you."

You calmed yourself and welcomed the energy. It was like offering a wild animal a treat. You had to be still and let it approach. Chasing would only scare it off.

Like a favorable wind, you felt it. It moved around you and suddenly through you. You knew what the soul of Kylo Ren felt like and it was nothing like what you expected. He was lightning, he was a storm, the dark side of the Force rumbled through him like thunder. What could only be rain--something you'd never experienced before--pelted your face. You expected it to be cool, but it wasn't. It was hot like blood.

You couldn't remember what you were looking for. The tempest had you. All that mattered was the howling wind and rhythmic rolls of thunder.

The crack of your head hitting the floor shook you out of it. Ren's head was in your lap. You were both panting as if you'd been running from hungry beasts. You feared something had just gone horribly wrong.

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"I don't like you over there," Ren pouted from his platform bed near the door. It was 2300, and it had been a long, strange day. Your stay in the bacta tank that evening had taken what seemed like forever. You had dragged your ass through the sonic shower. Even putting your nightclothes on felt like an effort.

Now the lights were dimmed, the shield doors were down on the port-windows, and you were
beyond ready to sleep. You sat crosslegged on your mattress on the floor with the blanket tucked over your lap.

He hadn't complained on the first night about the sleeping arrangements. In all honesty, you didn't like being that far away either, but you didn't want to seem desperate or like a cry-baby.

"Your bed's too small for both of us," you said. "I can move mine closer."

"That's not good enough!" He angrily stood up and ripped his mattress from its ledge. The blanket and pillow went flying. He dragged the much abused mattress across the room. It flopped nearby, and he kicked it until it butted right up against yours. While still in a fit of pique, he used the Force to call his pillow and blanket to him.

With a sigh at his antics, you laid down and got comfortable. It felt good to have him closer. He sloppily made his bed and dropped down onto his own mattress. He ordered the room lights to zero, and you were abruptly surrounded by inky blackness. You could hear him breathing and shifting near you.

"How's your blaster wound?" you softly asked.

"Itchy." After a few seconds he added, "Not me."

You reached across the narrow gulf of linens between you until you found him. He grabbed your hand and brought it up to his face. He kissed the back of it and moved closer until you could almost feel him.

Training: Cycle Three

He stood across the room from you with his own practice sword. You held yours up between you in defense, he held his at his side. He had instructed you to read him--read his body, his movements, his intentions.

Ren stepped forward and his sword swooshed up in the air, painting a graceful arch in front of him. You angled your sword to block. You didn't know what he was going to do because he felt the most volatile with a sword in his hands.

"Don't think," he barked out as he took another step forward.

You grit your teeth and stepped back. Your shoulder hit the wall. He had you pinned without even a clashing of swords. It made you feel vulnerable and weak and foolish. You didn't want to feel like that. You were better than that.

"Tap into that," he ordered.

You rushed forward, using the double-tap side strikes he'd taught you. The motions threw your body to one side while attacking. Between your taps, he found an opportunity and hit the open side of your ribcage. You groaned and put a hand to the spot. It was going to bruise.

And that pissed you off.

One-handed, you slashed upwards only to be met with his easy parry.

It kept on like that until your hands were numb from holding the practice sword so tightly. You both were covered in blossoming bruises because you had learned not to be afraid of being hit. You
were learning to mimic him and see how to block and attack. He wasn't against the ropes by any means since his attacks had increased in both speed and effectiveness.

Ren held up a hand for a break, and you were grateful. You slumped against the training-room wall and used the practice sword like a cane. Everything was too heavy, even your head felt like it was full of rocks instead of a brain.

He came up to you and tilted your sweaty chin up so you could meet his eyes. You knew what he was going to say before he said it. He thought you were doing very well.

You sighed out, "For someone who's never picked up a sword before, yeah."

Instead of replying, he bent to kiss you. It was completely inappropriate and wholly welcomed. Kissing was way better than sword fighting. His tongue met yours, and everything became a blur of groping hands and nibbling teeth.

You hitched a thigh over his hip and one of his large hands was on your ass, hefting you up against the wall. You wanted to feel him tight against you and you hooked your legs around his waist. He easily supported you and ground his pelvis against yours.

You gasped against his lips. Your leggings and his trousers didn't leave much to the imagination. You could feel his hot erection pushing, pulsing, between your legs. Everything item of clothing was soaked with sweat or now other fluids. It had created a decent amount of friction.

Ren rolled his hips, dragging the pleasure from within you like a predator towing its prey back to the den. He whispered an encouragement in your ear. You nodded in agreement. Yes, you wanted to come. You wanted him to come. It was tightening inside you. You clawed at his exposed shoulders. Just one more, you knew if you got just one more perfect hitch of his hips, it would be over.

And he gave it to you like a gift. You groaned as you lost control of your body. You clutched at him as the deep tide of orgasm tumbled through you. You swam with the pulses of blinding, deafening, flawless pleasure. Your sex clutched at nothing, and you briefly wished the hot length of his cock was inside you.

His damp forehead was pressed to the crook of your neck as he eased to his knees, taking you with him to the floor. He wrapped his strong arms around your waist and kept you locked together.

You ran your fingers through the wet hair at the back of his head. It felt so good to be held. It felt great to be held by him.

He hummed out, "I wish all fights ended like this." He punctuated his statement with a kiss to your shoulder.

Training: Cycle Four

He demonstrated how to call something to oneself by using the Force. He held out a hand, and a fork from lunch slowly landed in his palm. It stayed there for a few seconds and then it floated over to you. You plucked it out of the air and stared down at it.

"Don't make it move. It wants to be used. Offer yourself up as someone who's willing to use it."

You snorted. "It's an inanimate object."
"Yes, but it was made with intention."

"Give that intention a focus?" you asked.

Ren shrugged and nodded. "That'll work."

You let out a breath and closed your eyes. You tried to quiet your mind and let the most active thing in the room--besides Ren--capture your attention. You figured it would be easier to get something to come to you if it already wanted to.

Something dark made you perk up. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't pure, either. You volunteered yourself. You would use it. You would honor it by touching it, looking at it...

Turning it on?

You didn't understand that thought, but you went with it. You held out your hand as if you would grasp it. The item--heavy, metal, and cold--was in your hand before you were ready, and you fumbled to keep it.

You opened your eyes to see Kylo Ren's lightsaber in your fist. You looked up at him expecting him to be displeased. You hadn't meant to call it. You found him looking at the saber curiously.

"Why did you call for that?" he asked.

You felt you needed to tread carefully here. "It was the strongest energy in the room. It wanted me to hold it."

"Stand and use it, then."

You got to your feet, while he stayed seated, and clicked the lightsaber on. It vibrated in your hands as the red beam pierced the air. The cross-guard flared to life, and the crackle of energy overwhelmed your hearing after the silence of concentration. The afterimage from the light temporarily blinded you as you swung the saber like it was your practice sword.

The lightsaber wasn't a bad fit in your smaller hands, but you struggled with it. It seemed to be fighting your movements like it wasn't completely with you. Or that it had different intentions.

How could a saber have intent?

After a few minutes of messing around, you turned the lightsaber off. You handed it to Ren and felt like apologizing for overstepping. He looked up at you like he knew.

"Are you mine?" he asked as he balanced the lightsaber on his thigh.

How could you answer that without provoking him? You would never be anyone's. You didn't care what he thought, or how General Hux introduced you. The only person who would own you was yourself.

"Yours as in...?" you hedged.

"Mine as in my apprentice, my treasure, my lover," he bit out.

You bit your lower lip and nodded. You could be those things for him. It could make things easier for you if you were.

Training: Cycle Five
You woke pressed up against a hard plane of hot skin. There was wavy hair in your face, hair that was definitely not yours. There was a limp hand on your thigh.

Somehow overnight you had scooted across the beds to spoon Kylo Ren. You smoothed your upper hand down his side until you met the resistance of his sleep-pants. Without thought, you tucked your fingers under his waistband to hold them in place.

He shimmied against you and grumbled out something resembling 'good morning.' You hummed back and kissed the silky skin over his spine. He let out a little noise and pushed back against you while his hand at your thigh gripped you.

In the dark, there was no training or Supreme Leader or potential destruction. It was just you and him. You moved back, tugged him over, and straddled him. He allowed you to maneuver him, and you felt his hands on your bare thighs.

There was only your underwear and his sleep-pants separating you. That just wouldn't do for what you had in mind. You pulled his pants down to his upper thighs and sat back on the bunched fabric. You liked the thought of him being bound in his own clothes.

"What’re you..."

You shushed him and ran your hands over his hips, following the line of muscle to the center of pleasure. His cock was half-hard in your hands and growing harder as you learned the heft of him. He groaned as you ran a finger between the foreskin and head of his cock.

Each little zing of his desire seemed to reverberate within you. You wanted to feel more from him, you wanted to give more to him. You gathered saliva in your mouth and let it pool on your tongue. You bent over and as delicately as you could scrape it off into the palm of your hand.

With your newly wet touch around him, he cursed and said your name. You smeared the moisture around, working his impressive erection. He rocked with you as you reached down with your dry hand to cup his tight balls. His hands covered yours and you told him no.

"I'll kneel on them if I have to," you whispered. He let go of you and you felt him sit up to prop himself on his elbows.

You twisted your hand, working your fingers at the top of the shaft. You circled a thumb over the frenulum. His breath hitched, and you asked if it felt good. He didn't answer verbally, but you knew he nodded.

"I want you to come," you told him. "Come all over yourself."

He sagged and his hips rolled beneath you. You doubled your efforts, stroking his cock as it plumped up further in your hand. You knew he was close. He was straining against you, his breath pumping out of his lungs.

"Yes, Kylo, come for me."

He cried out when his cock finally spurted in your hands. He laid back, unable to support himself any longer. You eased him through orgasm, gentling your touch, until no more come pulsed out of him.

You swept your hands over his torso, feeling the extra wetness. He had come a lot, more than you expected. You brought a glazed finger up to your mouth and tasted him. He was salty and a little bitter, but overall, nothing you wouldn't mind in your mouth at a later time.
You felt on edge, though. Your panties were soaked and you reached under them to touch yourself. You were on the precipice of climax as you slid your fingers into the wetness of your cunt.

"Lights at ten percent," you ordered. You wanted to see him.

The sight wasn't disappointing. His arms were over his head like he had been gripping the edge of the mattress. His exposed, come-splattered chest and abs arched and softly heaved for breath. His cock was as lovely as the rest of him--thick and flushed.

He was looking at you through slitted eyes. You stared back as you ran your fingertips over your clt. You bent forward and propped yourself up with a hand on his chest.

So close, so close...

Orgasm took you by surprise. It pounded through you and made your toes curl in pleasure. You rocked against your hand as your climax ebbed and flowed through you. You pressed fingers against the little bundle of nerves to feel your insides pulse one last time. The strength of your arms seem to disappear and you collapsed on top of Ren.

He freed your arm from beneath you and brought your wet fingers to his mouth. He cleaned you off with a soft groan at the taste of you and then pulled you up to kiss you.

Morning breath wasn't such a big deal now that you had shared fluids. He cupped your cheeks and stroked your hair and kissed you until the morning alarm went off.

Training: Cycle Six

Today was your last day with Ren onboard the Star Destroyer. You wanted to stay in bed all day and pleasure each other, but that wasn't meant to be. You had to cram in as much training as you could.

"It's going to be a half day," he told you.

He worked you hard despite the limited time. You worked key muscle groups, dueled, worked on calling items to you with the Force, and meditated. By 1500, you were in the bacta tank for recovery.

When you got back to his quarters after using the refresher in the med bay, he was already dressed in his battle gear complete with lightsaber on his belt. He had packed a duffle for you. There was everything you'd need to continue your training, he told you.

You dressed in the officer's clothes he had gotten for you. They were stiff, but not completely uncomfortable. They didn't have any rank on the left arm, so you had to assume they were spares. There was a great coat, like General Hux's, for you as well.

You tied up your hair and slung the great coat on. Ren hoisted the duffle onto his shoulder and walked you down to one of the hangars. He didn't say a thing on the relatively short journey. You had so much to say, but it all got stuck in your throat.

In the surprisingly quiet hangar was a light stock freighter--obviously a ship a smuggler would like. It looked like it had taken a few hits from a blaster in its life. The yellow striping wasn't so fresh anymore.

The ramp in the back opened to reveal a lone Dathomiri female. She wasn't as tall nor her skin as
gray as you expected. Her hair was white blond, shaved on the sides, and pulled into a top-knot. Her eyes were pale green and knowing. Her clothes and flexible armor were all black, and she had a harness around her waist holding a lightsaber, a blaster, and a strap of small cartridges going down her thigh.

Ren introduced you as his apprentice when she approached. She dipped her head in a slight bow to you, and you returned the gesture. You didn't know the customs of the Dathomiri, but you figured it would be good to err on the side of over-respect.

"This is Yideth Ren," he told you.

"It's an honor," you said to her.

She nodded and held out a hand for the duffle on Kylo's shoulder. He handed over the large canvas bag, and she went back into the freighter. Apparently, she wasn't much of a talker.

Ren turned to you, his eyes dancing over your face. "I'll come to you as soon as I'm able."

You wanted to ask when you should expect him, but you knew it was a dumb question. He'd see you when he could. You reached up and pulled him down for a kiss. He didn't fight it like you thought he might. He rested his hands on your hips and kissed you back.

"Go," he whispered against your lips. Go before he did something foolish like run away with you. Go before he said things that weren't his to say yet. Go before he destroyed the whole ship.

You let him go and walked up the freighter ramp without a backwards glance.
"You may cry if you wish," Yideth said as she piloted the freighter out of the hangar.

You weren't used to crying in front of anyone. You looked away from her and into the darkness of space. The cockpit was only lit by the control panels. It felt safe in the dimness, and you closed your eyes to keep the tears from falling. It didn't really work.

"Master Kylo is suffering, too," she told you.

You wanted to tell her that that little piece of information wasn't helping. You already knew Ren was suffering. As the distance between you both widened, the more strain you felt. It was centered right in the middle of your chest, right where your ribs met. You wanted to shout for him and you wondered if he'd hear you. You couldn't imagine what it felt like for him, the stress of knowing he'd have to face his master and secret your very existence away.

You feared what his stress meant for the Star Destroyer and its crew.

Yideth jumped the ship to light-speed, and you covered your mouth to keep the painful sob at bay. Something inside you was going to snap. You excused yourself to hide away in a dark corner.

"Bunks are to your right," she called back.

You weakly thanked her and collapsed in a bunk which seemed unused. You wished you had never met Kylo Ren. Snoke might be the death of him, but Ren would surely be the death of you. The connection--bond, whatever--you had with him couldn't be healthy.

You tucked your booted feet under the great coat and prayed for peace.

- 

When you woke, you felt better. You had not dreamt, nor had you shifted in sleep. You didn't feel as if you were on the verge of breaking, either. It was a relief.

After finger-combing your hair into the tie holding it back, you made your way to the cockpit. Yideth didn't greet you, but you knew she knew you were there. Through the windshield you saw the ship was orbiting a green world with swirls of white clouds. It looked like a precious stone floating in the sea of blackness.

"Where are we?" you inquired.

Yideth turned to you and said, "It's best you not know."

"What are we doing here, then?"

"We are here for you to collect kyber."

The only reason to need kyber crystal was to make a lightsaber. You hadn't thought that was going to be an option for you. Ever. And, besides, weren't the dark-force lightsabers made with synthetic? Weren't you more on the dark side now? You didn't feel particularly dark. Lor San Tekka might call you light-side still, but he'd always seen the best in you.

"I'm to have a natural crystal saber?" you asked.
"Master Kylo and I thought it best."

They'd apparently had discussions about you. Did the rest of the Knights know about you? Did they have opinions on your training, your lightsaber, your underwear?

"Are you ready?" she asked. "We can't be there long."

You sat down in the co-pilot's seat and told her you were. Mining for crystals wasn't very difficult since younglings used to do it all the time. You could pull a crystal from a cave.

Yideth landed between a plain of waving tall grasses and a range of softly rolling mountains. You wanted to run through the grass and feel it on your hands. You wanted to breathe deep the air and maybe find a brook to dip your toes into. You told yourself you'd find out where you were and come back at a later time.

The warm air on the planet was sweet with the smell of grain. You could feel the pull of the mountain. The kyber called to you. You left your great coat on the ship and walked around to the mouth of the cave. You looked back once to see Yideth watching you, so you waved to her. She didn't return your wave.

The cave was dark, but the crystal protruding from the surrounding rock glowed in different colors for you. There were blue and green, yellow and orange. None of them compelled you, so you went deeper. The cave opened up to a cathedral of kyber. The light from different crystals pulsed intermittently. You felt your crystal in here.

You ran your hands over the different colors, some didn't like your touch, some tolerated it, one particularly pale blue blossom of crystal shocked you. You felt your crystal after you shook off the buzz from the blue. It caught your eye and hummed for you. The blossom of kyber was magenta, and about ten feet from the cave floor.

You tried to call a shard down using the Force, but it wouldn't budge. With a sigh, you carefully scaled the cave wall until you were beside your blossom of kyber. You touched the crystal, and it sang within your mind. You grabbed a spike and yanked, and in so doing, lost your balance and hung there like a kriffing moron until a bit broke off for you. You landed on your ass on the hard cave floor. You stood up, dusted yourself off, thanked the Maker no one had seen you, and pocketed the shard.

Remembering Yideth's words, you ran back to the ship. She was sitting on the inclined ramp of the freighter, staring out upon the sunny fields. She stood when she saw you coming and went back into the ship to raise the ramp once you stepped foot on it.

"Good timing," she complimented you once you were at her side and nodded in the distance. There were two ships approaching, and you didn't think they were a welcoming party.

With a quickness you envied, she rushed to the cockpit, started up the engines, and had the freighter roaring into the sky. The two other ships followed the freighter until the freighter breached the atmosphere. She had the freighter jump to light-speed as soon as space enveloped the ship.

"Were we made?" you asked as you sat down again in the co-pilot's seat.

"No, we have a Republic license and a comms jam."

Yideth and you were quiet after that. The tunnel of light-speed illuminated the cockpit with pale blue light, and you found it boring and too bright. You stood up and made your way to the open
space at the back of the ship. All that was left of the lounge in the ship was a table and its half halo of a bench bolted to the deck. You sat down and got the kyber shard out of your pocket.

In the dull light of the ship, the kyber gleamed pink and purple. It was a rare type of crystal, you knew, and you wondered why you were so special. Better Jedi than you could honor such a beautiful Force stone. They were all dead now, of course, but you thought they were more worthy.

Yideth followed you and leaned a slim hip on the table. "You will build your lightsaber and then we will train."

You were about to protest when you realized that no one could build your lightsaber but you. You had to know how it was put together so you could maintain it. You were no engineer, though. You didn't know the first thing about building anything. You had a theoretical understanding through Tekka, but even he got mystical when talking about kyber and how it connected its owner with the Force.

"There are spare parts," she went on. "Probably enough to build three more lightsabers."

You nodded your head in understanding. She wasn't giving you an out. You were going to build your weapon and you would have to defend yourself with it. There was no backing out and no running away from your destiny.

So, you got to work. You picked out components and soldered them together. Your first attempts fell apart with a squeeze of your hand. You got better because you had to get better. You cut metal and curved it to fit well in your hand. You ended up covered in little cuts and burns from the hot metal. It took cycles to get it right, but you had no choice but to keep going.

Yideth advised, but never touched any piece herself. She seemed to think that the process was sacred, like she could infect your lightsaber before you ever finished it. You thought it sounded superstitious. Her powers couldn't be so great as to lure your kyber and its surrounding man-made parts away from you. However, you respected her and didn't push for her to help you.

During one of the meal breaks, you checked out the cockpit windshield to see that Yideth had landed the freighter in a deep valley of a big asteroid. There were smaller asteroids swimming through space above you.

You asked her where you were, and she replied that it was an asteroid belt in the Outer Rim. She wouldn't go into any more specifics than that. It was probably best you didn't know just in case Snoke now knew of you and was looking for you.

Then again, if Snoke was looking for you, Ren would be dead. The jig would be up. The Knights would be scattered, and you would be stuck with Yideth until she decided to ditch you. And then Snoke would find you and kill you.

That fear alone drove you to finish.

When you finally had a successful firing of your lightsaber, you were entranced. You had built your weapon. It hummed in your hands like it did in the cave. You felt settled holding it. The dark pink plasma of the blade was beautiful and powerful.

Yideth nodded in approval and disengaged the ship from the asteroid. You were moving on to the next stop, and the next step in your training.
The sky was a wash of bright orange over the vast, flat desert. So like Jakku with its expansive nothingness, yet this planet was even more bleak. There was no sun and no shadow. Everything looked flat as you watched the ground move below the freighter. Ahead there was a town cut into the earth. The buildings were squat and did not sit higher than the rim of the circles in which they occupied. There were wide channels connecting different circle-sectors of the town.

Yideth landed the ship in one of the sectors that held nothing but speeders, freighters, and other ships. After securing the freighter, Yideth advised you to change out of your Order uniform. You changed into a black tank and leggings. The boots would have to stay since they were your only footwear. Yideth told you to wear the great coat like you stole it. You figured she meant with swagger, so you let it messily slouch on your shoulders.

She put on a long, belted jacket to cover up her weapons. She put on her Knight helmet—one you recognized from your vision so many cycles ago—to mask her features since the Dathomiri were almost extinct, and she didn't want undue attention. You, on the other hand, were an ordinary human. The only thing special about you now rested in your deep coat pocket.

The two of you walked into town. The tall walls of earth surrounding the town helped dissipate the heat. It was still damn hot, and you were glad for them.

"We'll get provisions and stay in town during the day. At night, we'll go into The Void and train," Yideth said.

You agreed to the plan, but had your doubts. Wouldn't it be too dark to see in a nighttime desert? How were you supposed to get good at reading your opponent if you couldn't even see them?
The Monotony and the Rising Tide

During the long days, you tried not to think about Kylo Ren. You really tried. He interfered with your training, your concentration, your peace of mind. During the brief nights, he was the last thing you thought about. You pictured his skin with a sheen of sweat, the flush of his cheeks post-orgasm, his lush mouth. You thought about his voice, his touch, his strong arms around your waist.

You might want him to pay for Jakku, but not before you had him completely.

You learned that you didn't need to see Yideth to fight her at night. The lightsabers gave you an easy visual. However, it didn't tell you where her fists were. Her reach and stamina were impressive. She kicked your ass on a nightly basis and pointed out everything you had done wrong. It was disheartening, but you understood it as part of the training.

You yearned for the bacta tank on the Star Destroyer despite now healing quicker than you ever had in the past. You chalked it up to acclimating to the training. You were hungry so much of the time, it was funny. It felt like your adolescence when you were eating to fuel your growth.

On the third night, Yideth flew out with you into The Void. It was going to be another night session. She was a great swordswoman. Her technique was incredible. She finished every movement with grace and speed. You thought you looked like a fumbling idiot next to her.

You mirrored her stance once out in the dark. Her red saber was hypnotic and lit her face beautifully. Your magenta seemed pale in comparison. You banged plasma for a while. You were getting better at parrying her attacks. However, that meant she was starting to use her full assortment of skills.

You spun to dodge one of her attacks and turned to find she was gone. Literally gone, like up-in-smoke gone. You turned around, trying to find her. She wasn't back on the darkened ship. You would've heard her run up the ramp.

You lowered your sword and called her name. You took a few steps to see if she was hiding behind a corner of the ship. It yielded nothing. You turned back and suddenly she was there. She leapt up to strike you down. You swung to block and dodged the tip of her lightsaber from taking off your ear.

"You don't see what is actually there," she chided you as you lost your balance and fell to the sand.

"You were gone!" you argued and you turned off your lightsaber.

"I was right beside you the whole time."

You cursed. Ren had said insight would probably be easy for you. If this session was any indication, insight was not your forte, either. You were the most useless Force-user in the galaxy.

"How did you do that?" you asked.

"Show me what you can really do, and I'll teach you."

You huffed and stood, shaking the sand off your ass. You took a deep breath and clicked on your lightsaber. You couldn't help but glare at her as you faced off. You might be weaker, but you seemed to be a hell of a lot more angrier than her. That anger seemed to fuel you, and Ren had told you to tap into it.
You let out a roar and charged. You slammed your saber against hers and kept hitting her back until she was truly in a defensive position. She reached out to grab your dominant hand, something you knew instinctually would be a very bad thing since you could feel her dark power. However, the one-handed hold on her lightsaber made her position weak, and you lashed out. You kicked her hard at the side of her knee to make her leg buckle. She reached down for your calf as her knees landed on the ground, but just missed you. You used that movement to get the upper hand. With both lightsabers under your control, you tilted them under her chin.

Yideth stared up at you with green fire in her eyes. She was more angry than any master should be. You figured that was part of the dark side. She wasn't your master after all, either. She was just filling in until Ren could come back.

"Teach me," you demanded.

She gritted her teeth. "All right," she spit out and knocked your lightsaber away from her throat as she got to her feet. Before she limped away, she turned quicker than you thought possible and tapped your bare upper arm with the tip of her lightsaber.

You gasped at the burning pain and brought your hand up to the wound. It was already cauterized from the heat of the saber. You'd have a nice scar for years to come.

That kriffing nerve burner.

You were tempted to go after her, take her head, cut out her spine. And you could do it, too, you had a lightsaber of your own now. She was supposed to be on your side, or at least on Ren's side. You were under his protection--hence hers. He had trusted her with you.

Instead of indulging in violent fantasies, you turned off your lightsaber and watched Yideth hobble up the inclined ramp. You supposed it was fair. You were both injured. You took a deep breath and let it out as you stared into the purple night of the desert.

After a few minutes, you went back into the ship to find Yideth wrapping her sore knee. You bent to help, and she hissed at you, but you ignored her. You figured if she really didn't want your help, she'd kick you away. She didn't, so you took the roll of bandage away from her and finished wrapping her knee.

Yideth handed over a salve from the med kit once you stood up. "For the burn." The salve was a gross brown-yellow. It smelled even worse. It was probably a miracle in a jar.

You thanked her and went to the small refresher to clean off the burn and rub the heinous salve onto it. It stung and did nothing for the throbb nor the heat coming from your burnt skin. You mentally shrugged and smeared more on before gently wrapping your upper arm in gauze.

That night you were laying in your bunk. You could feel sleep dancing closer to you as the minutes ticked by. The only light came from the hallway to the cockpit. You stared out in the shadowed space and listened as Yideth breathed deep in sleep. You felt very much alone.

Until something caught your eye.

Someone was in the freighter with you two. Their dark silhouette shifted from one shadow to another. You reached into the storage net below the nook of your bunk to retrieve your lightsaber. You had a nasty surprise for any thief.

Between one blink and the next, the figure was in front of you. You pushed back deeper into your bunk, the saber between you and the intruder. No human moved that fast.
"Don't be alarmed," the intruder said before you turned your lightsaber on. The person was male. The voice was smooth and confident.

You stared up into the talking shadow and felt them out. They were familiar. You had strong emotional ties to them. You knew their heart like it was in your hand. It was... You couldn't believe it. It was Kylo Ren.

"What are you doing here?" you whispered as you sat up, lightsaber forgotten next to you.

"Should I go?"

"No, it's just... We weren't expecting you."

"Of course you weren't."

He didn't move, didn't crouch in front of you, didn't try to sit beside you, didn't touch you. Something was wrong. Before you had been separated, he was always in close proximity or touching you. The only time he let you go was for the bacta tanks.

You stared up at him. He wasn't right, wasn't acting exactly like he should. Afraid for the worst, you asked, "Are you dead?"

He shook his head or at least you think he did. It was difficult to see him in the dark. You noted that he should've touched you then. He would've touched you.

"You're not here," you stated, sure of the reason he only standing in front of you.

"I told you insight would be a gift of yours," he confirmed.

"How are you doing this?"

"We're connected--master and apprentice."

You didn't think all relationships within the Force worked like this. You felt off-center talking with him and yet him not being there with you. It didn't seem right. It was like talking with a holo for all the energy you weren't getting from him.

And if he could connect with you, and he was connected to Snoke, what would keep Snoke from seeing you?

"This is too dangerous," you said. "What about Snoke?"

"He's powerful with the Force, but his body tires easily."

You nodded, having to accept his answer. You didn't want to waste time arguing because Ren might disappear at any second. "I have my own lightsaber now." You held it up, but didn't turn it on. You didn't want to wake Yideth.

He looked down at it for a second and then bent close to inspect it. His face was shadowed, but you could see his profile. "Turn it over." When you revealed the opposite side, he nodded while examining it. You wanted to brush your fingers through his thick hair. He continued, "It's good. Maybe I'll have you to take a closer look at mine."

Before you could ask what was wrong with his lightsaber, Ren asked:

"Do you know what color your kyber is?"
You were taken aback. All the crystals had color to you. You knew exactly which color it had been the moment you saw it. "It's magenta."

He hummed, "Rare."

You looked down at your lightsaber not knowing what to say. You were too tired to think of all the questions you've had on your mind. Nothing seemed to come to you, but you didn't want his visit to be so pointless.

Ren spared you from having to think of something clever to say. "I've been tasked with finding the scavenger."

Find, you thought to yourself, not kill. He wasn't showing you a piece of the puzzle, though. The scavenger was only one part of Snoke's dark picture. Ren could deliver you, another Force-user, and wouldn't Snoke be happy for another apprentice? You didn't think so. Snoke wasn't looking for just another apprentice. The scavenger was connected to something that Snoke desperately wanted.

"Are you going to bring her to Snoke?" you asked.

"I am supposed to. He's not following the Rule of Two, but then he's not Sith."

"And neither are you."

"No, I'm not." He paused in thought. "Where are you?"

"I don't know. Yideth hasn't told me much of anything about our locations."

"Good. I'll find you soon." He passed a hand near the side of your face.

The not-caress hurt worse than you thought it should. It was like leaving him all over again.

With that, he stepped back from your bunk. He was leaving or closing the connection or however he was there with you. You felt the unfulfilled tie you had with him. You resented the distance.

"Good night, Kylo," you whispered as he melted into the long shadows across the room.
You didn't tell Yideth about your visit from Ren. You weren't sure why you didn't want to tell her, but something inside said it wasn't a good idea. She might not understand and would want to move on to a new location. This planet was good, safe. No one cared about two pseudo-smugglers here.

Maybe that hadn't really been Ren last night, anyway. Could it have been Snoke? Was that possible for him? If it was, was Ren now paying the price for have a clandestine apprentice?

You had all these questions and no answers. You were beyond frustrated.

And scared. You could admit deep down you were scared.

You stared at yourself in the long mirror in the refresher and wondered what the hell you were doing. Seeing Ren pay for your village wasn't worth this. Why did you have to witness anything? Wouldn't it be just as good knowing Snoke would destroy him eventually? If the scavenger didn't get to him first, that is. There would be a balance, and you didn't have to see it to know it would happen.

Yideth knocked on the refresher door. "Let me see your scar," she said through the barrier.

You opened the door and tugged off the ointment-soaked bandage. The pale pink scar was half of the width it had been the previous night. The skin surrounding it was dyed a sickly yellow from the herbs.

"Clean it and redress it," Yideth ordered after manhandling your upper arm under the refresher light.

You did as told and came out for first meal. Yideth had set out the prepackaged, room-temperature food on the lounge table. There was cheap bantha jerky, some salty noodle cakes, and green chips that were bland but filling. You really missed the Star Destroyer with its great food and service droids. Luckily, fresh water was available and you didn't have to throw back anymore watered down and overly sweetened black melon juice.

"How's your knee?" you asked after a few minutes had ticked by.

She grunted. You took that to mean it wasn't bad, but it wasn't back to normal yet. You hadn't meant to cause her so much pain and damage. Apologizing seemed ridiculous since you weren't exactly sorry. She had asked for your best, and you had given it to her. The scar on your arm kept you from feeling guilty, besides.

Before you could get into your regular routine of exercise, parrying the Marksman-H combat remote Yideth had, and meditation, Yideth set her empty cup down in front of you. You were about to ask if she wanted a refill, but she stated:

"Removing attention from an object and not being noticed are two different things."

You pushed away your own cup with a nod.

"You can tell me not to see this cup," she went on. "And I will not see it, but if someone else comes in here, they will."

"Okay..."
"What you want is stealth."

"Like last night," you encouraged.

"You need to flow with the Force. Wrap it around you like a shroud."

You could feel yourself frown. The Force didn't feel like a specific thing to you. It was everywhere, everything. It was like a web connecting all the galaxy together. It was the things that it was connecting within the web. When you moved something with the Force, you bid it to move. The object agreed to move.

Yideth said, "Your own power can command the Force. You can bend perception to your will."

"How?" you asked. If that was the case, the whole universe was yours. It probably wasn't that easy. Because if it was that easy, why wasn't someone in control of everything?

"Concentration. It will take a lot out of you in the beginning."

"Is it the same as changing your appearance?"

"Related."

Flow. You had to flow. You thought of the wind, the dust devils from Jakku. They went where the wind carried them. They were the wind. They came and disappeared with no rhyme or reason. The flow they had, which you wanted to tap into, was uncontrollable and unpredictable. But how to become like a dust devil?

You sat there long enough for Yideth to lose interest in your contemplations. "I'm going for provisions. Practice, and we'll try when I return."

She got on her helmet and jacket, and left for the morning. You sat there and thought about the Force swirling around you. It enveloped you, cradled you in its embrace. It was around you, and you were nowhere. It was dark like a womb, and you were dissolving into its power.

When you opened your eyes, it was black--like Ren's quarters with the shields down--and the air around you was strangely gritty. You couldn't breathe through the grit. You realized it was sand. You were in the sand. You looked to your left and then right, and you screamed.

Your sister lay beside you, the lesions from the sickness rotting further into her pus-filled flesh, her skin was dried out like the leather of your boots. She reached a brown, skeletal hand out for you, wanting you to join her.

You could be safe with her, with the rest of them, in the cold ground. You would be utterly forgotten. And always waiting. No one would ever come for you. Anyone who knew you was gone. You were alone with them. Even the sun couldn't reach you.

You pushed away from her while the sand sucked you farther down. You yelled for anyone to hear you. You were right underfoot. Someone had to hear you. Didn't anyone know your voice?

But no one came. No one knew you were there. You cried in your desert grave. The sand soaked up your tears like a thirsty beggar.

A hot hand on your shoulder pulled you to consciousness. You yelled and thrashed against their hold. You were in the desert. No one could touch you. How did someone get to you?
A voice called your name and pulled you from your dry grave. You gasped as if you hadn't gotten air in hours. You opened your eyes to see Yideth on her knees beside you. She was brushing your loose hair back from your steamy face.

You wanted your master--you wanted Kylo Ren. He would know what to do with you, what to say. Yideth was a good teacher, but she wasn't Ren.

She sat you up and supported you while you got used to being in the open again. "Your first revelation," she whispered.

If this was the first of more, you wanted out. You didn't need to know about the Force to live a good life. The Force was a burden, and you didn't want to know any more.

Yideth helped you from the floor and tucked you into your bunk. She told you to rest, and you noticed you were shaking. You thought sleep would be elusive, but you were unconscious within minutes of laying down.

You knew you were sleeping when you found yourself in Ren's training room. The hard floors were the same, the light was, too. You were bare-foot with your hair tied up and in your stretchy training clothes. It was nice to just lay on the floor and stare up at the dark ceiling. You wondered if you could fall asleep in a dream.

There was a distance between you and the desert while on the Star Destroyer. Everything was predictable and safe in the training room. You couldn't be buried here and forgotten. Your decaying sister couldn't reach you here.

You were there for a while before you heard Ren's disembodied voice:

"So, this is where you are."

"Where else would I be?" you retorted.

"Lor San Tekka's, a childhood memory, maybe."

You didn't reply, but you thought those had been ruined for you by death or Ren himself. How could it be safe at Tekka's when at any moment stormtroopers could descend upon the place? How could childhood be good for you when you knew everyone would die? There was pain in the past you didn't want anymore. There seemed no reason to visit it like an old friend.

"You've been asleep for hours. Yideth told me what happened," he offered as he materialized between one blink and the next. He was in training gear as well. His dark hair was pinned back from his softly angular face.

"Do you know what she was trying to teach me?"

He nodded. "Traveling without being seen. It's a difficult technique."

Difficult enough that you fell on your proverbial face and into a previously unknown fear. It was embarrassing to be seen as so weak in front of two obviously strong Force users. Yideth probably wanted to send you back to your master. Ren would find you useless and shuttle you back to Jakku.

Ren sat down near you and said, "Tell me about it."

"No."
"You will have more visions in the future. They're impossible to avoid."

You sat up and turned to face him. "That cannot be my future. I won't allow it." You shook your head. You would not end up dead on Jakku. The vision didn't even make sense because your family had been cremated.

"I saw my sister," you quickly said. "She's dead and she wanted me to be there with her." You had cried for hours in your unremarkable grave. That could still happen to you. You could be just another person to die at the hands of Snoke or Ren or any other Force user. You would be disregarded. That is not to say you wished to be of legend. You didn't mind if no one ever heard of you. There was freedom in that anonymity.

You just wanted a family of some sorts--someone to fondly tell stories of you.

"That wasn't a vision, then," he stated.

"I know, it was a fear." You threw your hands up. "You know what I'm scared of now. Happy?"

Ren scooted behind you and hugged you back to him. It was an unexpected kindness, but you leaned into him anyway. He curved around you to lean his head against yours. In silent reply, you ran your fingertips over his forearms. Feeling him touch you even in a dream was better than him fading into the shadows like a ghost.

"Abandoned in death." He kissed the back of your neck. "No wonder it was easy to find you."

"Why do you say that?" you softly asked.

"Death is the only thing I'm good at."

"I think you're good at a few other things, too."

His big hands slowly smoothed up your torso to rest right under your breasts in reply instead of him asking what else he was good at. His thumbs pushed into the sides of your breasts, caressing the outer halves, testing their firmness. He purred out, "And I'll prove it when I see you again."

"Do you have a lot of experience? Pleasing a partner?" you teased.

"No, not really," he admitted. "But I'm a quick learner."

"When will I see you again?"

He pressed a few kisses to the side of your neck, and you tilted your head for him. His hands finally cupped your breasts as he kissed behind your ear. It was so easy to forget your questions or that this was a dream. It felt so real. His hands were hot and firm on your body, and it all felt so good. You hoped that the real thing would be better.

"In a few days," he whispered. "Yideth will tell me where you two are once I have secure transport."

"I guess that means you can't stay."

"No, I can't stay."

You seemed to be propelled from the dream and you opened your eyes in the freighter. It was afternoon already. You'd missed your usual timeframe of practice. You sat up and rubbed at your eyes. You were thirsty and hungry again. You called out for Yideth to see if she wanted some food.
You needed to thank her for looking after you.

You had to improve before Ren arrived. It was an urgent feeling you had. You felt that the time of facing Snoke was upon you.
Days went by with no word from Ren. You kept finding yourself clenching your jaw when you thought about how much time had passed since the shared dream. Yideth said nothing of Ren, she just continued to train you. You had asked her about Ren, but she said she had no communications with him since your revelation.

The Marksman-H wasn't a challenge anymore--even blindfolded. You could feel where it was going, where it would try to zap you. You got frustrated with it one day and almost sliced it in half.

Meditation had revealed that were still not okay with being an unremarkable, lonely nobody. You had to accept that your desire for family was a weakness. It could mean you would allow untrustworthy people to get close to you. You didn't think being alone was such a great idea, either. There had to be a middle ground, you reasoned. You'd find one in the future, you were sure, but now was not the time to work on a found family.

You hadn't tried stealth, moving without being seen, since your grand fumble. You didn't want to focus on it. That could be an ability you'd deal with later.

You and Yideth were out in the desert, dueling like always. It was quiet after the evening winds had finally settled. She was telling you less of what you were doing wrong and concentrating more on parrying your attacks. You thought that was a good sign.

You had taken a break for water when you both heard it--a beeping from an incoming communication. She looked at you before running up the ramp and into the cockpit. You followed closely behind. She opened the comms and confirmed the freighter name, and Ren barked, "Where the hell were you two?"

"Master Kylo, we were training outside," Yideth explained.

"I need your location. I'm on my way."

She read out the coordinates of the ship's location. You stood in the cockpit door and listened to them. Ren was finally coming. Maybe you could talk about the upcoming confrontation. You wondered if he would stay on the planet with Yideth.

"Roger that," he said and closed the link.

She turned to you and said, "Get packed."

You didn't know how long it would take him to arrive in the desert. Apparently, you weren't staying if you had to pack. You rushed around and shoved everything of yours into the Order duffle. You folded the great coat over the duffle and placed your lightsaber on top of the pile.

In the meantime, Yideth stowed away the food and secured the loose bins around the freighter. It looked like she was preparing the ship for space travel. However, you didn't think she'd be following Ren and you.

"Thank you for training me," you said after Yideth had settled in the lounge with you.

"You're welcome. You still need work, but you're coming along."

You wanted to ask if Ren would be pleased with your progress, but didn't want to sound desperate
for his approval. He would have to accept where you were in your training. If he didn't like it, he only had himself to blame. He was the one who offloaded you onto someone else.

You and Yideth heard the ion engines of an approaching ship. You both stepped out into the desert sand and saw the glow of a TIE shuttle crossing the vast expanse of The Void. You tried to keep your anxiety under control. You wanted to appear collected and pleased to see him, but not overly eager like a puppy.

The two-pod TIE shuttle was old and probably not Imperial anymore. Hopefully, that meant that it wasn't being tracked by the First Order. Its standard gray had been painted over with a dull black and had a wide glossy blue stripe going over the windowless passenger pod.

The shuttle gracefully landed near Yideth's freighter, and you brought your hand up to shield your eyes from the blowback of sand. By the time the grit had settled, the back ramp on the shuttle was open, the light from the interior fanned over the dark desert.

Ren walked down the ramp looking the same as he did when you left him on the Star Destroyer. Same black tunic and belt, his lightsaber at his waist. You would've run to him, and he might've welcomed you if it weren't for the look on his face. He was strained and serious and irritated.

He looked at you and then to Yideth, and then said something to Yideth in a language you didn't know. You crossed your arms and listened to the two of them converse. They were probably talking about you. It was rude, and you wanted to call Ren out on it.

"Fine," he concluded, and said to you, "Get your things and meet me with your lightsaber."

You hurried into the freighter and got your bag. You didn't bother with donning the coat because it was obvious he wanted to test you. It would be best not to be weighed down. You passed Yideth as you came back down the ramp, and she put a hand on your shoulder.

"Until we meet again." She offered the softest look you've ever seen from her.

"Thank you for everything," you replied and rushed down into the night.

Ren was waiting by the TIE's ramp and you placed your things on the incline. You picked up your lightsaber and held it in your dominant hand. Behind you, the freighter departed, kicking up sand when it lifted off. In the chaos, you ran backwards from Ren, expecting him to immediately come at you. You knew from the training room, and with Yideth, that it was always best to have distance and your opponent in full view.

He came at you when you were a small distance away, turning his lightsaber on as he did. It crackled in the hush of the night. In response, you turned yours on. The first clash of plasma actually frightened you. He wasn't holding back. You blocked his attacks and spun away when you knocked them aside.

"You have to come at me sometime," he chided.

You agreed you would have to, but not on his terms.

He twirled his lightsaber, and it swooshed through the air in a beautiful arc of red light. You weren't impressed or intimidated anymore, though. You watched him with your saber up and to the side.

"Attack me," he ordered.
"No."

He tried to Force call you closer, but you resisted. You held your ground and mentally pushed back against his summons. You parried by trying to disarm him from a distance and got a Force hold on his lightsaber. The saber didn't like you trying to control it, but you made it wiggle and squirm in his gloved grasp just the same.

Ren cursed and ran after you. You let go of his lightsaber, and when you clashed again, the hilts of your sabers ground against each other. The crossguard of his hooked over your saber, and you felt in control of it. You were face-to-face with him. His red plasma on your left, your magenta on your right. The plasma hissed and crackled where it met between you. If you wished, you could twist your wrist and burn him with his own weapon.

You pushed him back with all your strength and got the blade of your lightsaber at his neck. He didn't look frightened or cowed, but glanced down. You briefly followed his eyes to see that his blade as at your ribs.

You were at a standstill.

"Enough," he said and backed away. Once he was out of range, he turned his lightsaber off.

You thought you had done well. You had held your own. You turned off your lightsaber and let your eyes adjust to the dimness once again.

Ren turned from you and stalked back to the TIE shuttle. You followed and saw Ren pick up your duffel to carry it into the ship. He seemed so different tonight than your shared dream. What had gone on in the following days to sour him?

Once you were in the passenger pod of the shuttle, you saw he had draped your coat over the back of one of the seats and left a little tin in the middle of the seat. You picked up the tin and opened the lid to see it full of small teal tablets that were spotted with yellow. You looked up at him when he came out of the modest cargo hold at the back of the pod.

"What are these?" you asked and held up a little pill.

"Ho'Din birth control."

"For me."

He nodded. "Those are yours. Take one a day," he said before disappearing through the hatch between the pods and into the cockpit.

You closed the tin, sat down, and dry-swallowed the small tablet you had held up. There was a head-set by the seat and you slipped it on. You could hear Ren messing with the controls through the ear piece. From the back of the ship, you heard the ramp pull up and close. The twin engines flared to life and the shuttle subtly vibrated around you.

"Kylo?" you softly asked.

The lights dimmed as the shuttle lifted off the ground and flew into the atmosphere.

"Yes?" he replied.

"Where are we going?"
"Coruscant."

You straightened up at that. "We can't go to Coruscant." The planet was densely populated and had always been the stomping grounds for Imperial officers. Everyone knew that. "What if someone recognizes you?"

"No one outside the personnel on the Finalizer know what I look like."

"What if some of them are on leave there? They could see you."

"On a planet of a trillion, I'll take my chances," he dismissed.

You still didn't like it, but you knew to argue would be pointless. You relaxed in your seat once again and slung your coat over you like a blanket. You now had a name for the Star Destroyer you were on all those weeks ago.

The Finalizer: General Hux's definitive death machine, copyright First Order, LLC. You smirked to yourself. Hux must be so proud of it, you thought. What would happen when Snoke was gone and he was left in charge? Would Hux declare himself emperor of the galaxy? Or would he just continue to circle the galaxy, blowing up planets somehow like an overgrown child?

The better question: Would he have to be dealt with as well?

After feeling the ship smooth out into hyperspace, you asked, "How did you get away?"

"I'm officially going after the scavenger," he replied.

"Are you still? Are you really?"

There was a beat before he answered. "No."
You nodded off somewhere in hyperspace. The pod was warm enough and your coat heavy enough to be a comfort. The tilted seats weren't as nice as your bunk on Yideth's freighter, but you found you could sleep anywhere these days.

You woke to something gently brushing against your cheek. You looked up to see Ren hovering over you. He looked less irritated now. There was a softness in his eyes. You couldn't help giving him a small smile in reply.

"We're here," he murmured.

You brought your seat upright and got on your coat. You slid your lightsaber in one deep outer pocket and tucked the tin of birth control in an interior pocket. Ren popped the collar of your coat and said, "To blend in."

Ren threw on a black cloak that went midway down his calves. It hid his lightsaber and how much his clothing looked like armor. You guessed that would help him blend in as well. You didn't know how well that would work considering he was so tall and fierce. The facial scar was almost as pale as his unblemished skin now. It seemed to highlight his lush mouth and dark eyes. It also made him look like a mercenary. You decided it was a good look on him.

Outside the ship was a copper-toned protocol droid with luggage cart floating behind it. Ren brought down your bag and his to the cart. The military-grade duffles looked rough on the shiny cart. The covered, multilevel hangar you were in was upscale, too. It was cleaner than any hangar you'd ever seen in your limited experience.

"Good afternoon, sir and madam!" the droid exclaimed. "Welcome to The Imperial Hotel!"

Ren grunted and closed up the ship. You gave him a look and turned to the droid with a smile. "Hi."

"Do you have a reservation?"

You turned to Ren, not knowing if there was one or, if there were, if it was under his name. You hoped to the Maker that he hadn't booked a hotel under his real name.

"Yes, under Mitaka, Dopheld," Ren replied as he turned to the droid.

You looked at the droid with a grin and nodded your head. Yup, you two were the Mitakas. The Mitakas were you two. Everything was completely normal because you were using your real names.

The droid took a quick moment to process the information and then genially said, "Follow me."

The cart followed the droid like an obedient dog, and you and Ren followed the cart. The droid led the way into a large, tube-like glass elevator with fancy carpet and copper handrails. You liked how cushy the carpet was under your shoes. The droid put its finger into a terminal to the side of the doors and asked Ren which side of the hotel he preferred. Ren replied south.
Apparently with that information, the droid had the elevator lift off. You grabbed the handrail for balance and turned to see the lobby as the elevator came up through the track. The lobby was vast with potted plants and large windows. There was more fancy carpet and little seating areas. Everything was gray or blue or copper. It was elegant with its flowing curves. You bet everyone who was lounging below spoke in refined whispers.

The view out the lobby windows had you gawking. The city surrounding the hotel was never-ending and full of personal airspeeders of every color criss-crossing between the impossibly tall skyscrapers. There were floating platform-buildings which one could land their speeders and go inside.

You got an even better view as the elevator traveled up the side of the building. There was no end to the cityscape--it just went on to the horizon. There were brightly colored holo-billboards you couldn't read from this distance. There were all sorts of things to look at that you felt it would take you days to catalog all of them.

The elevator dinged, and the doors opened on a floor--you didn't catch which--and the droid escorted Ren and you to your room. The droid asked Ren to scan his finger for initial access and security, and he urged you forward.

'I won't scan as Mitaka, it'll have to be you,' he thought at you.

You smiled at the droid and offered your hand. The droid accepted you as an alternative instead and told you to place your pointer finger on the scan-pad by the door. The scanner beeped in approval and the door to the room slid open.

The stately room had solid indigo carpeting with an inset border of some kind of gold-toned wood. The walls were covered in dark gray damask wallpaper. The furniture was all padded, quilted angles and tan leather. The windows across the room spanned the entire wall. There was a ledge deep enough for sitting and the interior designer had thought it a nice touch to include blue pillows for lounging.

As you walked into the room, you saw that a huge bed with a wide gray leather headboard was tucked to the side. The comforter was a slate blue velvet. There was a mound of pillows in varying coordinating colors leaning against the headboard. You walked over and touched the corner of the bed to feel that the velvet was as soft as it looked.

"Do you like it?" Ren tentatively asked.

You turned to him to find that the droid and its cart had already gone. The two duffles sat in the shallow foyer. It was just the two of you now.

"I've never been in such..." You struggled for a word that fit. "Luxury?" you hazarded.

"But do you like it?"

You looked around one more time and then nodded. You could get used to it--the climate control, the sleek fabrics, the lack of sand. You especially liked the view, and you went to the window wall to look out into the ever-busy city.

Behind you, Ren took off his cloak and gloves and tossed them over the back of one of the armchairs. You felt him slowly approach you and you wondered if he was actually, finally going to touch you. Or was he all promises and no delivery?

Ren folded the collar of your coat down and he buried his face at the back of your neck, in your
hair. His hands slid down your arms until they rested at your wrists and his long fingers encircled them. He sighed against your neck, and you closed your eyes.

"I have something for you," he whispered.

"A gift?"

"A necessity."

"What is it?" you asked.

"Take off your coat and training gear."

You felt that it wouldn't be a good idea to argue, so you acquiesced. He stepped away, and you undressed by the bed. It felt wrong to dump your worn-in training clothes on the lovely bed, but there was nowhere else for them to go. Your boots you stood by the window so as not to get dirt and grit all over the bed.

Once you turned, you saw that Ren had gotten out his duffle and had spread clothing over the coffee table in front of the couch. There was only one piece of gray amongst all the black.

"What is this?" you asked as you approached.

Ren held out a thick pair of leggings to you. "Battle gear."

You grinned to yourself as you wiggled into the tight, stretchy pants. So much for a romance of lace and silk.

Ren held out the gray piece— it looked like an under-robe. You got that on, and he tied the hip-length robe closed. The thin tie was midrib as to not dig in at your waist nor under the bust. Next, he held up a thick outer robe that looked about mid-thigh length for you. It was made of a thick fabric that had a dull sheen and slubs in the weave of the fabric. The long sleeves went beyond your fingertips and were split up to the shoulder. They showed off the sleeves of the fine gray under-robe nicely, in your opinion.

He had you place a hand on the outer robe to keep it in place as he wound a wide suede belt around your waist. He knotted the belt at your waist, a single loop going up and the two tails trailing down the front of you. There was a clip on the belt for your lightsaber, and he pulled it to the front of your body. It was on the wrong side for you, but it didn't matter.

He Force called your boots over and helped you get your socked feet into the boots once more. Once the boots were on, he straightened to his full towering height and adjusted the collar of your under-robe so it peeked out from underneath the outer robe.

"One more thing," he said more to himself than to you.

You watched him walk to the bed and dig through your coat to find your lightsaber. The saber didn't have a corresponding coupling to attach it to the belt, but he tucked it under your belt right beside the clip.

He took a step back and looked at you. You looked at him. His belt was so much different than yours. His tunic looked more like armor than yours. You thought you looked like a poor imitation of a Jedi. You were playing dress-up. He looked like a warrior.

"The outer robe is reenforced. It may not look it, but it's quite strong," he noted.
You ran a hand over the sleeve of the outer robe. The fabric felt interesting—different than anything you've ever touched—and the slubs were soft. If what he said was true, it was like hidden armor.

"You're beautiful."

You didn't feel beautiful, you felt strange. "Where's a mirror?" you asked.

Ren opened the door to a closet by the foyer. On the inside of the door was a full-length mirror. You stared at yourself with your high boots and your long, cape-like sleeves. The belt was wide enough to really accentuate your waist. You asked yourself what you'd think of the person in front of you if that person was not you.

The answer surprised you: You thought she looked powerful and strong and beautiful.

You continued to stare at yourself as you asked, "Did you pick this out?"

"I saw it in a vision," Ren said. "I saw you in this outfit with your sword drawn. You were standing over someone. You were terrifying."

Ren didn't say terrifying like an insult or something to run away from. You looked at him and saw that he was drawn to it. He loved the flame and wanted to be consumed by it.

You stepped up to him and grabbed him behind the neck to pull him down. If he wanted to be consumed, then you didn't mind burning him to ash. You kissed him harder than you've ever kissed anyone. You bit at his lower lip.

He groaned against your mouth and seemed to let go of his reservations. His hands were at your belt, tugging it loose. Your lightsaber hit the carpeted floor with a dull thunk. He pushed open your outer robe to shove his hands under the under-robe.

"I want to pleasure you," he said against your tender mouth. "Can I? Can I taste you?"

You met his blown-pupiled eyes, just centimeters from your own, and said, "I've been training. I'm all sweaty."

"You smell amazing. I don't care. Just let me get my mouth on you. I don't care."

You nodded. "Okay."

Ren dropped to his knees and pulled your leggings and underwear down to the top of your boots. He unzipped one boot, threw it behind him, and slipped the leg of your underwear and leggings off that leg. He didn't bother with the other one and he leaned you back on the doorjamb of the closet.

When you were braced and arched for him, he pulled your bare leg over his broad shoulder. His hands traveled up the sides of your thighs. The cooler air of the room had you shivering, and you had an intense awareness of how wet you were between your legs.

He looked up at you when he spread the under-robe and pushed up your compression top. His eyes were smoldering embers. The under-robe draped open from your waist, framing the petite triangle of your pubic hair. He made an animalistic sound and pushed his face against your mound.

You knew he wanted to tell you that he'd been wanting all of you. He'd been fantasizing about dragging his tongue over your wet folds. He wanted to thrust his tongue into you, suck on your clit, finger you until you came in a gush over his face.
"Go on," you whispered. "I want you to."

There was more in his mind, but this was the most urgent of his needs. You tried to tell him you understood, but you didn't know if it got through.

His hot hands tilted your pelvis upwards a little, and then he got to work. His tongue swept up your slit, opening you up, and dragging the moisture around, adding his own. He nuzzled deeper to find the sensitive opening of your vagina. His tongue slowly swirled around it before thrusting inside you.

You moaned in response and grabbed a hold of his thick hair. The tip of his tongue trailed up and down the front wall of your slick cunt. It felt so good you wanted to hold his head still and fuck his face. His nose was digging in right above your clit, and you were sure you could come just from rotating your hips a few times.

He moved up and kissed your clit. You sagged in his grip and pushed your hips at him. Right there, you wanted to tell him. Don't stop. He either heard you or understood your body well enough not to stop. He sealed his lips around your clit and gently sucked. His tongue teased and lapped at your clit with a rhythm that had you panting and clenching your fingers in his hair.

You felt the piercing pleasure of orgasm ram through you with heart-stopping quickness. It hammered inside you, spreading from your throbbing cunt and up your spine to make your head sag and ears deafen. You couldn't stop your body from undulating against his ripe mouth.

The rhythm you set started you down the path of another orgasm. It rolled and peaked weaker than the first, but just as deafening. You realized you had started shaking and he was holding you up somehow. Your thighs were clenched around him, your heel digging into his back, your hands clawing in his scalp.

Ren walked you back until your spine was fully against the doorjamb. His face stayed buried between your legs and he ran his nose and mouth over your soaked pussy. You could feel him panting against you and licking his lips.

You let go of his hair and ran your fingers delicately over the tips of his flushed ears. He looked up at you then, his pointed chin propped on your belly. You smiled down at him because the lower half of his face was wet. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes seemed to sparkle with pride.

"You think my birth control's kicked in yet?" you asked, your voice hoarse from unrealized use. You wanted to ride his cock and feel him come in you. You wanted to watch him fall apart under you. You wanted him to moan your name and not be able to get enough of you.

He looked a little bashful, something you never thought you'd see, and shrugged his non-occupied shoulder. "You'll have to give me a little time to recover either way." He kissed right under your bellybutton, and you couldn't help but giggle.

Kylo Ren had just come from eating you out. Would the wonders ever cease?

Chapter End Notes

Here's what inspired the battle gear: Nicholas Andreas Taralis, Autumn/Winter 2010/11
Mercy

Ren slid your leg off his shoulder and stood. He untied and pushed the robes off your shoulders and ran his hands under the bunched up material of your compression top.

"Are you laughing at me?" he asked in all seriousness. You knew he was teasing, but he had a convincing facade.

"And what if I am?"

"I'll have to teach you a lesson."

"Is it a sexy lesson, master?" You couldn't keep the cheeky grin off your face.

He didn't answer, but he pulled the compression top up and off you with a smirk. He tossed the garment aside and stared down at your breasts, teasing forgotten. Except for the boot with the leggings and underwear still caught in it, you were naked. His large hand came up to cup one of your breasts. He peered at you through his lashes, gauging your reaction.

Ren's touch was surprisingly gentle. You watched his hand as he stroked your skin and ran his thumb over your nipple. You let out a breath as a zing of pleasure had your nipples tightening. You wanted to reach out for him, but you didn't want to disturb whatever was going on within him.

"I've never seen all of you," he commented softly. "I've thought about it--what you look like. How you taste." He leaned into kiss you. "My imagination disappointed me." His plump lips were then on yours, tasting of you, and his arms were around you, pulling you flush against him.

You didn't know where to touch him first, you wanted to grab all of him--his disheveled hair, his wide shoulders, his tight ass--and press him to you. His canvas tunic was rough against your alighted skin. You rubbed your breasts against him and moaned into his mouth. His tongue slithered just behind your front teeth and tickled the roof of your mouth. You sucked on his tongue to entice him, and he growled as his hands kneaded the fullness of your ass.

You wanted to tell him to take you to the bed, lay you out on that velvet, fuck you until neither one of you could move. You wanted to feel his hot skin against yours, his hands bracing you against his thrusting hips, his hard cock pistoning inside you.

He grabbed the back of your thighs and hoisted you up. You wrapped your legs around his waist and your arms behind his neck.

"Is this the lesson?" you murmured against his cheek as he walked you to the bed.

"Lesson later, sex now," he replied as he laid you out on the silken velvet. He unzipped your other boot and got you fully naked. Before you could sit up to help, he unlatched his belt and let it fall to the floor.

"Scoot up the bed," he ordered and unzipped his tunic. Underneath was a black tank and suspenders keeping his trousers in place. The suspenders accentuated the tapering of his muscled torso. He let his tunic follow his belt and he pulled the suspender off his shoulders.

You really, really didn't want to follow his orders. You wanted to yank at his suspenders and pull him down on top of you. Maybe later you could bind him in his own clothing and suck his cock.
He groaned your name and told you to get a move on. You smiled up at him--because you hadn't meant to project your thoughts but didn't mind the outcome--and proceeded to move up the bed. You lounged against the pile of pillows and massaged one of your breasts to idly pleasure yourself.

Ren watched you as he struggled with his clothes. You decided to make it even harder for him to concentrate by bending your knees and spreading your legs. You ran a finger over your wet cunt and circled your clit.

"C'mon, Kylo," you encouraged.

Ren stood there for a tense moment. He was gloriously naked at the foot of the bed. There was a delicate trail of hair leading down his belly, his fat cock stood out from his groin, his strong thighs tightened. His arms and chest could've made you weep with their scarred perfection. It would be easy to get off from just looking at him.

He bent over and stalked up the length of the bed to you. It didn't take that long because of how tall he was, but it felt like too long since you last got to touch him. His brown eyes were gleaming and predatory in the late afternoon light. His hair fell in his face to partially obscure the lightsaber slash going up his cheek.

You slid down just a little in the pillows when he was finally hovering over you. You reached up to touch his erection. He was so hard and heavy and leaking in the palm of your hand. You watched yourself stroke him and fully push back his foreskin. When you looked up at him, you found his eyes closed and his bottom lip between his teeth. His chest was heaving, and it looked like he was trying to keep himself from thrusting into your hand.

"What're you waiting for?" you whispered as you let go of him and you relaxed back into the pillows. You spread your legs in invitation. From this angle, his cock looked too big to take. If you could handle it, it would probably press against things no other lover ever had.

You watched him as he walked his knees out and gripped the headboard to steady himself. You ran your hands up his sides and urged him down. He wrapped a hand around the base of his cock and nestled it in the hot, wet slit of your pussy.

You looked up at him and he down at you. "Push it in me."

The tip of his dick found your opening, and he began to ease into you. Each inch that sunk in felt like it spread you more than you ever had been. He let go of his cock and braced himself on the bed. He was slow and steady until his pubic hair met yours. You let out a breath you didn't realize you had been holding. You felt so full, and you wiggled a little to test your limits. You were okay, it was good.

Above you, Ren let out a little groan. You smoothed your hands over his pecs to circle his pink nipples. His spine bowed as you gave them a pinch. The movement made him pull out just a little, and you gasped.

"Oh, shit," you breathed out.

Ren was spread out above you, his thick cock buried inside you to the hilt, and you didn't know how the hell you were going survive the oncoming fucking.

"Are you ready?" he grit out.

You weren't sure you'd ever be, but you nodded.
He started slow, easing in and out of you. Each deep thrust punched a little sound out of you. His pace picked up, and you scrabbled to brace yourself. Everything inside you began to throb and clench in the most delicious way. His cock was hot and perfect as it stretched you.

"Good?" Ren asked as he leaned down on an elbow. The angle made his cock hit something, and you moaned in satisfaction.

"Yes!" you cried. "Right there!"

He nodded and began to drive his huge cock inside you. You curled up and got two handfuls of his firm ass and pulled him to you. Over and over his erection hit that something, some extra sensitive spot inside you, and you felt like crying at being overwhelmed with such ecstasy. It was too much--of him, of his cock, of feeling so damn good.

Ren's grip on the headboard didn't relent and he used it as leverage to pound into you. He fucked you harder and he curled forward to rest the top of his head on your shoulder. You realized he was watching your bodies move together. In your mind's eye you could see the glistening shaft of his dick pump into you again and again.

But something was bubbling up inside you, it was more than an orgasm, it wasn't just an intense climax. It was just this side of scary. It was exquisite and quaking, and you embraced it because there was no running from it.

You choked on a scream as it boiled out of you. Your body dissolved into the thrumming, pure, torturous pleasure. You clawed at Ren and begged him for more, begged him for release.

He gave it to you, gave you what you needed. You heard him moaning against your sweaty skin. His cock was so hot and filling you so perfectly. You felt branded from the inside out.

"Come in me," you sobbed. You wanted to feel it.

Ren's chest pressed to yours as he crashed against you. He got a hand under your shoulder and brought you down as he moved up. He roared into the pillows around you as he came with a handful of slow, powerful thrusts. You could feel his cock pulsing inside you, his come filling you up. It was too much, too good, and you clung to him as he rocked his dick inside you.

You didn't know how long you lay there. Time didn't seem like a thing anymore. The velvet beneath you was damp with sweat. The pillows were stifling and almost claustrophobic. But the man on top of you was perfect. You two were sticking together, and it should be gross, but it was great to be glued together with sweat and come.

Ren eased up and used his free hand to smooth your hair away from your face. He stared down at you for a tender moment and then swooped in to kiss you. You hugged him with your arms and legs as you kissed him back.

"Mine," he murmured as he rubbed his damp nose against yours.

You didn't think to argue as you smiled up at him.
Ren lay next to you, shoulder to shoulder, as the sweat dried on your skin. You looked over at him and studied his profile. His dark lashes fanned across his pale skin and his elegant brow was relaxed. His aquiline nose and strong jawline were more pronounced with his head tilted back like it was. His long neck was curved over a random pillow. He was graceful and peaceful in repose.

You hated to disturb the quiet, but you were curious. "Who's Mitaka?"

"A lieutenant on the Finalizer," he replied, but didn't open his eyes.

"Alive?"

"Unfortunately yes, but Hux seems to tolerate him." Ren shrugged the shoulder not touching you. He opened his eyes, rolled towards you, and ran a single finger down the skin over your breastbone. "Are you hungry?"

You were and you told him so as you sat up. You groaned to yourself because now you were leaking come all over the comforter. You got up as quickly as you could with shaky legs. Ren told you to wait once you stood, and you did with your back to him. You looked over your shoulder to see him crawl over the wet spot to get closer to you. He asked you to bend and spread your legs just a little. You creakily complied with your bottom lip between your teeth and felt his come ooze down your inner thighs.

He cursed lowly and ran a hand down one of your buttock. "You're so fucking beautiful."

You straightened and turned, and Ren knee-walked on the bed to you. He was still a little taller than you, but not like his usual towering self. You brought his face to yours and kissed him, putting all your gratitude behind it.

He pulled back with some reluctance and told you to start the shower. He gave your hip an affectionate pat to get you going. You playfully pushed him back on the bed before rushing into the bathroom, and he growled after you.

"For that you're not getting dessert," he impishly threatened.

"Then neither are you," you called back. It was a lie, of course. You weren't sure you could deny him or yourself sex.

The old-fashioned bathroom--an actual bathroom, not a refresher--was all soft gray tile and copper-toned fixtures. There was a toilet with actual water in it, which you used and flushed. The glass-enclosed shower in the corner had all sorts of buttons you didn't know what to do with. The large square sink under the mirror next to the door to the suite was wide enough to do your laundry in.

You studied yourself in the large mirror. Your hair was a mess, your mouth was swollen from kissing Ren, and there were faint imprints on your skin from where his hand had gripped your shoulder to keep you in place. You didn't think they would bruise, but it wouldn't bother you if they did.

You turned on the sink faucet and ran your hands under the cool water before turning it off again. You'd never been in a house that had running water. Tuanul had a central pump and fountain--like many other villages on Jakku--for everyone to collect from, but no one had a personal pump. Let alone heated water.
You went into the shower stall and looked at the different buttons and sprayer heads. You intuited how everything was supposed to work with the balance of hot and cold water that would come out from the sprayer heads. You thought you had a good balance of hot to cold before turning the water on. The water came out the main head and hit you in the face and you shrieked. It was cold, but so fun. The water quickly warmed and you adjusted it for a bit more hot water.

You laughed as you got your hair fully wet. It felt so good and so different than using a refresher. You hit the sprayer-options button and got another configuration of water coming at you. You felt you could play in the shower all day.

In a niche in the shower-wall were an assortment of little bottles and a thin bar of soap. They all smelled good—like citrus and herbs. You lathered up your hair and rinsed and then conditioned. Before you could try the soap, Ren was on the other side of the glass. He was naked and imposing and looking completely wrecked.

You felt a little smug when you realized you had done that.

"You want to join me?" you offered.

His eyes travelled down your body. "I better not."

You felt caressed by his look and you turned away from him to pick up the mini-bar of soap. If he wasn't going to join you, you needed to subtly punish him. You soaped up and rinsed as you moved down your body.

In the meantime, Ren closed the toilet lid and sat down to watch. "I ordered dinner and a new blanket," he told you.

"As long as it's not bantha, I'll be happy." You'd eaten too much bantha jerky in the past couple weeks. It was a good, cheap source of protein, but you really didn't want any more.

"It's not bantha," he distractedly said.

You spent a little longer than usual cleaning between your legs. You really had been a mess, but it felt good to run slick hands over yourself. You were sensitive and tender, and the warm water was soothing. You realized it was probably a good thing he wasn't in there with you. Maker knew you wouldn't be able to take his big cock for a while.

After a few moments, Ren spoke up. "Please tell me you're done."

"Can't take any more?"

He sounded strained. "No, I really can't."

"It's good for a man to know his limitations," you sagely replied with a smile. "Hand me a towel."

Ren unrolled one from the shelving unit next to the toilet and stood. You could see he was half-hard from just watching you. It was flattering, but you didn't want to do anything about it. He didn't feel so anxious about having sex, either.

You squeezed your hair out and opened the shower door. Ren handed you the towel and traded places with you. Before you closed the glass door for him, you leaned in for a kiss. He purred into the kiss, sucking on your bottom lip, and ran a finger over your damp jaw.

"Gorgeous," he commented and got fully under the spray of water.
"Likewise."

You dried off as best you could and tied the towel around you. You noticed in the shelving unit there was another type of fabric rolled in bundles on the lowest shelf. You reached down and felt the mottled gray material. It was silky and a little rubbery, but absolutely smooth.

You pulled one bundle out to have it unravel before you. It was a long robe with the initials IH embroidered on the lone breast pocket. You tossed your towel on the sink and wrapped the robe around you. It was a medium weight and surprising insulating. You picked up your towel again to cover your dripping hair.

You saw when you walked out of the bathroom that the bed was comforter-less. Your clothes and duffle were stowed away somewhere, along with Ren's. You assumed in the closet. The lightsabers were presumably with the clothes. The soiled comforter was draped over the armchair that didn't have Ren's cloak and gloves on it.

You don't know how he had cleaned up so quickly. You didn't think you had been in the bathroom that long. On your way back to the bathroom to ask him where everything was, the door chimed that it was being opened by a droid. You turned to see a gray protocol droid wheel in a draped serving cart. Behind it was a housekeeping droid with a fresh comforter.

The protocol droid bid you a good evening and told you it had brought dinner. The housekeeping droid beeped that it would turn down the bed for you. You backed out the droids' way and thanked them.

Before they were done, Ren was in the bathroom doorway with only a towel around his hips. The droids both jovially greeted him, and he acknowledged them was a soft 'evening.' You looked up at him to see that his wet hair had been finger-combed back from his lean face. His flushed ears stuck out more than you originally thought, but you found it adorable.

The droids left together once everything was in place, and you two sat at the foot of the bed to eat. On your plate was a large fillet of grilled blue-fleshed fish, sauted green vegetables, and a generous mound of herbed and buttered pink rice. You'd never had fish before, and you think you liked it. It was different and flakey in texture and strangely aquatic. You traded a bite of your fish for a bit of Ren's roba steak. The steak was good, more like what you were used to. You cleaned your plate despite your unsurety if you liked fish or not because you were hungry and it was all so good.

When you were both done, Ren wheeled the cart out of the room. The room was darkening because night was descending upon Galactic City. The section around the hotel seemed to come alive with lit airspeeders, holo-billboards, and flashing signs. You walked to the window wall and sat on the ledge to watch the city come alive in a multicolored symphony of nightlife.

Ren came up behind you and began running his fingers through your damp hair. Your gaze softened as he combed your hair. No one had played with your hair since your family had passed.

"My grandfather used to live here," he offered.

You hummed in interest.

"My parents wouldn't speak much of him, but my uncle told me a little more about him."

"You never got to meet him?" you gently asked.

"No, but I feel him. The Force was strong with him."
"Like it's strong with you."

"And with you." He pulled the collar of your robe back and kissed the side of your neck. "Let's go to bed."

You nodded in agreement as he stepped back to change into his sleep-pants. It had been a long day. You took your towel and his back to the bathroom to hang up to dry. You found your tin of birth control on the counter--along with your grooming kit--and you took another pill with a mouthful of water. You cleaned up and came out into the bedroom to see a large holo-screen hanging at the foot of the bed. Ren was changing channels to find something suitable. You sat down on the bed, completely mesmerized, and watched the different broadcasts flash over the screen.

You stopped him when you saw a sling race on the screen. You had enjoyed the wheel races on Jakku. You didn't recognize any of the competitors, naturally, but you were interested all the same.

"I'll take you to the pit races when all this is done," Ren commented with a smirk.

"Races?" you asked as you watched him go into the bathroom. "Here?"

He didn't reply as he softly closed the door, but you felt his amusement. You listened to the announcer talk about a few competitors as you went to the closet. You didn't want to be without your lightsaber. You found it and Ren's, and came back to bed. You placed the sabers on your respective nightstands and snuggled back into the pillows.

When he came back out, you were hugging a pillow to your chest. The race had just started and there were already hiccups. Ren came around the bed and got in, you automatically abandoned the pillow and reached for him. He rested back against the side of your chest and laid his head on your shoulder. He was much better than a squishy pillow.
The dream-vision came to you, enveloping you in its reality. It was night, and you were in a Jedi school. You followed the Knights of Ren as they silently stalked the halls of the training center. Their footsteps were masked by the rolls of distant thunder. They crossed the bare courtyard. You glanced into now-dark, large rooms which were for different activities. It all seemed so academic and innocent. The Knights were a grim contrast as they walked through.

Everyone was resting for the next night. You could hear the students' minds fall into the deep, quiet sleep of the physically drained. The dorms were segregated by age with boys on the left and girls on the right. There were fighting and pranks, of course, but this group of padawans seemed to get along very well. Some of the older students had taken to looking out for the younger.

You could feel the pride Skywalker had for his apprentices.

The Knights, led by Kylo because this had been his school before Snoke, started with the eldest students. The students didn't recognize Kylo, because of his new mask, but he knew them. He didn't call them by name, but you knew he knew them. He brushed them off as weak and ignorant. They would never know the power Snoke had shown him, the power only he could tap into.

When the first padawan was chopped down, it seemed to make the whole building explode with action. The younglings scattered with tears streaming down their faces. You watched as they ran through the rainy courtyard. The older ones with more experience with a lightsaber challenged the Knights.

But one by one, they were cut down by Kylo or one of the other masked Knights. You recognized Yideth's mask and her lightsaber amongst the villains. The Knights were confronted by a few newly appointed teachers, but they were easily dispatched. You knew they weren't important for the tale, the teachers weren't who the Knights were really looking for.

You screamed for the Knights to stop as they came back into the courtyard. You wanted your lightsaber in your hand, but it was missing and you couldn't call it to you. You needed to stop them because... Because there were just younglings past the courtyard. Some of them didn't even come to your waist they were so small and new.

You pushed against the Knights, you tried to hit them, but your fists never connected. By the end of the stormy night, all the padawans were dead. They were scattered in the mud and wet with blood and rain. You had refused to look away as you tried to prevent the inevitable. However, nothing could stop them. It wasn't your dream, it was a memory.

You knew it was the initial hunt for Luke Skywalker.

This was what the Knights were about, you realized. This was what Snoke was about.

The Knights turned to you as one, Kylo behind them. The eyes behind their masks stared into you. They found you just as feeble and inadequate as the padawans they'd just cut down. One of them raised a blaster and pointed it at your head.

Before the knight could pull the trigger, you woke with a shout and pushed away from the heavy arm over your waist. Ren sat up like a bomb had gone off and reached for his lightsaber.

You kicked off the bed and realized you had your own lightsaber already in hand. Your vision was awful between the dark room and the tears blurring everything. You held up the unlit saber anyway
because you didn't want him to touch you.

"How could you!" you demanded. "You killed younglings."

"Wha?" he asked and reached over to turn on a bedside lamp.


Lor San Tekka had told you stories of Skywalker. You didn't know if it was all true, but you enjoyed them just the same. You liked Skywalker through Tekka's eyes. He seemed like a good Jedi.

Why would Ren want to kill someone who had done nothing but good for him? Why would he even agree to such a heinous act?

"I did," he admitted when he realized which incident you were referring to.

"You're not officially after the scavenger." He lied to you, a slithery voice whispered to you. He's using you. "You want Skywalker."

"Snoke wants the scavenger, but Skywalker dead is the main objective."

You shook your head. "How could you look at crying children and kill them?"

"I had to, you don't understand," Ren tried to explain. "I had my orders. Snoke had given me orders."

"Fuck Snoke!" you yelled. Strike him down. He deserves it.

"He's my master! I had to obey. I had too much to learn, there was too much to learn from him. I couldn't refuse."

Your hands tightened on your lightsaber. You wanted to switch it on and stab him through the heart. Do it. He had been trying to show you a reformed facade. He's a liar. He was probably reporting everything to Snoke. It was all a trap. You were going to be offered up to Snoke or killed upon arrival. He doesn't really care about you.

Ren got out of bed on the opposite side of you. He didn't have his lightsaber, but that didn't mean he couldn't call it to him.

"I didn't want to do it," he said.

"But you were weak," you accused.

"I was desperate!" he roared. "No one... No one was there! They sent me away!" Ren rounded the bed, and you bumped into the closet wall when you stepped back from him. "Uncle was busy with other, more important padawans!"

You have the skills to kill him. End his suffering. You tried to clear your head, but you were so angry. Your finger was so close to the saber switch. Kill him now.

"Snoke wanted me when no one else did!" Ren finished.

You could see the sheen of unshed tears in Ren's eyes. That wasn't to say he wasn't dangerous. His emotions hardly crippled him. They made him unpredictable and so powerful. The Force was in
him, with him, all the time, shaking through him like thunder.

You knew this was the injury that had started it all, the wound of neglect, the stab against his very morals. Killing his father wasn't the first blow. There had been dozens upon dozens before and some in one night. You wondered how he had survived the devastation that first time.

"And what about me?" you asked. "Are you going to kill me when Snoke orders you to?"

"No, you're mine. You'll always be mine."

"What if I don't want to be yours?"

"You said you were. You agreed that you were."

"Things change," you said.

"Don't say that." He came closer, and you held up your lightsaber.

You warned him, "No, Kylo."

"Say you're mine. Say you want me, too." He looked stricken and moved like he was going to reach out to you.

Instinct had you pushing him away with the Force. He flew back and landed on the bed. He struggled to sit up and he shoved against your hold. You held him back until he spoke:

"I would never hurt you. Have I ever hurt you?"

You shook your head and leaned back against the wall. What had you gotten yourself into? You knew of Ren's reputation before you had ever met him. He had destroyed your village. He had killed Tekka. He had killed his father. He had killed a school full of *padawans*.

And you suspected he was in love with you.

"When I sent you away with Yideth, it felt like dying," he spat out as he sat up. "I don't want to be without you. Tell me you want me, too."

You couldn't get your voice to work, but you let your lightsaber fall to the side. You knew he wasn't going to attack you. He came up to you and gently tilted your face up to his.

"Tell me," he whispered. His eyes searched yours. "Tell me, and I'll do whatever you want, kill whoever you want."

"I want you," you croaked as you nodded and felt a tear slip down your cheek.

He put his hands on your hips and walked backwards to usher you into bed. You dropped your lightsaber on the nightstand and collapsed against him. He hugged you to him and got you both under the covers.

You buried your face against his bare chest and sobbed yourself into exhaustion. Ren quietly stroked your hair and held you through it. Nothing was going to be easy. Killing Snoke was just the first step. You didn't know what would happen with the First Order or the Knights of Ren after that. You suspected there would be more death with Snoke's fall.

The road with Kylo Ren wasn't ever going to be smooth. You knew that, but you didn't think it was going to be like this.
Morning caught you off-guard. You weren't prepared to face anything you had learned last night, but face it, you must. You gently propped your chin on Ren's chest and watched him sleep. Luke Skywalker was Ren's uncle. You understood this from the dream-vision. You had felt that connection between them. The only logical conclusion was that Kylo Ren was Leia Organa's son since Tekka had told you of Luke and Leia's family connection.

