Savage and Bitter

by iamalivenow

Summary

Hux is an alpha.

Kylo Ren is an alpha.

Alphas don't fuck alphas.

Notes

An anon asked me to write omegaverse for another work and then I realized, hey, I've never written an omegaverse fic, I should practice.

So here's an omegaverse fic with no omegas.

Nailed it.

This is pretty self indulgent, and neither of them are good people so this is the most in canon.
thing I can do, I think.

But seriously, I really do hope you like it.

Title comes from Temposharks' Irrisitable, which is also a very this fic type of song, so I recommend you check it out.

not beta'd

See the end of the work for more notes.
Hux is only colonel when he meets Kylo Ren.

He's sitting in on an arbitration, for educational purposes and his father's insistence that he make himself seen, when the other man sweeps into the room. And he sweeps, there's no mistaking the excess that irks Hux almost immediately. He's a massive thing, Hux remembers thinking, a black wall, strong and unyielding. As if.

He postures plenty, typical alpha bullshit, Hux was raised on a ship, he knew, grew up around these people. He was one of these people. So Kylo Ren waves a hand in the air, and suddenly, the answers just come to him. The three hours Hux was forced to waste gone, devoid of all meaning with a wave of a hand.

He can barely control his face, because his irritation must be obvious. It must be, because that massive helmet turns to look at him. He stands up, back straight, shoulders broad. There's not much of a height difference between the two of them, typical alpha height, but he's taller. He crosses the space between them, sticks out his hand.

“Thank you for expediting the process.” Hux offers a short smile. The man stares at his hand, and for a second Hux thinks he's not human, that Hux has made some awful slight against him, but no, it seems the man just has no social skills to speak off. He shakes Hux's hand. His grip is firm.

“Colonel,” Kylo Ren says before one of Hux's superiors cut in. Hux walks away, all the way to the door before turning around briefly. He isn't sure why he does it, but Kylo Ren is starring at his direction so he gives a nod and walks out the room.

He doesn't wait to see if the man returns it.

He doesn't care.

Their next meeting is much more unfortunate.

It happens in the mess, the place where most fights happen. He sits among his fellow officers, three different conversations happening at once. In order, the heating system in their quarters was broken, the food was better then yesterday but not anywhere near as good as two weeks ago, and finally, what Kylo Ren was.

“A force user.” Hux says and watches as five people roll their eyes simultaneously. It's impressive. “I saw him two fortnights ago. In the arbitration.”

“Right. And Vader still lives.” Nymera shoots off next to him. Everyone laughs, and Hux allows himself a smile.
“I saw what I saw.” He insists.

“Or did you see what he wanted you to see.” Io chimes in and he can’t help himself, he laughs along with everyone else.

It’s stupid to even suggest it, he realizes now, later, a force user. Who goes in for that kind of thing? There were rumors, of course, from the time of the Empire, of Palpatine and his vicious attack dog who could summon the power of the void, but honestly, it sounded more like a fairy tale. Something mothers told their children to get them to behave. No one believes in that garbage anyway.

He hears a loud clatter across the mess, loud enough to pierce the general rumble of the room, so his eyes turn to look. Ren is standing, stepping around who ever it was he bumped into and walking directly to him.

“It’s real.” He hisses when he’s a few inches away from his face.

“No offense mate, it’s not.” That’s Sark, standing to Hux’s defense.

It’s a pointless gesture, apparently, Hux wishes he wouldn’t have done it. Kylo Ren’s helmet turns sharply at him, and then Sark is across the table, his neck in Kylo Ren's hand. No one really realizes what happens but Hux is standing closest to them, he reacts first. It’s automatic, years of military training acting before his brain could realize what he was doing.

He sweeps Ren's leg out from under him, a fast quick motion that gets him low enough that Ren can't swing at him on the way down. Sark goes down with him, but Ren's grip loosens and Hux is pulling him up and away from him. Sark is wide eyed and confused, gasping for air, and grabbing onto Hux’s arm.

The whole thing is a shit show.

Ren stands up in a flurry of black fabric and Hux can hear him breathing heavily. He leaves the room almost as quickly as he came in, and Hux watches him go. Stars, that was stupid. That was so stupid. There’s food all over the table now, and a droid finally makes it’s way over to clean it, but the entire thing is a wash. He's pretty sure all of the appetites are gone.

He makes sure Sark is fine, checks all of the boxes off and then leaves the mess. He doesn't really want to talk to anyone right now, his mind still reeling. On the way to his room, Ren appears. Hux is genuinely surprised by how such a big thing could be so quiet, but he ambushes him all the same. Hux sees stars when his head is slammed into a wall.

“It's real.” Hux hisses when he hears Ren's vocorder static in his ear. Hux has to fight to roll his eyes. “I heard you.” Ren continues. “I heard what you think about the force, about me. Nothing but a fairy tale, huh? Is this real enough for you?” The metal feels cool under his cheek. He thinks.

The best way to go about getting himself out of the situation would be to rush him again, but something tells him it's not the best idea, at least not now. He's stronger then him, that much is obvious. Brute force won't help. Ren's entire body is pressed against his, and it's revolting. He hasn't had to deal with this since the academy and all of it's posturing. He tries to shift his balance, but all he can manage is a wiggle in his hips.

“What are you doing?” Ren asks. “You aren't getting out of this until I say you are.”
He presses into him again, Ren's body flush against his. His smell is strong too, which shocks Hux for a second. He would have assumed all the fabric, the mask, something would have hidden it better then it was. He hates it. He smells like ash. It makes him gag. He pushes himself away from the metal but no, Kylo Ren is a wall, like he first thought. Immovable.

“Get off.” Hux orders, and pushes himself back again. He hears Ren snort before his head is shoved against the wall again.

“No.” There's mirth in his voice. Hux presses himself against the wall, before launching himself against Ren, full force. It budges him, but not enough. Ren's head rests on his shoulder, an inch from his ear. “Maybe if you ask nicely.”

“I don't negotiate with terrorists.” He hooks his leg under Ren's knee and yanks again. He doesn't fall but his helmet collides with the wall and the crack is loud. Good. Or not good, Hux isn't sure. He wouldn't have heard the sound if Ren was even a few inches away from him, but no, it's distinct. A moan. It's not a whimper, it's to breathy for that. So, ah. Yes. A pervert.

He's disorientated enough that when Hux pushes against the wall with all of strength, Ren detaches and he moves away from him quickly. One of Ren’s gloved hands reaches up to where his head hit the wall. He looks feral. Hux weighs his decisions very carefully.

“This is what the force chose then? A pervert who gets off on pain?” He rushes him now, two hands at Ren's shoulders that grab him and push him down on the floor. And oh, it is lovely when he falls. Hux straddles him, and grabs his head before slamming it back down on the floor. He looks for the release of the mask, finds it, pulls it.