Who had Ren been before he became Kylo Ren? What nickname had Leia called him when he was a kid with too-big ears and a gap-toothed grin? Had he laughed and danced on his name-day?

Ren had given up his family for Snoke and the dark side. You would offer up anything to have yours back. You'd give up any Force connection you had to talk with them one more time. And Ren had thrown his loved ones away with both hands.

His warm brown eyes opened and met yours. He didn't ask you how long you'd been awake or what you were thinking about. Those things didn't matter because you knew the truth.

"Are you still with me?" he murmured.

"I think you should be asking yourself that."

His long-fingered hand went up the sleeve of your robe to caress your forearm. "I'm with you until the end." 'If you'll have me.'

"You're mine," you answered his unvoiced half-question.

He nodded and he felt relieved to you. You gnawed on your bottom lip as you studied him. His emotions weren't his weakness, his desire to belong was. He had felt that sense of belonging with Snoke and his Knights. You didn't know if he got that with you, but maybe you could use that to the benefit of you both.

Before either of you could say anything, a beeping came from the closet--a comm. You sat up and Ren got out of bed to answer it. You leaned forward to see him holding a small holocom. There was one of the Knights glowing up out of it. They spoke in hushed tones, but their conversation didn't seem overly tense or urgent.

Ren disconnected the comm and turned to you. "We have to meet someone in two hours."
In the Land of Gods and Monsters

That someone was Kin Al Ren. He was another Knight, and you weren't looking forward to the meeting. He had killed with Kylo, just like Yideth. You didn't know how you felt about Yideth anymore, either. You had admired her skill with a lightsaber. Her dark power was impressive and intimidating. You wondered what Kin Al had in store.

Ren didn't give you too much time to think. He ordered up breakfast and a C4 screwdriver. He told you to get dressed in your training gear. You went into the bathroom to use the facilities and clean up. If you were going in your training gear, you thought it best to put your hair up.

He came up behind you as you rolled and clipped your hair up. He stared at you in the mirror, and you ignored him.

"We're going underground," he told you. "I want you to stay close, but--"

You finished his sentence, "Not look like it's my first time."

He nodded.

You shrugged because you had learned to keep your eyes to yourself a long time ago. Sometimes it wasn't a good idea to get involved or even notice there was something to get involved in.

"And don't touch anything," he added.

You finally looked up at him in the mirror. You didn't know if he was just adding rules to make your life harder or to exert some sort of control over you. "Will it just make me stand out?"

"There are things--mutants--down there that are dangerous to humanoids."

"Everything is dangerous to humanoids," you commented and slid out from between him and the sink.

He didn't say anything as you left the bathroom. You quickly dressed and got out your great coat. You'd need it if you wanted your lightsaber on you and well hidden. You wished you could wear your battle gear because it was better than the Order hand-me-downs, in your opinion, but it would stand out and put a target on your back. Maybe there would be a day in which that wouldn't matter, but it wasn't this day.

You sat on the window ledge and waited for breakfast to be delivered. Behind you, Ren moved around the room. You could see his reflection in the glass as he changed into a pair of black trousers and a long-sleeved knit shirt. He kept glancing at you. You felt he wanted to say something, but he didn't know where to start.

The door chimed with a droid delivery. You pivoted around to see breakfast being wheeled in. You couldn't remember what Ren had order, and you didn't really care. It was fuel, and you were pretty sure it would be delicious.

And it was. There was a small, steaming bowl of phraig with some kind of red fruit in it. The main dish was a thick sausage patty with a cooked egg all wrapped up in some kind of green flatbread. There was a blue gravy for dipping. There was hot caf with cream to drink.

You ate in silence at the coffee table until Ren spoke up. "We have to show a united front to Kin
"Why? Will he kill me if he thinks I'm not loyal?"

"Kin Al is difficult."

"Then why keep him around?"

"He's good at what he does."

You just bet he was. None of the Knights had any problem with killing children. You were sure they had no problems with anything Snoke asked of them. It was all falling apart because a stranger was now amongst them. You didn't know if it were true that Ren's father had gotten through to him or if your very presence had changed the course of Ren's life. You didn't think the Knights would take so kindly to the new direction of Ren's ambitions. They would blame you, and maybe kill you for it.

Ren said softly, "I know you're angry."

"I am a lot of things."

"I can't take back the past." He got up and paced between the suite door and the bathroom. "I did it. I did worse. I did what I had to do!"

"So, you want me to put it behind me? Forget I ever saw it?"

"Yes!" he yelled as he turned to you. "I'm with you now. You."

As if that was supposed to make everything better.

He continued, "Together we can do what I cannot do with Snoke. Together we can finish what my grandfather started."

"Who's your grandfather? What did he do?" you demanded.

Ren only answered with two words: "Darth Vader."

You thought you felt your heart stop for a second. That meant... That meant that Leia Organa and Luke Skywalker's father was the tyrant Darth Vader. Tekka had never told you that. If Ren wasn't adopted, then he was the blooded grandson of a Sith lord. No wonder he went down the path he did.

You leaned back in the couch and brought a hand up to your brow. You whispered, "What did Darth Vader start?"

"He was bringing order to the galaxy." Ren pointed out the window. "The New Republic was a shambles of a government. It did nothing but squabble and allow the Resistance to gain a toe-hold."

He came up to you. "You suffered under the New Republic. You were orphaned and no one cared because of them."

You straightened up and got in his face to hiss, "Lor San Tekka cared about me."

"He was Resistance, through and through. He was of the very system which neglected you." Ren leaned down. "He allowed you to suffer."

You wanted to hit him for that. And not just a slap on the face, but you wanted to punch him and
ruin his face. Yes, child, break him. You wanted him to hurt and live with it. Show him your power. You Force called the C4 screwdriver into your hand and pushed it against his jugular. Call your saber and burn him for his insolence.

"You're the one who has brought me the most suffering," you growled.

"I have given you freedom and power. There is no coming into your own without a little pain."

"Is that what Snoke told you?"

"No, Uncle did."

If that didn't disarm you, you didn't know what would. You wordlessly yelled in his face and threw the screwdriver away. You pushed him back and stalked into the bathroom. Before you could close and lock the door, Ren had his arms around you, his chin on your shoulder.

"Remember, I'm with you to the end. I'm on your side. I always have been," he told you.

You scoffed at his lie and tried to shrug him off. Being on your side didn't mean sending you for brain-washing and then have you sleep it off in a detention center. With no underwear.

"I'm yours, and you're mine," he added.

"If you're mine, you won't ever do again what you've done. That's what being mine means."

"I vow to you I won't."

You let out a deep breath and relaxed in his hold. He kissed your shoulder and then pressed his forehead against the side of your neck. Nothing was solved, of course, but you felt you saw all of what it meant to have Kylo Ren at your side.
Headed Towards A Fucked Up Holiday

Getting underground wasn't as easy nor as straightforward as you thought. Ren led the way to the lowest garage level of the hotel and across a few walkways to a big, open ventilation shaft leading down. After a brief walk through the dark tunnel you came to another open grate. What spread before you was a whole other city. It was perpetual night this far down in the shadows of the skyscrapers towering overhead. There were varying, colorful vertical signs pointing to all sorts of establishments. There were weary barkers trying to entice the few pedestrians into their brothel or club. Some of the doorways were lit simply with a sign on the door. There were a few open restaurants with just a couple stools tucked under the serving bar. The fragrant steam made you pause in your steps to glance in.

You had expected trash on the ground or for it to smell foul this far down, but it didn't. It was strangely clean and smelled like water and stone. The dark duracrete walls were damp with condensation and they reflected the multicolored signs around them.

The club Ren walked you to was a tiny tavern with only an unshifted clawdite barkeep and one lone dug patron at the bar. Kin Al had waved Ren over to a booth in the corner. Ren kept the hood of his cloak up, but grasped Kin Al's forearm in greeting. Kin Al nodded to you, but didn't touch you.

Kin Al wasn't nearly as scary as you had feared. He was a good looking human with tan skin and the beginnings of salt-and-pepper hair. He was older than Ren and you, but not old enough to be your father. He had two crisp scars going down his face to his neck and below the collar of his shirt. You couldn't tell which Knight he was from your dream-vision.

He didn't comment on your tardiness, but had taken the liberty of ordering a round of drinks from the bar. Once you were all seated again and had taken a swig of your respective drinks, Kin Al didn't waste any time. "So, you want to take his place, huh?" he said to Ren.

You had tried not to rudely sniff at the drink in apprehension before you had taken a swallow. You'd never had commercial liquor before. It burned going down and left your throat warmed. Like the fish the night before, you weren't sure if you liked it or not.

"That is the plan, yes," Ren replied.

"I'd been wondering when you'd get the balls to do the old sithspit in."

"I figured it best it was him, and not me."

Kin Al looked at you. "You down with his plan?"

"As much as I can be, all things considered," you said.

Kin Al chuckled and asked, "Yideth told me you were pretty good with a saber. That true?"

"Not as good as her or Master Kylo, but I think I can hold my own."

He nodded in acceptance. "It's going to take all of us to get to him."

Ren said, "He's not protected, he's just isolated."

"Which means he'll hear us coming," you interjected.
"Oh, he'll feel us long before he hears us, babygirl."

You would've protested him calling you such an endearment, but it didn't feel like an insult. It felt kind or protective. Or maybe he was just smart enough not to piss off two Force-users with his tone. You thought Ren was the kind of man to cut out someone's tongue for even a mild insult. Kin Al had to know that.

"All the more reason for all of us to gather once more," Ren said.

"I agree, strength in numbers," Kin Al conceded as he held up a hand. "I'm working on Ginji. He's not too happy about going after such a heavy-hitter."

"When do you think you can get him here?"

"Oh, it'll be a few cycles."

"Tell him I need him. Tell him if this is his last job with the Knights, I accept it."

You looked at Ren then. He was willing to let a Knight go? That didn't seem probable. Ren might be betting that most of the Knights would not walk away from confronting Snoke. It was good to say, though, you realized. It gave this Ginji a sense of freedom, a sense of choice. You didn't think it was bad for morale, either, because all the Knights had to know that facing such a powerful opponent could be deadly. It should feel like their choice to risk it.

Ren met your eyes briefly and thought at you, 'If he runs, we hunt him down later.'

Ah, so there was the truth. No deserters. They were going to haul together or pay with their lives. You figured that applied to you as well. You were strangely fine with that. You had no where else to go, in any case.

"I don't think he wants to quit the Knights," Kin Al defended. "He's just wary."

"As we all are," Ren said.

Kin Al asked you, "Are you?"

"I'd be stupid not to be."

"Indeed." Kin Al threw back the rest of his drink and stood. "Well, on that pleasant note, I'll be heading out. I've got a few days to kill with some spice and a hot ass."

You tried to keep your face blank as Ren told Kin Al to comm him later with news of Ginji and the rest. Kin Al said he would and left you both at the table. You relaxed back and sipped at your fiery drink.

"What was the point of that?" you asked. The three of you had only sat down for five minutes. How could anything be discussed in any depth for five minutes?

"He just wanted to feel you out."

"I hope I've been properly felt out, then."

"He knows enough, now," Ren said softly.

"You think he's with us?"
"Yes, he's never liked Supreme Leader." Ren slid out from the booth and held out a hand to you. "Let's go back."

You didn't want to take his hand, but it was a petty urge. He pulled you to him once you were standing. His cloak shielded you from the rest of the tavern as he put an arm over your shoulder. You thought he was acting weird.

He walked you out and kissed you once you were both on the sidewalk. You looked up at him and made a questioning face. He shook his head as if to say *later*. Instead of questioning further, you took his hand and led him back down the street and over to one of the open restaurants you saw earlier.

"Dumplings," you said. "For lunch."

Ren fished out a few loose credits from his pocket and ordered two servings. The cook fried them up, packaged them, and handed them over in a take-away bag. They smelled amazing—like spices and meat and vegetables. You couldn't wait to try them.

Once the hotel door was closed behind you, Ren had you pressed up against the wall. His lips were on yours, claiming you, loving you. It felt good, but you weren't okay with him yet and you pushed him back.

"What the hell?" you demanded. "And what the hell was that kiss out in public?"

"Kin Al wasn't alone. Jeckhum's always at his side."

"Why didn't you tell me it wasn't just Kin Al before we left?"

"It wasn't good for you to know. You had to act natural."

"I can fake it, you know."

Ren shook his head. "Not with Jeckhum. He's good at reading people. But he's also an ass."

"You left me in the dark so Jeckhum wouldn't, what, think I've got skills? That I wasn't a threat? Is that why you kissed me?"

"You have to see it from their side. It's only me and Yideth who can vouch for you. I could be blinded by lust." He waved a hand down your body. "Yideth is a little more objective, of course, and she said you were good. They had to check you out themselves."

You made a disgusted sound and walked around Ren. You dropped the take-away bag on the coffee table and shrugged off your coat. You thought the Knights of Ren were ridiculous. If they were so powerful, why were they so paranoid?

"It's what's kept us alive this long," Ren answered your internal question.

You turned around and pointed a finger at him. "Don't do that with me."

You were so tired of the build-up to this assassination. You wanted it over with. You wanted to get away from the judging eyes of the Knights of Ren. You didn't want to prove yourself to anyone.

"Forget about Kin Al and Jeckhum. They'll be with us." Ren untied his cloak and tossed it onto an armchair. "You did well today."

You crossed your arms. "Why do you say that?"
"You knew something was off with me. You still followed my lead, though. You didn't make a scene or outwardly question me."

"And Jeckhum picked that up? From wherever he was?"

Ren came up to you and put his hands on your upper arms. "We'll know when Kin Al contacts me about Ginji."

You shook him off, feeling uncomfortable with having been tested. "Fine." You walked away to sit on the bed to take off your boots and socks. You wanted to stretch and mentally go through your forms because you sure as hell couldn't fire up a lightsaber inside a hotel room to practice.

Ren watched you in silence before he went to your coat and fished out your saber. He held it up. "I'm going to add the coupling to your lightsaber."

You wanted to snark back, tell him he didn't have permission to touch your things, tell him to leave that to you. You had made it and you could add things as needed. However, you stayed silent and watched him.

Darth Vader's kriffing grandson wanted to play with your lightsaber. You wished that was a metaphor.

"Fine," you said again and sat down on the carpet. You stretched your legs in front of you and bent forward to work on your hamstrings and calves. You thought that if he ruined it, you would make him fix it.

Ren didn't say anything, but you felt him examining you. You studiously ignored him and concentrated on your body and the pleasant burn of stretching muscles. As you continued through the different muscle groups, you heard him shuffle around and get things out and settle at the window ledge. You went through your routine a few times until you were warm and loose.

Next came the forms, and you sat against the foot of the bed to visualize your movements. You saw yourself cutting the air with your lightsaber. You knocked back your invisible opponent and defended yourself. You blocked strikes and parried. You went on and on, the surrounding hotel room adding to the obstacles and advantages. You felt one with the Force, even just sitting still. It flowed through you, and your imaginary lightsaber was an elegant extension of your body.

Once centered, you decided to meditate. You deepened your breath and calmed the mind from the mock saber-discussions you had just had. Thoughts bubbled up to the surface of your awareness, but you didn't put emotion to them. You examined each thought with calm rationality and let it go, releasing it into the void of your mind. You went on like that until the thoughts stopped coming and you were resting in a sea of tranquility.

Yideth had said that you could cloak yourself with the Force. You could wear it like a shroud. It felt time to try again. If you failed again, you would have to accept it. Because not everyone who reaches for the stars will touch them.

You tilted your head back on the mattress and breathed in the Force to exhale your shroud. Death wasn't unfamiliar to you, and it was okay. Death was safe. It wasn't scary because people who you loved were just beyond the veil waiting for you. You felt them keenly now as you swathed yourself in the Force.

When you opened your eyes again, the sun reflecting off the window ledge didn't hurt your eyes. You seemed immune to the physical discomforts. Logically, you knew your legs must be asleep.
from sitting for so long. You could feel the water from the bathroom behind you. You could feel
the wind buffet against the windows from the air traffic around the building.

You straightened up and walked around the living area. You skirted around your coat and Ren's
cloak—to touch them would give you away. You watched Ren work at putting your lightsaber back
together. He was biting his lip in concentration. You thought he must've looked like that as a
padawan making his first saber. You wondered which color the blade had been because, surely, red
was not it.

He finished with your saber and called your name. You didn't bother to respond, of course. He
turned to where you had been. "I finished with..." he trailed off. He looked around the room, his
eyes passing right over you.

He called for you again as he stood. A momentary flash of vulnerability crossed his face. *Don't go,*
it seemed to say. He looked at your coat and then he came around the bed to see your boots. He
had deduced that you were still in the room unless you were willing to leave without the
necessities. He didn't think you were, and you weren't.

He went into the bathroom to find you weren't there. "I know you're still here," he said as he came
back out.

You smiled to yourself. He was trying to taunt you into revealing yourself. You quickly moved to
the ledge and hopped on it. The C4 screwdriver was still there, along with the leftover components
of the coupling plate that would attach your lightsaber to your belt. You stepped over them and
waited.

"Did Yideth teach you this?" he asked. "It's most impressive." He put your lightsaber down on the
nightstand and, unbeknownst to him, walked closer to you.

You could tell he was getting frustrated. He wanted you to see what he had done, he wanted your
approval. You could almost laugh at the absurdity of it. One of the strongest Force-users in the
galaxy wanted little ole you to give him an attaboy.

You realized that not only did he want your approval, he wanted your acceptance, your love. Kylo
Ren was a dichotomy. He was strong and needful and powerful and lonely and sure of his position
and yet surrounded by those who would happily cut him down. He knew all this about himself and
still needed guidance. Snoke had given him that guidance for years. You were now in the position
to take over that role.

The question remained: Did you want it?
You ran down the window ledge away from Ren, knowing he could hear the slap of your feet. You kicked one of the pillows out of your way as you dashed over the ledge. He chased after the sound of you, and you tore your Force shroud off. You leaped from the ledge and into the living area with Ren hot on your heels. He almost caught your arm as you dodged around an armchair. You laughed at him for missing you, sticking your tongue out, and hopped over the coffee table and onto the sofa.

Ren playfully snarled and scrambled around the take-away bag to try to catch your ankle. He missed again, and you vaulted over the back of the sofa. He darted around the side-table by the sofa and tackled you onto the bed. You both went down with an oof. You wrestled him under you and sat on his hips with your feet over his thighs to keep him still.

"You wanted me to give you a pat on the head, huh?" you breathlessly teased.

"Just wanted you to see what I did."

You hummed to yourself and called your lightsaber over with the Force. The coupling plate didn't interfere with your hold. It was tight to the pommel. While you examined his addition, Ren explained that he had made sure not to pierce the insulator or power cell.

You clicked on your lightsaber and held it in front of you. Ren gazed at the magenta blade between you. You could easily take his head in this position. It might've seemed appealing last night; it wasn't this afternoon. Ren was just a man, not some faceless monster. He was a man who had made mistakes, a man who had been led astray by his lust for power. It had led him to you and to your consequential awakening.

Maybe you should feel grateful, but you didn't. You didn't resent it, either.

His hands were on your thighs. He slid his palms up and down the outside of your legs. You wondered if he was soothing you or himself. Was he trying to read your intentions? Did he question his safety in your presence?

"Have you ever been burned by a lightsaber?" he asked.

You rotated your arm to show him the thin line of scar tissue on your upper arm. "Yideth," you explained.

"Accident?"

"No."

"How come I never noticed that before?"

"Probably because you've been too busy with other parts of me," you wryly replied.

He smirked up at you. "Turn it off and kiss me."

During your meditation you had come to understand that it didn't matter whose grandson Kylo Ren was. It mattered to Ren, of course, but not to you. The things Ren had done in the past were horrible and in his grandfather's memory. It was like Ren's life was a tribute to his late ancestor. You thought Ren needed to live for himself.
However, that wasn't your decision. You recognized that.

And Snoke had used Darth Vader to manipulate Ren. You were sure Snoke had told Ren that only he could teach Ren what he needed to know to continue his grandfather's legacy. It was a complete lie. Even you knew that. Snoke couldn't know everything about the Force or about what Darth Vader had known. Why hadn't Ren seen it?

You turned off your lightsaber and tossed it away towards the headboard. You bent down to softly brush your lips against Ren's. He pulled your hips down to feel him as he sat up to really kiss you. He was half hard already. You pulled back to smile down at him and yanked his hands off you.

"You're mine," you said lowly. "And I'll fuck you when I want to, how I want to."

He fought against you, but you held his forearms firmly to the bed. Naturally, he could overpower you, but he didn't seem to want to get away.

"Keep your hands there," you whispered and dragged your fingertips up his bare forearms. You looked deep into his golden brown eyes. You studied the pale scar going up his face. You smoothed the black waves of his hair back from his forehead. You drew a gentle line down the center of his face, the tip of your finger catching his bottom lip briefly, and down his neck until you met the resistance of his shirt.

You pulled at the neckline of his shirt and leaned forward to kiss the now-exposed skin. He writhed under you, but obeyed your no-touching order. It was a heady feeling to control him. You pushed his shirt up and urged him to lift his arms so you could partially undress him.

When his shirt came off, you sat up and swept your hands along his torso. Ren arched into your touch, and you pinched his nipples just to make him gasp.

"Has anyone done this to you before?" you asked.

He shook his head.

"No one's taken their time with you? You only got the quick and dirty?" You bent down. "That's a shame." You kissed your way from his sternum to the dip of his throat. "I'd like to take my time. May I do that?"

Ren's tilted his head back with a soft groan. You took that for consent and gently pushed his chin to the side. You sucked on the silky skin of his neck, giving him a faint lovebite. You kissed your way up to his ear and sucked on the lobe.

"You want to touch me, don't you?" you whispered. You could see what he wanted. "You want to tear my clothes off and push your fingers into me. I'll be so wet for you, you know. You want to pull my hair and lead me down to suck you cock."

You glanced down to see him fistling the velvet comforter. "But you can't do that because I don't want you to." You put a hand on his throat, the webbing between your thumb and index finger cradling his Adam's apple. You gave a light squeeze to the veins on either side of his windpipe.

You kissed up his jaw until you came to his soft mouth. He opened for you as you teased his tongue with your own. You kissed the little beauty marks on his blushing cheeks, above his eyebrow.

You let go of his neck after letting your fingers press in more. You sat up and stripped off your tank and compression top. Ren shivered under you and his arms jerked as if he wanted to reach up
but stopped himself just in time.

You touched your breasts, lightly running your fingertips around your areolas. They puckered in the cooler air and to your mild touch. Ren stared at your chest and licked his lips.

"Do you want to touch me? Taste me?"

He nodded.

"Tell me," you order.

"I want to kiss your breasts."

"So good," you murmured as you moved up and bent forward again.

Ren buried his face in your chest, kissing the soft globes of your breasts. You felt his big hands on your upper back and you pulled away with a no. He whined and let his hands flop back on the bed.

You pointed out, "I told you not to touch me."

"I'm sorry," he contritely said with his eyes downcast.

"I thought you had more discipline than that."

"I do, it's just..."

You shushed him and moved off him. Ren made an offended sound and turned as if to reach for you.

"No," you said again and got off the bed. You hooked your thumbs in your underwear and leggings and pulled them down. He laid back while letting his eyes stay on you and adjusted his erection in his pants.

"Get your hands off your dick," you told him.

Ren went back to fisting the blankets.

You climbed onto the bed again and ran a hand over his muscled chest. "You're going to make me come until I tell you to stop." You wanted to be boneless with pleasure when you allowed him to get his. "You can't use your hands," you reminded him.

"Not even to support you?"

"No, be creative," you replied and swung a knee over his shoulder. The angle wasn't quite right, so you scooted up until your mound bumped his nose.

His tongue teased at your slit, and you lowered yourself to firmly straddle his mouth. There was no teasing after that. He sucked at the wet lips of your cunt and pressed his tongue against your clit. You decided to have mercy on him and you reached down to spread yourself for him.

He took the opportunity to envelope your clit in his hot mouth. He worked you and worked you until your thighs were clenching around his head. You rolled your hips and hit your first orgasm with a startled moan. You felt everything inside tighten and thud with your heartbeat.

Ren's velvety tongue was pressed right against your clit, and you couldn't stop from humping his face. Everything was wet and tight and throbbing. Your second orgasm had your spine bowing
back. You felt an invisible barrier keeping you from collapsing backwards.

You curled forward and told him to suck at you. He did, and you ran your hands through his hair to hold his head in place. You mindlessly snarled out curses and ground down. The third orgasm was a deep one and so strong you had to brace yourself on your knees to keep from falling. The invisible barrier was back and across your clavicles to help keep you up.

"I don't know if I can do one more," you gasped.

Ren moaned against your cunt in reply. You felt something slither deep inside you and press against the front wall of your vagina. You moaned at how sensitive you were. It felt almost like too much.

'Slow?' he thought at you.

You nodded, though he couldn't see you, and rocked against his mouth. The invisible penetration kept rhythm with you, pushing and somehow quivering against the slick walls of your pussy. You kept going, your breath seeming to leave you as the intense pleasure built up.

Like a fire with fuel thrown on it, your fourth orgasm flared out of you. You fisted Ren's hair and cried out at being burned alive with such scorching ecstasy. Your vision whitened out and you couldn't feel your body. You were nothing but sensation and gratification. You were rolled like you imagined an ocean tide to feel, lost to the currents and eddies of satisfaction.

You knew you collapsed onto the bed, that Ren had allowed you to fall over. You were fine with that because none of your muscles wanted to hold up their weight. You were jostled as the velvet of the comforter was moved out from underneath you. You softly moaned at the feeling of cool sheets under your cheek.

Your thighs and groin were a sopping mess. You didn't know how you were going to fuck Ren now because you were ruined. You wanted to feel his cock inside you, though. You cracked your eyes open to see him shuck off his clothes and kneel near you.

You half-rolled over and reached up to touch his damp face.

"You're covered in me," you slurred.

He kept your hand against his cheek and asked, "Would you like to be covered in me?"

You purred, "Always."

"Roll towards me," he instructed as he slid down the bed.

You got on your side and let your hands wander over his hips to his ribs. Ren hugged you to him as his impressive erection prodded at your thighs.

"Open your legs." You did, and he moved forward. "Close them." You let your top leg close upon his hot cock. "Fuck," he groaned as he ground against you.

You could feel how slick everything was and how easily he could move between your thighs. You squeezed your legs together as you shoved your hips forward. That seemed to be all the invitation that he needed.

Ren fucked between your thighs and clutched you to him. He buried his face in your now-loose hair and moaned. You grabbed one cheek of his clenching ass and pulled you both together.
"Fuck me, Kylo," you whispered. "Want to feel your hot come on me."

In reply, he gripped your hips and used the tight channel between your legs. He sobbed your name as he came in thick spurts all over your inner thighs. His come smeared and dripped over your skin. You had a strange urge to rub it in like ointment.

You eased away to look up at him. His flush went from his cheeks down his neck to his chest. His lips were red and parted. His eyes were closed and relaxed. He didn't look real, like he was some artist's perfected rendition of what a man should look like.

"You're so beautiful," you said as you reached up to tuck a lock of sweaty hair behind his ear.

He pulled you up the bed and kissed you. His strong arms wrapped around you and he urged your upper leg to settle below his ribs. You felt that he couldn't get close enough to you, that being skin on skin barely satisfied him. But he continued to lick into your mouth and devour your taste.

When he seemed get his temporary fill of your kisses, he pressed his forehead to yours and looked into your eyes. His hands swept up and down your back. You could feel he wanted to say something, tell you something.

"I can't do this without you," he softly said. And you knew he didn't mean kill Snoke.

"I'm not leaving."

He boyishly grinned--the first time you'd ever seen him do it--and buried his face between your neck and the mattress. You ran your fingers through his hair as you stared out the window behind Ren. You weren't sure you'd be able to harness the Force or live as a Force user without him.
Climbing On My Desire

The beeping of the holocom brought you both out of the lull you'd fallen into. Ren sat up, combed back his hair, and wiped at his face just in case. He got up, walked to the window, and held the holocom up high enough that it wouldn't be obvious that he was naked. He answered, and you saw that the caller was Kin Al.

Apparently, it had been long enough that he'd heard back from Ginji.

"He's in," Kin Al greeted.

"Good," Ren replied. "How long?"

Kin Al shrugged. "Probably three cycles. He's got to get more supplies."

"Him and his krieffing bombs."

"Yeah, but they've saved our asses before."

Ren sighed out, "True." After a pause, "Three cycles. Same bar."

"Roger that, Kylo."

Ren ended the comm and set the holocom back on the nightstand. He looked over at you as he sat down. "Looks like I have you to myself for another two," he said with a spark of lust in his eyes.

You smiled and stretched against the soft sheets and said, "What ever will you do with me?"

He smirked and his eyes lingered on your body. "I have a few ideas." He tilted his head to indicate you should move closer. "How about you get on your hands and knees and I'll demonstrate."

Your thighs were still sticky with his come, but you didn't think he much cared. You rolled to your knees and started to bend forward, facing the headboard.

"No," Ren corrected you. "Ass to me."

You bit your lip and straightened up to turn towards him and the light coming from the window. Some part of you wanted to ask for a wet washcloth first because you were a mess. Of course, Ren was the one who had gotten you to this state. You told yourself it wasn't like he was going to be shocked or disgusted.

You turned and bent forward, letting your head hang between your arms. You saw him reach up to drag a hand up the back of your thigh and to your ass. You involuntarily shimmied at his gentle touch, and he leaned forward to kiss the seam where leg became buttock. You pressed back to him as his hands swept over your skin.

"I think I know why Ginji agreed," Ren stated. "It's because of what Kin Al and Jeckhum said about you."

You glanced over your shoulder and said, "I can't insure a win." It wasn't as if you were some messiah who would cure all ills. You were just a person. In any case, Ren was the one with the plan. The Knights should be believing in him—not you.

"No, but me and now two swordswomen at my side will increase our chances." He stood,
maneuvered between your legs, and gently pulled you back by your hips to him. "Your presence got Ginji on my side." He urged you to arch your back.

You tilted your pelvis up as you went down on your elbows. The cool air of the room licked between your legs, and you shivered. Ren's hands were hot on your back, smoothing down your spine, spreading your cheeks apart.

"And you're all mine," he finished. He pressed a long finger inside you. It went in easily because you were still so wet from him making you come. You groaned at how good it felt to have even that small penetration. You rocked back against his touch, and he added a second finger.

You rolled your hips against his hand. It wasn't enough, and you whined as you pushed back.

"So wet and hot," he commented softly.

"What're you waiting for?" you panted. While him praising your mere presence was ego-boosting enough, you wanted his cock.

You felt him slip his fingers out of you, and then the blunt head of his erection was nestled in the wet slit of your cunt. You couldn't stop yourself from pushing back and rolling against it. It was silky and just as thick as you remembered.

His big hands were on your hips, guiding the rocking of your body. You wanted to urge him forward, but you thought you'd done enough dominating. This time could be on his terms. You were pretty sure you'd have a good time regardless.

"Do you want me in you?" he asked.

You moaned out a yes.

"Do you want me to take you hard?"

"However you want it," you replied.

Ren let out a growling purr and guided his cock inside you. You still weren't prepared for the girth of it, but he took his time. The deliciously slow penetration had your eyes closing and head falling to the sheets.

Once he was completely in you, you felt slick fingers at your asshole. He teased the delicate skin there, circling it, pressing against it.

"Would you let me fuck you here?" he asked.

You'd never been, but you weren't against it. If anything, you were curious. How bad could it be as long as you were prepped?

You looked over your shoulder to meet his eyes. "Only if you promise to be gentle," you answered.

"I can be gentle."

Ren slowly slid a slick finger in your ass to tease you and you found yourself moaning at the new sensation. You felt fuller than ever you had, and it was good. He barely rocked against you as his cock and finger worked in tandem.

You let out a breath at being so overcome with the newness of the sensations. You didn't know if you would ever be able to handle double penetration if just a finger in your ass was making you
gasp. Some dark part of you wanted to try, though. You wondered if you could do it.

He pulled his finger free of your body and gripped the fold where your legs met torso. He looked down between your bodies, and you turned away to brace yourself. He started slow, rolling against you. He cursed lowly and then picked up the tempo.

It felt like he was pushing so deep into you. You felt his balls slap against you. His heavy cock began to ram inside you, his pelvis slapping against your body. You pushed back against the bed to keep from moving forward from his strong thrusts. His hands tightened on your hips.

"Reach back and spread yourself for me," he panted.

You turned your head and let your shoulders flop onto the sheets as you did what he asked. He moaned and ground deeper, his skin pressing hotly against your hands. You groaned as sparks of pleasure flashed up your spine. You could feel yourself quivering in his grasp.

From grinding, he went to full-out thrusts, fucking you deep and hard. You were at his mercy in your position, and you were quite sure you didn't mind. His dick was feverishly hot and the crown of it kept dragging against all the overly sensitive areas inside you. You weren't sure orgasm was something you could achieve in this position, but him fucking you hard felt good.

He abruptly stopped, and you moaned in disappointment. You wanted to feel him come, come undone, and moan your name in pleasure. However, something—not his fingers since his hands were still on your hips—pressed against your clit. You couldn't look because of the angle and lack of hands to prop yourself up with, but you thought he was using the Force to kindle that fiery ecstasy within you.

When he started fucking you again, the invisible fingers circled your clit, pressing on it. It was becoming too much, and you couldn't catch your breath. You didn't think you'd be able to orgasm another time, but your body was surprising you. That clench and heat and back-bending pleasure streaked through you, blinding you. You found yourself pushing back against him as you curled inward. Your mouth was pressed to the bed as you choked out moan after moan.

A curse ripped out of his mouth and he pushed his dick deep inside you one last time before spilling hotly. The rapid cadence of his orgasm echoed inside you. It didn't line up with your slowly dying one, but complemented it and somewhat prolonged it.

As you relaxed and let go of your ass, he eased you both down to the mattress. He braced himself on his elbows above you so as not to crush you and rested his forehead on your shoulder blade. His cock was just inside you, and you could feel that any wiggling from either of you would have it slipping out.

He murmured, "Hungry."

You grinned and grunted out an agreement. He pulled out and away from you. You whined and tilted your hips up to entice him to stay as your personal blanket. He dragged a hand down your back and told you he'd be right back. You slumped, feeling his come ooze out of you, and ran your hands over the rumpled sheets around you.

When he came back, he spread your legs and washed your aching pussy with a warm, wet washcloth. He disappeared again into the bathroom as you sat up. You heard the faucet run again, and he came out a moment later with two glasses of water.

You sat up and pulled the sheet over you as you relaxed back against the pillows. Ren brought over
the take-away bag from the underground dumpling place. Now that the sex was over, you realized how thirsty and hungry you were.

Ren got under the sheet with you and pressed up against you as he handed you a drink and a container of dumplings. While you got settled, he turned on the holo-screen which descended from the ceiling. The first thing that came up was First Order propaganda. The program was singing the praises of the Order and how it would help all citizens of the galaxy.

You ate a dumpling and stared up at the screen showing Order officers giving commands and their Star Destroyers cruising through open space. The faceless announcer told the viewer about the vile Republic--cue bumbling actors who were supposed to be greedy senators--and how it had abused the fine people it was supposed to protect. The First Order had seen to true justice with the Republic's destruction. The First Order would bring order out of chaos.

If you were a more emotional person, you would've thrown up.

You glanced at Ren as you chewed, and he saw your look. You nodded towards the screen and asked, "What's going to happen when Snoke is dead?"

Ren shrugged. "I assume there will be a fight for power within the organization."

"Will you be one of them?" Ren could take over Snoke's place. It was a possibility, but one you didn't want to be present for. It was bad enough to fuck the killer of your guardian. You didn't think you could aid the First Order--no matter who was at the helm.

He shook his head. "No, I don't need an army of thousands to get what I want."

You thought of General Hux and his handsome, sneering face. "But you know someone who does."

He didn't respond, but you knew he knew who you meant.
"Did you have friends when you were younger?" you softly asked in the dark.

"Not for long. They always drifted away to safer waters," he hummed out.

"You were always dangerous, then?" You couldn't help but tease him just a little. He was so dramatic sometimes.

He scoffed and then offered: "I had a lot of crushes, though."

"Oh, who was the biggest?"

"A pilot," Ren answered reluctantly. "He was only a few years older than me. He was handsome and charming. The best."

You grinned and scooted closer. "Did you ever tell him?"

Ren turned his head in a smiling double-take. "Of course not."

"I didn't know you liked more than women," you commented.

"I like the best." He turned on his side to face you, adjusting the pillow under his head. "Doesn't everyone?"

You could see the sheen of his narrow facial scar at that angle. "I guess that's true," you replied as your eyes followed the path of it. "I never really thought of it that way."

"Then what attracts you?"

You never questioned why you were attracted to another. It wasn't just physical beauty. You'd met plenty of attractive people, even on a junkyard like Jakku, but they hadn't moved you. The few you had liked had an ineffable something. They felt good when you touched them. You liked the way they said your name. They felt warm, safe even.

Ren didn't fit that, though he was exquisite. He was dangerous, volatile, and bloodthirsty. He had said that he would never hurt you and he hadn't--not really. He'd scared you in the beginning. He mostly frustrated or angered you now.

That didn't change his nature, of course. He was still hellbent for murder and galactic domination. However, you had to admit to yourself that you were drawn to him--embarrassingly so--despite his lineage and faulty logic.

"I don't know. I just know it when I feel it," you finally answered.

"What do you feel with me?"

"I feel strong with you." You felt dangerous and powerful, too. You felt as if you could harness the whole universe. It was a heady feeling, one you could get addicted to.

He seemed pleased by your answer and reached out to run gentle fingers over your cheek, across your bottom lip. He left his hand near you on the bed, and you laced your fingers with his.

"I used to travel at night," you said, apropos of nothing. "I stole night-vision goggles from an
Imperial wreck when I was a kid."

You had hated the unrelenting sun beating and burning you during the day. The goggles were a necessity for night travel on Jakku. You had camped out in the remains of a Star Destroyer after your family died. It was easier than trying to find a place for yourself in your home village.

"Let me in," he whispered. He wanted to see your adolescence.

You closed your eyes and relaxed as the fragments flittered through your mind. The Star Destroyer had crashed at a steep angle, but one you could manage. You had climbed your way into an officer's barracks. You don't know why the officer had had the goggles in their room, but you stole them just the same. There were still good undershirts in there as well. You took those, too.

Weeks later, a teedo had stolen the goggles from you as you slept. You had followed its tracks. When you found it, you ran it down and knocked it off its luggabeast. It had scratched at you and cursed, saying it thought you dead, before giving in. You had raided the luggabeast for anything good out of spite. All the teedo had was some droid parts, a sack of water, and your goggles.

You drank half the water and ran back for the safety of shade--your goggles securely around your neck.

You scavenged for a while until it became too much work. You wandered, did laundry, or cleaned scavenged parts to earn your keep. You scraped lichen off rocks for the brewers of Knockback. Sometimes, a family took a liking to you and let you stay for a few weeks. Lor San Tekka was one of the people who had welcomed you time and again. You stayed with him the longest.

You could feel Ren behind you in your thoughts. The feedback you felt from him was that he experienced a different type of loneliness. Yours might be literal, while his was in a crowd.

You showed him the funeral pyre for your family. They had been laid out together and burned as one. You, as the sole remaining member, had scattered their ashes to the wind. Some of the ashes had remained in your hair until someone had forced you to bathe. You had cried into the water and ran away that night.

Gracefully, he pulled you into his head. At first you were dizzy from the change in scenery. You mentally blinked as he showed you his mother, Leia. You'd never seen Leia Organa before. You'd heard she was beautiful, and she was. When in their personal quarters, she wore her chestnut hair in a braided coil at the back of her head. She loved Ren, but she was always busy with diplomats and alliances and plans, though.

Next, Ren showed you his father, the one he called Han. So handsome, so roguish Han was. At first, Han seemed devoted to his son, so proud, so interested, but something would happen and he would go. Ren hadn't known what he'd done to push Han away, but he kept stupidly doing it--whatever it was.

Sometimes Han would get a little too loud and Leia would tell him to leave and come back when he'd sobered up. Han would take offense and fly off, telling Leia she should've married some stuck-up senator. "Maybe that would benefit your highness more than some two-bit smuggler!" "I am not royalty!"

He'd come back contrite, and naturally, Leia would forgive him.

Ren always knew when Han was coming back because Leia would take down her hair, put on this purple dress, and shuttle Ren to stay with Auntie Mon. Mon was good to him, but she, too, was
busying with politics.

He was moved around from one base to another. Droids taught him what most normal kids went to school for. They became his babysitters as he got older. When his Force abilities could no longer be ignored, Uncle Luke was summoned. At first, Ren was just excited that his uncle had come to visit. However, the excitement died when Luke told him that he needed to be trained as a Jedi. He had groaned because *more schooling*.

Leia was frightened for Ren, and he couldn't understand why. Han had commented that Ren would be better away from the Alliance. Ren had cried then and begged not to be sent away. He enjoyed the bases, the friendly commanders, the important people. Han had left that night, and Ren had seen how disappointed he was. Ren had ruined it all by being Force-sensitive.

Luke had wrapped an arm around Ren's boney shoulders the next morning and told him that the Force was strong with their family. Luke told him that Leia had it and used her strengths to help the galaxy. Luke told him that he could control his ability to help others.

Ren had thought that if he did that, if he developed his powers, everyone would be happy.

"Wasn't true, of course," Ren stated, and you became aware of the hotel room again.

You were quiet for a while before you question-stated, "And that's where you learned about your true heritage?"

He hummed in agreement. "Mother had kept it from me. Uncle tried to downplay it, explain how evil Darth Vader had been. Neither saw what I did, that Vader had always been in the service to a higher cause. He had seen much suffering in his youth. He had been trying to insure no one saw the same suffering."

"Did Snoke tell you that?"

"Snoke only confirmed what I knew to be true."

"But now you want to take him down."

"I understand what Han told me, and he was right. It's either Snoke or me." He gave your hand a light squeeze. "I choose me."

- 

Ren mirrored you--on the floor, cross-legged and knee-to-knee with you, eyes closed, breathing slow and even, and with his hands on his thighs. He had said he wanted to duel, he wanted to show you what Snoke had taught him. You were hesitant until he reassured you nothing bad would happen. You couldn't really be injured, and dying in vision didn't equal dying in real life.

That wasn't as reassuring to you as he thought it was.

You were drawn into his head and shown a large, open court with a dark floor and gray walls. There was a mezzanine fifteen feet above the ground and a lit ceiling fifteen feet above that. There were no doors out, and you were pretty sure there was nothing above the ceiling.

"It's a training room from the *Finalizer,*" Ren said from behind you.

You turned to see him in training gear that mimicked your own. His hair was secured back from his face and his lightsaber was in his hand. Before you could ask where yours was, it appeared in
front of your face. You snatched it out of the air and turned it on to see its magenta blade. It felt as real as the physical one.

"Is this draining to you?" you asked.

He shrugged. "I can handle it."

"Then let's not waste time." You got into stance and held your saber up defensively.

"You're going to have to come at me sometime." He turned his lightsaber on and let it hang loosely. "I want you to."

You took a deep breath and mirrored his posture.

"The Force is still here," Ren told you. "Even in this dream."

You felt it flow within you. You knew how to approach him, how to swing your saber, how to utilize your limited abilities to your advantage. You ran at him in a graceful arc over the floor. You spun as you approached and slashed downwards. He parried and tried to push you away to get a hit in.

Over and over, you played defensive and offensive. You both danced around the room with clashing plasma and snarling frustration. You started getting fancier, adding spins and different holds for your lightsaber. You bent backwards to duck his swings, you came back up with the saber defending you.

You felt in tune with the Force. It blew through you like a gentle breeze. It felt like a breakthrough. Yideth had given you the basics, but you had improved upon them. You knew you were coming into your own, easing into it like a place had been made for you a long, long time ago.

In contrast, Ren was a battering ram. He was graceful and smooth, but heavier than you. Each hit against your blade was felt into your shoulders. He was gritty determination while you were a hidden blade. It was hard to defend yourself against such power.

You could feel yourself getting physically tired even though you weren't using your real body. You had to end this or have your imaginary head taken. You looked up to the mezzanine and leapt for the ledge.

Ren tried to freeze you, but you pushed his intention away. You ran along the ledge until you came to a corner. You abruptly turned towards the middle of the court and kicked with all your might against the opposite ledge to fly towards him. You Force pushed against him to knock him down.

He stumbled off his feet as you came down upon him, your lightsaber pointed directly at his throat. He raised his hand and his saber at you. It was the end of you both as you stabbed him through the neck and he impaled you through your chest.

The room dissolved around you into darkness.

Before you came back into your own mind, you heard a child whimpering and crying and a female voice saying, "Ben, Ben-baby, wake up!"

You opened your eyes to find yourself damp with stress sweat. You braced an arm against your thigh and rubbed at your chest. You had phantom pain right where he had struck you.

You looked up at him and asked, "Who's Ben?"
He didn't answer you. He stood up and walked into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

You closed your eyes at the simple click of the bathroom door, knowing you'd perhaps pushed too far with that simple question. You shook your head at yourself and then stared out the window into the blue-white sky.

You knew who Ben was, Ren's reaction was answer enough.
By the time Ren came back into the bedroom, you had migrated to the bed to watch *Galactic City Gossip* on the holo-screen. You were half-way asleep when you heard the bathroom door open. You sat up and watched him calmly walk to the closet.

There were so many things going through your head as you watched him. Maybe he was sick of dealing with you and would leave you on Coruscant to fend for yourself. You wondered if he was angry about you learning his birth-name. Would he kill you now for pushing, for asking one too many questions?

Ren dug through his duffle in the closet to place a thick roll of fabric on the floor. The fabric was brown and mottled from years of wear. You leaned forward and turned off the holo-screen as you suspected you recognized the material.

He turned and walked to the bed with the bundle in his hands. You stared at it as he unrolled it across the velvet comforter. You recognized the loose tan jacket, the gathered brown pants, the shirt and wrap that had once been white, but were now that dingy gray from use and wear.

"I'm going to present you to him," Ren stated.

You stared at your old clothes. "Is this because of the Ben thing?"

His voice was hushed as he told you: "Don't say that name."

You nodded--so you *had* overstepped. He was going to give you over and watch as Snoke tore you apart. You gnawed on your bottom lip and tried not to get so emotional. It was inevitable, really. *He's been stringing you along, child*. You've lived longer than you expected. Stars, you were surprised that your old clothes had lasted this long.

"It's the only way I can come back," he continued.

"What about all my training?"

*Been keeping you hidden for the proper moment.*

"Yideth will have your lightsaber. You'll be able to call it to you when I give you the signal."

You felt your upper lip curl and looked up at him. "And what if I'm not alive for the signal, huh? What if he takes one look at me and knows that I'm a decoy?"

*What then? Well, it'll be too bad. He'll mourn you on his throne.*

"He wants the scavenger," he said.

"What about Skywalker? You want him dead, Snoke wants him dead. If you come back with a lie, he'll surely kill us all."

"I'll tell him Skywalker scurried off like he did the first time."

Like when Ren had killed all the padawans in Skywalker's school. What was Skywalker supposed to have done? Hunt down his own flesh and blood for vengeance? That didn't seem much like the Jedi way.
"It's a weak existence."

"So, the plan is bring the 'scavenger' to him, tell him Skywalker got away again, and leave me with him?" you snapped.

Ren shrugged.

"That's a stupid plan!" you yelled. "He'll see right through it!"

"Not if you don't kriff it up," he fired back.

"Oh, so you think I'm the weakest part of this plan?! I'm the one who's gotten the Knights on your side by my sheer presence! I've been working with a power I didn't even know I possessed until a few weeks ago." You got off the bed and pointed a finger at him. "I've been kicking your ass when it comes down to it."

He growled out, "You may be skilled with a saber, but you are no match for Snoke's abilities."

"Don't you mean your abilities? The mighty Kylo Ren. So much stronger than everyone else, so in tuned with the dark side; the crowning jewel of the First Order."

"Don't say another word," he lowly warned.

You heeded his words and held your tongue as you crossed your arms over your chest. You wanted to spit out how he should just call in the Knights to punish you for your outburst. That's what he wanted: for you to suffer, for you to take all the risk.

He hides behind your skirts like a little boy.

Ren sat down on the bed, facing away from you. "I don't feel mighty. I feel stupid because I can't think of anything that doesn't put you in harm's way." He rested his elbows on his knees and shook his head. "I won't let him harm you."

"That's a hollow promise, and you know it," you said as your anger subsided.

"I know, but I want it to be true."

You sighed as you came around the bed to stand in front of him. "Then we need to find a way to make me her."

He looked up at you. He looked like he had an idea. "Or mask your mind."

"You want me to think like her?"

"It's a defensive mind trick. When the mind is busy with a dream..." He paused and shook his hand to help himself think. "A strong thought, a well-travelled thought pathway--a mind otherwise occupied--it's too difficult to read."

"So, I don't have to think like her?"

"No, you must have your mind occupied by something."

"But it can't be obvious or he'll know something's wrong."

"Exactly. Come here." He patted the bed next to him. "I'll show you what I got from her."
You found yourself once again in the passenger pod of Ren's two-pod TIE shuttle. The duffles were in the hold, and you were leaving Coruscant. The six other Knights were close behind in Yideth's freighter. To say you were still unsure of Ren's plan was an understatement.

However, there was no better plan.

What made the plan easier was that you and the scavenger were both from Jakku. You had seen her dreams of the island. You had felt the devastation of being left behind and the loneliness that followed her through her days.

It was easy to understand her. It was easy to see why Snoke wanted her. The Force was graceful and mutable within her. She flowed and adapted like water. She would wear away even the hardest of stones given enough time. To say you were infatuated with the idea of her was an understatement.

You heard a clatter from the cockpit through the headset you had on. You asked him if he was okay, but got no reply. You took the headset off and stood up. You crossed the connector bridging the pods to find Ren standing in the cockpit.

Through the viewport were the pale strings of hyperspace enveloping the ship. He turned to you and said, "We're going to pick up the command shuttle and head to Snoke."

"Where is he?"

"Somewhere in the Unknown Regions is all I know. He moves often. He'll inform me of his location when I check in with news of the scavenger."

You nodded your head and glanced around the pod. "So, this is it, huh?"

He came up to you and tilted your face up. "It's just the beginning."

You leaned forward to kiss him, but he leaned back. "We can't." 'If I kiss you, I won't stop.' He ran a thumb over your bottom lip. 'Snoke won't approve if he thinks I violated you.'

You swallowed the lump in your throat as you agreed. It wouldn't look right if you both looked flushed and hazy from orgasm. You reached up to gently run two fingers over his soft lips as his dark amber eyes bored into yours. You could see all the micro-expressions flow over his face. He looked as desperate as you felt. He hated that this could be the last time and he wasn't free to do anything he wanted.

"Later," you promised.

"Hollow, and you know it," he softly returned.

You turned away from him and went back to your seat. You wanted him to damn his own rules and pull you back, but he didn't. You curled into your seat and tried to rest, or at least center yourself.

You drifted through mourning and anxiety and dread and stillness. You felt Ren against the boundaries of your mind. Or were you against his? You couldn't honestly tell, and it didn't much matter. It was a simple comfort to not be alone.

When the shuttle arrived at the set destination, you sat up and pulled your coat tighter around you. How you longed for your battle gear. It had made you feel like you could face Snoke and win. You
wanted to put all of Ren's work in getting it to use.

You could feel the shuttle land with a gentle shudder. You stood up and went back to the hold to retrieve the duffles. Ren didn't say anything as he opened up the back of the ship and went down to sign off on its return.

As you went down the ramp, you saw that the lot was filled with similar shuttles--all painted matte black with a blue stripe. You guessed it was a style for the rental company. The fields surrounding the large lot were a lush, deep orange spotted with gnarled trees with yellow foliage. The sky above was the darkest blue you'd ever seen for a midday sky. The heat from the big red sun overhead wasn't as hot as you expected. It was nowhere near the strength of Jakku's.

At a distance, you saw Yideth's gray and yellow freighter land in an adjacent lot. You wanted to walk over there, but it was just as easy to stand with the duffles next to you and wait for Ren. He was talking with a maintenance droid only a ship down from you, anyway.

Ren finished up and walked towards you. You watched his long legs eat up the distance between you and you desperately wanted to touch him. A flash of him moving against you, thrusting his heavy cock inside you as he kissed you, made you weak-kneed. You could feel his damp hair against your overheated cheeks; you could see his sweaty, flushed face as he moaned against your lips. You would swear he was taunting you, but he wouldn't torture you so.

He bent and picked up the duffles despite your half-hearted protests. "It's fine," he said and led you over to a black shuttle with towering wings pointed at the deep cobalt sky. It looked like it had been made for one purpose--intimidation. It was definitely an Order shuttle.

The Knights filed out of Yideth's freighter as you and Ren approached and past it on your way to the black shuttle. The Knights followed loosely behind and talked lowly amongst themselves. You were too occupied with the admittedly scary-looking shuttle getting bigger as you walked closer.

Ren remotely opened the back and the ramp automatically came down for him. As his foot hit the ramp, the sepulchral interior of the ship lit up. It wasn't that much better or brighter until your eyes adjusted, but you could find your way around the shuttle. You sat down on one of the benches lining the open space in front of the cockpit.

Yideth nodded at you as she past into the cockpit to take the pilot's seat, and you gave her your best imitation of a smile. Jeckhum leaned his long-handled axe against one of the bulkheads, sat down too close to you, and took off his helmet. His skin was so dark brown it was almost black. His course, black hair was rolled into elegant ropes and his gold eyes seemed to glint with hidden amusement.

You didn't trust him, but outside of Yideth he was the most Force-sensitive of the Knights. There seemed to be an understanding between you two or at least an acknowledgement of equality. He'd been distant at the tavern and had stuck close to Kin Al.

"Don't worry too much," he said to you. "Snoke won't want to damage you."

"He might when he figures out who I'm not," you stated.

"Nah, you're better than her. You're already on our side."

You wanted to correct him because you weren't on the Knights' side. You were on your side and always had been. However, you knew enough to keep silent. You nodded in reply and saw across the way Ginji take off his helmet to prop it on his knee.
Ginji's baby-blond hair, pale skin, and blue eyes were a shock to you when you'd met. He looked so innocent and child-like. He was barely taller than you and had a soft face that had probably never seen a razor. You weren't casting aspersions upon him or his strength, but he looked downright pretty. The bombs and old-fashioned pistol strapped to his chest belied that sweet look, of course.

As Yideth went through engine start-up and checks, you heard Ren talking. A male voice answered him, and you had to assume it was Snoke. It would've been appropriate to feel a chill at Snoke's raspy voice, but you felt nothing. Maybe you were beyond scared and into that pit of numbness you had been so familiar with when you were younger.

Jeckhum put a warm hand on your forearm, and you took a deep breath with a nod. You could feel him radiating calm and you didn't know how he was maintaining it. You had the strange feeling that even if you died today, it would be okay. All you could hope for was that your death was fast.

Ren assisted Yideth in take-off and punched in the coordinates for Snoke's location. Once the shuttle was out of the planet's atmosphere, Yideth engaged the hyperdrive and jumped the ship to light speed. Ren came out from the cockpit soon after and brought out your old clothes and wrap-boots.

"Time to get changed," he told you.
I'm Gonna Show You Where It's Dark, But Have No Fear

There was nowhere to change in privacy, but none of the Knights seemed interested in watching you. Not even Jeckhum, who had taken a new interest in being close to you. They all went through their weapons check as you hurriedly stripped out of your training gear. Ren stayed near and exchanged piece for piece until you were redressed and he had your darker clothes draped over his arm.

Everything fit mostly like it used to. The pants were a little baggier on your thighs than they used to be, they sagged at your waist a bit, but would easily stay up. You wound the wrap around your neck like you used to and adjusted the jacket on your shoulders. It was like stepping back in time--before you had met Kylo Ren, before your connection to the Force had been awakened.

You sat back down to get your old boots on. As you wrapped the bandage-like cloth around your calves, you became aware that the ship had taken on a silence that was unshakable. You looked up to see everyone staring out the cockpit windshield.

You followed their gaze and saw a desolate-looking planet getting closer. No one seemed particularly happy to be there.

Jeckhum turned to you and whispered, "This was a Sith place of power at one time."

"I thought Snoke wasn't a Sith," you said, matching his volume.

"Oh, he's not, but this place draws the dark side like iron to a magnet."

Ginji looked over and asked, "Don't you feel it?"

You shook your head. The planet looked cold and uninviting, but not overly foreboding. There was no green and no water--only brown stone with yellow lichen. You wondered how Snoke survived in such a place.

Ren came back from stowing your clothes and walked up to you. "It'll be best if you're not awake when we bring you in."

"Can't fake it, huh?" you asked.

He shook his head, and you stood. "Okay, do what you have to do," you agreed.

Ren took a step closer and tilted your head up. "Remember, Yideth has your lightsaber. I will carry you inside. Snoke will probably wake you himself."

"I'll be properly terrified, I can assure you."

He stared into your eyes and it looked like he wanted to tell you something. You nodded your head because you thought you understood. You knew he wanted to promise that you'd get out of this alive. You knew he cared about you. You knew you were strong enough to get through this assassination attempt.

Ren bent and kissed you hard. You felt one of his hands on your back, the other cradling the back of your head. You surrendered to him and clung to him as you returned the kiss. You half-expected the Knights to catcall at the display, but it was quiet around you.
"Sleep," Ren shakily ordered against your lips and pushed the Force against your consciousness. You felt yourself pull away as your body went limp and the world went black.

When you came to, you were laying on a warm stone floor. The dark ceiling above you was a vast dome with a single ocular opening in the middle to allow in light. The place seemed to be vibrating around you with power. All you could hear was the low sound of buzzing.

You concentrated on breathing, and the buzzing calmed down. What you became aware of was the sound of two male voices. You knew one was Ren, the other was creaky and breathy and raspy. Snoke.

You tried to keep your fear at bay. You could feel the power around you wanting to choke you. You blinked away your gathering tears because crying would not help you.

There was shuffling to your right and you sat up to see Ren and someone who could only be Snoke approach you. You gasped at Snoke's scarred appearance and crab-walked yourself back.

Snoke was taller than Ren and pale as chalk. He didn't look at you with contempt or with greed. He actually looked like he felt sorry for you, like he pitied you. Ren was completely neutral and half a step behind Snoke. His eyes were blank and held no recognition of you.

You shook your head and you kept moving back until the light from the ceiling temporarily blinded you. You bowed your head to keep your night vision and finally stood up to move outside the column of light. You glanced behind yourself to see the six Knights guarding the perimeter of the dome.

Snoke stopped a few paces from the light, and you finally got a good look at him. The scleras of his eyes were pitch black and his irises were such a pale blue that they appeared gray. The scars that ate away at his face spoke of pain and an endurance that went beyond human. His dark robes were simple and hid any deformity that went beyond his long neck. At his unnaturally slim waist was a tied belt that held his lightsaber much like Ren's--much like your own.

"Kylo Ren has told me that Luke Skywalker abandoned you," Snoke began the conversation.

You thought of the scavenger's vision of the island in defense. Your hands curled into fists as you glared at Ren. You could feel your upper lip curl in disgust.

"No master should ever leave their padawan so vulnerable," he continued.

"I don't know what happened," you spat out and pointed at Ren. "He knocked me out like a coward." It was a half-truth since Ren had knocked you out when he first encountered you.

"You should've felt me before I got that close," Ren fired back.

"I was concentrating on chores!"

"Enough," Snoke admonished without raising his voice. Ren backed off and bowed his head.

You seethed like you really had been recently attacked. You let your fury seep out--thinking of Skywalker's padawan massacre, thinking of everyone you had ever cared for dead--to color everything. It was easier than faking it, and you had a lot of anger.
"He was not worthy of you," Snoke stated. "He didn't show you what you need to know."

"And you will? You're evil," you returned.

Ren stepped forward and growled out, "Show respect for your elders." He held out his hand and knocked you painfully down on your knees.

"Like you showed respect for yours. You're a monster!"

*Call your saber to you, child, and kill them.*

Oh, how you wanted to obey that tempting voice. Instead, you closed your eyes and thought of Jakku, of the cold desert nights. You thought of the echoing loneliness, of how Luke Skywalker was probably dead after all this time. No one was going to get you out of your situation.

Abandoned, over and over.

You felt a cool hand touch the top of your head in comfort, but you understood Snoke too well to mistake the action. He did not mean to comfort you. He wanted to get a better read on you. You thought of the Jedi school, all the dead bodies bleeding into the mud, the ocean surrounding the scavenger's island. You thought of Ren ordering you to sleep, the fires the Order had set to burn Tuanul to the ground, the slithery voice that yearned for destruction--

No, wait, not that.

*Yes, think of it, it whispered. Claim the power for yourself. Enslave Kylo Ren, use him to make a new order. Think of the beautiful children you two could have.*

You fell back from Snoke's touch. Snoke looked down at you, and you could see the darkness solidifying behind his eyes. He gathered up his strength before you and seemed to get taller as he pushed his shoulders back.

"*You,*" he growled down at you. "*Who are you?*

"*What...?*"

You felt the Force wrap around your neck and hoist you back onto your knees. It squeezed like a serpent around your throat. You pushed back and yelled in effort as you loosened the hold just enough to draw in air. You wouldn't die on your knees.

Snoke turned to Ren. "*Who have you brought to me?*

"*The girl, the one--*

"*Liar,*" Snoke hissed. From the palm of his gnarled hand came white-hot lightning directed at Ren. You screamed and tried to pull away, but Snoke's hold on you was too powerful.

Ren was blown back from the sheer force of it and he slid across the slick floor once he landed. You thought that was a definite sign that you should call your lightsaber to you. You felt out Yideth and held out your hand towards her. You could feel your saber and its intent. It wanted to be in your hands, helping you cut down your enemies. You told it to come to you, and it flew into your outstretched hand.

Snoke kept hitting Ren with the lightning in a terrible rhythm. It was like a heartbeat, and those nanoseconds of reprieve only giving Ren the understanding that his life was draining from him one
You clicked on your saber and swept it forward to catch at Snoke's robes. He turned to you with a snarl and lifted you in the air by your neck. You stared back at him and were about to throw your lightsaber at him when you heard blaster shots from behind you. Snoke froze you and drew your stiff body near like a shield.

His sickly pale skin glowed pink from your magenta blade. "Not exactly of the light, I see," he hissed at you and jolted Ren with another bolt of Force lightning.

"I'm what I need to be to kill you," you choked out.

Snoke retreated back into the shadows with you. You struggled against his Force hold and kicked him in the thigh. He glanced down, wide-eyed, and back up at you.

"Sidious chose well with you," Snoke said.

Before you could ask who or what Sidious was, a blaster bolt caught Snoke in the neck. Snoke choked as you got sprayed with his hot blood, and he dropped you to the floor. Before you could assess where the shot came from, you brought your lightsaber up and slashed Snoke open from ribs to head. Snoke fell back from your swing, and you followed him. He held up a hand as if to thwart you or to unarm you, but you held your saber tight.

In one perfect move, you spun your lightsaber around and took Snoke's head. It rolled away from his now-limp body.

Make sure you get the heart, my child.

You nodded and cut open Snoke's chest. The gooey, candy-red chest cavity looked as scarred as Snoke's face. His heart was a withered thing, but it still pumped. You knelt down over the body and cut out Snoke's heart. The dark, rich blood flowed out from the severed arteries like syrup. You reached down and plucked the spasming heart from the surrounding ruined tissue. The bloody organ clenched one more time in your hand before stilling. You brought your saber up and carefully cut the heart in two.

A roll of power crawled like insects from your bloody hand and into your chest. You gasped and stumbled back as the warmth spread through you. You felt suddenly everything that was going on behind you. There were dying Knights on the ground and...

Dead stormtroopers?

You turned to see the white armor of the First Order's troopers. Between the dome's structure supports was General Hux pointing at the remaining soldiers and issuing orders. A long-range blaster rifle was looped over his shoulder. The remaining four Knights had their backs to you. You realized they had been protecting you and Kylo Ren.

Hux met your eyes across the distance, and for the first time he didn't look at you with distain. He should hate you or be trying to kill you for destroying the Supreme Leader, but it appeared as though he was trying to clean up the mess from the confrontation.

You wiped off your face and looked for Ren to find him struggling to get to his feet. His clothing was charred from the Force lightning and there were holes burned through in some places. You could see ripe, angry blisters through some of the holes.

You dropped Snoke's heart and rushed to Ren. You turned off your lightsaber as you dropped
down next to him. "Can you stand?" you asked.

"Is he dead?" Ren asked instead of replying.

"Yes, but I think we need to burn him." Just in case. You knew he was dead, felt it down to your bones, but you wanted to be absolutely sure he'd never come back.

Ren nodded, and you wedged your shoulder under his arm to help him up. When he was upright, he limped his way to Snoke's body. The remaining Knights turned as one and followed you both to the corpse.
There's Something Inside You, It's Hard To Explain

It was decided that Snoke would have his own pyre while the fallen Knights, Ginji and Perril, were burned together. You hadn't really spoken to Perril before his death, but you mourned him nonetheless. Ginji's death was sadly ironic considering he hadn't wanted to join in on the assassination. His agreeing to join had only earned him a few extra days of life considering that if he had refused, Ren would've hunted him down.

You offered Ren Snoke's lightsaber, but he shook his head. You stared down at the saber in your bloodstained hands and felt it out. The crystal inside hadn't been harvested by Snoke. It had no allegiance to any wielder. It was old and had seen the inside of many different sabers. The one it was in now was all black except for the blade emitter shroud--that was silver-toned durasteel like any other lightsaber.

You tucked the new lightsaber into the opposite jacket pocket from your own. It could wait until Snoke, Ginji, and Perril were burning. You helped the Knights prepare the dead for the pyres by unloading the fallen Knights of their weapons and reassembling Snoke as best you could.

Ren commented that the bodies would need an accelerant for them to burn properly. You agreed, and he went to the nearest stormtrooper to issue an order to find fuel or some flammable liquid. In the meantime, you and the rest of the Knights carried the bodies out behind the temple one by one.

The jagged rocks outside were strangely warm and the lichen you had seen earlier was wet but didn't smell like water. It smelled like iron, like blood. The sky above you was a stormy gray, but it didn't feel like rain. The air was too dry for that. The planet was a mix of contradictions. You briefly wondered if it was because of the ancient Sith influence on the planet.

Yideth came up to you and put a gentle hand on your sore shoulder. "You broke through Snoke's hold," she began. "Did Master Kylo show you how to do that?"

You minutely shook your head--your neck was stiff from being choked--and confessed, "I've done it before, and I... I knew I could do it again."

She gave your shoulder a light squeeze. "I am gratified that you survived. It was an honor to see you come into your own."

"I couldn't have done it without you."

Her pale green eyes sparkled with dark humor. "That's the secret, you know, you're never alone in the journey."

You thought of the slithery voice which haunted you. Before you could reply, Ren came back with two stormtroopers. They were all carrying large jugs of something. You had to assume it was fuel or alcohol or some kind of combustable liquid. You watched in silence as Ren covered his late master in the liquid. Even from where you were, you could smell the pungent scent of lantern oil. The 'troopers followed Ren's lead and poured the oil on Perril and Ginji.

Yideth volunteered to ignite her fellow Knights while Ren took care of Snoke. You stood back and said nothing since it didn't seem right for you to be more involved than you already were in their deaths. As the bodies were lit, you noticed General Hux--sans rifle--approach. He stopped next to you and nodded at the scene before him.

"Is this a Sith ritual?" he asked sotto voce.
As if you would know.

"No, it's to make sure Snoke stays dead," you replied equally softly.

He nodded in approval and assumed a parade-rest posture. Apparently, he was going to see the funeral through with you and the rest of the Knights.

You briefly looked at him and asked, "How did you know we were here?"

"Is this really the place to be asking those questions?" he crisply retorted.

You sighed to yourself and turned to watch as the three bodies were consumed by the flames. The smoke billowed up into the already gray sky. The heat from the pyres was intense and made everyone take a few steps back.

Ren stepped between you and the closest Knight, Jeckhum. You looked up at him, but his eyes stayed on Snoke. He felt different to you. He was still the Kylo Ren you had always known, but something had changed. Another corner had been turned.

You could feel the pain from Ren's lightning burns overlaying your own soreness. His were hot and so tender whereas your injuries were deeper in the muscle. You wanted to suggest he get some bacta on them immediately, but you knew it was a futile argument. He was going to stay until Snoke was nothing but bone and ash.

The other previously unknown Knight, Baltek, was talking lowly with Kin Al. They were reminiscing about when Perril had accidentally yanked a bomb off Ginji's chest. Instead of getting scared about the bomb going off, petite Ginji got pissed about one of his weapons being wasted. Perril had suggest he just stick the pin back in. Ginji had yelled that bombs didn't work that way. In the meantime, the idiot--a.k.a. Perril--held a live explosive in his hand as they argued. The mission had been frizzled, Baltek laughed, their position had been given away, and they couldn't hurl the bomb at the distant target to do any good.

You tuned the rest of the story out and eased down onto the smoothest rock. You got out Snoke's lightsaber and examined it further. It was longer than yours, but that made sense considering Snoke had been bigger than you. You held it up and twisted it around in the air in front of you. It was heavy, but not unmanageable.

You aimed the saber towards the ground and turned it on. You gasped at its appearance--so startling like its previous owner. The plasma that came forth was not light at all. It was utterly black, like it was sucking the light from around it. There was a faint aura of white light surrounding the blade.

Everyone turned to you as you held the saber up. It didn't swoosh like yours, it whistled through the air. You wanted to touch the blade and see if it was as cold as it looked.

"What the hell is that?" Hux asked.

"It's called a lightsaber," Ren deadpanned, and Hux scoffed at Ren's smart-ass comment.

Yideth spoke up, "It's Darksaber." Her voice was soft with awe.

"I don't think I should have this," you blurted out as you looked over at her and then to Ren. He was Snoke's apprentice, he was the rightful heir to such a blade.

"You killed its owner," Yideth corrected. "You earned it."
You looked at the black blade and then up at Ren again. "Did you know about this?" You shook the darksaber in the air. It whined in your hand, and you mentally apologized to it. It seemed to settle in your grip at that.

Ren shook his head. "He never used that one in front of me."

"I wonder why," Hux sarcastically stated.

Ren snarled in Hux's direction. You sighed at their antics and turned off the blade. Your neck and jaw felt raw and sensitive, and you gently ran your free hand over your abused throat.

"Babygirl," Kin Al said to you. "You need to have that neck looked at." Beside him, Jeckhum nodded.

"Later," you agreed.

"The bruising is quite extensive," Hux commented. "There are med supplies in the assault lander."

You met Ren's dark eyes and said, "I'll go if you do."

He glanced away and looked like he wanted to refuse, but snorted instead of declining. "So stubborn."

"Same could be said for you, you dweller," you replied halfway between affectionate and exasperated.

You could feel the frisson of shock pass through everyone except Ren. It seemed as though they all expected Ren to punish you or hurt you for your trivial name-calling. You knew he remembered that first morning of training, of pulling you to him to kiss you, of that mild insult you threw at him, of you refusing his initial advances. In contrast to the others' shock, his eyes flashed with a quick fondness and he offered you his hand.

You took it and pulled yourself upright. He walked you back through the temple and to the open lander. There were stormtroopers lounging around on the ship's ramp and on blaster containers. When they saw Ren and you approach, they all scrambled to get to their feet and salute their co-commander. He ordered them at ease and to fetch the med kit.

Once the med kit was balanced on one of the blaster containers, he peeled open a little single-use container of slimy bacta. He told you to tilt your head back and he smeared the cold gel over your neck. The relief was almost instantaneous. He commented that once you got back to the Finalizer, you should have more put on and be bandaged by professionals. You grunted in acceptance.

After you were taken care of, you used some skin-cleaner to get Snoke's blood off your hands. You tore open another bacta pod as Ren stripped out of his destroyed tunic and tank. You lightly smoothed the gel on the numerous burns on his torso. There were some on his legs, but you didn't want him to strip completely. You did your best with the few holes burnt through his trousers. You commented that Snoke seemed to have hit a few places numerous times. He shrugged and said it was part of any fight.

You finally looked up at him and wanted to comfort him somehow. It would be a comfort to you as well to hug him, or smooth his wavy hair back from his face, or kiss him.

He smirked, his eyes roaming over your face, and whispered, "Later."

The promise didn't feel hollow anymore. You had done it. You two had survived Snoke.
"We will report back to the Finalizer, ASAP," Hux ordered as he stepped off the assault lander ramp with a blaster pistol in his gloved hand. The stormtroopers had just finished loading the lander with plundered goods and their own supplies.

No one could find Snoke's other lightsaber. You didn't know if he had always used a mind-trick to keep everyone from seeing the true nature of his darksaber or if he had really owned a second, more mundane lightsaber.

When you and Ren had returned to the still-burning pyres, it had been decided that Hux, you, Ren, and the remaining Knights were taking the black command shuttle. Hux had first wanted you to come with him to the Star Destroyer as Ren and his Knights finished up. Ren put his foot down and said you would stick by him seeing as you were his apprentice.

Hux had been displeased if the subtle scrunch of his nose and tightness of his mouth were any indication. You realized he had wanted to use you as incentive for Ren to return. You almost laughed because you finally had value to Hux. No longer were you a sand-encrusted lunkhead to him. You were now a Force user with two sabers--one of which was apparently legendary.

The assault lander closed up and lifted off to leave the seven of you on the planet surface. You didn't want to hang around longer than you had to now that Snoke, Ginji, and Perril were ash and charred, brittle bone. You turned without leave from Hux for the command shuttle. Yideth followed closely behind as the men trailed you both.

Something on the planet was making you irritable. You recognized your emotional state as a distant thing. At first, you feared it was the darksaber, but it wasn't. No, something was wrong with the temple, the ground it was built on, the very rocks upon which you stood. It was the buzzing you had been overwhelmed by earlier. You had managed to ignore it or be distracted from it until now.

As you approached the black shuttle, the ramp lowered and the interior lit up. You marched up and sat in your previous spot. Jeckhum and Kin Al shared the bench next to you while Hux sat directly across from you. Baltek kept near the rising ramp, and Yideth and Ren strode into the cockpit.

You relaxed back and leaned your head against the padded bench behind you. The sabers in your pockets hummed against your thighs as if they too could feel the buzzing near-vibration emitting from the planet. You brought your jacket tight around you and crossed your arms over your chest.

Next to you, Kin Al and Jeckhum murmured between themselves. You wanted to tell them to shut up, but you left the couple in peace. You watched Hux through slitted eyes instead. He sat up straight with perfect posture and his blaster held loosely in his right hand, finger parallel to the trigger. Even his ginger hair had kept its perfection throughout the whole ordeal.

As if he could feel your gaze on him, he looked up at you. You studied his perfect pale eyes. He was all so fucking perfect, so put-together, so in control. Some destructive part of you wanted to tear that facade down because no one could be such a paragon of self-contained flawless precision.

The shuttle hardly gave a shudder as it breached the planet's atmosphere. The buzzing inside your head calmed down to nothing. You took a deep breath and felt the tension in your shoulders release. You thought that the planet was poison--at least poison to you. You never wanted to return.

You looked at the blaster pistol in Hux's hand and thought of the rifle he'd had earlier. You hadn't
questioned it at the time, because you had been fighting for your life, but that shot to Snoke's neck had been damn good. Sure, a stormtrooper could've gotten in a lucky shot from that distance, but you thought they'd been too busy defending themselves against the Knights. And the Knights had thought the 'troopers had been there to defend Snoke. It had been a clusterfuck of miscommunications, and you suspected Hux had used that to gain the upper hand.

You sat up and leaned forward. "That was a good shot, General."

"I'm glad you used it to your advantage," was all he said.
Hux insisted he join Yideth on her freighter once the command shuttle touched down near the black-and-blue shuttle rental once more. You were positive he was insuring that he had all the Knights on his Star Destroyer. No one was slinking back into the shadows.

Jeckhum, Kin Al, and Baltek were assured that their respective ships would be picked up when the Finalizer got closer to the Core Worlds. The Knights accepted the answer with some negotiation. You didn't pay too much attention to them since you didn't have a ship and making a deal with a traitor to the Supreme Leader could prove all for naught.

Who knows how the other commanders would react to the news that their supreme leader was dead.

You didn't know how Hux was going to sell Snoke's passing as a necessary evil. Maybe he would hang you out for the Order dogs to tear you apart. You had to be honest with yourself, you were a nobody and you had delivered the killing blow. Ren might burn for it as well.

You half-expected Ren to threaten Hux after both ships docked on the Finalizer and everyone had filed out. Hux met your eyes briefly, but you couldn't get a solid read on him, so you stayed quiet. The general left the docking bay after giving orders to the deck chief.

You and Ren were to be escorted to the med bay while the Knights were seen to proper quarters. Ren told the deck chief that the Knights would stay in the officers barracks. The deck chief looked momentarily overwhelmed, but quickly recovered and called in for a few petty officers to sort everything out.

The duffles were taken away and put on a pushcart for delivery. Before anyone even mentioned walking Ren and you down to med bay, Ren growled that he knew the way. The officer looked to the deck chief with unmasked confusion. You gave Ren a look and you tried to silently tell him that it would be best if there wasn't a fight.

"We're all on the same side now, right?" you whispered to him. Whether that was true or not didn't matter. The officers on the Finalizer didn't have to know you both were traitors in the realest sense of the word.

"Fine," he huffed at the officer. "Med bay."

Your escort saluted and led the way through the late evening halls of the Star Destroyer. It appeared as though it was between shift changes and everything was quiet before the halls would be swarming with officers and 'troopers.

In the depths of the ship, the med bay was hushed. Ren dismissed the escort after you were both greeted by a doctor and a med-droid. You used the refresher, were given another lovely gray med gown, and your neck had been smeared with a bacta-numbing-cooling mixture and wrapped in gauze. You were shown to a bed--sans restraints this time--to wait out your healing. Ren had been taken to the bacta tanks for a late-night dip; he had left you with a sullen look.

You wished you could be stoic and strong, but you felt withered and empty and oh so delicate. When you were finally left alone to rest, the privacy curtain pulled around your bed, hot tears blurred your vision and ran down your temples into your loose hair. You counted yourself lucky to be alive and that your trachea hadn't been crushed or that your vocal chords had gotten through the
ordeal without too much damage.

Everything was okay. You kept telling yourself that. You were fine. Ren was fine. It was all okay.

You had been instructed to stay on your back, but you desperately wanted to curl on your side and bury yourself under the thin blanket. There was a box of tissues on the table by your bed. You plucked a few, dabbed at your eyes, and gently blew your nose. You stared at the wad of tissue in your hand and began to giggle. You really, really tried to keep it down by covering your mouth.

Ren had said they had plenty of tissues in med bay. Kylo Ren had jerked off in this med bay to you. He'd cleaned up his jizz using this very brand in this very med bay. Oh Maker, what if he'd had this very box next to him? You noted it was only half-full. Had they had to open a new box for him because of all his jerking off?

Maybe when he got out of the bacta tank, you could ask him if the box was familiar.

Tears were streaming down your face for a totally different reason now. You felt just this side of hysterical. You kept thinking Kylo Ren jerked off here. Kylo Ren is a big jerk who jerks it to you. Kylo Jerk, the jerk-master of the Knights of Ren.

The med-droid stopped outside your curtained area and inquired if you were unwell. Your vitals were fluctuating most unusually, it commented. You replied that you were fine, you just found something funny. The droid accepted your answer and told you laughter was good for healing, but you had to let your voice and neck rest. You apologized and settled down.

You knew you'd lose it again when the jerk-master would come to find you later.

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You didn't know when you had fallen asleep, but you woke up to a dimmed med ward. Your neck was still wrapped in bacta-soaked gauze, and you were alone. You looked over at the bedside table and saw that someone had left you a glass of water and your tin of birth control.

You gingerly sat up and experienced the full extent of your abused body. Your head hurt, your thighs were sore for some reason, and you'd give anything for a foot massage. However, all that was available was fresh water. So, you took a large gulp of water just to rinse out your mouth before swallowing a pill.

The med-droid eased back the curtain surrounding your bed. Apparently, your vitals indicated that you were awake. The droid greeted you and asked how you were feeling. You told it the truth, and it replied that it would be back with something to help alleviate your discomfort.

Before it turned away, you asked, "Has Lord Ren left already?"

"Yes, ma'am," it answered.