Kylo Ren is a child, he realizes in that instance. He must be only twenty, he thinks. Maybe he's older but his face certainly isn't. He has big wide eyes that stare at him in terror. Whatever, he brought this on himself. Hux throws the first punch, and it hits, hard, directly at his right cheek bone. He thinks it might crack. The next punch hits his jaw. He watches as Ren's face contorts in pain and then makes another moan.

Revolting.

“Getting off to another alpha punching you? Does your master know?” Hux asks, his voice is tight, whether it's from the past fear or the present disgust, he doesn't know. Ren shakes his head, and this is Hux's mistake, because arms are on his shoulders and their positions shift almost immediately, Hux on the floor and Ren over him again.

Know Ren swings at him, the punch connects with his ribs and he feels himself cave. The wind is knocked out of him and he lays back flat. A gloved hand twists into something, a series of gestures, and then all of a sudden he feels... something. An unpleasant sensation, to say the least. Like a needle pressing between his eyes, through his skull and into his brain.

He sees Arkanis, sees the rain, feels the wet, smells the petrichor. He watches as his father grabs his mother by the hair through the slats of the kitchen cupboard and smashes her head against the counter, again and again. He listens to his bunkmates beat another boy in the middle of the night because he stared at one of them to long in the shower. He feels his commander hit him in the head with the back of the rifle, feels as he goes down on the muddy floor while the commander pulls off his belt.

The needle is pulled out as quickly as it went in and Kylo Ren scrambles to get away from him, like
he's the one affronted by all of this. Hux stands up, brushes his uniform down and his hair up. Ren is still on the floor, a wide eyed child. Hux wants to pound his face in, but he doesn't. He's probably only going to get off to it. Gross.

“If we're done.” He doesn't phrase it like a question. He coughs, to clear his throat, and turns to walk away. He hears Ren pick up his helmet, but he doesn't seem to get up. Hux doesn't turn around to find out. It's not worth it. He's not worth it.

The next time they have an interaction that could be considered meaningful, it's been a while. Several months since then. In the time between, Kylo Ren avoided him like the plague, which was nice. It was good, because Hux wanted nothing to do with him. This revolting man child. But he sees him, occasionally, once a month or so, he's back on the ship, talking with a general or scaring the stormtroopers.

Hux fails to see the appeal.

The other officers he sits with agree with him, so at least he has that. The briefing they're in is a dull affair. An assassination job of a prime minister of a small and insignificant planet that could be fundamental to the First Order grabbing a foothold in this corner of a the galaxy. The commander is going down the list of viable candidates.

He stops on Hux's name. He hasn't been out in the field in a while, but he was the best sniper the academy had seen in many years. The commander slots him off to the side with two other people he doesn't know. Nymera claps him on the back as he walks to the waiting room with the others.

They wait a two hours in silence, Hux taking the time to pour over the materiel of the mission, before the commander walks back into the room, Kylo Ren behind him. Hux remains stoned face. Ren looks over them for a second before whispering something to the commander. The other two are dismissed and Hux is left alone with Ren. Joy.

“I've been told you're a good sniper.”

“I am.”

“You understand the mission?”

“Why are you the one asking me this?”

“I'm going with you.” Hux raises an eyebrow. There's no need to fight it. He's knows that Ren occasionally takes soldiers with him on missions to land. He doesn't see why out of all the people on this ship, Hux was the one who was chosen, but his score is impressive, he is impressive, and he'll take the job. Of course he will, he wants to fast track his career.

“I do.” Ren nods.

“We leave now.” Then he opens the door. He doesn't go through it, he just stands next to it for a
solid minute before Hux understands that Ren wants him to go first. He shakes his head, it's a tiny gesture, but he allows it anyway. He goes through the door. Ren follows him.

They don't talk until they get to the armory. He walks over to the rack of DLT-20A's and when Ren made a noise. Hux turns around. He's standing next to the three Valken-38's they had.

“It's not practical.”

“It's a good gun.” Ren says.

“I'm sorry, are you the sniper?” Ren shuts up. “I wasn't aware that you just needed a pack mule.” He picks up the DLT and the rounds for it. He doesn't bother looking at Ren anymore. “If that's all you need, I'm sure you can find someone who actually wants to be in the company of a pervert for five hours.”

“I'm not-” Hux smiles as he checks the gun out from the counter. The women behind it hands him the case and Hux takes it with a quick thank you. “The Valken is a better gun.”

“It's not. It's an older model that people use because they like bounty hunters.” He brushes past him into the assembly room. “This is a pulse canon. Who in their right mind would willing use a Valken when they can use a pulse canon?” He slots the gun into it's rings and loads the charges into the side pouches.

“Someone almost shot Han Solo with one.”

“Maybe if they used a DLT they would have killed him.” The case has a rag and oil. He zips it up. Best be prepared. “Shall we?”

“Are you going in your uniform?” Ren asks. “Change.”

“There's no reason for me to change. The nest is in high grass. My uniform is the shame shade of brown.”

“It's hot.”

“Is it.” Hux makes his way through the ship to the port. He heads towards a shuttle before Ren makes another noise and points at a massive upsilon class ship. “Who is going to fly that thing down.”

“It's mine.” Ren says and they cross the deck.

It's less gaudy then he expects it to be. For all of the grandiose nonsense he's seen from the man, the ship is stripped down to bare essentials. He takes the bench near the pilots seat and presses the gun bag to his chest. Ren turns out to be a decent pilot, a shock, honestly. Hus wasn't expecting much of anything from him anymore.

When they hit hyperdrive, Ren steps out of the pilots seat to sit across from Hux. His helmet is off, at his hip, his legs are spread too wide apart. He doesn't look like an alpha but he behaves like one. He smells like one. Hux crosses his legs and brushes dust off of his boots.

“I wanted to apologize.” He says. Hux looks up at him. “For the memories.”
“Right.” He's not interested in whatever this is.

“I talked to your superiors.” Hux meets his eyes now. “They want to promote you. They probably will after this mission.” A wave of irritation rolls over him. He's not going to complain, it's pointless and a waste, but still. He's mad. His mind makes the connotations, the implications of Kylo Ren asking his higher ups to promote him. He doesn't want to think about.

The only thing he wants to do is to unload the gun into Kylo Ren's head.

“Thank you.” He says instead. “I appreciate it.” He lies like it's nothing, he's used to it.

“You don't have to-- Right.” Ren looks away. He flip flops so much.

“Do you need something else?”

“No! I mean, not- How old are you?” Small talk? Really?

“Twenty nine.” Hux's eyes are raised.

“I'm twenty two.” He says. Well, that explains his behavior, Hux supposes. He wonders what type of person Ren is, too be a master of the force at such a young age. “I'm not a master.” He tells him after a bit. So the mind reading, that's normal then. “But my master is. Snoke. He's-”

“The Supreme Leader, yes, I know.” He fails to see what the Supreme Leader could see in him.

“Right.” He turns his head down and Hux thinks he can see a hint of a blush on his ears.

“Do you get off to me degrading you in my mind?” He asks out loud. Ren's head shoots up.

“No!” Hux smiles.

“Sure. I'll just continue doing so. Maybe it'll keep you out of my head.” He watches Ren pull his helmet back on. Child. Ren stalks back to the pilot seat and Hux decides to get up and stretch. Laying in a sniper's nest was hard on his back when he was younger and it certainly has never gotten easier, but he finds that when his muscles are warm and his joints are loose, it's not as taxing.

When they pull out of hyperdrive, Ren lowers them down into a small forest, aways from their target. It's smart, Hux is impressed he doesn't have to tell him to do so. They cross the woods and into the fields. The Prime Minster was a fan of hunting. He was due in an hour. Hux sits down on the ground and begins.

It's ritualistic, he wipes down the gun with the oily rag as he assembles the gun from the case. He counts the rounds as he puts them into the chamber. When he's done, he gives the DLT a kiss on the muzzle. It's been a practice that he's followed ever since his father gave him his first gun on his twelfth birthday.

“Why?” Ren asks him. He's still standing up like an idiot.

“Kiss of death.” Hux says and takes the position. He's laying flat on his belly, his arms set to hold the gun straight. “It's respect.”

“That sounds ridiculous.” Sure, but it works.
“And your nonsense isn't?”

“It's not nonsense.” He gets down on the ground next to him.

“Why are you even here?” Hux asks. Ren is oddly close to him. He doesn't move, he needs his shot, but he wants to.

“He's a force user.” Hux's head snaps to meet Ren's helmet. “It's not safe for anyone who isn't to attack him.”

“That wasn't in the information.”

“It wasn't.” Ren nods. “Would you have believed it if it was?” No, obviously not.

Hux turns back to stare through the scope. The long haul of him not moving begins almost immediately. He lays perfectly still for two hours until the hunting party rolls over the hill. Hux feels something roll over him like a thick blanket. He assumes Ren is doing something to keep them undetected. He offers a though to the void before lining up his shot.


The charge goes off and the energy shoots off across the field taking the man's head off. He stays low as he dismantles his gun and slots it back into the bag before getting up and bolting in the direction of the woods. Ren follows after him in a sort of mute shock. When they cross the tree line Hux slows to a jog but keeps moving. Ren catches up to him then.

“That was 2000 meters!”

“Yes.” He considers breaking into a sprint again, especially when he hears branches snap in the distance.

“How did you do that?”

Hux doesn't bother answering, he thinks it's funny, that Ren doubts him so much. He doubts him as much as Hux doubts Ren. They get to the ship and Ren is pulling them up into atmo before the hunting party even gets to their spot. Hux rests against the wall. His neck hurts. He wants to sit in a hot tub, but the refresher will have to do.

“How did you make that shot?” Ren stumbles out of the pilot seat.

“I'm a good sniper.” He says.

“But that was 2000 meters.”

“It was.”

“Are you force sensitive?”

“No.” Hard no. He knew what happened to people with the force and he didn't live nearly a lavish
enough life.

“But that was ridiculous! Why aren't you a sniper?”

“My father thinks I'm better suited in another trade.”

Ren moves back into the shuttle and comes back with a bottle of water that he throws into Hux's hands. Hux drinks. The water is cold and refreshing as it runs down his throat. He's tired, and it seems there's no point in hiding that with a mind reader sitting across from him.

“I don't do it on purpose.” Ren insists. “You project.”

“And you can't help yourself?”

“Yeah.” Ren looks down, stares at the floor like an adult. Which he isn't.

“I told you-”

“Twenty two doesn't count.” Hux tells him. He crosses his legs again. He rolls his shoulders. They both smell of sweat, laying in the hot sun would do that, and it reeks. He hates it. He doesn't know how to pass the time and all he wants to do it just get into a refresher.

“I have one.” Ren says and nudges his head to the left.

Hux gets up to go check, and he does have one. It's small, he's surprised Ren would fit in it, but he nods his thanks and strips down. He hears Ren cough and when he looks back over at him his head is turned to stare at a wall.

“What are you doing?”

“I don't know what you mean.” He rolls his eyes and gets into the refresher.

He sets it cold, and languishes under it. He doesn't even clean at first, just stands and lets the water roll down his shoulders, his spine, his stomach. He watches it puddle at his feet. He misses it, he realizes. He's been away from Arkanis for a long time. He likes the wet. He turns the heat up when he starts shivering and uses Ren's soap to clean. Knowing the man he would probably pop a boner at the thought of Hux having his scent on him and, as if one cue, he hears Ren cough through the wall.

When he's done he turns on the sonic to dry himself off. His hair is poofy and soft and he pulls on his uniform. It's not clean, but the fabric is soft enough for him to pretend that it is. He moves back to sit in front of Ren.

“Did you have a good shower?”

“Did you pop a boner?” Ren goes to sit in the pilot seat.

Hux lets himself smile.
He gets a commendation when he receives his promotion. He pins it to the front of his uniform and gives the gathered officers a smile. Kylo Ren is in the back of the room. The only reason why he's getting any of this is because of him, he thinks. He wants to punch him again. No, he has to remind himself, he's very capable. He made the shot on his own. He got to keep the DLT and it lays under his bed in his quarters. He get's his own quarters now.

When the ceremony is done, after everyone has congratulated him and he shook enough hands he heads to his quarters. Still small, smaller then his father's when he served and smaller then his own rooms on Arkanis, but with his own refresher. And the bed is bigger. More comfortable, certainly. When he enters the room Kylo Ren is leaning against a wall.

“Can I help you?”

“I wanted to congratulate you.” The wave of anger rolls over Hux again. He can't help it.

“Thank you for the kind words.” He says.

“You can hit me, if you want.” Ren offers as he reaches up to take his mask off.

“What do I get from feeding your perversions?”

“Satisfaction.” Ren says as he sets it down on the small cabinet next to him.

“You're being presumptuous.” Hux tells him.

“You're projecting.”

Hux swings at him, his fist connects with Ren's jaw and it sends him reeling into the cabinet. He almost knocks it over, but manages to grab it last minute. His helmet goes flying into the corner of the room. Hux has to admit to himself that it felt good to hit someone first for once. Seeing Ren gasping for air, red faced and smiling makes him feel something he doesn't think is particularly healthy. Certainly not First Order approved.

“It's not that weird.” Hux rights him, and then delivers another punch to his gut. Ren bends over and Hux moves out of the way before he ends up on the floor on his hands and knees.

“Shameless.” Hux says. “Does your master know?”

“No.” Ren shakes his head and looks up at him with a smile. There's blood on his mouth. Hux kicks him in the side and he rolls over with a long groan.

“Should I tell him? That his pupil is shameless pervert?”

“If you want.”

“Would that get you hot and bothered as well?” Hux asks. “Acknowledging how much of a disappointment you are?” Ren nods. He's on his back now, so Hux does the most logical thing his brain can think of right now and steps down on his stomach. Ren’s hands grasp around his ankle
quickly, as quickly as he groans. “Disgusting.”