You couldn't help but feel like shit all over again. It occurred to you that perhaps Ren had been using you. You were a means to an end and no more. Maybe all that possessive, and sometimes sweet, talk had meant nothing. That stung, and you distracted yourself by adjusting your blanket and fluffing your pillow.

The droid came back with a little cup of pink liquid. It advised you to lay back and get comfortable before drinking the miniature shot of painkiller. You did as instructed and prayed that the medicine knocked you out quickly. You didn't want to be conscious to think the terrible thoughts that were going through your head.
The droid took the empty cup from you and readjusted the curtain around your bed once more. You stared at the, ironically enough, familiar ceiling. It went in and out of focus, but you just accepted its mercurial nature. Ceilings were strange things.

You began to feel loose, like your muscles forgot how to be tight. You felt warm and cocooned in your little med nook. You blearily reached out for Ren to find him unavailable. You guessed he was asleep. You hoped he was asleep and not blocking you out.

It was probably pathetic, but you wanted him. The last time you two had been alone together was the night before you met up with all the Knights. You couldn't believe that had been the day before. He had pulled you into the bathroom and stripped you. He had kissed your shoulder while you watched him in the mirror. His long-fingered hands had swept up your torso to cup your breasts.

You remember sighing at his touch, and at him looking up at you in the mirror. His dark eyes had glittered as he pressed up against you. His dick had been half-hard against the seam of your rear. He had murmured that he was going get you wet and touch you everywhere. He was going to fuck you until your muscles gave out. He was going to clean you up, take care of you, and put you to bed.

His hot promises had you agreeing before he even finished telling you his intentions. With your consent, he brushed your hair. He had been gentle and thorough, using his fingers to work out any snags. You had leaned against the sink edge, already loose and relaxed, as he got the shower up to temperature.

He had taken off his clothes without ceremony and walked you into the big shower stall. The water was a little too warm for you, but it added a different sensation to the whole experience. He had kissed you then, under the running water. His wet hands had smoothed back your hair as the glass surrounding you both steamed up.

Ren's hands had smoothed over practically every sensitive inch of your skin--from the back of your knees to the delicate rim of your ears. You pressed the front of your body to his and told him how much you wanted him. His cock had jerked against your belly at your confession. He had kissed you again as he crowded you up against the cool tile.

He eased one hand between your legs to feel you and he praised how soft you were, how hot, how wet. How ready. Your agreement dissolved into a moan as he pressed against your clitoris. He had asked, "Do you want my cock in you?" You had nodded. "Do you want me to come in you?" Again you agreed. He purred, "I'll fuck you so good."

You had grinned up at him. "Promise?"

He kissed your bottom lip and gave it a gentle suck. "I promise."

At Ren's urging, you had turned to press your chest against the steamy tile wall. The hot water streamed over your back and ran down your inner thighs. Then there were his hands on your ass, spreading you open. You hadn't been able to suppress the wiggle of your hips. The water ran rivulets between your legs and teased your aching pussy. You let out a breath at how good such a simple thing could feel.

Then the smooth head of his cock was pushing into your dripping cunt. You tilted up for it, wanting to feel it all. He slid, inch by inch, inside you, filling you up, making you gasp at how his dick spread you.
He had bent over you then, resting his damp forehead on your shoulder. His hands went to your hips, holding you still as centered himself. He had whispered things to you that you only half-heard over the sound of the water. But what you heard, made you writhe against him.

"Never get enough of you."

With a hand at your waist and the other low on your belly, he had started to move, thrusting in a smooth, short rhythm that you wanted to keep still for. You could feel your ass jiggle with every push of his hips, and it added a wet, slapping beat that was obscene to your ears. It had felt so good to be surrounded by his strong arms, his height, his wet hair dragging across your skin.

Before you could do it, he had reached down between your legs and to circle your clit again. You hadn't known if you wanted to squeeze your legs together to keep his digits against you or spread further to make it easier for him. It didn't much matter because in shockingly little time, you were clenching and pushing back against him as climax overtook you.

Ren hadn't stopped. He had showed you no quarter and kept going. You had held onto the slick wall as much as you were able and pushed back against him. He had growled in your ear and pressed on. You had gasped out a curse as your body clamped down on his thrusting length. Your knees had quaked when the dam of orgasm broke for a second time. You had felt flooded, brimming to the top with heart-thudding pleasure.

You had pleaded for him to come, and he tightly gripped your hips once more to rock that thick cock inside you. And when he did come, he tensed against you and moaned as if in pain. His hot mouth had panted against your neck. He had kissed any skin of yours he could reach.

He told you stay where you were as he pulled out of you. The hot gush of his come had flowed down your legs, and you wanted to reach down and feel it. Ren did the honors of that and offered you his coated fingers. You had sucked them clean and turned fully around to kiss him. He groaned into the kiss and had gotten you under the spray again to rinse you both off.

Everything after that was a blur of soft touches and random kisses. He had picked out one of the Ho'Din pills for you and offered you water. He had combed your wet hair and tied the sash of your robe for you.

No one had ever attended to you like he had.

And as you finally fell asleep in your med-bay bed, you weren't sure if he had been sincere or just setting you up.
Promises Me I'm Safe As Houses

You woke up naturally on your own. When the staff realized you were awake, a nurse greeted you and asked how you were feeling. It took a brief moment to realize you felt physically great. She smiled at your answer and told you that's what she liked to hear. She told you she'd be right back to check on your neck.

You crossed your legs in front of you and tried to ignore your growling stomach. You drank the rest of the water you hadn't finished last night, and it shut your stomach up for the time being.

The nurse came back with scissors, some cleansing wipes, and a metal tray for the used supplies. When the gauze came off, she cleaned the bacta mixture off and examined you. She reported that the bruising was gone and that the minor swelling had gone down.

You asked for your clothes, but the nurse said that everything you had on last night had been sent down to the incinerator. You blanched, but nodded in complete understanding. It wasn't because the blood wouldn't come out. It was because Hux was destroying all the evidence. You would bet that the stormtroopers that had been with him yesterday had been sent for reconditioning today. The only people who knew who killed Snoke would be you, Hux, Ren, and the remaining Knights.

The nurse tried to cheer you up with a hot breakfast. Everything was mild, but fresh--buttered toast, scrambled eggs, and some creamy sweetberry-flavored texturized vegetable protein. Instead of caf, you got a blue milkshake that was tasty and full of fiber and more protein.

As you were finishing up your meal, the officer who had escorted you yesterday entered the med bay. He was directed over, and you pushed aside the wheeled over-bed table. He came up and saluted you. You awkwardly nodded in response.

"I'm to show you to your room, my lady."

"I'm not staying with Lord Ren, then?" you asked.

"No, my lady."

The nurse came to you with a pale robe and slippers for you to wear on your march to the officers barracks. Your walk from med bay was a surreal one. People noticed you without looking at you. Conversations stopped as you passed. Steps would slow when you rounded a corner. Your escort seemed immune, so you tried to ignore it as best you could.

You passed the door to Ren's quarters on the way to your own. You didn't give it a glance just in case anyone would notice. You had to remain strong in the eyes of any officer. Your escort had you scan your hand for access to your new room. The small scanner beeped, flashed green, and the door slid open for you.

"You'll find all your things in here," the officer stated.

"Thank you," you said as you walked in. The door slid closed behind you, and you got the feeling that you were in C Hall in the detention center again.

The view was infinitely better, of course. There was the same wall of floor-to-ceiling port-windows like in Ren's quarters. Like his, every hard surface was shiny black. You didn't have a training room, though. However, you had a generously-sized refresher and fresh linens on your new platform bed.
Your duffle was tucked under the bed, and you got it out to unpack. It took a little time to figure out where storage was and how to access it. In the middle of learning the room, you uncovered the release-panel for a desk and bench. It had a removable datapad built in which already had a notice slowly flashing at the corner of the screen.

You pressed the notice and two messages popped up. The first, an all-personnel announcement of Snoke's passing and mandatory state funeral at 1700. The second, a personal message from Hux about a debriefing at 1300 in conference room A on the command deck.

It was just after 1000 according to the datapad, so you had time to finish unpacking, figure out where the command deck was, and clean up.

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You looked at yourself in the refresher mirror one last time before leaving. You were finally in your battle gear with your hair loosely pulled back from your face. You had your lightsaber at your waist. Snoke's darksaber was tucked away in your now-empty duffle since you didn't have a belt attachment for it yet. Also, you didn't know how to handle two sabers at the same time. And it would be a big tip-off that Snoke's death had been no accident.

You had been surprised to find both sabers tucked in amongst your clothes, truthfully. You had figured no one on the *Finalizer* wanted an ex-desert-rat who had screamed for bloody vengeance to be now walking around with, not one, but two deadly weapons. You guessed the presence of your sabers was supposed to win you over and get you on the Order's side. Or at least Hux's.

It didn't.

You walked out of your room and headed for the command deck. The closer you got to your final destination, the more officers stopped to yield the hallway to you. You had to assume it was because they assumed you were an unmasked Knight of Ren.

Conference room A was clearly marked and you entered the large room to find it empty. Within minutes of walking around the large, glossy center table, Hux came in with a datapad in hand. He gave you a once-over and stated:

"I didn't know you had anything besides desert-wear and training gear."

"I have a great coat and an officer's uniform, too."

He tried to hide a sour look. "And a med gown, and detention uniform."

"I returned the detention uniform," you corrected.

"I'm sure the detention center is grateful to have it back."

You smiled at his dry retort and turned to look at the stars in the port-windows to your right. "Just trying to help the First Order stay within budget."

The door slid open another time to reveal Kin Al, Jeckhum, and Yideth in full masked regalia. You had a momentarily flashback to your vision of them killing padawans. You had to remember that they were ruthless killers, but also had been under Snoke's influence. You doubted they went around the galaxy killing children for fun.

Baltek arrived a minute later. Ren was the last to show, but it was still a minute before 1300 if the display on the large holoscreen behind Hux was correct. You tried to keep a disinterested face by
pulling out a chair for yourself and sitting down.

Jeckhum sat one seat away from you, Kin Al at his side. Yideth sat opposite you at the table as did Baltek. Hux and Ren remained standing, but you felt more than saw Ren come to stand behind you on your left.

Hux looked like he wanted to pace, but he kept himself composed.

"As I'm sure you all have seen, Snoke's death is no secret. I expect all of you at the funeral. It will be recorded for posterity's sake."

Ren cut in, "I will not be there."

"If you're concerned about your appearance, there is another helmet for you," Hux dismissed Ren's concerns. "You were his apprentice and remain a commander in his fleet, either way. It is expected."

"Why was I not given it this morning?"

"It wasn't ready this morning. I didn't know if you would survive to give final approval."

"How did you know where we were?" you interrupted the oncoming argument. You had asked Hux about it at Snoke's pyre, but he had evaded it then.

Hux took a fortifying breath. "There is a tracker in Lord Ren's belt. No one knows about it but those in this room."

Ren took a step forward as if he would jump the conference table and strangle Hux. Everyone tensed, but Ren put his gloved hand on the chair between you and Jeckhum as if to steady himself.

"And what about my appearance? I shouldn't be recognized, either," you said.

Hux replied, "You aren't a Knight of Ren."

"Technically, with Snoke gone, there are no Knights of Ren," you returned.

"They are under the supreme leader's jurisdiction," he corrected you.

"Are you electing yourself, then?" Baltek asked.

"Of course not," Hux stated.

"No, his ambitions are bigger than that," Ren assured everyone else.

"You want to be emperor," Kin Al inquired. "Like Palpatine before you?"

Hux sighed and put his datapad down. "We are getting ahead of ourselves here."

"That's not a no," Jeckhum said.

"Whether I do or not won't matter if no one will stand behind me," Hux fired back.

Baltek leaned towards Hux. "You want us to stand behind you."

"I want the Knights, you five, to do what you do best."

You looked between everyone sitting at the table and wondered where you fit in. You were no
Knight. You were not of the First Order. You had no grand ambitions like Hux.

Yideth finally spoke up, "You want us to kill for you."

Hux didn't speak for a long moment. "If it's the only option."

No one said anything long enough that Hux skipped to the next subject. "There will be an assembly of all First Order commanders in seven standard days. There will be an election of a new grand admiral. I would wager that the title of supreme leader will be retired now that Snoke is gone."

"Grand Admiral Hux does have a nice ring to it," Ren sneered.

Hux ignored Ren's sarcasm. "And a grand admiral will need a consort," he lightly agreed.

Ren growled and held a hand out as he rounded the table to push Hux back against the wall with the Force. "She will never be yours!"

You were flummoxed and looked to Yideth seeing as she was the only other female in the room. However, her grid-patterned visor was aimed at you. You looked up at Hux again and it dawned on you. He wanted you as his consort. You didn't know what being a consort to the leader of a military junta entailed, but you were quite certain you would fail miserably.

"We killed Snoke together when you couldn't," Hux hissed to Ren. "She could be the bridge to connect my post and the Knights."

You had known you wouldn't be allowed to skip out of Snoke assassination without some sort of burden put upon you. His death, you had thought, would be worth whatever price you had to pay. You had figured you'd be imprisoned or inducted into the First Order for safe keeping. You had never expected this, however.

"I don't know anything about politics," you stated as you stood up. You had half a mind to run from the room. The other half wanted to draw Ren back and calm him down.

"And neither does Ren, but look how far he's come," Hux retorted. Apparently, he didn't know who Ren's mother was.

Ren snarled at Hux's words and pushed him farther. You thought if he kept it up, he'd crush Hux's ribs. While it was tempting to see Hux get his ass kicked, you didn't think the imprisonment and ensuing court-martials would be worth it.

Kin Al held out his hands and said, "That's because he's a Force-user just like Snoke was."

"But I am not, so I need someone who is who looks like they're under my control," Hux replied.

"So, I go from being Lord Ren's pet to yours," you spat out as you remembered Hux introducing you in the med bay all those weeks ago. Maybe you should encourage Ren to kill Hux because he was treating you like a commodity. At least Ren had the decency to protect you and provide for you.

Ren was up in Hux's personal space now with his hand hovering over Hux's heart.

"What if it doesn't work?" Yideth cut in. "What if you don't get elected as grand admiral?"

The situation was getting too tense. You had to do something to either pull Ren back or Hux was
seriously going to die. You concentrated on Hux when he didn't answer right away. You got that the coup he staged was opportunity meeting preparation. He'd had things ready just in case something happened. He knew with the destruction of Starkiller Base that his life was in danger. You saw the base-planet and understood its power through Hux's memories—it was what had destroyed the New Republic.

Snkoe hadn't liked failures, according to Hux's impressions, and Hux had never been inadequate until the colossal fall of Starkiller. You could hear Ren's words echo back to you through Hux: *It's either Snoke or me. I choose me.*

Hux wouldn't ever retreat into mediocrity. He would always choose himself for the top position and exceed all expectations. Nothing else would do. Excellence in all aspects.

"You'll kill them if they don't," you spoke to and answered for the general.

Jeckhum commented, "Might makes right."

Baltek and Kin Al nodded in agreement with his statement.

You thought there was a piece of the puzzle missing, though. Why would Hux think Snoke was going to kill him, but not punish Ren? If they had both been in charge, why would the blame be solely on Hux? Sure, Snoke could've favored Ren, but that didn't feel right.

You wouldn't make a decision without all the information. Hux, and his grand plan, was an unknown factor in everything. You needed time to figure him out. You looked up and asked Hux, "When do you need an answer from me?"

Ren turned to you as if to ask if you were seriously considering Hux's plan. You briefly met his eyes, but focused on Hux. Hux's face was pallid from the pain of his chest.

"Five cycles," he forced out.

You nodded, pushed your chair away from you, and left the room. You heard your name being called before the door slid closed, but you ignored it. You wouldn't stay in a room with two men who were trying to control you. Ren had said he wanted to keep you close, but then had you moved to your own room. He was keeping you off-balance. Hux wanted to use you as a connection to the power of the Force—or at least make others think he had a connection.

But neither of them would ever own you. You owned you, you controlled you. Hux may have all the stormtroopers and military technology behind him, and Ren was strong with the Force, but you could destroy Hux with a thought and Ren was too obsessed with you to hurt you.

It was like Jeckhum had said, might made right.
You got as far as the foot bridge that crossed to the officers barracks before you were stopped by a
hand encircling your upper arm. You knew it was Ren before he forcibly turned you. He looked
like he was holding back from delving into your head to read your thoughts. You knew he knew
you didn't like to be read.

"You're closed off from me," he murmured.

"You sent me away."

"That wasn't my decision."

You wanted to ask him why he had obedied Hux's decision, why he hadn't woken you in med bay
last night, and why he hadn't come down to med bay this morning. Surely, he had felt you when
you woke. He had always been so adamant about keeping you close. Now it seemed as though
closeness wasn't a priority anymore.

You licked your dry lips and shook your head. The whole situation stemmed from Hux entering the
picture. You didn't know the dynamic between Ren and Hux, but you got the feeling it went
beyond simple rivalry.

You stepped closer to Ren and put your hand on his upper arm. "Where were you last night?"

"I was in deep meditation," he replied.

"I couldn't feel you."

He glanced around as his hand slid from your arm. "My quarters."

You followed him to his door and inside his familiar room. Once inside, the pit-table of ashes
caught your attention since there was a burnt helmet-mask floating above the gray ash. The closer
you got to the table, the more a disturbingly familiar buzzing started behind your eyes.

As you stepped up to the table, you realized that the helmet-mask wasn't floating; it was resting on
a plate of transparisteel. The buzzing reached a crescendo as you put out a hand to feel the rough-
looking surface of the side of the helmet. Ren stopped you from touching it, and you looked up at
him in question.

"What is this?" you asked.

"It's an artifact," he replied. "I use it to focus."

"Whose was it?"

"My grandfather's."

You recoiled from Ren and the helmet as you looked down at it once more. This had been Darth
Vader. A Sith lord of such infamy that even you had heard about him before Lor San Tekka had
told you about him.

Ren went on, "I claimed it from the Empire."

"You kept it hidden when I stayed here the first time."
"I didn't... I didn't think you'd understand."

You didn't understand it now, truth be told. "Why do you need it?"

"He-- It centers me."

You approached the destroyed helmet again, the buzzing wasn't as overwhelming this time. The helmet was skull-like with its dark eye-sockets and melted mouth-piece. The durasteel on the top of the piece still was smooth. When you finally touched it, you could hear muffled electronic breathing and mechanical filters--could feel how much of him wasn't flesh. There had been much pain contained within.

You almost felt sorry for Darth Vader.

"Do you ever wonder how powerful you could be on the other side?" you asked softly.

"On the light? No. It is the way of weakness and stasis." Ren was behind you, and you could feel his desire to touch you. He wanted to run a hand up your back and cup the base of your skull in his palm.

"But it's got love, doesn't it?"

"It lacks passion, the ability for singular love. It's neutered and cauterized. There is no power. Their peace is false."

You turned to him. "Is the peace you find in meditation false, then?"

"I don't seek peace in meditation, I seek focus."

You hummed in thought. "I like the quiet of dropping all my thoughts," you mused. "I feel balanced."

Ren studied you for a long moment. His soulful brown eyes traveled over your face, down to your clothing, to your lightsaber, and back again. You could see his hands curl into fists and then release.

"I apologize for not waking you last night," he finally said.

You smirked and teased him, "Did you miss me?"

"Very much so."

You were taken aback by his honesty. You expected him to shrug or reach for you to kiss you and distract you both from everything. It was obvious you'd have to make the first move if you wanted contact. You studied his reaction as you reached up to wrap your arms around him. His gaze lowered and he ducked into your embrace.

"How can you stand to be with me?" he asked while pulling you in close and burying his face in your neck.

"What do you mean?"

He murmured, "I am... weak, unwise. I am still tempted."

You got a hand in his thick hair and played with the locks. He sighed against your skin. You wanted to ask what was wrong with temptation. He was part of the dark side, and you thought that
was par for the course. What could happen if he gave into it?

"Ever thought of giving in?" you asked.

"To the light? I don't--"

Oh. Oh. He felt the pull to the light side. He must've been feeling it this whole time. Maybe now that Snoke was gone and dead, the urge was stronger than ever.

"If you fight it all the time, you can't be your best, right?" you pointed out.

It was a reasonable argument.

You liked to think of yourself as a flag in the wind. If the wind blew west, you went with it. When you killed Snoke, it was because it had to be done. There was no guilt in it, no railing against it. He had been too dark, too dangerous, to live on. He had a hand in too much death.

Ren pulled away from you and opened his mouth to speak, but the door chime stopped him. He sighed in mild frustration and went to answer it. On the other side was an engineering officer with Ren's new helmet. He thanked her for the delivery and closed the door before she could reply.

The helmet had the same dull sheen as the old one, but without the dings and scratches. It lacked personality since it was too new, though it wasn't as if you enjoyed the personality of the old one.

Ren glanced at you before trying it on. The helmet seemed to fit him well, but you hated it. It reminded you too much of hiding under Lor San Tekka's bed, of being sedated, of being a prisoner.

"You're a bucket-head again," you flatly commented. After a few seconds of tense silence, you stated, "I'm going to my room."

You took a few steps towards the door and Ren asked you to wait with his filtered voice. You sighed quietly, feeling the tension in your shoulders, and watched as he went for the large closet by the refresher. He brought out a long, wide strip of black fabric and offered it to you.

"Wear this tonight. You can cover your hair with it," he said.

You took the fabric and really looked at it. It had an open weave and a different type of sheen than his helmet. The edges of the fabric were frayed. You recognized it as matching his long-gone over-tunic. It was the cowl that he used to wear.

You found the middle of the piece and slipped it over your head. Ren came up and adjusted it around your shoulders for you. You walked into the refresher to view yourself in the mirror. What you saw shook you. You didn't look like you. You were cloaked in black with the minimum of gray showing. You looked intimidating with the hood of the cowl pulled low over your face.

If Hux's intentions were to make you appear on his side and to connect him to the dark side of the Force, your newest addition was definitely helping that image.

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One of the largest hangars you'd ever seen had been draped with First Order red. The large black logo was in the middle above a tiered dais. There was little fanfare when Hux walked up center aisle and stepped up to the highest level. Ren followed closely behind, you and the other Knights followed them. It had been worked out that the Ren, you, and the Knights would stand on the lowest step.
Ren was on the right-hand middle with you next to him. Jeckhum was directly beside you with Kin Al at his side. Yideth took Ren's other side with Baltek next to her.

The highest ranking officers stood closest to the dais. You didn't get much of a look since your new hood obscured much of your vision, but you didn't see any stormtroopers in the hangar. You had to assume they were assembled in another hanger—or in the mess halls—and were watching the funeral via holocast.

You tried not to think about all the eyes on you. It was difficult because once you told yourself to ignore them, you acknowledged them. There were thousands of eyes on you. If the holocast was being broadcast to the galaxy, then potentially trillions of eyes were on you.

You distantly thought it was good you hadn't eaten yet.

Hux stood there for a moment as the hush settled in the cavernous hangar. He eased into the ceremony with a poem:

The day is done, and gone the bright star.  
From the river, from the hill, from the galaxy.  
All is well.  
Safely rest, Supreme Leader.  
Order is nigh.

His voice was crisp and controlled. He was eloquent and composed. There was something comforting in knowing he had the ceremony under control.

You stood in parade rest—which you'd learned only moments before. You found the standing position rather comfortable. You blocked out the rest of Hux's words because you didn't want to react to them. The sound of his voice was enough to lull you into relaxation because everyone must be looking at him. You only had to make an appearance, just like Ren, so you stood there and stared at a fixed point of the hangar floor.

Hux finished with: "The commanders of the First Order will keep Supreme Leader Snoke's ideals alive. Rest assured, citizens and soldiers, we will not back down from our prime mission."

All the officers in front of you saluted and were still until everyone on the dais had filed out of the hangar. As you stepped behind the red banner of the First Order and into a large dim hallway, you felt the letdown from adrenaline. You hadn't realized how wound up you were until you were no longer in front of thousands of people. You rolled your neck and heard it crackle.

You were grateful you hadn't tripped. Or vomited. Or screamed your confession to Snoke's murder.

To the side, the Knights had grouped together and were laughing lowly about something. Baltek nudged at Yideth, and she good-naturedly elbowed him back. You didn't expect her to be friendly with anyone. She had been good to you, but not overly chummy. You figured it was because the Knights had seen so much together. You could never compete with shared experience.

Ren gently took your elbow and faced you as you pushed your hood back. He leaned down and was about to say something when Hux interrupted him with a clearing of his throat. You looked up at Hux and saw that he was waiting for Ren to acknowledge him.

Ren let go of you and straightened to his full height. "Yes, General?"

"I would like to offer an invitation for dinner," Hux stated. "Just the two of you."
He was so formal that it appeared to you as if he was expecting a rejection. Or maybe it was all facade. Either way, you spoke up before Ren could.

"It would be an honor, sir."

Hux nodded. "I'll have everything set up in my quarters by 1900."

After Hux stiffly walked away, Ren turned to you. "Why did you accept?"

"Why didn't you?" you retorted. You thought it would be good to get a better read on Hux. You needed to figure him out before you agreed to anything.

"He only wants one thing from you."

You softly snorted and thought Ren sounded like some overbearing spinster. It wasn't like you had any virtue left to spoil, anyway. What could one meal--one hour--mean in the grand scheme of things? "He wants power. We can work with that, can't we?"

Ren's hands fisted at his sides. "I will not tango with him for control."

"Control over what? Me? The First Order? The galaxy?"

"All of it."

Your anger flared hot at that. You stepped up to him, put your face as close to the visor of his helmet as you could, and murmured, "Let's get one thing straight, Lord Ren, you will not control me." You hoped you weren't making a scene, but no one seemed to be noticing you as they went back to their stations. "You may be my teacher, but you don't own me."

He whispered back, "But you're mine."

"Your lover, not your possession. Get it right." You walked away from him then. You could feel him behind you, following you.

He thought at you as you walked through the halls, 'You haven't felt much like a lover recently.'

You scoffed incredulously, turning mid-hallway, and said, "It's only been a day!"

"It feels longer."

"And whose fault is that, huh? You left me in the med bay."

"That was wrong, and I apologized for it," he stated and moved closer. "Allow me to make it up to you."

You looked up at the chronometer at the intersection of the hallways. There was little more than an hour before you both had to be with Hux again. You didn't think it was enough time for make-up sex--which you did want--and clean-up.

"We don't have time for that right now."

"Later, tonight, stay with me."

You nodded down the hall to the elevator. "Come on."
When Ren let you into his quarters for the second time that day, Darth Vader's helmet didn't bother you. You felt the buzzing, but it felt more like a vibration at the base of your skull rather than a forming headache. You turned to see Ren chuck off his helmet, tossing it onto his bed.

He stalked over to you, looking hungry and desperate. You backed up against the armchair in the middle of the room to brace yourself. He pulled the cowl off you, got both hands on the sides of your face, and tilted your head up to kiss you. His mouth practically devoured yours. You tilted your head to the side to deepen the kiss, and Ren groaned against you.

You knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted to push you against the wall and lift you up. He wanted you to wrap your legs around his waist. He wanted to tear your leggings open to get at you. He wanted so many delicious things.

You leaned away to whisper against his soft lips, "Later."

"Everything."

You nodded and agreed, "Anything."

"So stupid," he murmured. "I could've had you next to me this whole time."

"Very stupid."

"The stupidest."

You grinned. "Kiss me, stupid."

And he did. He slid his arms around you and kept his hands above your waist because you had promised later. And _later_ meant everything for as long as you both wanted. You could feel him planning and deciding.

"You two have an interesting dynamic," Hux commented.

You put your dessert spoon down as you glanced at Ren. He was looking less ravished than when you both had first gotten to Hux's quarters. You'd had to fix your hair and use a cooling wipe to alleviate some of the puffiness of your lips before you had left. You had done the same for him, but he had not really cared about that at the time. You had thought Ren wanted to flaunt the sexual side of your relationship like a kid who had gotten a new toy.

"How so?" Ren asked. He took a sip of his caf. You noticed he had only eaten the top third of his creme brulee.

"I saw the detention center footage--"

You quietly gasped and gripped the edge of the table. Hux had seen everything that had happened between you two. He had seen the way Ren had touched you, had pulled you forward, had eased up your med gown. You stared across the table at Ren, but he didn't look surprised as he waited for Hux to keep going.

Of course he had known that Hux would be interested in whomever he had brought onto the ship.
Hux glanced at you before continuing, "I thought one of you would be dead by now."

"Why would I want to kill her?" Ren inquired.

"No, I don't think you want her dead." Hux turned to you. "I'm wondering why you don't."

You put your hands in your lap and said, "Things change."

"Strange you say that, because I don't think people do." Hux took another bite of his dessert.

"Are you saying you want me to kill my master?"

Hux swallowed before he disagreed, "No, I'm saying that I think your objective has never changed."

"Is that why you invited us here? To figure out our objectives?" Ren interjected.

Hux corrected, "Just hers."

You softly cleared your throat and took a deep breath. "I am not loyal to the First Order and never will be, that's true." You adjusted the thick white napkin in your lap. "I'm not a Knight, either, and won't be. I am... I am what I have to be."

You knew your confession could mean your death. Hux could have you put into custody, tried, and executed. Ren could behead you right here. Neither man moved as you finally looked up from your half-eaten creme brulee.

"What do you have to be?" Hux asked.

"A survivor, I suppose."

"That is what I saw." That didn't sound like a compliment coming from Hux. You thought he was accusing you of desperate manipulation. He thought that you would do whatever--lie, kill, steal, use--to see that you lived.

The quiet was charged as you took a drink of your cooling caf. You didn't know how to reply or defend yourself because you would do all that. There didn't seem to be much to explain. Then you thought of something:

"I do want Lord Ren to pay for destroying my life on Jakku, that's true. However, I don't think I need to be the one to do it."

Ren said your name to stop you or admonish you, and you shook your head as you folded your napkin on the table. "No, Kylo, it was wrong. Killing Lor San Tekka was wrong, and I haven't forgotten it."

His features darkened, but he stayed silent. You knew what he thought of Tekka, but he was wrong. Tekka had been a good man. Hux looked between you both and he didn't seemed pleased, but you knew he secretly was.

You followed up, "But if you think I'll betray him, General, you're going to be disappointed."

"And what about me? Are you going to betray me?" Hux asked.

"Have you done anything that would make me want to?"
"I did have you sent for reconditioning."

"I know, but it didn't work and it didn't hurt," you said. It had been more annoying than anything else.

"Apparently not."

"Since you didn't hurt me, you think you deserve the same treatment from me as Lord Ren?" you coolly asked. You knew Hux was accustomed to blind loyalty, but you weren't one of his brain-washed goons. And just because you had sex with Ren didn't mean you wanted to fuck every person who was not-mean to you. It didn't matter if you were attracted to Hux or not.

Hux blotted his mouth and put his napkin over his used spoon. "I don't know what you mean."

You decided to get vulgar. "Do you want me to fuck you like I fuck Lord Ren?"

Ren pushed away from the table and yanked with the Force Hux's chair back from the table as soon as you stopped speaking. He growled, "You do. You arrogant--"

"Kylo," you said sharply to stop him. Ren paused with his hand on the back of Hux's chair. You stared at Hux and willed him to meet your eyes. He did, and you peered at his surface thoughts. He didn't just want you under him, he wanted Ren as well.

You stood up and approached Hux. "The consort position is not just in name only, then." You reached out and tilted his smooth chin up to gently state, "You liar. Maybe you'd like me to be your concubine instead? Lord Ren your right hand and lover."

Ren looked up at you then, and he looked so conflicted. He wasn't suppose to want Hux, and he hadn't—not in a real way—until it was presented before him. There had been fantasies of hate-sex or bickering until having enough and kissing Hux silent. That hadn't meant much to Ren, but it could be a reality now and he didn't know how to handle it.

"He is the best," you commented to Ren. You could feel Hux mentally puff up in pride at that, not knowing it was shorthand for Ren's desires. Hux liked that you recognized his superiority. You threw a leg over Hux's lap to straddle him and slid down his torso until you settled on his thighs. "And you only like the best, the strongest, too, don't you, sir?"

In reply, Hux put his hands on your hips and slowly pulled your pelvis against his. You tilted back until one of your shoulder blades connected with the edge of the table. You rested your hands on his lean forearms and let him move you.

Ren watched you, his eyes dark with lust, and you stared back at him through slitted eyes. You thought at him that this could be the way forward. With Hux on your side, under your spell, you both could achieve Ren's goals. You thought Hux didn't have to last forever. He could serve his purpose.

Ren bent forward to murmur in Hux's ear, "The three of us together, just imagine it."

Hux looked down between you and placed a hand below your bellybutton. He followed the line up your body until he had a hand on your upper chest. He used both hands to pull you down and tight to him. Through his uniform, you could feel the bulge of his growing erection. You sighed out in desire.

"We could conquer the galaxy, Hux." Ren kissed the side of Hux's neck, right under his ear. Hux's eyes fluttered closed at the delicate touch.
You sat up and ran a finger over Hux's full bottom lip. "How many times have you watched the footage from my cell?"

Hux's pale blue eyes met yours. "Too many to count," he confessed.

"It didn't play out like you wanted, did it?"

He shook his head. He wanted Ren to have enough time to get his dick out and fuck you with it. Hux wanted to see Ren's dick, wanted to know how big it was. Hux wanted Ren to bend you over that hard slab of a bed and fuck you until you begged for mercy. He wanted Ren to pull your hair and slap your ass. He wanted to see your breasts bounce with every thrust. He wanted you to come against your will.

A dark part of him had wanted to have you while Ren was in the med bay and could do nothing about it. He had wanted to unzip that detention uniform of yours and fuck your tits. He had wanted to come all over you. He had wanted to finger your ass open until he was hard again and push his slickened cock inside you.

You met Ren's eyes over Hux's shoulder and smiled because you knew this was a way in with the general. Ren looked shyly pleased with Hux's fantasies. You met Hux's eyes again and gave him the mental image of him sitting on Ren's thick cock. It was ramming into his tight, lubed hole while you knelt between their legs and sucked Hux's perfect dick.

"Just imagine the three of us," you echoed Ren's words and leaned forward to softly kiss Hux's full lips. He tasted like burnt sugar and sweet cream and bitter caf when he kissed back. He sagged against the chair and ran his upper hand over the side of your breast. You gave a little mewl and arched into his light touch.

Hux pulled away as if burned and knocked the back of his head against his chair. His hands lost their strength, and you took that as your cue to get off his lap. You had pushed far enough for one night. You used Hux's shoulder to steady yourself, and he seemed to find his manners by supporting your elbow as you straightened up.

Ren came around Hux to take your hand. "We'll leave you to your evening, General." It seemed as though he had picked up on Hux's sudden reluctance.

You kept your eyes on Hux as you nodded. Hux gathered himself into perfect posture once more, ignoring the tent in his pants, and bowed his head in dismissal.

"Thank you for dinner," you said as Ren ushered you out of Hux's quarters.
Once more, you and Ren were heading for the elevators. As you walked down the hushed hallways, you asked, "Did you know about his fantasies?"

"I hadn't given much attention to his inner life."

"He wants you."

Ren returned, "He wants you."

"What do you want to do about it?"

"Break his kriffing neck," he ground out as he pushed the elevator button.

You got in front of him and studied his face. "What? Why?"

"Because he's jackin' off right now to you."

You couldn't help but laugh in shock to Ren's reaction. You expected no different from Hux, truthfully. You had put on a little show for Hux to whet his appetite. It seemed natural that he follow up and take care of himself.

"Let me guess, I'm riding him while you kiss him," you hazarded.

The elevator dinged and its doors slid open. Ren looked thunderous as he stepped around you and boarded the lift. You followed him and hit the button for your floor. You turned to him as the doors closed and saw that he was no calmer.

"No, really," you encouraged him. "Tell me."

"We're taking turns fucking you." He cornered you as the elevator started to move. He pressed his hips to yours and gave you this dirty grind that had your eyes fluttering closed and thighs spreading. "Taking turns fucking that sweet pussy of yours. You're so wet, so hot. You're moaning for it, loving it when we grip you too hard and bruise your soft skin."

"Hux is a little violent, isn't he?"

Ren wryly grinned down at you. "Well, he did blow up five planets."

You opened your eyes and smiled in understanding. "You like that about him."

"He's precise with his moves." He reluctantly admitted, "I admire that."

"It's okay to want us both, you know," you pointed out.

Ren shook his head and backed off. You mourned the feel of his muscled body against yours, but it was going to end anyway since the elevator was almost at your floor. The robotic voice announced the floor and the doors slid open once more.

"Your room," he told you.

You wanted to point out that his room was bigger, but kept quiet as you walked to your door. Once you both stepped into your dark room, Ren crowded you against the wall. His hands were
everywhere as his mouth pressed and smeared against yours. You pushed your fingers into his wavy hair and held on.

He pulled back to whisper, "Take your birth control now."

You nodded and gave him a brief kiss. He stepped back, and you walked into the refresher where the tin was and a leftover glass of water from earlier that day. You took your pill and walked back into the now-lit main room to see Ren sitting on your bed. His belt, with lightsaber, was a pile next to him, and he had unzipped his tunic.

"Come here," he bade.

You walked up to him and stood between his knees. He reached up to yank the knot in your belt free and draped the leather--and your weapon--with his own. He pushed open your outer-robe, and you shrugged it off. He untied your under-robe, pushed it open, and guided it down your arms. You were left in the plain compression top.

"Get on your knees."

You lowered yourself to the floor as gracefully as you could. Ren caressed your cheeks and ran light fingertips over your neck and shoulders. He reached behind you and undid your hair.

"I need to get used to people wanting you," he commented.

You knew he meant Hux. You ran your hands over his thighs, your thumbs tracing the inseam of his trousers.

"You'll always be first," you reassured him. "You'll always be my master."

You moved forward and kissed him as you gripped his hips. His legs opened more for you, and you wedged yourself against him. You kissed down his jaw, his neck. You shoved open his tunic and nipped at his chest until you were thwarted by his black tank. He leaned back and struggled out of his tunic. You couldn't stop your hands from traveling over his firm torso. You pulled him back to you via his suspenders, and his breath caught at being manhandled.

You straightened up to kiss him again, pushing your tongue against his and teasing him. He groaned into your mouth and wiggled as you both freed him from his suspenders. You fist ed at his tank and shoved it up and went back to loving your way down his body.

Ren reclined on his elbows to give you space, and you unzipped his trousers. He let his head fall back with a curse. He undulated against the bed when you kissed right above the waistband of his dark briefs.

You could feel the heat and substantial heft of his erection against your chest. You wanted to get your lips and tongue all over him. You maneuvered his cock out of his underwear and gave it a sweet, delicate lick. His breath faltered out and he rocked up to inadvertently smear precome on your lips.

You purred and licked it off. You ran your tongue between the glans and foreskin of his erection, and Ren practically quivered against you. You adored how sensitive he was, how responsive to your touch he was.

Gently, you pulled his foreskin the small distance down to fully reveal the tender head of his cock. Before he could register how exposed it was, you engulfed it and swirled your tongue around. Above you, Ren cursed again and moaned your name. You took it as encouragement and focused
on the underside of his cock by rotating your head to drag your tongue over the frenulum.

You bobbed your head, taking more of the hot length of his cock into your mouth. What you couldn't fit without gagging and biting down, you wrapped your hand around. You let your saliva run down and wet your fingers until everything was about wet heat and suction and moaning around his flesh.

He started rolling with you, gasping hotly. He wasn't going to last much longer, and you kept going. He warned you that he was about to come and you groaned in acknowledgement. He put a hand on the back of your neck, not to weigh you down, but to have some contact. His fingers dragged through your loose hair and held it back for you.

He stuttered out a pained 'fuck' and came in delicious, heady pulses. You slid down as far as you could and let each throb of his orgasm drench the back of your mouth. You swallowed until it calmed down and pulled back, sucking him clean as you went.

You sat back on your heels and cradled his dick in your hands. You assessed that your jaw was tired, your lips were swollen, your knees were sore, and you could really do with a drink of water. However, all that seemed insignificant when you looked up at him. Ren looked so gorgeous with his heaving chest, his flushed cheeks, and his glittering honey-colored eyes.

He reached down and hoisted you back up to kiss you. You put your arms around his neck and kept your mouth closed until he gave a half-whine. You threw caution to the wind and opened your mouth to deepened the kiss, and he didn't seem to care that he had just come all over your tongue.

"Fuck, I love you," he whispered and dove back in.

You let out a muffled uh-huh and pressed against him. He laid back, taking you with him, and kissed any part of your face he could reach. You laughed as he found a ticklish area just under the corner of your jaw.

You felt him hook his fingers under your leggings and underwear. You breathed out, "What're you doing?"

"Getting your pants off," he answered as if it were perfectly logical.

"It's okay, you don't--"

"Just let me do this," Ren cut you off.

Somehow you both managed to strip you from the waist down with the minimal amount of curses and awkward knees to sensitive places. He sat up and got you on his lap, your knees on either side of him.

You put your hands on his shoulders and kissed him again. He reached between your legs and drew fingers through your wet slit. His other hand was at the small of your back, urging you to stay still. You curled into his touch, wanting to come so badly. Still, he toyed with you, feeling you, his hands not quite giving you what you needed.

You pressed your forehead to his and whispered, "Be a good master and help your apprentice out."

Ren smirked and played along. "Demonstrating proper technique is essential," he agreed.

You bit your bottom lip and flexed against his hold, pressing down into his skilled hands. There was something easing into you, thrusting at the front wall of your cunt. His fingers haloed your clit.
at the same time. He worked you inside and out until you were clutching at him.

Your hands were buried in his hair as you stared into his eyes. It was getting to be too much, and you felt like something was going to spill out of you. You whimpered and tried to hold it in because it didn't feel like a typical climax. It was strange, and you almost wanted to stop.

"Relax," he murmured. "I got you."

"I can't, it's... it's not--" You felt like everything below your navel was too tight for orgasm.

"You can, just let go."

You breathed out, relaxing incrementally, and collapsed against his still shoulder. Ren leaned his temple on your head and worked your shaking body until you buried your face against his shoulder. You bit into the fabric of his bunched-up tank and wailed as your orgasm abruptly gushed out of you. You cried out as you convulsed in his arms--the pleasure was almost as painful as it was consuming. It was too much. It impaired you so thoroughly, all you could feel was the drumming of your heart and pussy.

The tattoo of it was a dark, powerful thing. It flashed like lightning in stygian clouds.

Ren cradled you as you quaked in his arms. "My sweet apprentice," he whispered.
You woke when Ren pushed his hard cock inside you. You groaned sleepily and got your bearings. It was pitch black, and you were on your side with him behind you. The bed and blanket were overly hot around you speaking to hours of warming them. Ren was a furnace at your naked, sweaty back. You reached out in front of you to hit a moist palm on the durasteel wall of the room.

He kissed your shoulder and whispered, "I couldn't wait, and you were still so wet."

You didn't think it was the worst way to wake up. "It's okay, just..."

"Yeah," he agreed and rocked your bodies together.

With your legs closed, his dick seemed thicker as it moved inside you. You couldn't stop a moan at how hot and slick everything was. You could feel the stickiness of sweat glue your skin to his as he pulled your hips back against his. You licked your upper lip to clean some of the perspiration off your skin.

You wedged a hand between your legs to find your pubic hair and inner thighs drenched with your combined come. Even in the tight space, it was easy to find your clitoris. You circled it as you pressed your fingers tight to your pubic bone as he pumped his cock into you.

It seemed hardly a minute when climax oozed through you as gently as sand could flow between your fingers. You pressed your damp forehead to the cool wall and shielded your overly sensitive clit with your fingers. Behind you, Ren's heavy breathing reached a peak before stopping abruptly. He let out a wounded groan and stilled as he came deep inside you.

He curled around you, his arms surrounding you with his sultry strength. He mindlessly mouthed at the back of your neck and shoulder. He felt soft in the dark with you--the worries of the future forgotten when he loved you.

"Kylo," you whispered as you tugged your hand from between your legs. "It's too hot." As if to prove your point, an oily bead of sweat trickled down under your jaw and across your neck. You thought the bed would definitely need a new change of sheets in the morning.

He grunted and kicked the blanket off. The chill of the room immediately made you shiver as sweat started to evaporate. Normally, it wouldn't be comfortable, but at that moment you appreciated the coldness of space and cool ambient temperature the Finalizer.

Ren rested his head on your shoulder blade and asked, "You really want me to pay for Tekka, don't you?"

"Yes," you whispered. "No." You gave a small shrug. "It's complicated."

"He aided the Resistance. He gave away valuable information."

"But I loved him."

"But you love me, too."

You stared into the blackness in front of you and felt tears burn at your eyes. You didn't want to acknowledge it, and you certainly didn't want him to figure it out. Love wasn't going to fix anything that had gone wrong, and it wouldn't help the situations that were on the horizon.
You tightly said, "My love has nothing to do with vengeance."

He was quiet for too long, and you grew increasingly nervous. He reached between your legs and lifted your upper thigh to ease out of you. You figured he would've yanked his cock out of you too fast, shocking your sore muscles, but he didn't seem to want to hurt you.

"What does your love have to do with, then?" he finally asked.

You couldn't come up with an answer. "I don't know."

"I know there have been times you wanted to do it yourself."

How transparent you must be to have been read so easily. "And yet you've kept me alive."

"And you know why," Ren retorted.

You had weakened each other with love, that much was obvious to you. You could try to run away from him, but he wouldn't let you go. He had staked his claim. And, you hated to admit it, you didn't want to leave him.

"We are at an impasse," he stated when you had said nothing.

"Can we not talk about it anymore?"

"For now," Ren agreed and pulled you back against him. He wrapped his arms around you to keep you warm until morning.

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Ren left your room after you both woke for the day. He had told you he'd be back and you'd have breakfast together. You wobbled to the refresher and cleaned up. Once finished there, you dressed in fresh training gear, stripped the bed, and piled the dirty linens next to it for the housekeeping droid.

As you opened the port-window shields for the day, the main door opened without you giving permission. You knew it was Ren without turning to see. You didn't bother to greet him, you simply continued to stare out into vastness of space. You could feel that he wanted to discuss Tekka again, but you still didn't know how to explain your thoughts.

He came up behind you, put his big hands on your sides at the dip of your waist, and pressed up against your back. "How are you feeling?"

"Sore, but a little stretching will take care of that," you replied.

"Same here."

You smiled despite you fighting to push Tekka from your mind. "Did I wear you out last night, master?"

His arms smoothed around your waist, and he curled around you. "Fucked me dry," he purred.

You hummed, pleased by his answer, and reached back to touch his silky hair. You were both quiet for comfortable moments until his stomach gurgled in hunger. You grinned and told him to order food. He affectionately rubbed the bridge of his nose against your neck and pulled away.

While he commed the galley for breakfast, you had the desk slide from the wall to check the
There was a message from Jeckhum inviting you to train. All the Knights were going to meet--you checked the time--in fifteen minutes for practice in Gym 3. You didn't think you and Ren would be ready by then, so you replied to say that you two would be late.

You turned to Ren and said, "I want to learn to use dual sabers."

He nodded. "Baltek and Yideth can teach you."

"Not you?" You weren't surprised he recommended Yideth. She was great with a lightsaber. However, you'd never seen Baltek use any weapon. He had stood around looking intimidating with his black, head-covering cloak from which his skull-like mask peered out.

"I know how to, but teaching it isn't going to be my strong suit," Ren confessed.

After breakfast, you and Ren walked down to the training center. From outside Gym 3, you could hear good-natured ribbing and laughter. Ren pushed through the main entrance and the room hushed as he was formally greeted.

The training room wasn't exactly like the one Ren had shown you in vision. This room had padded mats hung on the walls, the bottom of the mezzanine was lit, and there was an extensive rack of practice hand-weapons by the door.

The Knights bid you a good morning and you replied before going to the side to stretch. You tried to keep your wincing and general groaning to yourself. While it was obvious that Ren had spent the night with you, you didn't want to advertise how much sex you two had engaged in.

You were eyeing the weapons with curiosity when Yideth approached and sat down next to you.

"Master Kylo tells me you want to try a dual-saber technique."

"It seems natural since I have two sabers now."

"Does Darksaber call to you?" she asked after brief thought.

You searched your feelings, your power, to find a space within for it, and you told her as much.

She hummed in thought and studied you.

"I think it might be a challenge to reconcile its intentions with your own," she assessed.

"It seemed amendable in my hand."

"That's a start, then." She straightened up. "I think you need to work with Darksaber alone before you further your skills."

You could honestly say you were disappointed. You had been looking forward to having both sabers in your hands as you danced with death. Yideth pulled you off the floor, and you winced.

"Are you unwell?" she asked.

"No, just a long night."

Yideth ruefully smirked. "Force-users are known to have a great deal of stamina." She looked in Ren's direction. "He seems to be a little stiff as well."

You barked out a laugh. "I'll say."

Her smirk transformed into a full-blown smile. "Come on, let's get our lightsabers."
The journey to your respective rooms was a relaxed one. You both talked about the First Order command shake-up. Yideth said she was for Hux taking the role of grand admiral--she liked his ruthlessness. She said you would be a good consort for him. You weren't so sure, but the idea wasn't abhorrent to you. You wanted to reveal Hux's desire for Ren and yourself, but it wasn't the right time--if it ever would be.

When you came back to Gym 3, Kin Al and Jeckhum had moved onto weight training in another section of the training center. Baltek and Ren were doing some sort of combat forms with a multi-pad training dummy. Each hit one of them made to the dummy made a *ding* depending on the strength of the hit.

You and Yideth spread out in the middle of the gym and turned on your lightsabers. The darksaber in your hands had more of a whine than the hum of your magenta blade. You swung it around to get used to the different sound of it.

Yideth asked, "Is it fighting you?"

You shook your head. "No, it's really calm."

"That's good." She put her lightsaber in a defensive stance and told you to come at her.

You rushed for her and swung upwards. The darksaber cut smoothly through the air. It whistled until it made the connection with Yideth's lightsaber. You two went back and forth as you got a feel for your new saber. You found it was as easy as your magenta blade.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Good," you answered. You felt immensely strong and focused. It seemed natural to duel Yideth though she was beyond your skill level. You figured she was taking it easy on you.

You two separated for a break and a cool drink of water. You pointed out moves you wanted to learn from her. She did a kick-drop-strike that was effective and beautiful. She showed you it after the break was through.

After teaching you a few more moves you wanted to learn, Yideth finally called for another break, and you were grateful. You were feeling all your muscles work to keep up with her. You leaned against the mats on the wall as you combed your damp hair back from your sweaty face. As you were wilting there, a delivery droid came in with a tray of sandwiches and a fresh pitcher of water. You snatched a sandwich from the tray and eased down onto the cool floor of the gym.

Ren sat down next to you--his own lunch in his hands--and leaned in close to whisper, "You look incredible out there."

"I'm barely holding my own," you said around a mouthful of food.

"You're underestimating yourself." He finished his statement with a bite of his sandwich.

You softly scoffed and continued to eat. Yideth stood near, but didn't say anything to either of you. She ate and between delicate bites asked Baltek how his strike-speed training was going.

After you finished your meal, you leaned your head back against the mat and closed your eyes. You didn't know how long you relaxed there, but someone gently kicked your boot to get your attention. You opened your eyes to see Yideth and Baltek staring down at you.

"I think it's time for dual training," she told you.
You smiled and bounced up to your feet, your energy restored. Ren got up after you and the four of you drifted over to the rack of practice weapons. You and Ren each took two swords. You watched him in confusion and looked back at Yideth.

"It'll be easier to fix your stance if I'm not defending myself," she said.

Baltek commented, "Try not to take his head."

It sounded as if they were saying you were an overly aggressive fighter. That made you feel that they thought you were out of control. You didn't think there was anything wrong with your technique. You had been following Yideth, and then Ren's, personal instruction.

You addressed Ren, "Is that a concern?"

"You knocking my head off? Definitely."

You snorted at his joke as you walked to the center of the gym. Ren came around you and stood a few paces away.

Baltek stood near your side and told Ren to get into first stance. Ren held his right-hand sword out towards you while raising the left up above his shoulder and angled down. Baltek said that you should think of the non-dominant-hand saber as secondary. It should be used as a complementary move to the initial strike.

"If you use them at the same time, you're likely to get them tangled up," he said.

You nodded and mirrored Ren. You tapped your forward sword against his. The secondary sword was above your head. Yideth adjusted your raised forearm until you got it right. It felt awkward. You thought your side was too vulnerable, too open.

Yideth told Ren to knock your forward sword to the side and go straight for your chest. He took a small step forward as he did, and you found the point of his left-hand sword an inch from your ribs.

"What would you do?" Baltek asked you.

"Swing the upper sword down."

"No. You want to pivot out of his forward strike and then slice down at his neck with the second sword," Yideth corrected you.

You turned to the side and slowly brought the upper sword down to his shoulder. It was like learning lightsaber techniques all over again, you realized. You and Ren kept getting back in first position and taking turns striking first. You kept having your form adjusted by either Baltek or Yideth between moves.

By the end of that afternoon, you had two positions under your belt. Baltek and Yideth agreed that you needed more practice. You felt like a beginner all over again. You thanked them, though, and asked if they were available the next day.

They both said they were and offered to see you and Ren tomorrow at 0900. Baltek said he would book Gym 3 again, and he and Yideth walked out to the training center desk to reserve the space.

Ren took your swords from you and walked them back to the rack. You followed him, admiring his muscled arms and the way his wavy hair stuck to his damp neck.
"It'll come naturally when you're in combat," he said over his shoulder. "You'll stop thinking about technique and proper form and parries."

"Flow," you summed up.

"Yes, flow."
Love Will Never Meet Here, It Just Gets Sold For Parts

The next morning, Yideth and Baltek went over yesterday's positions. A full night's sleep seemed to have done you a world of good given the way they didn't do much correcting. Ren was an easy partner to mimic. Kin Al and Jeckhum occasionally watched from the side, but they were busy with some sort of sword-bat/axe training and flexibility. They left before 1200 for target practice followed by weight training.

You hadn't realized how much of the day the Knights dedicated to honing their skills and bodies. It wasn't as if you thought they lounged around all day, but they put a lot of time into being weapons. You considered yourself soft like wet clay compared to them.

When Baltek and Yideth thought they had shown you enough for the day, they left for other parts of the training center. You looked at Ren and said the same time as him, "Food."

Lunch was a hardy shaak stew with generous chunks of tender meat, red potatoes, purple carrots, and pearl onions. You sat against the wall once again to eat. Ren took a seat next to you.

When you finally came up for air, you asked how the food could be so good on a Star Destroyer. Ren replied, "Perks of being a commander."

"So, what do stormtroopers eat?"

"A balanced diet of proteins, greens, and carbs."

"But not this."

"Not usually."

"That doesn't seem fair."

Ren put his empty bowl to the side. "Nothing ever is."

You hummed in thought and finished your stew. If it was a privilege to eat so well, you didn't want it to go to waste. You set your empty bowl on top of Ren's between you.

"I missed you last night," he stated.

"I was with you until 2200."

After practice, the two of you had dined together, taken a walk around the running track in the training center, gotten cleaned up, and Ren had taught you how to play a board game called Novacrown. You two would've played longer, but with a practice in the morning, you had to end early. You had left him in his quarters after long kisses and a teasing grab of his firm ass.

He shrugged. "Move into my quarters."

You got up, put the used bowls on the delivery tray, and poured yourself a glass of water. "Oh, so you can wake me up in the middle of the night with your hard-on?" You repeatedly poked your finger into the mat on the wall as you grinned down at him.

"You never seem to complain." He was trying to keep a straight face, but you could tell he was working for it.
"I'm not complaining about your sexual appetite, Kylo. I would like to get a full-night's sleep, is all."

"Then stop being so alluring."

You laughed at him trying to turn it all around on you and scoffed, "Alluring."

"Attractive," he countered as he straightened up.

Now he was just buttering you up, you thought. You hmphed and took a long drink of water.

"Tempting," Ren said, pressed against your side, and put his hands at your waist. "Beautiful." He kissed your shoulder.

"Fight me for it," you offered.

"Terms?"

"Dual-swords, get in five torso touches before me, and I'll move in. No Force cheating."

"What if you win?" he asked.

"I stay where I am, and you can't enter without my permission."

He didn't seem to like your stipulations if his pout was anything to go by. He plucked the glass from your hand and put it on the tray. "I accept on the condition that you kiss me now."

You turned to him and fiercely kissed him. You ran your hands through his dark hair and made him tilt his head. He let out a low moan and opened his mouth for you. Before it got to be too much, you yanked yourself away and walked over to where you'd left your set of practice swords.

Ren stood there for a few seconds before practically stomping over to his own swords. "I won't go easy on you," he warned.

"Noted," you said and held your swords at an angle from your body.

The clack of the swords was music to your ears as you fought him. There was a beauty, a rhythm, to the fight. You got the first hit to his side, and he growled at you. You skipped away on light feet, and he was upon you before you could even ready yourself for the next round.

You struggled to keep him out of striking distance because he was seeing that he couldn't play around with you. No longer were you a neophyte. He kept knocking your blades away until he was right up on you. You gasped as he poked you right in the belly.

"One to one," he called out.

This time it was you who growled in frustration. You twirled your secondary sword around to hold it in a backwards grip. You had only been shown the position that morning, but it felt natural to you. You waited until Ren faced you before coming for him.

He made the fatal mistake of striking down with both his swords. It left his flank open, and you slashed twice with your secondary sword across his side.

"That's two," you said.

"No, that counts as one."
"I got you twice."

"The one was lethal. The second was insurance."

You sighed and threw up your hands. "Fine! Two to one."

The third round was a blur of speed from him. He pulled out all the stops with the sword twirls and fake-outs. You would've love to use the Force to throw him off, but you had said no Force cheats. You made a mental note that the next time you dueled with him, you would leave them available—if only to knock him back on his gorgeous ass.

Ren finally got you across your back. When you turned around, he looked so kriffing smug. "Two to two." He got into position again and taunted, "I'm going to have you in my bed again, you mark my words."

"I can't wait until I start my bleeding, and you regret taking me up on this damn duel."

"I'll take care of you," he said and tried to poke you in the middle of your chest.

You pivoted to the side and almost got a solid hit across his shoulders. He ducked mid-strike, and it threw you off-balance. He caught you between his swords and tapped them both against you.

"Two to three," he said.

You sighed and shook yourself loose again. Once you two were facing off again, you spun to slash across his swords with your dominant sword and then struck down with your secondary. He tried to bend backwards out of the way, but you were quicker and got him right over his heart.

You laughed in delight because you hadn't expected such a fancy-looking move to work. "Three to three," you sing-songed as you jogged backwards.

Ren snarled at you, and it should've been intimidating, but you felt the arousal wafting off him. He came for you with an upward strike while holding the secondary sword behind him.

You hit the sword away and expected the secondary to come down at you. Instead it came from the side and caught you off-guard. You tried to block it, but he was just too strong. You ended up getting hit with your own sword and his.

"What's the score now, my sweet?"

You barked out, "Three to four."

"One more, and you're mine," he purred.

This time you held both swords aloft in front of you. When he came at you, you knocked his blades wide and body-checked him. He let out an oof and stumbled back. You tried to get a hit in, but he swirled his swords around yours to disarm you. It didn't work, you just got your knuckles battered. You hissed and twisted away from him.

"You're lucky I didn't go for the groin," you panted out.

"Would you really fight so dirty?"

You didn't bother to reply because the answer was obvious--of course you would.

As you circled each other, you thought of what to do. You liked the side-strike he had used on you
to score his fourth touch and tried it. He blocked, but not without struggle. You crossed your primary sword in front of you, but he was already there and tapped the side of your ribs before you could get him.

"Three to five," he told you.

You stepped away with a murmured 'dammit.' You had been so close. You straightened up to your full height and were about to congratulate him when you heard gentle clapping. You both turned to the noise to see Hux up in the mezzanine. You glanced at Ren to give him a displeased look.

He had probably known Hux had been watching. You had been too busy thinking of your next move to be aware of your surroundings. You realized you wouldn't last two minutes on a battlefield. That was a bitter revelation.

"I had seen that the Knights had booked this gym for the second day in a row," Hux explained.

And he had been curious, you mentally supplied. Maybe he was hoping you were alone while the Knights trained together. You didn't think he had any unsavory plans for you, but he might want to get you away from Ren to persuade you to take the consort position.

Hux continued, "Much to my delight, I got to watch master and apprentice."

"Is that all you wanted? To have your presence acknowledged?" Ren asked.

Hux walked around the mezzanine to the steep set of one-foot stairs in the far corner and came down to the main floor.

"No, I wanted to see you both in action," Hux finally answered as he crossed the floor to you and Ren.

"And now you have," Ren stated, the dismissal clear in his voice.

Naturally, Hux ignored it and looked to you. His pale eyes traveled down to your hands. "You will be going to med bay for bacta, won't you?"

You followed his gaze down to your hands. You were bruising, and the knuckles were sore. You hadn't been planning on a special treatment--maybe a cooling pack, a good meal, and some sleep.

Before you could say anything, Hux looked over at Ren. His voice was accusatory. "You hurt her."

Ren took your swords from you, and you noted how stiff your hands were already. Hux caught one of your hands in his, his fine leather gloves were soft and buttery smooth against your skin.

"It's part of training," Ren replied as he leaned the practice swords against the wall.

"It's okay," you murmured to Hux. "I've had worse."

Hux hummed and brought your hand that was in his to his mouth. He stared up at you as he kissed your abused knuckles. His lips were soft, but his eyes were flinty. In a daring move, he dragged his tongue into the juncture of your pointer and middle fingers. Your breath caught in your throat. Hux was throwing down the gauntlet, as it were. You and Ren had challenged him the other night, and now he was answering.

Ren came up behind you and put a hand on the small of your back. Hux ignored him and asked:

"Have you given further consideration to being my consort?"
"I have and I'll do it, but there are conditions," you replied. You thought you knew enough about him now to work with him.

"Name them."

"I won't be your whore, and you can't command me like I'm an underling. I'll continue to be with Lord Ren for as long as I wish. And if you treat me poorly, I can leave your service at any time."

He nodded in acceptance, letting your hand go, and returned, "No divulging of any First Order secrets or details ever. You will attend any function I deem your presence necessary, and you will wear what is given to you."

"I get pre-approval of clothing." You didn't want to wear ugly clothes or ones in which you would be seen as Hux's whore in all ways but action.

"Done," Hux agreed.

"About physical..." You felt Ren tense up behind you, but you couldn't comfort him. You thought it would be a sign of weakness.

Hux looked over your shoulder at Ren and then back at you. "If you're both amenable, I am."

You stepped closer, reaching up with your bruised hands to touch Hux's smooth cheeks. He seemed to tense at your touch. The contact made you realize he was scrambling for power. He was desperate and heartbroken. He felt like a failure.

He thought that if he were what you and Ren were--Force-sensitive--he'd be ruling the galaxy like Emperor Palpatine never could. He wanted to transcend his father's name. He would be the Hux whom people would whisper about years after he was gone. His father would be a minor footnote to his own greatness.

It was the machinations of the detested, the ignored, the supposedly weak.

You ran your thumbs over his perfect cheekbones. His eyelids fluttered closed as you raised up to delicately press your lips to his. You thought at him he could have the best of all possible worlds if he didn't ruin it by being an asshole. You knew that would be a task for him.

He couldn't seem to direct his thoughts in a coherent sentence, but you got the gist of it. If you were by his side, he'd never hurt you like Ren did.

As if Kylo Ren had been abusing you.

"Yes, you would--it just wouldn't show," you replied to his thoughts as you let him go.

Hux opened his mouth to protest when the double-doors behind him banged opened and the four Knights walked in. They seemed celebratory as they joked amongst themselves and came over. Jeckhum shushed Kin Al and Yideth when he saw Hux. Baltek remained smiling and generally amused, unconcerned about a high-ranking Order officer in their gym.

Kin Al excused their noise and invited Ren, you, and even Hux to an evening game of sabacc. You confessed you'd never played the card-game, and Jeckhum told you they wouldn't play for anything for now. How generous they were with you, you wryly thought. You glanced at Ren and shrugged--you were in. Ren agreed, and all turned to the general.

Hux looked confused for a fleeting moment, but quickly recovered, and said that it was actually his
night off.

Baltek said, "We'll have to use a double deck, then."

"Shouldn't be a problem," Kin Al retorted.

You could feel Ren smile behind you as he suggested Hux's quarters. He pointed out that Hux had access to a free-standing table that could easily accommodate seven.

Hux, knowing he'd been backed into a corner, agreed and told everyone to come to his quarters at 1900. With that he excused himself and left the gym.

Yideth watched Hux leave and drolly said, "He's going to be an easy mark."

"I wouldn't be so sure," you replied.
A wager was a wager, and you had lost.

You had gathered all your things to move back into Ren's quarters, and he had put in a request to the barracks steward for a second mattress, fresh linens, and a new datapad for you. You hung up your clothes next to his and folded up your duffle to stack on top of the one already there. You left Darksaber on the shelf above the closet rod. His new helmet was the only other occupant. You commented you needed another connector for your belt, and Ren grunted in acknowledgement.

In the meantime, Ren had the bed platform fold into the wall and he had pushed the table of ashes into that corner. You didn't know where Darth Vader's helmet was and didn't want to ask. Ren told you he'd get another armchair for you, and you nodded.

Everything was so domestic. As domestic as you thought Ren was capable of. Maybe as domestic as you could be, too. There had been too many nights alone for you to fully be comfortable now.

"Are you displeased?" he asked as he rearranged the mattress on the floor in front of the port-windows.

"I'm not thrilled at losing."

"Do you want to be in here?"

That was too tricky a question to answer. You didn't know how to answer. You wanted to be close to him, just like he felt for you. You liked hanging your things next to his. But there were nights you couldn't sleep, when you wanted to roam, when you desired the sheer privacy of enjoying your silence. Needless to say, you were ambivalent about the whole situation.

However, there was a question that had been in the back of your mind for too long and it came bubbling out without any conscious thought from you:

"Why don't you want to be emperor?"

"Because of my mother," he replied after a moment of silence. "Backstabbing, decadent politicians with their planets full of weak-willed, bleating constituents. No one willing to do what is necessary."

"But as emperor, you could change the rules. The Senate is gone anyway."

He straightened up, his face hardened and suspicious, and advanced on you. "Do you want to be an emperor's woman? Is that why you agreed to Hux's arrangement?"

"What? No!" You shook your head as he backed you into the open closet door. "I was thinking of you."

Ren accused, "You're curious about him. You're attracted to him."

"So are you," you countered.

"That doesn't bother you." He caged you in against the door.

"No, why should it?" You licked your lips. "If you wanted Hux for yourself, there would be nothing I could do to persuade you to stay. You choose me. For as long as you want, you choose
Sure, he was yours, but that didn't mean he had to stay by your side for all eternity. You would do everything within your power to keep him, naturally, but he was not your slave.

You could hear Ren's thoughts as if they were your own. 'But he didn't kill his father because someone told him to.'

"What does that hav--"

"Because I'm a failure!" He pushed off the closet door, leaving you swaying with it, and walked into the training room. "Why would you want me?! Why do you stay? Why did you agree?"

You stood there with a hand on your sternum and took a deep breath to calm yourself. The argument was all over the place. It wasn't about you being happy to be in this room nor fidelity. Every step either of you had taken had opened each other up for a fatal blow from the other. You were self-aware enough to know that him voicing his knowledge of your feelings had made you defensive. You didn't like to be so easily figured out.

You focused your thoughts, walked to the training room doorway, and asked, "Did Snoke tell you to kill him?"

Ren was facing the port-windows with his arms crossed. "He told me to destroy the past and those that hurt me." He glanced over his shoulder. "I thought that was the only way to take the next step."

"Do you think your father hates you for what you did?"

"I don't know. He'd never..."

You knew he meant that he thought that Han had never loved him. You approached him and stood next to him to look out into the endless universe beyond the Finalizer. The stars and planets were distant and some even shimmered through the clear durasteel. The space between seemed reachable, touchable, soft even through the hard filter of transparent metal.

"That's not what I saw," you gently said. You had seen love in Ren's memories, but Han hadn't known how to give young Ben what he had needed.

Ren turned his head to look at you. "That's even worse, isn't it." His eyes were dark with what could only be internal torment, and he looked back out the window to cover up his sorrowful grimace.

How you wanted to reach out and unfold his arms, but you weren't certain if it would be welcome. Instead, you asked, "Would you do it again if given the choice now?"

With a brief thought, he shook his head and whispered, "No."

"Then you're a changed man."

Ren opened his mouth to reply, but the entry request for the door chimed. You told him to stay there and went to answer the door. The steward greeted you--with a 'my lady' which you still weren't accustomed to--and wheeled in the extra mattress. Behind them was a delivery droid with linens and your datapad. After they were done, you went back into the training room to find Ren still standing in the same position.
"If you're trying to say I've redeemed myself, you're delusional," he said without turning to you. You shrugged. "Redemption is overrated."

"I've committed patricide. I've killed hundreds of people." He turned and held his hand out to the far corner of the main room. "I collect the remains of my enemies. Jedi. He stalked up to you. "There is no forgiveness, no salvation, for me."

"Then how do you love me?" How could he be capable of any sort of love if he was such an evil person?

"How can you love me? What is wrong with you that you diminish yourself with someone like me?"

You pushed at his shoulder, angered by his pigheadedness, taking him by surprise. "Do you know how many times you took care of me, fed me, were tender with me in the little time we've been together? You've never hit me or called me names." You pushed at him again, and he let you. "You've protected me when you could. You've done more for me than anyone I've known." You grabbed his face and pulled him down to your eye-level. "I don't care about redemption. I care about you."

"But what about Tekka?" he spat out.

"There will be a reckoning, Kylo, but I'll... I'll help you pick up the pieces."

The fierce anger in him seemed to die right before your eyes. He slumped to the floor and put his arms around your waist, burying his face against your stomach. You sighed to yourself and gently loosened his dark hair from its braids.

Jeckhum and Kin Al beat you and Ren to Hux's quarters by minutes if the small talk was anything to go by when you two entered Hux's quarters. Kin Al came up to Ren with a loaded, mischievous grin and produced a bottle of clear liquid from inside his belted robes. Ren groaned in recognition, but you leaned forward to examine the unlabeled bottle.

"We are not drinking your rotgut," Ren not unkindly declared. "How did you get that onboard?"

"In the shaft of one of my packed boots, of course," Kin Al answered.

So it was illicit alcohol. You'd only had a sip or two of what some on Jakku had made. It was so harsh and had burned all the way down. You thought it was better to clean salvaged parts than actually drink.

Ren said to you, "The last time Kin Al had this, I couldn't get off the floor. I don't remember those two days."

"Don't worry, Kylo, you did nothing to be ashamed of." Kin Al winked.

You laughed and said, "You'll have to tell me all about it."

Kin Al smiled. "A gentleman never kisses and tells." Before you could press further, he tilted his head to indicate that you two should follow him. "Speaking of telling you all about it, babygirl, I heard a story about you."
"Oh?" You and Ren trailed after Kin Al to a sideboard where there was an actual, sweating bucket of ice. You touched the side of the bucket and delighted in its frigid temperature. There were tumblers, a bottle of whiskey, a bottle of something blue, a pitcher of ice water, and two generous bowls of warra nuts. Apparently, Hux was treating everyone to the nice stuff.

It was good to be a commander.

"Yeah, I heard you're horribly scarred and blind," Kin Al said as he leaned in to share with you some great secret. "You use the Force to feel everything around you, and that no one can sneak up on you." He held up his bottle of bootleg liquor as an offer to make you a drink.

You shrugged with a nod because why not. Behind you, Ren got a handful of nuts and popped them in his mouth one by one.

"That's why you're at Kylo's side. He found you battling a vixus with nothing but a sharp stick." Kin Al pulled a tumbler towards him, dropped in a few ice cubes, poured two fingers of the homebrew, and then topped it off with a little water. The drink went cloudy when the water was added.

You couldn't help but let out a bark of laughter at the rumor. The soldiers of the First Order were way more creative than you. Your story was boring compared to fighting some tentacled monster. With a stick, no less.

Kin Al slid your drink over to you, and you took a polite sip. The water helped the burn and made it go down so much easier. The liquor was herbaceous and a little tart when mellowed. You could see how easy it would be to overindulge.

"And that ties into your rumor," Jeckhum said to Ren as he came over.

Hux was lingering behind, but still part of the conversation. You glanced at him without trying to be obvious, leaned a hip against the sideboard, and took another small sip of your cocktail.

"Do I want to know," Ren deadpanned.

"The Force is so strong with you now that you can kill with a look. Your helmet is for everyone's protection."

"Except with me," you inserted. "Because I'm blind."

"Yes!" Jeckhum exclaimed as you got it in one.

"Killer eyes," Ren flatly said, to which Jeckhum nodded. "I'll kill that which you most love," Ren threatened and turned to stare at Kin Al when he handed him a tumbler half-full of whiskey.

Kin Al promptly faked being choked and brought his hands to his throat. Jeckhum let out a distressed cry and put an arm around Kin Al's waist to support his fainting lover.

"Darling!" he blubbered in a falsetto akin to someone from a horrible holodrama.

Kin Al hoarsely whispered, "Delete my datapad history."
The informal party got underway when Yideth and Baltek were admitted into Hux's rooms. Baltek had the sabacc cards and he set himself up as dealer. Everyone used warra nuts as currency, and it soon became clear that Hux was not an easy mark. He had shrewd strategies, a keen judgement of what cards other players held, and a nearly inscrutable face.

You, on the other hand, had no idea what you were doing even after the rules were explained. You decided to be unpredictable. You grinned constantly and twitched whenever you got a new card no matter the value. You bet on losing hands just to throw the other players off your scent. You asked questions you already knew the answers for to distract.

Basically, you were a little shit and loving every minute of it.

After a few rounds of cards and everyone finishing at least one drink, there was joking of gambling with weapons. After another couple rounds, a general 'freshers-break, and another drink, Jeckhum had lost all his warra and wanted to bet his clothes. Kin Al loaned him some of his warra to protect his virtue and murmured that Jeckhum could pay him back later. You whistled at that--making Yideth laugh--and toasted to Kin Al's loansharking.

In the meantime, Ren had taken to the habit of resting his free hand on your thigh. He seemed to be better and in high spirits compared to the afternoon. You smiled at him, feeling affectionate. In return, he winked. You wanted to kiss him and stroke his flushed cheeks, but you didn't trust Jeckhum not to steal some of your meager winnings.

Between rounds, Hux had taken to watching Ren and you. He wasn't hard to read when he relaxed and drank his whiskey. He wanted to look under the table to see where Ren's hand was. He wanted to see you two kiss. He wished he'd had the guts to sit next to Ren in the first place since Jeckhum had claimed the spot next to you so quickly.

The room was getting too warm for you, so you stripped out of your unzipped Order uniform jacket. Jeckhum asked if clothes were now up for betting. You returned by asking him if he thought the jacket was his size. He replied that he only liked natural fibers for his sensitive skin.

"Well, I'm sure Kin Al will help soothe your much-abused skin," you assured him.

"Just like Kylo does for you, I'm sure." Jeckhum jokingly leered and raised his eyebrows a few times.

"Okay, enough talking about licking each other's wounds," Kin Al held up his hands. "There are innocent minds here."

You looked around for anyone innocent and found the rest of the group doing the same. There was a beat before Baltek snorted and it set off a chain-reaction of everyone losing it.

Except for Hux. Because Hux was always dignified. He looked amused, though, and sipped at his whiskey.

The little get-together wound down from there. Yideth folded and ate her winnings before calling it a night. Kin Al and Jeckhum excused themselves, and you told them to enjoy their wound-licking.

Kin Al called over his shoulder, "It's called whiskey-dick, babygirl."
You covered your ears. "Hey, innocent mind here!"

Baltek collected his cards, thanked Hux for an entertaining evening, and followed the other Knights. Ren slumped in his chair and rolled his head to loosen his neck. As for you, you had to use the refresher. When you stood up, you had to grip the back of your chair because you did not know whose legs you were standing on. You laughed at the sensation and went to the ‘fresher.

Hux’s quarters were as you expected. The large front room—where the game table had been set up—was essentially a glorified personal office. He had a good-sized desk facing out into the room with a decent chair behind it. There were no accessories or decoration on the desktop. The only artwork was a large blueprint of the Finalizer. The opposite wall above the sideboard had had something—complementary art, maybe—at one time, but it was gone now.

When you came out of the refresher, you could feel the tension in the room. Your mellowness vanished as you approached the table. Hux was at the sideboard depositing his tumbler and Ren was staring down into his half-finished drink. You looked between them, but said nothing as you walked your empty glass to the sideboard.

"You should drink some water," Ren suggested to you.

"And eat something substantial," Hux added as he plucked a fresh glass from the line-up, filled it with ice water, and held it out to you.

You took the proffered glass and drank deeply. As you did, Hux went to his desk to comm the galley for food. You trailed after him, listening to him explain what he wanted. You hopped up to sit on his desk and you could feel him give your back a look. You finished your water, set your glass down, and let your legs swing.

Ren watched you as you looked at him. You propped yourself on your hands and arched your back just a little. He took it for the invitation that it was. You smiled at him as he came up to you.

Ren spread your knees to make space for himself. As his big hands slid up the outside of your thighs, you had a flashback to your time in the detention center. You knew that Ren was going to wrap his hands around your hips and draw you forward. When he did, your breath still caught as your legs opened wider.

He bent down and curled forward to kiss his way up your shoulder to your neck. You tilted your head away as you sighed. You opened your eyes to see that Hux had come around the desk. You grinned at him until Ren gentled his touch to whisper soft and it made your eyes close in pleasure again.

Hux took a step closer—close enough now to touch—and ran his fingers down your arm. You looked at him to see that he was torn between watching Ren and gazing at your mouth. You mentally urged him to kiss you. He had such perfect, kissable lips that it seemed a shame no one was kissing him on a daily basis.

He leaned in and pressed his whiskey-smudged lips to yours. It wasn't the most skilled, smooth kiss at first—you got the impression that he was out of practice—but he figured it out within seconds. Kissing Hux was different from Ren, who felt like he wanted to swallow you whole and keep you inside forever. Hux was all for the well-placed, maximum-result sensual assault.

You felt the straps of your tank and compression top slowly being dragged over your shoulders. Ren worked his way down until his chin bumped into the fabric. You gasped as he steadily pulled the fabric down until your breasts were freed from the confinement. The air was cool, and you
longed for hot hands to insulate your sensitive skin.

Hux broke the kiss to look down your body to see Ren lightly knead your exposed flesh. Hux's fingers ran over the top swells of your breasts and then swooped down to circle a nipple. You couldn't help biting your bottom lip to contain a whimper as that tightness went from your chest down to pool between your legs.

Your head was spinning and you just wanted to lay down across Hux's desk and tell them to have their way with you.

Instead the door chimed for droid delivery. You groaned in disappointment as Ren shielded you from view and drew your clothes back up. Hux strode to the droid and took the small platter of green wrap-sandwiches from it. You adjusted yourself and looked up at Ren. He cupped the sides of your head and kissed you. You knew he had to taste Hux's whiskey on your lips, but he seemed to enjoy that another man--specifically Hux--had pleased you.

Hux placed the platter on the table and got himself his own water. You nodded at Ren in Hux's direction, and Ren trailed fingers down your jaw as he stepped away. You picked up your glass, went to the sideboard to refill it, and sat down next to Hux. Ren took the place at your other side as Hux offered you one of the wraps. You took the wrap with a soft 'thank you' and noticed that Ren had scooted closer.

The green wrap in your hand was surprisingly warm indicating something inside had been cooked or heated through. A bite told you that there was a melted, pale cheese holding chunks of lump protein. The protein wasn't meat since it was too smooth to be flesh. It was salty and broke easily in your mouth. There were some sort of sliced mushroom pressed into the cheese, as well. At the center were delicate leaves of some vegetable. They were fresh and crunchy and had a pleasant sharpness to them.

When you finished eating, you noticed how less floaty and warm you were. You felt grounded once more. You didn't think getting drunk was that big of a deal now that you'd finally done it.

You looked over at Hux to see him already staring at you. He looked over your shoulder to, you assumed, meet Ren's eyes. It was still for too long, and you were getting tense. You wondered if Hux had changed his mind about you. What if a kiss and a caress was enough for him to figure out he wasn't interested?

You pushed your insecurities aside and were about to read him when Ren got up. You turned a little in your chair and watched him walk up to Hux. Ren didn't block your view as he tilted Hux's face up.

"Tell her your thoughts, General," Ren pushed.