“Why are you doing it then?” Ren asks. His hands settle. Why is he doing it?

“Because you deserve it.” His foot shifts lower until his heel hits against his erection. He pulls away. He's an alpha, Ren's an alpha. This entire affair is making his stomach turn.

“Hux?”

“What?” Hux asks. “You think I'm going to get you off too?” It's a cheap useless lie. He wants to vomit. Ren groans.

“Do you want to watch?”

“Watch while you pop a knot in my room?” He can't fight the rise of nausea now. He feels cold sweat and the taste of bile on his tongue.

“Please?” Ren begs. Hux goes to the bathroom. He comes back a few minutes later with his mouth washed out. Ren is sitting on his bed, naked, covering himself with his hands.

“You are being very presumptuous now, Kylo Ren.”

“Please?” He begs again. This shameless wanton thing, why is he shackled with it? It's revolting.

“I don't want you here.” Ren nods.

“I know. You aren't being subtle.”

“I fear you don't know the meaning of the word.”

“You can do anything you want to me. I won't tell anyone. You can vent your frustrations or whatever, I don't care. Just, please. You can have me. Everyone else-”

“I don't want your life story.” Hux looks him over. He's built, sure, darker skin than he expected, covered in moles. His hair is everywhere, and it's so unappealing he fears he's going to vomit again. The place Hux hit him are already blooming purple. He jabs a finger at Ren's side, where he kicked him, and watches the man shiver under his hands. “I don't want you.”

“Is it because I'm an alpha?” Was it? Hux doesn't imagine he would enjoy hurting anyone else. “It doesn't matter. The Sith did stuff like this a lot.”

“Is this a religion thing for you?”

“No, no. I mean. The force makes me aware. Hypersensitive. I just don't want to feel anything for a while. The other Knights of Ren do this for me.”

“So why don't you go find them?” Ren shakes his head.

“I want you.”

“Get dressed.” Hux tells him. It sounds like an order. Ren listens now, quick to pull on his trousers and his upper clothes. Hux makes a decision then. “I will do what you want to you, if you advance
my career.”

“I—”

“I know you can. You just did. So you will do it again. I want to be General. Understand?”

“Yeah. Yes. Okay.”

Hux smiles.


This sort of attention is dangerous, he thinks. Corruptible. He thinks to what his father told him one rainy morning after beating one of Hux’s favorite servants to death. "Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men." Ren whimpers below him. Hux snaps back to reality.

“I can—” Ren leans forward, his head bumping into Hux’s thigh. Hux grabs him by the hair and pulls him back.

“You haven't earned it.”

He could be a great man.

“Stars.” Ren mumbles. Hux allows him to rest his head on his knee as he masturbates.

“Tell me when you're close.” Hux tells him, his other hand leans down to rub the side of Ren’s face he didn't hit. They sit in almost silence, Ren breathing loudly and Hux staring at him, shifting his weight occasionally and hearing the mattress creak. Ren’s flushed.

“I'm going to-” Hux uses his other foot to push Ren's hands away and Ren whines. He sounds like a dog.

“You think you've earned it?” Ren nods. “Tell me then, tell me why.”

“I did as you told.”

“You invaded my space and made unsolicited comments.” Hux says.

“After I got you promoted.” The admission sends him into a rage. Hux kicks him in the side again and Ren grabs onto the stable leg. “After you made that shot.” And yes, he supposes that’s as good a reason as any. The smell of ash over powers him. He’s preening below him.

“Go on then. You have fifteen seconds. If you don't finish by then you don't finish at all.” Ren rubs himself through his pants furiously. His face contorts after eight seconds and he cums with a shout. This is fine, Hux thinks. He looks down and sees a wet patch grow larger with his knot. If he doesn't have to see it, point blank, he could do this.
He gets up, steps around him into the bathroom to get a wet towel. He comes back and he rubs Ren's face clean. It's the least he can do. Ren looks rapturous.


“It's not for everyone.” Ren mumbles.

“I'm special then?”

“Yes.” He sounds unmoving, so Hux doesn't bother debating him.

“I want you to walk to your rooms like that.” He says pointing down at Ren's crouch. “Don't cover yourself.”

“Yes.”

“Maybe you aren't a complete fuck up then.” Hux gives him a smile.

When Ren leaves a few minutes later, calm enough to be able to move again, Hux takes another shower. He rubs his skin raw and crawls under his covers naked. He sleeps.

He thinks he deserves it.
He wears brigadier general well.

The dark green certainly looks nicer on him then the dry grass brown he wore before. He takes the time to appreciate himself in the mirror at the beginning of every rotation. He looks good, he thinks. Respectable, he fills it out well. His commendation sits on his chest, the ribbon a pleasant shade of deep red that looks good with his hair. The buttons are black, shined to the point of being reflective. The lapels sit comfortably.

Hux likes it. He likes himself. He likes himself in it. He can't see to much of his pale skin, can't see his slightly rounded belly, can't see his gangly arms. He enjoys starring at himself in the mirror, and if he didn't have to go anywhere, he's pretty sure he would be doing it for much longer. The uniform makes him look much more like the alpha that he is. He's proud to wear it.

He doesn't wear his medal when he's active, it's gaudy, unrespectable, so he takes it of gently before setting it into it's velveteen box. He closes it before looking back up at himself. He wonders if everyone sees him the same way. He hopes they do. He gives himself one last look over, making sure any excess dust or wrinkle is swept away before pulling on his gloves and leaving the room.

His duties have barely changed from his last position. Colonel was so long ago. His father was proud of him if the holo message that he received was anything to go by. He was awaiting him, should he have shore leave. It's nice to know that his father would let him back into the house. It was a short message, but Hux could hear interest in his voice. He had a brigade of troupers fifteen thousand strong he was responsible for. They seemed to like him, he liked them in turn. It was a perfectly amicable relationship.

Breakfast rarely had anything interesting to offer, his old companions working on different shift times then him. He usually sat alone, or at a table with other officers who had nothing to talk about to him or nothing to talk about in general. Breakfast was the same bland mess it had always been. So he sits alone, at a table towards the back, off to the side, with his bowl of oatmeal and dry toast and he
thinks of all the things he's intended to do today.

There's nothing important. He should try and find time to escape to the bridge, to make himself known. Noticed. He doesn't think General Graves knows him, but if he keeps doing it the man is bound to notice him eventually. The lieutenants do, however. They nod and smile at him every single time he shows up where he's not supposed to be. A certain lieutenant, Mitaka, gives him wide smiles.

Hux tries to ignore them. He knows what smiles like that could mean. Mitaka was a slim thing, pretty, if you go in for that sort of thing. A small unassuming omega that wouldn't have been noticeable if it wasn't for the fact that he went out of his way to wave at Hux when he should have been working.

Today wasn't any different. He stands outside the door of the bridge, catching his breathe as subtly as he can. He did run here. Undignified, sure, but he made it just in time for Mitaka and another lieutenant, walk past him, and through the locked door, before Mitaka turns around, gives a small smile and holds it open for him. Little thing with his little crush, it's cute, Hux thinks. Idealistic. Worthless outside of the uses Hux has for it.

He makes his way up the steps to stare at the con. There's a lot going on today, the General seems to be trying to figure out an attack plan that requires more men then they have. He's too distracted to notice, which suits Hux's interests just fine. He takes his time, stands and listens to the men talk. Occasionally he allows himself the luxury of looking out the window.

It's as breathtaking as it always is.

And then, as seemingly always, Kylo Ren sweeps in to ruin the day. It's a skill, Hux notices, that is much more impressive then any force powers the man has. 100% guaranteed success with out fail. The man marches into the room, not bothering to hide his presence in the slightest. The General and all of the men on the bridge turn to meet him.

A gasp floods the room soon after. Hux watches with wide eyes as a pack of similarly dressed people trail in after him. Six, he thinks, but there's no guarantee, it's just a mass of black fabric and black glass. All of them different heights and builds, some carrying weapons openly with them. That's not the shocking thing though, no.

All of them are omegas. None of them are on anything even vaguely similar to suppressants of any kind. It's the kind of thing people stop and stare at. The only time you encounter this sort of thing is in bad pornography. The room is silent and no one moves. Hux has to be the first to actually breathe, because everyone turns to him when he does. Great. Good to know Ren's brazenness knows no bounds. Good to know he's paying for it. A few seconds later, the General is shaken out of his stupor and turns back to Ren. His skin itches.

“Lord Ren.”

Lord? What in the void could Ren possibly be a Lord of?

Their conversation becomes a lot more hushed after that. Hux goes back to starring out the window. He's standing next to Mitaka's con, and the man is openly starring back at the group of them. He supposes it's more shocking for Mitaka then it is for him, that kind of open defiance.

“Have you ever seen something like that before, sir?” He asks without even turning to look at Hux.
“Only in bad pornography.” Mitaka gives a little laugh, but it doesn’t seem to be genuine. Hux gives into the lack of decorum and stares at them too.

“Is the Order okay with that sort of thing?” Another lieutenant mentions next to them.

“Of course not.” Hux says. It seems whatever they were supposed to be doing wasn't going to be done anymore. “It's Ren's thing.”

“A religion thing, you think?” Mitaka asks. The other lieutenant shrugs.

“Never heard of the Sith doing anything like that.” Lieutenant Rodinon says from behind him as he crosses the room. Hux nods, he hasn't either. Not that he wants to put anything past them. “It's a sex thing.”

“Lord Ren isn't so brazen-” Mitaka says.

“Lord Ren is exactly that brazen.” Hux insists. Lieutenant Rodinon chuckles.

“He's a Lord, isn't he? Means he has a harem.” Hux gags and has to turn away. Rodinon laughs at full volume. No one even seems to notice. “You're a warm blooded alpha, Brig Gen. Don't you want one?”

“I don't want anything Ren's touched.”

“So picky!” Rodinon laughs again. Mitaka coughs. Rodinon was a beta, Hux knew, he didn’t know the decorum when it came to these sorts of things. “Still though.” He says. “I have a hard time imagining how anyone let him get this far into the ship.”

“He has clearance.” Mitaka mumbles.

“Someone should revoke it.” Hux says, a flag of ever present irritation flying up in his mind. The General makes a loud coughing sound and everyone scatters back to work. Ren goes to talk to his... entourage. Hux brushes past them on his way out of the bridge, and as he does, all seven of them turn to follow him as he leaves.

He sits in the mess at dinner. All he wants to do is to go back to his room, but he has to be seen by the others. Dinner is soup and a roll of bread that he stares at for too long. It looks so unappealing, he'd rather go with out, but he knows he has to eat. Ren walks into the mess, and there goes his remaining appetite, and makes a bee line towards him. They've not had any interactions since Hux sent him on a walk of shame, and that was a little over a month ago.

He sits unceremoniously in front him, all of his weight dropping down on the small bench and jostling everything on the table. Hux looks up at the mask and only sees himself staring back. He rolls his eyes. The mask is stupid, what's the point of all the anonymity. Not like there's a single
person on board that doesn't know who's under there.

“How have you been.” He asks. It doesn't even sound like a question but the pause after he says that seems to imply he wants an answer.

“I'm content.” Hux says.

“Good.” He says. That's it. They sit in silence for a few minutes before Hux caves.

“Do you want something from me?”

“Yes.” He sounds lascivious through his mask.

“Are you going to say what it is?”

“You know what it is.” Hux leans back and sighs. He doesn't want to deal with this.

“Not an ounce of decorum in you, huh?” Hux asks. “Are you so shameless you're going to ask me to do that sort of thing to you in public?” He watches Ren stiffen under his cloak. He was so easy to push in the right directions.

“I-”

“Buy me dinner first.” Hux says and gets up from the table. He walks away from Ren and out of the mess.

A week passes.

He hears a knock on his door when he's off duty and, worried that it's something important, goes to answer it. It's actually nothing important in the slightest. Actually, if he had to describe it he would say that it has inverse value. Negative value. Useless garbage that can't even be jettisoned out an airlock because it would cause more harm then good. Nonburnable trash, something not suitable for a landfill either, and in all honesty-

“Thanks.” Ren says, his hand extending an envelope.

“I do what I can.” Hux slides a pinky into the open envelope before pulling out the letter. He opens it and scans it. “Is there any reason you couldn't say this?”

“If I did, I would just upset you again.”

“Isn't that the point?” Hux closes the door in Ren's face before walking to his closet and pulling his coat back on. He leaves the letter on the little table his room has. He goes to put his boots back on. He frowns as he fumbles lightly with the laces. He hates them, they're tight on his feet, restrictive. When he has them back on, he opens the door and Ren looks back up at him. “Well?”
“Right.” He waits for Hux to go first. Hux waits for Ren to go first. Ren caves, obviously, and leads the way.

Ren’s rooms are bigger then his, because why wouldn't they be, yes, of course, it makes perfect sense. Not to mention that he has more rooms. Hux's quarters have an ensuite and a bedroom with a table, Ren has a whole thing, a bedroom, a living room, a small kitchenette, a separate bathroom. Sure. Why not. He's not even part of the military, but who cares. Hux doesn't.

“They just gave this to me, I didn't ask for it.” Ren says. Hux moves to sit at the large dining table in the middle of the room. He's pretty sure it doesn't regularly go there. Ren moves to follow him before Hux cuts him off at the pass.

“If you help me with my chair I will never touch you again.” Honestly. Ren spins on his heels and walks towards the chair opposite, taking the covers off the steaming food as he went. Hux's mouth waters against his better judgement.

“I didn't know what you liked so..” Ren makes a sweeping gesture. Hux reaches for a little bit of everything. After the horrible food he's been eating, he wasn't going to just let this go to waste.