You could feel the urging of the Force behind his words. You wanted to tell him to not make Hux say anything. However, Hux relaxed in his chair and cleared his throat.

"You have beautiful skin and a pleasing face. I have admired you, and have desired to..." He took a deep breath. "To touch you as freely as Lord Ren."

"But you didn't want me until you knew I had power," you pointed out.

"I admit to finding you disposable until Ren had you shuttled off my ship."

Hux must've thought you a stupid fucktoy until Ren had sent you away with Yideth. The idea turned your stomach. Maybe he had been expecting Ren to call for bio clean-up one night after
getting a little too rough with his pathetic sex slave.

Ren said, "Yes, suddenly she was worth your time."

You watched Hux and thought about what his perfect face would look like beaten in like an empty sack. *Not now, not yet.* You gripped the back of your chair. You wished it was the time to thrash his pompous hide.

"Because she was important to you," Hux said to Ren. He turned to you and met your eyes. "I am sorry for underestimating you. It will never happen again."

You took his word at face value, but you certainly wouldn't forget why he had to say them any time soon. You centered yourself and put as much weight as you could in your words. "What did you want from tonight, Hux? From us?"

For the first time, he resisted. He grit his teeth to keep the words back. His light eyes turned hard as he stared back.

You got up and stood next to Ren. He had taken to stroking Hux's jaw. It was a tender action that overlaid the inherent threat of two Force-users wanting the truth from him. You bent over and put a hand on Hux's lean thigh to steady yourself. Hux let out a strained breath, but still didn't speak.

You kissed his tense mouth and whispered against his lips, "Tell me."

He let out a distressed sound and closed his eyes for a long second before gasping out, "I want to fuck that gorgeous mouth of yours. I want to come all over you."

You purred at his honesty and gave his thigh a squeeze.

Ren got a hand in Hux's hair and yanked his head back. "On my terms, General."

"Yes, of course," Hux replied in a decorous manner.

Ren leaned forward and kissed Hux. It wasn't the same way he kissed you. He was mean, aggressive, as he pushed his tongue into Hux's mouth, but Hux responded in kind. He surged up against Ren's hold and his legs spread.

You thought you would feel jealous, but you didn't. Instead, you reached for Hux's belt. You wanted to see what was under that starched black uniform of his. Maybe his attitude was compensating for something. Hux's hands gripped the sides of his seat, offering no help or hindrance. You unlatched the belt buckle, letting it flop away, and unsnapped the uniform's collar and lapel until you could push the fabric wide. Underneath was a tight gray undershirt, and you trailed your hands over Hux's lanky torso.

Ren broke away from Hux to pull his chair back to give you room. You took the silent offer and straddled Hux. Immediately, there were hands drawing you forward until your belly was flat against his. Ren ran a warm hand up your arm, and you looked up to meet his dark eyes.

His lips were almost red from kissing Hux so hard, his cheeks were flushed with arousal. He was so beautiful in desire. You reached up and pulled him down to you for a kiss. You could feel Hux's eyes on you both as your lips met. You could barely contain the moan at being pressed up against Hux's slender frame as Ren kissed you.

You fisted the shoulder of Hux's uniform, and he moved forward to brush his lips against your collarbone. Long-fingered hands swept up your sides until they were cradling your breasts. You
pushed into Hux's touch, and in reply he thumbed your nipples into tight peaks.

Ren pulled back from you to murmur hotly down to Hux, "Get them out and suck on them."

Hux did as ordered, tugging the straps of your tank and compression top down once more. He didn't bother to tease you, his kissed one nipple and gave it a little nip before sucking hard on it. You cried out and pushed your breasts against his face.

"Does it feel good?" Ren asked.

You nodded as you ran your fingers though Hux's gelled hair. The pomade broke easily, but he didn't seem to care. He kissed his way across your chest to lavish attention on your opposite nipple. You whimpered and reached out for Ren to come closer. You didn't know what you wanted, but you needed to feel him near.

Ren ran gentle fingers over your puffy, sensitive lips, and you opened up for him. The pads of his fingers stroked your wet tongue, and you closed your lips around his digits to give them a teasing suck.

He purred out, "So sweet."

You grinned at him and released his fingers from between your teeth. He trailed them down your throat and then to Hux's head. Ren petted him as Hux kissed the underside of your breasts.

Hux kissed a line up the center of your chest, but didn't go for your lips. He looked up at you with his lovely blue eyes darkened by the expanse of his pupils. His ginger hair was losing its precise part and feathering away from his smooth forehead. His chiseled cheekbones had a light blush which brought out his pale eyes.

The more undone Hux became, the more appealing you found him. Ren must've felt it because he asked Hux if he still wanted you both. Hux had his hands on your waist and he unconsciously pulled you closer.

"Answer me," Ren ordered.

"Yes," Hux replied.

You cupped Hux's perfect face and smiled. You stroked his cheekbones as reward. You wanted to take him apart.

Ren put a hand on your upper back and assured Hux, "You will have us, then, but not tonight."

"I think we can give him a little taste, though, can't we, Kylo?" you requested.

"Absolutely."

You tilted Hux's head back to lean on the chair. You curled low to nip under his jaw as you reached for the button of his slacks. He let out a groan as he pushed his hips up into your hands, and you felt the fervid line of his erection against your knuckles. You ran a hand between his slacks and briefs, gently rubbing the soft cotton over his cock.

He sagged in the chair, and his thighs tensed under you. You could tell he didn't know what to do with his hands--pull you close again or grip you to anchor himself or push you back to make more room between you.
You leaned in to taste Hux's skin and sucked hard at the base of his neck. He gave a weak protest, but didn't stop you. His skin was clean and fresh and tinged with the detergent used to wash his clothes. You could smell the faint green scent of his pomade.

You balanced yourself and slid to the floor. Hux looked down at you with slitted eyes and cursed under his breath. Ren put a hand over his throat and kissed him again. While Hux was distracted, you pushed up his undershirt to see the pale, golden hairs trailing down his stomach. He was more muscled than you expected, and it kept him from being scrawny and boney.

You spread the fly of his slacks a little more and leaned down to mouth at the wet cotton over the head of his cock. Above you, Hux whined against Ren's lips. You were tired of teasing him and yourself, and maneuvered his briefs down.

Hux's dick was as perfect as the rest of him. It gracefully curved up towards his bellybutton. It was long enough, thick enough, rosy with blood. Perfect for fucking again and again.

You wrapped your hand around the base of it, pushing the band of his underwear down farther, and licked a stripe from feverish base to oozing tip. Hux panted and grabbed ahold of your free arm. You slanted your mouth over his cock and let it push against the roof of your mouth.

Hux cursed again, and Ren darkly chuckled. "She's too much, isn't she?" It didn't sound like an insult in the slightest.

You dipped your head to take more of his flawless cock until your lips met your fist. He was musky and delicious in a different way than Ren. He was sweeter.

"It's hard to keep control," Ren murmured. "And you can't wait to see what else she can do."

Hux hissed out a yes.

You moaned at being talked about, praised, wanted. You worked the hot, perfect length of Hux's erection with renewed passion. He rocked a little with you, not enough to gag or ruin your rhythm, but enough to demonstrate how into the pleasure you were giving him he was.

"The best I've ever had--the only one that matters," Ren whispered.

You looked up Hux's torso to see him leaning now on Ren, his pink cheek pressed to Ren's groin. Ren had his hand on the side of Hux's head and was slowly rocking his hips against Hux's temple. You squeezed your legs together as much as you were able and not lose your balance. You wanted to see Hux choke on Ren's big cock, spit running down his chin at being gagged, and beg you both for more.

Hux gasped, "I'm-- Don't stop--" His whole body tensed under you and then he hiccupsed out a sob of relief.

The first surge of come had you pulling back. You rested the head of Hux's cock on your tongue and let them both watch. His come was salty and tangy, almost like lemons. You closed your eyes as you twisted your wet fist around his pulsing dick. You felt him gush against your swollen lips. His come was sticky on your skin, and you swallowed what you could.

Once it seemed his orgasm was done, you sat back on your calves. You held Hux's softening cock as you caught your breath. Movement had you opening your eyes and licking your lips clean as you glanced up. Hux was running his slack lips over the bulging zipper of Ren's trousers, but Ren was looking down at you.
"Clean up your mess, General," Ren softly ordered.

You looked to Hux as he subtly fumbled to straighten up and bend forward. You eased the waistband of his briefs over the dark copper curls of his pubic hair and rested your hands on his knees.

He caught you under your jaw and pulled you up to him. He started by kissing and sucking away any ejaculate on your skin. He kissed your lips and then delicately ran the tip of his tongue over your sensitive mouth.

You sighed, surrendering in his hands, letting him tilt you this way and that. He was surprisingly affectionate as he kissed you and smoothed your half-undone hair behind your ears. You didn't know how you should react or if you should touch him back, so you simply enjoyed the attention.

Hux's hands were back at your bare breasts to lazily caress you, and you bit your lip at how responsive your body was to his touch. It was like he understood how your body would respond. If you didn't know any better, you would've thought he'd been studying you with every interaction.

Ren put a hand on Hux's shoulder to pull him back. "That's enough," he said.

You quietly cleared your throat and pulled your clothes back up. Ren went around the table to fetch your jacket. You realized how strong Hux was when he helped you to your feet yet remained sitting.

He opened his mouth as if to speak, but you put a finger to Hux's full lips to keep him silent. You knew he wanted to protest you both leaving. "Just a taste," you said with the implication that there would be a bounty for him later.

He nodded and relaxed back into his chair. Ren came back with your jacket, spread it open to help you into it, and smoothed it over your shoulders once it was on. He came around you, his hand trailing down over your back, and said, "Good night, Hux."

Hux nodded again and murmured, "Good night, Ren." His eyes burned—not entirely with anger, but with some unreadable, complex combination of emotions--into yours for a second as he said your name.

You heard Hux's thought: 'How dare you make me admit it and not give it to me.'

Ren took your hand and led you to the door. You looked over your shoulder at Hux. He was absolutely, exquisitely wrecked. His clothes were wrinkled and askew, his ginger hair more wild than you'd ever seen it, his pale neck bore your love-bite. You were proud of the picture which you had painted across his body.

"Thank you for hosting," you said.
Ren rounded on you once you were back in your quarters. He brought your hand up to his face to kiss and lick your fingers. You belatedly realized it was the hand you had wrapped around Hux's dick.

He lavished open-mouthed kisses across your cheeks, your chin. He gently sucked at your bottom lip and kissed you so thoroughly you lost your awareness of the room.

"I can smell him, taste him, on you," he whispered against your lips. His dark eyes glowed in the dim light coming from the open blaster shields.

There was an asteroid field below the belly of the ship. The light was golden and mellow in contrast to the cooler reflection from a green planet in the distance. The shiny, dark surfaces of the room hardly hindered the bouncing of light.

"Do you like it?" you asked with a grin.

He purred and kissed you again. He tugged your jacket down your arms while you pushed the hem of his knit shirt up. You skimmed your hands over his tight waist. His skin was smooth between the silky battle scars and so warm. He was a different type of smooth from Hux. Ren was a powerhouse compared to the wiry general.

"Tonight you were..." he started, but got distracted with flinging your jacket away. "You were-kriff, I don't have the word for it." He pulled you against him and ground his erection against your stomach. "All for me," he murmured more to himself than to you.

"For us. All of us," you answered. "The two of you together will be an unstoppable force."

Ren began to walk you backwards through the room towards the bed. His hands were like brands against your ass, cupping each buttock in the palms of his hands. You ran your fingers through the heavy hair at the back of his head as you let him guide you.

"I don't want to do it without you," he confessed.

"I'm not going anywhere."

His eyes seemed to dance and shine in the half light from the system outside. He walked you to the side of the bed and released you. "Get your clothes off."

You were more than ready to be naked with him. You'd been wanting him for what felt like hours. You didn't bother to be coy or seductive because he wasn't watching anyway since he was busy with own clothing. When you finally got your leggings and underwear off, Ren was already sprawled over the expanse of mattress.

You turned to him and your breath caught as he lazily stroked his cock. He bent a leg out and let you see him cup his plump balls. He played with his foreskin, moving it down and up again.

"You want me to do something about that?" You nodded at his crotch.

"Will you ride me?"

You sighed in mock annoyance and crossed your arms over your chest. "I'm doing everything
tonight, aren't I?"

"I'll make it up to you tomorrow," he promised.

You went to your knees on the mattress and crawled between his legs. He spread them to make
space for you. "You better, master." You gave him a wink and bent to lick the tip of his thick cock.
His huff of a laugh turned into a groan as he squeezed the base of the shaft. You rolled the taste of
him over your tongue. So different from Hux, yet complementary.

You touched the hand around his cock and said, "Let go."

Ren warned, "I'm not gonna last."

With a shrug, you straighten up to your knees. "Neither am I."

"He got you worked up."

"You both did."

You maneuvered your knees to either side of his waist and balanced yourself with a hand on his
chest. He still hadn't let go of his dick. "C'mon, Kylo, let go."

He shuddered under you as he did what you asked. You reached between your bodies and braced
his erection for you to slide down. Between sucking Hux off and them both kissing and praising
and touching you, you were wet and ready for him. You groaned as you eased yourself down onto
his fat cock, inch by thick inch.

You sat there with your hands on your thighs and just breathed at how delicious he felt inside you.
You looked down at Ren to see him with closed eyes, bottom lip between his teeth, and fists
clenching the blanket. You wanted to bend forward and soothe him, but you understood that the
slightest extra movement from you would set off a chain reaction he was trying to suppress.

"What're you thinking about?" you asked.

"Trying not to," he grit out.

At this rate, he was going to torture himself all night, you thought. You took a deep breath and just
circled your pelvis. The simple rotation of your hips had you gasping because you were so needy
for it. Under you, Ren choked out a pained cry at holding back.

"You know what I thought about while sucking Hux's cock?" you rhetorically asked. "I thought of
you messing him up, fucking his mouth with your big dick. I want to ruin him, Kylo."

Ren grabbed your hips to still you and sat up with a hungry snarl. He folded his legs in front of
himself and pulled you down tight against him. You mewled as his cock went deeper. He looked
up at you, his eyes moving over your features.

He growled out, "I want you between us." He reached behind you to press his fingers against your
anus. "I want us to fill these sweet holes and make you come over and over."

You closed your eyes as you imagined it and nodded. You wanted it, too. You could almost feel
those two sets of hands on you, gripping you, holding you steady as they worked your body into a
pleasured frenzy that would have you screaming in ecstasy.

Your wet cunt clenched involuntarily at the thought, and Ren ordered you to ride him. And you
You gripped his shoulders and rose up only to sink down a second later. You didn't want to feel him ever slipping out of you.

Ren's hands glided up your sides. You arched and encouraged him to touch you--touch you anywhere. You couldn't get enough of his cock, of his hands on you, of his strong body tight against yours. Your need was a buzzing fever, a thrilling sickness. You kissed him, sucked on his bottom lip, as you frantically rolled your hips.

It wasn't enough. You buried your face against his neck and moaned when the fever didn't break. His arms held you securely as if you would run away. You couldn't get away from this desire even if you tried.

"Get your feet under you," he panted.

You did and had to angle back to prop yourself on straight arms. Ren encircled your waist with his big hands and pulled you down onto his dick. The new angle and how spread your thighs were had your sensitive clit rubbing against his stomach. You could already feel your quivering muscles wanting to lock up with orgasm.

You rocked against him, pushing your aching pussy down on his hard dick. Sweet Maker above, you didn't know if you had the strength to handle what was coming. Ren suddenly snapped into motion and pulled you down over and over. You moaned and tried your best to move with him.

"Oh, fuck!" you cried as the fever broke.

It was too much and you had been denied for too long. You shook in Ren's arms and clenched your jaw as orgasm ruptured through you like a boiling geyser. It burned up your spine, and you couldn't catch your breath. Hot tears trickled over your upturned, sweaty face because release was a sweet agony.

Ren held you tight to him as he got to his knees. You collapsed backwards--your shoulder blades the only part of your back against the blankets--and grabbed hold of the fabric by your shoulders. He rocked you against him, driving you down onto his hard cock. Your cunt was clenching still and throbbing and drenched. His pelvis wetly slapped against yours until he seized as though he'd been mortally wounded and came with a broken yell. You could feel the extra wetness as his cock pulsed inside you.

For a perfect, crystalline moment, you both were still. The only sound were panting breaths and your own heartbeat in your ears. Ren's dark hair shadowed his blushing face, and the light from the port-windows highlighted the defined muscles of his strong arms and heaving chest. He eased you down onto the bed, his softening cock slipping out of you as he did.

You relaxed on the supportive mattress and allowed your limbs to flop where they wanted. You tried not to think about his come oozing out of you as you melted against the bed. Ren sagged over you and rested his damp forehead on your breastbone. He lay between your legs, his sternum against your lower belly, as his elbows supported his upper body weight.

You lazily combed back his damp hair from his face as you stared up at the dark ceiling. He nuzzled against your ribs and kissed the beginning swell of one of your breasts. You hummed and gave the back of his neck an affectionate squeeze.

In the morning, your datapad softly beeped at you with a message. You had been awake for enough
time to sit up and admire the distant planetary system. You felt irresponsible for leaving the blaster shields open overnight. Luckily, no one had attacked, and the star for the system was too distant to be bright enough to wake Ren.

You eased out of bed and got your datapad to check the message. It was from Hux. The formality in the note made you smile. You were to discard any gown design you deemed inappropriate as according to the spoken consort agreement. There were numbered sketches of dresses attached for you to peruse.

You were surprised with how covered the figure models were. You thought the first thing Hux would want on you would be tight and overly short, or slit to the waist. Or something equally as silly.

The only problem you really had were the shoes. The designer had a notion that you needed high heels with every dressy outfit. You'd never walked in heels. And why would you? You would've sunk right down in the sand with that type of shoe.

You were open to low wedges or pointy-toed flats or boots, you began your reply, but no high heels for now.

The one thing you didn't want to do as a new consort was embarrass yourself. Or Hux.

Then you were wondering about your lightsabers. None of the gowns had appropriate belts or pockets for your weapon. You mentioned that next. All the outfits were fully black or black with an accent color. You hoped the colors would be compared to your skin tone before construction, so you brought that up as well.

Within moments of sending your reply, Hux wrote back. You would have a full fitting and final color approval. If everything had your initial endorsement, you were to report down to Tailoring before 1700. The order would be sent planet-side, directly.

He ended the message by stating that when you were by his side, you were his consort--not his bodyguard. You thought that was all fine and good, but what if someone came for you? You had to be able to defend yourself, and the best way was with your weapon of choice.

However, you understood where he was coming from. You were a companion and a connection to the Force. You would have the same protection that he did when you were next to him. Also, you actually did have the Force on your side. It would have to be enough.

Ren woke as you were coming out of the refresher, ready for the day. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he looked you over.

"What are you doing? Why are you dressed?" he asked, his voice rough with disuse. He sat up and let the blanket fall into his lap.

"Good morning to you, too," you replied as you sat down in the lone armchair to get on your boots. You pointedly did not look too closely at him because if you did, you'd never make it out of the room.

"No, where're you going?"

"Down to Tailoring. Hux sent gown designs for approval earlier."

"Put it off. I had plans for today."
"Can't, and you know that." You stood up and got your Order jacket on. "The assembly of high command is in a couple cycles."

Ren slumped back on the bed with a sigh. You walked over to the mattress and looked down at him to see that he was pouting. He glanced at you and shrugged. You almost felt guilty about leaving, but a duty was a duty. He continued to silently pout—the only thing he didn't do was huff.

You sighed at his childish attempts at manipulation. "I'll be back as soon as I can. Go train or commune with your granddad or..." You gestured at the bed. "Go back to sleep."

"Kiss me before you go."

"No, because the next thing I know, I'll have my pants around my knees and some part of you inside me."

Ren eyes flashed with a febrile something and he stood up, throwing the blankets off as he did, and you backed up. He was gloriously, beautifully naked—he hadn't bothered with underwear or sleep-pants last night—and he all but took your breath. You looked away as much as your willpower let you. You walked backwards through the room, and he stalked after you with a grin.

"Stars, Kylo... I need to go."

You made for the door only to be caught in his strong arms. You laughed as he pulled your back tight against his front. "You are ridiculous!" you exclaimed.

He nuzzled against your neck. "Is Hux going to be there?"

So, that's why he was pouting, you thought. Hux could be there to occupy your full attention. Even if Hux were there, you had things to do at the tailor. It's not like he would be fucking you over a cutting table in the middle of the room for all to see.

"I don't know," you answered. "I doubt it. He doesn't know when I'm leaving."

Ren's insecurity was entirely unjustified, in your opinion.

"Will you kiss me before you go?" he requested.

You turned in his arms and laced your fingers behind his neck. He had the shadow of a beard starting and the space under his eyes was a little puffy. His hair was a mess, too, but you didn't try to tame it. The whole picture of Kylo Ren in the morning was endearing, and you still hadn't gotten used to it.

You got up on tip-toe and leaned forward to give him a morning kiss—ignoring any stale breath. He sunk into it with his hands on the small of your back. You pulled back before either one of you could get too worked up. You felt the beginnings of arousal coming from him.

Smoothing your hands down his firm arms, you pulled them off and stepped back. "I don't think I'll be long," you assured him.

He nodded, and you left your quarters feeling somewhat bereft that you weren't staying in bed with him. However, you were sure his plans could wait the little time you'd be away.

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You were standing an opaque scan-booth with no clothes on and your arms out to your sides. The
tailor—an older, poised man with immaculate steel-gray hair—had assured you that everyone went through the process of being scanned. It was more accurate than the old-fashioned way with a tape measure, he told you.

The scanner went up and down your body numerous times, taking all the measurements it could. It even got your feet, so your shoes wouldn't pinch. It was efficient and highly impersonal which actually made you feel better about having your whole body assessed.

When the scanning was finished, and you were putting your clothes back on, the tailor asked about your menstrual cycle. He explained he wanted to know about any bloating just in case certain fabrics didn't have as much stretch as others. He wanted to know where in your cycle you were.

You stood there with your legging halfway up your thighs and felt panic strike through you. Your bleeding hadn't started yet, and it was overdue. You thought of the birth control pills you had been taking. You had been faithful about taking them every night.

You put a hand over your lower belly. It didn't feel more jiggly than usual.

You thought about the slithery voice that had urged you to breed with Kylo Ren. Snoke had referred to it as Sidious. What if Sidious was more than something that haunted you? What if it could alter the physical world?

You cleared your throat and shivered away the fear of bearing a child in these times. You told the tailor that you were actually late. He tsked and told you to get tested in the med bay. Pregnancies happened all the time, he casually said. The First Order was very good about leave for parents, he added.

"I remember when the fallen Empire encouraged its officers to have children," he reminisced.

You finished dressing and came out of the booth. You must've looked troubled because he comforted you with an offer of hot tea and cookies. You nodded and heavily sat down at the central round table with fabric samples neatly scattered over it. The sketches for your gowns stacked to one side.

Within minutes, there was a steaming mug of sweet, spiced tea in your hands and a plate of plain butter cookies in front of you. The cookies—something you'd never had before, but absolutely loved—were a delicious distraction. Between sips of tea and nibbles of cookie, the tailor and you picked appropriate colors for your skin tone.

You hadn't known there were different hues of black, but there were. The tailor chose the appropriate black for each secondary, accent color. As he hummed and fussed with the choices, you had the intrusive thought that maybe all this would be for naught. If you were with Ren's child, you wouldn't be able to wear these clothes for long.

After everything was organized and sorted, the tailor sent you on your way. Before you left, he said that he would put priority on one gown for the approaching assembly. He didn't tell you which one, and frankly, you didn't care. All the gowns were beautiful—Hux had chosen well for you.

You were barely aware of where your feet were taking you until you stepped through the med bay's wide sliding door. A med-droid greeted you and asked what it could do for you. You sighed and glanced around the open reception area to see no one.

"I would like a pregnancy test," you requested as casually as you could.

The droid took you back to one of the available beds and told you to wait there. As you sat, you
tried not to think about what you would have to do if you were. However, telling yourself not to think too hard on it made you think too much about it.

A doctor, one you'd never seen before, came over and drew the curtain around the bed. She confirmed your request for a pregnancy test, asked you how long since your last bleeding, how many partners you'd had in that timeframe, and if you had used protection. You told her about the Ho'Din birth control, to which she nodded. She didn't seem overly concerned after that.

"I don't think you're pregnant," she started. "The Ho'Din's pills can sometimes alter a human cycle--stretch it out or eliminate it altogether. Have you been under a great deal of stress?"

Would killing the supreme leader of the First Order count as a great deal of stress?

You shrugged and replied, "Kinda?"

She nodded in acceptance and stood up. "We'll do a finger-stick test just in case. Shouldn't take more than five minutes."

The set-up took more time than the actual test and results. You weren't pregnant, thank the Maker, but you should start monitoring your cycle more closely. The doctor told you there was a med app for your datapad that could track everything about your menstrual cycle. She encouraged you to download it and use it. It would ease your mind in the future, she said.

You left the med bay with a little bacta patch on your finger and a sense of relief. You had never thought of yourself as particularly maternal. And now that you were training with Ren and his Knights, being a mother was the lowest of priorities.
"What is that?" Ren asked and pointed down at the bacta patch on your middle finger.

You densely replied, "Bacta patch."

"It wasn't there when you left." He paused and cocked his head to the side. "You feel anxious about it and yet relieved."

You stared down at the offensive little bandage and tore it off. You should've gotten rid of it before you got back. There was the tiniest dot of blood on the bandage. In any case, Ren didn't need to know what you had been worrying about.

"Why are you feeling this way?" he asked.

"It's nothing." You didn't want to completely lie--like telling him that you'd poked yourself with a pin while down in Tailoring--because you knew it was unwise to lie to a fellow Force-user. You could suss out lies easily enough these days, and Ren was stronger with the Force than you were. All it would do is cause a rift.

You went into the refresher and tossed the used bandage in the disposal slot in the wall. Ren followed you and stood in the doorway. You cleaned your hands of any residual bacta and turned to him.

"Tell me," he demanded.

"My..." You sighed and rubbed your forehead. "My bleeding is late, and I was worried. I thought... I don't know what I thought."

That last part was an outright lie, you admitted to yourself. You knew exactly what you had been thinking.

"But you're not worried anymore."

You shook your head. "No, everything's fine. Normal." You tried to give him a grin, but failed miserably.

"Why didn't you tell me? Do you not trust me?"

Oh, not this, you thought. You could see where he was going with his thoughts. It wasn't about trust for you, though. It was about not thinking about your actions and what they could mean. It meant that you had to be aware of your body, and you weren't used to that. The male partners you'd had sex with in the past had used condoms. It was safe and easy; use it once and throw it out. Ren was anything but safe and easy, and you understood he wanted you raw. You felt the same--for the first time. Maker, you couldn't imagine not feeling the heat of his cock when he fucked you.

"I didn't think of the possibility until today," you explained. "The tailor asked me about my cycle because of water retention, and I realized I hadn't bled. The doctor told me that Ho'Din pills can alter my bleeding completely."

"You went to the doctor."

"Yes, I had a test." You held up the hand that had had the bacta patch.
"What if you were?"

"Then the pills don't work for me, obviously." You took a step towards him. "Let me out. I want to take off my boots."

He didn't move out of the way. "Would you have told me?"

"Fine. I'll take them off here." You sat on the closed toilet lid and unzipped your boots.

His voice had gone hard as he asked the question again, "Would you have told me?"

"Stars, Kylo! Yes!" You kicked your boots off one at a time. They hit the sonic-shower wall with loud thunks. "Yes, I would have told you! Why would I not tell you? What the hell? Who do you think I am? Do you not trust me?"

You regretted taking your shoes off now. You wanted to get out of the refresher, maybe even the suite, because you felt cornered with him blocking the door. You stood up and pushed past him. You tossed your jacket on the armchair and then yanked off your socks. Darth Vader's helmet was out again, and you made a face at it. You wanted to tell the late Sith lord to control his dumbass grandson.

Ren followed you as you stomped into the private training room. You didn't know why you were in there, but it was better than the smaller refresher.

Maybe you could use one of the practice swords to work on your single-sword forms. Or beat Ren's skull in. Either option sounded good to you.

"I trust you," he muttered.

"Really? Because you have a strange way of showing it."

You pulled one of the swords from the rack on the wall. You spun the sword in a wide figure-eight in front of you. In the meantime, Ren had looked down and then out the port-windows.

"If the pills are not working out, we can cease," he offered.

You almost dropped the sword. "Not working out? I'm fine." You thought he had plans for you for today. You thought he wanted to try anal sex soon. You thought there were plans to bed Hux.

Ren took a step forward. "I don't think the added stress is beneficial to either of us. We have to remain focused."

You grit your teeth and nodded. "Fine. Go focus on something else, then," you dismissed him.

You switched hands and did another figure-eight. If he wanted to remain focused, you could show him focus. You were the queen of focus. Ren said your name, almost pleading with you, but you didn't answer. You grabbed another practice sword and got into the dual-sword first position.

With a sigh, Ren left the room.

He had been so adamant that you were his. He had called you his treasure. He had even said that he loved you. Then one little thing came along, and he abandoned it all. And it wasn't even a thing, not really. You had a concern--which was completely natural, you mentally added--and went to have that concern addressed. Said concern ended up being unfounded, yet he was the one who was shaken. It wasn't like he had to carry a child or live with the consequences of an aborted one.
You gracefully transitioned to second position and ignored the lump in your throat. You would not cry. You could hear him mutter to himself as he hung up your jacket and then kicked your socks into the laundry pile.

"No," he said as he strode back into the training room. "I won't focus on something else."

You lowered your swords, but remained silent. He was either going to redeem himself or dig himself further into the shit-pile.

"You will not ignore me," he stated.

So, digging further it was.

"You need to tell me what you're thinking. You've told me not to read you, and I try to obey your wishes, so you need to tell me things."

You blinked and shook your head. "Hold on, are you saying I need to report to you about my own body?"

"I need to know. You're my apprentice and my lover. If you have a problem, I do, too."

Yes, that was exactly what he was saying.

"It just happened at the tailor!" You gestured with the swords in the general direction of the main hallway. "I wasn't with you! I can take care of myself!"

"You should've come back to me! We could've gone together."

"So you could sit and hold my hand? It was nothing! The pills are changing my cycle--it's not a big deal."

His face screwed up because he knew he had no leg to stand on in this argument.

You went on, "And, anyway, the doctor recommended something for my datapad to track my cycle."

"I want it, too. I need to know." His hands fist at his side. "I want to take care of you."

"Well, yelling at me and telling me you don't want me anymore is not taking care of me."

He frowned. "I never said I don't want you."

"You were quick to take sex off the table." What else were you supposed to think?

"I didn't want you to feel pressured."

"I have never felt pressured to have sex with you."

You could see relief cross his face. You felt momentarily horrified. Had he thought you were forced into a relationship with him? Had he thought he forced himself on you? You could admit there were strange power dynamics within the different aspects of your relationship, but you had never once felt forced.

You dropped your swords and rushed to him. You grabbed his angular face and gave him a quick kiss. "You've never--" You wanted to tell him he had never raped you, but that word was a little harsh to use in such a delicate situation. "You've never forced me."
"In the beginning..."

"I didn't like you, but I was curious."

"I know." He silently admitted, 'And I took advantage.'

"I could've gotten away from you." You remembered him lying in the med bay covered in bandages and bacta gel. He had hardly been a faceless villain. If you had wanted to hurt him, it would've been easy to do so. He had taken a risk by requesting your presence. He must've known how vulnerable he had been.

He pointed out, "But how far could you have run? This ship is only so big."

"There are escape pods. I could have used one."

"I could track you down," he assured you. "I would've tracked you down."

"But I didn't run."

"No, you stayed for vengeance."

"At the start," you acknowledged.

He didn't ask you why you stayed now, and you didn't volunteer the information.

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Ren came back from the training center a mess of sweat and frustration. You could feel him from your cross-legged seat on the training room floor. He didn't say anything as he went into the refresher to wash off.

His plans for the day had been called off, naturally, and you decided to work on using the Force alone. Ren had said he was going to workout with Jeckhum and Kin Al. You had kissed him before he left, and he had seemed pleased at the time.

During your quiet time, you tried your hand at moving objects with the Force. You didn't make it easy for yourself. You didn't call things to you that wanted to be moved or used. No, you moved objects that didn't seem to care one way or the other. They were neutral, and they were a challenge.

You had managed to lift and move the armchair easily enough. You made the bed without touching any of it. Those two tasks had wiped you out, and you had laid back on the cool floor to rest. After long moments of quiet you had commented to Darth Vader that his grandson was an idiot, but you loved him anyway.

"That probably isn't very smart, is it?" you had said.

Vader had remained quiet, like he always had. He wasn't really there, after all. He never had been. If he were there, his silence said everything. You were foolish to have such feelings for a man you hadn't known long.

The man in question now entered the training room. You felt him sit across from you. Before you could open your eyes and see him, he spoke:

"I saw Hux while out."

That explained his frustration to certain degree.
Ren said, "He said he had given thought to titles and ranks and future plans." He paused, and you finally looked at him. "I am to be Lord Commander and remain Master of the Knights of Ren. And when he is emperor, I will be appointed executor."

You nodded, not seeing the problem.

It must've been obvious you didn't get the connotations because he explained, "We cannot pledge to one another until he has brokered a marriage of his own."

"I didn't know pledging was on the table," you said as you thought it.

You didn't understand the difference between pledging and marriage. Perhaps pledging was a dark-side tradition over the conventional marriage. No one had ever wanted to marry you before. Of course, you had never been connected to one person for as long or as deeply as you were now connected with Kylo Ren.

"It's never been something I considered," he stated.

"What if I don't want to pledge to you?"

Had he forgotten how your relationship had started? How could anything based on brutal murder and kidnapping be long-lasting?

Ren had probably never considered that you may not want to be tied to him for the foreseeable future. To many you were just a desert rat, and he was a commander in a formidable military junta. You could only be so lucky to land him.

You got to your feet and left the training room. Ren turned on the floor as you walked away and called you back. You ignored him and found the socks you had discarded earlier. You saw that your boots were set outside the refresher now.

As you were tugging on the socks, Ren came out and stood in front of you.

He said, "I hadn't considered it until Hux took it away."

"But now that it's gone, you want it." You sighed through your nose. "That doesn't have anything to do with me."

Ren crouched down. "It has everything to do with you."

"Yeah, you want to own me." You stood up and went around him to fetch your boots.

He reached for you, to grab your calf, to stop you from leaving. You shuffled out of his reach with a hiss. You pushed him back with the Force, and he landed on his ass a few feet from where he had been.

Your inner serenity was completely obliterated. Ren hadn't changed at all. You were still a prize to him. Love couldn't mask the possessive jealousy he felt for you. And you had been a fool to ignore it and allow your feelings to cloud your judgement.

"That's not--" He cut himself off. "I thought you would want..."

"I don't want to be owned!" you yelled. "I'm not chattel!"

"That's not what I mean!" he roared back only to end with a muttered, "I want to be yours."
"Same fucking thing, Kylo." You got your feet into your boots and zipped them up. To have Ren is to be had by Ren. You understood that about him. It felt acceptable when he didn't want to put a proverbial collar on you.

And he hadn't wanted to until Hux.

You slipped your Order jacket on and came up to a kneeling Ren. You put your hand in his wavy hair and soothed him because you couldn't blame him for being him. It didn't mean you weren't pissed, but you didn't want to hurt him. You whispered to him, "Remember, you're already mine."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Hux," you answered and left the suite.
Across the Darkness In Your Room

It was easy to track down your errant general. You could feel his satisfaction at sowing the seeds of unrest. You thought he was an arrogant little prick for continuing with an unhealthy pattern. Snoke apparently had indulged it, or even encouraged it, but you were no Snoke.

You didn't know how you would make Hux see that working together with Ren could make the galaxy shudder under their combined power. You felt it when they were together. A thrum of something always slithered up your spine when you thought about them.

You got to the command deck and were permitted inside the bridge. As the blaster doors irised closed behind you, you took in the surroundings. The bridge was hushed, but busy. Every crew member had something to do and was very much occupied with that something.

No one stopped you as you walked to one of the sunken stations that flanked the gangway at the center of the bridge. You stepped up to the edge of the deck and looked down into the pit to see Hux, with datapad in hand, conferring with an officer. You waited silently until he turned in your direction. You mentally urged him to look up and see you.

He glanced up and abruptly did a double-take. He walked past the seated crew at their stations and came to you.

"What brings you to the bridge, my lady?" he asked as if he didn't know.

"I need a minute of your time, General."

He nodded and disappeared under the gangway. You backed away to stand by one of the exposed support beams. Hux appeared in a doorway across from you. His face was impassive as ever, but you could feel his pale eyes study you as he approached.

"I would prefer privacy," you requested.

He nodded in assent and led you down one level to his quarters. Once the doors were closed behind you both, you got in his personal space. He wasn't cowed yet, but it would take nothing from you to have him on his knees. You felt the temptation to hurt him in your annoyance. Not yet, not yet.

You recognized that voice now--Sidious.

"You know why I'm here," you began the conversation.

"I can guess."

"Why did you do it?"

Hux lifted a shoulder. "He needed to know."

You snorted at the weak excuse. "Eventually, I do agree." You put a hand on his chest. "You made a lot of promises today, though, Hux. And each one had plenty of strings attached."

"Which string are you protesting?" he asked.

You knew he was expecting one particular answer, but it was the wrong one.
"None of them, actually," you replied.

One of Hux's eyebrows raised in interest.

"I don't think you understand me, or my relationship with Lord Ren."

"Please enlighten me, then."

You played with the placket covering the snaps of Hux's uniform. "Ren and I have a connection, and it is strong. And I think you're playing a game which you don't have the rules for."

You could see the muscles of Hux's jaw tighten.

"I don't know why you want to play the game at all, really," you went on. "I don't understand why you don't want us together. And I don't know what you think you'll gain if you break us apart."

Your fingers trailed down the placket until you reached the leather of his belt. "Together we can be remarkable." *Unstoppable.*

You pushed into his mind--uncaring if it was uncomfortable for him--to see Starkiller Base explode. Starkiller was part of the motivation. You could feel the muddled slurry of his emotions--pyretic fury, bitter melancholy, and gelid fear. He thought he had done everything right. He had learned from the Empire's arrogance. He had built in failsafes that had been all for naught in the face of the underfunded Resistance.

He blamed Ren. Ren had not stopped the destruction of the thermal oscillator. Ren had allowed it to be bombed. Ren had been too distracted with the Resistance soldiers in the forest to keep them from destroying five years of Hux's planning and work.

You yanked Hux against you by his belt and said to him, "You're better than kriffing revenge."

Hux didn't dignify your statement with a reply. You two stared at each other for so long that any retort would sound disjointed.

"Hux... What is it that you want?" You studied his symmetrically proportioned face. His blue eyes practically glowed in the dimness of his quarters.

"Many, many things," he finally said as he unhooked your fingers from his belt and walked farther into the room.

You turned as he passed you. You watched his lean frame as he placed his datapad on his desk and went to the port-windows. You slowly came up beside him and said:

"Please, I am your consort. You put me next to you for a reason." Beyond lustful curiosity, you thought.

"You're beside Ren as well."

"Along with the Knights," you pointed out.

"How do I know you won't further distract Ren, and I'll have another Starkiller on my hands?"

Starkiller was a blight on his pristine record. You understood that. Any more mistakes, and it would look like he couldn't lead. He could be assassinated, like he had done to Snoke, just as easily because of it.

"Then why put me in such a position? Why not take Lord Ren as your consort?" you asked.
He sighed. "I had considered it. However, his reputation is less than desirable."

"And I have no reputation."

"I wouldn't say that, but I can work with yours," came his wry retort.

You hummed to yourself, amused, as you thought of the stormtroopers' gossip. Blind, fearless, and powerful you supposedly were. It was bantha fodder. However, you could see where Hux might like that sort of mystique around his consort.

After a pause, he spoke. "As my consort, I need an assurance from you." He turned to you, and you nodded for him to continue. "You will keep Ren in line. I don't mind the romantic connection you two have, but I will have order."

"In return, I need one from you."

"Go on."

"No manipulations. If we are together, we can't have in-fighting. We have to be united to look strong."

Hux stated, "I will not withdraw the marriage stipulation."

"That's fine. It's of no interest to me right now."

"Then you two are open..."

"Nothing has changed since last night, I assure you." You stepped up to him. "We still want you. Even though you fucked up."

His gloved hand ran down your arm to encircle your wrist. "Will you give me your word that Ren won't be a problem for me?"

"Has he been one lately?" you asked.

Hux conceded, "Surprisingly, no."

"How about you? Will you give up trying to manipulate Lord Ren? Blaming him for Starkiller?"

He looked displeased and glanced out the port-windows. The light cut across his sharp cheekbones. You studied his elegant profile, the slope of his jaw, the way his ginger hair was smoothed back from his perfect face.

You softly added, "He wasn't the only one on that base, sir."

Hux's mouth tightened for a second and then he breathed out. He gave your wrist a gentle squeeze. "You're right. It won't get us anywhere."

"You have my forgiveness, but you'll have to seek it out from Lord Ren."

He looked at you, and you smiled with a small shrug. "It might not be so bad, if you're into that sort of thing."

"Debase myself in front of Ren--I think not."

"I did it for you."
"Last night was not-- You did not cheapen yourself." He thought for a moment. "You gave me a gift."

"I'm glad it was appreciated."

Hux reached up with his free hand and lightly dragged the black leather of his gloved finger over your lips. "I have thought of many pleasures with you both."

You didn't think all the pleasures were pure pleasure. Hux might like the thought of Ren fucking him, but he was no submissive. Then again, neither exactly were you. The future was going to get real interesting real fast with Hux at your and Ren's side.

"Come to us whenever you like," you murmured against warm leather.

He tilted your chin up and bent down to kiss you. You kept it soft like a promise. There was no need to give it all up yet. However, he pulled back before you thought he would.

"I have to get back to the bridge," he explained.

"Of course, sir."

Hux escorted you out of his quarters, and you parted ways with a brief nod to each other. When you got back to your suite, you found Ren gone. You checked your datapad, but he hadn't sent you a message. You could feel him out amongst the minds in the Finalizer, but it didn't seem worth it. He was probably in the training center, anyway, you figured.

You took off your shoes, picked up your datapad, and sat on the floor at the foot of the bed. You stretched your upper body over the mattress and called up the holonet browser on the datapad.

You wanted to do a little research to keep yourself occupied. You hadn't ever used the holonet before, but it was easy to figure out with the First Order's clean interface. You typed in any spelling you could think of for Sidious. Nothing came up.

Something Snoke had said, made you think Sidious was a person. What if Sidious was a Sith, like Darth Vader? You typed in Darth Sidious, but still came up with nothing. You checked to make sure there weren't limiters on the interface, but there weren't.

It was like Sidious had never existed.

You asked yourself if the Sith would actually advertise who they were. They had supposedly worked in secret, manipulating all sorts of situations from the shadows. How could they do that if everyone knew their Sith names?

You sighed and thought that it was pointless to try to find someone by their super secret evil identity, patent pending.

You decided to type in Palpatine. Kin Al had accused Hux of wanting to be like Palpatine. The Empire, and its emperor, were before your time. You had heard bad things about Imperial rule from your parents and later Lor San Tekka, but some people hadn't seen much change from one administration to the other. You only knew the Empire through their crashed ships on Jakku.

The results of your search brought up mostly impartial information. You read the facts of Palpatine's rule, his rise to power. There were conflicting stories about his death, though. The main theory was that he was killed when the final incarnation of the Death Star had been destroyed. There were some who believed he had been taken down before the Rebellion blew up the space
station. With that theory, the question of who actually killed Palpatine remained.

With a sigh, you pushed the datapad away and pillowed your head on your arm. You stared at the dark walls of the suite and thought that Hux didn't sound like Palpatine. Their methods were different. Hux wasn't trying to rule through pure political maneuvering, he wanted to rule through strength and persuasion and discipline.

Palpatine's rule had only been for twenty years. It was impressive, but not a lifetime. The Clone Wars had destroyed much of the faith that had once been in the Republic. It was hard to get the galaxy on a government's side when said government had to force them there.

Wouldn't it be better to offer citizens a better way?

At every step, Hux had been speaking with authority and passion. None of the crew seemed to question what he offered. The Knights had, but you weren't surprised by that. They were loyal to Kylo Ren, and Ren had seemed to butt heads with Hux in the past enough. And Snoke had liked it that way.

But since you weren't Snoke, you didn't like it. Together, Ren and Hux could claim the galaxy as theirs. The emperor and his hand--his executor.

You didn't know when you fell asleep, but you woke with a little start. You turned over and were about to ask if it was Ren who had woke you when you saw a black-shrouded stranger. You sat up and tried to back away over the mattress when you were stopped with the Force.

Because the black-caped man in the room was definitely not Ren. Your heart sped up to double-time when it you recognized the man as Darth Vader. His black helmet was shiny and perfect. He had a lit, square panel on his chest and black armor across his shoulders. He was so tall--taller than Ren. He towered over you and dominated the room.

You tried to catch your breath, and not whimper like a child, as you stared up at the visor of his helmet. What did he want? Why had come to you and not Ren?

"The hand cannot live without the emperor," Vader said, his voice distorted through his vocoder. You could hear him breathe. "And a hand is all the hand will ever have."

Before you could say anything, your eyes snapped open again. You quickly flipped onto your back to see nothing out of the ordinary. You let out a shaky breath and flopped back onto the mattress.
You were woken up a second time. It was Ren this time. He had been gone for hours, and it had been late into the cycle. You had shut everything off and decided to keep yourself occupied with your datapad by the light of the system outside the port-windows.

But Ren was here now and towering over you not unlike Vader had done. You stared up at him, rolling onto your back, and watched as he sunk to the mattress next to you. You wanted to ask him where he had been, what he had done.

He reached out and touched your hair, smoothed it back from your forehead.

"Allow me to convince you," he whispered as he crawled over and threw a leg over your hips to straddle you.

He was back, or still on, the pledge thing. It was pointless, in your opinion. You had been researching on previous reigns, other kingdoms, current kingdoms. Or at least wealthy planets who might be open to marrying off a young member of their elite to the emperor. There were many. You thought the banking guild would be ideal to marry into. Hux had probably already thought of it, but it was all a long way off.

Hux's plan must've been years in the making. He probably had contingency plans for his contingency plans. You would probably bring nothing new to his table.

Ren said your name.

"Why?" you sighed out and ran you hands up and down his firm thighs.

"Why?" Ren questioned your question.

"Why do you want to convince me of anything? Can't what we have be enough?"

He minutely shook his head. "But I thought--"

"You assumed I need that, but I don't, Kylo. I don't."

"People will talk. They'll think the wrong thing."

"So? If being Hux's consort will get them thinking I'm a whore, marrying you won't disabuse them of the idea."

"You're not a whore."

"And you know that." Hux did, too, apparently.

"That's enough?"

You could read between Ren's lines. He somehow thought you were above him, that you deserved all sort of honors, that no one should think ill of you, but you didn't think that at all. You were just a person. And the only opinions you cared about were his, the Knights', and Hux's.

"You're enough." You ran your hands up his sides. "Aren't you mine?"

Ren bent low and kissed you. He straightened one leg down to press fully against you. You
couldn't help yourself when you pushed your hands under his shirt. His skin was hot and soft, and you couldn't get enough of running your hands over him.

Before it got too heated, Ren slid off you and maneuvered you both so he was spooning you. Honestly, you mourned not being able to touch him as much as you wanted, but you thought you understood him. He kissed your shoulder and then tucked his cheek against your neck.

"Where were you?" you whispered.

"Aft engineering sector," he softly replied. "Not many people, easy to think."

"Kylo!" you gasped and slapped a hand against the cold port-window to keep yourself upright.

You were sitting astride his face. His tongue was licking at your clit, swirling around your sensitive, wet slit. One of his slick fingers was buried deep in your ass, slowly thrusting. He was teasing you, working you up, and all you wanted was him inside you. You didn't care where or how--just him.

"Give me another," you demanded as you bent forward a little to brace yourself against the clear durasteel.

Your thighs quivered from the strain. Everything below your waist was tight and trembling with pleasure. He pushed a second finger inside you, and they slid easily into your slick ass. With a moan, you dropped your chin to your chest. Having your ass fingered felt way better than you had imagined.

"Please," you gasped. "I'm so close."

With a dry hand at your hip, he urged you down. Greedily, he lapped at your wet folds and sucked at your clit. He drove you to orgasm with a controlled ruthlessness that you were grateful for. It hit you like a welcomed blow to the chest and it made you want to dig your nails into something soft. You reached between your legs and grasped at Ren's thick hair.

He moaned against your flesh and slipped another finger--or was it two?--inside you. His driving fingers had you rocking against his chin and velvety tongue. You couldn't stop your thighs from tightening around his head as you brokenly cried out with another beautiful climax as it thumped through your pleasure-wrecked body. It was too much, he was too much, but you didn't want it to ever stop.

"Fuck me, please, fuck me," you choked out.

Ren pulled his fingers out of you and somehow laid you down on your back next to him. You stared up at the ceiling as you tried to catch your breath. Your heart felt like it was beating a hundred klicks a minute.

He turned on the bed to lay next to you. "Spread your legs," he told you, and you grasped behind one knee to pull it to your chest. He pushed his slippery fingers into your ass once more.

"I can't wait to fuck this tight ass," he whispered in your ear.

You mewled and writhed on the bed. You wanted it so badly and you told him. You could almost feel the thick intrusion of his cock inside you. You wanted to be spread open and pounded into the mattress. You wanted to feel his strong hands holding you still as he hammered his big dick inside
Ren pressed his forehead to your shoulder with a curse. You looked down his body to see his erection bob against the sheets. A single clear drop of precome oozed from the tip of his cock.

"No more waiting. I'm ready."

He nodded and sat up, once again pulling out. "On your knees."

Your anus felt strangely open, almost gaping, as you turned over and got on your knees. Ren stacked two pillows in front of you and told you to center your hips on them. You draped yourself over the pillows, feeling vulnerable and a little nervous, but so damn turned on.

He ran a dry hand down your back in a caress that had you catting into the air. You felt him get behind you and you looked over your shoulder. He was slicking up his cock with lube while staring down between your bodies. His red bottom lip was between his teeth and his cheeks were a gorgeous pink.

"Ready?" he asked, and you nodded in reply and looked forward once again. "Bear down, it'll make it easier."

When you felt the head of his cock at your asshole, you pushed back and did as he instructed. His cock slowly spread you with its girth, and you closed your eyes at the intense penetration. Your breath seemed to be expelled from your lungs as he eased inside you. You choked on an inhale, and Ren gently rocked his erection inside you.

"Almost there," he murmured. "Fuck, I don't know if I can take it." He braced himself on straight arms on either side of you and asked, "You okay?"

You nodded and whimpered out a 'uh-huh.' Nothing hurt, it was just different and more than you thought. You felt full in the best sense, but also like air and his dick couldn't occupy your body at the same time. You pushed up against his hips, feeling the need to finish it, to take more of his length. Above you, Ren moaned your name and sunk farther inside.

When his pelvis met your ass, you stared out in the room in shock. You were breathing and stuffed full of his thick cock. It was good, and you were so completely filled. Stars, he felt bigger than ever. You could feel your heart as it pumped your overheated blood through you.

"I'm gonna come so fast," he warned. "You feel so good."

You swallowed around the lump in your throat. "Just-- Just go slow."

"I will." He lowered his upper body to kiss up your spine. "I promise."

He rose up and started slow and easy. You didn't know which felt better, the dragging of his dick as he eased out or the feeling of fullness as he pumped back inside you. Either way, you held yourself still to get all of it, every sensation, every inch of him. As his pace quickened, you found your breath matching it. You told him not to slow down, don't stop. Please don't stop.

You moaned and pressed your forehead against the sheets. You didn't know what was happening to your body, but it felt good and overwhelming and almost scary. Your sopping cunt clench down on nothing like your body wanted to orgasm or like it was on the verge of one. You wanted to pull your thighs together to put enough pressure on your clit to come.

You shoved your hand between your belly and the pillows to get at your clit when you heard the
chime for the door. Ren stopped, and you groaned in frustration.

"I'm right there," you growled.

"Hux's at the door," Ren stated.

"What?"

"He's... You invited him."

"Earlier, yeah. I told him to drop by when he wanted."

"Well, he wants to now."

You groaned, "Ignore him."

Ren was silent and still behind you until he lazily rolled his cock inside you. "You don't want him to see us? I bet he'd jerk off for us."

You tried to bite back a moan at the thought of Hux all disheveled and panting with his perfect dick in his hands. "Fuck, fuck, fuck. Okay, yes, just don't pull out."

"You sure?"

You snapped back, "Are you?"

He grunted, and you could feel him concentrate on releasing the door locks. You propped yourself on an elbow when you heard the main door hiss open. Hux was still in uniform--you'd never seen him in civvies, didn't even know if he had any--and he looked less fresh for his own standards. Which, now that you thought about it, was probably better than most other officers.

Hux was quiet for a shocked second and then stepped into the room to allow the door to close behind him. He hit the lock for the door without looking. His eyes seemed too busy taking in you and Ren.

"My shift ended," Hux numbly said.

Ren purred, "You're right on time, General." He raised up and got his hands on your hips. He gave you a squeeze in lieu of asking if you were ready.

You nodded and pushed your hand between your legs.

As Ren started fucking you again, you let out a pleasured gasp. You stroked your clit in time with his thrusts, with the slapping of your flesh, and climax was right there. You were right on that knife's edge of pleasure. Ren must've known because he roughly said, "Come on my cock, fuck, I can't wait."

You must've made some affirmative noise because Ren answered you with one of his own. You collapsed onto the bed as orgasm overtook you, it ran you down like an oncoming storm, it tackled you into such a keen ecstasy that you almost blacked out. It deafened you to your own voice. It made your fingertips numb. Your whole body shook from Ren's powerful thrusts. He yelled as if burned and he quaked behind you, his cock pulsing in your ass.

When you became aware of yourself again, you realized your cheeks were wet with tears. Your free arm was dangling off the mattress and that someone--probably Hux--was stroking your forearm. Ren was still behind you, his softening dick still inside you.
You felt better than you thought you would. You felt loose and untethered and floating. You grinned to yourself because you had just survived one of the more intense sexual experiences of your life. You had adrenaline pumping through you, making you feel as though you'd been through a battle.

You thought everyone was a winner. Your ass, Ren's fantastic cock, the pillows had seen more action than they ever had before. The ceiling had had a great view, you were sure. Kriff, even Hux had seen one of the best parts. Over all, victors, every thing/person in the room.

Ren gently pulled his cock out of you and collapsed beside you. You groaned at being suddenly empty and open, deprived of his heat. You turned your face to him, and his beautiful eyes widened.

"Are you okay?" he asked as he pet you. He studied your face and stroked your damp cheeks.

Oh yeah, crying. You had cried.

"I'm good," you rasped and yanked your hand from between your legs. Your fingers were glossy and sticky from your come.

You got on your elbows--pulling your arm from Hux's loose grasp--and licked a wet finger. Before Hux could protest or lean forward, Ren ordered him take off his uniform. Hux paused and scratched his nails over his palms. Ren kept his eyes on you, but you knew he noticed Hux hesitate as well.

You looked up at Hux and asked, "That's why you're here, right?"

"I thought there would be some negotiations," he answered with his hands at the collar of his black uniform.

Ren rolled over on his back and folded an arm behind his head. He ran the knuckles of his free hand over your side from ribs to hipbone.

He stated, "You're not here to negotiate."

You watched as Hux tried to keep his eyes from lingering too long on Ren's groin or your upturned rear.

"Then what am I here for?" Hux returned.

"You're here to get off," Ren sharply said. There was an iron to his voice you hadn't heard since you first met. It sent a shiver down your spine.

Hux looked to you, and you tilted your head with a small shrug. You knew he knew it was true. You rolled off the pillow and onto your liquid knees. He watched you as you sat on your heels in front of him.

"Please," you said. "I want to see you."

The faintest of blushes bloomed on Hux's cheeks, and you couldn't keep the wonder off your face. He was alabaster, carved by a master, to be pushed suddenly into humanness with that vulnerability of an involuntary reaction. Hux's eyes were a contradiction of shy glances and stoic determination as he slipped off his uniform jacket and undershirt. His belt and gloves rolled neatly underneath them.

Next to you, Ren rolled to his side and ran a hand up and down your back. You could feel that he
wanted to press Hux into continuing to strip, but he kept quiet. When his fingers trailed down the seam of your buttocks, you gave a little wiggle at how good it felt. You gasped as he suddenly pushed a lone finger in your ass. You were still lubed and probably covered in his come.

Hux let go of the waistband of his slacks and looked between your face and Ren's.

Ren presented his anointed finger to Hux. "Taste her."

You bit your lip and wanted to protest. The lube was strangely sweet and you were clean, but his finger had been in your ass. However, Hux leaned forward and sucked down Ren's finger while watching you. His eyes went dark as he took Ren's digit all the way in.

"Do you want to lick her?" Ren lowly asked. "Do you think you could make her come again?"

Hux's eyes closed with a slow groan.

"Kylo..." You began to object at the same time your cunt clenched at the thought of having Hux's perfect, blushing face buried between your legs. He looked at you as he thrust his finger in and out of Hux's mouth.

"I can feel it. I know what you want. I want it, too."

You bit your lip as you watched him pulled his wet finger out of Hux's mouth and trace the soft plushness of Hux's lips. You couldn't stop yourself from bending forward and kissing up Hux's barely-prickly jaw. You moved down to kiss at the hot, pulsing vein at his throat. Above you, he let out a breath and tilted his head back. Ren trailed his hand down your shoulder to the small of your back.

"Turn around and show our general what I've done to you," Ren murmured.

You did as he asked, lowering yourself slowly until your breasts were pressing against the sheets. Behind you, Hux whispered out a curse. Then there were hands on you, and at first it was hard to discern whose was whose, but it became clear when Ren laid down next to you once more. You met his dark eyes as Hux stroked a gentle thumb over your tender asshole.

You whimpered as Hux drew the flat of his tongue over your oiled hole. He kissed your flesh as his hands kept you spread open for his mouth. As he went on, he seemed to lose all finesse until he was ravenous and determined to wring any amount of pleasure from you. You reached back to put your hand over his, and he laced his fingers with yours.

You didn't think you could come from him swirling his tongue over the furl of your hole or even him thrusting his tongue into you, but it felt so good. You were dripping with his saliva and your own juices. You cried out when he pushed one of his long fingers into your ass.

Ren had been a quiet observer the whole time until you started to undulate against Hux's face. Ren reached between your legs and found your clit with unerring familiarity. You buried your face in the sheets and moaned long and loud. You were so close. You begged for release.

"Do it," he whispered as Hux gave your hand a squeeze.

Ren pressed hard against your clit, and you cried out as you climaxed. You couldn't stop your body from pushing back against Hux's tongue or your thighs from quivering or your hips from rolling. The hot cascade of orgasm had you sweating and swearing and clawing at the covers until they let you collapse onto the bed.
You brought your thighs together and let your calves splay out on either side of Hux. He trailed a hand down your calf to encircle your ankle.

"Kriff, even her feet are pretty," he breathlessly said to Ren.

Ren must've said something or given a signal because Hux backed away. You groaned against the sheets and rolled over. Ren bent over you and brushed the mess of your hair away from your face.

"You feel good?" he asked as he studied your face.

You hummed and nodded. Movement caught your eye and you looked out into the room to see Hux hooking his fingers under the waistband of his underwear. He maneuvered the cotton over his erection and folded the briefs after taking them off.

Hux was long-legged and lean, the definition of rangy. His shoulders weren't as broad as his uniform let on. His arms and chest were still defined, but not like Ren's. Ren was barely contained power, whereas Hux was the strike you never saw coming. You knew Hux was stronger than he looked.

He had a golden trail of hair down his belly which deepened to a copper as it reached his flushed cock. His milky skin was flawless--no scars, no bruises, no love-bites--something which you finally noticed as he moved closer the bed. He barely had any lines on his face. It was like he had been created and then stored away from sunlight and the harshness of planet-side air. Maybe that was what life on a Star Destroyer did to a human--it preserved them.

Hux lowered himself to his knees on the mattress, and you rubbed the arch of your foot on his outer thigh. Ren had watched him approach and sat up as Hux knelt. There was a brief moment that passed between them before Ren moved towards him and tugged him down for a kiss. You watched them with rapt attention because you hadn't expected them to look so good together.

They turned to you as one, and you cursed internally because they were both so gorgeous. Hux lifted your foot and gave your ankle a kiss before lowering it to the bed. Ren crawled back to you and kissed his way up the center of your chest to your mouth. You got your hands in Ren's dark hair to keep him there. You felt Hux lie down on your other side and smooth a hand up your thigh, over your stomach to your breasts. He cupped one mound and circled the nipple with his thumb.

You groaned and broke the kiss with Ren. He pressed his forehead to yours and said, "Do you want him to fuck you?"

You bit your bottom lip as you stared into his eyes and then whispered, "Yes."

"Tell him."

You looked over at Hux and met his pale eyes. "Take me," you said. "Fuck me however you want." And you meant it. You didn't know how you were going to do it, but you wanted Hux.

Ren kissed your cheek before sitting up and scooting back to give you and Hux room. You stretched yourself out and watched as Hux's gaze travel over your body. He reached up to grasp your chin and curled over you to kiss you. He didn't hold back like he had the last time since there was no one waiting for him. No one would question why his lips were red and puffy. He was greedy and hungry, as though he was finally allowed a place at the feast.

The hard length of his dick slid over your hip, and you couldn't help but roll against him. He pulled back and urged you onto your side. He spread the cheeks of your ass and thrust the hot shaft of his cock between your flesh. You leaned forward a little and brought a knee up.
Hux steadied his erection and pushed the head of it inside your ass. Your breathed out and pushed back on his dick. It was still overwhelming, but somehow easier to take a cock inside you this time.

As he eased in, Hux whispered to you, "Going to fill you up, pretty girl. You'll have us deep inside you--the only men that matter."

You nodded with a whimper and looked up at Ren to see him idly stroking his hard cock while rolling his balls in the other hand. He was sitting back on his calves and his meaty thighs were spread. You wished you were tall enough to reach him and not move away from Hux.

"Show Lord Ren how beautiful you are."

You knew what Hux wanted and raised your upper knee in the air as you looked up at Ren. Hux took ahold of your leg to spread you wider. He then slid a hand under your neck and wrapped his long fingers over your throat. It felt like a threat, and it had you gasping and writhing.

Hux whispered warmly in your ear, "Taking my dick so well. Look at you."

You couldn't help but close your eyes as Hux began to move inside you. His hips pushed against your ass, moving you forward, and you braced yourself against the bed. You wanted to feel every perfect inch of him. You could feel Ren's dark eyes on you, staring between your legs as Hux fucked your ass.

Hux made you arch your back by pulling at your neck and he buried his face against your shoulder. He murmured how slick you were, how tight and hot, how delicious, how good you were for him and Ren. He told you that they were going to spoil you because you were their beautiful girl. He said he couldn't wait to fuck your wet pussy, wanted to feel you come on his cock. All the while, each statement was punctuated by a hard pump of his dick.

"Want me to come in you?" Hux asked and gripped your neck a little harder.

You breathed out a yes and shoved yourself back against him.

He purred out, "And Ren's going to come all over you."

You opened your eyes to see that Ren was on his knees above you. His fist was twisting around his big cock, pulling the foreskin over the flushed head over and over. You reached up to run a hand over his thigh and cup his balls. He groaned and angled his hips down your body. You took that as a sign to let him go and curve your torso towards him. You wanted to see him come. You wanted to feel it spurt on your skin.

You put your hand over Hux's on your leg and stared up at Ren as his blush deepened. He snarled out a curse as his hips flexed and his cock gushed out pearly ribbons of come onto your chest. Behind you, Hux moaned against your shoulder as he gave a few more powerful thrusts. His dick throbbed inside you as his fingers lost their strength.

Ren bent down and kissed you hard. He sucked at your bottom lip and pushed his tongue into your mouth. He broke the kiss to lazily trail a finger though the mess of come on your chest. As he offered you his coated finger, Hux kissed the back of your neck. You sucked off the tangy, bitter ejaculate with a purr.

Hux gently pulled out and angled you back, your legs spread for him to caress down to your wet cunt. Ren slid down to lie next to you and to continue to kiss you.

"I think you deserve another peak," Hux whispered.
"Don't know if I can," you replied, rubbing your nose against Ren's.

Hux hushed you and ran his fingers through your slit, opening you up. You shivered against him and pressed your forehead to Ren's. In silent reply, Ren put a warm hand on your ribs. Hux teased you, learning where you were most sensitive, discovering how much pressure you liked on your clit.

When he had seemed to learn enough, he began to work you. His fingers were clever and deft, playing your body like an instrument. Your thighs shook at keeping yourself open. You wanted to move counter to his movements, make them more--bigger, harder, deeper.

"Steady her," Hux ordered Ren.

"I got her."

You felt the Force immobilize you and you cried out. You were at their mercy now, and the easiest thing to do was surrender. "Please," you practically begged and you didn't know who you were addressing--Ren, Hux, your body, the galaxy. You wanted to come, but your body seemed to be fighting it.

Ren drove a thick finger into your soaked pussy and pushed against the front wall of your vagina. That feeling of minimal fullness had you wanting to thrust back.

"Close your eyes," Hux instructed, and you did. "That's it, that's it."

With blackness as your only view, you could concentrate on the dance of Hux's fingers on your clit and Ren's finger slowly pistoning inside you. Your belly tightened as your chest heaved with breath. You were so close. Hux squeezed the base of his palm and fingers against the fat veins in your neck as he pressed a little harder against your clit.

Your head swam, gray taking over the frame of your vision, and you felt like you were floating. With fierceness, a tidal surge of pleasure hit you, rolled you, sucked you under to the bottom of a sea of ecstasy. You heard a scream, and there was heat enveloping you. You felt cradled and protected and loved.

You wanted to hold onto the feeling for as long as you could because it seemed that the future, at the moment, wasn't ever going to be as good as this.
Sometimes Is A Lonely Place

You heard the hiss of his breathing before you saw him. There were giant trees around you. You wouldn't have been able to put your arms around their rough trunks. Overhead, their lush green foliage protected you from the bright blue sky above. The air was peaceful and cool, but you heard his mechanical breathing.

You dashed over decaying logs and trampled delicate-leafed ferns to get away. The ground under your feet was soft with moisture. Between one footfall and the next, Darth Vader stepped out from behind a moss-covered trunk. You slid along the ground, ruining the bed of fallen needles.

Vader's glossy black armor and thick cape seemed dichotomous in the primeval forest surrounding him. You looked down to see yourself cloaked in your own battle gear. Your lightsaber was at your waist, but you didn't want to fight him. You knew you would lose.

"What do you want? Where are we?" you asked as you backed away from him.

"You're my guest," Vader replied, and you could hear the swish of air as he breathed out.

"Oh wait, he didn't say that to you," a male voice said from behind you.

You turned to see a Jedi of legend leaning a shoulder against a tree. He was dressed in shades of brown and had a black leather glove on his right hand. He was tall and lean with shaggy dark blond hair and soft blue eyes. You thought he was handsome, and the scar over his right eye made him look like the right amount of dangerous.

You backed into one of the fallen giant trees as Vader and the Jedi observed you. "Who are you?" you asked the Jedi. You were so tempted to reach for your saber.

The Jedi answered, "I'm Darth Vader."

"No," you said and pointed to Darth Vader. "That's Darth Vader."

"That is a life-support system."

"But he talked."

"No, I did."

"So, who's in the suit?"

The Jedi shrugged. "Me."

You looked between the two Force-users and shook your head to clear it. "Why are you talking to me? It's Kylo who needs you."

"I can't do anything for him."

"But you can do something for me?"

The Jedi gave you a little smirk. "In aroundabout way."

You growled. "Why are you talking in circles like an asshole?"
He seemed unfazed and grinned. "I must've picked it up from my master." It seemed like an inside joke. You put your hands at your waist and glared at him. There was an awkward silence as the Jedi glanced around the forest until he stated, "There is a war coming."

You huffed, "There's always war coming."

"You're not ready for it."

"Show me one person who is truly ready for war."

"You will die."

You nodded. "That's inevitable."

Darth Vader cut in, "You're not scared, but you should be."

"Are you kidding? I'm terrified," you admitted to both aspects of the same person. It was a confusing situation. Was this Jedi the knight who Darth Vader used to be? The more you concentrated on them, the more they felt alike.

"Not terrified enough," Darth Vader assured you and brought his lit lightsaber up in front of him. It glowed a stunning crimson like Ren's. However, the plasma of Vader's was smooth and controlled.

"What?! No!" you exclaimed and looked between Jedi and Sith as you held up your own lightsaber. You didn't want to fight Darth Vader. You wanted to run far, far away.

"You cannot run from war," Vader told you and started the fight with an overhead strike.

You blocked him and scowled up into the visor of his helmet. His breathing had hardly changed. You, on the other hand, were practically panicked. You pushed him back with the Force and vaulted over the fallen tree behind you. You needed to put space between you and the legendary Sith.

The Jedi appeared around another tree, seemingly to materialize from one sideline position to another. You stayed away from him, too. If he was an aspect of Vader, he couldn't be trusted.

Darth Vader leapt over the tree after you in a graceful arc, his cape flowing behind him like black wings. He was strong, stronger than Ren, and ruthless in his attacks. You didn't think that was possible. Perhaps Ren had been holding back with you all this time because he hadn't wanted to seriously injure you. Vader had no qualms about it, apparently.

You were barely holding your ground against him. His reach was wide, and it seemed that no amount of distance nor fancy footwork helped. He was relentless and calculated and experienced. Every move you thought of making he blocked before you could effectively employ it. It felt as though he had no shortcomings, no blindspots.

"Every opponent has a weakness," the Jedi pointed out.

"You want me to kill you?" you asked as you backed yourself against a tree.

"Aren't you trying to do that?" he returned.

"No!" You just wanted to wake the fuck up from this damn nightmare.

"Kill me," he dared you. "Find my weakness and exploit it."
You wanted to argue that he was Darth Vader. How were you supposed to find a weakness where hundreds had tried and failed and died?

You had to think quick. You had to stall him. You pushed yourself away from the tree behind you and held your saber diagonally out in front of you. You looked over Vader with his dark helmet and armor. You had to do something dramatic—something stupid.

You hopped onto the thickest, closest log and leapt high for Vader. You brought your knees to your chest as you started to come down. You aimed your saber between your feet. Maker help you, you needed to get close because distance wasn’t getting you a victory, and it seemed as though this was the only way.

He was ready for you, and it looked like he expected you to try to land on his torso. In a hasty decision, you aimed your feet for his thighs and your lightsaber for the panel on his chest. He moved to strike you through your chest as he pivoted to the side.

You straightened your legs and turned your upper body away leaving only your saber-hand out in front of you. You landed hard on Vader’s knee and heard the ting of cracking metal under your boot heel. Your lightsaber pierced through one of the rows of lit buttons on his chest panel. You heard him groan from inside the helmet, and he swiped across you.

You fell to the side to dodge, kicking his forearm as you went down. His strike went wild as you rolled to your feet. You assessed that you hadn’t gotten through the chest panel to the human underneath the armor. You had ruined one of his legs and did heavy damage to the panel, though.

It was a start.

You got back into position and knew you had to get at the chest panel again or the control/utility belt at his waist. Vader favored the damaged leg, and you could feel him gathering the Force for some kind of attack.

You gritted your teeth and reached out to viciously yank at his damaged leg. You wanted to rip it right off his body. You yelled and Force-pulled with all your might the durasteel leg from him. From just above Vader’s knee down came hurdling towards you. You sliced the metal limb in half as it came close.

Darth Vader fell down to the soft forest floor. His lightsaber extinguished, but remained in his hand.

"Finish it," the Jedi instructed.

You couldn’t hesitate. If you did, Vader would find some way of getting back up to destroy you. You charged at him and went to strike through the chest panel. As you slashed across the panel to demolish it, Vader hit your thigh with side of his now-lit saber, cutting you to the bone.

You screamed in burning agony and fell across his struggling body. You grasped at your injured leg and rolled to stab him through the face-plate of his helmet. The magenta blade of your lightsaber punctured the mask and small sparks shot from around it.

You felt more than heard Vader’s death rattle. You turned off your saber and struggled to get off the huge dead man under you. You flopped onto ground and stared up at the peaceful tree tops. The gaping wound on your leg was cauterized and charred from the hot plasma, but it throbbled in searing pain. You feared that if you stuck your fingers into it, you’d be able to touch your femur. That very thought nauseated you, and you turned your head to the side as your stomach roiled.
The Jedi crouched next to you, and you cried out as you tried to get away from him. Surely, he would try to kill you as well if he was Darth Vader. You expected no mercy. You gripped your lightsaber and were about to ignite it when he put a gentle hand on your forehead.

"You did well," he softly said.

"Wha...? No, he--you-- I can't walk."

He smiled down at you. "This isn't real, remember?"

"Then why does it hurt so much?!"

"Because you expect it to hurt."

"Of course I do! You ruined my leg! Does this make me ready?! Now that I've sustained grievous injury, I'm ready to face the horror of war?" You pushed yourself off the ground to sit up and roared, "Go fuck yourself!"

The Jedi sat back on his ass, his feet kicking a little in the air, and laughed. "I like you!"

"I don't care!"

He pointed at your injured thigh and exclaimed, "Your leg is fine!"

You followed his attention and saw that your leggings were solid again. You gripped your leg to find it whole. There was the whisper of remembered pain at the touch, but you were, indeed, fine. You collapsed back onto the ground and were sorely tempted to get back at the Jedi somehow.

"You are such an asshole."

"Maybe, but now you know you'll live through pain."

You snorted and stared up at the forest canopy above you.

The Jedi broke the quiet. "You can't stay with the First Order, you know."

"There's nowhere else for me to go." Though deep down, you knew he spoke the truth. There was no place for someone like you in the First Order.

"You'll die."

"Kylo will, too."

"Not from being in the First Order, but yes."

"Then how?"

"By losing you, of course."

Your eyes opened to the inky darkness of the room. For a moment, you were completely disoriented. You were on your back with two squishy walls of heat on either side of you--Ren and Hux. There were heavy arms over your bare stomach. You were nude under the blanket which covered the three of you.

It was easy to figure out which side Ren was on. You looked in his direction and desperately wished to see his peaceful face. You wanted to see him alive and softly grumpy from being woken
up.

How long would you get to see that?

You could feel the burn of tears as they gathered in your eyes. You couldn't stay because if you did, you would die. Ren had said he couldn't do it without you, and you feared he meant living. If you left, at least you would remain amongst the living. You could share dreams and visions like you two had had when you were training with Yideth. Or maybe he would leave with you.

You silently scoffed. He wouldn't leave the Order with so much at stake. Sure, you were important, and he loved you, but his life's mission was crucial to him. How could you compete?

Hot tears ran down your temples and into your hair. You tried to keep your chest from shuddering from your swallowed sobs. You turned to look up at the ceiling and took a deep, trembling breath. Before you could let it out, Ren kissed your temple. You let out your breath and leaned against him.

'What's wrong?' he silently asked.

You minutely shook your head and picked up Hux's slack arm to gently place it on the bed between you. Ren tightened his arm around you, and you replied with a no. He felt confused and hurt by your misinterpreted rejection. As you struggled to stand, Hux stirred awake and groggily called your name.

You didn't bother to reply as you made it into the refresher. They had cleaned you up, but a thorough washing was what you needed. You ordered the refresher lights to 25-percent after the door slid closed behind you.

You could barely make out the two male voices through the door. Ren sounded angry with his pointed tone. Hux was laconic with crisp replies. You hoped Ren wasn't ruining all that you two had done with Hux. You had the urge to go out there and explain yourself, but how could you?

You had communed with Ren's late grandfather, and he had told you to run away.

Hux wouldn't believe you. Ren would be crushed. There were no favorable solutions, so you stayed in the refresher to use the toilet and sonic shower. As you were running a comb through your freshly-washed, detangled hair, there came a knock on the 'fresher door. You knew it was Ren, and you opened the door.

He stood in the doorway. His hair was messy, but pushed away from his face. He crossed his arms over his naked chest, and you noticed he was only wearing a pair of black briefs. Normally, you'd want to touch him, but not this time.

You put down the comb and stared into his sloe eyes.

"I sent Hux away," he stated.

You nodded because you knew that already.

"What's going on?" he asked. "Are you okay? Did we hurt you?"

You felt the tears return and you shook your head. You croaked out, "You didn't hurt me." Sure, your ass felt used in a totally new way, but it wasn't exactly unpleasant. Your body was not the issue, though.
Ren unfolded his arms and took a step into the refresher. "Tell me. I'll fix it."

"You can't fix this, Kylo," you whispered and backed away.

"Tell me." His eyes searched yours for the truth.

But you couldn't give it to him. "We can't stay with the First Order."

"What's happened? What did you see?"

"I was told we couldn't stay. We'll die with them, Kylo." You really wished for some clothes now. You didn't want to have this conversation while naked.

Ren backed out of the refresher as though he knew your desires. He did, of course, and for once you were grateful he could read you. You went around him and got into a fresh pair of underwear and a compression top. It felt better to have some insulation from the cool air.

"Who told you we couldn't stay?" he asked.

"It's not important. We just can't."

"No, it's important."

"It doesn't matter where it came from if it's the truth!"

"So, it's the truth because of the source?"

"Why would he lie to me?"

"Who was it? Who told you this grand truth?"

You shook your head and sat down on the edge of the rumpled bed. You could feel the remaining warmth from three bodies on the back of your thighs. Why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut?

"Dammit, just tell me," Ren demanded. "Let me see. What if it was only a nightmare?"

"No, I.." You looked up at him, silently begging him to trust you. Vader had nothing to gain by lying to you. You didn't think it was Sidious. And it certainly wasn't Snoke.

"Tell me, or I'll have to look myself."

You scrambled away from him only to have your back knock into the shielded port-windows behind you. Ren marched over the mattress and straddled you. You grabbed his wrists to keep him from touching you further.

It didn't matter, though. He didn't need touch to get inside your head. You cried out at the invasion and mentally pushed back. You had to keep him away for his own good. Nothing good could happen when he found out that his grandfather had spoken to you, yet had never reached out to him.

"Please," he murmured. "I just want to protect you."

You thought it was the first time he'd ever verbally pleaded with you. He'd never begged you for anything.
"I'm trying to protect you," you said.

"I can handle it."

The vision flooded through your mind as if a dam had broken. You tried to push it back, to rebuild the wall between real and dream. It was no use, though. You lived the whole thing in fast-forward while Ren quietly observed. Before the end, the most damning part, the part that could hurt him the most, you tried to muffle.

A burning pain wrapped around your mind like a molten vise had been clamped on. You sobbed and shook your head. *No*, you protested. *Nononono!*

But you heard Vader's voice like it was the first time. "*By losing you, of course.*"

Ren was still above you for a heart-stopping minute. You caught your breath and realized how starved for air you were. You could feel the wet tracks of tears over your cheeks. Your nose was clogged, and you sniffed as you turned your face to the side. You couldn't look at him.

Ren kissed your damp cheek and got to his feet. You drew your knees up and hugged them as tightly as you could. There were fabric noises and movement that caught your attention. You looked up to see him fully dressed, with a ball of socks in one hand and his boots in the other.

He didn't look at you before he left the suite.
Sometime between Ren's leaving and the alarm going off, you had fallen asleep. You did not dream, and you had hardly moved from your curled position at the head of the bed. You hadn't bothered to turn the lights off. You didn't care about the refresher lights being on, the sex-stained sheets, or that the only warm part of you were your feet because you had stuck them under the blanket before you nodded off.

The alarm was annoying enough to get you up and moving. You got your datapad from the desk and automatically checked for messages. There was one from Hux. He sent you an itinerary. The command party (which included you) was leaving tomorrow at 0800. That evening was an informal dinner (your attendance was optional). The next day was the commanders meeting (which didn't include you), but you were supposed to take a tour of the facilities, planet, whatever, with the Knights and other non-commander attendants, during that time. If everything went well, a ball was being held that evening to celebrate the newly-elected leader of the First Order (your attendance was required). The day after that was another all-day commanders meeting (which, again, didn't include you). However, that evening's events included presentations and speeches (attendance required). The following morning, all command parties departed.

It sounded horribly dull.

You closed out the message just as another one popped into your inbox. Hux, again.

I hope this message finds you well. I apologize for not speaking to you before I left last night.