“Do you seduce every alpha like this?” He asks as he bites into meat of some kind. The flavor blooms in his mouth and he has to bite his cheek to stop himself from making noise.

“Just you.” Ren's helmet is off when Hux looks back up at him, a wide grin gracing his features.

“Where did you learn to do this?”

“My mother insisted.” His answer is short, clipped in a way Hux isn't used to from him. Okay, so family is a sore subject. Good to know.

“Do you cook like this for your harem too?”

“My... harem?” Ren seems genuinely confused. Hux is in no hurry to explain it to him. Where did he even get food this fresh in the first place? The salad crunches in his mouth. He hasn't had anything this fresh since he was on shore. “Hux?”

“What?” He looks back up, Ren seems lost.

“What do you mean.” Hux rolls his eyes.

“Your little bunch of omegas that trail after you. Your knights, I'm guessing?”

“It's- they- no! No, not-” Ren looks sick and Hux is pleased with him self.

“You told me that you would go to your knights before. What was I supposed to think? I'm surprised you don't know about this, by the way, the entire crew is convinced your a deviant. There's even a betting pool going.”

“It's not a sex thing! That's revolting. The knights are pure, it's not-”

“They walk around with out suppressants. You are the only alpha. What are people supposed to think?” The bread roll he breaks in his hands is still warm and the butter he spreads on it is lightly salted. It melts in his mouth.
“Okay.” Ren says, taking a deep breath. “It looks bad, but it's not like that.”

“Tell me what it's like then.”

“The Master of the Knights of Ren has to be an alpha, and all training under him have to be omega.”

“Ah. I see.” Hux nods, reaching over to pour himself some wine. “It's not a sex thing, it's a sexist thing. You've really cleared that up for me.”

“Wh-”

“The First Order-” He drinks his wine and feels it run down his throat. It tastes as wonderful as it looked. “Will allow anyone into any position of power. It only makes sense to afford everyone equal opportunity. We aren't so backwards as to insist on a strict sex hierarchy, we don't believe all omegas are sex addicts and all alphas are stoic walls. But you do, apparently.”

“That's how it's always been.” Ren insists. “Our order is older then the Sith.”

“I could tell.” Hux says and breaks another roll to soak up anything left on his plate. “Dinner was love-” He stops. “Wait.” The realization hits him like a sack of bricks. “When you said you went to your knights to do what I did to you, are you-” Hux chokes a little. “Did you admit to letting an omega beat the shit out of you? While you got off to it?”

He watches Ren shrink in his seat and nod.

“Void around.” Hux hisses, leaning back into his seat. “That's a level of depravity I can not even begin to comprehend. Was it just one of them, or did they take turns?”

“Hux-”

“Use your words, Ren.”

“All of them did, at some point.”

“Stars above.” Hux whispers. It's awe, he realizes. Genuine awe. “You filthy little pervert.” Hux rubs his eyes. “Right, well.” He stands up. “Dinner was lovely. You're clearly in the wrong profession.” He moves the chair back against the table. As he heads towards the door, Ren bolts up and gets in his way.

“You promised.” He says.

“I don't remember promising anything.”

“But-” Hux sighs again, cutting him off. He watches Ren. The man is dressed down, in something that looks a lot more like civvies then his usual regalia. Hux's eye locks to the skin on his neck.

“Tell me about what they did to you.” Might as well do it and get it over with. Ren takes a step back. Hux shifts his weight from one hip to another before deciding his plan of action. He steps towards Ren, and the man, predictably, backs up until his hip hits the table.

“I don't-”
“You don’t want to?” Ren shakes his head. “Then use your words.” Hux steps even closer and Ren
leans back, his arms supporting him off of the table.

“I.”

“What? I’m giving you what you wanted, right? Tell me.” Ren shakes his head, his eyes wide. “No?
Do you want me to guess then? To see if I can figure out just how fucked up you are?” Ren’s eyes
flutter shut and Hux rolls his. “Look at me when I’m talking to you.” Ren’s eyes snap open. “Did
they hold you down?”

“No.”

“No? They wouldn’t need to, would they?” Ren makes a noise. “Did you just lay there, take what
they gave you? Did they fuck you, Ren?”

“Kylo.” Ren mumbles.

“You think you deserve a first name? Answer my question.” Hux watches with a sort of distant
shock as Ren nodded. “And what was that like? Hmm? Did they take turns on you? One after the
other until you were a whining drooling mess? Not that, I imagine, it takes a lot to get there.” He puts
a hand on Ren’s shoulder and pushes down until Ren is sitting down on the table. “Did they hurt
you?” He asks in a voice he imagines Ren would like.

“Yes.”

“Did you thank them for it?”

“Yes.”

“Well at least you’re polite.” Hux says with sigh. “I told you to tell me what they did. Are you
refusing to do so?”

“I don’t think I can.”

“Do you need to be punished for insubordination?” Ren shivers under him. Hux swallows and
throws a right hook. With a shout, Ren is sprawled on the table and Hux walks towards where his
face is. “I don’t see the appeal of this.” He mumbles as he watches Ren sit up slowly. “It’s one thing
if you hit back, blood lust and all, but this is just you taking it like a dog.”

“That’s the point.” Ren mumbles as he sits up and rubs his jaw.

“That you’re a dog?” Hux takes a step around broken glass. Glass! Why does he have glass? Who
can afford that sort of thing?

“No!” He turns a shade of red. Hux tries not to think about it to much. “That I’m taking what you
give me. That you hurt me-”

“And you thank me for it? Is this violent self hatred?” When Ren doesn’t answer Hux assumes he’s
right. “And the arousal’s just a bonus?” Ren nods then. “What did you do that possibly warrants this?
Most of us just drink to forget.”
“I'm surprised you're not an alcoholic then.” Hux sits up on the edge of the table, grabs Ren's hair and slams his head down on the table. Keeps it there.

“Why do you assume I'm not? Maybe I can just hide it well.”

“You're thoughts are too clean.”

“You steal into the thoughts of many alcoholics then? Didn't someone tell you that's a rude thing to do?” Hux watches Ren squirm. “I just, I do not understand this. I don't get it. Do you even understand why I have reservations?”

“If this is you with reservations I'm frightened for my future.” Ren mumbles. Hux lets his head up slightly and Ren adjusts under his hand. “Is it still the alpha thing? Is it really that big of a deal for you?”

“It's revolting.” Hux insists. “I don't understand how the prospect of me attaining a knot at some point doesn't send you gagging.”

“I like imagining you with a knot.” Ren admits with more candor then Hux was prepared for. Hux frowns.

“That was not part of the agreement.”

“I assumed we would get there. At some point.”

“Again with the assumptions.” Hux yanks on Ren's hair, throwing him off balance.

“You like hurting me. This would just be another way to hurt me.” Hux shakes his head. “It's not- We don't have to think about it. Not know.”

“Have you jerked off to me?” Hux asks, pulling Ren closer to him by the hair. Ren let's himself be dragged. When he nods, Hux drives his knee straight up into Ren's nose. “Who let you?” He hisses. “Never again, do you understand me? Not unless I tell you it's alright.” Ren nods, blood dripping onto his knee. “Lick this clean.” Ren's tongue laps at it.

“Hux?” Ren mumbles. His mouth is pressed into the fabric of the pant. Hux nods as he drags his hands through Ren's hair again. “Where did you- What's- Who-”

“Pick one.”

“What's your name?”


“I want to-- I don't know, it's-”

“New rule.” Hux says. “If I hear you say I don't know one more time, I'm going to leave. You do know.” Hux gets up from the table, still holding Ren's hair. “You just don't want to admit whatever stupid reason you have for things. I don't like hearing it from my soldiers, I sure as hell don't want to hear it from you.”

“I'm sorry.” He looks sorry.
“If you behave I'll tell you it afterwards.” Ren's eyes light up. “Tell me what you want me to do to you.”

“I.” He stops himself sharply. “I want you to beat me.”

“Be specific. What part of you?”

“...My face.” Hux nods. He's half way done with that anyway. A shiver crawls up his spine out of no where.

“And then?” He coughs lightly.

“...I like it when you touch my hair.”

“Mmhm. Quick question.” Ren looks up at him.

“Yeah?”

“If you can read my mind, how come you're never ready for the hit?” Hux asks, and then, with a sharp yank, pulls Kylo Ren off the table by his hair, fucking his balance hard enough that he lands face first on the floor. He twists oddly, probably hitting one of gangly limbs on the way down. There's a groan from the floor when Hux bothers to look at him again.

“I think my nose is broken.” Is what the groan sounds like.

“Well come on, up then. Let me look.” Ren stumbles a bit until he's upright, his face a black and blue mess. He's bleeding out of his nose again. “Sit.” Ren does. Hux jabs him in the forehead until he dips his head back. He feels at it. “It's not broken. Do you want me to break it?” Ren shakes his head.

“What's your name?”

“That's it?” He tries not to sound disappointed. “You're done already? Last time you rutted against my leg like a dog. Are we forgoing that this time?”

“You will tell me what your name is.” Hux raises an eyebrow.

“Will I?”

“You will tell me what your name is.” Ren insists.

“What are you doing?”

“Uh.” Ren says. “It usually works better.”

“What works better?” Hux asks. Ren fidgets and when Hux doesn't relent he shrugs.

“Mind tricks.”

Hux clocks him in the eye hard enough he falls flat on the table. He leaves him laying there to wash his hands. He gets the blood off of them in Ren's bathroom, and with another, at this point entirely expected, wave of anger, notices it's larger then his. He stares at himself in the mirror. This sort of
thing, honestly, what would his father say? He washes his face for good measure, the cold water snapping his nerves a little better.

When he turns, Ren stands in the doorway. Hux looks at his face, and he certainly did a number on it. A feeling of satisfaction rises in his chest, a job well done. Hux moves aside and Ren walks into the room, pulling a med kit out from under the sink. He works quickly, bacta applied where it needs to be, a small plaster over his broken skin. It's something, certainly, to watch his fingers move. He expected him to be more clumsy.

“Do you want to keep going?” Hux asks while he watches.

“I'm fine.” Ren tells him.

“That isn't what I asked.”

“I don't— No, not. Not really.”

“Why?” He looks guilty for a brief moment before he hides it away. “Because you tried to pry something out of my head?” Ren nods. “Is it the violation of privacy or the failure to do so that's upsetting you more?”

“The second one.”

“Oh.” Hux makes his voice sickly sweet. “Poor magic alpha. Are performance issues common for you? Is this something I should know abo-”

Hux's entire body slams into the wall. Ren is breathing through his nose, sweat dripping off of him. This sort of this makes him feel nauseous all over again. And it's a familiar feeling, being held down like this. He tries to press off of the wall, but the force keeps him there. He waits, not seeing what else can do. Hux feels the force release after a minute and he's on the ground again.

“I'm sorry.” Ren mumbles. He's looking straight down, his hands white knuckled on the sink. Hux breathes in through his nose and out of his mouth.

“Well.” He says. Any joy he might have had is gone in an instant. Any chance of him getting used to this, enjoying it leaves immediately. What was he thinking? How could he possibly allow anything of the sort into his life. He should know better by now, honestly.

“No, no, no, it's my fault, I'm sorry, I didn't—” Ren stutters out as Hux brushes past him. “Hux, wait, I- I didn't mean to- it just happens sometimes- Hux!” He's at the door when Ren grabs his wrist. A quick reversal has him on the floor.

“Then apologize.” He spits. “Fucking grovel.”

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't think- it's just you sounded like- you remind me of someone I hate, and I just acted, I didn't mean to, I swear. I don't want to- I'm sorry.” He goes on for a while, flat on the floor, starring up at him. When he finally runs out of breathe, Hux steps down on his shoulder to keep him on the ground.

“If you ever, ever use the force on me again, I will kill you.” He says. “If you ever hold me down, try to read my mind, anything. I will kill you.” When Ren nods Hux steps down on his shoulder, hard. “It's not a joke to me. It's not an accident. You will exhibit control or you will die.” He moves
his foot off of him and leaves the room.

Out of all the things he expects from Ren, being accosted by one of his knights wasn't on the list.

The omega is tall for biological standards, a Chiss, if he had to guess. The thing marches up to him in the middle of drills and shoves something at him. It doesn't say anything, so Hux orders one of his captains to run the drill and takes what turns out to be a box. As soon as the thing hands it off, it bows deeply. Hux nods at it. It doesn't leave after that.

“He apologizes again.”

“Sure.” Hux says because what else do you do in that situation?

“He says, before you get mad again, it was from before you ordered him to stop.” The omega says. Hux can't tell if it's a female or a male, the vocoder is set much thicker then standard. It just sounds like organized static. “He hopes you won't be mad.”

“Why isn't he the one saying this to me?”

“He hasn't left his chamber in three days. We fail to see how that would be possible.” Hux raises an eyebrow. Several questions spring up at once. “We?” He asks instead.

“We.” The omega says. “We,” it continues, “can't explain anymore. Sacrosanct.” Hux nods. “He says to open it after your shift.” And with that, the omega bows deeply and leaves. Hux goes back to running his drills. His men are sharp and attentive. It takes his mind off of things.

The boots stare back at him.

They’re black leather, new, shiny. He wants to throw them out of an airlock the second he opens the box, but reconsiders. They look expensive. Very expensive, the type of thing you have to order months in advance. When he pulls them out of the box, the reach over his just below his knee. He caves, out of curiosity more then anything else and puts them on.

The heel adds an inch to his height, something that he appreciates more then he expects. The leather is new, still smells fresh, still makes the sharp noise as he pulls them up. It's not easy, but when they rest where they are supposed to, they look breathtaking. He's quick to pull on the other one now, and then he's standing, starring at himself in the mirror.

Fuck.