I just received notice from the deck officer that two of your dresses with accessories are in. There is also another small crate for you which I have to assume Ren ordered. I'm having the dresses sent down to Tailoring for cleaning and steaming. They will make sure everything is properly packaged and ready for tomorrow.

You replied with a simple 'thank you' and left it at that.

Another message arrived after a minute. It was an automatic notice of delivery from the deck officer's station. The second crate would be arriving within the hour. You got a pair of leggings on and tied your hair up. You didn't bother dressing any further.

While you waited for the crate, you looked up Darth Vader on the holonet. You found dozens upon dozens of sites talking about Leia Organa's true parentage. Luke Skywalker came by it honestly, according to some political forums, but Leia had withheld the information until a fellow senator saw fit to reveal the truth.

The name of Skywalker seemed to be the key to unlocking Darth Vader's Jedi identity. You looked up the two names together and found the connection in seconds. Apparently, it had been thought that Jedi Council member, and Republic Army general, Anakin Skywalker had been killed at the end of The Clone Wars, but he had not. He had joined the dark side as Darth Vader. He had stood by the much-loathed emperor for twenty years.

You looked up images of Anakin Skywalker to find a standard headshot of him. You stared at it as your eyesight blurred with tears. That was the Jedi aspect of Darth Vader you had talked to. There was no doubt. You saw that he had been a bodyguard for Senator Padme Amidala for a time, and the two of them had been photographed on her home world of Naboo. He'd had the padawan braid
at the time.

The door chime interrupted your search for all things Skywalker. You answered the door to find a droid with a push cart. The droid held up the medium-sized crate and beeped a greeting at you. You thanked it and took the crate out of its flat arms.

The door slid closed, and you walked the crate to the middle of the room. You unlatched the top, sat down on the floor, and peered inside. There were a few bagged bundles, a new tin of Ho'Din pills, and a little plastic container with a new belt connector for Darksaber.

You put the belt connector and tin to the side and picked up the largest bundle. It was soft and floppy, definitely feeling like clothing. The sticker on the bag didn't give you much of a clue of what was inside, so you tore it open to find a dark gray sweater. The weave was loose and the yarn was silky soft. You unfolded it to find it was a cardigan--just a lovely, cozy cardigan. You put it on to find that it was perfectly oversized and buttoned on the side.

The next bundle was much thinner, but felt like fabric. Inside was what you thought was a sleeveless robe. It was a delicate blue-gray. As you pulled the garment out, you discovered it wasn't a robe. There was a thick band of darker blue lace at the waist with three dainty ties to keep it closed. There was the same lace was at the shoulders. You shook the piece out to see that the fabric was diaphanous and just opaque enough to hint at what would be underneath.

You stood up and walked the garment to the mirrored closet door. You held it up to you to see that the fabric was gathered at the shoulders and waist, and it flowed to your ankles. It was beautiful and reminded you of Coruscant. You walked back to the crate to see a matching pair of lace underwear forgotten on the floor.

There was your romance of lace and silk.

Being reminded of those days somehow hurt worse than Ren turning away from you. It hurt beyond tears. It hurt more than being burned by Vader's lightsaber.

You took a deep, shuddering breath and folded the lingerie into a neat parcel. You crawled up the bed and drew the covers over you. The sheets smelled like Ren and Hux's cologne and sex. You fell asleep within minutes of laying down.

You didn't dream.

When you woke, it was quiet, and everything was where you had left it. You sat up and scooted down the bed to drag the half-full crate to you. The other packages revealed a couple of long-sleeved henley shirts for you and a pair of black sleep pants which were way too long to fit you. They were a little stretchy and velvety.

You tried not to imagine Ren stretched out with just the pants on. How the thick fabric would mould to his strong thighs and fat cock. The inky fabric would contrast nicely with his pale golden skin.

You didn't know how long you sat there. The mess of empty packaging and new clothing and dirty sheets overwhelmed you. You pulled your datapad in front of you and finally downloaded the med app that the doctor had recommended to you. You entered in the information you could remember and set it up for weekly check-ins.

You lay back down and stared up the ceiling for a few minutes before ordering the lights to zero. The lone light from the refresher illuminated the space, and you turned away from it. You knew
you had to pack and clean up, but you couldn't get the motivation.

You didn't dream.

The low dinging of your datapad woke you, and you slithered over the mattress instead of sitting up. There was a message from Jeckhum. He wrote that Ren had worked his body to the point of exhaustion and dehydration. He'd ruined the multi-pad dummy and broke practice weapons like it was the old days. Jeckhum said he didn't know what was going on, but Ren was not okay. He'd been sent to the med bay for fluids and rest.

With your heart in your throat, you clambered over the mattress and shoved your feet into your boots. As you rushed down the passageways towards the med bay, you straightened your hair as best you could. Hux met you just outside the bay's doors.

"I thought we agreed that Ren wouldn't be causing me problems," he reminded you.

You sighed out, "Hux, not now."

"I can't have my co-commander going off the rails. I need him tomorrow."

"You'll have him. He'll be fine."

"And you," Hux pointed out as he studied your face. "Are you well?" He took a step closer, eyes roving over your features. "We weren't too rough with you, were we?"

You shook your head.

"Ren made me leave. I didn't want to go."

"I know. It's okay. Let's just..." You nodded towards the med bay.

Hux adjusted his gloves. "Yes." He turned from you and strode into the med bay like the general that he was. The head doctor immediately led him back to where Ren was being treated.

You followed behind like a shadow. You listened to the doctor tell Hux that Ren had been given an IV of an electrolyte solution and a sedative. They expected to give him another two over the course of the next few hours. Hux thanked the doctor and stood at the foot of Ren's bed.

You came up beside him to see Ren looking clammy and wan. You thought again that you should've kept your mouth shut and your emotions under control last night. If you had handled yourself better, none of you would now be in this position. You knew logically that you weren't the one to blame. You hadn't made Ren train like he had. You hadn't asked for advice from Vader. You hadn't made Ren see what had transpired in your dream.

It didn't make it any easier to see Ren back in the med bay, though.

Hux softly said, "I do not understand the Force, but I know when it is at work."

You looked up at him and tried to keep the surprise from your face because Hux was admitting he didn't understand something.

He continued, "I know you and Ren are exceptionally gifted, and that there will be occurrences that cannot be explained in regards to you two."

"Where are you going with this, sir?" you asked.
"Was this-- Was what happened last night because of the Force?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this?" Hux bobbed his head in Ren's direction.

"This is his reaction to what happened to me." You let out a breath. "I tried to keep it from him, but you know how he gets."

Hux hummed in agreement. "I do, indeed." He turned to you and quickly looked over your shoulder. Before you could turn to see what he was looking for, he tilted your chin up and gently kissed you. "Go back to your room and rest. Watching him sleep will do neither of you any good."

You gave him a small grin. "General's orders?"

"And a little more." He stepped back and briskly made his way out of the med bay. He told the attendant at the front desk to keep him informed of Lord Ren's condition.

You turned back to Ren when Hux left and came around the bed on the non-IV side. You pushed back Ren's decidedly greasy hair. You wanted to tell him that you loved him, that he was a damn fool, that he had hurt you and you were pissed about that.

You had moped long enough. You wouldn't let him sabotage this for you both. You bent over him and kissed his smooth forehead. "You're an asshole just like your grandfather," you murmured to him. You weren't sure if that would be an insult to him or not.

After leaving the med bay, you went back to your suite. The main room was still a mess. You gathered all the trash and shoved it into the disposal slot in the refresher. You kicked the crate to the wall and got out the two duffles from the closet. You didn't know what to take, so you rolled up whatever you could think the both of you might need. You tucked Darksaber into one of your rolls of leggings. You laid out toiletries in the refresher for use in the morning.

You told yourself you were competent. You could handle this trip. You were strong with the Force. You had survived alone for years on Jakku. There had never been incoming reinforcements. You never had the backing of a military organization.

It wasn't an honor to see the First Order commanders. It was an honor to see you.

You went to bed repeating that over and over.

In the small hours of the cycle, you were woken up by someone collapsing in bed behind you. A large, heavy arm landed at the dip of your waist. You didn't have to feel out who it was because only one person would leave the med bay before being fully healed. You didn't bother to point out that he should be under the supervision of a medical professional. It seemed redundant to do so because he already knew it.

"I'm sorry," he whispered in a cracked voice.

"Damn right you are."

By 0800, you and Ren were on the command shuttle with Hux, the Knights, and a few nameless officers. You heard talk of an assault lander with the best of the Finalizer's stormtroopers accompanying command. Two officers at the back of the shuttle were gossipy, clucking chickens,
and you could just make out their conversation from where you were. They were looking forward
to seeing how a Kaletus was managing his hair color these days or if his mistress had finally taken
the dye bottle away from him.

They went silent when Hux came back from the cockpit.

Hux sat between Ren and an officer who refused to look at Ren or you. You wondered if he
believed the rumors about Ren's deadly stare and your ridiculous abilities. Granted, you did have
on Ren's old cowl and he was wearing his new helmet.

You and Ren hadn't spoken much after the morning alarm went off. He'd thanked you for packing
for him and finished the chore. He'd even gone so far as to carry your duffle for you when it was
time. There hadn't been much time to spare, so breakfast had been two ration bars a piece—which
were blandly meaty and chewy—and extra water for Ren. You would've rather had bantha jerky. Or
even better, a hot meal that included eggs and buttered toast.

You could feel Ren's agitation with not being able to speak to you like a buzzing fly looking for a
place to land. You purposefully ignored him and stretched your legs out as the shuttle jumped to
hyperspace. You pulled the hood of the cowl a little lower over your face and crossed your arms
over your chest. You figured getting in a nap wouldn't be a bad idea.

It wound up being a terrible idea. Ren pulled you into his mind the moment you fell into deep
sleep, and you wished you could be surprised.

You and he were in the private training room of your suite on the Finalizer. You were in battle
gear for a change and you suspected that meant something. He was outfitted in his own gear sans
helmet because he knew you didn't like it.

"I'm not doing this with you," you told him and backed away.

"I need to explain," he replied.

"You mean excuse your atrocious behavior?"

"No--"

"Yes!" you cut him off. "You hurt me! You invaded my head! You didn't trust me!" You charged
at him and fisted the canvas tunic covering his torso. "You want to pledge yourself to me, but you
won't let me do what partners are supposed to do!"

Ren placed a hand over yours. "I'm sorry."

You gave him a little shake. "Not sorry enough."

"It was wrong, what I did, and I'm sorry. How many times do I need to tell you?"

"Until I believe you."

He looked away with a pouty frown. "That's not fair."

"What you did wasn't kriffing fair!"

It was quiet for a long moment before he spoke. "I knew what Grandfather was going to say to
you."

"Then why did you force it out of me?"
"I needed to hear it for myself."

"Well, now you have. So, what are you going to do about it?"

"It's too late for me. I'm bound."

"To the First Order?" you scoffed. "We could kill all the officers on the shuttle right now and run to the Outer Rim. It would be easy."

"Would it?"

"I don't know. I've only ever killed one person." And you had felt righteous in doing so. You weren't sure if you'd feel all that justified killing unarmed officers. And what about Hux? Could you kill Hux in cold blood? Despite his destroying an entire star system of people, and at first trying to brainwash you, he'd been good to you since you'd come back.

But that was because you were important to Ren and that you had power. If you were an ordinary person, you were sure you would've been disposed of by now. Despite that, you were still ambivalent about Hux. He would have to continue to prove himself to you. Because you'd fuck him, and had and would so again, but you didn't trust him.

You had been trusting with Ren and look where that had gotten you. He had violated you. He had hurt you. He had gone on to ruin training equipment and land in the med bay, thus breaking your word to Hux and making you look incompetent.

Then again, you were incompetent in dealing with Ren. You didn't know what to do. He was a constantly ever-changing presence in your life. You loved him, but you felt stupid for doing so.

You realized you both had been silent for too long.

Ren reached up with his other hand to caress your cheek. "Stay with me," he murmured. "Let me change your mind about me. Let me... Let me show you."

"What about what your grandfather said?"

"Stay with me, and I'll get us out of this."

Your eyes opened to the dim shuttle. It seemed as though everyone was gathering their belongings. You pushed your hood back a little and looked over to see Ren's helmet aimed at you.

You wished you could see his eyes. You bit at your bottom lip and nodded. "Okay," you whispered.
You could see through shuttle's cockpit windshield a vast mountain range. Every peak was snow-capped and craggy. The damp tundra which spread out from the base of the mountains was painted in shades of brown and mossy green. There were large patches of creamy snow dotting the rolling plains. A quick-moving stream flowed down from between the mountain bases to a distant lake. The sky above was a cool blue with wispy clouds gently floating over it. The planet looked cold, yet peaceful.

You wanted to go out in it since you'd never experienced snow before. You wondered if it was as soft as it looked.

There was no time for explorations or further study, though. The shuttle landed in one of the hangars cut into the largest mountain. When it finally docked, Hux led the officers briskly down the ramp and into the hangar. Ren led the Knights out of the ship. You were a step behind and to the right of Ren. It was an honored position, as you understood it.

You don't know what you expected the base to look like, but this wasn't it. The hangar wasn't clean and polished like the Finalizer's. It was older. There were ship parts and wheeled containers of scraps at different stations. The oil-stained techs, pilots, and miscellaneous personnel stood at attention while Hux and Ren were greeted by an officer in a heavy black coat.

You thought that plenty of scavengers back on Jakku would give their eyeteeth for one of those containers. It would probably easily feed one person for a month.

The cold air coming in from the mouth of the hangar was brisk and a bit of a shock to you. It prickled against your cheeks and made your eyes water. You folded your arms in front of you, tucking your bare hands in the opposite sleeves for warmth. The rest of your body seemed warm enough, but you didn't want to be out in the cold for hours dressed as you were.

You felt eyes on you, and not necessarily kind ones, and it took all your will not to look around for the source. You figured it was natural for anyone to be suspicious of, and want a closer look at, a Force-user. Like Ren, you didn't hide your lightsaber. Yideth had hers as well, but it was amongst her other weapons on her utility belt.

You hadn't been standing in the hangar for more than a few minutes when the two groups were escorted inside. The warmth of the interior hallway was a relief. The hard floors were a smooth gray stone with pale veins, and obviously part of the mountain. The walls had been left a little rougher and tube lighting had been set into the stone every couple of feet. Some of the veins which slithered through the stone shimmered like crystal.

In the most orderly fashion, both parties were guided down a few levels via a wide circular stairwell that was cut into the rock and each member shown to a room. Hux and Ren, being commanders, were offered bigger rooms or ones with more amenities. You didn't get a look inside, but you were next door to Hux. You supposed that was an honor as well.

Your room was like the hallways and stairwell, gray stone and glittering veins. There was a serviceable refresher next to the main door. You were glad you were alone because you couldn't keep the disappointment off your face. You had been hoping for an old-fashioned bathroom, like the one in The Imperial.

On the other side of the main door was a wide closet with plenty of hangers, a bank of drawers
built in, and enough space for your gear when it eventually arrived. The rest of the room was plain, but comfortable. There was a cream-colored, two-seater sofa next to the closet. Across the room was a black desk, a comm/datapad built in at the corner, and a hard-backed seat. Tucked into the far corner was a single bed draped in thick white linens with a black nightstand next to it. There were no windows, but the drop ceiling was high and lighting coming from behind it seemed enough to keep it from feeling like a cell.

As you were taking off your cowl, someone knocked at the door. You tossed the cowl on the couch and opened the door to find a petty officer with a large cart in front of your door. He confirmed your name and started pushing other duffles and trunks out of the way. You assisted and took your duffle from the officer.

You thanked him and were about to close the door when he said, "You have a trunk, too, I believe, ma'am."

"Oh?" you asked as you slid the duffle into your room and turned back.

"Yes, ma'am," he said and pulled a medium-sized trunk from the lower shelf of the cart. You stared at the piece of luggage as he placed it in front of you. You thanked him again which was enough of a dismissal for him.

You looked down the hallway to see Ren standing next to his open door and looking towards you. He was still protected from head to toe. His helmet-covered face kept you from physically reading him, but you could feel he was determined about something. He began marching towards you, and you were half-tempted to scurry inside and bar your door. Damn the trunk, you thought, he could slice it in half if he wished.

When he was close enough, you said to him, "Don't you have your own unpacking to do?"

"I'd rather see my apprentice settled first," he replied and picked up your trunk.

You let out a breath and went back inside your room. He followed and closed the door behind him. You heard him open the closet as you hoisted your duffle onto the sofa. You unzipped the bag and began to unload it. You could feel Renshuffle around you and put his helmet on the desk, but you ignored him.

You placed a stack of underwear on the sofa and had to hiss Ren away from touching it.

He sounded exasperated when he spoke. "I've eaten your ass, I think I can handle your panties."

You rounded on him. "No, Hux ate my ass."

His face screwed up in heated frustration. "Will you let me help you?!"

"I don't need your damn help." You turned back to your duffle and unloaded a few more items. You thought nothing of the dusty blue bundle as you tossed it on the couch.

"It came," he murmured from behind you.

You threw up your hands. "What came? What are you talking about?" The unspoken question: Why are you still here?

Ren bent and plucked the blue-gray silky fabric from the sofa. The bundle unraveled before your eyes. You had forgotten that you had packed it last night. It had been sitting there with all your other things, so you had rolled it and shoved it in with the rest.
"Do you like it?" he asked.

You stared at the soft peignoir and nodded. "I do."

"Will you put it on?"

"When you deserve it, I might," you said and picked up the stack of underwear to tuck it in a closet drawer.

"I am sorry."

He sounded sincere, and you believed he regretted his actions. It still didn't change the fact that he had done it, that he had not trusted you, that he had violated you. And the stupidest thing was that you wanted to forgive him. You loved him and didn't want to see him upset, but he had wronged you.

"I don't know how to make amends," he admitted. "You're with me, but you're not."

"You hurt me."

Ren came up to you, and you had to fight your first instinct which was to lash out and run away. He yanked his gloves off and shoved them under his belt. He slowly brought his hands to your face. You let him cradle your cheeks in his warm hands, but you couldn't meet his eyes. If you did, you'd crumble like a sandcastle.

His thumbs stroked your cheekbones. "I wish I could make you forget it."

"I wish you hadn't done it at all."

He nodded. "Yes."

Ren leaned down to rest his forehead against yours and whispered your name. "I shouldn't have done it."

"I would've shown you if we just could've talked it out."

"It doesn't matter now because I didn't give you the chance."

"No, you were an asshole."

"And I hurt you."

"You did." You took a steadying breath and finally looked into his brown eyes. "I think you should go."

Ren kissed your forehead and let you go. You sagged against the closet doorjamb and watched as he got his helmet on again.

"I'm not giving up," he told you with the filtered voice.

Your stomach swooped with hope. "I wouldn't expect you to."

"I'll see you at dinner."
The comm/datapad had a welcome letter for a screensaver. When you logged in, a detailed itinerary and map of the base popped up for you to peruse. Dinner was being served at 1800 in the mess hall which was on the same level as the large hangar from this morning. You checked the chrono in the datapad--the only thing in the room which told the time--to see that it was almost time.

You went into the refresher to check on your hair and face. You had accidentally taken a nap on the couch after you had finished unpacking. You sighed and made a face at yourself in the mirror. You shouldn't have slept so long because you knew it would mess with your sleep cycle.

As you were smoothing back your hair into a hair-tie, someone knocked on your door. You turned off the 'fresher lights and opened the main door to see Kin Al sans helmet leaning on the doorjamb.

"Hey, babygirl," he greeted you warmly. Behind him were the other three Knights. They were all barefaced and looked pleased to see you.

"Hi, boozehound," you replied with a smile.

Kin Al chuckled and playfully snapped his white teeth at you.

"You're our first stop," Yideth told you.

"We're going for Kylo next," Jeckhum interjected.

You told them to get Ren while you finished up. You could've dithered until they all left, but that would be cowardly. You didn't need to avoid Ren. How could he earn your trust back if he never saw you?

You clipped your lightsaber to your belt and closed the door to your room behind you. When you got to the group, Yideth stayed behind to walk beside you. She didn't ask questions or inquire what had happened between you and Ren. You were infinitely grateful for it because you didn't know how to explain that Ren had freaked out because you talked to his dead granddad.

The mess hall wasn't a grand space, though it was large. The ceilings were as low as the hallways. Within the space were long, cream-colored tables lined with hard-backed chairs. On the perimeter were banquet tables with staff dishing out food for the officers and unhelmeted stormtroopers.

It felt like you were walking into a lion's den.

You had to keep reminding yourself you had the Force on your side. You had a lightsaber, for Maker's sake. You were the stuff of legends.

You looked at Yideth, and she at you, and there was a silent conversation that ended in barely contained giggles. You kept snickering as you went through the chow line. The servers were gracious and quiet and ignored the two Force-users who could barely thank them.

When you had a full tray, you followed the other Knights to a mostly deserted section. The six of you took up the end of one of the tables. You sat across from Ren at the end and next to Jeckhum. Ren filled everyone's glass from the communal pitcher of water at the table. You softly thanked Ren and unrolled your napkin with utensils.

Kin Al broke the quiet by confessing how hungry he was. There was a collective groan in agreement, and conversation started between bites. Jeckhum brought up an in-joke about a whole fambaa in the hole which had you looking around in curiosity. Yideth told you that it was Baltek's tale to tell. Baltek shrugged and began the story. His dry, dignified delivery made it even better
when he confessed to being caught with his pants down in the middle of a desert. He said that Nashi—who you'd never heard of and had to assume was a late Knight—had warned him against stopping. Ren interjected that Nashi was one of those people who would've rather stick her ass off the side of her speeder than stop for a piss break.

"Yes, no slowing down for Nashi-dearest," Kin Al agreed.

Baltek hummed in agreement and said that not only had their target's husband found him shitting into a hole, the target's pet—a strangely affectionate massiff—had almost made him fall into his own waste. "During all the head-butting and nuzzling, the husband took one look at me," Baltek stated as he solemnly met your eyes. "And said, 'Stop shitting on my property.' But I couldn't stop. The horrible stew I had at Shank's wouldn't let me. Everything was Fambaa Surprise."

"Shank's got what you need! Serving the 'Rim since 14!" Jeckhum and Kin Al sang the restaurant's jingle.

Baltek stared into the distance. "I hate fambaa."

You were about to ask if Baltek had had to come back the next day or had he taken care of everything with his pants around his ankles when a commander came up to the table. You looked at Ren to find him already aware of the approaching officer. The officer was blandly good-looking with thick wavy blond hair and long features. Even his green eyes—which should've been striking—were forgettable.

The commander practically clicked his heels as he gave a small bow to the table. "Lord Ren, Knights, pardon my intrusion, but I have a situation."

You put your fork down and dreaded what was going to come out of the commander's mouth.

"Commander Reddik," Ren replied and gently slid his tray away from him. "What's the situation?"

"I had a communication with my lieutenant on the Harbinger that there seems to have been an attack on one of the mining guild's transports. The reports he relayed described something bizarre—perhaps something relating..." He leaned forward. "To Jedi."

"And General Hux referred you to me," Ren summed up.

The commander nodded. "He did."

Ren nodded more to himself than anyone and looked around the table. The Knights were still and ready for orders. You met his eyes and subtly raised an eyebrow. He looked back up at Reddik and said, "We'll meet you at 1900 for a full report."

"Where would you like to meet?"

"Doesn't matter, we'll find you."

The commander left after another bow. Yideth frowned and stated, "Bad luck--I wasn't eating with my left hand."

"You can't come with us," Ren told you in the deserted hall just outside the all-personnel lounge near the mess hall. You saw that the Knights had noticed that you and Ren had fallen behind, but they granted you privacy and went into the lounge without you.
You came close to him to murmur, "What do you mean?"

"Go back to your room."

"What? Why?" Was he implying you couldn't handle it? Sure, you were untested, but you could contribute. Maybe instead of killing anyone, you could talk them into joining because the more Force-users on your side, the better.

"I don't want to put you in danger."

"What about you?"

"I can do this. This is what the Knights are for."

"To hunt down your own kind?" you hissed up at him. "Don't you see, Snoke is dead. You don't have to continue to do his bidding."

"The Jedi will rise to throw the galaxy into chaos again," Ren replied.

You sighed and shook your head. "Not called the First Order for nothing, huh?"

Ren nodded in agreement. "Stay with Hux. It'll be much safer for you."

"I don't like this, Kylo."

"I know." He tentatively reached out as if you would back away. When you didn't, he caressed the side of your face. You leaned into his touch before stepping away.

When you got back to your room, you found there was a message waiting on the datapad. It was advising all personnel who needed appearance management assistance before tomorrow night's ball to schedule an appointment. You followed the instructions for an appointment because you had no idea what to do or what would be expected with your look. You guessed that bare-faced with your hair pulled back wouldn't be acceptable.

You were Hux's consort, after all.

You hadn't even opened the dress trunk to see which dresses you had with you, in any case. It now seemed unimportant in light of the Knights being potentially sent off. Because you were sure that whatever was going on would be handed over to them to deal with.

And you didn't feel good about it. It wasn't just them going after Force-sensitive people. There was something larger at work, but you couldn't figure out what.

So, you paced for a time. You sat at the desk and looked at everything on the datapad. You walked a circuit from main door to nightstand. You rearranged the closet. As you were about to open the dress trunk, a knock came from the main door.

You closed the closet and opened the main door to see Ren. You stepped aside to allow him entrance and shut the door behind him. When you turned, you saw that he was taking off his belt and laying it on the desk. You wanted to protest that sex was not happening, but he didn't bother to go any further. He sprawled on the small couch and looked up at you.

"Sit with me," he requested.

You took a page out of his book and untied your belt. You coiled the leather next to his and crossed the room to sit next to him. He offered you his hand once you were settled, and you laced your
Ren began the conversation. "The Knights leave tonight."

"What about the voting?"

"I've already put in my vote."

"What about the ball?"

"I'm not one for parties."

"What about me?"

"I'll come back to you."

You stared down at your lap. "Are you really going to kill Force-sensitive people?"

"If I need to," he admitted.

"Can't you... get them on your side?"

"You know I'm not terribly persuasive."

"Then let me come. I can try."

He shook his head. "You're Hux's consort. You're needed here."

"But I was your apprentice first."

"Then as your master, I'm telling you you can't come."

"How come you sound like the reasonable one now?" you half-teased.

He didn't take the bait. "Because I'm thinking of us first."

Well, shit, you thought. How could you be angry now? "Dammit, I want to be mad at you."

"No, you don't." He turned towards you, tilting your face up as he bent low to kiss you.

You wanted to keep the barrier up between you, but you couldn't in light of his leaving. You found yourself in his lap and utterly desperate to kiss him into submission. Instead of grasping hands pulling at your clothes, you found Ren holding you close--a gentle hand holding the back of your head.

You wanted to beg him to stay. You wanted to say that you'd do anything to keep him in your room. You'd agree to marry if he'd just stay.

He pulled back with a dazed look on his face. "That's not fair," he murmured.

"You know I'm not terribly fair-minded."

"Kriff, you bitch," he affectionately said and kissed you again.

You couldn't help but laugh into the kiss. That was a low blow, even for you. You knew how bad he wanted you like that.
"I love that you play dirty," he whispered.

"When you come back, I'll prove just how dirty I can get."

He grinned. "You're making me want to stay."

"That's the point, you dweezer."

He groaned and pushed his face into your loose robes. You ran your hands through his thick hair in reply. He grumbled about how good you smelled right before a knock at the door interrupted.

"Master Kylo?" Yideth said through the door. "It's almost time."

Your throat closed up and you slid off his lap to stand up. With a shaky breath, you walked over to the desk and got his belt. As you turned, he stood and held his arm out to the side for you to secure the leather once more around his tight waist. When you clicked the belt closed, Ren gathered you close.

"It'll be okay," he said into your hair.

You nodded and looked up at him. He gently crooned a *shh* at you and kissed you hard. You gave as good as you got until he tore himself away and forced you back. You knew this was it.

He stared into your eyes and silently demanded you hear him. "I love you."

You nodded again. "Yeah... Yes." Your eyes burned with tears, and you whispered, "I love you, too."

Ren left you there, standing in the middle of your empty room.
The next morning found you brittle. You got up with the alarm and showered. You put on fresh undergarments and leggings. You got on your boots and robes, cowl and lightsaber. To all the world, you presented the image of self-contained strength.

You quietly walked to the mess hall for breakfast with your cowl weighing on your shoulders. You ate your food without tasting much of it. You listened to the non-commandant officers talk. You found you had nothing to contribute to any conversation around you. Your lips would only hold the memory of Ren's kisses.

Last night, you had felt him leave the base. It left a hole in your chest as though someone had punctured your ribs and had taken precious bits out of you. You didn't think you'd ever get used to the feeling of being separated from Kylo Ren.

You resented it, but you yearned for him still.

You dumped your empty meal tray at the kitchen's washing ledge. There was still time before the facility tour, so you walked into the deserted lounge. You hadn't gotten to see it last night, and you found you hadn't missed much. There were groupings of armchairs and couches in the large space. There were a few gaming tables. On the walls were safety posters, an announcement board, and First Order flags.

The far wall was completely windows overlooking the sun-dappled tundra, though. The windows were shaded by a natural outcropping of stone. You rushed over to look your fill. It was peaceful, and you let out a breath you hadn't realized you'd been holding.

You stood there and watched as the new-green grass flowed like fabric in the wind. The small fluffy clouds floated in the crisp blue sky. The mountains beyond were stoic sentries guarding it all for you.

It was easy to feel centered with such a view in front of you. Your eyes went out of focus until you shifted your attention to another element beyond the windows. Without meaning to, you felt Ren's presence as though he were standing next to you. You put your hand on your chest and focused on it--the weight, the heat, of it.

In reply, you could feel fingers at the base of your skull. A warm palm was under your robes, pressing at the side of your neck.

You closed your eyes and smiled to yourself.

"My lady?"

You turned to see one of the base's officers a few feet away from you. You hadn't heard her come in at all. Some powerful Force-user you were.

"The tour is starting in five minutes," the officer told you. "If you'd like to come with me, I'll show you the way."

You thanked her and followed her out of the lounge, pulling your hood up as you did. There was a
queue lined up to get down the main spiral stairs. Once at the bottom of the stairwell, the large group was led to multiple platform speeders inside a vast underground hangar/warehouse.

Once the tour started, you ignored most of what the enthusiastic guide for your speeder was saying. You stared over the weapons, the half-built ship parts, the huge crates, and busy personnel. The First Order was definitely ready for war. You wondered if the organization was more relaxed now that Snoke was dead. Did they mourn him? Were they curious as to who had killed him? You hadn't heard any rumors about his death, but you didn't get out much. You'd never asked how Hux had explained away Snoke's death.

The tour went on for hours--alternating between speeder and walking--with only a break for a quick lunch. You brought up the rear of the group as often as you could seeing as you didn't want the officers staring at your back the whole time. Some glanced back at you when the guide explained the use of kyber crystal in the turbolaser weapons. Like you would feel one way or another about them using the stone for faster recharging.

It tickled you that you probably made some of them nervous from back where you were. If any of them spoke out of turn, you could ignite your lightsaber and take a head. You wouldn't, but the idea was fun.

When the tour wound down, it was 1500, and you were tired of walking while trying to look not-bored. How were you supposed to attend a ball with your feet complaining the whole time? You had four hours to get ready and most of that time you wanted to sleep the damn tour off.

The hallway to your room was the longest hallway in recorded history, you were sure. Once inside your room, you took off your cowl, belt, and boots. You groaned as you laid back on the small sofa.

A knock at your door roused you. You didn't remember falling asleep. You rolled off the sofa and stumbled to the main door. Hux was waiting for you on the other side.

You rubbed the sleep from your eyes and stepped back for him to enter. He gave you an indulgent look and stepped inside.

As you closed the door, you asked, "Am I taking heads or did the commandant make a wise decision?"

"A wise decision, as expected," he answered with a pleased smirk as he ran his gloved hand over the cowl which you'd draped over the back of the desk chair.

You snorted. "Congratulations, sir."

"I didn't do it alone." He slowly made his way closer. "With the Knights to loan out as I see fit and you at my side, we are a force to be reckoned with."

"Glad to be of service."

Hux hummed in acknowledgement. "Ren told me before he departed that you were displeased you had been left behind."

You couldn't tell Hux that you hadn't wanted Ren to go because you didn't want him to kill Force-sensitive people. That would throw your loyalty into question with Hux. You needed him to trust you. Which was probably why Ren had gone without protest because it would've roused suspicion if he hadn't.
"I didn't want me to be the only Force-user at your side," you explained. "I didn't want all of us to be separated at such a delicate time."

"Yes, he said as much." Hux was now close enough to touch.

You gambled and threw out an idea. "Also, I don't see why we can't try to bring Force-sensitive people in instead of killing them."

Just because Ren was opposed didn't mean that Hux would be. If you and Ren were throwing your lot in with Hux, Ren would have to listen to him.

Hux's jaw tightened for the briefest of moments, and you feared you might have overstepped. He asked, "Have you heard of Ren's nickname? They call him The Last Jedi Hunter."

"He didn't kill me," you pointed out. You felt you had to brazen your way out of this.

"A fact which I am most grateful for." Hux reached out and ran his fingers down your open outer robe.

You looked down at his hand and then up at him through your eyelashes. You put a little husk in your voice. "You know, a hunter doesn't equal a killer."

"Is that what you want to do? Hunt Jedi down, bring them in for reconditioning?"

"It's better than wasting them," you said with a shrug.

His face didn't soften. "I wonder who they'd be loyal to? Me? Ren? You?"

"Hux, come on," you said with a sigh and gave up. "I'm your consort."

"You are," he agreed, his tone lightening as he continued, "My apologies. I've been arguing all day."

"I'm not the enemy. I'm on your side."

He shook his head. "You're right, my beautiful girl." He gave your outer robe a weak tug.

You took it as indication that he wanted closeness. You were happy to oblige despite his being a jerk. You knew that he couldn't help it, it was just his prickly nature. You wrapped your arms around his lean waist and breathed in his cologne. He put an arm around your shoulder and a hand on the back of your neck.

"I'm sorry for being unpleasant. You deserve better." He stroked your hair. "I will show you how appreciative I truly am."

You grinned up at him. "I look forward to that, Gen-- Admiral."

"I like the sound of that," he softly said. You could feel how pleased he was. An elusive piece had locked perfectly, snugly into the puzzle.

You watched him lick his bottom lip and thought about kissing him. You didn't think Ren would mind if you did. Maybe it would ease that little bit of emptiness you felt. Before you could raise up on tip-toe to do just that, there came a knock on the main door with the announcement of a protocol droid to assist you.

You were really starting to hate being interrupted by a knock on your door.
Hux released you and went around to answer the door. The droid greeted him and asked for you. You called that you were present. The droid waddle-walked its way in with a cart full of beauty supplies and Hux followed.

"I'll see you at 1900," Hux told you and left before you could reply.

You stared at yourself in the refresher mirror and almost laughed in delight. Your hair was sleek and glossy, but looked naturally glamorous. The droid had left it down to go with your simple gown. Your locks were softer than you had ever felt them and smelled like velanie blossoms.

Your face was flawless after the tinted creams the droid had sponged onto your skin. There was blusher on the apples of your cheeks. You had a sheer red gloss on your lips which made them look smooth and luscious and so kissable. Your eyes were lined in with soft black and your eyelids had a gradient from iridescent black to cool brown to a pale gold that reflected a slate blue when you moved just right.

You were an exotic flower--bewitching and deadly.

Your sleeveless, straight, open-sided gown was dual-layered. The layer next to your skin was blood-red lace with an interlocking feather pattern. The outer layer was jet black silk. It all flowed around you with the grace of water. There were wide silk ties at your lower hip to keep the dress from whipping open when you moved.

At first, you'd been self-conscious because you certainly couldn't wear underwear with such a gown. However, the more you studied yourself, the more you liked it. The neckline cut straight across the base of your throat and offered you a bit of modesty. The gown itself wasn't form-fitting, so it spilled over your shoulders to your breasts and then down to the floor.

On your feet were red sandals that went up your calves in a ladder of leather. They had a little wedge heel and zipped up the back. You recalled that initially they were going to be high heels, but the designer had accommodated your request of nothing over two-inches.

The last thing to get on were your black opera-length gloves. They were made of the softest, thinnest leather you'd ever felt. You slid them on and buttoned up the little keyhole on the inside of each wrist.

You looked at the chrono on the datapad and found it was three minutes past 1900. You didn't want to wait around for Hux or one of his officers to fetch you, so you turned off the lights and left your room.

It was time to face the First Order.

Chapter End Notes

Here's what inspired the gown: Ann Demeulemeester, Autumn/Winter 2015
As you took the first step towards Hux's door, it opened as if he knew you were coming. You stopped and watched him exit his suite. Hux looked regal as he stepped into the hallway while adjusting his black gloves. His dress uniform was black like his daily, but the similarities stopped there. The hip-length double-breasted jacket had silver epaulets on the shoulder and matching stiff banded collar. There were multiple silver-trimmed red bands on the the wrists of the jacket. Across his chest lay a red sash with the First Order emblem embroidered on it and a simple black belt with rectangular silver buckle securing it to his torso. His slacks were slim-fitting with red piping at the side seams and were tucked into shiny knee-high black boots. Over his left shoulder was a black floor-length shoulder cape which belted across his chest. The collar of the cape was wide and trimmed in red, and the lining was a rich red satin.

He was the epitome of a commander with his perfectly coiffed ginger hair and handsome face.

There were two officers trailing after him, tapping on their respective datapads and giving him updates on the celebration proceedings. He turned in your direction and took a step before looking up. As he noticed you, he stopped, and the officers behind him almost ran into him.

He stared at you for heart-stopping moment before he spoke. "I'm speechless," he confessed. "You're more beautiful than I ever imagined."

"Likewise," you returned.

"Ren should see you like this."

You wryly grinned. "If he were here, I don't think I would've made it out of the room."

The officers pretended to be preoccupied, but you knew they were intently listening. You didn't care if anyone knew that you were in a sexual relationship with Kylo Ren. It was probably obvious that you were, seeing as you shared living quarters with him.

"No, I don't imagine you would've," Hux agreed as his eyes roamed over your body.

"Sir?" one officers spoke up. "They're ready for you."

"Let's not keep them waiting, then." He turned away, his cape flaring out around his feet, and marched down the trooper-lined halls.

The other officer came up to you and instructed you on what to do. You nodded as they gave you simple guidelines--stay on Hux's right, limit yourself to two drinks no matter how many toasts should happen, and try not to eat too much. You didn't think any of that should be a problem since your stomach was in knots from nervousness.

Hux was waiting outside a set of double doors, and you were instructed to wait to enter until he was announced. You nodded and took a deep breath as the wide doors were opened.

"--and gentleman, now presenting the Head Commander and Grand Admiral of the First Order, Armitage Hux," the master of ceremonies announced to the hushed ballroom.

After Hux marched in, one of the officers whispered for you to go. With your head held high, you strode in next to Hux. One of the servers offered you a flute of champagne as Hux thanked the
commandant for their votes and support. He said he knew that with their collective wisdom and military prowess, the galaxy would find true peace.

He held up his champagne flute and toasted, "To the First Order!"

You toasted as the other attendees did and repeated Hux's sentiment before taking a sip of your wine. You grinned as the sweet bubbles tickled your nose. Hux turned to you and offered his arm. You took it and smiled up at him. He was practically glowing as he led you farther into the large space.

You had to assume the space was a converted hangar of some sort. The ceilings were stories high and the gray rock walls had been smoothed and buffed. The exposed duct work had been painted to match the sconce-lit walls, and flowing between the sconces were red First Order banners. There were elegant industrial chandeliers hanging from the drop ceiling to give the space a golden glow. Tucked in one corner was a chamber orchestra that had resumed playing softly upbeat music.

There were round banquet tables curving around a large dance floor. You belatedly realized you didn't know how to dance. You squeezed Hux's bicep to get his attention, and he bent his head to hear you.

"I don't know how to dance," you whispered.

"Don't worry. I do."

You breathed out an okay and let him guide you to one of the large tables. A few older commanders were lingering around it as Hux and you walked up. They all gave their congratulations, and you were introduced. The last commander approached, and you felt Hux stiffen under your hand.

The commander was tall and broad-shouldered with a bit of extra padding around the middle. His dour face was hard and lined from stress while his eyes were a sharp cold blue. You could tell that he'd had blond or coppery blond hair in his youth. It was now a warm steel gray with white at the temples.

"Father," Hux acknowledged the older commander and then introduced you as his consort. You tried to keep the absolute shock off your face by smiling at the commander.

The elder Hux looked you over—somehow insulting you and finding you up to scratch in one move—and then offered his hand. "Brendol Hux."

You let go of Hux to shake Brendol's hand. "It's an honor to meet you, sir."

"The honor is mine, my lady." He gently tugged you away from Hux, and you went with him because to refuse would be rude. He seemed courteous enough as he helped you find your name card. He asked how long you'd been with the First Order, and you admitted you weren't with the Order.

"I am Lord Ren's apprentice," you told him.

He pulled out your seat for you. "So another Jedi."

"I'm as much a Jedi as Lord Ren, sir."

Once seated, he tucked your chair under you. "How lucky my son is, to be surrounded by Force-sensitive people." Brendol sat down next to you, and you saw by the name card that he was,
indeed, sitting in the correct seat.

You didn't know how you felt about that.

"I don't think luck had much to do with it," you stated as you tugged off your gloves and draped them over your lap.

He hummed, and his gaze traveled over you once more. "Probably not."

The rest of the table filled quickly, and Hux sat down next to you. A month ago, you wouldn't have found his presence a comfort, but now you did. Everyone was polite and even friendly, but you knew they saw you as an outsider. It took you halfway through the second course to realize they were intimidated.

Some had fought along side the Jedi until the clones had turned against their Jedi commanders. They knew what you were capable of. You wondered if they were guarding their thoughts out of fear of being read.

The dessert course was being served as the music went from sedate to bright. You glanced at Hux to see him slipping his gloves on again. You took that to mean you'd better get yours on as well. You finished your champagne just in time for Hux to stand up and offer his hand. You took it and stood up next to him.

As Hux led you out onto the large open dance space, the conversations around the ballroom quieted. He turned and held your hand aloft. You tried to keep your face neutral because you had no idea what to do. He gracefully put your hand on his left shoulder and whispered to you to leave the other arm lowered. He put his hand at your waist, leaving his cape-covered arm down, and stepped up to you, leaving hardly any room between your adjacent torsos.

"Just relax and follow my lead," he whispered.

You did as he asked, and he immediately began to move with the tempo while telling you what to do. Quick, quick, slow, half-pivot. You and Hux stepped in time over and over until you were halfway around the dance floor before you knew it. His cape flared out, the red lining winging out, while the outer layer of your dress flowed out to reveal the red lace beneath.

Together you both looked forged out of black iron and covered in blood.

Once you and Hux made a full rotation around the dance floor, other couples joined. When the song came to an end and everyone stopped to applaud, he showed you a new position and step. The next song came on and he twirled you around the floor once more.

You forgot about Brendol and all the other eyes on you. It was just you and Hux spinning around the ballroom. You murmured in his ear, "You're a good teacher."

"You're a fast learner," he returned.

"Chalk that up to hours of sword practice."

"Is that what we're doing--dueling?"

"This is the nicest fight I've ever been in, if it is."

Hux looked pleased and gave your waist a squeeze. "Indeed."
After the second song ended, Hux told you that you both would have to mingle for a couple of songs. "You won't have to talk much for now. I'll be introducing you. Just be civil."

"Aren't I always?" you asked with all irony.

His pale eyes sparkled in the low lighting as he retorted, "You forget, I've seen you fight Ren."

You snorted out a laugh as he escorted you off the dance floor. Hux kept to his word that he would do most of the talking. You only had to shake hands and tell whoever you were in front of that you were honored to meet them. It was rare that anyone went beyond the polite pleasantries.

You now understood why Ren said he wasn't much for parties.

Something started to feel off. At first, you wondered if you were unwell. However, the horrible feeling you had wasn't coming from within exactly. Something was happening. You looked around to see nothing out of place. Hux glanced at you, but continued talking to a fellow commander and her wife.

A blaster bolt came from within the throng of officers and their companions. Time seemed to slow down as you watched the blue bolt travel through the air. You looked to Hux to see that he was the target. You pushed out with the Force and diverted the bolt. It went wild and hit the wall above everyone's heads.

As it hit and sparks burst from the wall, time sped up again and chaos overtook the sedate gala. The officers with blasters in their dress holsters drew their weapons and took aim. It was easy to find the assassin since he ran in the opposite direction of the stampeding crowd.

It was a foolish move—an amateur move.

The stormtroopers who had been stationed outside surged in. You couldn't tell which of them was with the Finalizer's crew, but an officer led the charge for the assassin. You turned to see Hux surrounded by a barrier of stormtroopers.

"Get him out of here!" you barked.

The stormtrooper closest to you acknowledged the order with a 'yes, ma'am,' and the group turned to usher Hux out. You spun back to face the rest of the room to see another blaster bolt coming right for you. You gasped and put your hands up to block it.

You thought an emphatic no at the bolt, and it froze midair. From behind you, you felt Hux seethe at being coddled. You shook your head to ignore him and continued to concentrate on keeping the bolt still. You stared up to where the latest bolt had come from, and estimated the trajectory of the shot to have come from one of the large air-duct vents near the ceiling.

You snarled and felt out to ascertain if the second shooter was still there. You could feel her slither through the ducts, her weapon abandoned. You dodged the blaster bolt in front of you and released it. It hit the floor a few feet from you and anyone else.

You put your hands up again and directed the Force to the ducts. You crumpled the metal to block the shooter on either side. She was trapped like a piece of candy in a wrapper.

The nearest trooper was at the ready by your side and you turned to him. "Get her down and then look for bombs," you told him and pointed up to the duct.

"Yes, ma'am!"
The first shooter was being hauled between an officer and a stormtrooper. He didn't look too worse for wear, but he'd taken a few hits. You watched as they passed and looked up to the crushed metal. The second shooter was panicking with sudden claustrophobia, and you smiled to yourself.

You pushed into her head and thought at her, 'Can't you feel the walls closing in on you?' You shook the duct a little, and heard her cry out and punch against the unyielding metal.

*Good, good. You're learning so quickly.*

You looked around the ballroom to see that the mess of the confrontation was relatively small. There were a few scorch marks on the walls, along with the crushed air duct. There were officers and stormtroopers organizing and planning how to get the second shooter down from so high up. There was another group visually checking for incendiary devices while they waited for detectors to be brought in.

However, all the technical aspects were of no concern of yours, and you left the grand ballroom.
There were no civilians in the hallways, and you were glad to see it. They needed to be protected and tucked away in their rooms. You rushed back to Hux's suite to find it guarded by five stormtroopers. They recognized you immediately and drew themselves up to salute.

You stopped a couple feet away, half-bowed in shocked reply, and looked them over. You struggled for something to say for a second. "Good work back there. Thank you for protecting him."

"Are the assassins still alive, my lady?" asked the center trooper.

"As far as I know, yes. I'm sure they'll be interrogated soon. Has anyone informed Lord Ren of the attack?"

"Admiral Hux said he would contact Lord Ren."

"Good." You nodded to yourself. "May I see the admiral?"

"Yes, my lady!" The stormtroopers parted and opened the door for you.

You thanked them as you entered the suite. The door closed and locked behind you. The room in front of you was dim and you couldn't make out much of it. From an open doorway on your right came the blue glow of a holocom. You could hear Hux's voice coming from inside.

You came to the doorjamb to see him pacing behind the desk. A small holo of Ren stood at the center of the desk's clean surface.

"I want you back here," Hux told him.

"Then I shall return directly, Admiral."

The holo cut off, and Hux looked up at you. The light from the comm-unit lit his frowning face in an otherworldly glow. He was fierce in his fury.

He prowled around the desk. You knew he was going to yell at you. You could feel the heat of his anger from where you stood.

"You don't order my troops ever, do you hear me?" he growled.

"You needed to be protected."

You understood he was angry because he thought you had made him look weak in front of his soldiers. However, you didn't think anyone saw it that way. He was too important to be put in the line of fire.

"I am not some simpering diplomat!" he roared.

"No, you're not!" you yelled back. "You're the Grand Admiral of the First Order."

"No, I am a soldier," he sternly corrected.

"You couldn't have stopped those shots. One was designed for you."
"And the other for you!" He came up to you then, his hands in fists. "I saw what you did. You exposed your abilities to the enemy."

"I did it for the greater good." You wanted to stomp your foot because you did not deserve to be reprimanded for saving Hux's life. No trooper had died, nor officer. To save lives, you were willing to give up an opportune moment. You thought most of the officers had made the connection between you as the consort and you as the Force-user who had stood on the dais during Snoke's funeral.

The enemy, the Resistance, or whoever had planned that assassination attempt, already knew of Kylo Ren and his Force-sensitive Knights of Ren. You were an unknown element, and it had worked to your advantage. That element of surprise had been key to keeping Hux alive.

Hux murmured your name as he shook his head and adjusted his cape on his shoulder. "Dammit." He sighed, rubbing at his forehead, and then said, "I need a drink."

"Are you okay?" you asked and looked him over. His crisp uniform was pristine--not even a hair was out of place.

"Of course I'm fine." He took a deep breath and seemed to gather himself. "They didn't get you, did they?"

You shook your head as he came closer and put his gloved hands on your bare upper arms. You didn't realize how rattled your were until you had contact with someone who wasn't. Hux was the calm sea compared to your flustered, bumbling, flailing amateurism. You couldn't stop the jittering of your stomach.

Stars, you hadn't known you could stop a bolt midair. No one had ever shot at you before, either. Oh sure, you'd been roughed up and gotten into fights on Jakku, but that came with the territory. No one had ever tried to kill you before.

And Sidious was back. You could almost feel his dry fingers against your spine. There was something about it that disgusted you.

Now, child. You shivered and shakily drew in a breath, and Hux rubbed at the exposed skin of your arms.

"You saved my life," he softly said.

You gave a little puff of a laugh. "Shocked?"

"Grateful."

Kriff, he was sincere.

You bit your lip, disregarding the gloss. "How about that drink?" You turned to go out into the main room to comm for a drink. You recalled that Hux preferred whiskey, and you didn't care as long as it was strong.

Hux caught your hand before you could fully turn away. He tugged you back to him and didn't hesitate to kiss you. The gloss that had survived dinner smeared against his lips, but he didn't seem to mind. His hands were under your jaw to angle your head just right. You put your hands at his slim waist and pressed yourself against him.

"Do you know how difficult it was to concentrate?" he murmured against your lips. "All I wanted
to do was look at you."

"It's your own fault. You picked out this dress."

Hux made a sound in agreement, tilted your head up, and kissed the side of your neck. His hands slid down your leather-covered arms and slithered into the sides of your dress. The touch against your exposed flanks had you now shivering for an entirely different reason.

"I know everything's on Ren's terms, but may I--" He kissed your jaw and settled his hands at your waist. "Let me touch you."

You pulled back and pointed out, "It's my body."

"It's just that first time--"

"I know what he said," you cut Hux off and put your hands on his chest. "But he doesn't own me, and I want you to touch me. Put your hands on me. Make me come."

You pulled his face down to kiss him, and he went with it. His gloved hands skimmed down your hips and pushed under your dress to grasp your ass. You gasped against his mouth as he kneaded your flesh.

Hux walked you back against a rough wall and slotted a lean thigh between yours. You couldn't help your writhing against him. The adrenaline coursing through your veins had you needy and jittery. He broke the kiss to bite off one of his gloves and spit it to the side.

"When I fuck you again, I'm going to lay you out and take my time," he murmured as he pushed his bare hand back under your dress. "Would you like, gorgeous girl?"

You looked up into his pale eyes and whispered, "Yes."

"I'll taste every part of you." His clever fingers eased between your legs. He rested his forehead against yours and told you he adored how wet you were. His fingertips sinuously teased your clitoris, and you gasped as he found the perfect placement. He seemed to have memorized your body and preferences in only a few encounters.

He moved closer, then. His hips locked against yours, his strong thigh between yours. You could feel the hard line of his erection against your belly. You put a hand on his shoulder and with the other caressed his smooth face. He closed his eyes and leaned into your touch. You begged him for a kiss. His lips were perfectly soft and full. From the feeble light in the room, you could see the sheen of your gloss on his skin.

The fingers between your legs circled your clit in slow, even rotations. You wiggled between him and the wall--both unyielding and merciless. Hux tightened his hold on your ass to still you and met your gaze. The blue light from the comm reflected in his beguiling eyes. You smoothed a thumb over his sharp cheekbone and nodded at his thoughts of how much he wanted you. He wanted to make you come again and again. He wanted to be the only man you thought of tonight.

"Come on, Admiral," you whispered. "Just us."

Hux finally kissed you and ground his cock against your stomach. The motion made the fingers slide against your clit and his palm press against your mound. It was just the right amount of pressure, and you groaned from deep in your chest.

He answered you with an affirmative moan of his own. You felt him lean his weight against you,
pinning you to the wall, keeping you immobile. His hips starting driving the motions of his hand and cock against you. He pressed his temple to yours, and you closed your eyes at the building tightness in your body.

Hux felt so good. You wanted all of him, wanted to feel his cock buried in your cunt, wanted to destroy him for any other partner. You wanted him to own the galaxy, have you at his side as his beloved consort, he would show you off and then fuck you nightly. When he was emperor, he would have anything he wanted—you, Ren, anyone. He'd never get tired of you or Ren, though. The things he could make you both do—so much power at his beck and call. He wanted to suck Ren's dick with you, take turns riding that beastly body of his. And you, always at the center, you with your soft skin and beautiful eyes. You smelled so good. Your pussy was so slick. He couldn't get enough of touching you.

You could hear him breathing in your ear, but his heartbeat thudded through your temples as if it was a second heart. Its tattoo overwhelmed your own. You could feel his balls drawing up as the silk boxers—new, for the uniform—softly caught and dragged against the wet head of his cock. He was tight like a bowstring. His hips hitched against yours as the pads of his fingers worked against your clit.

Hux, I'm gonna come, you thought.

"Yes, yes, yes," he panted.

Your hands involuntarily fisted in his uniform and hair. *Don't stop. Give it to me.* He didn't stop, and his body seemed made to work you into orgasm. You cursed and writhed between him and wall as your cunt clenched wetly. Your thighs gripped his as you tried to hump his hand. You felt like you broke under his ministrations. You were all throbbing flesh, pleasured to point of tears, and so sensitive.

He buried his face in your hair and moaned as he came hard. You could almost feel the stickiness of come glue the silk to his cock. It was hot and messy and unseemly. He couldn't get enough of just letting go like that. He was looking forward to getting more chances to be as brutish as Ren.

You stared up at him and realized you had been listening to his thoughts for most of the time in his office. You tried to withdraw from Hux's mind without him noticing. It seemed to work as he leaned against you and sighed in satisfaction.

He angled away from you and brought the hand that was between your legs to his mouth. He breathed in your scent as if it was a fine wine before sucking your wetness off. You watched him and marveled at how he could be so coolly in control in public, but a downright hedonist in the bedroom.

Hux looked down at you as he licked already moist his lips. "You must pardon my vulgarity."

"I'm flattered, actually."

You fisted the strap for his cape and pulled him down for a kiss. At first, he resisted until you told him to kiss you. Then he was on you once more, his clever tongue sweeping along yours. You could taste yourself, but that didn't bother you—it never had. His hands were on your waist and slowly moving up towards your breasts.

A low beep got your attention, and you opened your eyes to see the holocom slowly pulsing with light. You broke the kiss and nodded at it over Hux's shoulder.
"You have a message," you explained.

Hux blinked as if getting his bearings and looked over his shoulder to see the holocom wanting his attention. He snarled at it and turned back to you. "It's about the assassination attempt, I'm sure."

You sighed out, "No rest for the important."

"Is that how the saying goes?"

"Not at all."

He smirked and gave you a quick kiss before turning to the holocom. Instead of a video or a live feed, there was a message. You watched Hux scroll through it before closing it. You pushed off the wall and made your wobbly way over to the desk. Your inner thighs felt gooey, and you vaguely wondered what the inside of Hux's briefs felt like. If he was uncomfortable, he was hiding it remarkably well.

"Interrogations will be starting at 0100," Hux summed up. "All parties involved should be available."

"That includes me."

"That it does. I suggest we both clean up."

"I'll say. You ruined my makeup, Admiral."

He came around the desk to you, his eyes going sultry as they traveled over your body. "I can ruin more, if you wish."

You couldn't stop the smile. "If we start, I won't want to stop till morning."

You weren't opposed to riding his perfect cock all night. It would certainly be better than sitting through the shooters' interrogations, that was for sure. However, Hux was now a grand admiral and couldn't just sneak away for a night to bang one of his lovers.

"I will take you up on that at a later date," Hux said.

"Enter it in your day planner. Lord Ren and I can definitely fill an evening."

"And plenty more, I'm sure."

"Naturally."

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You sat at the desk in your room, reading through the numerous messages which were all cc'ed to you from various commanders or Hux. You wondered why Ren had not sent word to you that he was returning. If he could comm Hux, he could surely send a message to you. You wanted to stay close to your datapad, either way, because interrogations were to start in fifteen minutes. You read that the interrogations would be recorded, but you didn't know if they'd be streamed amongst the commanders.

You had already cleaned up and dressed in your battle gear--which was becoming your everyday gear these day--just in case you were needed somehow. Hux had cleaned the smeared gloss from around your mouth before he had let you leave his room. He had smoothed your hair and adjusted your gloves, too. He had even given you one more kiss after doing so.
It was actually sweet, and it threw you off completely. You wondered which Hux was the real Hux—the tyrant and destroyer of worlds or the affectionate sensualist who wanted to talk to you through every pleasure. You wondered who he would be if he weren't in the Order. Considering his father, though, the military would have always been his destiny.

At 0100, your datapad was silent. You sat at the desk and rested your chin on your folded arm. The time passed slowly, as you knew it would. You tried not to let it get to you. You kept yourself from pacing or reorganizing your things or something equally useless. You closed your eyes and counted your breath and waited.

Your datapad chimed at you with a new message at 0154. Your presence was requested down on the seventh level. You didn't know what that meant, but it didn't feel good. You studied the map to find your way down to the correct sector and then hooked your lightsaber onto your belt.
You were admitted into the seventh level and shown to a small monotone conference room. The tension in the room was unmistakable and stifling. Hux was close and speaking quietly to his father at the opposite side of the table from you. Milling around--checking datapads, sipping caf, talking in low voices amongst themselves--were some ten other commanders of varying rank.

One of the commanders introduced herself as Captain Kuma and brought you up to speed. Neither of the assassins had given up their co-conspirators, but she said she didn't find that surprising. However, Commandant Hux was eager for answers. The way Kuma said it made you think that Brendol had no authority to dictate interrogation proceedings.

You turned to her and softly asked, "And what does Admiral Hux want?"

Kuma bowed her head and replied, "He wanted to keep you out of this, my lady."

You sighed--of course he did--and crossed your arms as you glanced across the room at the two Huxes. Hux was able to keep his cool while Brendol was getting increasingly red as the seconds ticked by. You thanked Kuma for her honesty and slowly made your way around the table.

"You summoned me, Admiral," you interrupted their private talk.

"Yes," Hux sourly said, and over your shoulder he ordered the room cleared. Within moments, the conference room held only you, Hux, and Brendol.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to," Hux started.

"No," Brendol contradicted. "I want answers."

You understood then that Brendol wanted you to interrogate the shooters. He wanted you to use your Force abilities. Though he didn't know that you didn't know what you were capable of. You didn't know where your talents stopped at this point.

"Father, answers will come in time."

"Everyone does have a breaking point," you commented.

"The longer those... Those *animals* stay silent, the more likely their friends will get away."

You had to concede the point to Brendol. The Order needed to move fast if there were to be any sort of retribution.

"But she is untrained in this matter," Hux stated. You didn't know how he knew that, though it was true. He might be hedging his bets.

"I don't care!" Brendol bellowed. "Someone tried to kill you, my boy, and I want them to pay!"

"Da," Hux murmured, his crisp accent going a little soft.

You looked down and away because the conversation was getting personal. The whole exchange was making you hurt somehow. It wasn't a pain you were used to. It was tight and hot and left you feeling utterly alone. Brendol shook you out of it by saying your name. You faced the commandant and his admiral with as neutral a face as you could manage.
Brendol had his huge paw of a hand at the back of Hux's pale neck. Hux looked defensive and wouldn't hold your gaze. You decided to keep your attention on Brendol and let Hux sort himself out.

"I want you to pull it out of them," Brendol demanded. "I don't care if you kill them in the process."

"No, we have developed serums for this very situation---"

Brendol cut his son off, "And where are they, huh? Not. Here."

"Lord Ren will be back before morning," Hux countered.

"But she's here now."

Hux turned to you and said, "You don't have to. I won't ask it of you."

Brendol scoffed. "You need to help your grand admiral--as his consort."

You looked between them and nodded. You didn't want to, but Brendol was right. The longer the assassins stayed quiet, the more likely their co-conspirators would remain free. You had the key to unlocking the assassins' minds quickly. Granted, you weren't trained in delving into a mind, but you had read Hux's without his knowing. And that had been unintentional. You were sure with the proper intent and concentration, you could get what you needed out of the assassins.

"What do we know so far?" you asked.

The assassins considered themselves rebels, but they weren't with the Resistance. The man called himself Wopece Alulat and the woman was a confirmed bounty hunter named Salam Hesser. Wopece said he was a contract worker from Corellia. Salam was hired by a third party which she wouldn't name. It was assumed that the third party was the mastermind behind the scheme.

You chose to talk to Wopece first. It seemed to you that he'd be the easiest to get answers from. You were shown to interview room B. Before you opened the door, you stood in the hallway and tried to find a little quiet inside yourself. You didn't want to talk to Wopece, and you didn't feel good about it, but Hux had been shot at. You were the only Force-user on base, though, and the First Order needed to move fast. You told yourself it was part of the game because the more trust you had from the officers, the more you, and Ren, could get away with.

You pressed the button next to the door to open it and stepped into the room. The lights inside were too bright and harsh. You didn't think that anyone left in there could sleep. The interrogation chair that Wopece was attached to wasn't much of a chair. It was an angled, open table-looking apparatus with a head stabilizer and metal strapping to hold the victim's arms out and in place. There were small control panels on either side of the straps, and you noticed that the controls were all lit up and in effect.

Wopece raised his head as he heard you enter and frowned down at you. He seemed to study you as you got closer and focused on your waist. You looked down to see that he must be studying your lightsaber. It marked you as not an officer, but as something other.

"You a Jedi?" he asked.

You shook your head. "No."

"Keep your karking witch shit away from me." He was all bravado, you could tell. He hadn't been prepared for capture. He had wanted to die if the attempt had failed. The physical torture he could
withstand, or so he told himself, but he didn't want you or your powers anywhere near him.

"Why would I be in here if not to use my witch shit?" You could feel Sidious slithering around you. He wasn't guiding you or encouraging you yet, but you could feel that he wanted to.

Wopece laid his head back on the stabilizer without answering and stared up at the ceiling. You came up to the side of the interrogation chair and leaned on the mechanisms holding the arm straps in place. You looked him over. His server's uniform was torn in places and his tan skin was covered in stress sweat. One of his cheekbones was swollen from a solid hit. There was a messy scab over an eyebrow, and his bottom lip was split and puffy and red.

"Seems like the soldiers went easy on you," you commented.

He swallowed a retort if the tightening of his jaw was an indication.

You continued, "It has been requested I not do the same."

Wopece turned his head to you and his watery eyes stared into yours. You could practically smell his fear. He didn't want the pain he had heard that a Force-user could inflict.

Use that against him. Use his fear.

You ignored Sidious and said, "Answer my questions honestly, and I won't have to."

"I'm not giving anything to you Order bitches," he spat out.

You nodded in acceptance and sighed to yourself. You knew from the beginning that Wopece wasn't going to merrily give you everything you needed to know. Not even the threat of the Force was going to make him talk.

The only way to make him talk is to make him talk.

You reached out and cupped Wopece's sweaty cheek. He struggled to get away, but he was too contained to get far. At first, nothing happened. You were standing there with your hand on some man's face. You opened yourself up, like you did during meditation, to him. Emotions popped like bubbles through your mind, but you didn't care about emotions or motivations. What you wanted were names and maybe places.

You silently requested the assassination plan, and Wopece struggled. He shook in the interrogation chair, and you had to hook your thumb under his jaw to keep in contact. He choked on his own spit as he gasped in discomfort. You were becoming a more solid entity in his mind and you knew from experience that was not pleasant.

Split his mind in two. An egg is easier to eat without the shell, young one.

You didn't want to permanently injure Wopece, you thought back at Sidious. You just wanted the information. "Who was your contact?" you asked.

He curled his lips in and shook his head. You pressed again, adding more weight to your words, and added, "Say it out loud."

"Revolver!" Wopece yelled. "I only know her as Revolver."

"That's a start, thank you." You eased up to give him a little break.

He sagged in the chair and gasped through his mouth. Sweat rolled down his temples and into his
"How many conspirators are there?"

He shook his head, and you sighed. "Please, Wopece, just tell me, and this can all be over."

"No," he muttered.

"Fine," you gritted out. You squeezed his mind like it was wet clay in your hands. You really didn't want to do it, but it was quick. You didn't want to prolong his suffering.

He screamed out, "Seven! There's seven of us."

"Including you and Salam?"

"Yes! Yes! Please, stop!"

You relented once more and let him recover. He sobbed outright now. Huge tears streamed down his face and wet the back of your hand.

"How did you get the job on the base?"

"Revolver, she got me the job."

"Revolver's in the First Order?" you asked.

"I think so. I don't know. I never asked."

You hummed to yourself because that tasted of a half-lie. "Someone has to know for certain."

"I don't know, I swear. I don't know."

"Who knows Revolver?"

You felt him panic for an answer. "Salam!" he offered. "She must know."

*He's just saying anything to keep you from hurting him again.*

"But you don't know," you pointed out. "You just said you didn't know."

"C'mon, man, I'm just one of the contacts."

"Who are the others?"

He went silent again and you prodded him with his name. "Just tell me."

"They'll kill me."

"They're not here now, I am."

"Please, don't. Please don't h-hurt--"

"Give me names, and I won't have to."

He turned his head away from you and sniffled. You forcibly turned his head back to you and stared into his bloodshot eyes. He shook his head and silently begged you to relent, but you couldn't. For your place at Hux's side and Ren's standing within the Order, you couldn't back off.
Tear into him, child. Now is the time. He will spill his secrets.

You mentally crowded Wopece into a dark corner and snapped sharp, inhuman teeth at him. You showed him all the nasty things that stayed out of the light. Every primal fear was true, and you showed him. And you controlled all the glowing, hungry eyes in the dark. Wopece physically screamed and babbled out name after name. You made him repeat them slower, and he did without much fight. His eyes were so big as he spoke. He was so scared. His heart was beating so fast and so strongly, you almost heard it in the hush of the room.

You let go of him and smoothed his damp hair off his forehead. He silently wept, but let you pet him.

"Who's Revolver?" you softly asked.

"I think she's a lieutenant," he murmured. "She leaked information to the Resistance before."

And then she took it upon herself to go beyond the Resistance. She was willing to do what the Resistance couldn't. "But something happened," you prompted.

He hummed in agreement.

"What happened, Wopece?"

"She was transferred off the Finalizer," he whispered.

You stiffened at the information. "When was she transferred?"

That made sense why the attack happened with the Knights gone. If Revolver had been transferred before your time, she wouldn't have known there was a new Force-user at Hux's side. She might've seen you at Snoke's state funeral, but she probably had mistaken you for a new Knight.

"I don't know. Please believe me. I don't know. Don't show me anymore."

You could feel he was telling the truth. That was the extent of his knowledge. "I believe you."

"Thank you," he choked out and relaxed in the chair.

You backed away and felt as bad as he did. You were shaky and half-way sick. Your head was pounding. It felt like someone had wrung all the good stuff out of your head. You slipped out of his mind as gently as you could. You thought it might help. It didn't.

You looked over Wopece and realized he would be killed after you were finished. He'd given up everything he knew to you. He was useless to the First Order now. However, there was nothing you could do for him.

The door behind you hissed open, and you glanced over your shoulder to see your escort waiting on the other side. You nodded to him and walked away from Wopece. As you approached the doorway, the escort saluted you. You paused at the jamb and gave him a small bow before continuing.
Lately I'm Not Feeling Like Myself

You curled tighter on the sofa in your dark room and prayed for sleep. Your head was a throbbing mass of pure pain. No position seemed to give you any relief. The pain radiated down your neck, it pulsed behind your eyes, it even made your teeth ache.

You kept hearing the accolades from the Order commanders. You had gotten so much from Wopece in fifteen minutes, and Salam in under twenty. Brendol had commented that if they'd had Jedi like you during his service, the war would've been over in a year. Hux had publicly commended you in front of all the commanders who had been present and privately thanked you while delicately cupping your face. He had wanted to apologize for his father, but you shook your head and refused to listen. You had excused yourself and maintained a cool facade while walking back to your room and then promptly crumbled when you finally got privacy.

It was almost 0400 and peace was elusive.

You covered your eyes as you tried to block out Salam's pleading. "No more, please, no more!" Wopece's weak "Please believe me." They had cried as you terrified them, as you chased them through their own minds.

You had tortured them because you felt you had to. You hadn't wanted to. You wished you were smarter to have thought of a better solution than mental torture.

But you weren't, so you couldn't.

This was your life now. You were an Order goon. There was no coming back from this. You were guilty of a war crime. And when the First Order collapsed under the weight of its own arrogance, you would go down with it. Ren might be able to get you out, but you would always be guilty of hurting two weaker individuals.

Everyone you had ever known before your awakening would be so ashamed of you. Your parents, your sister, Lor San Tekka. How could they recognize you now after you'd been so monstrous?

And you realized you could've made Salam and Wopece's approaching deaths easier. You could've given them peace and no pain. You could've given them their happiest memories to dwell in, but you hadn't. You had slunk away like a guilty coward.

And stars, you were such a coward. You had given in with hardly a backwards glance. What had happened to you? What kind of person were you now? You were the Order's attack dog, and that terrified you.

There were gentle hands on you, turning you onto your back, and you started crying again. Your face was hot and damp, and you weakly struggled against whoever was touching you. You heard your name and heard it again. There in the safety of the dark, you let out a wracking sob and pushed against the tender touch.

Big, strong hands held your face still, and you put your hands over them. They ordered the lights at ten-percent, and you flinched at the light and tried to turn away. Your vision was blurry with hot tears, and your nose was clogged. You felt awful and probably looked worse.

"Calm down," they said. "Calm down. It's just me."

You shook your head and fat tears rolled down your temples which somewhat cleared your vision.
You stared up into dark eyes in an beautifully angular face surrounded wavy dark hair.

"Kylo?" you croaked.

"Yeah? It's me--"

You clambered over the short distance between you and wrapped your arms around his neck. You buried your face under his jaw. He smelled like fresh air and skin musk. He hugged you back and then slid an arm under your knees to pick you up. You clung tighter until he settled on the sofa with you on his lap.

Ren smoothed a hand over your hair and didn't ask questions. You wanted to apologize for being so clingy and weepy, but you couldn't find the words to even start. He gently shushed you and held you close.

"It was all a false lead," he murmured. "There were no Jedi of any kind. We searched, but nothing came up."

He tucked a little bit of wayward hair behind your ear and continued, "All I wanted was to come back to you." He took a deep breath. "And then when Hux contacted me, it was all I could think about.

"He told me you stopped blaster bolts. I didn't know anyone else could do that."

You kept your head tucked against his neck. "You can?" you asked.

"I can and have. Not everyone can, it's an advanced technique."

"I didn't know I could do it."

He leaned his cheek against the top of your head. "Because you've never been tested like that before." He squeezed you closer. "My precious apprentice." He stroked your cheek. "I'm very proud."

You bit your bottom lip and felt tears burn in your eyes again. You thought you would've been dried out by now, but all evidence spoke to the contrary. You sniffed hard and swallowed the gross ball of snot clogging your nose.

You had done nothing to be proud of. You had hurt Wopece and Salam. They were probably dead now. You had made nothing better.

"Hey, hey," Ren whispered. "It's okay."

"No, it's not," you muttered. "I tortured them."

"Tortured the assassins?"

You nodded and hated that you needed to be babied like this. Ren stayed silent for a moment, hugging you close, before he spoke.

"You did what you had to do."

"No, I didn't!" You sat up and let it all out in a rush, "I hurt them and Sidious was there and he encouraged me and I did it. I did it, and I didn't ease it. They're going to die, and I didn't even try to make it better."
He reached up to brush the tears off your overheated face. "They tried to kill you."

"And Hux."

"Hux's aware of the risks that come with the job. You were his escort for the evening and you protected him. I'm not sure that warrants a bolt through the head."

"You would've done the same if you were Salam."

"Thankfully, I'm not as stupid as her. She's lucky to be alive--they both are. I would kill them right now for you if you asked." His eyes hardened. "They deserve it."

You shook your head. "No, you don't understand--"

"I understand the situation perfectly," he cut you off. "One assassin failed while the other tried to take out the person who stopped the first. You did nothing wrong."

You looked down at your lap and silently disagreed. Ren tilted your chin up to meet his gaze. "Do you hear me? What you did to them is what they wish they could do to you. This is war, and no one's playing fair."

You sniffed again and hastily wiped under one eye.

Ren went on, "They tried to kill you and Hux, and they failed. That was a chance they took. You were far kinder, I'm sure, than the interrogators. I know you, and you're efficient and generous."

"If I'd had to get information out of them, they'd been seizing to death by the time I was through."

You opened your mouth to protest, but Ren continued:

"They tried to kill you, and I would make them suffer. They are lucky I'm not with them right now. They're lucky you talked to them. If it were me, they would've begged for the release of death."

He pulled you down to kiss you. You went willingly and kissed him with a desperation you didn't know you possessed. Just the feel of him against you settled your whole body. He kissed you and kissed you and kissed away your tears and kissed your forehead. You tucked yourself against him once more and felt like you could take a deep breath for the first time in hours.

"Let's go to sleep," he softly said.

You nodded and rubbed your face against his neck. He pushed an arm back under your knees and tightened his hold before standing up. He walked you over to the bed and sat you down before kneeling in front of you.

He began with your boots and socks, he loosened your belt and set it aside, he got your robes off, he tugged your leggings down your legs. You wanted to protest to say that you could undress yourself, but it was so nice for Ren to take care of you. He folded down the white comforter on the bed and told you to get in.

"Are you leaving?" you asked as he brought the blanket up your body.

He met your eyes for a long moment and then replied, "Never."

He straightened up, stripped down to his black briefs with little fanfare, and then told you he'd be right back. He was in the refresher for only a handful of minutes until he returned and slid under the covers with you. The bed was a tight fit with both of you, but you ended up halfway sprawled
on top of him. Your legs intertwined with his, and he held you close as you settled.

The last thing you heard was him ordering the lights to zero.

When you came to in the morning, you felt gentle fingers combing through your hair. You adjusted your shoulders a little and sighed against Ren's firm chest. The big hand on your upper arm gave you a gentle squeeze in greeting. You couldn't help but smile into the dark of the room.

"Feeling better?" he whispered.

You hmm'ed and wrapped yourself tighter around Ren. He was perfect for sleeping on; he smelled good, his skin was soft and smooth, and he was muscled and well-fed enough to not be boney. You drifted in the peace and darkness as Ren's gentle fingers ran over your hair.

"Who's Sidious?" Ren asked. "You said that name last night, but I've never heard it from you before."

You tried to remain relaxed against him, but you had to work at it. "Snoke gave it a name."

"He recognized it?"

"Definitely. He--Sidious--gave me away. He wanted me to take Snoke's power." Which you had done in a strange, backward sort of way.

"What else did he say?"

"Stupid things, things I won't do."

"Like?"

You knew if you didn't tell him, he'd try to see it for himself. Just like he'd had done with Vader. You thought quick to distract him, so he wouldn't push into your mind. You didn't want him to know that Sidious loved your anger and always egged you on.

"He told me to make you my slave and breed with you. He thinks we would have powerful children. He made it sound like..." You minutely shook your head. "I don't know. I didn't like it."

"Like chain me up and fuck me until you get pregnant?"

You laughed and propped your chin on his chest. You couldn't see him that well since the only light in the room was coming from the little charged light on the datapad in the desk. "That's what you focus on--sex?"

You felt him shrug more than saw it. "It's sex with you."

"You like the idea," you said half in wonder as you felt him mentally simmer at the fantasy. "Restraining you and forcing you to pleasure me."

He moved his arms up to rest above his head on the pillow in silent supplication. "You know how much I enjoy fucking you."

You threw a leg over his hips and sat up to straddle him. His cock was trapped by his underwear, but you could feel it hardening as you settled.

You whispered, "It would be your only job."
"I'd fill you up whenever you asked," he promised. "I'd make you feel good."

You dragged your sex against the bulge of his erection, and he let out a stuttering breath. You rested your hands just under his pecs and did it again. The cotton of your panties was getting sticky and wet the more turned on you became.

You were shocked at how much you liked the fantasy. Ren at your mercy, his cock only for your use, his pleasure yours to control. How the tables had turned in such a short time. He went from claiming you as his to him wanting to be yours.

"A big stallion only good for one thing," you said.

Ren pushed his hips up against you, rutting against the heat between your legs. You sat heavily to push him back to the bed, and he lowly groaned at the pressure. You leaned forward to kiss your way to one of his nipples. You teased him as you toyed with them. He breathed out curses and tried to get a little friction against his erection, but you hovered above him.

His skin tasted so good, more like himself than usual. You figured it was because he hadn't showered in over a day, and it was perfect and just what you wanted. You got your mouth on his neck, leaving open-mouthed kisses up the column of his throat, and tilted his head to the side as you went up. His jaw was a little prickly and it added another dimension in the dark. He was real and human and masculine and delicious.

You couldn't stop from rolling your groin against his belly. It wasn't enough to get you off by any means, but you were teasing yourself as much as Ren. You hovered over him, your face close to his, and brushed the tip of your nose against his.

"Kiss me," he demanded.

You smiled to yourself and sat up. He groaned in frustration, but kept still. You reached up and dragged delicate fingertips along the inside of his arms. The skin there was incredibly fine and tender. He shuddered and whimpered. You smoothed your hands over his chest and up the sides of his face and into his thick hair. He tipped his head to one side to lean into your touch.

"You're more disciplined than before," you commented as you dragged your nails against his scalp. "If we were on Coruscant, before Snoke, I would've been under you by now and full of your cock."

He heard him gulp and take a deep breath.

"You want that, don't you. You want to roll me and tear my panties and shove that big dick of yours in my..." You turned his head to face you full-on and bent down to whisper against his lips, "Tight, wet pussy."

He growled up at you, "I want it. I want to feel you come around me. I wanna fill you up."

You purred in satisfaction and brushed your lips against his before moving down. He curled up as if to sit, but you told him no. He flopped back and writhed under you as you kissed your way down his torso.

Once you got to his bellybutton, he groaned out a *fuck* and held himself still. You crooked your fingers under the elastic of his briefs and worked them down to his thighs. You trailed the tip of your tongue over the underside of his leaking cock, kissing the tip and smearing salty precome over your lips. You licked your lips and suckled the vulnerable, sensitive head of his cock in your mouth.
Above you, Ren moaned out, "Please, please, fuck, please, c'mon."

You hummed around his flesh to encourage him.

"C'mon, fuck me, you evil little cocktease! I can't, oh fuck, I can't..."

"What can't you do?" you giggled. You'd never heard him so worked up before.

"I don't know, I can't wait, I just--oh fuck."

His cock throbbed in your hand and another blurt of precome oozed from the tip. You decided to have mercy on him and let go. He keened at the lack of touch as you stripped off your compression top and got one leg out of your underwear. The teasing had gone both ways, if you were being honest. You were aching for the girth of his big cock to slide inside you.

You held up his cock and nestled it at the opening of your vagina. Even that blunt pressure felt good, but it wasn't enough. Under you, Ren was silent and stiff in anticipation. Little by little, you sunk down until you were fully seated and replete with his dick.

"Oh shit, yeah, thank you, sweetheart," he breathily babbled out.

Your heart and cunt clenched at him thanking you. He'd never been so talkative before. You braced yourself with hands on his chest and began to slowly move. Your knees slid against the sheets as you rolled your hips faster and harder. Ren moved counter to you, making sure he got all the way inside you.

You reached up, grabbed one of his arms, and drew it down to where your bodies met. "Help me," you told him and leaned back to make it easier on him to rub at your clit.

Ren got two strong fingers on your clit and stroked and massaged until you couldn't take it anymore. You propped yourself up with your hands on your thighs as you shook and clenched around his heavy cock. Orgasm was a blessed release. It hammered through your slick cunt and stole your breath and strength. Your head flopped back like a bent blade of grass.

You reached over to replace his hand between your legs with your own and pressed against your clitoral hood. It made your pussy clench one more time, and you started moving again. The pressure against your sensitive clit had you gasping as his cock pistoned inside you.

"Fuck me," Ren whispered. "Fuck me, come on my cock."

"You gonna fill me up?"


"Do you love me?"

"Oh stars, so much, I love you, I do, I love--" He grabbed your hips and pulled you down hard. He bucked under you as he made these raw sounds you'd never heard from him before. You felt his cock pulsing inside you, drenching you in his hot come.

You felt him then--not just his body, not just the surge of his climax. You felt him. He was that storm again for you. His soul was hot rain buffeting against you. You couldn't help but drink him in.

You let out a soft oh and gently came again. Everything was hazy and velvety, and you eased in
and out of time. The dark of the room made you feel like you and Ren were in another dimension adjacent to this world. There was no First Order, no assassination attempt, and no Sidious. It was only you and him, and you wouldn't let anything else in.

Ren pulled your hand from between your thighs and brought it to his mouth. He licked and sucked your come off your fingers until you were clean. He sat up and wrapped his arms around your waist.

You held his face in your hands, your thumbs caressing his high cheekbones, and leaned in to finally kiss him. You melted against him--you hadn't realized how much you needed his lips on yours--and wrapped your arms behind his neck.

"I missed you," you softly confessed between kisses.

He hugged you tightly and asked, "Do you love me?"

"I do."
Hux stood above the seated and fed officers. There were no lovers or spouses in the closed ballroom. It was just Hux easily commanding the attention of his subordinates. He seemed to do it well. There was a large holographic projection of a Star Destroyer behind him which cast a green glow on the darkened room.

He wanted to introduce Starkiller-like weaponry to every current Resurgent-class ship within the fleet. The purpose of the weaponry would be to drain energy from enemy ships and render them inert. Future plans and ships—you had to assume larger ships—would have similar advanced weapons which were in development at this very base. Hux seemed enthusiastic about all the upcoming inventions and additions. His impassioned explanation of upcoming technology had you grinning to yourself.

Hux was an engineer at heart.

You thought he would be better suited to designing and building things which would improve lives rather than destroy them. You suspected Hux knew it deep down in his clockwork heart, too. Perhaps that was the drive for conquest—the desire to build the galaxy to his well-ordered specifications.

Unfortunately, people were not gears to replace when they wore out. Or were blown up.

You didn't give Hux's words too much mind. It didn't have much to do with you. Instead, you watched him, his efficient movements, the glow of pride on his face. His uniform had been altered slightly to reflect his new office—there was layered piping of silver and red now in the contouring seams of his tunic. The banding on his sleeves mirrored that of his dress uniform. His everyday trousers were still jodhpurs and added a small measure of bulk to his lean frame.

Ren sat across the table from you, but turned towards Hux now, and behind him at an adjacent table sat the four Knights. They all looked so different from the surrounding polished uniforms. They were road-tested warriors and looked it. You, on the other hand, looked like a lady ready for tea. You had on a form-fitting mid-length sweater dress in a rich charcoal gray. The neckline was a comfortable mock-turtleneck and there were large square cut-outs which bared your shoulders. The scar from fighting with Yideth was covered by the long sleeves. The dress had a wide fold-down cuff spanning your upper body and it flared out at the knee to give some added curve to your body. On your feet were knee-high suede boots in a soft black.

Your makeup and hair was kept simple for such a gathering. You weren't as painted and polished as you had been last night. It was difficult to wrap your head around that you had been dancing with Hux last night, that you had tortured two assassins last night, that Ren had had to comfort you last night.

You tried to keep last night out of your thoughts. It wouldn't help you here.

"I want to commend all the officers and troopers who helped capture the would-be assassins from last night's attempt on my life," Hux wrapped up his speech.

So much for putting it out of your mind.
"I owe you all my life. I will not forget it," he continued as he stepped to the end of the low stage. "But the one I feel most indebted to would be my formidable consort." Hux met your eyes through the dim and raised a hand to bring attention to you. "And to the Knights of Ren for their fine tutelage."

You glanced down to see all the Knights looking to you. You gave them as good a smile as you could manage and applauded them. The surrounding officers followed your lead and clapped until one of the officers to the left of your table stood. That brought everyone in the ballroom to their feet.

You breathed a sigh of relief as the houselights were slowly raised and you found Ren staring at you. You gave him a look, because you were ready to leave, but his face remained blank. He didn't feel pleased—at all. Did he not like the attention? Or was it that Hux had made everyone notice you?

You couldn't get a better read on him before he turned to Baltek and said something. Baltek nodded and gave you a brief look before Ren strutted out of the ballroom. You had the urge to follow Ren, but you didn't want to leave your duty to Hux.

Brendol caught your attention as he started talking to everyone still standing round the table, but you were too preoccupied to really register what he was saying. It didn't matter, anyway, because Hux gracefully interrupted him mid-sentence. You were pulled away from Brendol and introduced to some commanders you hadn't gotten the chance to have met last night.

This kept going for far longer than you wanted, but it probably hadn't been fifteen minutes before everything was wrapping up. The Knights had left shortly after Ren had, and most of the officers had trickled out not long after. Hux offered his arm as you both left the ballroom.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked as you walked down the hallway to the main staircase.

You nodded. "I am. I'm sorry for leaving last night. I didn't feel well."

"You pushed yourself," he summed up as he led the way down to the barracks level. "It's understandable."

"Thank you for understanding," you finally said after a too-long pause. You wanted to bonk yourself on the forehead. He had said understand and now you had. Everyone was understanding and patient and so damn polite. Meanwhile, you couldn't hold a conversation without repeating words.

You got to his door first, and he brought your hand to his lips. "Can I tempt you with a drink?"

You stepped a little closer and asked, "Is it just a drink you're tempting me with, Admiral?"

Hux hummed in amusement and kissed the back of your hand. "Absolutely not."

While you were genuinely tempted to join him, you were exhausted and feeling short-tempered for some reason. You grinned and backed off a little. "Later," you offered. "You promised me you'd take your time, and tomorrow we leave early."

"You're right," he sighed out. "Then this is where I leave you, beautiful girl."

You wished him a good night, and he did the same before entering his suite. You walked the short distance to your own room and entered to find Ren silently fuming on the small couch by the closet. The room was lit, but untouched otherwise. He was still wearing his belt and lightsaber and
boots.

You didn't think he was there to sleep.

"You two fucked while I was gone," Ren darkly accused.

"Is this why you left at the first opportunity?" You stomped over to the desk and pulled out the chair to sit so you could take off your boots.

"He thought of it when he pointed you out. He thought of kissing you and how you sounded when you came and--"

"I'm not doing this with you."

Ren practically exploded off the couch. "But you'll do it with him!"

"He comforted me! He touched me! I wanted it!" You yanked off one boot and threw it at the closet. "Maybe almost being assassinated is old hat to you, but it's a new experience for me, okay?!"

He growled out, "It's all supposed to be on my terms."

"It's my body!" you fired back while you took off the other boot.

"You're mine."

"I'm not a thing you own!"

"I found you in Tuanul. I sparked your abilities."

"While you burnt it to the ground! I owe you nothing."

He took a threatening step towards you, and you shot to your feet. You didn't think he wanted to harm you, but you knew he wanted you to practically kowtow to him right now. However, he would not intimidate you—not in this, not ever.

"What happened to loving me, needing me?" he spat out.

"I do love you! I want you so much!" You licked at your lips and got frustrated at the sticky feeling of gloss. You wiped your mouth off with the back of your hand. "Why can't you trust me?" you asked.

"Tell me what happened," he demanded.

You took a deep breath. You knew that telling him the mundane details would calm him down, so you began. "You two had just finished talking when I got to Hux's office. He was angry that I had exposed my full abilities to the enemy and that there were no more secret advantages. He came around, though. We talked and we kissed--"

Ren interrupted with: "You kissed him? He kissed you?"

You struggled to remember. "It was mutual, I think?"

"Go on."

"I told him to touch me, to put his hands on me. I wanted it. I-I needed the release. It was either
that or break down." You sat back down again and continued, "He wants us both, you know. He was thinking of the three of us when he came."

"And what were you thinking about?"

"I wasn't, really. Just seeing what Hux wanted was enough."

"I'm insufficient, then," he surmised. You heard the creaking of his gloves as his fists tightened. You wanted to yell that his stupid assessment was so stupid. You wanted to roll your eyes at his dramatics. You wanted to slap some sense into him, but that was an impossible task at this point. You opted for real options. "If you want to quit with Hux, we can because you're more than enough."

"No, you want us both."

"You want us both, too."

"I don't want--"

"Don't lie!" you stopped him and got to your feet. "If you want revenge, go fuck him. Get off with him."

He crossed his arms and looked generally petulant. "I want you to think of me when you come."

"That doesn't seem fair to Hux if I'm with him."

"It's not fair that he sent me away--that he separated us!"

"He didn't do it on purpose!" No, Hux hadn't done it on purpose, but someone had.

"You don't--"

You approached him with raised hands. "No, wait. Please, Kylo. It wasn't Hux who wanted you gone."

He frowned. "Explain."

"Hux spoke of you before the ball." You put your hands on his forearms. "He wanted you there. The commander who came to us during dinner--"

"Reddik," Ren supplied.

"He wanted you and the Knights to take care of Jedi."

"Are you saying he knew that there would be no Jedi?"

"No, but maybe someone who gave him that intel did." As you asked the question, Ren was nodding in agreement: "Is Reddik still on base?"

"No one's left yet."

"Then we need to tell Hux."

"That still doesn't address the problem between us."

You took a step back and looked down at your bare feet on the cool stone floor as you gnawed on
your bottom lip. "I do love you, Kylo. I think of you even when I don't want to." You wanted to confess that almost everything you did was with him in mind, but you held it back.

Ren tilted your chin up and held your jaw as he said, "Tell me."

You met his stormy brown eyes and breathed out, "I love you."

"Say it again."

"I love you."

He put his other hand on the back of your neck to hold you still as he bent forward and kissed you hard. You focused your sole intent on him and moved with him, tasting his lips and tongue as much as you could. You could discern the dry white wine that had been served with dinner on his tongue. At the time, you had thought you liked champagne more. On him, though, the wine was delicious.

Ren broke the kiss and rested his forehead against yours. You directed your thoughts at him. You thought that you loved him, that you didn't hold anyone more dear in your heart than him, that he was more than enough. And while Hux was gorgeous and charming, he was not Ren.

You whispered, "No one can replace you."

"And you love me."

You gave him a minute nod.

His mood completely shifted and he backed away. "I'll tell Hux about Reddik." With that, he let you go. He stomped his way out of your room, and you had to assume to Hux's door.

It was quiet and still, and you took a deep breath. You had to gather all your things again because everyone was due to leave early the next day. You checked the desk datapad to see the schedule and read that the Finalizer's party had a departure time of 0800. You set an alarm for 0630 and began to pack up the clothes that you wouldn't need in the morning.

The task didn't take long and you found yourself sitting on the couch. You stared at the opposite wall and debated if you could tap into Ren to see what was going on. You decided against it because you had ordered him not to spy on you. It would be hypocritical to disregard your own rules. Then again, he'd never said you couldn't read him...

The choice was dropped when a knock on the door distracted you. You got up and answered the summons to see Ren on the other side. He looked somehow downtrodden and hopeful under all his petulance.

"May I stay here tonight?" he asked.

His asking instead of just taking made you step back to allow him inside. He ducked his head as he walked in. You locked the door after him and watched his shoulders hunch as he took off his belt.

"What happened?" you asked.

"Hux had his doubts about Reddik's intel. He allowed us to be sent off anyway." Ren unzipped his tunic and tossed it on the couch to blanket his lightsaber. "He suspects the one behind the attempt is on Reddik's ship."
"Revolver planted information and sent it up the chain of command?"

"Something like that."

"So all they have to do is find who first brought the Jedi sighting to someone's attention."

"It probably won't be that easy," Ren stated and turned to face you. He still didn't look any better.

"What's really wrong?"

"Sacrifice play." He worked off his gloves and flung them one by one onto his discarded tunic. "Hux was willing to lose us to keep up appearances." Ren ran his hands through his hair. "That's fine for the Knights, but he put you in danger. And I didn't see through the ploy. I just... I just went along with it and left you alone. Here. With all of them."

"He didn't know someone was going to try to kill him," you pointed out.

"If he's as fucking smart as he thinks he is, he should've seen something coming! Why send the Knights away during such a critical time?"

"Maybe he wanted to expose traitors? Did you ask him?"

"I should've asked for more information before going off. So fucking stupid." He shook his head at himself and sat down on the couch to take off his boots.

You could practically hear him berating himself. You approached him and sat on the arm of the sofa by his side.

"He said..." Ren muttered. "He said the Knights were tools of the First Order. He hadn't commanded us to go, that he still had no authority to do so, but he hadn't wanted to stop us, either. He said he trusted my strength to survive no matter what we'd had to face."

"He has faith in you," you softly said.

"He has faith in training--not people. He trusts my training."

"That doesn't explain me."

Ren let out a 'hn' and placed his boots to the side. "Thank you for inviting me in." He rubbed his palms on his thighs. "I know you're not pleased with me right now."

"Do you understand why?"

He didn't answer immediately. "You think I don't trust you." He turned to look up at you. "You think I want to own you. Or that I already do." He studied your face for a moment. "I don't know why you don't want me like I want you. You hold back. All the time."

How could you give yourself fully when you didn't know who the hell you were? You felt like a mutable thing--ever changing and incomprehensible. The only thing you knew in that moment was that you didn't want him to feel pain with you.

You stood up and got in front of him. "Do you trust me?"

"Will you leave me?" he replied.

"Not where it matters. Never."
You shuffled a little closer until he pulled you against him and urged you to sit on one of his strong thighs. You put your arms around his shoulders as his encircled your waist.

"Will you pledge yourself to me?" he asked and laid his temple on your shoulder.

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes," he seemed to force out. "With my life. I trust you."

"When the time is right, I will."

Ren's reply was to simply hold you tighter. You smoothed back the dark waves of his hair as you sat in silence. It went on for long, luxurious minutes until he whispered:

"Let's go to bed."

Chapter End Notes

Here's what inspired the dress: Cold Shoulder Body-Con Sweater Dress from Olivia Palermo + Chelsea28
The flight back to the Finalizer was unremarkable. You and Ren flanked Hux in the shuttle, and talked softly--just the three of you. Hux had confessed to finding Reddik a relic, a true child, of the Empire. He was competent as a commander, but not the most critical of thinkers. Ren suggested he be replaced. Hux agreed, but said that he was going to let things unfold. He said Reddik would either go down with Revolver or rise above to prove himself.

You thought that if Reddik had been ignorant of a snitch on his ship, he wasn't worthy of it. Then again, the snitch had come from the Finalizer. It seemed to you that Star Destroyers were too big and had too many crewmembers to keep track of.

But no one asked you, so you kept quiet.

You did, however, suggest that the communications department be watched more carefully. Hux pointed out that Revolver could possibly be involved with communications on the Harbinger.

"That's too convenient, though," you said.

"There aren't many positions in communications," Hux agreed with slight shrug.

"Wouldn't it be better to be with a department that has nothing to do with sharing information but still involved with communications?"

"Technicians," Ren stated.

"Engineering?" you offered.

"I'm having Mitaka go dark and look at the personnel who have been transferred off the Finalizer in the past year," Hux told you both.

Hux's datapad softly chimed at him from its resting place on his knee, and he bent forward to read the notice. You gave Ren a look over Hux's shoulder which had Ren struggling to maintain a straight face. It was always Mitaka. He must be the Finalizer's beast of burden.

Before either of you could reply to Hux, it was announced that the shuttle was coming out of hyperspace. The ship subtly shimmied around you as it approached the Finalizer at regular cruising speed.

Docking was dull as usual, the thrill of being on a Star Destroyer simmering down to everyday acceptance. The only thing you really liked was the view out the port-windows. Or in the current case, the wide hangar bay portal. The possibility in each planet the ship passed filled you with hope for the galaxy.

Hux bid you both a good day after agreeing to meet again in person when there were updates on the Revolver situation. The Knights said they were going start their regular training again tomorrow morning. Yideth told you she'd like to work with you again, and you agreed. After plans had been made, you and Ren walked back to your quarters in silence. The passageways were busy with officers and techs who didn't pay either of you too much mind. Apparently, having their newly appointed grand admiral on board made the crew rather motivated.

Your quarters were dark when you opened the door, and Ren ordered the lights to 60-percent as you both walked in. You saw that there were fresh linens on the bed, everything had been tidied up,
and all the surfaces had been wiped off. There was a new second armchair across the pit-table from
the original.

You gently tossed your lightsaber in the seat of the newest chair and flopped down face-first onto
the bed. Your cowl lurched up your neck a bit and blanketed your back. The fresh sheets smelled
good and you lay there, running your hands over the smooth cotton.

"You tired?" Ren asked from somewhere behind you.

You shrugged a shoulder, buried your nose in the sheets, and took a deep breath.

When you opened your eyes again, Ren was lying next to you. You didn't recall his lying down.
He was shirtless with his big hands resting on his stomach. His hair was fanned around his peaceful
face like a black nimbus.

You studied his aquiline profile as you quietly got to your elbows. His lips were flushed like a pink
blossom against his pale skin and the dim backdrop of the walls. His dark eyelashes fanned out
gracefully over the tops of his high cheekbones. You looked down his body to see him wearing the
black velvet-like pants that had arrived before the trip. You could easily tell he wore nothing
underneath them.

"I have a favor to ask," he murmured.

You looked up at his face to see his eyes still closed. "I'll see what I can do."

"The blue gown, put it on."

You knew exactly which one he meant, and you didn't feel like feigning ignorance or being a
smart-ass by saying he hadn't actually asked a question. "It'll be all wrinkly," you replied.

"I hung it up."

Which meant he had unpacked your duffle, and it also meant you had slept through its arrival. You
must've been more tired than you thought.

He added, "I've adjusted the temperature in the room so it'll be comfortable."

You were a little warmer than usual, now that he mentioned it, but you had attributed it to the cowl
and the double-thickness of your robes. It was no wonder he could lay around with only a thin pair
of glorified sleep-pants on.

"Why?" you asked. "Why now?"

"Because I don't know how much time we have."

You looked at the port-windows. The blaster shields were still down and offered you no
distraction. The way he said it made you want to rail against the inevitable. While you weren't a
supporter of the First Order, you had a life on the Finalizer. You weren't ready for change just yet.

"What's coming, you feel it, too."

You nodded because it was inevitable. You didn't know what it meant or even what it was, but you
knew it wasn't good for this way of life. Revolver was the opening beats to the endless waltz of
war, peace, and rebellion. The galaxy was doomed to forever dance through eternity to that
destructive beat. There was nothing you could do about it.
Ren reached over and put a hand on your forearm. "It's not here now," he said. "Go put it on."

You nodded again and decided to shower while you were bothering to get changed. You got up and took the peignoir with its matching panties into the refresher with you. The sonic made quick work of cleaning, and you got the lacy underwear and silky gown on. You tied the gown closed at your waist and took a deep breath as you examined yourself.

With your hair natural and your blushing face bare, you were like another person in the mirror. You were soft in all the ways you had always wanted to be. Your breasts looked perfect under the pale blue diaphanous fabric. The darker blue panties hugged your hips and sat low on your belly.

You gathered your discarded clothes and left the refresher to find the main lights dimmed and the blaster shields open. Ren wasn't in the main room, but you could feel him in the private training room. You draped your clothes over the back of the nearest chair and slowly made your way to the open doorway.

He turned when you stopped at the threshold. His face was unreadable as his eyes roamed over you. You had the impulse to adjust the gown, but it sat perfectly and comfortably. You didn't want to fuss and give away your nervousness, so you stood still and let him look.

You regarded him as he did the same for you. His black pants sat lower on his hips than anything you'd previously seen him wear. There was an ease about them that made them sexy. You surveyed his battle scars, which contrasted nicely against the refined black velvet. Looking at the gentle slope of his torso, his broad shoulders, his muscled arms made you forget how very not-clothed you were.

That is, until Ren started coming towards you. He didn't rush at you or stalk you, but he wasn't hesitant, either. He wanted you, and nothing was going to thwart him. When he was close enough, he ran the back of one hand down your arm. The delicate touch had you shivering.

When he got to your wrist, he lifted your hand to his lips and kissed your knuckles. Then he put your hand on his shoulder and raised your other arm to encourage you grip his bare shoulders. You did as he wanted and felt his warm hands on your waist. He gave your waist a squeeze and then trailed his palms up your sides until his thumbs were under your breasts.

Ren traced the underside of your breasts with gentle fingers. His touch was as soft as it was electric. You could feel your nipples tightening against the silk of the peignoir. His palms slid down your torso to round onto your hips. He massaged your flesh and made you rock imperceptibly towards him.

You smoothed your hands over his broad shoulders to his neck. His thick wavy hair blanketed your fingers as you urged him down to kiss you. He was barely restrained as he kissed you. One of his arms went around your waist as his free hand cupped one of your breasts. You couldn't stop from pressing against him and wrapping your arms tight around him.

In a daze, he maneuvered you fully into the room and pressed you against the wall. You both inadvertently knocked into the practice swords displayed on the wall. One fell to the floor with a sharp clatter. He broke the kiss with a snarl and hoisted you up in his arms. You gasped and clung to him as he walked you to the port-windows.

The transparent durasteel was icy against your shoulder blades, and you arched in his grip. In silent reply, Ren rolled his body against you. The heat of him at your front was a jarring contrast. He eased you down to your feet and sunk to his knees in front of you.
One by one, you watched him tug the ties at your waist loose. He spread the delicate fabric and let it frame your body from shoulder to ankle. He kissed his way from your bellybutton up to your breasts. He was ravenous, leaving biting, bruising kisses over your skin. He nipped and sucked at your hard nipples as his hands steadied your ribcage.

You curled over him and fisted your hands in his hair as you moaned in pleasure. He released the nipple he'd been sucking on and rested his forehead against your belly as he panted. His hands glided over your sides, over the lace on your hips, to the back of your spread thighs.

"Turn," he ordered as he sat back.

You did as he requested and braced yourself with hands on the cold port-windows. You were keeping a little space between your chest and the durasteel until one of Ren's strong hands pushed your upper body against it. The low temperature against your warm flesh had you choking on a breath. The whisper of silk sliding over your ass had you giving a little shimmy.

From behind you, you heard Ren practically purr as he pushed the gown to the side. A second later both cheeks of your ass were slapped. You lowly cried out, but kept still because the strikes hadn't really hurt. You felt your flesh jiggle, and you bit your lip as Ren tapped the sides of your ass so they wiggled again.

You pressed your hot cheek against the cool durasteel as Ren cupped the underside of your ass and spread your flesh apart. The lace of your panties kept him from getting to you, but he pushed his mouth and nose between your legs anyway. The ghost of his breath, his lips, his tongue, had you pressing back regardless.

He hooked his fingers in your underwear and pulled them down until they wouldn't go any farther. Before you could offer to kick them off, he was back on you. He licked you from as far front as he could reach to your asshole. Over and over again, until you were practically trying to ride his face.

Ren concentrated on your ass, laving your hole with his soft tongue. His fingers were in your cunt, slowly stroking your walls. It felt like a tease in the best way. It felt like he was working you up--methodically, thoughtfully. It was so good, but not enough to bring you to orgasm. And he knew that.

Before you could plead with him to push you to the edge of climax, he pulled back and adjusted his position. You bit back a groan as your panties were eased down a little more, and you helped get them off. With Ren's hands on your hips, he guided you down to straddle his legs. Your hands squeaked against the glossy port-windows as you went down on your knees.

From the light of a close star system, you could see yourself reflected in the window. Ren was in shadows, but you saw the outline of his features over your shoulder. He leaned forward and suddenly you could see him. His lips were a little swollen, his hair was wild.

His cock was hot and hard between your legs, riding in the cradle of your wet slit. You couldn't seem to stop your hips from undulating against it. The velvet bunched on his thighs caressed the back of your legs, the silk of your gown pooled next to you on the floor. And Ren's hot hands held you tight against him.

His lips were on your neck, teasing and feather light. You shivered in his hold and closed your eyes.

"Kylo, I--"
He stopped you with a *shh* and whispered, "You want me?"

"Yes."

He reached up and fisted your hair to pull your head back to his shoulder. "You want my dick?"

"Yes," you breathed out.

With his other hand, he cupped your sex and nestled his cock more tightly against you. You writhed, not able to stop yourself. You were getting desperate to find some relief from the tension building between your legs. His hard cock was not helping matters in the slightest.

"Want it deep inside you?"

You looked at him from the corner of your eye. "I want all of you."

He loosened his hold on your hair and let his fingers linger between your legs for a moment before encouraging you to raise up a little. You hovered over his cock, feeling as the tip of it slide through the slickness coating your flesh. He pulled you down, and your eyes closed at the delicious penetration. You didn't know if you'd ever get used to his thick cock, where it would seem mundane.

Once you were seated, he wrapped his arms around your waist to keep you still. You felt blunt pressure against your asshole and you jerked against him. Before you could tell him you weren't prepared for it, you were being spread by an invisible length.

You moaned and gripped Ren's forearms. It didn't hurt at all. Your body seemed to unfold for the extra penetration. It slid inside you like it was meant to be there. It was hot and thick and slick and easy.

You leaned back against Ren and felt him shuddering along with you. You didn't know what to say as he pressed his forehead to your shoulder. His hands began moving, smoothing up your torso to fondle your breasts. You put your hands over his and showed him how you liked to be touched.

Ren moved his pelvis against you as he massaged your breasts and drew his fingers around your hard nipples. His cock rocked a little inside you, the invisible shaft seemed to be anchored against his body and it pushed a bit farther inside. That little movement had you shivering and writhing on his lap.

"Bend," he whispered as he put his hands on your waist.

You balanced yourself against the clear durasteel and bent forward. He tilted you a little more and groaned.

"I can see inside you right now," he grit out. "You're so pretty and pink." He hummed to himself. "Maybe I should get a transparisteel dildo for you."

You whimpered at the thought of him fucking you with a dildo and watching you come on it. It would be unyielding and smooth, quick to warm to your body. Would he hold it still for you so you could push yourself down onto it? *Stars*, you hoped he would.

He asked, "Would you like that?"

You nodded your head.
"Tell me." He gripped your hips and drove himself farther inside you.

You cried out, "Yes!"

Ren began bouncing you on his cock at your reply. He was so deep, as was the invisible dick in your ass. You started to move with him, but he told you no. Instead, you allowed yourself to be used and pleasured. Each deep thrust had your body clutching at the shafts pumping inside you. His hands felt huge and hot as they wrapped around your hipbones to steady you.

You were overwhelmed at how good it felt. You had thought double penetration would be too much for you, but it wasn't. You had asked for all of him and you were getting it and you were loving it.

His pace had you gasping for breath. You were dizzy with pleasure. All your nerves were being stroked with every powerful thrust. And it was all building up inside you, ratcheting you up higher and higher until the peak collapsed from underneath you. You plummeted, screaming into the void of space in front of you, ecstasy your only comfort on the way down.

Behind you, you heard Ren choke on a curse and cry out as he joined you in that hot bliss. His fevered cock throbbed inside you as his thick come gushed up against your cervix. You caught yourself on your elbows when your torso wouldn't hold you up any longer. You felt his hot face on your back, panting into the silk that crossed your body. The invisible shaft disappeared as if it had never existed. You mewled at its loss, at the emptiness you now felt.

Ren kissed up your spine as much as he was able and rolled his hips as the last of his orgasm left him. You softly moaned as just that little bit of stimulation had you catting against him. He petted your sides and got his arms around you to sit you up with him. The movement made his cock wetly slip out of you. His come dribbled out of you as he manhandled you around.

You helped as much as your limbs would allow and got an arm behind his neck. His face was glowing and flushed. His dark hair was obscuring one of his eyes, and you gently combed it back.

"Stars, how are you real?" you asked as you studied his lovely face. You stroked his chest, liking the feel of his sweat and scars.

He cradled you to him. "I could ask you the same thing."

You licked your lips and brought your faces together for a kiss. A kiss that went on and on, tilting in one extreme and then another. When you pulled apart, you rested your forehead on his. In the coming difficult times, you had to remember this. This was what mattered. Only you and him.

"We should get cleaned up," you murmured.

"I'd love to get up, but my feet are completely asleep," he softly confessed with a grin.

You snorted.
You woke up in the morning with your underwear covered in blood. Luckily, the pair was regulation and not the good ones. The alarm was still beeping from your datapad which you had left next to the bed. You gingerly got to your knees to keep any more blood from oozing onto the bed and slapped your palm onto the datapad to shut it up.

You let out a whispered litany of *kriffs* as you waddled your way into the refresher. You felt like a horror-show from the waist down. You didn't even want to think about the sheets. Or Ren waking up to a pool of your blood.

You stripped off the underwear and cleaned it as well as you could before draping the garment over the sink ledge. You felt a thick blob ease out of you as you straightened up and you made a face at yourself in the mirror.

At least you weren't wearing anything.

Ren said through the door, "Under the sink, on the left."

By the tap-dancing Force, he was awake. "Thanks," you called back and rummaged under the sink cabinet to find a kit. You'd seen it before and thought it was an extra medkit. You opened the small container to see wicking-gel pads and an assortment of tampons. There was even some speciality meds for menstruating people.

You left the kit out and got cleaned up in the sonic. It was a regular training day, and you weren't going to let a little blood stop you from improving. You slipped in a tampon and left the refresher without bothering to dress.

You saw that Ren had stripped the bed and dumped the sheets in the corner for housekeeping to pick up. You threw your compression top and underwear in the pile. Over the back of one of the armchairs were your training clothes and fresh undergarments.

"I ordered breakfast," Ren commented as he got on a black tank.

You thanked him again as you got dressed. Ren padded around you to use the refresher. When he closed the door, you glanced at the bed to see no bloodstains. That didn't mean he couldn't have flipped the mattress to hide them, though. You lifted both mattresses with the Force to see nothing on the other side. Ren came back out with two pills in his palm as you were lowering the beds back to the floor.

"You didn't bleed on them," he said as he came up to you.

You looked away from him and over to the heap of soiled linens. "Sorry about that."

Ren gently tossed the pills towards the bed and floated them down so they landed together. He caught your face in his hands and made you look at him. He was quiet as he looked you over. His dark eyes didn't seem unkind, just neutral.

"You don't need to apologize. There's nothing to be sorry for," he stated.

You weren't exactly embarrassed, because periods were a natural thing. It happened to most female-bodied individuals all over the galaxy. Still. It was messy sometimes, and you had bled on many pairs of underwear in your time. It felt as though it was something you alone should take care
of, though, like you needed to shelter Ren from the bleeding reality of being born female.

"I want you to take the pills. It will help with cramps," he added. "Tell Yideth your condition before you two take up arms."

You opened your mouth to protest when the droid chime rang. Ren let go of you and took the tray from the delivery droid before it could set it down. The droid beeped to acknowledge the completion of its job and rolled out of the suite, the door closing after it. Ren strode into the private training room and placed the tray down on the floor.

You picked up the two pills from the bed and followed Ren. After you sat opposite him, he handed you a milky-looking drink. You sniffed at it and found it to be sweet-smelling, reminiscent of bread.

"Vitamin drink. It's good for after intense training or battle. Helps with electrolyte balance," he told you.

You didn't bother to state the obvious that you had done neither in the past few days. You gulped down half the drink before you bothered to really taste it. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't as good as the blue milkshake you'd had in the medbay. You swallowed the pills with another gulp of vitamin drink.

On the tray there was a single sealed bowl of mixed fruit, two steaming plates of scrambled eggs, a small dish of link sausage, and two lidded glasses of water along with utensils. Ren handed you a plate of eggs and a fork after you finished your drink, and you two ate in companionable silence. Next came the bowl of fruit which seemed like such a treat. You'd only had a slice of real dried Corellian apple on Jakku once--everything else fruit-like had been artificially flavored hydro-gummies--and the Order's palate for sweet things tended towards chocolate and cream and caramel.

You weren't complaining about any of that. But fruit. You couldn't even identify the mix of fruits. There were bits of bright yellow, juicy green, luscious pink, and sunny orange. You speared a firm bite of yellow fruit and ate with gusto. It was tart and sweet and refreshing and so good. You smiled over at Ren to find him fondly watching you.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

You nodded as you swallowed and then leaned over to kiss him. His lips tasted like spicy sausage, but it didn't bother you. He kissed you back and purred at the sweetness of your mouth.

After you pulled back, you offered him a bite of fruit, but he refused. He reassured you that all that was yours. You shrugged and devoured every piece until there was only juice left at the bottom of the bowl. You drank that, too.

You drank your water, pinned your hair back, got your boots on, and used the refresher one last time before leaving the suite with Ren. The passageways down to the training center were mostly clear of personnel. When you and Ren arrived at Gym 3, the Knights turned and greeted you both.

Yideth came up to you and looked you over before stating, "You're bleeding."

You looked down to make sure the tampon was still working, but your leggings were dry and perfect.

Ren answered before you could. "Started this morning."

She nodded and said to you, "You're more potent than last time."
During your lightsaber construction and subsequent training with it, you'd had your monthly. At the time, Yideth hadn't made that much of a fuss. There were supplies, and you had been welcome to them. Apparently, Dathomiri and humans were similar in cycles and anatomy. It had made things easier for that month.

Jeckhum came up, looked around at the three of you, and asked, "What about bleeding?"

You put your hand to your forehead. You wanted to ask them to get it over with and make a ship-wide announcement. Attention all First Order personnel: Grand Admiral Hux's consort, and the lover of Lord Commander Ren, is menstruating. This is a significant time for a woman. There will be a special assembly at 1300 hours to discuss such matters. I repeat...

You sighed as you rolled your eyes. "I'm bleeding."

Jeckhum's gold eyes practically lit up. "That's wonderful." He came up to you and put a hand on your back. "Yideth never let's us anymore, but you'll indulge us. Right?"

"Let you what?" you asked.

"Commune," Jeckhum non-explained.

"Jeckhum..." Ren chided.

You glanced over at Ren to find him slightly shaking his head. You didn't know what to make of that, so you asked Jeckhum what he meant.

"It won't hurt you. You'll be sharing power with us," he said softly.

"What do I have to do?"

"Lay on the floor and let us put hands on you."

"Nothing sexual or weakening, right?"

"No, nothing like that. It's fun."

You were sure the Knights' definition of fun was different from yours. However, Jeckhum had said they wouldn't hurt you or touch you inappropriately. Of course, you didn't think Ren would let his Knights do such a thing.

You nodded. "Okay, fine, let's get this over with."

He chuckled. "That's the spirit." He jogged away and over to Kin Al to share the good news. You watched as Baltek strolled over to them, and the three of them huddled together for a moment. Yideth wandered over until it was the four of them whispering together.

Ren blocked your view of them as he stepped in front of you. "I'll hold you," he said.

"You're not partaking in the power sharing?"

He bowed his head to keep his words between the two of you. "We do that every time we fuck."

"But it won't be like that with them, right?"

He shook his head. "You'll be regenerating part of an organ, and that's a lot of energy. You can let them help you with that, and in return, they get a boost."
"Wait, I boost you when you put your dick in me?" That sounded like Ren was using you for a power trip. Or like he was fucking you to recharge. You were not some docking station he could just plug into when he needed a little pick-me-up.

"No, you just help me remember."

"Remember what?"

He lifted a shoulder. "All the good stuff."

You couldn't feel bad about that. You gnawed on your bottom lip and pressed yourself against him, wrapping your arms around his firm waist. He held you even as footsteps approached.

Yideth said your name to get your attention and asked you where you wanted to perform the ritual. You let go of Ren, but he left a hand at the small of your back. You saw the Knights awaiting your decision, and it temporarily paralyzed you. You looked around the gym and shrugged.

"Here's good," you offered.

"I'll lock the doors," Baltek said.

"I'll get a mat off the wall," Kin Al stated.

"I'll stand around and look pretty," returned Jeckhum.

Yideth knocked her shoulder against Jeckhum's, and they both shared a smirk. You let out a bark of a laugh to hide a bit of your nervousness and walked to the center of the large space. Kin Al kicked a heavy mat to your feet, but before you could drop down onto it, Ren stopped you. You turned to him ready ask what was wrong, but he didn't look troubled.

"Skin to skin is best," he murmured as he got his fingers under your compression top and tank.

You knew he didn't mean nudity, so you let him push your tops up until they were bunched under your breasts. He smoothed his hands down your sides and rolled your leggings and underwear down your hips until they were well below your bellybutton.

Ren dropped down to his knees in front of you, steadied your hips, and kissed your belly. You squeezed his shoulders in reply, and he settled on the mat and crossed his legs in front of him. He wanted you to use his calves as a pillow.

You lowered yourself down and got comfortable as the four Knights stood--two on each side of you. They didn't pray or offer anything up to the gods. It seemed as though they synchronized their breathing. You stared up at the distant ceiling and thought this might've been a stupid decision.

The Knights got to their knees at the same time. It was uncanny how they could do that. When their hands settled on your torso, you shivered at the restrained power you could feel from them. Their hands were cooler than your skin, but not unpleasantly so. From above you, Ren smoothed his hands over your hair. You breathed deep and relaxed as your vision went out of focus.

A low humming started--totally human and unlike the buzz at Snoke's base--and you didn't know whose voice it was. The rest of the Knights joined in to make a relaxing harmony. It ebbed and flowed with a soft determination that had your breath slowing and eyes closing.

Their hands got cooler and cooler until they were downright frigid. The room around you felt like a cold tundra. You couldn't stop the shivers that began to wrack your body. Your teeth chattered
together, and you wished to curl up in Ren's lap for warmth.

There was a slithering inside your body, as if a snake was slowly making its way between your organs. It curled low in the cradle of your hipbones and settled there as a warm weight. You could feel it breathe inside you. Its little forked tongue tasted the hot spaces between your intestines.

The humming reached a crescendo, and you couldn't take the cold anymore. You opened your eyes and silently screamed. You expected the air that came out of you to be fogged, but it was invisible.

Ren was holding your shoulders down as the hands upon you seemed to disappear. You gasped and felt alight. You weren't cold and never had been. You were a bonfire, and everything around you was pale and benumbed.

Then there was blinding, beautiful flashing neon and holo-advertising floating above you. It reminded you of Coruscant, but this was different. It smelled worse with rotting garbage and vomit in the gutters. You could hear the milling crowd around you. Some drunken catcalls, guttural pig-like snorts, and bright laughter caught your attention. You wanted to follow it down. You blinked and immediately the air was fresh and cool with stone. It was dark, and you could hear the low hum of power. It pulsed like a heartbeat--welcoming and alive. There was a blue glow coming from the end of the cave-like passageway you were in. You stepped forward and were suddenly pelted by heavy rain. It was the end of winter, and the skies were a mottled gray above you. The forest at your back hardly sheltered you from the slush that was steadily soaking the already-muddy ground around you. There was a base, military-clean and smooth, and someone you knew lived there. Before you could ask who, you were back in the gym.

You wanted to curse because you had almost made sense of it. You felt that you needed one more piece to make a full picture. Please, you silently begged as you closed your eyes. Show me more.

You heard the ratcheting of metal on metal. Its sharp clicking echoed in the dark cavern. You weren't alone, and whatever they had was aimed at you. You looked around in the blackness and saw nothing. You put a hand over your nose and mouth to muffle your loud breathing. The ground seemed gritty under your feet, and you knew it wouldn't be easy to run without them hearing.

You crouched down just as someone pulled the trigger. The flash of the shot propelling the projectile momentarily blinded you. The sound was deafening in such a close environment. You fell backwards and hit your elbow on a small boulder beside you.

You heard the ratcheting again and scrambled backwards, knocking into every damn rock in the vicinity. You checked your waist to find two belt connectors for your lightsabers and nothing else. You had no weapon and you couldn't see the enemy.

As another deafening bang and blinding flash impaired your senses, you held up your hands and pushed out with the Force. You had to get them away from you--whoever they were. You couldn't feel them as a distinct presence, but you knew you touched them. You pushed them back and back until they were too far to do you any damage.

You were once more in the over-bright gym. Ren had his hands on your upper arms to soothe you and keep you steady. His touch grounded you and his voice whispering your name made it all real. You tilted your head to look up at him to see him looking down your body. You followed his gaze to see the four Knights sprawled on either side of you. They seemed to be in a trance.

"Did I push them back?" you croaked.

He shook his head. "They let go on their own."
You nodded more to yourself than to Ren. You didn't want to hurt the Knights, because they certainly hadn't hurt you. If what you had just experienced was communing, you wanted to do more of it. The more you saw, the better you felt about your future. You knew, deep down, that you would see those worlds someday.

You weren't sure about the shooter, but you could handle someone trying to kill you. Someone had tried before and failed. They would fail again because you weren't the only one counting on your survival.

"There's a snake in me," you whispered. "It waits."

Ren looked back down at you. "What does it wait for?"

"The perfect time to strike, of course."

A groan broke the hush of the gym. It was Kin Al. He turned his head to face you with a grin. "Should've gotten more mats," he commented.

You huffed out a laugh as you sat up and pulled your tops down. As you were trying to roll your leggings up, Jeckhum hummed to himself and curled to his side. The ropes of his black hair spread out on the dark gray floor.

"Haven't had communion like that since Nashi," he said to Kin Al.

Kin Al grunted in agreement as Jeckhum sat up to look at you. "You need to go to the medbay and be fitted with a cup for next time," Jeckhum insisted.

"A cup?"

"Menstrual cup. Nashi preferred those, she'd dump her blood in wine and we'd drink it before the ritual," he explained.

You looked back at Ren, and he met your eyes. What the hell had you gotten yourself into? Ren shrugged like it was up to you.

"Did you drink her blood?" you asked Ren.

"Sometimes."

You felt a spike of jealousy. It was cold and sharp against your spine. You wanted to provide, and Ren wouldn't partake. He said that he didn't need that with you, but he had needed it from a late Knight. You wondered if he had fucked her and if she was pretty.

Baltek flatly added, "Nashi liked the menstrual cups because she liked to anoint her knives with blood. It had nothing to do with the ritual."

"But she let us partake," Jeckhum pointed out.

"When she was feeling generous," Yideth corrected.

Baltek sat up and lightly dusted himself off. "I'm going back to work." He turned to you. "Thank you for sharing with me."

You nodded in reply and watched him gracefully get to his feet. The other three Knights murmured their thanks and straightened up. Ren stood and offered his hand to you. You almost blurted out that you didn't need his help. He didn't want yours, so you didn't want to take advantage.
Instead of being petty, you took his hand, and he pulled you to your feet. You adjusted your clothing and smoothed your hair as Kin Al hooked the mat on the wall once more. You couldn't look at Ren or you were going to do or say something stupid. Yideth helped to distract you by saying she wanted to work on flexibility for now.

You nodded and followed her to the stall bars across the gym. You could feel Ren's eyes on you as you walked away from him. Yideth didn't seem immune to your mood, but she didn't comment on it. You let her lead you through the different positions to stretch different muscle groups. It felt good to push your muscles, and the cramps you'd usually have had by now were practically nonexistent.

The day went on like that—Ren occupied with Baltek at first and then gone with Jeckhum and Kin Al, and you with Yideth. He didn't come back for lunch, so you ate with her. You told yourself you were fine with his disappearing, and you almost believed it.
Your datapad had a message from Hux waiting in the inbox. It was a welcomed distraction from your darkening thoughts at coming back to an empty suite. His message was brief and stated that as the new head of the First Order he had what amounted to some ass-kissing to do. In two cycles, he needed you at his side for a diplomatic journey to Mol'leaj. There was a dossier on the leader of the Mol'leaj system attached for you to read through. Hux wanted to meet with you for a quick briefing within the next cycle, and you should reply with a time that was convenient for you.

You showered—you found your period to be surprisingly light despite all the physical activity—and changed into fresh clothes before you opened up the document. You curled up in the new armchair and opened up the dossier to read that the Mol'leaj system was ruled by Solculvis, a regent of Mirialan descent who had recently declared himself god-king and had married a distant cousin, Mithea Nor. Solculvis had no legitimate heirs at the present time and was looking to strengthen his power base.

There was an official portrait of Solculvis within the report. He was handsome with braided dark green hair, pale sage green skin, and violet eyes. He had the traditional geometric tattoos of the Mirialan as a bar of multiple black diamonds going down the right side of his face.

The dossier stated that he had a harem of beautiful people sequestered on an island just west of his citadel. He had a zoo of exotic creatures on his castle grounds. The zoo was something of a hobby—as was the harem—and proof of his power. Apparently, there was a rivalry between him and King Prana—whom you'd never heard of. Recently, Prana had commissioned the capture of three rathtars, but the mission had failed. Word spread quickly and Solculvis was now on the hunt for four.

You didn't know what a rathtar was, but you hoped the Order wasn't going to promise Solculvis any. In your opinion, owning something didn't mean power over it. It could be taken away just as easily. And if it could be stolen, it wasn't really a seat of power.

The psychological profile of Solculvis read out like a cliche for tyrants. He hadn't been heir to the throne of Mol'leaj, he had been one of many advisers to Queen Syesew III. He had begun his seduction of Syesew before she was old enough to legally marry. He had groomed her and swayed her to make him her king consort. They had been married on her seventeenth nameday. Within a year, he had been given ruling powers of his own. By Syesew's twentieth, she was dead, and Solculvis was without an heir. He had lived as a bachelor until recently.

It was noted that Solculvis was a man who thrived on oneupmanship. He desired to humiliate his peers and crush those under him. There was speculation that he was sadistic sexually as well as politically.

Solculvis loved secrets and blackmailing. He was not known to sit on a secret for too long. There had been numerous assassination attempts on his life, but nothing had succeeded thus far. It seemed as though the threat of exposure kept his closest people in line and protecting him.

You put the datapad down on your lap and wanted to write Hux back immediately with a refusal to go. He could pick someone else out for consort. You did not want to meet Solculvis ever. You didn't want him to know you existed.

You thought about young Syesew. If the dossier was accurate, and Solculvis was sadistic, he had
probably beaten her. No wonder she'd never had a child. No wonder she was dead.

You took a deep breath and replied to Hux that you were available now. You knew you didn't want to wait until morning. You wanted the other proverbial shoe to drop. He responded in less than a minute that he was free and to come to his quarters.

You got your cardigan and boots on and made your way to Hux's room. He welcomed you with a dignified 'good evening,' which matched his flawless uniform. You returned his greeting as you stepped inside.

The door closed behind you, and Hux trailed after you into the main room. "I assume you've read the file on Solculvis," he stated.

"Why are we really going?" you asked as you turned to him. "A political connection has already been made, obviously."

Hux clasped his hands behind his back. "The First Order is not funded by well-wishes and dreams." He sounded disappointed in having to explain the situation to you. He continued, "Your boots didn't show up one day by their own accord--same with your gowns. We need generous sponsors."

"And Solculvis is one."

"One of many, yes."

"He killed his wife," you pointed out.

With a brisk nod, he replied, "Most likely."

You folded your arms in front of your chest and looked down at the polished floor. This wasn't what had you signed on for. You didn't think you would have to socialize with men who thought themselves divine. You knew from myths of old that gods, even lesser ones, were cruel and thrived on the suffering of mortals. You expected Solculvis to be no different despite being quite mortal.

"If it's any consolation, you will not be in any danger with him," Hux said as he approached you.

"You can't guarantee that."

You felt suddenly naive and stupid. You had already socialized with murderers who had done just as bad or worse. Maybe they hadn't pulled the trigger, but they had authorized the killing of thousands. Hux himself had destroyed core worlds along with their billions of citizens. Ren had killed Jedi and bystanders alike for years. You were surrounded by mass murderers. You couldn't forget that.

Hux put his hands on your upper arms. "Ren will be there, as will I. You won't ever have to be alone." He was coddling you, you knew, but his promises felt good. You needed to hear them.

"There will be guards or escorts with you at all times."

You nodded as he gave your arms a gentle squeeze. "I apologize for questioning the mission," you said.

"No, it's better here." He tilted your chin up as he said, "Your concern is valid, but you are my consort, and to hurt you is to bring down the wrath of the First Order."

You looked up into his pale eyes. His face wasn't affectionate or tender in the slightest. He was
telling you this as the grand admiral of the First Order, and not as your lover. You didn't know if that was better or worse.

"I didn't think of it that way," you confessed.

"Which is why we needed to talk face to face. Have your fears been assuaged, lovely girl?" His tone got softer as he went on. He was palliating your concerns, and dammit, it was working. You wanted to resent the ease with which he made you comfortable about putting yourself at risk, but you knew he was trying his hardest and telling the truth. At least he wasn't condescending to you.

"Yes, thank you, sir."

Hux kissed your forehead and then backed off. He put a hand at the small of your back and walked you to the main door. "Read and know that dossier, and get some rest," he told you.

"Yes, of course," you agreed. The more you knew about Solculvis, the better prepared you'd be when you met him. You didn't want to be thrown off by him or publicly show your revulsion of him as a person.

Hux escorted you out of his quarters with a rather affectionate 'good night.' You bid him a good night and headed back to your room. As you walked the passageways, you mentally searched for Ren to find him calm and waiting for you.

You found him sitting on the bed with his back to the door, staring out the port-windows at the head of the bed. He was undressed save for a pair of dark briefs. The room was still set warmer than the rest of the ship, and that afforded you both an ease in dress.

You took off your cardigan and unzipped your boots, tucking them away in the closet. Ren didn't turn to watch you, but you knew he was quite aware of what you were doing. Instead of sitting with him on the bed, you turned your armchair to face him, and the port-windows, and sat down.

The hush of the room seemed like a conversation in and of itself. You both watched the seemingly static stars. It was quiet enough to hear the low hum of the ion engines. You were conscious of your breathing, the rise and fall of your chest.

Your eyes trailed over his curved spine, the way his dark hair was just starting to graze his shoulders. The starlight illuminated him in a soft glow. A scar on his upper arm broke the smooth expanse of his deltoid. It matched yours. There was a thin scar, which you had felt numerous times, cutting down his right scapula.

Those scars meant something. They threw into sharp relief his time before you. They reminded you that he was a killer, and he would always be one. He was a hunter of people, and his trophy count was high. The pit-table full of cremated remains was a testament to his proficiency.

They reminded you that you might not be a murderer, but you were definitely a torturer. You wondered if Wopece and Salam were still alive. You wondered if you would feel their deaths, if they were still breathing now. There was a strange connection, an intimacy, in inflicting such pain. You knew them where it truly mattered. You had given them their fears, you had seen them and their truths. You heard them in your dreams, but it never seemed to bother you. You couldn't figure out why and you didn't want to examine it too much, either.

"You turned away from me this morning," Ren began and brought you back into the moment. "You didn't want to look at me."

"And you stayed away from me," you returned.
He nodded. "I did." He turned a little on the bed and looked at you. "You felt my absence."

"Yes."

"Why couldn't you look at me?"

Truthfully, you were having a difficult time looking at him now. You thought of him with another, of how he didn't want to share with you. Logically, you knew he'd been with others. Maybe even grown attached to them. Some of them could have been Knights. There had been a lost weekend with Jeckhum and Kin Al that they had teased Ren about. That hadn't bothered you at all and it still didn't.

Was it getting to you because it had been a woman? That Ren had communed using Nashi's blood?

A dead woman was no competition, you told yourself. From the way Yideth talked of her, she had been bloodthirsty and reckless. She had only ever offered her leftovers.

And Ren had shared with her. He had drank her blood and laid hands on her. He had communed because of her. But he didn't want to do it with you.

Ren said your name to get your attention. When you looked up at him, he asked again why you couldn't look at him.

Your breath hitched and you drew your legs up onto the armchair, tucking your toes in the space between seat and arm. You adjusted your position to get a little more comfortable. The leather was too cool against the small of your back where your top had ridden up a scant couple of inches.

Ren said your name again, and you jerked to your feet. That chair was all wrong for you, you decided. You walked around the bed to the port-windows. It was better here with the stars directly in front of you.

"You said you didn't want to commune," you stated. "You gave me a sweet excuse, which is true in some sense, I know." You put a finger on the clear durasteel, closed one eye, and connected the brightest stars in front of you. "But it wasn't the real reason," you finished.

"I don't need it."

"Or you don't need it from me?"

"I've seen enough of the possibilities."

You looked over your shoulder at him. "What about the boost from sharing?"

"It's not worth it."

You turned back to the port-window. It almost sounded like he was saying you weren't worth it. You countered the toxic thought with the argument that Ren loved you. You were infinitely more important than some archaic blood ritual. He had said that he was stronger because of the connection you two shared. You had to believe that.

"The last time I communed, I saw you. I didn't know it was you, but you were in pain. Agony. You were crying. I couldn't make it better, but I knew that I should. I couldn't get to you, and you needed me." You heard him move on the bed. "I see it. All the time. I can't get rid of it."

"Is it part of what's coming for us?" you asked.
"I don't know."

"So, you don't want to commune because you don't want to see what could be coming."

"It does not strengthen me. Your pain is my pain." He didn't sound entirely pleased about that. "I didn't know someone could feel what you did and survive."

You whispered, "Maybe I don't."

"Then I will kill what kills you."

You turned to find him kneeling close and realized that he had been hiding this from the very beginning. He had brought you here knowing he might have damned himself to suffer for the rest of his days. There was a part of you that could never forgive him for awakening you and condemning you both.
You stood in the balcony doorway overlooking the inner courtyard of Solculvis' citadel. The word *citadel* seemed an inappropriate descriptor to you. The palace hardly looked like a fortress. Everything was smoothed out and pale. The stone walls had been stuccoed over to be a pale butter yellow. There were gilded frescos of intricate designs and scenes lining the citadel's walls.

The stone courtyard below you had a large, multi-tiered bubbling fountain in the center. There were mature potted palms softening the corners of the space and adding some shade. In the cooling, evening air was the scent of the lush jungle which surrounded the citadel. You could also easily pick out the fragrance of salt in the air from the nearby ocean. Beyond the walls, there were night-birds starting their mating calls.

From your second-story perch, you could see the abrupt end of the jungle where the cliff dropped off. The seemingly endless ocean in front of you glittered under the yellow-white circular segment of Mol'leaj's solitary star. The sky was a magnificent gradient of deep violet, rose pink, and delicate peach. The wisps of clouds flared orange and hot pink against the smooth sky.

Your dinner attire helped you blend in with all the luxury surrounding you. A First Order droid had put your hair up in a flat bun at the back of your head. You could see the coil of it like a halo just cresting your skull when you looked straight on. Your eye makeup accentuated the crease of your lids with shades of tan and brown. Your eyes were lined with black, and your eyelashes had been coated with black mascara. The droid had sculpted your cheeks with contour, blush, and highlighter. On your lips was a matte red stain that you had been told would last through dinner. It felt bonded to your lips like a second skin.

The two-part gown you were wearing was blood-red velvet. The top was sleeveless with a plunging neckline that met the velvet belt at your waist. The fabric was gathered in crisp folds and flared from under the belt in a layered, sharp-edged peplum. At your left shoulder and right hip were silver beaded embellishments which resembled modest plumes of feathers. The wrap-skirt kissed the floor--more so now since you hadn't put your skin-tone suede pumps on--and trailing from underneath the peplum was a graceful train of matching red silk tulle.

The top of the gown actually had internal structure to it to smooth you out and stay in place. It was surprisingly comfortable. And the soft silk lining was cool and smooth against your skin.

You still thought you could've hooked one of your lightsabers on the belt. It might've looked nice resting against the beaded plume at your hip. However, you obeyed Hux's wishes that you remain unarmed and sophisticated.

It was a dinner party, after all.

A knock came from the door to the adjoining suite where Order security had set up. You opened the door to find Captain Phasma on the other side. She had been introduced to you that morning as head of security. She had been courteous and brief when she had greeted you, and you had secretly sighed in relief at having a sharp woman watching your back.

Phasma was in her dress uniform now, and her distinctive red-trimmed black cape hung from her square shoulders. You were taken aback by how stunning she was. Her shiny armor and helmet
disguised her statuesque proportions and lovely face. Her short, blonde hair was smoothed back from her unadorned face, and she seemed more dignified than ever.

"My lady, I've been informed that Admiral Hux is ready," Phasma told you.

You nodded and rushed over to your shoes, which were at the ready by the bed. You slipped them on, and she led you to the main hallway door. You walked out into the hallway to see Hux and Ren already there. Hux was adjusting the placement of his shoulder cape while he waited. Ren had his arms crossed over his chest as he leaned a shoulder against the opposite wall.

Ren straightened when he saw you, and his arms fell to his sides. His eyes seemed to dance up and down your body, drinking in the sight of you. You couldn't help but do the same to him.

He was all in black--as usual. His tailored, slim-fitting trousers hugged his long legs. Over a high-necked shirt, with a visible red-toned zipper going up the middle, was a floor-length tunic which gracefully came together then split into four panels at his waist. At his shoulders was a cape that attached to the tunic and flowed to the ground. The sleeves of his shirt ended in points at the middle of his hands.

His hair was left wild to curl past his jaw. The only thing that made him look less like a black-clad specter were all the different textures of his clothes. His trousers and shirt had a sheen to them, while the tunic was slub-textured like the outer robe of your battle gear. The cape was smooth, but matte, and swung gracefully around his legs.

"You never fail to render me speechless," Hux complimented you.

"Thank you, sir," you replied as you approached them. You were grateful that you could handle the small wedge under your heel as you walked down the center of the cream-colored carpet runner in the hallway. You didn't want to roll your ankle or fall flat on your face.

Hux was looking at Ren as if silently encouraging him to say something to you. You met Ren's gaze and gave him a little grin. In return, he held out a hand to you. When your fingers met his, you let out a quiet little gasp at what you got from him.

You had expected lust, but in addition was a warm possessiveness coming from him. He was beyond pleased that you were his. He was proud that you loved him. He wished you were his consort to show off instead of Hux's. He loved you fiercely, hungrily.

He brought your hand up to his plush lips and kissed your knuckles. You had to keep yourself from biting your bottom lip at the pleasant surge of affection you felt. You turned your hand in his gentle hold to caress his smooth cheek and slide your thumb over his soft bottom lip.

You lowered your hand as you took a steadying breath and looked over at Hux. "Let's not keep them waiting."

"Indeed," he agreed and offered his non-cape arm for you to take.

You wrapped your hand around Hux's bicep and walked with him down to the first floor. You felt Ren's eyes on you, and it somehow made you feel secure instead of jittery. Phasma was a quiet and strong presence guarding the three of you.

As you walked down the main hallway, you could hear the din of pleasantries and polite laughter. It didn't sound like a huge crowd--which could be a blessing. A white-clad servant was waiting next to a wide doorway to announce each guest's arrival.
When the servant noticed your party's approach, he drew up and gave a respectful bow. Hux tipped his head in acknowledgement, and the servant turned and stepped into the formal parlor to announce the presence of Hux, you, Ren, and Phasma.

Solculvis turned with a welcoming smile and walked over to greet his guests of honor. On his arm was his beautiful new queen, Mithea Nor. She was of Twi'lek descent with lavender-colored skin, human-like ears, and long lekku. Together, they looked like the royalty they now were.

There were introductions all around since it was the first time you had seen the royal couple in the flesh. When the Order had arrived at midday, everyone had been directly shown to a room by palace officials. Apparently, something had come up which Solculvis had had to see to, and Mithea had been away on queenly business.

Mithea began a conversation with you by asking how you liked your room. It was her favorite of the guest suites in the palace, she added. That didn't surprise you in the slightest considering how she was dressed. Both she and your room were in shades of creamy peach. She had on layers of diaphanous fabric which wrapped around her lower body and came up to drape over one shoulder. The cropped top she wore underneath it was embroidered with gold thread, as was the edge of the skirt fabric. The whole ensemble accentuated her graceful figure. On her head was a wide gold band inset with white pearls, and from the band were strings of pearls and gold ribbons which wove around her lekku.

"I love it, your majesty," you replied. "Did you decorate it yourself?"

"I wish I was that clever! No, it was like that when I came here." She glanced at her king and then back to you. Hux and Solculvis were already deep into some sort of discussion. Ren was a quiet third, occasionally chiming in with a comment. She nodded her head to something behind you and offered you and Phasma a drink.

You let go of Hux and accepted the invitation. Anything to get away from Solculvis. How someone like Mithea could be married to a sadist like him was beyond you.

Mithea led you and Phasma to the bar and insisted you two try an aperitif. She told you about all the ingredients--fruit you'd never heard of and bitters--as the bartender muddled ingredients together and poured in liquor.

The drink was good and not nearly as sweet as it sounded. Phasma remarked on how much she liked it. You agreed and thanked Mithea for the drink. She happily raised a shoulder with a smile.

"So," she began and leaned in. "Is it true you're a dark Jedi?"

You were glad your mouth wasn't full because you would've choked. "I am Lord Ren's apprentice," you admitted.

"Do you have your own lightsaber?"

You nodded. "I do."

"How did Lord Ren recruit you?"

You glanced over at Phasma, wondering if you should share First Order business. She looked blandly curious as she took a sip of her cocktail. You had to assume it was permitted to share at least a little bit.

"He found me in the western reaches, of all places." Which was true. "At first, I didn't want to be
his apprentice, but things changed." That was also true. You figured it was easier to tell some of the truth than outright lie.

Mithea hummed in interest. "Is he a good master?"

You bit your tongue before you could say that Ren was definitely better a master than Solculvis a husband. Instead, you grinned and nodded again. "He is, ma'am."

"It is good to have people you can trust in these interesting times," she said.

Before you could ask what she meant, Solculvis was inviting everyone to the dining room. Mithea excused herself and went to her husband. You left your half-finished drink at the bar and shared a look with Phasma that the first contact had been a good one. Time would tell if your luck would continue.

The dining room was as gorgeous as the parlor with white columns, golden-wood floors, beautiful art, and plush pale rugs. You tried not to stare at any one thing as you found your place card at the long table. Somehow, you were surprised to be at Mithea's right with Phasma across the table from you.

You saw that Solculvis was reigning over the opposite end of the table. Hux was at his right, and Ren on Solculvis' left. It seemed to all be going smoothly while the first course was served and the wine poured. You continued to talk with Mithea while Phasma was polite with her neighbor. A ministerin of some department asked you how you found Mol'leaj, and you lied by saying you were delighted by everything. She seemed pleased by your answer.

The second and third course came and went. The offerings were all small and strange to you, but good nonetheless. Before the fourth was brought out--and you had to assume the main course of the meal--Solculvis stood.

Everyone around the table quieted down for the king. He started out by saying what an honor it was to host everyone around his table. He was so pleased to have everyone come together under his roof and enjoy the bounty that his Mol'leaj produced. He picked up his glass of wine and held it aloft. You picked up your glass when everyone else did. Solculvis toasted to Grand Admiral Hux and Lord Commander Ren. He looked at Phasma and toasted her. He turned to you and saluted. You bowed your head in his direction because you didn't want to meet his eyes.

"To the First Order!" Solculvis finished, and everyone made sounds of agreement and took a sip of their wine.

Once Solculvis was seated again, the servants brought out the main course. You looked at the dish--some sort of thick white-meat steak with sliced root vegetables of varying colors and a few stalks of buttered green vegetable laid artfully across the steak--and thought about Solculvis claiming everything. This was his meal on his plates being served in his palace on his planet.

The rest of the dinner was tasteless to you.

There was an invitation extended by Solculvis to all the First Order guests to tour the zoo tomorrow after brunch. You didn't know what a brunch was, or when it took place, but Hux accepted for everyone. You smiled at Mithea and thanked Solculvis and nodded in delight like a good consort.

After everyone was finished with dessert, which was a pudding-like cake with nuts and tart dried fruit, Mithea invited everyone into the gardens for a post-meal stroll and said that drinks were
being served in the gazebo. You wished you could've feigned exhaustion and excused yourself, but Hux needed you. You looked at Ren to see him looking at you. He minutely bobbed his head as if to say he would be there.

The gardens weren't as formal as you had expected. There were winding paths and large-leafed palms of all varieties and colors lining the smooth stone walkways. The lush foliage was lit by buried lights in the ground, so the different textures and hues were shown off even in the dark of night. It was serene and intimate—so very different than the fanciful citadel of white and gold.

You heard three male voices up ahead. As you approached a bend in the walkway, you could tell that none of them were Ren. However, one of them was Hux. You made a split-second decision and decided to make your presence known. You let your shoes clack on the stone. Heels, even low ones such as yours, were distinct and grating in the hush of the garden.

You rounded the bend to see Hux, Solculvis, and another official turn to your noise. Their conversation died down as you came into view. You smiled at Hux as though you only had all the warm feelings in the galaxy for him.

"There you are," you said to Hux. You dipped your head to Solculvis, "Your majesty."

"My lady," Solculvis greeted you before Hux could. "May I introduce my minister of Customs, Grades." He held out a hand to an austere-looking man.

"We didn't get to talk at dinner," you commented to Grades. "Such a shame."

"It was, indeed," he replied with a click of his heels and stiff bow. "It's an honor to finally make your acquaintance, my lady."

"Well, I think we should leave the Grand Admiral and his consort to enjoy themselves!" Solculvis told Grades. He put a hand on the minister's shoulder to lead him away. "Enough business for one night, don't you agree?"

You waited until the king and minister were out of sight before you came any closer to Hux. He took your hand in his gloved one and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Have you been having a good time?"

"It's more pleasant than I expected," you answered.

"You've charmed the queen. Solculvis couldn't stop glancing at you two during dinner."

You looked up at Hux to find his eyes glittering in the low light as he studied you.

He went on, "You two were a pleasing sight."

You turned a little and pressed yourself against his side to keep your voice from traveling. "Are we going to use that to our advantage?"

Hux outright smirked as he looked out into the foliage. "My beautiful girl," he warmly whispered. "Troops reported that your room is bugged, and the king does like blackmail."

So, Solculvis had already seen you without clothes. You mentally shrugged because it was just your body. You thought about anything incriminating you had said between your first step into your assigned room and when you left for dinner. You thought you had been pretty quiet the whole time. You had hardly spoken a word to the protocol droid who had done your makeup and hair.
"Ren?" you asked for clarification with the subject matter of said blackmail. Solculvis would think that you and Ren were having an illicit affair if Ren stopped by unannounced and unescorted to your room. Solculvis would surely use that as leverage against Hux.

Hux nodded. "You don't have to do anything degrading. Just be yourselves."

"Should I go prepare, then?"

"Not yet. I need to parade you and Ren about a little while longer."

You sat at the one-piece vanity once more. The round seat was built into the curve of the C of glossy white. The large round mirror sat like a silver sun on one arm of the vanity while the seat sat across from it. You liked the design even though the protocol droid had complained earlier about maneuvering around it.

Your reflection in the mirror revealed that your makeup had held up well, despite the meal and the galavanting around, as did your hair and dress. The shoes however could go burn. They weren't terrible by any means, but your calves were tight and your ankles were stiff. You wanted to soak in the obscenely large tub in the en suite bathroom.

But first, you had to get your makeup off. You didn't think lying in a warm pool of diluted pigment and waxes sounded appealing. You grabbed a cleansing wipe from the pouch and leaned forward to start with your lips. The lipstick came off easily enough, and you sat back to inspect if your lips had been stained.

Something caught your attention in your side vision, and you looked over with a start. It was just Ren, lurking in the open balcony doorway—watching you. You let out a breath and put your hand to your chest. Before you could say anything, Ren put a finger to his lips.

You watched as he stepped into the room, closed the doors behind him, and drew the curtains shut. You stayed seated and watched as he came around behind you. You could see his reflection in the wide mirror in front of you.

Now that you were really paying attention, you could see the pull of his red zipper was the First Order emblem. It was subtle in the way that Hux's was not. Hux was the Order, but Ren was its weapon. You supposed you were, too. Maybe even more so than Ren.

"You were like someone out of a holodrama tonight," Ren softly stated. "Beautiful and untouchable." He put his warm hand on your shoulder, his fingers splayed out on your chest right below the base of your neck.

"Yet here you are, touching me," you returned.

"Would you want this every night?"

"The holodrama or you touching me?"

"Both."

"Just you." You felt like you were in a holodrama and saying words that were not your own. You and he didn't usually act like this. You figured he must know about the bugs.

He leaned down to kiss your neck as his hands slid down your bare arms. "I'd give this to you if
you wanted it," he promised.

Now you knew he knew.

"I just want you, master." You leaned back against him and closed your eyes.

Ren didn't disappoint you. While the words were hollow, his body didn't lie. His hands held you as his mouth tasted you. It felt like it always did. You could feel his silky hair against your jaw, and you reached up to push your fingers into the heavy waves.

He put his hands on your waist as he got to his knees behind you. You relaxed farther back, letting him take some of your weight. He didn't seem to mind as his hands trailed over your hips to the split in your skirt. He pressed up against your back as he smoothed the soft velvet away from your legs.

"You're sore," he commented. "You wanted to take a bath."

You kept your annoyance buried deep. You hated to be read like that, but your annoyance wasn't part of the script. You had to find nothing wrong with anything he did. There could be no chink in your armor.

You nodded as you said, "I am."

"Would you like some company?"

You smiled and looked into the mirror to meet the reflection of Ren's dark eyes. "You think the both of us can fit?"

"I'm sure we'll manage."

"No one knows you're not in your room, right?"

"Does it feel like anyone knows?"

You closed your eyes in mock concentration before whispering, "No."

"It's just us," he assured you.

You pivoted on the vanity seat to face him and caught his lips against yours. You didn't have to fake your enjoyment in kissing him. His generous mouth was hot and perfect and tasted like citrus. You felt one of his hands on your bare thigh and you wanted to tell him to take you here, but the thought of Solculvis seeing both of you like that made you pull back.

You watched Ren's face as you took hold of the zipper pull on his shirt and slowly dragged it down his throat and chest. His eyes darted from your mouth to your eyes and back again. It was disappointing when the tunic blocked the slider from going all the way down to his waist. However, it was enough for now.

He drew his bottom lip between his teeth as you glanced down to see his bare chest underneath. You pushed the fabric open as far as it would go and ducked down to kiss one of his collarbones. You felt him shudder as you worked your way up his tilting neck to his smooth jaw.

He let out a stuttering breath as he leaned his head back down. "No more," he softly ordered.

You tried to look contrite as you said, "Sorry, master."
Ren gave you a quick kiss before telling you to get the rest of your makeup off. He got off his knees as you turned back to the mirror and the abandoned cleansing wipe. You made quick work of your makeup even though you were sure only a real wash with water would actually get it all off.

Behind you came the sound of rushing water, and you turned to see Ren coming out of the bathroom as he slipped off the long tunic and draped it over the foot of the sleek, white four-poster bed. The peach-toned paneled walls threw a warm light on him, making his hair look like dark burnished bronze.

You tossed the used wipe into the petite trash can in the curve the vanity and stood up. As you padded over the overdyed geometric-patterned rug, Ren turned to you and unzipped his shirt until it hung fully open. The way he looked stopped you in your tracks.

How you wished to drop to your knees and unfasten his trousers.

He smirked as if he knew and shrugged the shirt off to drape it over the discarded tunic. He got the rest of his clothes off without much flare—not seeming to mind you standing and watching him—and strode into the bathroom once fully naked. His skin was practically glowing in the warm light of the suite, and his backside was just as attractive as his front.

You cursed under your breath as you undid the buckle at your waist. You fumbled with the hooks and hidden buttons until you, too, were naked. There wasn't any point in covering yourself since you'd already been seen without your clothes on. The hidden recorders had seen to that. You briefly wondered if Solculvis was watching you both at this very moment.

You stepped into the bathroom with its pale gray stone and gold fixtures. The large tub was only halfway full as you glanced in it. Ren was at the sink, combing his hair back from his face. You tested the water to find it suitably warm and sat down on the lip of the deep tub.

In one of the back corners sat a few luxuries—little rounds of wrapped soap, a scented body cream, and a crystal jar of large pink pearls. You picked up one of the pearls and found it to be squishy. You sniffed it to find it smelling fresh and vaguely floral.

"It's for the bath," Ren told you. "It'll dissolve in the water."

You hummed with a shrug and dropped one in the churning water. The pearl disappeared in seconds, and the moist air took on the smell of a freshly-watered, well-tended garden. It was good, and you swirled your hand in the warm water to distribute the scent. Without anymore hesitation, you swung your legs over the side and eased into the rising warm water.

The water was faintly pink as it rose over your thighs and tired calves. You sat down in one rounded corner of the tub and sat diagonal. The tub was so long that your feet didn't touch the opposite corner.

You curled in the corner as Ren got in and sat across from you. Once he was settled with his feet pressing against your hip, you draped your legs across his. The edge of the tub was rounded and surprisingly comfortable to rest your head against. As the water started covering your chest, you let out a breath and relaxed against the warmed stone.

Ren ran his hands over the tops of your legs after he adjusted his position. It was peaceful with the sound of water drowning out all other noise. You'd never had anything like this before. There had been wash basins full of too-cool or too-hot water on Jakku to sit in, but you had gotten too big for that by the time you were eight. The watering pits for the animals had never been deep nor very clean, either.
When the water wouldn't go any higher in the tub because of the overflow drain, Ren turned off the tap. The silence that took over felt almost sacred, like you shouldn't make too much noise to disturb it. You put a hand over Ren's crossed calves next to you and gently ran the pads of your fingers through the crisp hair. In reply, he began massaging one of your ankles.

"How did you come up with the design of your lightsaber?" you whispered. You'd thought about asking before, but it never seemed important. You didn't want to talk about Solculvis since he could be listening.

"I didn't, actually. It's an old design."

"But why pick it?"

He shrugged a shoulder, sending ripples through the water. "Why did you pick yours?"

"I don't think I really picked out a design. It was just there."

"Exactly," he said, suggesting that the crossguard design was the only one for him. He switched to massaging your other ankle.

You gasped as he pressed on an extra sensitive tendon. He looked up at you, and you nodded for him to keep going. He worked the muscles and joint until it was loose.

"I don't like these heels for you," he commented. "How can you defend yourself with such shoes on."

"I'm not supposed to have to defend myself when I'm at Hux's side."

Ren scoffed. "You already have."

You hummed in agreement and closed your eyes. "Take it up with Admiral Hux, master."

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Here's what inspired the gown: Elie Saab, Fall 2016
"I'm so pleased we can sit together--the five of us," Mithea warmly said as the now-empty salad plates were taken away. She was beautiful in the daylight. Her lavender-colored skin was smooth and flawless, and her heart-shaped face was subtly made up. Her high-waisted dress was rose red and embroidered with variegated metallic thread and the coordinating, woven headband had jeweled charms which hung in front of her ears to graze her shoulders.

"I am as well," Solculvis agreed. "However, I have something less than pleasant to share with you, Admiral."

Oh, you thought. Here comes the blow. You took a drink of your cold, sweet juice and looked over the rim of the glass at Ren. He was across the large round table while Hux was to your right. The solarium where brunch had been set up was full of sunlight and potted plants. Some of the plants gently swayed in the sunlight as if dancing while soaking up the light. It was relaxing just to watch them. You thought it would've been too warm or too humid, but the overhead fans kept the air moving and cool.

You were suddenly glad for your light dress. The jewel neckline to the beginning swells of your breasts was open-weave, flesh-toned netting with embroidered black feathers. The spines of the feathers were blood red with beading. They glittered like dewdrops in the sunlight. From the end of the netting down to the floor was gathered black chiffon while covering your arms was a single layer cape of sheer black chiffon. On your feet were simple black leather sandals. Your hair was once more up--this time twisted at the back of your head.

You could feel the sunlight beating against the back of your neck.

Hux politely perked up with an inquisitive oh? at Solculvis' offer. Ren was still, his hands in his lap. Mithea turned in her seat and requested the holoprojector from a nearby servant. The servant bowed, produced a handheld projector from their back pocket, and handed the device to Mithea. She in turn gave it to Solculvis.

"It is nothing but the truth, Admiral. I do this out of respect for you and those around the table," Solculvis assured Hux.

He turned the projector on and set it on the table between himself and Hux. You could see a small version of yourself sitting at the vanity in your suite. You were wearing the dress from last night. From stage right in the holo, came Ren to put a hand on your shoulder. You had the urge to ask if your thighs really looked like that.

You watched as holo-Ren bent down and kissed your neck. Holo-you tilted for it like it was a familiar gesture. It was, of course. You could almost feel his touch now with how familiar you were with it.

Hux didn't look at you as he gently dabbed at his mouth. "I see."

You stared down at the table as you heard the tinny version of Ren's voice through the holoprojector. Holo-you answered, but it didn't exactly sound like your voice. They were your words, though, so you knew it was you in the holo.
"I have a solution that could benefit everyone," Solculvis tried to repair the damage of the bomb he had let detonate. How noble of him. You wanted to choke him.

"And what would that be?" Hux's voice had taken on a metal that you rarely heard.

"She could stay here with us," Mithea interjected as she leaned forward and put a hand on the table near yours. You looked at her graceful hand and then over at Solculvis. He gave her a dark look which made her back down with a bent head. Somehow, that made you angrier.

"Yes, no need to execute her," Solculvis said. "Exile her here."

"Exile her?" Hux asked.

You wanted to echo his words. You weren't supposed to stay here. You were supposed to give Hux a fake weak spot for any future negotiations. In turn, it would end up being Solculvis' real weak spot. Solculvis was supposed to use the holo against Hux, not offer you sanctuary from an angry admiral.

"Yes," he replied as his cheeks darkened to an emerald green. "I'll even buy her off you, if you wish."

You numbly stared across the table at Ren to see him fuming. He was barely hanging onto control. You were surprised that nothing was rattling or breaking.

Solculvis wanted to buy you. It took a moment for the realization to sink in. He wanted to collect you. You didn't understand. You weren't the powerful Force-user at the table. Why would he want you when he could bargain for Ren?

"Lord Ren could come see her anytime." Solculvis turned off the projector. "Or even better yet, he could stay with us as well. They're a mated pair. We would take care of them, and he could assist you whenever you needed him."

So, it was purchase you, keep you here, and get Ren for free.

"Am I to understand that you wish to add my consort and my lord commander to your zoo?" Hux calmly asked, but you could see him scratching the palms of his hands with his blunt nails. This wasn't going the way he had predicted.

"A dark-Jedi mated pair is unheard of," Mithea softly said. "They're both so healthy and beautiful." She turned to you, and you looked at her, and in her eyes was an unexpected desperation. "You could stay in any room you wanted."

The thought of living in Solculvis' palace made you nauseous. He thought Hux would execute you for having sex with Ren. You couldn't imagine what Solculvis would do to you if you disobeyed him. Kriff, he thought that being sold into a collection of animals was an actual option.

You stared into Mithea's earnest eyes and wondered if she meant it. Would you be a curiosity or a companion? Would you be expected to perform for guests? Would you be dragged out as some sort of oversized doll to be groomed and dressed to Solculvis' liking?

You would kill them all before any of that would happen.

"We'd care for any offspring from their union, naturally. The children could even live with her, if she wished," Solculvis magnanimously offered.
At that Ren stood, his chair tipping back behind him, and raised his hand in Solculvis’ direction. Solculvis gagged and gurgled for air as he pushed back from the table. Hux barked out Ren's name, but Ren ignored him. You braced yourself in your chair as your voice seemed to leave you. With a cry at her husband's distress, Mithea threw herself between him and Ren. In the meantime, the servants had fled the room in such a rush, you were surprised they hadn't fallen over each other.

From behind Ren, came the palace guard. You jumped out of your seat, your body seemingly back under your control, and pushed the guards away with the Force. They went flying back into the connecting sitting room. Some hit the wall so hard they left indents while others toppled over furniture. You knew it wouldn't be long until they gathered their wits and weapons to charge at the room again.

"Ren!" Hux demanded, and Ren looked up at him with a snarl. "Stop."

From behind you, Solculvis wetly gasped at finally being able to take in air once more. Hux came up to a slumped Solculvis with Mithea draped over him. Hux towered over them and was quiet for a few seconds as he took a deep breath.

"My people cannot be bought, King Solculvis. Perhaps you are used to purchasing such vassals, but the First Order does not have to buy its people." Hux put on his gloves and adjusted the fit as he spoke. "We are done, I think. It has been enlightening. May your kingdom find stability in the upcoming years."

Hux turned from the cowering couple and before he could step into the room adjoining the solarium, Ren Force-pushed the fumbling guards to the walls. They froze, their weapons useless, their voices silenced. You thought they all should be grateful neither one of you were armed. You stepped in behind Hux with Ren following close.

"You don't buy them, Grand Admiral, you just steal them!" Solculvis bellowed from the solarium. "You're no better!"

Hux ignored him and continued out of the sitting room. You didn't know what Solculvis meant, but it didn't feel far off from the truth. You had been taken from Jakku, after all, and no one knew where you were.

As the three of you were ascending the stairs, Hux ordered you both to pack your things. "We're leaving ASAP."

Phasma met the three of you in the hallway, and Hux ordered her with you after he informed her the Order was withdrawing. "I don't want her alone," he said and then pointed at a stormtrooper who came out of the security suite. "You, EJ-3030, go with Lord Ren."

You looked back at Ren to see him open his mouth to argue, but you silently pleaded with him to obey. Hux knew what he was doing. He might be an asshole who had killed billions, but he knew how to protect his own.

"Get your blasters and keep them at the ready," Hux finished.

Phasma and EJ-3030 saluted with 'yes, sir's and rushed to get their weapons. You heard Phasma barking orders from the security suite. She came out with an impressive blaster rifle.

You walked into your room with Phasma close behind. You transferred the gowns to the trunk and the rest of your personal items to the duffle. You went as quickly as you could while Phasma walked a circuit from balcony doors to the open hallway door. You tied your belt around your
waist, letting the cape on the dress billow freely, and hooked the two lightsabers to it. You were
tired of being unarmed and didn't care if you looked ridiculous with your flowing chiffon gown's
lines ruined by your weapons.

You closed everything up and nodded to Phasma. "Ready."

There was a hover-platform for personal luggage and the security crates waiting in the hallway.
You and Phasma got your trunk and duffle onto the platform, and walked it down the hall for Hux
and Ren. The other troopers followed behind, their blasters in their capable hands. You couldn't
hear anything from below, but that didn't mean Solculvis wasn't planning on making you all pay
for refusing him.

Ren and Hux got their things on the platform, and the company went down to the quiet, sun-lit first
floor. It seemed as though the palace had been abandoned. The front door was left open, and
Phasma urged Hux, Ren, and you to hang back. She had one of her troops peek around the open
doors and report back.

There were guards blocking the main gate, the trooper reported. Phasma hazarded a guess that
there were more hiding in the rows of palms which lined the wide drive. Hux added that there
would most certainly be some snipers on the roof.

After a second, Hux said, "We don't have to go out the front door."

"Go out the back, call the shuttle, and have them shoot the building and the grounds," Ren offered.

"That would work, but would certainly make an enemy of Solculvis."

"I think that already happened when you didn't sell me," you stated.

Hux huffed with a nod. "Fortunately, we got what we came for, and it's already off-planet." He
turned to Phasma and offered to manage the hover-platform. She didn't argue, but offered to cover
him. The other troopers took her orders to use a wedge formation with Hux at the lead. You and
Ren were to stay at the back of the wedge to block potential blaster fire.

Ren seemed prepared and to know exactly what he was doing. You just nodded along and prayed
that the Force wouldn't abandon you now. Hux called in the situation to the two officers in
charge of the command shuttle. They were to set down behind the palace and within the citadel's
walls. Hux gave them leave to shoot any and all hostiles.

You got your sabers in your hands and took a deep breath as the Order party crept through the
palace. There were no obstructions of any kind, no guards blocking the way. It was so quiet that
you could hear the high whine of the shuttle engines as it got closer.

The shuttle must've just swooped over the citadel's walls because from the front of the palace came
blaster fire. You looked up at Ren and he down at you. You didn't have words, but there seemed to
be something which passed between you. He gave you the smallest of grins. Maker, you wanted to
kiss him one last time.

Phasma yelled, "Go, go, go!"

The shuttle had just swung around the palace as it pummeled the roof with bolts. The palace shook
as some of the building's stones blew inward. There was yelling from the guards at the front of the
building, inarticulate words from where you were but full of emotion nonetheless.

Hux pushed the platform out from the veranda and ran with the stormtroopers shielding his sides.
You and Ren ignited your lightsabers and rushed after the perfect formation of troopers. The bright sunlight momentarily blinded you, but you kept your eyes opened and pointed down.

There was no firing from the charred roof and at a glance you could tell that no one who had been up there would be able to do you any harm. There came yelling from inside the palace, and a few blaster bolts flew wild.

You heard your name being screamed from your right. It was Mithea. She stopped at the end of the veranda and called for you. You wanted to pause as you backed away from the palace, to see what she wanted, but you knew that was foolish.

From behind her, Solculvis shouted for her to get back inside.

Mithea disobeyed and took another step forward to sink into the grass. "Stay here with us!" she called. "We'll keep you safe--away from the war!"

You deflected a few bolts that came too close for comfort. You wanted to respond to her that you weren't the one who brought a fight, but you were too busy blocking blaster bolts from her guards. It was too late for you, anyway. You were in this with Ren, and you wouldn't leave him.

"We'll protect--" Her words were cut off by Solculvis running out of the palace, grabbing her around the waist, and hoisting her in his arms. She fought against him, and they argued all the way inside.

The shuttle landed on the clearing in front of the gazebo. The ramp was lowering as it settled on the ground. Hux leapt onto the ramp and ran into the ship with Phasma directly behind him. The stormtroopers returned fire and held their ground. Ren had one foot on the ramp and the other in the grass.

From your left you felt a malevolent presence. Someone was taking aim in the hopes of destroying everyone in the shuttle. You pointed Darksaber in their direction as you focused on them. You wrapped the Force around them and hoisted them up. You heard a yelp from the dense greenery surrounding the gazebo. You pulled them out to see a dark-clothed guard with some sort of launcher in their hands.

You growled and yanked them to you. When they were close enough, you cut the launcher in half with Darksaber. The pieces of the launcher went wide from the blow, and you sliced the guard open from neck to groin with your lightsaber. They gagged in pain above you, and you hurled them away to die on the ground.

"Let's go!" Ren ordered.

You turned to see him halfway up the ramp. The stormtroopers surrounded you as you hurried up to him. You extinguished your sabers as you reached him, and he did the same before pulling you the rest of the way into the ship. You stared up into his dark eyes as the troopers filed in and the ramp closed behind them.

You both swayed as the shuttle lifted off and soared away from the citadel. The troopers were reporting to Phasma and stowing their blasters behind you. Hux was at the cockpit entrance. And Ren still had his warm hand around your forearm.

"I killed him," you whispered.

"To protect us," Ren added.
The lightsaber had gone through everything easily--armor, clothing, skin, and bone. You had left a human being to die in a smoldering heap on a manicured lawn. It had seemed so natural to disarm and destroy.

Ren urged you to hook your sabers onto your belt, and you dazedly did so. You walked over to an unoccupied bench and sat down. You stared down at the deck of the ship. You could still feel how the lightsaber had cut through the guard easily and cleanly.

Ren sat down beside you as you looked around the shuttle. You could kill everyone onboard. No one would be able to stop you. Not Hux. Not Phasma. Plastoid armor would be nothing compared to the bright heat of a lightsaber. The power you wielded was dangerous. It astounded you that you had just figured that out.

You could kill everyone and take Ren to some Outer Rim planet. You both would live in peace, together. Maybe you could find a planet with forests and build a cabin big enough for the two of you. It would be quiet, you imagined.

You looked up at Ren and contemplated a future like that. Just the two of you in a sea of evergreens. There would still be training and dueling. Perhaps you'd learn to track and hunt using the Force. There'd be fires at night to share stories around. You could have him all to yourself for weeks at a time.

He met your gaze, and you allowed him to shuffle through the little fantasy. You didn't mind him seeing the bloody beginning. You could avoid all the things that you feared were coming by taking over the ship.

He ducked down to whisper, "Not yet."

"If not now, when?" you asked.

"Let me think of something."

You sighed and nodded in agreement. He answered your acquiescence with a quick kiss. You tried not to follow him as he pulled back. You wanted, and you hadn't realized how much you wanted until getting a little taste.

Hux strode around the hover-platform in the middle of the main hold to sit next to you. He relaxed back in the seat as much as his proper posture would allow and gave you an approving look.

"You did well back there," Hux praised. "Both of you. I'm not surprised, really."

"Thank you, sir," you replied. Could you actually take Hux's head? You were sure the Resistance would commend you if you did before executing you. Still, could you do it? You briefly studied his perfection--from his ginger hair, to his full lips, to his long-fingered hands. You couldn't imagine him lying on the floor, cold and dead--his fierce blue eyes lifeless and dull. The very idea was actually upsetting. No, you decided, you couldn't kill Hux.

Hux quickly licked his lips and asked, "May I call on you both in the next few cycles?"

It took you a moment to come back into the present and get what he was saying. You glanced at Ren and raised your eyebrows in question. You were open. It had been too long since you got to feel Hux's skin against yours and hear his voice go breathless as his perfect cock pumped inside you. You wanted to see Ren kiss him again, too, and yank on his elegant hair.

"Of course, Admiral," Ren answered.
Chapter End Notes

Here's what inspired the dress: Elie Saab, Resort 2016
You were the first down the ramp after the stormtroopers, so you saw the Knights before Ren did. They were waiting next to one of the wide doors separating the hangar from the rest of the ship. They were milling about and talking, and generally making the techs nervous—if the glances you saw being thrown their way was any indication.

Baltek took one look at you as you approached and said, "You've killed someone."

The other Knights looked between him and you, and then they studied you. Jeckhum was the first to nod.

"There's darkness with you," he agreed.

You didn't know how to reply. Were you supposed to be proud of it? It didn't sound like anyone was overly proud. It was a thing you had done. Without provocation. There had been no Sidious egging you on. You had done it like a trained attack dog. Then again, the guard you had killed would have done the same to you.

You reluctantly nodded as you explained, "Got one Solculvis' guards. They had a launcher of some type."

"So, what did you do?" Yideth asked as if she were gossiping more than discussing murder.

"I cut the launcher in half and then did the same to him."

"Babygirl's first kill," Kin Al teased as he came around to your left. "I feel like I should commission something to commemorate the occasion."

You crossed your arms with a playful huff—trying to play along and hoping you didn't fail—and met his twinkling eyes. "It better be something shiny and expensive."

Jeckhum laughed in delight and hit Kin Al's shoulder. They shared a grin.

"It'll be big and shiny and sure to satisfy," Kin Al promised with a cock of his hip.

It was easy to forget what you had done and focus on Kin Al. "Is that what you told Jeckhum the first time?"

Kin Al offered a roguish smirk. "And a whole lot more."

Behind him, Jeckhum bent over to wheeze out, "Oh, Maker."

Before you could ask him to tell you all about it, Ren came up behind you. "Quit hitting on my apprentice, bantha breath."

"I'm just doing your job for you. She kills for you, so you need to show her your appreciation."

"I plan on it," Ren stated and put a hand on the small of your back to urge you to walk.

The Knights as a whole whistled and good-naturedly jeered as you and Ren left the hangar. You bit your lip until you could no longer contain your giggles—which ended up being in the turbolift. Ren gave you a look and ordered you to stop laughing. It made it harder to stop.
You looked up at Ren to see him barely keeping his face neutral. "Big and shiny," you whispered.

He backed you up against the wall of the lift and caged you in. "Sure to satisfy," he finished with a roguish smirk that mirrored Kin Al's.

"You heard all that?"

"You two weren't exactly quiet."

"You don't like me quiet," you returned.

He hummed in agreement as he tilted your chin up farther and then softly brushed his fingers over your bottom lip. "You were everything I thought you could be back there."

"I didn't know I was going to do it," you confessed.

"But it didn't feel wrong, did it?"

You shook your head. No, it had felt easy and natural. Your training had kicked in. There had been no thought behind your action. The guard was going to blow the shuttle, and you stopped him. It was as simple as that.

*No need for remorse.*

Ren backed off before the lift dinged at your floor. When the doors slid open, there were a few officers waiting in the vestibule for it. They all stepped away and made space for Ren and you to clear the lift. You kept your eyes straight ahead despite wanting to look over your shoulder at the rubbernecking officers.

The walk through the barracks passageways was quiet and professional between the two of you, but once Ren had opened the doors to your warmer quarters, you backed him against the closest wall. He made a little questioning sound as the door closed behind you both, and you pressed your body against his. You dragged your hands down his hard chest to his sides and beyond to his hips and strong thighs.

"I want you," you whispered.

He shivered and licked his lips. They glistened in the dim light from open port windows. "I'm yours," he returned.

You knew your lightsabers were digging into his hips, but he didn't protest as you pushed your hands under his tunic to cup his firm ass. All he did was let out a breath and roll the bulge of his dick against your belly.

You could tell that he wanted to touch you, but you projected that you didn't want that just yet. You didn't have to read his mind to know that he wanted to grab you and carry you to the bed. However, his fists remained against the wall, and he let you do what you desired.

You started with his belt and unlatched it, letting it drop to the floor. Next came the long tunic, which you unhooked the closures at his waist so it hung loosely down his long body. Lastly, you tugged down the red zipper of his shirt and spread the two halves wide.

His skin looked soft and creamy in the starlight. The scars he had accumulated over the years were shiny like the jewels of past pain. There was a sparse patch of chest hair at the divot between his pecs. You leaned forward and kissed right above the hair. His skin was hot against your lips as you
kissed your way to one of his nipples.

Ren's breath caught, and he pushed up against your mouth. You scraped your teeth over the delicate pink nipple while caressing the other. Above you, he gasped out a curse.

You smiled against his chest and kissed your way down his solid torso. Right above his bellybutton was a line of indents from his shirt's zipper. You licked the interesting texture and gave it a kiss.

"You need to wear an undershirt," you murmured as you got on your knees. "Zipper dug in." You ran your fingers over the line.

"Too hot for one."

"I'll say," you commented.

You held his hips as you kissed right above the waistband of his trousers. You felt a hand on your shoulder, but you allowed it. His touch burned through the netting and embroidery. It made it all real—you were on the Finalizer with him and no one could touch you now without going through Ren.

You made quick work of the fastenings on his trousers and pulled his underwear down to expose his cock. He was already hard and leaking, the foreskin pulling back to expose the flushed head of his erection. His hand moved up your shoulder to cup the back of your neck.

That was encouragement enough for you, and you leaned forward to give a teasing lick at the gathering precome. You felt his hips flex as if he was trying to push his dick into your mouth, but you didn't blame him. You wrapped a hand around the base and pushed it up to get to his balls.

You buried your face in his groin and got your mouth on one of them. You laved your tongue over the delicate ovoid and gently sucked.

Ren wetly gasped your name and cursed and spread his legs as much as he was able.

You moved onto the other one and lovingly gave it the same treatment. He tasted like salt and soap and musk and him. You released the testicle in your mouth and licked a slow line up his balls and cock. You smeared the wetness you found at the tip across your bottom lip.

With a glance up, you saw that Ren had his head thrown back. The long line of his neck was exposed and vulnerable. You followed the wide line of bare skin down his throat to his heaving chest and smooth stomach down to the line of his dark treasure trail.

To your hand which steadied the thick shaft of his hard cock.

You couldn't wait any longer. You wanted it all—the taste of him in your mouth, the heft of his dick on your tongue. So, you did what you wanted because he certainly wasn't going to stop you. You eased back his foreskin and took the head of his cock in your mouth and sucked and swirled your head around so he felt all of your mouth.

The hand at your nape pushed into your coiffed hair. It pulled a little, but it didn't stop you from getting more of his cock in your mouth. You sucked and moaned around Ren's shaft, and you got an answering husky groan from him. The strain and concentration was what you needed. It felt so good—the heat of him, the taste, the weight, the knowledge that you were giving him something he couldn't get from anyone else. You worked his dick as his big hands shoved their way into your hair. You could feel the pins holding your hair in place being jostled and tugged.
Ren moaned and pushed his cock farther into your mouth. It was like he couldn't help it, so driven by need as the both of you were. You didn't mind the minute thrusts; your fist encircling the base kept you from choking completely and gagging helplessly around his cock.

One day you wanted to be able to take him all. You wanted him to back you up against a wall and fuck your mouth until he came down your throat. Your lips would be so puffy and wet and hot from his thrusts. His come would be all you could taste, and your mouth would know the feel of his throbbing dick again. You felt your cunt clench at the very thought.

Ren suddenly yanked you off his cock, pulling you from your deep-throating fantasy, and pushed you back with the Force until your shoulder blade bumped into one of the armchairs. You tried to catch your breath and get to your knees again, but he told you to stop.

You stared at his dick as it bobbed in the starlight. It was glossy with your spit, and you wiped at your damp chin. Before you could say anything, Ren was stripping off his layers. He tossed them away until he was naked.

You let out a quiet sigh at the sight of him gloriously nude. Seeing him hard and naked wasn't getting old for you. You didn't know when you'd tire of it, when it would become mundane, but you had a suspicion that it never would.

He took a stalking step towards you, and you silently answered by leaning back on the armchair and slowly pulling your dress up your legs. His gaze became laser-focused on the moving fabric and your newly exposed flesh.

"Keep going," he ordered. "All the way."

You oriented yourself to face him fully and dragged the soft chiffon up your thighs until it was bunched against your body.

"Spread your legs."

The fine panties you wore were flesh-toned, close to your own coloring, and had a little band of stretchy lace at the waistband and legs. They weren't fancy, but they were nice. They clung to your wet slit, and you suspected you had soaked through them. You bit your lip, got your sandaled feet on the floor, and let your knees fall open.

Ren got down on all fours and seemed to hunt you down, though you didn't move. You felt paralyzed by the hunger in his dark eyes. He got his head between your knees and trailed his nose and lips down one of your thighs. Before he got to your crotch, he stopped and sat up. You wanted to groan in frustration and pull his head back between your legs.

"Lift your hips."

You braced against the floor and raised your rear. Ren pulled the soft cotton down your hips and thighs. You sat back down and let him get your underwear the rest of the way off. He threw the panties in the direction of the bed and then got his big hands on your knees to open you up to him.

"Fuck, look at you. I bet this is what Solculvis wanted to see." He smoothed a hand down your inner thigh to run his thumb over wetness between your legs.

"But this isn't for him," you replied as you pushed against his finger. Ren's cock was so close, and you wanted it in you.

Ren looked up at you through his black lashes. "Who's it for, then?"
You breathed out, "You."

He was too far away for you to get your hands on him. You wanted to curl up and touch his cock as you kissed him. His lips looked abused and flushed as if he'd been biting on them. He probably had since he'd been keeping most of his noises locked down when you were sucking his cock. One day you'd have him all to yourself, with no one around, and you'd get him talking again.

You pushed up against his hand that was between your legs. You just wanted a little more, just a little bit of stimulation. His thumb circled your clit and it wasn't enough.

"Just me?" he asked as he moved to loom over you. His fingers stroked over your increasingly wet cunt. His teasing would almost have frustrated you completely if it hadn't felt so good.

You nodded in reply and reached up to touch him. You spread your hands across his developed chest. You softly circled his nipples and watched them harden under your tender ministrations.

"Kiss me," you pleaded.

Ren seemed to want to deny you for a second before he gave in. You put it all into the kiss, and you demanded everything from him in return. He sucked on your bottom lip, licked into your mouth, teased your tongue. He gave you almost everything that you wanted.

You broke the kiss and pushed his hair out of his face. He pressed his pink cheek into your palm.

"Don't make me wait anymore," you told him.

He nodded and pulled you forward with a hand at your lower back. That was invitation enough for you, and you clambered onto his lap. He huffed out an affectionate laugh and held you tight as he adjusted his legs until they were bent in front of him. His cock rocked against the front of your body, and it took nearly all your willpower not to writhe in his arms.

He urged you to lean back a little and then untied your belt, setting it to the side. He unbuttoned the back of your dress and pushed it up and off. He ran warm hands over your naked sides and pulled you to him as he buried his face in your neck.

You wrapped your arms behind his neck and held him, feeling not just his body against yours, but his energy. He was a deep sea, full of danger and beauty, and he was yours. The thought had you squirming against his hard body.

"I want you," you whispered.

He sighed in contentment at your words and held you tighter. You leaned back against the unyielding bands of his arms at your waist. He met your eyes, and you saw that maybe he was finally understanding what you felt, why you wanted to get away from the First Order, why you stayed by his side.

You leaned in and kissed him again because you couldn't help it. You rose up a little on your knees and reached between your bodies to steady his cock. You found the right angle and broke the kiss as you slowly lowered yourself. You pressed your forehead to his once you were seated.

You couldn't stop the little hitches of your hips because you felt so full. He murmured that you should wrap your legs around him. You nodded, and he steadied you as you maneuvered one leg and then the other. You gasped as his cock went deeper once you settled.

"Oh fuck, I can't--" you choked out.
"I got you," he bit out as he rocked your bodies together.

It was more intense and slower than anything you'd done with him previously. You got your arms around him, grasping at his flexing back, and tried to move with him. His hands practically burned against the tender skin of your ass. Everything was rubbing you the right way, from his thick cock in your wet cunt to your sensitive clit being stroked by his tensing abs. Even your nipples were rubbing against his chest.

You pushed your face into the wavy hair at his temple and breathed in the melange of spice and sunshine and clean sheets in his hair. You knew you were making noises, but you were deafened with how wrapped up in him you were.

You felt his lips on the juncture of your shoulder and neck. He was panting and mindlessly mouthing at your flesh. His strong hands were grinding you down on his hard dick. His now-wet pubic hair rasped against your aching clit. His sweat, his smooth skin, his thick hair in your fist, fuck, you couldn't get enough.

He moaned a broken yeah and seized under you. His arms were like vises around your middle as he groaned against your throat. You could feel him climax. His cock pulsed inside you, his come gushed against your cervix, each spurt so distinct that you could count them.

Ren rested his head on your shoulder and stroked your back. "You didn't--" He was still trying to catch his breath. "I should've lasted--" He rubbed the bridge of his nose against your collarbone. "Fuck."

You smiled up at the ceiling as you ran your fingers though his hair. "I'll take that as a compliment," you returned.

"You and your kriffing mouth," he groaned after a few minutes of silence. He put his hands on your lower ribcage. "Lie back."

You allowed him to guide you down until you were draped over his calves. The movement made his softening cock to slip out of you, and you felt the hot ooze of his come slide out of you. Some amount of pride had you arching your back. He had given himself over to you, not just now, but over time. Maybe it was strange, but feeling that physical evidence of his ardor made you feel trusted and cherished and loved.

He smoothed his hands over your chest, the pads of his fingers ghosting over your nipples. He didn't waste much time getting between your legs, and you were grateful for it. He massaged your wet folds, pushing them against your clit. You whimpered at his sure touch and rocked your hips.

"You want direct?" he asked.

"Yes, touch me, please!"

Ren placed his hands on either side of your swollen pussy and nestled his thumbs side by side against your clit. Just the pressure of his touch was making you quiver. You gripped his knees and tried to nod because that was what you wanted.

He stroked and pressed and relentlessly drove you to orgasm. You crashed up against his hands as your cunt throbbed and clenched. Climax seemed to steal your breath and the feeling in your extremities. You must've moaned his name because he nodded and left his fingers simply pressing against you. That pressure was enough to make everything below the waist pulsate and tighten one more time.
When you finally relaxed in his lap, Ren brought one of his hands up to his mouth. You grinned as you watched him suck his fingers clean. He propped himself on his arms and let his head fall back when he was finished.

"I'm definitely taking you on the next mission," he commented.

You snorted. "Only because you hope it'll end with fucking on the floor."

"There's always wall sex."
"We have narrowed Revolver's location to the *Harbinger* or the *Vengeance,*" Hux started the briefing. "We have five of the seven contacts in our custody. Two of the contacts were fatally injured while in pursuit."

You wondered if you'd have to interrogate the other three contacts like you had with Wopece and Salam. You glanced to your right at Ren and wondered if it was cowardly to hope you wouldn't be the one. However, you didn't want him to do it either. You honestly wished that neither of you were there in the meeting, on the *Finalizer,* with the First Order.

"There is an all-personnel announcement of public execution that will be sent out later today."

You looked down at the table and bit your tongue to keep your face blank. You told yourself that you shouldn't be surprised. What did you think the Order was going to do? Slap them on the wrist and send them home? You had hoped that they might be sent to a work camp or just prison. They could get out of places like that.

"That shall lure Revolver out, if they are anything like the Resistance," Hux clarified with a barely hidden snarl.

You noted he hadn't said anything about not actually executing anyone. You had to assume he still meant to kill them, but wanted to give it double the effect.

"You here in front of me are agents of the First Order whom I know I can count on to play your parts."

Hux didn't say he trusted those in the room. There weren't many in attendance—a quick headcount resulted in twelve, not including Hux. He knew what the twelve in front of him were going to do. You found that ironic because you didn't know what you were going to do.

You had given Salam and Wopece their respective nightmares. Wasn't that bad enough? You supposed living with that would be worse than death. You didn't know if you could stand there and watch them die. But what else could you do?

"You have been sent an updated weekly schedule from your commanding officers." Hux looked around the closed room. His eyes were determined, cold, and flinty. "I suggest you follow the new schedule without comment to your fellow officers."

The officers stood at attention, put their fists to their chests, and barked out, "Yes, sir." You and Ren stood and gave a small bow.

Hux nodded back with a gloved hand on his sternum and dismissed everyone. You observed Hux as everyone shuffled out of the briefing. Hux was doing something on his datapad, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was frustrated about it, too.

Ren stood by the doorway and remained even when the door slid shut behind the last officer. You were a few chairs away from him and almost across the room from Hux. You glanced at Ren—to see him leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest—and then turned to face Hux.

"Don't," Hux ordered without looking up. It felt like he was talking to you more than Ren.

You didn't want to discount his deductive reasoning. He probably knew that you wanted to probe
his thoughts and see what was irking him so much. You came around the table and approached him.

He put his datapad down and seemed to drop the facade of concentration. "We'll be departing for safer space next cycle," he said apropos of nothing.

"Considering the announcement's going out soon, that's a good idea, sir," you replied as you sidled closer.

His voice was irritated as he asked, "Why do you call me that?"

"Don't you want me to address you with respect?"

"You say it differently."

"Would you like me to call you Admiral? Grand Admiral?"

He seemed to realize what he had said or where the conversation was going and pulled himself up. "Apologies, my lady. I must get back to the bridge." He made no move to pick up his datapad, you noted.

You had gotten close enough by then to touch his uniform right above his belt. You spread your hand wide at his slim waist and looked up into his clear blue eyes. He seemed frozen, immobilized, by your touch.

You whispered, "Or would you rather I call you Armitage?"

"That's not-- That wouldn't be--"

You felt the corners of your mouth curl up as you reached up to hook a hand behind his neck. Hux bent easily as you raised up on tiptoe to kiss him. You felt him get lost for a moment, losing all situational awareness. His mind went static when you pulled back as you sucked his bottom lip. You gave it a harsh nip before letting go, and it was like all his circuits fired at once. He was awake and aware and annoyed. Aroused.

"Have a good day, sir," you told him and walked away.

Ren straightened up and told Hux over your shoulder, "Clean up before you come to us tonight."

"I don't think he's going to show," you said as you kicked your feet in the air behind you. You had your datapad in front of you on the bed and were reading what the news sites were reporting about the fallen New Republic. Systems were looking for individual leadership, they reported. Any senator who hadn't been in the Hosian System at the time of its destruction was trying to rally support for a new type of government. There were talks of systems ruling themselves without a central government. No one knew what to do, and everyone was very vocal about it.

"He'll show," Ren slowly replied from the private training room.

You hummed as you scrolled on to the next article. It was about the First Order. The galaxy knew about the change within the ranks. The assassination attempt on Hux's life was mentioned, but not explained in detail. With the article was an official portrait of Hux in his finery. He looked good.
You thought of when you had made him come in that uniform, of him rutting against you, of his
elegant hand between your thighs.

You pushed the datapad away and rolled over onto your back. You stared up at the dark ceiling
above you and willed Hux to show up.

He didn't.

You got up and put your datapad on the desk mount for it to charge. You didn't want to concentrate
on the galaxy or the dead-end plans for resurrecting the Republic. You wanted a distraction.

A glance into the training room showed Ren in his underwear and still seated on the floor. He
stared out the unshielded port-windows. You walked in to join him and sat near. The floor was a
little cool under you, but not unpleasantly so. Ren had urged you to keep to your underwear and
compression top. He said there was no reason to dirty up clothes you weren't going to be in long.

He was so certain Hux was going to join you both, but it was getting late. Surely, if Hux was going
to show up, he would've done so by now.

But why did you care? You looked over at Ren. His dark hair was getting longer, almost brushing
his shoulders--the weight of it starting pull the wave in it loose. It suited him, and you wanted to
run you fingers through the freshly washed locks. You had Kylo Ren for a master, for a lover. If
Hux never showed up, you'd still have Ren.

You rolled onto your knees and were about to waddle over when the door chime rang. Ren looked
up at you with a smug look, and you rolled your eyes as you got to your feet. You both knew it was
Hux.

You answered the door to see Hux looking unlike himself. His hair was free of any product, and it
feathered back from his face--though it seemed that bits wanted to flop down onto his forehead. He
had on a black tracksuit and trainers that were obviously Order issued. Just from the get-up, you
could tell he was hiding his intention from any onlooker.

You stepped back and let him in with a wry question: "Come for a workout, sir?"

"Do you always answer the door like that?" he returned as he stepped over the threshold.

You looked down with a shrug. "Only for you."

"It's indecent--anyone could've seen you."

"Why put on airs?" Ren asked from the doorway to the training room. "You know what you're here
for."

Hux looked between you both with a huff--his eyes seemingly not knowing where to stop--and
unzipped his jacket. It was an inauspicious start. Without being told, Hux began to strip. He folded
his jacket over the back of an armchair and his undershirt followed. He propped himself on the arm
of the chair and set his trainers and socks to the side.

You approached him then, and stepped between his spread thighs. You felt Ren close behind you,
watching you and Hux. Hux looked up at you, and his hair flopped against his forehead again. He
seemed annoyed by it, but made no move to push it back. You took mercy and combed your
fingers through his surprisingly fine locks. It was the softest copper in the low light of the suite.

"I like your hair like this," you told him as you got both hands in it.
Hux tilted his head back with your touch and sighed as his eyes went half-mast. You traced the flushing rim of his ears, and he shivered. You couldn't help but smooth over his surface emotions with a mental hand. He was so open and relaxed, it seemed like no effort at all to get a read on him through the Force.

Things weren't going as well as he'd hoped. There were demands from lesser commanders which he now had to humor or look in to. The assassins and co-conspirators had given up much, but he felt it had not been enough. There had been too many strongly worded suggestions on what to do with them to be ignored, though. He'd had to act, and now all five were to be killed in two cycles. It wasn't enough time.

Hux mentally sighed and thought that Kylo Ren was now the easiest of people under him.

You softly repeated something you'd heard Tekka say, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Hux's eyes sharpened at your words. "How do you know that quote?"

You gave him a little smirk and leaned in. "I'm not as dumb as I look." With that, you fisted his hair in one hand and pulled his head back. His mouth fell open as his head went back. You got your mouth on his neck and left sucking kisses going down the long column of his throat. Hux's hands followed the leg seams of your underwear until he had two handfuls of your ass, and he pulled you against him.

Ren came around you and pressed up against your side as he dragged a hand down your spine. Hux turned his head in Ren's direction as much as he could with your hand clutching his hair. You pulled back a little when Ren crowded up against you to see him kiss Hux. Hux clung to you and leaned against your shoulder as he lost himself in Ren's kiss.

You were transfixed by them--the way they moved in counterpoint to each other, the blush on Ren's cheeks, Hux's golden lashes. You ran your fingertips over the heated skin of Hux's neck. You nibbled on Hux's ear, sucked on the delicate lobe.

It was the first time he didn't smell like cologne or other grooming products. He just smelled like him--cold air and cinnamon. You sighed against his neck and rubbed your cheek against the downy hair at the edge of his hairline.

"I want you to fuck her," Ren murmured. "I want to watch her come."

You moved up and sighed against Hux's jaw. "Can you do that for me, sir?"

You could see what Ren had in mind and you liked it. You didn't think Hux would protest. He was yours and Ren's for the night, and Ren wanted to dominate him. Hux was a live wire, and all he knew was that he wanted anything that could be offered.

"I shall endeavor to satisfy," Hux replied.

You couldn't help but smile and then kiss his hot cheek. You straightened up to see a mottled blush trailing down his cheeks to his throat and chest. It matched his tips of his pink ears. His lips were kiss-swollen and wet, and his pale eyes were like glittering stones. With his messy ginger hair, he made quite the alluring picture.

You held Hux's face and gave him a quick kiss. When you pulled back, he followed you to press his lips to yours once more. His lean, strong hands held you against him like you would try to escape, like you would want to.
"Take off the rest and get on the bed," you whispered against his lips.

You took a step back, and Hux let you go. Ren gathered you to him as Hux stood and stripped. You both watched him neatly drape the rest of his clothes over the back of the chair. Hux's cock was already hard and mouthwateringly pink, and he cupped a hand over it as he walked to the bed and kneeled at the edge.

Ren silently urged you to get in front of Hux and let him do what he had in mind. He kept his hands on you as you took the few steps to stand before Hux. You didn't stop yourself from playing with Hux's hair again because it was soft and messy. He seemed to like your petting him, if the relaxed look he had was any indication.

Behind you, Ren slid his hands around your waist and teased fingers under your compression top. Inch by inch, he pushed the fabric up until you had to let go of Hux to raise your arms. You put your hands behind Ren's neck and leaned against him as he caressed you. He cupped your breasts and ran thumbs over your nipples. You shivered at his delicate touch and shimmied against him. You could feel the bulge of his cock against the seam of your ass.

There were lips suddenly on you--Ren's at your neck and Hux's at your belly. You didn't know where to go or which mouth you wanted more. They both felt so good. Hux was tracing the skin right above the waistband of your underwear, and it tickled in the best way. Ren was using lips, tongue, and teeth to set your nerves alight.

In the meantime, Ren's thumbs were circling your nipples, making them pucker and almost ache. You inadvertently dug your nails into his skin, and he lowly hissed, but didn't tell you to stop. Instead he leaned in and whispered in your ear:

"So vicious."

He kissed your jaw. "So hungry."

You nodded and wiggled between him and Hux. Hux took the initiative and started to work your panties down. You held yourself still for him until he guided your feet to step free. He ran his hands up the outsides of your legs and bent forward to push his face against your pubic hair.

Hux pulled at the back of your thighs, tugging your body against his face. You went with it as you felt his tongue sneak between you legs and tease your slit. With a gasp, you tried to spread your legs, but met resistance as Hux encouraged you to lift a leg over his shoulder.

Ren held you as you found your balance and hooked a leg over Hux's shoulder. Hux didn't waste time with teasing or romancing, he supported your ass, tilted his head, and ran his soft tongue between the wet folds of your pussy. He ground his lips and chin against your body as he swirled his tongue.

You moaned his name as he found your clit and told him to not stop, and he answered you with a hum. You wanted to grab his head and ride him down to the mattress because he was being too gentle with you. You let go of Ren to concentrate on Hux. You got your hands in his hair and rocked your pelvis against his tongue.

"Harder," you demanded.

Hux seemed to get what you wanted as he drove his tongue over your clit over and over. You could feel yourself tightening all over. Your stomach, your spine, your hands fisted, your heels lifted. Your chin tucked to your chest, and you watched the way Hux's jaw worked as he licked and
"Stop," Ren ordered from behind you.

You breathlessly begged, "No, please."

But Hux followed orders and drew back.

You glared over your shoulder at Ren until you saw him. He had taken off his briefs and was standing there with a hand around his hard cock. He slowly pumped a fist over his erection as you watched. There was precome glossing the head of his cock, and you bit your lip to keep your words at bay. You wanted to plead for his dick, to feel his chest against your back as he fucked you, to get bruises on your hips from his big hands holding you still.

It didn't register at first that Ren was approaching you. However, once you realized he was coming for you, you tilted your ass back for him in silent request. He got his hands on your waist and lifted you a little so you were up on the ball of your foot. Hux adjusted his position, and you realized what they were going to do to you.

You held onto Hux's shoulder as the blunt head of Ren's cock prodded at your juicy cunt. As Ren pushed his thick cock inside you, Hux went back to work. You could feel his tongue rest against your body as Ren fully sheathed himself inside you.

You cursed and let your head fall back. Hands were all over you, holding you steady and caressing you. All you could do was let them, and feel them, and hold onto Hux for dear life.

Ren began rocking his hips, keeping his movements deep and slow. Hux went back to your clit, this time pulling it between his full lips and gently sucking. In a short amount of time, you were right at the knife-edge of climax. You couldn't catch your breath, and you felt your body locking up. You cried for something--more or mercy, you didn't know.

And they didn't stop. They were steady and worked together like a well-oiled machine until you shrieked with the overwhelming pleasure of orgasm. It sliced you open to leave you ragged and sobbing. It was ecstasy. It was a cruel transcendence that forced you to live in the heat of it.

Arms and hands and the Force lowered you down to the bed to gasp and bury your face in the sheets. Your thighs were soaked and steaming, and your arms felt like jelly. You turned your head and opened your eyes to see Hux lying beside you. He was studying you and gave you a little grin. His face was flushed from exertion, and his cheeks and chin were wet with your come.

"Beautiful girl," he murmured as he smoothed back your hair.

You could feel your face heat at his compliment, and you looked down to catch a glimpse of his half-hard dick. You looked back up and asked, "Did you...?"

Hux shook his head. "No."

From behind you, Ren said to Hux, "Get on your back." Ren bent down, smoothing his hands down your back, and kissed the nape of your neck. "Think you can ride him?" he silently asked you.

In reply, you half-rolled and pulled Ren down for a kiss. He slid against the sheets and pressed himself against you as he teased your tongue with his own. You could feel his hard dick as it pressed against your ass, and he pushed it against your giving flesh. When you broke the kiss, you looked over to see Hux watching you and Ren while lazily running his fingers over his hardening cock and tightening balls.
"Do you like what you see, Hux?" Ren asked.

"Very much so."

You looked up at Ren one more time, giving him a little smirk, before rolling onto your knees. You shakily crawled over to Hux and bent down to kiss him. He smelled like you--your sweat, your come, your skin. You felt a little spark of possessiveness as he met you halfway.

You felt one of Ren's warm hands following the line of your spine all the way down between your legs. He stroked your wet pussy, and you moaned into Hux's mouth. Hux urged you up with hands on your ribcage until he could get his mouth on your breasts. He was almost feverish as he sucked on your nipples and gently soothed the underside of your breasts with his long fingers.

You rocked between them as your body clenched and quivered until Hux moved you down. He kissed his way up to your chin and got a hand around your exposed throat. You sighed and closed your eyes in surrender. In response, he purred and kissed your bottom lip. You tried to follow him to continue the kiss, but he gave your neck a little squeeze to stop you.

"I don't think I can wait anymore," he whispered to you. "I want to feel that sweet little cunny of yours around my dick."

You grinned down at him and said, "Yes, sir."

Hux let go so you could throw a leg over his hips and straddle him. You got a hand around the hot length of his cock and rolled your dripping cunt against the sleek tip. You could feel him mentally urging you down, almost begging you to fuck him, as his body minutely jerked under you. When you finally succumbed to the wants of your own body and lowered yourself onto his perfect dick, Hux groaned and gripped your thighs.

Your head lolled to the side from the feeling of finally having Hux inside you, and you met Ren's eyes. He was watching you both, his gaze following your body down until it met Hux's. Ren was close enough to touch, so you reached out for him. You pulled him near by the waist and leaned up for a kiss. He didn't disappoint as he ravaged your mouth.

As overwhelmed as you were, you didn't mind when Hux started rocking you against him. His dick plunged over and over again inside you. You broke the kiss with a moan and braced yourself against Hux's ribs.

You started moving with the roll of Hux's pelvis, riding his cock and chasing your own pleasure. Ren gracefully knee-walked up the bed to Hux's head, took a hold of his erection, and gripped Hux's hair to turn his head. Hux moaned at the rougher treatment and looked up at Ren.

"Suck it," you breathlessly told Hux. "It's so good."

Hux opened his mouth and offered his tongue. Ren leaned forward and slapped the head of his cock on Hux's tongue. Ren lowly cursed and dipped his cock into Hux's mouth.

You couldn't believe you were actually seeing it. They had both fantasized about it, but had never acted on it, had never taken it seriously. However, now they were, and you got to witness your lovers finally indulging.

Hux wrapped his ripe, red lips around Ren's cock and moaned as Ren began to slowly push his head down. You couldn't help but match Ren's pace, and together you fucked Hux.

As Ren thrust in, you moved down. On and on it went until the rhythm built up, and Hux was a
whining, writhing mess of sweat and spit. You leaned forward to grind your clit against Hux's belly. You were so close. From under you, Hux began pushing up against you, trying to get as deep as he could. His throbbing cock was stroking the walls of your pussy perfectly--like you had always thought it would.

Ren's cock stifled his cry as Hux climaxed. His muffled moaning crested as his hot come filled you up. You watched as a single tear rolled down Hux's temple into his sweat-soaked hair. You clenched around him, trying to milk him for all he had, and Hux's hands squeezed around your hips.

It felt too good, you knew, just this side of too much.

You sat back, keeping his waning erection inside you, as you pressed your fingers against your sensitive clit. You watched Ren fuck Hux's mouth, pushing his thick cock in until Hux's lips met his fist. You wanted to tell them how gorgeous they were, how well Hux was taking it, but you couldn't find the words without becoming a babbling mess. Instead, you circled your clit and made yourself come. You weren't nice or easy about it--you didn't want it that way. You threw your head back as orgasm thrummed through you.

Hux groaned at the overstimulation, and Ren answered his smothered sounds with a growl of his own. You looked back down and watched as Ren's whole body suddenly clenched. He shouted as he pumped his hips, his hand clenching at the back of Hux's head. Ren's face flushed, his chest heaved, and his arms flexed. With his chin tilted back, his neck so vulnerable and arched, you thought you'd never seen him look more beautiful.

Ren pulled away from a gasping Hux and flopped back onto the bed. Hux looked absolutely wrecked with his swollen, wet mouth and mussed ginger hair. You bent low, letting his cock slip out of you, kissed his sharp jaw.

Hux turned his head and caught your lips. His fingers pushed into your loose hair and held it back as he kissed you with sloppy passion. He tongue was Ren-flavored as were his abused lips. You sunk against him as he folded his arms around you. You tucked your face against his neck and breathed in the scent of you and Ren on his skin.

You thought that if this was your future with the First Order, you wouldn't complain.
You needed a distraction.

Because you didn't think you could stand where you were and watch five people die.

Almost the whole crew of the Finalizer was in attendance. They wouldn't all fit in the hangar where the execution was taking place, but they had assembled in the large spaces in the ship.

You and Ren were standing with the Knights next to the wide-tiered dais. On the lowest level were five chairs and on the highest was Hux, alone in his finery. The backdrop of the stage was draped in black with the First Order emblem burning red on the dark fabric. Amongst the black-clad officers was a squadron of armored stormtroopers.

Hux was at the edge of the raised platform and speaking quite solemnly. He had a different tone than during Snoke's funeral, naturally. He wasn't the secret killer in this scenario, honoring the fallen. No, he was the wronged, and his voice carried that. There was metal in his words.

The conspirators were brought forth by five black-armored troopers. The conspirators were wearing the red coveralls of the detention center. Not that long ago, you had worn one just like theirs. You could've been one of them if your abilities had not been awakened on a bone-charring night in Tuanul.

Hux told the congregation that he was bestowing mercy on his would-be assassins. He would grant them a fast death despite their crimes.

Earlier you had pleaded with Ren not to make you attend. It was a weakness to beg, you knew, and you wanted to apologize to him as his apprentice. However, that would be adding to your naive foolishness. You had asked him if he actually wanted to see it, and he had admitted it wouldn't affect him either way. He had tenderly held your face in his warm hands and told you the assassins had known what they were risking.

He told you this was the price for failure.

You had nodded and turned away from him. You had gotten on your cowl and adjusted the hood to hide most of your face. Behind you, Ren had zipped up his shirt and got his helmet on. When you faced him, a slick, oily dread slithered through your gut. The shirt—red-zippered still—completely covered his neck. The unblemished helmet's stiff rubbery flange hooked under his chin to cover the rest. He was shiny and new like a freshly honed blade.

You now stood between Ren and Yideth as you watched Hux finish his speech. The black stormtroopers hit some button on their armor to release a neat array of delicate needles from the first two knuckles of their plated fists. They steadied the co-conspirators and jabbed the needles into the side of their necks.

It was over in seconds.

Hux opened his mouth to say a few more things, but was interrupted by the Finalizer's klaxons. The PA system clicked on and alerted all personnel of fast-approaching ships. Five seconds to impact.

Five seconds wasn't enough time to do anything but run towards the interior of the ship. The officers and troopers scattered away from the open hangar doors. Ren grabbed your hand and
pulled you back. The Knights ran with you and Ren until the deafening crash and ship-wide shudder threw everyone against the deck.

The sound of sizzling metal made you look back. Blocking the hangar door completely was a white ship of unknown origin. The hatches opened and out came blaster fire. You got to your feet at the same time as the Knights and dove behind the dais.

Ren shielded you as stormtroopers flooded into the hangar to fight the invading horde. He made you look up into the visor of his helmet. He told you to meet him in Hangar 11 just in case. You wanted to tell him to not leave you, but it was logical should you two get separated.

He lowly asked you if you were ready to fight, and you shook your head. Fighting meant killing, and you weren't ready. You couldn't kill again. He asked you not to turn away. He wanted you to join him in victory. You took a deep, shaking breath and nodded. You wouldn't back down if there were forces coming for Ren.

Ren stepped back and barked out orders: Baltek to the bridge to protect Hux, Jeckhum to high ground to take out the enemy from above, and Kin Al to the next invasion spot--because surely this wasn't the only ship to make it inside--to support Phasma. He said that you, him, and Yideth would remain to clear. The Knights scattered, and Ren ignited his lightsaber.

You prayed your training would take over, and you wouldn't have to think about what you were doing. You followed him as you got out your own sabers. With the three of you prowling the hangar to stop any invaders, surely the battle wouldn't last long.

*There is no guilt in war, my child,* Sidious spoke up. *Do you think they would have mercy on you or Kylo? You know the answer to that, of course.*

Sidious was right. They would kill you. You were too dangerous to live.

You fired up your sabers as the blaster fire slowed down. The swarm came out of ship. There were human and other species you didn't recognize. They were all prepared for full-out battle. The troopers took down some as they flooded the hangar. There were already bodies on both sides hitting the floor before anyone ever got to you, Ren, or Yideth.

The first wave--mimicking berserkers--screamed and charged ahead. They fired and plowed through stormtroopers, hitting them with electrified weapons and blasters. You knew you had to keep them from leaving the hangar. If they got out in the passageways, they could overwhelm in such tight quarters.

You raised your sabers and brought them down to slice through weapon and flesh alike. The electrified weapons seemed to be able to repel your lightsaber. But you had the advantage of having two, so when the electrified baton bounced off your one blade, you swung down the other to chop the soldier's arm off. Each time there was a shocked scream and then gurgling as you cut open a chest.

You couldn't show mercy, you had to clear the deck. You leaped over fallen bodies and pushed your sabers through ribs and necks. You expected blood sometimes, but the heat of your blades cauterized every wound making your victims bloodless, steamy heaps.

One of the invaders got you in the back with an electrified baton, and you went flying through the air. You hit a freshly shot trooper as they were going down. They instinctually wrapped their arms around you and rolled with the blow. You lost your grip on your sabers as you both hit the deck.
Time slowed down as you stared up into the visor of the white helmet. You heard the
stormtrooper's death in the last gaspings of breath and then felt it as they sagged on top of you. You
wished you could stay there and pretend you were dead until it was all over, but you heard your
name being yelled.

You pushed the body off you with the Force and called your sabers to you. You sat up and looked
in the direction of Ren and then Yideth. It was Yideth who called to you, and she pointed towards
the interior doors. You got the message loud and clear: invaders had gotten past the three of you.

You clambered to your feet and rushed after them as you reignited your lightsabers. They weren't
expecting anyone to come from behind, and you used the element of surprise to decimate their
group. You stood amid their bodies and glanced in either direction just in case you hadn't gotten all
of them. You concentrated on energy, but couldn't feel anything. There was too much going on
throughout the ship to pinpoint any one invader.

All you knew was that the white invader ship in the hangar was not the only one to make it inside
the Finalizer. You went to one of the screens built into the wall and scanned yourself in. The
immediate notice was that Hangar 3--which you had been in--was compromised, along with 4, 7,
and 8. You couldn't ask Kin Al where he had gone. You called up the roster to see where Phasma
had been for the execution and found out she had been stationed in 2. That was across the ship, so
you had to assume she and Kin Al were fighting off the invaders in 4 or 8.

You closed out of the session and heard the pounding of feet. You turned in the direction you
thought the sound was coming from to see an invader run through the intersection in the distance.
You gritted your teeth, hooked your sabers to your belt, and jogged after them, trying to keep your
footsteps in sync with theirs.

You thought they had to be running to Hangar 7. Or maybe they were lost. Either way, you had
seen them. Hopefully, they'd lead you to more of their kind or you'd be able to corner them and kill
them.

Hangar 7 was fast approaching, and your quarry was distant but ahead. They came up to a tall
makeshift barricade and were let through. You ducked between support beams and pressed yourself
against the wall. You couldn't see what they were doing behind the barricade, but you reached out
with the Force to get a headcount.

There were only six crouching behind the heavy crates and stacked bins. Nothing they were hiding
behind was theirs, so they weren't familiar with what the containers could withstand. You didn't
know those particulars, either. It was a good gamble, you had to give them that.

You took a few breaths and centered yourself as you came up with a real plan. It was just you, but
you had the Force on your side. That could make you so much stronger and harder take down than
any of the invaders.

You wrapped your Force shroud around you. You wished you could see it, to know that it was
there, but it was only a feeling. The dead were so close now and just beyond the veil you wore.
You could almost smell them--like dusty cloth and old wood--as you walked down the
passageway.

As you got closer, you raised your hands. You thought of an invisible wall pressing against the
crates and bins, and you started to push. On the other side, came distressed voices. You snarled at
the effort and pushed harder and faster. There were multiple footsteps which turned into stumbling
which turned into flat-out running.
At the end of the passage was a sharp corner, to dogleg around the hangar. You could see the bend in your mind's eye, and you tried to block it. You imagined the wall of crates and bins sliding faster and faster, and it did. It started pushing the invaders instead of chasing them. As the wall hit the end of the passageway, you heard sickening wet crunches and the clatter of thick plastoid hitting durasteel.

You let go of the Force and sagged against the wall. Further down the passageway, the bins and crates toppled over each other to reveal streaks of blood on the wall. You had never used the Force in such a way, and it took a bit out of you that no amount of adrenaline could mask. You felt nauseous at what you had done, but you agreed with Sidious.

The invaders would kill you on sight. Or worse, subdue you and abuse you.

*You've come this far,* Sidious reasoned. Yes, you had. You had tortured and lied and killed already. What was a little more?

You looked into Hangar 7 to see it abandoned. Of a sort. You couldn't see the deck for all the dead bodies. There were Order officers, stormtroopers, and invaders. An invader ship was farther into the hanger than in 3. It seemed to have hit at a different, better angle.

You hustled down the passageway and jumped over the gore-covered crates. It was obvious to you that the barricade and guards had been there to secure safe passage off the *Finalizer.* You felt a sense of accomplishment at having ruined that plan.

As you snuck down the empty hall, you heard voices barking orders and running feet. The unmistakeable sound of blasters in varying strengths overpowered the groans of the dying. You could smell the hot metal from missed shots as you drew closer.

You decided to avoid the conflict and turned down the first passageway you could. It took you deeper inside the ship and to the central turbolifts. You got past the vestibule for the lifts, and the air became uncannily still. You didn't know what was going on, but you pressed yourself against the wall and inched down to the corner.

A peek around the corner revealed nothing. There was no one. You still didn't feel right, though. You glanced in the opposite direction and froze.

There was a man, and you hadn't felt him. He was older with shaggy gray hair and a full beard. He looked like a Jedi of legend with his long tan and cream-colored robes. You noted the lightsaber at his waist. His right hand was an exposed cybernetic prosthetic.

He made no move for his lightsaber as you both studied each other.

Sidious urged you to arm yourself and take down the Jedi. You argued that he was a *Jedi,* and you were just *you.*

*He will kill you.*

You shook your head and told him that you wouldn't.

*I don't want to lose you. Kill Skywalker and claim your rightful place amongst legends.*

You gasped and pressed yourself against the wall. You certainly wouldn't do it now if that was really Luke Skywalker. You told Sidious you wouldn't. You couldn't. It wouldn't be right. You didn't care whose side Skywalker was on, you wouldn't.
Sidious growled through your head. You felt the noise like fur on the inside of your skull. You shook your head and held up a hand to ward Skywalker away.

You couldn't do it. Tekka had told you so many stories of Luke Skywalker. He was the last good one, Tekka had told you. He was kind and gentle of heart. He was wise and generous.

You wouldn't attack someone who had tried his hardest to better the galaxy.

*Kill him. Do it. Kill him.*

You railed against it. You wouldn't. No, you thought back. *Nonononono!*

*It will make you stronger. You can finish this. Do it. Kill him.*

You bent forward only to knock your forehead into rough, warm cotton. You yelped and flung yourself away as you realized you had touched Skywalker. He was too close. How had he made it to you without your realizing it? He wasn't safe. Didn't he know that?

You weren't safe. For anyone.

You stumbled over your own feet as you struggled to get away.

**DO IT,** Sidious roared.

You sobbed and shook your head, Sidious' voice impairing you. You felt multiple hands on you, gripping your shoulders too tightly. You hazarded a glance up only to see Tekka. His skin was blackened and peeling off in chunks of sizzling, ruined flesh. In the middle of his chest was a diagonal slash from a lightsaber. His eyes were practically glowing blue against the raw red of his burnt skin, and his robes were in smoking tatters. He looked shocked to be breathing and disappointed to be in front of you.

You knew who had killed him, who had done this to him. *You are in bed with the enemy,* he told you without saying a word. *Kylo Ren is of the dark side, and he has tainted you. You are damned. I should've seen it coming when I discovered you stealing water from my pump.***

Please, you begged him. Please don't hate me.

*Hate you? Why would anyone hate you, foolish girl? No one cares enough about you to hate you.*

You had to get away from this. You wouldn't hear anymore. You couldn't take anymore.

The floor seemed to leave your feet, and you choked as searing pain ripped its way down your torso from clavicle to pubis. Your ribs felt like a cage of fire holding back your lungs. You couldn't breathe too deeply lest you push out your leaking, sizzling organs.

Your feet hit the deck, and you cried out as your intestines gushed out of you. You pushed your hands into the slick ropes of your guts and tried to gather them to you. They trailed after you like a bloody veil as you hobbled your way to some safe, dark hole in which to hide and die.

The turbolift cheerfully dinged on your left and its doors opened to reveal quiet sanctuary. You tripped your way into the lift and collapsed against the cool wall. You hoped all of you had made it into the lift as the doors closed between you and Luke Skywalker. You blindly reached up and pushed a button for an unknown level. You didn't care where you were going because the end was coming.
You rested your head back and tried to breathe through the sizzling trauma. You couldn't remember where the med bay was in the ship. Was it aft of the central lift or fore? How could they fix you with your insides on the outside of you? You looked down at your bloody hands gripping your dark liver and had to look away before you started crying.

Tears wouldn't save you.

The turbolift chimed at your final destination. You didn't know how you made it to your feet, but you left the elevator under your own steam. You looked around the space as you stepped out and realized you were on a command level.

**Command meant protection. Command meant Hux.**

He'd know what to do.

You fought your own body to keep moving, feeling the drag of things still very much attached to you slide over the deck behind you. Each step was a trial, but you held yourself closed as much as you were able and made your lurching way down the passageway in front of you.

Finally, you came to the thick irising door of the bridge. You had actually made it all the way to the top. However, the smoking bridge door wasn't closing completely. It jerked to close, hit something laying over the threshold, and then spread to lowly screech to a stop. Over and over, you watched the multilayered door attempt to close and fully open.

Hux was beyond the barrier, you could feel him.

As you came to the bridge door, it dawned on you that the thing blocking it was a dead body. How did the invaders get up here so quickly? How long had you been prowling around the lower levels?

You grimaced and stepped on the body to get through the door. It was one of the black-clad stormtroopers, you noted. Beyond the squealing doors, the bridge was quiet in a way that it had never been. It was the newest mausoleum of the *Finalizer* with only one last overseer:

Hux.

You tried to call for him, but you couldn't make your voice work. Or you couldn't hear yourself any longer. It was hard to tell which.

You shuffled over the shiny deck and avoided the bodies and the blood. You couldn't find Hux, but you knew he was there. You tried to call for him again, and something--someone--gave a rattling groan to your right.

In the alcove of blinking controls, was Hux. He had taken a shot, or two, and was lying on his back. The red lining of his cape gave him away--you didn't know how you had missed it--and yet hid the extent of any bleeding.

You fell to your knees beside him and smelled the blood in the air. The jarring hit made you whimper in pain as it jostled your torso. It didn't matter, though. Nothing mattered. You were dying. *And no one cared.* Hux certainly didn't, seeing as he was probably bleeding out.

You listed to the side and slipped in your own intestines. You landed heavily on Hux's hip and cried out at the pressure on your own guts and the hit to the seared torso wound. You didn't bother to right yourself because it didn't matter. Your family would hate you, in all likelihood, if they knew what you had done. Tekka was dead, and he certainly did. Hux was leaving you. And Kylo was too far away to save you.
You sighed and pressed your face to the thick fabric of Hux's trousers, wishing to drown. You wanted to be pulled away from the shores of this painful, pointless life, but you'd never had much luck. In anything.

A burning agony suddenly wrapped tightly around your right forearm. It was too much. You opened your mouth in shocked pain to silently scream as thick tears rolled down your cheeks. You couldn't feel part of your right arm. It wasn't just numb, it was gone. You couldn't take much more, and you dared not look. It was too much. You could no longer hold your torso closed because one arm wasn't enough. You weren't enough.

You were never enough.

And with your last breath, you accepted that you never had been.
In the Next World War, In A Jackknifed Juggernaut, I Am Born Again

The lake was peaceful in front of you, as was the incredibly blue sky above you. Across the water were lush, green mountains. Everything seemed tranquil and untouched, though untouched wasn't entirely true. Midway between you and the distant mountain range was a craggy island with a domed structure built into the rock.

You were leaning on a carved stone railing enclosing a pea-gravel terrace. The rock of the railing was rough against your palms. The dappled sun warmed your back as the light breeze coming from the lake cooled your front. You were between two carved balusters topped with flower-filled urns. You couldn't smell the red flowers from where you were, but they had attracted little fuzzy insects.

You weren't wearing the outer robe nor belt of your battle gear. With just the gray under-robe covering your upper body, you felt unburdened. Your leggings and boots were too dark and too heavy for such luxuriant surroundings, but they were what you had.

"I first kissed my wife here," a male voice said from behind you. "I married her here, too."

You turned to see Anakin Skywalker--tall and golden and handsome--and gave him a once-over. He wasn't in his dark Jedi robes, though he was still wearing a long black glove on his right arm. He was dressed as casually as you--sans weapons.

"I thought Jedi weren't supposed to have that sort of relationship," you replied.

"They aren't. I was a very bad Jedi."

You hummed in agreement. "Clearly."

"I was very bad at a lot of things." He came up beside you and looked out over the lake.

You turned back to face the calm waters as well. You wanted to know if you were dead, but you were scared of the answer. You tried to think of what a deceased loved one would want to know.

There was quiet for a long moment before you spoke up. "I didn't kill your son."

Anakin nodded. "It was foolish to deny Sidious."

"You know of him?"

"He was my master."

Your stomach dropped and you clenched your hands against the cool stone. "Is that why you came to me? Because Sidious haunts me?"

"No." Anakin let out a breath through his nose. "It'll make sense later."

You turned to him as you crossed your arms and leaned a hip against the balustrade.

"Later as in when you're dead," he clarified.

"So I'm still alive?"

"Of course. We're talking, after all. If you were dead, we wouldn't have to."

"What am I doing here?" you asked.
"I'm supposed to be giving you advice," he replied with a shrug.

"Is that what this is, because I haven't gained much wisdom from it."

"I'm not that wise."

You snorted, and at the sound, Anakin turned to you with a smirk.

"Why did you not kill Luke?" he softly asked.

You turned back to the lake and bent to lean your forearms against the stone railing. "A lot of reasons. He's a good person... Jedi." You shrugged. "He didn't go for his saber, either. He's Kylo's uncle. He's your son. It didn't feel right."

"And if you didn't know all that?"

"I wouldn't have wanted to anyway." You looked down to the exposed shell beach at the base of the stone wall. "I don't agree with killing Jedi just because they're Jedi."

"Even if they want to kill you?"

"I think the Jedi seek peace, not destruction. I'm not a Sith or of the dark side..." You tried to keep the hurt out of your voice when you continued, "Though I am tainted. I think, uh, I think there's a balance."

"Free agency," Anakin offered.

"Something like that, yeah." You nodded. "Equilibrium."

"The reign of the old regimes is gone, then."

You lifted a shoulder in acceptance of Anakin's words. If the New Republic was truly gone, and the First Order was in shambles, maybe the galaxy could move forward without any higher authority than what each system wanted. You were sure there'd be pockets of lawless chaos, but didn't that exist already? The Republic hadn't been everywhere to maintain its hold since the Clone Wars.

"Why did you bring me here?" you asked.

"I thought you might like it."

"I do, but..." You looked around the beautiful serenity of the lake. A sweet breeze ruffled the leaves of the nearest tree. "It's personal. Private."

"It's always been a reminder to me. It helped me remember what I was fighting for and then what I was avenging."

"So it's painful."

"It used to be." He bent to mirror your stance. His elbow was a scant inch from yours. "I bet you have a place like this. Some place that keeps your connection to the light strong."

You thought of blue velvet and lazy kisses from plump lips and soft white sheets and room-temperature dumplings. You could almost see the way the sky shifted from blue and orange to pink and violet as the sun set beyond the transparisteel. The nighttime cityscape had glittered like a multi-jeweled crown, each building a sparkling half-arch.
You thought of the best of your time with Ren on Coruscant.

"I can see that you do," Anakin teased and bumped his shoulder against yours.

You glanced at him with a grin and then back to the lake. "Shut up." You didn't really mean it, but you didn't want to encourage him to poke at you further.

"He thinks of you, too."

The smile slid off your face, and your eyes suddenly burned with tears. And how silly was that--to cry because Ren loved you. You were alive and you were sure he was as well. You'd wake up from this and probably be in the med bay with him in the next bed over.

Anakin continued, "Just remember that."

You opened your eyes to see that you were not in the white med bay of the *Finalizer*. You were not in your quarters, either. You were on the floor of Yideth's freighter, if the exposed wires and duct-work in the ceiling was any indication. You could hear voices--one was definitely Yideth, the other male.

You grimaced as you braced yourself to feel your torso. Had they shoved everything back in you and stapled you closed? You weren't in pain, exactly. There was a remembered shock, but no real pain. Maybe they had shot you full of something to make you numb.

You decided to get it over with and drew your hands to your chest. You found your battle gear intact. You noticed your belt around your waist. Your sabers were still hooked to it. You raised your head to look down your body to find it complete and whole. You hooked fingers under your compression top and pulled it up to see unblemished skin.

It was all an illusion, and you hated Sidious.

Your right hand still felt off. It felt bigger than your left. It was like you had slept on it wrong and it had gone to sleep. You brought your arm above your face and flexed your fingers, drawing a tight fist. It still worked, and you could command movement, but it was off. You didn't think it would hinder you too much, but you prayed it would wear off soon.

You looked to your right to see an unconscious Hux. His formal uniform was in ruins. Someone had unbuttoned his befouled jacket and cut his bloody undershirt to expose his chest. You saw two cleaned-up, yet oozing gut wounds marring his torso--one looked worse than the other. His skin was clammy and ashen. His lips were bloodless, and his ginger hair looked dull.

You sat up and looked around the common area for Ren. He wasn't within eyeshot, and you concentrated on locating him only to find him missing. The bond you had with him gave you nothing. He wasn't just not on the freighter, he was unreachable. It was like he had been erased from the universe.

You put your hand to your chest and tried to catch your breath. You didn't know what to do.

You heard your name, and you swiveled around on the deck to see Yideth and Jeckhum coming towards you. Yideth was her usual stoic self, but you could tell Jeckhum was shaken. They both looked tired and dispirited.

"Where's Ren?" you demanded.

"He went after Resistance fighters he recognized," Yideth replied. "He-- I don't know what
happened."

You didn't know the Resistance had that many people in it.

"Kin Al? Baltek?" you inquired.

Jeckhum shook his head, his chin slightly quivering as he said, "Gone."

You let out a quiet sob of a breath and looked up to the ceiling. It was just the three of you--four if Hux survived.

"We need to close the Admiral's wounds," Yideth stated. "You two hold him down while I cauterize the wounds."

You draped yourself over Hux's chest and braced his shoulders. He didn't respond to your weight, but his chest rose and fell under you. You felt Jeckhum jostle Hux as he settled and told Yideth he was ready. You echoed him and tightened your hold on Hux.

From behind you, Yideth got to her knees, ignited her lightsaber, and adjusted the saber's length. She took a steadying breath and counted down. The moment the saber hit Hux's flesh and burnt the wound closed, Hux's eyes flew open and he choked on a breath. He blindly jerked under you, but you and Jeckhum held him down. Tears rolled down his temples into his sweat-soaked hair, and you wanted to comfort him.

"One more," Yideth informed the three of you. "Shallow this time."

She counted down again, and you pinned Hux. This time he brokenly screamed as the second blaster wound was burned. Yideth withdrew, turned off her saber, and collapsed back against a bulkhead. You leaned over Hux and softly shushed him as you wiped at the tracks of his tears.

Hux's eyes were just short of crazed as he looked up at you. You gentled your hold on him and smoothed a hand over his forehead. He was quivering under you as mild shock took over. You softly told him it was okay, you were with him. Hux didn't verbally respond, but he studied your face and gave you a small nod.

You looked back at Yideth and asked, "What now?"

Yideth thought for a moment. "I have cooling ointment. I'll get that and some bandages." She sighed. "He needs real medical treatment. That first one was too deep."

Hux tried to wheeze out something, but it came out all ragged. He turned his head and weakly coughed to clear his throat. "Take me to Giaca," he finally croaked.

You shook your head and looked between Yideth and Jeckhum. You'd never heard of Giaca. Apparently, neither had they. Jeckhum offered to look it up while Yideth stood and went for supplies.

She came back with the med kit and clean hands. You assisted her in applying the ointment and gently pressing clean gauze to both wounds. She left to store the kit and then to see what Jeckhum had found out.

In the meantime, you unzipped Hux's pants and took off his boots. His breath was still shaky as if he were cold, and you fetched a blanket from the nook which had been yours during your training with Yideth. You arranged it over him, and he seemed to relax under the weight and warmth.
"I'm going to clean up," you softly told him. "I'll be back in five. Okay?"

He breathed out a yes and closed his eyes. You hurried to the refresher, and used the toilet and cleaned off your face and hands. You met your reflection's eyes, and they didn't look right. There was something about your eyes that wasn't the same despite their shape and color remaining true. Under the bright lights of the refresher, you examined your right arm to find nothing amiss.

You grabbed a clean rag from the stack in the cubby with the cache of tools. You unfolded the soft cotton—you gathered it had once been an undershirt—and gave it a snap as you knelt down by Hux's shoulder. He looked up at you with unguarded eyes. It reminded you of the recent mornings you had awoken side by side.

"Ren?" he asked.

"I don't know." You blotted his forehead and cheeks. "We were separated during the battle." Which was your own fault for running after a lone invader by yourself. "He's alive," you finally added. Anakin had told you Ren thinks about you—he had used present tense. You had to cling to the hope that Ren was alive out there.

If he were alive, you'd find him. It was a big galaxy, but the Force—you had to believe—would bring you to him.

"You?" Hux inquired.

You lifted a shoulder as you patted his neck dry. "I'll survive."

"I don't doubt it." He gave you a weak smirk.

Yideth called to you from the cockpit. Before you got to your feet, you gave Hux a soft kiss. He sighed as you sat up, and you smoothed back his damp hair before standing.

Jeckhum said to you as soon as you stepped past the cockpit doorway, "This place was hard to find."

"But you found it?" you asked.

"It's in the Unknown Regions," Yideth supplied as she swiveled around in the captain's chair to face you.

"Where are we now? How long will it take to get there?"

Jeckhum huffed. "We're a third of the way across the galaxy from Gaica."

"Fuck."

"It'll take hours," he added.

"Fuel?"

"She's full," Yideth said. "We didn't use that much getting away."

You sighed in resignation. "Alright. Plot the course, let's get him to Gaica."

"What do you think's there?" Jeckhum asked.

"I would say Brendol, his father."
"Shouldn't we get word to him?" Yideth offered.

"How can we secure a line to him this far away? Or make sure he gets a coded message before we arrive?" you retorted. "No, it's the Unknowns, so we can get there and make contact without anyone looking for us."

Hux needed actual medical attention from a real doctor. Yideth had probably saved Hux's life by burning his wounds, but that was hardly a substitute. You were certain that even an Unknown-Region planet would have a decent medcenter. And if Brendol had any sway planetside, he could make sure no one leaked where the grand admiral of the First Order was being treated.

"That's as good a plan as any," Jeckhum said.

It wasn't exactly a ringing endorsement, but it wasn't a rejection of your idea. You looked to Yideth, and she nodded back.

"Let's do it," she said and turned to face the ship's console.

You and Jeckhum left the cockpit once the ship jumped to lightspeed. Yideth had said she would nap in the captain's chair while you looked after Hux, and Jeckhum got some real sleep. You didn't argue, and neither had Jeckhum.

Between the cockpit and the all-purpose lounge space, you stopped Jeckhum with a hand on his forearm. He turned his golden eyes on you, and you fumbled in the face of his fathomless grief.

You missed Kin Al already, but you hadn't loved him the way Jeckhum did.

Jeckhum murmured, "He's one with the Force now."

You agreed with a nod and took his hand. "We'll get settled on Gaica and hold a wake for him and Baltek."

"It's a shame his last bottle of apple brandy was left behind."

"I hate brandy."

"Me too," he admitted with a watery half-smile and gently squeezed your hand.

You threw caution to the wind and tugged him close to wrap an arm around his broad shoulders. He fiercely hugged you back, almost pulling you off the deck with his strength. You held him just as tightly and pressed your cheek against the silky ropes of his black hair, which were cascading over his shoulder.

"We'll rally and figure something out," he whispered.

"Yes," you replied.

After long comforting minutes, he let you go. You both walked into the lounge, and you turned off the overhead lights. Only the running lights hidden in the corners illuminated the space with a dim red glow. Hux was already asleep, you noted. You went to your knees and checked his temperature with the back of your hand to find him warm, but not alarmingly hot. You unhooked your lightsabers from your belt and placed them on the deck by Hux's boots.

Behind you, Jeckhum stripped out of his jacket and boots and got into one of the nooks. You glanced back to see that he barely fit. He was graceful about it, though, and covered his legs with his long jacket.
You lay down, curling around Hux, and pillowed your head on your arm. You put your other hand under the blanket to lay it over his. With skin to skin contact, it was easier to get a read on him.

His mind was silent and black as if he were a powered-down datapad. You didn't think that was a bad thing. With a deep breath, you closed your eyes to wait out the next few hours.
In the Deep, Deep Sleep of the Innocent, I Am Born Again

Tainted. That's what he had said. And you knew logically that it wasn't true. You had changed. The death of your family had changed you. Living in Tuanul--when you had decided to rest at Tekka's for a few months--had changed you. The Force had changed you. Kylo Ren had changed you. That wasn't taint, that was life.

How could Ren's love for you sully or pollute you? The Force had brought you two together. Maybe not in the best of circumstances, granted, but Ren had said he had seen you in visions. If that wasn't the Force's guiding hand, what would be?

If you were tainted by Kylo Ren, then you'd happily accept your corruption. It was the will of the Force.

You listened to Jeckhum softly sore in the dimness of the freighter's lounge. You had been dozing off and on for what felt like hours. You didn't know what time it was. Next to you, Hux was stable and silent in deep sleep.

You knew Hux didn't love you, but you didn't love him. He seemed to care enough about you to look after you and actually talk to you like a human being. Sometimes it seemed as though he was competing with Ren on who was the better partner, but it wasn't like Hux wanted to take Ren's place.

You supposed it was healthy competition. You benefitted from it, and neither man seemed offended by the other. Case in point, Hux had been sleeping with you and Ren each night before the attack. Hux had taken to leaving early in the cycle, but not before at least nuzzling the closest person.

That first morning, you had woken up to kisses on the back of your neck and a clever hand between your thighs. It had dissolved into Hux sliding down the bed to lick your pussy and suck on your clit. Your hands had been in Hux's soft hair, holding onto him. The lower half of his face had been prickly with stubble against your inner thighs and it contrasted perfectly with his hot, silky tongue.

You had felt more than saw Ren awaken just as you started to keen with climax. He had slid a warm hand over one of your breasts to cup your throat and angle your head towards him. He kissed you, and you tried to kiss back, but you couldn't concentrate through the pleasure. He hadn't seemed to mind as he lavished your lips and cheek with kisses.

Hux had then spread your bent legs wide and loomed over you. He looked so hungry and fierce as he'd pushed his perfect cock inside you. He had pinned you to the bed with a hand at the middle of your chest and fucked you fast. He had been greedy and vocal as he chased his own orgasm.

After it was over, he had been kissed by Ren and then he all but collapsed onto his elbows over you. He had grinned up at him and rolled to your knees and elbows, arching your spine. His hands had slowly traveled down your back, and he let one rest at the small of your back--

You were shaken out of your memory by the ship around you violently careening to the side. You
didn't have time to scream or ask what was going on. You threw an arm over Hux's chest and a leg over his thighs to steady him as all the loose items in the lounge flew through the air. He woke instantly and tensed under you. As one, you both slid across the deck and then were forced against it as the freighter flipped over and over.

You used the Force to keep Hux from being crushed against a bulkhead. You both tumbled in the opposite direction and almost hit the edge of the portal leading to the passageway towards the cockpit. You could hear Yideth curse and struggle from the cockpit, but you could do nothing to assist.

She got the ship stable somehow and stumbled out of the cockpit, turning on the lounge lights. Jeckhum got out of his bunk and came over to you and Hux.

"What the fuck was that?" you asked the same time Jeckhum asked, "Are we under attack?"

Yideth shook her head. "I don't know. I need to read the log."

You had all sorts of questions about the hyperdrive and the coordinates; or maybe someone had actually attacked the ship and threw it out of lightspeed. You didn't think that was a possibility, but you knew next to nothing about space travel and ships. You barely knew speeders.

Instead, you concentrated on Hux and got him lying flat once more. He hissed as he tried to help, and you told him to relax. You got him on his back--this time closer to the sleeping nooks--and maneuvered the blanket down his body. The bandages were gone, lost in the blanket or somewhere in the now-chaotic lounge, and the remaining ointment was a mess of smeared goo and lint.

Jeckhum went back with Yideth into the guts of the ship. You could hear them talking with the occasional curse thrown about. You washed your hands in the refresher, got the med kit, and came out to clean up the sticky mess that was Hux's belly.

"What happened?" Hux asked as you knelt beside him once more and opened the kit.

"We were heading to Giaca. I don't know what went wrong."

You could feel where you had been hit across your back with that electric weapon. You probably had an impressive bruise forming if the tightness and general awareness of the area was any indication. It wasn't important, though. It was just a bruise.

You got out one of the large bandages and used it as a rag to carefully wipe up the ointment. You could feel the cooling property of the gel through the clean cotton. It smelled sharp and astringent; not exactly unpleasant, but definitely medicinal.

You left the soiled bandage next to you to wipe your hands off after finishing, and then bent low to get a good look at each wound. They didn't appear to be bleeding, but they looked irritated. The skin around each hole was an angry pink. They smelled like burnt meat and the ointment.

You glanced up at Hux as you sat up. He was watching you. He was looking better--his lips were rosy once more, but he still looked strained. He really did need medical help.

"What's my prognosis?" he inquired.

"Your life as a pin-up model is finished, sir."

He softly snorted and closed his eyes. "The troops will be so disappointed."
You grinned as you smeared more cooling ointment on each wound, and Hux seemed to sag against the floor in relief. You didn't bother to ask if it was better. You had felt how hot his wounds were, and you could only imagine how nice the gel felt. After you were finished, you wiped your hands and placed clean bandages on top of the fresh ointment.

Before you could pack up the med kit, Yideth was storming into the lounge. She growled, her creamy green eyes flashing in Hux's direction, as she stomped over to you and him. You popped to your feet and held up your hands to stop her.

"What is it?" you asked.

"He-- He led us into a-- It was a hyperspace anomaly!" She pointed her finger down at Hux. "He could've killed us all with this wild gorak chase!"

"I knew of no such thing," Hux defended as he rolled himself up on an elbow.

"Why did you want to go to Giaca?" Yideth demanded.

"My father is there."
You glanced at Jeckhum, and he returned the look as if to say called it.

"And he never told you about anomaly in the system?" you asked.

"No, he said it was difficult to get to. I thought he meant it was difficult to find because it's in the Unknown Regions."

Yideth spat, "I am having the nav system working to pinpoint our coordinates because I have no fucking clue where we are!"

"My apologies. I'll make sure--"

"Don't you finish that sentence. You are in no position to make promises."

"The First Order--"

"Is dead!" she yelled. "The Finalizer was defeated, Master Kylo is gone, there are only two of us left."

Yideth strode out of the lounge for the cockpit and left the three of you in silence. Jeckhum looked to you, and you nodded after Yideth. He left to keep her company or calm her down or just keep her away from Hux until she cooled off.

You really looked around the lounge to find it in complete disarray. You had no idea where your lightsabers were. There were tools and ration packets, blankets and boots, and spare parts for the ship all over the deck.

With a sigh, you started roughly organizing the flotsam into piles. Hux eased onto his back once more and got the blanket over his bare chest. You didn't want to start any conversation because you had no idea what to say.

That didn't matter, though, because Hux stated, "I should've researched the Giaca system when Father said he was relocating there."

"Why didn't you?"
"Because I didn't care. I was glad he was gone."

You found your cowl amongst the mess and folded it. "He seemed to care about you at the base."
You tossed the cowl into one of the bunks.

Brendol had been barking orders and wanting answers. He had seemed frantic to find the people behind almost killing his son. You thought that was natural for a loving parent, but maybe you had misinterpreted the situation.

"He cares now that I'm successful," Hux bluntly stated. "If I had remained a lieutenant, he wouldn't give two shits if I took a bolt to the brain."

You looked over at Hux to see him staring up at the exposed workings of the freighter. "If it's any consolation, I give a shit."

"Which is as baffling as it is flattering."

You shrugged as you worked. "You had the wrong idea about me when I was brought on board the Finalizer. You wanted to indulge your baser instincts. While I don't like that about you, you've been very good to me."

"That was fantasy. I would never..."

"Yes, you would. With someone of little consequence, yes, you would."

"But you are not."

"Not anymore," you agreed.

Jeckhum got your attention from the cockpit, and you abandoned your sorting to see what was going on. The air of the cockpit was tense and quiet. You sat down on the narrow bench behind the co-pilot's seat. Yideth and Jeckhum turned to you as you settled.

"We've used almost half our fuel," Yideth told you. "We're half the distance we were before setting course to Giaca, but I don't know how to avoid the anomaly. I don't know how far it reaches."

"That's where my idea comes in," Jeckhum interjected.

You looked between Jeckhum and Yideth, to see her nod. "And?" you asked him.

"It'll take most our fuel to get there, and to stay out of Hutt Space, but I think it could be worth it."

"Okay..." you tentatively said.

"I can call in a favor with the Pyke Syndicate," Jeckhum said. "I can ask for a meeting. They have humans in their ranks. They'll have someone who can heal humans."

"They've no love for the Resistance--or any government, for that matter," Yideth added.

"How will they take being asked to harbor and heal Hux?"

"We don't tell them he's Hux," Jeckhum replied. "He can be a new Knight."

"None of them are Force-sensitive?"

Jeckhum shook his head. "I haven't heard of one."
"We'll be able to get a secure message to Giaca from there?"

"Most likely."

Another decision to be made in the cockpit that didn't really feel like a decision at all. What else could be done? There was no way to access anyone's banked credits without alerting everyone in the galaxy where you were. The four of you couldn't return to the fallen First Order, and the Resistance would probably shoot down the freighter on sight. The political relationship between the Order and King Solculvis was in ruins, so there would be no shelter offered without costly reparations.

Jeckhum's lead seemed to be the only way. You nodded to yourself and looked up. "That's as good a plan as any."

Jeckhum smirked at your echoing his words from hours ago. You smiled back at him as Yideth brought up the search option for planet coordinates on the navigation screen. You told Jeckhum to wake you when the ship was an hour out. You wanted to clean up and secret Hux's uniform jacket away before facing the Pyke.

Hux was asleep again by the time you came back out to the lounge. You unknotted your belt and let it silently drop near Hux. You unzipped your boots and placed them to the side. You stole a spare blanket, wrapped it around you, and tucked yourself into the bunk closest to Hux. You faced the back wall and scooted as close to it as you comfortably could.

It felt so good to lie on the body-conforming foam with a blanket quickly warming around you. Your bruised back was stiff and achy. You smelled of stress sweat. None of it seemed to matter in the light of being Ren-less. In the small nook, you couldn't feel him—not in body nor spirit.

Alone and adrift, you only had your memories to sustain you, to remind you. You had to remember what it felt like to have him sleep next to you, at your back with one of his hands resting on your hip. Over the days and weeks, he had opened up, and you found that his helmet wasn't the only mask he wore. Through your bond with him, you had gotten so much more than his persona.

His name had been Ben. *Ben Organa.*

And somewhere beyond your reach, you knew that Ren was thinking of you. He was out there praying you were still alive. Maybe he was making his way back to you.

You had to believe that if given the opportunity, he would destroy that which was between you and him. If he was out there, he would be holding memories of you close to get him through whatever he was facing.

You mentally tried to follow your bond to him, but it ran off into murky, solid darkness you couldn't penetrate. It was there, though, and alive. You tried to force it, tug it close, and overwhelm it with your emotions. It was indifferent and unmoved. It didn't resonate, but it wasn't tenuous either.

That was something, and you rested easier because of it.
There's Nothing I Can See, Darkness Becomes Me

You heard him cursing and struggling and snarling. He was being held down. *No, strapped down.* His head had been stabilized, so he had to close his eyes or be blinded by the extremely bright light overhead. There were sharp pinches to the skin you recognized as needle insertions.

He was mentally calling for you. He wanted to bury his face in your hair. He wanted you to hold him like you had when you watched that sling race on Coruscant. He needed you with him. He begged you for strength.

You didn't know how to give it to him. You wanted to separate him from that which he fought. You tried to tell him you were there--you heard him, you saw him, you loved him.

And then the burning started. Nerves were set alight. It was like the whole right side of your body was ignited. You struggled to understand what was going on, but you couldn't puzzle it out.

He howled and screamed for you.

You screamed right back.

You prayed for the ability to carry the load. He shouldn't have to take it alone, and neither should you. You didn't understand it when you couldn't do it. You couldn't hold onto him. It was like you were being pulled away.

You woke, breathless and vaguely claustrophobic, in the bunk with the blanket wrapped around you. The lounge was red-lit again, and you rolled over to look out into the space. With a glance down at Hux, you found him awake and watching you.

"Did I--" Your voice was hoarse from disuse and tension. You cleared your throat and tried again. "Did I wake you?"

"I don't know," he whispered back.

Ren's screams echoed and resonated within you, and you forgot what you were going to say. You didn't know if whoever had him was torturing him or treating him for an injury. You clenched your right hand to dispel the sting of needles. You supposed it could be both.

You questioned if you should tell Hux about your dream that didn't feel like a dream at all. Hux couldn't do anything about it. It wasn't like it would be motivation to heal faster. And even if it were, you had no idea where Ren was.

You reached down to touch Hux's hair, and your fingers were expecting thick waves. The fine strands of Hux's ginger hair felt wrong. They were beautiful, but not what you wanted. They were not a comfort, but you didn't stop touching him. Sometimes it wasn't about you.

"What's it like?" he softly asked out of nowhere. "Being sensitive to the Force."

"Depends. Mostly, it makes things complicated."

Sometimes it was terrifying, but you didn't want to tell him that. You saw things you didn't want to see. You could do things you shouldn't be able to do. It had exposed you to Sidious or revealed him to you. Either way, it didn't matter. Sidious had tried to kill you, and you would never listen to him again.
The Force was not your ally. You worked with it, tried to move with it, but felt more often than not that it was maneuvering you. You were a pawn, a piece to be slid across the gameboard that was the galaxy. You could rail against it, but that would just weaken you. If you were to be a pawn, you'd try to be the most valuable pawn. It was the only way to ensure you'd survive to see the future.

The Force was the gaping maw of the void and filled with the dead. Power flowed out of it to connect and claim every living thing. It was an old-fashioned coin that spun on its edge, flashing you both bright sides—\textit{lifedeadlifedead}—until it muddled together into one dazzling beacon which blinded you.

The Force was all-consuming and never-ending, and it had chosen you. You didn't know if that was necessarily a gift.

When you woke once more, it was to Jeckhum coming out of the refresher. He told you it was all yours as he set about getting a ration bar from the meager stash Yideth had. You noted that Hux looked like he would destroy another planetary system for a bite or a drink of bottled water, but you didn't comment as you left the lounge.

You flexed your right hand and found it still jangled, but functional. You were starting to put together a picture of what was happening to you as you sonic'd yourself and your clothes. Your right hand was mirroring something that was happening to Ren. It had to be because of your bond with him.

You thought of your words to Hux hours before: the Force made things \textit{complicated}.

Yideth offered to braid your hair when you came out of the refresher, and you saw no reason to turn her down. You were terrible with your own hair, after all. She directed you to the floor and sat behind you. She parted your hair down the middle and started weaving your hair into two braids—each starting at the temporal corners. When she was done, she smoothed back any frizz or baby hairs with a little pomade.

After little discussion, the four of you agreed that Hux's hair was too eye-catching and distinct. Jeckhum volunteered to take care of it, and he oiled Hux's scalp and carefully shaved Hux's hair off. You razzed Hux about putting his face on First Order propaganda, and he replied that enrollment had gone up when they put him on the posters. \textit{Of course it had}. Yideth interjected then that she thought Hux needed an alias because, again, Armitage was distinct. There would be no way a Knight would be Armitage at the same time as the grand admiral.

"Why not Midra?" Jeckhum offered as he made his final passes with his knife.

"Midra Ren," you tried. You shrugged at Hux, and he kept his head still but raised his chin in acceptance. It would work.

Jeckhum finished up and gathered all the ginger hair onto Hux's ruined uniform jacket. Yideth got up and went to wash away the battle. In the meantime, you helped Hux lie back down and carefully stripped him of his trousers, replacing them with a spare pair of Yideth's leggings. It was slow going, but it was better than him being naked. You got his boots on once again, checked his wounds, and covered him with the blanket.

You sat back and looked Hux over. He looked bizarre without his hair. "You look like a cue ball," you blurted out.

"Thank you," Hux haughtily replied.
Jeckhum snorted and rolled Hux's old clothes up to throw out of the airlock. "It's better than being recognized as Grand Admiral Hux," he said as he straightened up and walked to the back of the ship.

You bent over Hux and gave him a delicate kiss. "I'd still fuck you," you teased.

"Haven't you done that already, or have I been experiencing an elaborate hallucination?"

You grinned. "All in your head, sir."

"Oh no, not again."

"The favor was owed to Kin Al Ren," Margsen Krim clarified. "Not Jeckhum Ren."

You stood to the right of Jeckhum and could feel his frustration with the Pyke Syndicate. In particular, Margsen, their leader. The whole situation was a lot to take in, actually. And everything was going to shit.

The pyke were like nothing you'd ever seen. They were all so tall and long-limbed and thin--the shortest of them being six feet. The three seated before you had skin in varying shades of dull green. They had small faces with large glowing eyes set in a boxy tear-drop-shaped heads. Their hands were three-fingered and could easily span your head.

Margsen had a gold face plate covering his forehead, and gold tubes covered a type of labium which hung down from the sides of his jaw. All three pieces had engravings that must have significance or indicated his standing within the syndicate. The other two pyke at his side were less decorated with metal. All their clothing was fine, however, and spoke of wealth.

When Yideth's ship had first touched down in the misty port on Oba Diah, the base for the Pyke Syndicate, you had volunteered to stay behind with Hux. Jeckhum and Yideth had agreed and went on ahead to meet the ruling council. They had returned twenty minutes later with a request to meet Kylo Ren's second.

"I'm not his second," you had refuted.

"You're the closest we have to a Master of the Knights of Ren," Yideth stated.

"No," you returned. "You're way more qualified for that."

"It's already been said," Jeckhum had told you. "They expect you."

You had looked back at Hux to see him observing the three of you. "Well?" you pointedly asked.

"Jeckhum's the contact, but they want to see you. If we want to parley, we'll have to play by their rules for now. You two go, Yideth and I will stay with the ship."

Yideth had nodded in agreement. Hopefully, she wouldn't tear into Hux when they were alone. Then again, he did deserve it. He had provoked Revolver by announcing the executions. You mentally shrugged--Hux was a grown man. He could take it.

You had hooked your lightsabers to your belt--which you had finally found amongst the chaos of the lounge--and followed Jeckhum out onto the veiled landing pad. The towering building in front of you curved like a claw in the sky. You assumed the transparisteel set into the building was
special for the atmosphere since it seemed to glow green through the low-hanging mist.

While you and Jeckhum had walked inside, he told you the Pyke Syndicate specialized in spice running and dealing. He said that most of the pyke smoked spice, that it was part of their culture, that you shouldn't be surprised if they partook in front of you. You had shrugged with acceptance at the time because you doubted you'd be shocked by a smoky room.

And it was a very smoky room. Your temples throbbed and your throat was overly dry at the lack of fresh air in the receiving chamber. Jeckhum didn't seem to mind, but you were consciously trying to maintain your concentration through the haze of spice.

"Forget the favor, then," Jeckhum offered.

"We have."

"Then let's talk of a trade."

"There's nothing you have we could possibly need," Margsen said.

You realized coming to Oba Diah was a huge mistake. The pyke now knew the Knights of Ren were looking for help and could use that information against the four of you. The fuel in the freighter was too low to get out of the Kessel region, where Oba Diah was smack in the middle of. And Hux was still injured.

Your presence had been requested but outside of greetings and introductions, no one had addressed you directly. They either didn't care about you and wanted to see if they could order around the Knights or they were testing the proverbial waters of your temper.

Jeckhum looked to you and searched your blank face. You pivoted and nodded for Jeckhum to lead the way out of the room. You gave the council a small bow and said:

"Since there's nothing you want from us, we shall be going."

Margsen stated, "We never said there wasn't anything we wanted. We just don't need it."

You fully turned to the council once more. "Name it."

Jeckhum came up behind you like a silent, dark sentry. You wanted to reach back and take his hand, but it would be seen as a weakness. You had to simply stand there and let him guard your back.

"Don't you already know it?" Margsen asked. "Seeing as you're a Jedi."

"I haven't been reading minds this whole time, if that's what you're implying."

"Can't you do that?" the council member on the left asked. Her first name was Liere--you forgot her last name the moment after it was spoken.

"You wouldn't want me to, I assure you." You tried not to think about Wopece and Salam lest your regret flash across your face. They were dead and not suffering anymore, you reminded yourself.

"Can you really use those?" Margsen asked and nodded at your waist.

You glanced down at your two sabers and back at him. "I can."

"How long have you been with the Knights?" Ursa, the other council member, inquired.
"Not as long as Jeckhum."

"You rose quickly through the ranks, then," Ursa said. "You're ambitious."

"Circumstances, mostly," you explained. You suspected they were distracting you or perhaps getting to some point. Why did it matter how long you'd been with the Knights?

Margsen looked between Liere and Ursa. There seemed to be something which passed between the three of them. You tried not to fidget as you watched them.

"In exchange for healing your comrade, we want you to train one of ours," Margsen offered.

"We can only train someone who has Force sensitivity."

You didn't know how to teach anyone how to use the Force. It had been something you'd been pushed into. Ren was a decent teacher, as was Yideth, but most of your training had been when he was under Snoke's thumb. After he had come back, and Snoke was dead, it had been mostly about utilizing your two sabers.

Liere said, "We will bring before you ones who show potential."

"And if none of them are qualified...?" you asked.

"You will personally owe us a favor."

That didn't sound good, but at least there was a chance to get what you wanted now.

You hazarded a guess and said, "And this person's allegiances should be with you at the end?"

"Naturally."

It seemed like the best deal you'd get. You didn't know how Ren would take to your bargaining on behalf of the Knights. Jeckhum seemed to trust you with his fate. Yideth had the option of running away if she needed. You wouldn't blame her if she did.

"If we find a qualified candidate, the Knights want sanctuary here for as long as we need it. We won't bring trouble with us, but no one can know we're here."

Liere nodded. "That is agreeable."

"We will require fuel, food, and safe quarters."

"We can provide that," Ursa said.

You tacked on, "A secure line for communications would be ideal as well."

"All communications on this planet are secure."

"Of course," you acknowledged. They were criminals, after all. They certainly wouldn't want the Republic intercepting and reading any message. Though, the Republic wasn't much of a threat anymore. You guessed competitors, fellow spice-runners, could try to listen to transmissions, too.

Margsen stood and walked up to you. You could feel Jeckhum tense behind you, but you maintained eye contact with Margsen as he approached. He may have a long reach, but you could cut off his arms with a single stroke. You could kill the entire council and take what you wanted.
He offered his large hands for you to take. You didn't know what to expect when touching him, but his warm skin was rough but not wizened. He felt calm, but cautious of you. It seemed as though he understood what the Knights of Ren were capable of.

He towered over you like Vader had, and you felt vulnerable and small looking up at him. He bent a little, curling over you, and said, "I look forward to a profitable future with you, Mistress Ren."

"As I with you, Margsen Krim," you softly replied.

With that, you and Jeckhum were escorted by two pykes back to the freighter to wait for transport to a nearby medcenter. Your escorts stayed outside the ship, and you wondered if they were there to help you when the transport arrived or to make sure no one left the ship. You supposed you could understand the latter. The Knights were not known for peacekeeping, you were sure.

Yideth didn't like taking on an initiate that wouldn't be staying. You agreed with her because it would be a lot of effort that could never be utilized by the Knights. However, you told her, it was a painless bargain. The three of you--Jeckhum, Yideth, and you--would learn from this and benefit from it.

"I learned plenty while teaching you," she grumbled.

"Like how I was a pain-in-the-ass for a disciple."

"You weren't that bad."

You smirked. "I have a scar that proves otherwise."

She lifted a shoulder and tried to hide a pleased grin. The bloodthirsty bitch, you fondly thought. As if she could feel your thought, she winked at you. You rolled your eyes and shook your head as you crossed your arms.

"Please tell me you two fucked that out," Jeckhum begged you and Yideth.

You sputtered as Yideth punched Jeckhum in his big dumb arm. "It seems as though Kin Al infected you with his terrible sense of humor," she snarled.

"Yeah, injected that deep inside me," he returned.

You covered your eyes as you wheezed out, "Oh stars..." You prayed the guards weren't listening to this embarrassing conversation. You peeked between your fingers to see Hux looking between you and Yideth with a contemplative expression on his face.

Yideth growled, "Pig."

Jeckhum teased her by oinking.

"Okay, that's enough, children," you scolded.

Yideth looked as if she wanted to argue that Jeckhum had started it. Which he had. But that wasn't the point.

"We are not alone here," you explained and tilted your head towards the open boarding ramp.

She huffed, and Jeckhum looked properly chastised. You couldn't believe you had to be the adult in the situation. Maybe you were more Ren's second than you thought. You had never seen him scold any of the Knights before, though they had never needed it. Perhaps things were getting a
little sloppy under your watch. However, tensions were high, and it was only natural to bicker.

You heard the high whine of engines as a ship touched down nearby. You assumed it was the transport for Hux. Before you could say anything else or give instructions, one of the guards was coming up the ramp and into the lounge. She said that your Knight would be gurneyed to the med shuttle. You almost looked around to see who she was referring to since it was difficult to wrap your head around being in charge of Hux.

The gurney was lowered to the deck, and the two pyke medics were lowly squabbling about how to get Hux on the platform without disturbing his wounds too much. You interrupted their argument and told them you could handle it. They almost scoffed, because how could a little human like you carry another, but they patronized you by telling you to do your best.

With the Force, you floated Hux onto the padded gurney. He kept an unaffected air about him, like your lifting things with unseen powers was an everyday occurrence. You appreciated his cooperation.

The medics were speechless and wouldn't look at you as they secured Hux to the gurney and got him to the med shuttle. They were probably scared of you now. You found you didn't care.

You turned to Yideth and Jeckhum. "I'm going with Hux," you almost fumbled. "You two get settled and find out what the hell's happened with the First Order."

They agreed, and you rushed down the ramp to the med shuttle. Neither medic tried to stop you as you hopped inside the vehicle and sat down on the bench next to Hux. You told him that Yideth and Jeckhum going to look into the attack— at least from what they could find on the holonet.

Hux whispered, "Pretty sure it was the Resistance along with volunteers."

"Definitely. Yideth said Kylo recognized some of the soldiers."

"They're based in the Ileenium system."

You wanted to ask if the First Order had known where the Resistance was, why they hadn't attacked. All of this could've been avoided if the Resistance had been subdued. Instead, you nodded as you filed the information away to share with Yideth and Jeckhum when you returned.

The world outside the shuttle zoomed past in a green-gray mist dotted with claw- and tooth-like buildings which were striped with the same glowing green windows. The craggy, sharp peaks of the mountains in the distance were overlaid in patches of pale blue moss. The air tasted of moisture and cool stone. The slivers of sky you could see through the mist were stormy gray and darkening by the minute.

The medcenter was expecting Hux, if the human and pyke nurses waiting under the porte cochere were any indication. They hustled Hux out of the shuttle and into the building with little talking. You were left trailing behind the gathering group of nurses who swarmed around Hux.

A medic came up to you and asked if you could make medical decisions on behalf of Midra. You said you could and signed the datapad they offered you with an x. They then asked if you required medical attention as well. You floundered for a moment before nodding. If you were going to liberate Ren from wherever he was, you wanted to be in top form.

They led you to an unoccupied stall with an examination bed and cabinets on the opposite wall. They pulled the curtain across the open side and asked what the problem was. You told them about your back. You hadn't bothered to look at it when you had been in the freighter's refresher.
They told you to strip from the waist up and lay facedown on the bed. You did as they instructed and watched as they put on disposable gloves and got out instruments you didn't recognize. They left the instruments on the counter and approached you to examine your injury.

They told you the bruising hadn't fully developed yet. It had been a solid hit, in their assessment. They prodded at your tender back, and you had to keep yourself from jerking away with every gentle poke. You had muscle bruising as well, they told you, and you weren't surprised. They pushed at the sides of your ribs and the knobs of your spine on either side of the contusion.

"Nothing seems cracked or out of alignment," they said. "I can inject a bacta mixture if you don't want to lie in a bacta bed."

"I need to be ready in case Midra's doctors..." you replied.

"Milady, I recommend the bed. You can rest and heal. I promise you, we are taking good care of Midra."

You nodded against the bed and whispered out an okay. You really didn't want needles being stuck in you. The last time you'd seen needles, five people had died. You jerked out of the slow descent into dark memories when the medic laid a gentle hand on your shoulder.

"I'll get you a robe. Just wait here," they told you.

They came back within a minute with a long med robe and a basket for your belongings. You put on the robe, wiggled out of your boots and remaining clothes, and dumped everything in the basket. You were led to the bacta center and shown to another curtained stall.

The stall had a long clear tank that was about two feet deep which was on a platform in the middle of the stall. There was a head support in the tank and nothing else. The medic told you they would only fill it halfway since your injuries were on your back.

It seemed better than the upright tank on the Finalizer. That thing had felt like you were being swallowed alive by bacta. It had been claustrophobic, but now that you thought about it, it was practical on a space ship. An open tank like the one you were about to get into would be a hazard should the ship be attacked.

Which the Finalizer had been.

You placed your basket under the row of hooks on the wall and hung up your robe. The medic was too busy entering in the proper protocols to watch you ease your naked self into the empty tank. The thick transparisteel of the tank was warm against your skin. The head rest supported your neck as well and would keep your head above the bacta.

The warm, slimy bacta slowly started to fill the tank around you. The medic came over and attached a small round sensor on your sternum to monitor your healing. They dimmed the lights in the stall and told you to rest before they left.

You seemed to float in the bacta. You could hear the low murmur of voices from the central hub of the ward and the soft beeping of devices around you. You closed your eyes and let yourself go.

It was easier to find him this time.

You could feel blood-hot metal and his adrenaline. Where are you? You could smell the sweet bacta on his skin. Or was that yours? His mind was ticking down to something. He was planning.
You saw yourself running out of the hangar with sabers in hand. The black cowl he had given you had flapped behind you like wings. He had later seen what could only have been your handiwork. He had stood over the dead bodies and wanted to bellow in triumph. You were his, and you were lethal and ruthless and fierce.

You mentally pushed that aside. Where are you? You saw a cell—underground and damp. He had been in the detention center on the Finalizer for a short time. He was planetside now. That was all you could get. You'd find him, though. You were coming for him.

I love you. I love you.
You sat in a hard-backed chair next to Hux's bed. He was still unconscious from surgery, but his coloring looked good. You had been told that the procedure had been a success. The burnt parts of his intestines and liver had been removed and the live tissue had taken to treatment well. Overall, he was strong and would easily pull through.

You had thanked the team and then asked when he would be discharged. The head doctor informed you that, barring complications, Midra could leave tomorrow evening. You had thanked them again and had gone to Hux's side.

You had oscillated between sitting next to him and walking to the lone wide window to look out over the rainy night-time city. You couldn't see the big port--and the seat of the council--from this side of the medcenter. Instead, your view was of the sleek buildings with their glowing windows. The heavy rain obscured many of the details, but you were able to make out squat buildings that were pumping out steam into the air between the skyscrapers. You had wondered if the steam smelled like spice.

Hux snorted himself awake and gave a weak cough. You sat up and leaned near. His eyes darted to the movement, and he relaxed when he saw that it was you. He licked his dry lips and made a face at the condition of his mouth.

"Water?" you softly offered.

"Please," he croaked.

You figured out how to raise the head of the bed and got it to an easy recline. Hux freed his arms and adjusted the sheet over himself as you presented him a lidded cup with a flexible straw coming out the top. You had tested the water after the med team had left and found it unpolluted.

He took a few good pulls and gave the cup back to you with a murmured thank you. He wiped at his mouth and then pressed his palms against his stomach.

"Feels solid," he commented.

You nodded and repeated what the doctor had told you. Hux seemed to find what you said acceptable. He stared out the window in thought.

"It's raining," he said. "I... I haven't seen rain in a long time."

"I've only seen holos of it." You'd also seen and felt rain in visions, but you didn't need to mention that.

"I was having a dream about you." He glanced over, and you nodded for him to continue. "It was like that second night of staying with you and Ren."

You knew exactly what he meant. It had been an overwhelming haze of pleasure that had stretched on for the whole evening. You had been between them, their hands all over you. You hadn't wanted it to ever stop. Ren had been plastered to your back as he slowly thrust his cock in your ass. One of his solid arms had been across your chest to hold you still while the other braced against the bed. Hux had been under you, rolling his hips and pumping his perfect dick inside your clenching pussy. They had called you their beautiful girl as they kissed you and touched every inch of you.
"We were on a sea of red," Hux said with a sigh and shook you out of your memory. "You two are so cruel with your beauty. I hated you both after Starkiller. He ruined everything and still got you."

"Do you still hate us?"

"Not as often now," he admitted with a minute shake of his head. "Mostly I want to pick up the pieces with you two at my side."

"You don't need us to do that."

"I want it, though. I want it all."

You nodded and turned to the window to watch the steady rain. You guessed Hux still thought he had a chance to be emperor of the galaxy. For all you knew, maybe he did. However, you weren't sure you could be at his side. You didn't want to be stuck on a Star Destroyer for your whole life. You didn't want kings thinking they could own you like Solculvis had believed.

It was quiet for a long time before you spoke again:

"You're going to have to make a decision. We can send word to your father--tonight, even. Or you can continue on with us."

"Either way is dangerous."

"Yes," you agreed. "You are a wanted man."

You didn't need access to the holonet to know that people wanted revenge. If they knew that Hux had survived the attack from the Resistance, there'd most likely be a price on his head.

"I could get a new face, a new name," he pointed out.

"But you'd have to give up the idea of ruling the galaxy."

"I could start over."

You sighed. "It's not that easy. Even Snoke couldn't hold onto his position within the Order."

"So I have dreamed a dream, but now that dream is gone from me."

"Things change."

"They do, indeed."

You left him shortly after that. He had said that he would think on what he wanted and have an answer when you returned. That seemed fair to you.

After you left his room, you checked in at the nurse's station. They offered to comm for a speeder to get you back to the council building. You thanked them and told them you'd be waiting outside.

There were stone benches under the wide porte cochere, but you ignored them as you rushed to the side to stick your arm out into the rain. It was cold and pelted your skin, but there was something refreshing about it. You stood there at the edge of the dry duracrete, the rain splashing up to wet the toe of your boots, until a covered speeder pulled up beside you.

The driver asked if you were *Mistress Ren*, and you responded that you were despite it being outlandish to be referred to that way. There wasn't much talking after that. You watched the rain
flow in sheets over the transparisteel roof of the speeder. When you were dropped off at the council building, you had to sprint inside so as not to get soaked.

You were shown up to the suite where Yideth and Jeckhum were staying, and told that a light meal would be sent up shortly. The suite was large with four bedrooms and a large common area. The whole place wasn't overly bright, and the dim lights were cool-toned. The gray walls had insets of swirling glowing chartreuse transparisteel. The furniture was boxy but comfortable, as you found out when you sat down to take off your damp boots.

The remaining Knights both greeted you from their different places in the common room. Yideth was working at a large desk with a glowing holoprojection floating above it. Jeckhum was watching an oversized screen attached to the wall at the end of the L configuration of two sofas. You had sat on the same sofa as him to watch the screen.

There was one of those continuous galactic news channels on the screen with a scroll at the bottom and a talking head discussing whatever with another talking head. The people debating weren't that interesting, but the scroll had you riveted.

THE RESISTANCE FEDERATION HAS OVERPOWERED THE FIRST ORDER. TALKS OF A UNITED SYSTEMS IS UNDERWAY. RESISTANCE GENERAL LEIA ORGANA IS THE FIRST TO VOLUNTEER AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ALDERAAN SYSTEM. MANY CORE SYSTEMS HAVE FOLLOWED SUIT AS TALKS CONTINUE.

"Who conspired with the Resistance?" you asked.

"About five systems," Yideth replied. "All of them were monarchies."

You stared straight ahead, not seeing anything, for a few moments. "Was Mol'leaj one of them?"

"Yes."

Your lip curled in disgust. So that was how it was. Since you and Ren hadn't been handed over, Solculvis had gone on the warpath to side with the Resistance. He was lucky you hadn't seen him on the Finalizer. You would've shown him what you were capable of.

"What happened to the Star Destroyers?"

"Commandeered, most likely," Jeckhum commented.

You leaned an elbow on the sofa arm and propped your chin on a fist. "What else have you found out?"

"The Resistance Federation will probably be disbanded. Prisoners of war are being sent to different camps around the galaxy--"

"Any word of Lord Ren?" you interrupted.

"No, but no POWs are listed yet."

There came a polite knock on the main door before it was opened by a pyke carrying a covered tray. They had a carafe of something balanced on top of the flat tray cover. They asked where you wanted your supper, and you told them the ottoman in front of the sofa was fine. They deposited the tray and carafe, and told you to leave it out in the hall when you were done.
Under the cover was a trio of strange green columnar rolls of some sort on a rectangular plate, a bowl of diced golden- and white-fleshed fruit, utensils, and an empty mug. You filled your mug from the warm carafe to find the liquid to be a sweetened tea. You had no idea how to eat the green rolls, but you picked one up and took a bite of the end. The wrapper was strangely papery and salty. Inside was a mixture of soft grains and fresh vegetables held together by a meat paste. It was good, and you were hungry, so finishing the three rolls wasn't a challenge.

It seemed that with a little protein in your stomach, your brain came back online. You wiped at your mouth with a provided napkin and told Yideth about the Ileenium System. You turned a little to see her typing away and moving display windows within the holoprojection. Within seconds, she had a listing for the system. It was a small one in the Outer Rim, she told you.

You were about to ask her to look into which planet would be suitable for a Resistance base when Jeckhum tapped your knee. You looked at him, and he nodded to the screen. There was Leia Organa in all her royal glory. She was still as beautiful as you recalled from Ren's memories. Her hair was more steely gray than russet brunette, and she was wearing it in a different style, but it suited her. A block of text at the bottom of her window stated that the interview had been recorded earlier.

She reassured the interviewer that everything was going well with the accords of a new United Systems. She stated she was glad to be on Coruscant once more. The interviewer's tone turned delicate as she expressed her condolences for Leia's late husband, Han Solo.

*Han Solo.* You lost track of the rest of the interview. You knew of Han Solo. He was known on Jakku as a smuggler and a fast-talker. You had even been in a smoke-filled cantina at the same time as him, though you hadn't seen him. Apparently, someone had tried to throw a punch at him and his copilot, a wookiee name Chewbacca, had intercepted it. The evening had gone downhill from there, and you'd had to run out of the place before shots were fired.

Ren had told you that a wookiee had shot him. It had probably been Chewbacca. You wondered if Ren had known Chewbacca, had grown up with him, had considered him family.

Ren had only referred to his father as Han, and Tekka had never told you that Leia Organa, princess of Alderaan, had married a sleazy smuggler. But that sleazy smuggler was also a decorated Rebellion general. And Ren had killed him.

Maker, what the Force had done to Ren's family.

Jeckhum whispered your name and shook you out of your ruminations. "You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, yeah, of course." You picked up the bowl of fruit and a spoon. You stared at the lovely variety of succulent fruit. It wasn't the same selection as the one Ren had gotten for you when you'd started your bleeding. The person sitting next to you wasn't the same, of course. You weren't bleeding, either.

Nothing was the same, yet you found yourself reminded. It was like Ren was everywhere, and you couldn't touch him. He was a ghost who followed at your shoulder and whispered 'remember me' in your ear. *Remember me, sweetheart.*

Your vision blurred with tears, and you looked up to blink them away. You didn't have time for crying. You sniffed with a shake of your head and then dug into the bowl of fruit. You needed to eat. You needed to be strong.

Jeckhum broke the silence. "What do you want to do about Midra?"
It took you a second to remember that Midra was Hux. "He said he'd have an answer by tomorrow."

"Unless he comms his father from the medcenter tonight," Yideth pointed out.

You shrugged. "He can run. We don't need him."

"He's leverage," she returned. "Or he'll end up as another mouth to feed."

She did have a point. Hux wasn't useful like her or Jeckhum. Hux was a good sharpshooter, but you already had one of those in Jeckhum. And any political connections he'd had as a grand admiral in the First Order were gone. He could be traded for Ren, of course. Then again, he didn't have to be with you for that. If he ran to be with his father on Giaca, you could use that information to get Ren out. Two Huxes for the price of one Kylo Ren. That could be seen as a bargain.

"But he is a strategist," Jeckhum added. Which only made him more valuable as a bargaining chip.

You agreed, "He's brilliant."

The low din of the news channel took over the space between. You finished the fruit, poured yourself another mug of tea, and relaxed back in the corner of the sofa. Could you trade one lover for another? Maybe you could if it got Ren out and then the both of you could turn around to get Hux back. That kind of a deal wouldn't leave a bad taste in your mouth.

"Enough about him. What about the Ileenium System?" you inquired.

Yideth looked over the information window in the holoprojection. "It's got three viable planets. Two are in that sweet spot for easy inhabitation. The specs on one is desert with ice caps, the other is forest-jungle."

Your gut led you to the forest-jungle planet. Ren's cell had been damp. You seriously doubted--unless he was deep underground where water might be--that he was on a desert planet. It might be a false lead, either way. The Resistance might've pulled out of the area now that the First Order was defeated. You asked for information on the forest-jungle planet.

"D'Qar," she said. "Breathable air, fresh water. Not much action or traffic. No intelligent life."

"Perfect for a secret base," you summed up.

The afternoon sunlight from the high windows struggled through the incense smoke to make it to the stone floor beneath your feet. There were censers hanging between the dim sconces on the walls. The hall was full of soft silence and hidden corners.

The atmosphere felt like a ritual, something sacred, and it made you vaguely uncomfortable. Because you were going to lie. You didn't want to owe the Pyke Syndicate a favor. You didn't know if it was better to take on a student or have the favor hanging over your head. The student could come in handy, you mentally argued with yourself.

You, Yideth, and Jeckhum stood to one side of the grand hall while Margsen, Liere, and Ursa were at the throne platform. The three pykes were in finer, more elaborate clothes than the ones you'd first seen them in. Margsen wore a long tippet with metallic embroidery and beading. In the low light, he shone like royalty. Liere and Ursa had similar paneled skirts with different motifs. You guessed they were symbols for their respective families.
In contrast, you, Yideth, and Jeckhum looked menacing and dark. The both of them still had their helmets and jackets, and you had your hood pulled low to cover your forehead and shield your eyes. And more importantly, the hood hid the bags under your eyes. You hadn't slept much without Ren by your side. There had been an hour here and there until dawn. Somehow, daybreak made you collapse and sleep hard until Yideth got you up for breakfast and a comm from Margsen.

You discovered that the pyke didn't partake in caf nor stims. There was only one drug in the settlement and that was spice. You were half-tempted to smoke and fall into a mild, relaxing coma until Hux was discharged.

In the meantime, you stood there as the potential initiates filed into the grand hall. Margsen said a few things, which you didn't bother to pay attention to, and opened the floor to you. The initiates turned to you as you walked out from between Yideth and Jeckhum.

Gender was difficult to ascertain, but it didn't matter. The Knights didn't discriminate when it came to learning how to be a killer. None of the pykes in front of you seemed to be overly decorated--which would have spoken of egoism--or sheepish, so that wouldn't be an issue.

You walked down the line of nine pykes, taking their hands one at a time. The first three were null, but warriors. They wouldn't be a bad fit, but not what Ren would want. The fourth was interesting. They had a spark of the Force. It felt like warm pinpricks of fire. You tried not to let your surprise show as you continued to move down the line. There was true potential in all of them, but you knew that Ren would choose the fourth pyke if he were here.

You went back to the fourth and led them out of the line. Yideth and Jeckhum came up beside you, and you encouraged the pyke to offer their hands. Yideth and Jeckhum each took a hand, and you wondered if they could really get a read on the pyke. You were certain Yideth could, but Jeckhum had always been a bit of a wild card to you.

They both nodded, released the pyke's hands, and stepped back. That seemed like consent enough for you. You turned to Margsen, Liere, and Ursa and stated:

"We will take this one."

Liere stepped forward and pleaded, "This is my niece."

You looked up at the pyke in question, but she wouldn't meet your eyes. Was she not supposed to be there, but Liere hadn't want to protest in front of strangers? Did Liere not think she'd get picked?

"She is our choice," you calmly insisted.

"Our people have never had a Jedi." Liere looked back at Margsen.

Margsen sighed. "A deal is a deal."

Liere rushed off the platform, and you were fully prepared to throw her back if she came for you. However, she stopped a few feet away, her hands crossed on her chest, and looked between her niece and you.

"Nothing can happen to her!" Liere screeched as she took a step forward. "Nothing! She must be protected!"

"She will protect herself, as all the Knights do," you offered.

The niece stepped up to her aunt. "I want to, Auntie. It's for our people." She glanced back at you.
before telling her aunt, "I can do this."

You hoped like hell she was right.

She turned to you and gave you a small bow. "I'm Swisted Rig," she finally introduced herself.

You told her it was an honor to meet her and that the Knights would begin her training soon. Liere asked when you would take her niece away, and you told her that it would depend on your Knight in the medcenter. The whole ritual was ended by you and Margsen again both agreeing to hold up your respective ends of the bargain. You told him you would be in touch before leaving the grand hall.

Jeckhum and Yideth followed behind you even when you passed the elevators. The three of you went out to the main dock, and you asked the deck officer for transport to the medcenter. Luckily, the officer remembered who you were and told you that they would put out a call for an available shuttle.

While the three of you waited, you discussed the newest member of the team. Yideth pointed out that all of you would probably be forced to train Swisted on Oba Diah because of Liere. Jeckhum shrugged and said he didn't care either way. You reminded her that staying planetside wasn't part of the deal. The deal was to train her, and how the Knights trained Swisted was up to the Knights. Yideth let out a dubious snort as she crossed her arms. You didn't want to fight with her, so you let it go.

Shortly after quiet settled amongst you, a passenger shuttle touched down at the long arm of the dock. The deck officer told you the shuttle was for you, and you thanked them before leading the way.

The medcenter was as you had left it last night. Hux was in the same room, now dressed in Yideth's leggings and a hand-me-down shirt that was too big for him, looking no worse for wear. Some part of you relaxed knowing that he wasn't gone or dead. You greeted him and asked how he was feeling.

"Whole," he replied.

Jeckhum said as he took off his helmet, "As opposed to hole-y."

You rolled your eyes at the pun.

"Honestly, I've never been a candidate for sainthood," Hux proclaimed.

You sighed and nodded because what did you expect. Jeckhum was laughing in delight at being one-upped. You looked to Yideth to see her struggling to keep a straight face. You hadn't known that she enjoyed ridiculous word play and stupid puns.

You walked around the bed and sat down in the lone chair as Jeckhum's laughter died down. Hux looked pleased with himself, and you grinned at him. You were glad to see him in better spirits and looking healthy once more. You still missed his lovely crown of sleek ginger hair, but you'd get used to it.

"So, Midra, what's your decision?" you asked.

He scanned Yideth and Jeckhum briefly before turning to you. "I would like to continue on with you three. Four, when we find Ren."
"Should we still send word to your father?"

"No, not yet. It's best he not know."

"This is going to get real complicated real fast," Yideth stated.

"Why's that?" Hux asked.

"We have a new initiate, and they can't know what's going on."

Hux asked you, "Why did you take on someone new?"

"It was either that or owe the Pyke Syndicate a favor. Since I don't want to do any of their dirty work for them, I chose Swisted."

You hated having to justify yourself at every turn. You longed for the days when you got to decide alone on everything you did and without ever having to explain yourself. Of course, you didn't have Ren or the Knights in your life either. You knew you'd have to justify yourself again with Ren when you found him, but that was the price for having relationships.

A nurse came into the room and asked if you three were there to take Midra home. Everyone murmured an agreement, and the nurse said she'd be back with a datapad for Midra to sign. Within the hour, you were wheeling Hux out of the medcenter and into a shuttle to take the four of you back to the council building.

Once back in the suite, you pulled Yideth aside. "We'll leave for D'Qar before dawn," you told her.

"The two of us? That enough?"

You wouldn't tell her that you were planning on going about retrieving Ren on your own. You needed her to take you since you were no pilot, and she would refuse if she heard your plan. However, all that could wait until the ship was in the Ileenium System.

"Jeckhum can hold down things here, appease the council should anything go wrong, and Midra shouldn't be risking himself right now. We need to secure him--just in case."

She studied you for a few seconds before nodding. "An hour before dawn, then."
Life Is A Fear Of Falling Through All the Cracks

No one was waiting for you when you came out of your room. Apparently, Yideth hadn't tipped anyone off that you two were leaving. You debated about leaving a note in your room, but you knew Yideth would be back to explain the situation.

You walked over to the window wall and looked out over the dark, misty landscape. You weren't there for more than five minutes when Yideth's door opened. You turned to see her with her helmet under her arm, but neither of you said a word. Like specters, unnoticed and silent, you and she left the building.

A different deck officer bade you both a good morning, and Yideth returned the sentiment and asked about the condition of her ship. The officer reported that the ship was fueled, the garbage hold had been cleaned out, and had been washed. You both thanked them, and they pointed out the assigned dock space.

You helped as much as you could with take-off from the co-pilot seat, but Yideth didn't need much in the way of assistance. You watched her work through protocols and checks before putting in the coordinates for the Ileenium System and activating the hyperdrive. Once everything had been settled, she turned to you asked if you were hungry. You nodded and replied you could eat.

She left the cockpit and came back after a few minutes with two bottles of water and a couple of meal bars. You opened the water and took a few sips before saying it felt like old times.

She smirked and stated, "You're stronger now."

"You think so?" you asked between bites.

"I do." She wadded up the meal bar wrapper and discarded it in a little receptacle built into the dash. "You should be proud."

"Thank you," you murmured and ate the last of your bar. You played with the wrapper, folding it lengthwise and knotting it in the middle, just to keep yourself from nervously fidgeting.

Yideth checked on the estimated time of arrival and commented that D'Qar was less than forty minutes out. That was just enough time to overthink and lose your breakfast and wonder if you had to pee again. She must've picked up on your thoughts because she stood and told you to help her clean up the lounge.

The lounge didn't look any better since you had last seen it. The piles of stuff you had created were still there. Between the two of you, you finished the sorting, folded the blankets and put them one to a bunk, and shoved the remaining food trash into the waste chute.

The hyperdrive beeped for pilot attention, and Yideth and you headed for the cockpit. Once seated, she pulled the ship out of hyperspace. In front of the ship was a half-illuminated green planet with a rocky ring surrounding it. Yideth set up the scanners, and the instruments picked up a signal coming from the shady side of the planet.

She looked at you with a grin. "Signal is coded."

"That's no farmer," you agreed.

She nodded and pinpointed the origin of the signal, but before she could get the ship moving you
placed a hand on top of hers. She stilled and looked at you like you had slapped her. It was as though you had betrayed her without saying a word.

"You're going to drop me off," you ordered.

"No," she denied. "Fuck no. Fuck that--"

"Hear me out," you interrupted. "If we get captured, the Resistance will have everything--Kylo, you, me, your ship." You gestured around the cockpit. "This is the only ship the Knights have right now. You think the Pyke Syndicate will give them a ship to come get us?" You shook your head. "Jeckhum and Hux will never be able to leave the planet without owing them, and we don't want that. One apprentice is enough of a favor."

She leaned towards you, her eyes snapping like green fire. "You did this on purpose. You needed a pilot to get you out here."

"I used you," you admitted. "And I'm not sorry."

Yideth turned back to look at D'Qar. "It's for Master Kylo." She shook her head. "I should've seen this coming."

"Please, Yideth. Please help me."

She gritted out, "You bring him back. Or all of this will be for nothing. Bring him back or I'll kill you."

"If I can't get him, it'll be because I'm already dead."

"Fair enough." She placed her hands on the controls. "I'll bring us in low and land a klick from the signal."

"Thank you."

She didn't reply as she maneuvered the freighter around the ring encircling D'Qar and entered the atmosphere. It was the tail-end of a colorful dusk as she dipped down between the hills and followed a small river. She landed in a valley between two gentle mountains, and turned to you and told you to head south. You looked out into the valley through the cockpit windshield and asked which way was south. You glanced back to see her pointing to left.

You told her Ren would comm when he was free and then thanked her again before rushing out of the ship. The air was sweet with oncoming night and fresh from the surrounding forest. You oriented yourself to the way Yideth had been pointing and jogged into the cool forest. From behind, you heard the ship lift off. It was just you now and the slowly darkening woods.

Luckily, one klick wasn't too far, and you reached the edge of the forest in no time. It was practically night, and part of the clear sky above you started to twinkle with distant stars. However, that didn't stop you from seeing a bare duracrete landing strip. On either side of the wide strip were a series of staggered hangars nestled into the grassy hills, and on top each hangar were narrow platforms. You expected snipers or guards or something, but there was no one out.

As it got darker, only one hangar's lights came on. You could see the light bouncing off a comms tower next to it. It was on the opposite side of the landing strip from where you were standing, though. It was a risk to run down the strip, but it would take you twice as long to hide within the forest.
You stood next to a big tree and let yourself be still. Stealth would be needed inside, but speed would be your friend out here in the encroaching dark. You figured it was now or never and adjusted the tie around your hair. However, before you could move a huge flock of small nocturnal avian-like creatures swooped out from the forest behind you and flew down the manmade valley.

You used the flock to cover your footfalls as you ran down the shallow hill and onto the duracrete. The flock pitched away from the lit hangar and left you almost at your destination. That was good enough for you, and you silently thanked them for concealing your approach.

You hung back on the dark side of one of the stone walls built into the hill and peeked around the barrier. You saw in the bay a black X-wing Starfighter and a small transport shuttle. No one was out in the hangar tending to the ships. That didn't mean there weren't security cams watching the bay.

You had to use the shroud. It was taxing, but you were now able to recover fast from employing it. You let out a breath and pulled the Force around you. As you approached the X-wing, you saw that the slot for the astromech droid was empty. The adjacent shuttle was clear of droids or techs. You slunk around the ships to go deeper into the hangar.

What you saw at the back of the hangar was an open wide portal. You crept to the portal to see that it was the doorway to a set of stairs going down. There was light coming from the tree-root-lined stairwell itself and beyond. You could hear two voices—one male, one female.

You hurried down the stairs, keeping your footfalls light. You stopped at the bottom to see a large cavernous space with tree roots draping the damp stone walls. In the middle of the room was a holoprojection of Queen Mithea of Mol'leaj floating above some sort of communications table. There was a man with shoulder-length white hair talking to her.

"...she's on her way at this very moment, your majesty," he reassured.

Mithea nodded and gave an indulgent grin to the man in front of her. You wanted to snap her pretty neck. "I just wanted to express what an honor it is to be entrusted with Kylo Ren."

"Representative Organa is more knowledgeable about the situation. I know she'll want to speak with you personally when she arrives."

Leia Organa was coming here. And she was giving Mithea and Solculvis your teacher, your lover, your Kylo. Did Organa and this man know what the royal couple of Mol'leaj wanted to do with Ren? Did Solculvis know that you were still alive? Was he looking for you right at this moment?

You hadn't even considered that Solculvis would still want you for his collection. You had to retrieve Ren—if he were here—and get the hell off D'Qar.

Off to your right was a wide corridor. It was decently lit with only half the lights on, free of roots and vines, and looked like it served as the medical wing of the base. You couldn't keep the shroud and feel out possible lifeforms at the same time—that was too much energy to expend. You tip-toed into the corridor and dropped the shroud.

You spread your awareness out and felt three heartbeats—one was the white-haired man, the other two were unknowns. However, one was down the corridor from you. You quietly sighed in disappointment because neither felt like Ren. Even if it wasn't Ren, you might be able to get some information out of the person.

You wrapped the shroud around you once more, feeling the touch of death at the back of your
neck, and inched down the hall. The dim cubicles you passed were unsurprisingly empty, and you kept wondering when you'd get to the person who was down here. You knew they were down here.

You heard a droid beep out a tentative hello?. You frowned and turned to see BB-8, Poe's droid from Tuanul, rolling down the med corridor towards you. You had talked to BB-8 while Tekka and Poe had discussed Resistance matters on that fateful night. You pressed yourself against the wall, hoping that he would just roll by you and not notice any disturbance in the air.

Unfortunately, he was rolling directly for you, and you looked around the hall to see if you could hide. Was the little droid actually seeing you? How could he do that when you were invisible?

BB-8 beeped your name like a question. He could see you. Somehow. Heat signature? Fuck, you didn't know. Anyway, there was no point in wasting energy making yourself invisible if the droid could see you and was talking to you.

"Hey!" he greeted when you finally dropped the shroud. "When did you learn to do that?"

You crouched down and whispered, "After Tuanul."

He rolled a little closer. "What're you doing here?"

"I--" You looked down and tried to think of something to say that wouldn't have BB-8 running for his master. "I came to see Kylo Ren."

"Why?"

"I can't let him go to Mol'leaj." You looked into his optical lens. "King Solculvis tried to buy me weeks ago. He wanted Lord Ren, too."

BB-8 backed away an inch in shock. "No way, dude."

"Yes way. He's got, like, a breeding program in mind. I think he wants a Jedi army of his own."

"You're a Jedi?"

You got on your knees to show BB-8 the lightsabers at your waist.

He rocked side to side in excitement and exclaimed, "You're a Jedi!"

You shushed him, but smiled nonetheless. "You got to help me get him out of here."

"No way! Poe and General Organa said that Kylo Ren is leaving the base in two days."

"He can leave this base tonight, and they'll never have to see him again." You sat back on your heels. "You don't have to help me, okay? Just don't stop me."

BB-8 seemed to process your words for a moment before coming to a conclusion. "I'm going to get Poe. Explain this to him, and he'll figure out something."

You wanted to grab BB-8 and lock him away in a supply closet. He would probably beep and screech until someone came for him though, which would end up buying you a whole minute. You concluded it wasn't worth it. It was no use, and you didn't want to hurt him, so you let him roll away in search of Poe Dameron.

You straightened up and jogged down the corridor in the opposite direction. You hoped you found
Ren, freed him, and were halfway to the transport shuttle in the hangar before Poe came for you.

You came up to the last cubicle in the corridor to see it with some sort of electric barrier blocking the opening. The rippling orange electric bars made the hair on the back of your neck stand up. You looked between the bars to see a tall dark-haired man sitting across a cot in the corner. He was in pale gray med scrubs with his knees tucked up to his broad chest, one of his long arms lay limp at his side.

You grinned in relief and came up to the barrier, and he instantly looked up. It was Kylo Ren. His dark hair was limp and hung around his face in dirty strings. A scraggly beard was starting to come in on his cheeks and jaw. The hollows under his eyes seemed deep and sickly purple, but he was still beautiful in all his tragic glory.

It took a few beats before he asked, "What are you doing here?" You heard the question are you really here? in his words. He continued as he stood up, "I heard you scream. I thought you were dead."

You saw that part of his right arm was missing.

You stared down at the metal plate buried in the stump of his arm and felt your eyes burn hot with tears. It explained why your own arm had been feeling odd for the past couple of days. It explained his pleading for you. It explained the pain he had felt. They took his arm and his saber, and threw him in a cell to bargain him into sexual slavery.

"We need to get out of here," you whispered over the buzz of the electricity.

"You shouldn't be here," he hotly countered and stepped up to the barrier. "They know about you. They have your things."

You didn't care about your belongings. You had what you needed on you. "Do you know where they're sending you?"

He nodded.

You cursed lowly and told him to stand back. The electric bars were flowing out of thin metal rails on either side of the cubicle's opening. They weren't imbedded in the rock, so you could get at them. You drew Darksaber and prayed for extra dexterity as you aimed the black blade at a rail.

Darksaber went into the rail exactly as you saw it in your mind's eye. You sliced down and ruined the barrier. The electric bars sputtered out with a puff of ozone and the smell of hot metal.

With the barrier down, you got a clear view of Ren. His eyes flashed in frustrated anger, but you wouldn't back down. He had a wide metal collar around his neck like he was some unruly pet. It must be what was keeping you from feeling him.

"Where's your lightsaber?" you asked.

He shook his head. "Destroyed."

You stilled as you heard multiple footsteps coming near. You pushed Ren back into the cubicle, and he stumbled and grabbed your hand that was against his chest. You took his big hand in yours and gave it a squeeze before letting go. That little touch meant everything--he was real and here and alive. You regained your focus, turned to face the entrance, and pulled your other saber from your waist. You didn't want to, but you were prepared to cut them all down to get Ren out of here.
The white-haired officer and Poe—both armed with blasters—came to block the way out. BB-8 was lingering at the edge of the cubicle. You ignited your magenta blade as the nameless officer drew his blaster rifle up and shot at you. Instead of a bolt, there was a blue ring of energy aimed right for you.

You easily dodged and so did Ren. The ring of energy hit the wall at the back of the cubicle and fizzled out to nothing.

"Let us go," you demanded as you straightened up. You'd rather talk your way out of this than cut everyone down.

"We have an agreement with the Mol'leaj System," the officer replied.

"Fuck your agreements! They tried to buy me like I was a shaak."

"Queen Mithea wouldn't stand for that," he denied.

"Why would I lie?" You looked to Poe. "That last night in Tuanul, I was-- My power was awakened. Lord Ren found--"

"He kidnapped you, you mean," Poe interrupted.

You corrected, "He trained me."

From behind you, Ren said, "She's powerful."

You shrugged. "Solculvis and Mithea offered to purchase me from Hux. They wanted us both."

"For what purpose?" the officer asked.

"They wanted a 'mated' Jedi pair."

"Mated...?" Poe trailed off as he lowered his blaster and looked between you and Ren. "Mated as in you and him...?"

"Yes, he's mine."

"All the lady stuff in his room is yours?"

You nodded and turned your lightsabers off. "Yeah."

"Kriff, the general is not going to be happy about this," Poe said to the officer.

"She doesn't have to know," you offered. "Just let us go. You'll never have to see either of us again."

"I don't believe that's a viable option," a feminine voice cut in.

You recognized that voice from the broadcast you'd seen on Oba Diah and backed up as Leia Organa stepped between Poe and the officer. You didn't know what to do now. You couldn't kill Leia Organa. She must've known that, since she stepped into the cubicle without a second thought.
"So, you're the one he'd been yelling for," Organa summed up.

Ren pulled you back by your belt and stepped in front of you, holding you behind him with his good arm. You barely got to question what he was doing when he began speaking:

"You can ship me off to Mol'leaj, but not her. She's--"

"What?!" you barked at Ren's back. "No! You can't be sent there!" You pushed your way around his elbow to meet Organa's dark eyes. "You can't send him there, your highness! They'll use him to make their own Jedi army."

"You have any proof of this?" she asked.

"Other than my own experience with King Solculvis, no."

"Ma'am," Poe interjected. "BB-8 said she told him the same thing."

Organa's mouth thinned, and she sighed through her nose. "Follow me." She led the way as Poe and the officer marched after her. BB-8 glanced at you and then followed the Resistance high command. You looked up at Ren, and he down at you, before you hooked your lightsabers to your belt.

You wanted to touch him again, take his hand, tuck a dirty lock of hair behind his ear. Anything. However, it didn't seem the time. You were afraid that once you started, you wouldn't stop. You forced yourself to take a step back and follow the Resistance party. Ren trailed after you.

At the end of the corridor were two new Resistance fighters. They were armed with blasters strapped to their thighs. They stared at you and Ren as you both passed. One of them placed their hand over the handle of their blaster while the other one visibly kept themselves from taking a step back.

You outwardly ignored them, but you were aware they relaxed when you and Ren turned to walk deeper into the base. The white-haired officer, Poe, and Organa stood around the comm table. There was space enough for you and Ren to stand across from Organa.

"Alright," Organa began the conversation with you. "Tell us your side."

You glanced up at Ren to see him staring down at the table in front of him. "It started a few weeks ago when the First Order went to Mol'leaj to check in with King Solculvis and request supplies. I wasn't there for that, but I understand that negotiations went well. Lord Ren and myself were shown off as assets of the Order." You paused to silently debate if you should give all the details, but you decided to only go for the most pertinent. "The king had bugged my room, you see, and Hux wanted to fool him with a fake weak spot and ordered us to act as if we were having an illicit affair--"

"Why would it be illicit?" Organa asked.

"Because I was Admiral Hux's consort." Organa nodded for you to continue. "The next morning, the king confronted Admiral Hux and offered a holo of my infidelity. The king then offered to buy me from the First Order to keep me from execution."
"Execution?" Poe exclaimed.

"He thought that was what the admiral would do," you explained. "I guess that's what he would've done if I had cheated on him."

"That's conjecture," the officer cut in.

You shrugged. "Maybe, but he was awfully eager to get me in his zoo."

"Go on," Organa encouraged.

"King Solculvis then said that Lord Ren could visit me whenever he wanted. That any children we might produce would be under the king's protection."

"But he wouldn't let you go?" she led.

You shook your head. "No, there was no talk about me ever leaving."

Poe stated, "Purchase one Jedi and get a family for free."

"These are serious accusations," the officer said.

"They are," Organa agreed and then looked to Ren. "Is what she said true?" Ren nodded before saying yes. Organa pressed a few buttons on the comm table. She met your eyes, and you saw that she wasn't pleased with you, but she wasn't judging you too harshly, either. "Habara, get their things," she ordered the white-haired officer.

Habara almost questioned her orders, but then thought better of it and walked away from the table. In the meantime, Organa looked between Poe, you, and Ren as she came to a decision.

"I would like to speak with them alone," Organa said.

"Ma'am, I don't--"

"Leave us," she cut him off.

Poe gave a stiff nod, and he and BB-8 left the command center to leave you and Ren alone with Organa. She shook her head more to herself than to either of you.

"You two could've left the First Order at any time after Snoke died, but you stayed. You killed good people, you supported a tyrant and terrorized the galaxy." She threw up a hand and pointedly said to Ren, "One of your Knights killed your uncle."

You gasped and looked up at Ren. Had he known about that? He seemed resigned to fact that his family had been all but eradicated. The only one who was left was his mother.

"The only good thing that's happened out of this is that there's now a United Systems being set up." She sighed out, "You two. I don't know how you two got involved. I can only guess..."

From behind you came heavy footsteps. Organa stopped talking as a medium-sized lidded crate was deposited next to you by Habara. He stood on the other side of the crate until Organa raised her hand in a dismissal.

"You two are going to make this right. Or at least worth it," she ordered you and Ren.

"How?" you pleaded.
"Rey is out there now without a master, without full knowledge of her abilities or Jedi techniques--"

You didn't know who Rey was, but she was obviously Luke Skywalker's apprentice.

"I will not be her teacher," Ren stated.

"Damn right, you won't. I don't want you anywhere near her--either of you."

You looked down at the crate next to you and chewed on your bottom lip. Organa was right. You and Ren had fucked up big time. There was no getting around it. Yes, you had wanted to leave, but you hadn't. You had stayed because Ren had. You had been weak and dependent.

Organa continued, "You two are going to find the rest of the Jedi teachings and writings to help her."

You opened your mouth to protest, but it was Ren who spoke. "But the emperor--"

"Did not destroy all that knowledge. Luke had found a lot of it, but since you never completed your training with him, you never got to see the holocron. There must be more information secreted away amongst the Jedi temples."

"Or the Sith," he tacked on.

She nodded. "Your Uncle Lando has a copy of Luke's holocron. You can start there." She stepped back from the comm table. "I'll be back. You two stay here and out of trouble."

You knelt next to the crate when Organa was out of sight. You unlatched the lid and saw that all your clothes and toiletries were in the crate, along with Ren's. You dug through the items until you found the almost full tin of Ho'Din birth control pills. You popped one in your mouth and swallowed it dry.

You hadn't been verbally flayed like that since before your parents had died. It felt as bad as you remembered. It made you miss them.

You closed the crate, straightened up, and tucked the tin under your compression top. The past week was the last time you'd be found without that tin somewhere on your person. The pills really hadn't crossed your mind until you saw your meager possessions. You were grateful that you hadn't considered fucking Hux in the past week--not that he had been in any condition to have sex.

Ren reached for your hand, and you offered it without thought. You reached up with your other hand and caressed his rough cheek. He closed his eyes and let out a breath in reply.

"I thought you only had one uncle," you softly said.

"Lando was my father's best friend."

"I didn't tell him what you did," Organa cut in as she came up behind Ren. "Just in case you were concerned. I'll leave that up to you to break the news."

Ren let go of your hand and turned fully to his mother. "Thank you for your discretion."

Organa sighed in frustration and affection and anger and sheer heartbreak. "Dammit, Ben, you're supposed to say 'thanks, Mom.'"

Ren tucked his chin and muttered, "Thanks, Mom."
A single tear rolled down your cheek before you even knew you were crying. You quickly wiped at your face and tried to softly clear your throat.

"Oh, not you, too," Organa affectionately chided. Her eyes were rimmed in red from unshed tears.

You huffed out a quiet laugh and shrugged as you swabbed the moisture from your lashes.

"Come here," she ordered Ren. "I can't reach that collar. When did you get so tall?"

Ren bent at the waist so Organa could put a small metal cylinder to the collar around his neck. It beeped, and the collar popped open. Ren let out a startled cry and dropped to his knees. The sudden flood of his presence overwhelmed you, and you were glad you had a hand on the comm table to steady yourself.

Organa gently removed the collar from its loose hold on Ren's neck and backed off. Ren absentmindedly brought his right arm up as if to touch his throat, but quickly changed to his left hand. He rubbed at the skin and tried to catch his breath.

You put a hand on his shoulder and asked, "You okay?"

He looked up at you, his sloe eyes dancing over your features, and gave you a fleeting yet dazzling smile. You smiled in return and nodded. No figment of his imagination, nor yours. It was all happening.

Organa moved away and called for Poe. You heard Poe reply, but didn't bother to listen to the exchange. You were too occupied with Ren.

 Fuck it, you thought and swooped down to kiss him. His lips were chapped and his nose was oily as it pressed into your cheek, but you didn't care. You were actually touching him. You could actually feel him. It was real.

When you pulled away, he licked his lips and looked deep into your eyes. "I am now," he murmured.

"Come on, you two," Organa called. "Your chariot awaits."

You turned to pick up the crate, but Ren stopped you. "Let me," he said.

"Your arm..."

He stood up and you saw his right arm twitch as the crate floated into the air. You wanted to tease him and call him a show-off, but you understood him. He hadn't been cut off from the Force or not used it in this long a stretch of time since he was a padawan.

You followed Ren and Organa up the stairs and into the hangar bay. Her ship was another transport shuttle, but a little larger than the other one in the hangar. It was a long, cobbled-together ship which had a blaster cannon on one side and the cockpit on the other. Midway between the cannon and cockpit was an opened hatch. Leaning in the frame, being lit from behind, was Poe Dameron. On the hangar deck at the foot of the hatch ramp was BB-8 chirping to him about someone named Finn. Poe laughed and said he couldn't wait to see that.

When Poe saw Organa approach, he straightened up and gave a sharp salute. "Everything's ready to go, General. She's purring like a kitten."

"Thank you, Commander."
Poe gave you a look before he walked away. It didn't seem disapproving, exactly, but it wasn't pleased either. You'd come a long way from being under Lor San Tekka's wing on Jakku, and that was something he hadn't been prepared for. You had chosen a side--maybe not the healthiest side, but it was a good fit for you.

BB-8 stopped and cheerfully beeped at you, "Everything worked out, huh?"

You smiled. "It did."

"See you around!" He rolled away before you replied, and you watched as he caught up with Poe.

You turned to see Organa give Ren a slim chip stick dangling from a long chain necklace. She said, "This is tied to my accounts, and your name's on it. I want you to use the credits appropriately."

"I promise not to spend it all on hooch," he replied with ease.

You looked up at him to see him holding his face differently. It was Ren, but it wasn't Ren. This was how Ben would've been--a smartassed, fast-talking, flirty dweezer--if he'd never succumbed to the dark side. You found you liked both aspects of him.

"Responsibly, Ben."

"Yes, of course."

Organa nodded. "Good. Check in with me, keep me updated."

"I will," he assured her, walked up the ramp, and nudged the crate into a dip in the floor. He turned right to head to the cockpit without a backwards glance.

That left you with one foot on the ramp and the other on the deck. And alone with Leia Organa. You gave her a tight-lipped grin and took that final step onto the ramp.

"That goes for you as well," she stated. "I want to hear from you, too. Don't let him be an idiot. And if it doesn't work out with him, for whatever reason, you come to me. We'll figure something out."

"Okay, thank you," you agreed with a shocked nod.

"You better get going."

You looked back at the cockpit to see Ren looking over the controls while he waited for you. You didn't want to waste more time or fuel, so you took the few steps up the low ramp and found an overhead hand-hold inside the shuttle. You watched as the ramp came up to see that Organa had backed away. Before the ramp fully closed, she raised her hand good-bye, and you returned the gesture.

The ship lifted off, and you found yourself rocking with it. You stared at the solid wall that was the ramp and realized you had done it. You had gotten Ren back. He was just steps from you now.

There was so much to tell him. You didn't know where to begin.

Yideth popped into your head, and you called back at him to comm her. He acknowledged your request, and you smiled to yourself. You two were finally free of the First Order.
There's A Golden Age Coming 'Round

Ren told you once he had comm'd who he needed to and engaged the hyperdrive that you were headed for Sacorria, where Lando lived with his wife Tendra. He told you it was a Core world. You asked if it was like Coruscant, and he replied it wasn't. The planet was quiet these days with a lot of forests and fields.

You nodded and then stared at him in the silence of the ship. You had spent days trying to get back to him, and now it was over. It had happened so quickly. There was some part of you that still couldn't believe it was real. You wanted to tell him that you had felt his pain, that you had called out for him, that you had missed him.

You opened your mouth to speak, but he blurted out, "Do you have an extra hair tie?"


You went over and popped open the crate to search for an extra hair tie. You knew you'd had a bunch of them when on the Finalizer. You'd left a pile of them on the narrow shelf under the mirror in the refresher. After a little digging, you found your stash scattered over the bottom of the crate.

"How many you need?" you asked as you stood and turned.

Ren was hardly a foot away, towering over you. "Just the one is fine."

You held up a little band, and he plucked it from your fingers before ducking into the tiny refresher. You frowned to yourself as you latched the crate closed once more. He was acting closed off and weird. Weirder.

From the open refresher came his muffled voice, "I don't think I can do this."

You wanted to smack your own forehead. You just gave a newly disabled man a hair tie. How was he supposed to put up his hair? Sure, he had the Force, but he'd obviously never used it that way before.

You told him to come out and sit on one of the fold-down seats which lined the ramp wall. He came out looking put-out and sullen. He flipped a seat down, sat sideways on it, and held up the tie for you to take.

You didn't comment as you came up behind him and finger-combed his dirty hair back. He seemed to relax at your touch, so you kept at it until he let out a deep breath. You found you could only gather the top half of his hair back, but that seemed to hide its unwashed state enough.

Once you were done, you leaned over his shoulder and kissed his cheek. You felt his face move as he grinned, and you slid your arms around his shoulders. He pushed his left hand under your sleeve to touch your forearm and keep you against him. You couldn't stop yourself from kissing his jaw and moving your way back to the sensitive spot just under his ear.

He quaked against you, but whispered for you to stop. You propped your chin between your arm and his neck and sighed. You were handling the situation all wrong.

He thought at you, 'I don't want... You don't understand. I just need--' "Fuck," he lowly swore.
"It's okay if you don't want to," you assured him. Maybe he didn't feel right with all that had gone on. He was injured, after all. You didn't want to press him, so you eased back from him.

In response to your movement, he latched onto your arm and pulled you against him. "No, I want you. I want it--you--all day. But if we start..."

It dawned on you then, because you had felt the same earlier, and you finished for him, "You won't want to stop."

He nodded and let out a breath in relief. "I missed you so much," he murmured.

"I missed you too, sweetheart."

Ren leaned to the side to meet your eyes. "You heard me."

"I heard that," you confided.

A beeping from the cockpit forced a resigned sigh from him. He released your arm and stood. He told you the ship had arrived at Sacorria and that you should sit until he'd landed. You took the now-abandoned seat as he hurried to the cockpit. After a few minutes, you heard his deep voice as he confirmed dock platform and speeder request.

Once the transport had settled and the ramp was lowered, you stood and walked out onto the dock in Dorthus Tal City. The late morning air was cool and crisp, and the sun's light was diffused by a blanket of high white clouds. The winding, raised dock platform was supported by graceful lotus-shaped pillars. Surrounding the area, which seemed to be on the outskirts of the city, were forests of tall trees in a riot of colors. There were blood reds and vivid oranges and yellows so bright they stood out like fire in the night.

You turned back to the ship to see Ren standing there in his gray scrubs and slip-ons. He wasn't watching you, and you followed his gaze to an incoming speeder. When the speeder stopped in the middle of the dock in front of the ship, Ren disappeared inside in the shuttle. As the driver came around, the crate with all of your and Ren's worldly possessions slid down the ramp. The driver greeted you and Ren and loaded the crate into the back of the vehicle.

You hopped into the backseat of the speeder as Ren and the driver sorted out the specifics and payment for docking. They were mundane details which you didn't care about, so you slouched in the back and stared out the speeder window. After a few minutes, Ren slid in beside you and pulled you with the Force across the smooth leather bench.

He put his right arm around you, and the metal plate where his arm abruptly ended rested on your shoulder. As the speeder lifted off and headed for your final destination--which you didn't even know--you tentatively touched the plate and the skin which surrounded it. The plate was hotter than his skin, and there were small outlets of varying sizes in the metal. You mindlessly ran your fingertips over the outlets and felt Ren shiver beside you.

It wasn't long before the speeder turned onto a long U-shaped driveway and eventually slowed down in front of a sprawling hacienda surrounded by fields of tall golden-tipped grasses. The adobe walls were thick and pale with wine-colored vines creeping up around the wide double front doors. The landing pad, which took up the whole width of the house, was polished duracrete dyed to match the tan pea gravel on either side.

As the speeder settled on the landing pad, the front door slid open and out stepped a beautiful woman who looked to be in her late forties or early fifties. She had honey-colored hair with striking
gray streaks at her temples. She was wearing a long navy blue dress with a smoky lavender embroidered serape-style jacket over it.

She was smiling at Ren and you as the speeder's doors automatically opened. "Ben!" she exclaimed as she approached and then she looked to you. "And who's this?"

Ren made introductions as you both filed out of the speeder. This was Tendra--Aunt Tendra to Ren. You offered your hand with a polite hello. She took your hand in both of hers and got a good look at you.

"Aren't you a sight," she warmly remarked. It felt like a compliment, as though she was saying you looked like someone or something she hadn't seen in awhile, and you smiled with a shrug.

In the meantime, the driver placed the crate onto the landing pad. You thanked the driver, and Ren nodded in acknowledgement. The driver said he'd be available for transport back to the dock and just to comm for him. Ren said he would, and the driver left the three of you on the landing pad.

Once the speeder was out of sight, Tendra turned to Ren and said, "Leia tells me you're back with us."

"I'm definitely not with the First Order," Ren offered. It wasn't an agreement exactly, but it was better than saying his mother was forcing the two of you to search the galaxy for all the Jedi and Sith knowledge you could find.

She turned to you. "And you?"

"I was never with them."

The smile she gave you both was bright and accepting. "Smart girl," she said. "Well, come in, have a bite to eat, get settled." She gestured to usher you both to the front door. "Lando and Chance are on Coruscant until tomorrow," she said over her shoulder.

Ren picked up the crate with the Force and walked it into the house. You trailed behind, admiring the colorful holoart of landscapes hanging on the cream-colored walls as you entered the stylish home. There were dark wood beams overhead and sleek iron sconces illuminating the interior. The floors were like seamless satin and almost the same color as the walls. Across the living room's back wall was a long exterior accordion door. You saw through the transparisteel of the door a courtyard with a bubbling fountain in the middle. It was so tranquil that you wanted to sit out there despite the crisp air.

Ren left the crate in the living room, and you both followed Tendra's lead to a wonderfully modern kitchen. She told you to sit at the bar, which was part of the island in the middle of the kitchen. She didn't bother asking if either of you were hungry as she went about reheating two bowls of something. As they warmed, the food smelled of meat and spice. You couldn't place it, but you were interested--as was your stomach.

The meal went by quietly. Tendra puttered around the kitchen as you and Ren ate a spicy broth soup with little morsels of meat and vegetables in it. The ice water you had been given--from the tap and fresh as a spring--did little to wash away the soup's spicy heat. However, it was a pleasant burn and warmed your whole body.

Dessert was a little plate of jade rose marshmallows. They were little downy clouds of floral sweetness. No previous dessert came close to how mellow and soft and absolutely delicious they were. It was like a revelation. You met Tendra's eyes as you finished one, and she kindly chuckled
at your overwhelmed face. She asked if you like them, and you bobbed your head as you shoved another marshmallow in your mouth.

You looked over at Ren to find him studying you. Without warning, he reached up and gently wiped a little powdered sugar from your chin. His eyes mapped your face, your hair, and you so badly wanted to lean over and kiss him.

Tendra cleared her throat. "You two will probably want to rest now."

You glanced over at her and willed your heated cheeks to cool down. You must be so obvious.

Ren tilted his head down as he spoke, "Excuse us, Aunt Tendra."

She waved her hand with a smirk. "I know love when I see it." She cleared the dishes from the island and teased, "You two can set up in the south wing--seeing as you'll want privacy."

Tendra didn't waste time getting you and Ren to a south-wing bedroom. She showed you the en-suite bathroom and where the closet light switch was and how to adjust the window transparency/opacity. Ren placed the crate in the closet as Tendra made her way out of the room. You both thanked her for her hospitality, and she replied by saying it was her pleasure. She winked at you before she stepped into the hallway, and the door slid closed behind her.

Ren locked the door with a press of a button and turned to you.

"Alone at last," you murmured.

He hummed in agreement and stalked towards you. You moved back, keeping your eyes on him, until you were touching the wall. He seemed to be focused on your mouth as he pressed himself against you. You could feel the thick line of his growing erection as it pushed against your belly.

You watched his face as you put your hands on his waist, and he seemed to settle at your touch. His cock twitched at the contact, and he pressed his right elbow to the wall next to your head to curl around you. You felt as if you were both moving through water as your lips got closer.

Ren put his hand on your jaw and gently tilted your head. And then you seemed to crash against him. It had been too long since you'd had him like this--his full lips against yours, his tongue teasing yours, sharing breath like the two of you were one entity.

His lips tasted like marshmallow, and his skin smelled like salt.

His hand drifted down your throat, between your breasts, to your waist. You felt him tugging at your belt until the knot was free, and he let the belt slide down to the floor.

He broke the kiss to murmur against your lips, "So many layers."

You smiled up at him as you looped your arms behind his neck. "It was your design."

"Only to protect you."

"But I don't need that right now."

"Not with me," he agreed as he found the waistband of your leggings.

You could practically feel his urgency. He wanted to touch you all over and taste you--from your lips to the arches of your feet--and feel connected with you. He had thought he'd lost you on the Finalizer, but here you were in his arms, pressed up against him. You never wanted to let him go.
You breathed out, "Don't stop."

Ren kissed you again, hungrier than before, as he urged your leg to hook over his hip with his left hand. You hardly needed an invitation to climb him and wrap your legs around his waist. His right arm went around your ribs as he used the Force to keep you up and get you to the bed.

He got one knee on the bed and lowered you down onto the fluffy comforter covering the mattress. He pushed one side of your robes aside, but couldn't easily move the other and support himself at the same time. You took mercy on him, and untied your under robe to spread the fabric wide.

He paused and stared down at the compression top--the last bit covering your torso. "Push it up."

You bit your bottom lip as you dragged the tight fabric up and let out a breath when your breasts were revealed. Ren groaned and bent forward to leave open-mouthed kisses over your chest. He teased one nipple, dragging his teeth over it, and then moved to the other to give it the same loving treatment.

You fisted his shirt, pulling him against you, silently pleading for more. He slid up your body, dragging his cock between your legs, and kissed you again. You couldn't stop pushing your pelvis against his because you needed contact. He practically purred as you reached down and grabbed his ass to pull your bodies together.

He flexed against you as you ran your hands up his back, your fingertips in the divot of his spine. His skin was so hot under your palms. You could feel the feverish ridge of his erection as it ground against you. It almost hit where you need it, but your leggings and underwear were in the way.

You kissed his stubbled jaw and begged him to touch you. He didn't waste any time as he pushed his hand between your bodies and under your leggings and panties. Your breath caught in your throat as he slid fingers up your drenched slit and touched your clitoris.

"Right there," you whispered.

"So wet." He seized your bottom lip between his teeth and gave it a suck as he circled and pressed against your clit with callused fingers. He rocked his hips against the crease of your thigh and let out a soft groan. "Fuck, I'm gonna blow the second I get inside you."

You buried your face in his neck and whimpered at the thought of his big cock thrusting inside you. You moved with his fingers, you were so close, and felt your body tightening up. There were warring desires in your head--one wanted to savor, but the other needed it hard and fast. He said something, but you didn't catch it. You only felt the rumble of his deep voice.

You looked up at him, at his flushed face, and met his blown-pupiled eyes. It was real, and he was touching you, working your body in his familiar way. And it was so much, too much, and you couldn't contain it. You shuddered as your pussy clenched on nothing as you came. You felt the throbbing heat of it expand from between your legs to the back of your head.

"That's it," he whispered and pressed his hand tight against your mound with his fingers still against your clit. "I can feel it."

You shook under him and leaned up for a kiss. Ren didn't deny you, and he kissed you hard and deep. You struggled to hook your thumbs under the waistbands of your clothes. You wanted him in you now, but it was like your hands wouldn't listen to you.

Ren sat up and tore his shirt off, wiping at his armpits before throwing the shirt away. You sat up to run greedy hands up his scarred stomach and then dragged your nails down his chest. Delicate
pink lines bloomed in your wake, and he bent to your touch with a hungry gasp.

He hastily grabbed one of your ankles, making you flop onto your back, and brought it to his shoulder. He steadied your leg with his right arm as he yanked the zipper of your boot with his left. You helped by flexing your leg to stretch the zipper out. Ren wrenched your boot off and threw it in the same direction as his shirt.

With little finesse, he pulled your leggings and underwear down your thighs by the waistband. You got one leg free and wrapped it around his waist. He didn't bother to strip your other leg, he simply pressed your knee out to expose your dripping cunt. He cursed as he stared down at you and then tugged down his loose pants. His hard cock stood out from his body, red and wet at the tip.

"Guide me in," he demanded as he propped himself on his left arm.

You reached down and wrapped a hand around his dick to help him. He moved with you and gnawed at his bottom lip as the tip nestled in your slick folds. You angled your pelvis up a little and got his cock settled at the opening of your vagina. You gently tugged him forward and then released him to stroke your sensitive clit.

Inch by slow inch, he pushed his big cock inside you while watching the space between your bodies shrink. The delicious penetration had you rolling your eyes back into your head and holding onto his hips. It felt so good, like a relief somehow to be full of him once more.

Ren eased down onto his elbows over you. In response, you slid your hands from his strong hips to his broad ribs to his solid upper arms. You stared at each other for a long moment.

"I'm never letting you go," Ren vowed.

"Then don't," you simply replied. At the beginning, you would've fought him, denied him, _hated_ him for his claim. It seemed like a reassurance now. He had you, and he never wanted to be parted from you.

He had, surprisingly, convinced you. He had earned your trust. You knew had your positions been reversed, he would've come for you on D'Qar. He would've destroyed anything and anyone unfortunate enough to have stood in his way. To have a force like that at your side was a sublime phenomenon—not even your younger self would've thought it possible.

Ren pressed his forehead to yours and ground his pelvis against yours, and his dark eyes stared into yours. You took all of him inside yourself, and felt that blood-hot rain that was his spirit. You rocked your hips, feeling every solid inch of him, and breathed with him and felt him truly with you.

You were pretty sure you weren't going to come like this, but it didn't matter. You encouraged him, whispering how you wanted it, how good his cock felt inside you. You told him you were his. He softly groaned at your intense words.

He closed his eyes and began gasping at each rolling thrust. His high cheekbones were stained pink as pleasure rushed through his bones. You felt the second his storming mind blanked out and paused with orgasm. The hot gush of his release filled you, and your cunt clenched at the exquisite sensation. You brushed your lips against his as you trailed soothing hands down his flanks, and he all but collapsed on top of you.

You hugged him with arms and legs, pressing your cheek to his sweaty temple. You felt him kiss your shoulder and run his swollen lips up your neck. He caressed your face with his left hand and
kissed you again.

Once he broke the kiss, he eased out of you and sat up. He ran his hand up your inner thigh and commented that he'd made a mess out of you.

You grinned up at him and said, "I guess you'll have to clean me up, then."

There was a predatory gleam in his eye as he offered, "Shower, my lady?"

You laughed as he suddenly pulled you up onto his lap. This was the future, you realized. Your days would be spent roaming the galaxy with Kylo Ren at your side.

You couldn't wait.

End Notes


I've made a Spotify playlist from the chapter titles from the series for your listening enjoyment!

My sincerest gratitude goes out to everyone who has commented or given kudos or both. You have no idea how much I appreciate you giving your time and attention to this story. Thanks for taking a chance on it! Hopefully, I can return the favor one day.

You can find me on my tumblr.

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