He's going to keep them.
It's not acceptance of anything, it isn't at all, he assures himself. He would wear these if his own mother rose from the grave and gave them to him. He looks like a general. He looks like so much more then what he is. He spins in them, walks back and forth just to listen to the way they clack against the floor. The leather is shiny enough that he can see his face in them when he looks down. He realizes maybe he's being ridiculous, but he's keeping them. He assumes he and Ren have the same shoe size, because they sit perfect.

He loves them.

More then almost anything else he owns.

Fuck.
Brig. Gen II

Chapter Summary

The promotion he was supposed to receive kept on getting moved forward, someone being busy, or the ceremonial hall being occupied, a series of things that made him aggressively more and more tired.

Chapter Notes

Look, more plot!
Why is there plot?
I'd love to know that.
Big thank you to everyone who liked this!
I hope you continue to like it!
ntbt'd

There are going to have to be rules.

Of course there are going to have to be rules, how it took him this long to realize, he doesn't know. He's usually much more held together then that, but Hux is pretty sure this is something outside of what would be expected of him. This entire situation is teetering on the edge of absurdity consistently. He doesn't know how to handle this sort of thing.

In between drills, he purchases a datapad with his own credits. He's never had one before, but he's seen higher ups use one, and it just seemed like something he should maybe own at some point. The slat feels almost weightless in his hands, the screen in the middle made out of plexi instead out of real glass. It takes him time to learn how to use it, he almost consistently forgets basic functions. Every simulation he's ever run was set up for him.

He makes a list. Things that are important if his and Ren's steady fast descent into madness was to continue. There's not a lot on the list, which upsets him. A thing that upsets him even more is the fact that he's losing sleep over this. It's not like he got a lot of it in the first place, but this was just absurd. Every single time he thought about quitting, about just tracking up the good old fashioned way, he would be forced to walk somewhere, and he would be forced to look down at his new boots.

And the desire would disappear.

Ren had not contacted him since their last incident, for lack of a better word. Maybe he should come up with a word, something to title his list with. A month had passed, Hux's birthday was coming up
soon. Maybe he could swing shore leave. See his father, see if he had something to say about all of this. He-He spends a lot of his nights thinking about useless garbage like this. Would his father be proud of him, for seizing an opportunity he saw or would he be just as sick about it as Hux was?

The list doesn't have a lot on it. One thing, immediate and present, first. In big bold double underlined letters. Ren needed to shave. That was the main thing that made his stomach turn, aside from the main main thing which he did not want to think about until he was absolutely forced too. That and his scent. He can feel smoke on his skin just thinking about it.

He needed to find out if Ren had a datapad. Sending all of this to him would be so much easier then just recounting it to him later. Or maybe he would enjoy watching Hux not watching him. Void only knew what he liked. And it was imperative Hux find out, which only upset him more. No matter how badly he wanted to just extricate himself from this scenario, it wasn't going to happen, there was to much to lose.

He gets up from his bed, where he's taken to reading his datapad late into his sleep cycle. He tries to avoid the mirror, this, right now, certainly not a look he wants to think of himself in. He crosses to his refresher, strips off the sleepwear and gets into the spray of cold water. He was on rotation in an hour, might as well get ahead of the day. The water rolls off of him in the way he really likes. He's become more fixated on it, ever since the shower he took in the shuttle.

More recently acquired filth he had to deal with.

“I didn't expect to see you.” Hux says. He makes a point of not turning to look at him. He's busy watching a captain, Phasma, order a squadron of his men around. She clearly knew what she was doing, a welcome change. Not that his captains were bad, mind, it was his job to pick them, but sometimes, people who were in the trooper program couldn't give orders well. They weren't made for that.

“You like them?” Hux doesn't know what Ren's talking about. He's a wall of black to his left though. That's a thing he has to deal with now. He turns, sharp to stare at him but all he meets is black glass. “The boots, I mean.”

“Can't complain.” Hux says. He wonders if Ren will actually listen to him about the mind reading.

“Good.” The captain orders a drill and Hux nods his agreement. He watches the soldiers drop to the floor in a wave. “We have the same size.”

“I gathered.” Ren was awful at small talk. Which, in it's self wasn't even vaguely surprising.

“So.” He says.

“I'm working right now.” Hux says. “I don't know what you do, but maybe you've heard of work? It's a mandatory thing normal people do.”

“I want to have another session.” Hux turns to gag again. Ren shifts his weight from foot to the
other. “If you have a better name for it-”

“Oh I have a name for it, alright.” Hux sighs, tries to stomp the irritation down. “When I'm off rotation.” He says.

“Right.” He turns to leave before Hux grabs his arm and yanks it back as subtly as he possibly could have, considering.

“Did I tell you could leave?” Ren twitches. “Bring a razor.” He says.

“Why-”

“Does it matter? Why bother asking if you're just going to do it anyway? You can go now.” He whispers the last half. Not that anyone is paying attention to them, but it never hurts to be careful. Ren leaves.

Hux has work to do.

He wakes up to knocking at his door. He's worried that they're under attack, because what other reason could someone possibly have for bothering him at this hour, so when he stumbles to the door in a wife beater and his boxers, being greeted by Kylo Ren's stupid fucking mask is the last thing he could have wanted. A siege would have been better at this point. Literally anything would have been better at this point. With a grunt of frustration, Hux grabs the front of Ren's shirt and pulls him inside quickly. There was a trooper rotation in this hallway.

“Are you really this fucking stupid?” Hux wants to pummel him. It was the first solid block of sleep he had in what might have been a month.

“You told me when you were off rotation, I did what you told me.”

“Take that stupid thing off. I'm not going to talk to you if you-” Hux waves a hand at him. “You're insufferable.” Ren undoes the lock and the helmet comes off. “Why do you even wear that?”

“The Knights of Ren require-”

“You're trying to emulate Vader aren't you?” Hux sits down on his bed and stares up at the man. “You got mad when I made fun of him before.”

“Maybe.” Ren mumbles.

“Right.” Hux gets up to go get his datapad. He lifts it up and waves it in Ren's face. “Do you have one?”

“I can get one.”

“Do so. I'm certain that will stream line this whole process.” Ren nods along like a dutiful child.
“Have you forgiven me?” Hux takes his seat back on the bed and turns the datapad on. He doesn't look at him.

“What gave you that idea? I thought I made myself abundantly clear.” Ren looks down at the floor. “What, because I took your gift? That's not an affirmation or acceptance of anything.”

“But you like them.”

“And how would you know that?”

“One of my knights said—” Hux puts the datapad down and Ren stops talking almost immediately. “I'm sorry.”

“Loopholes.” He stands up to meet him face to face. “I suppose I wasn't clear enough to you, was I? It's impressive that you found them, I guess. Would you believe me if I said I was mildly impressed?” Its an interesting scene they make. Hux wearing almost nothing, Ren dressed in the extent of his finery. He back hands him and Ren doesn't bother fighting it. He rights himself and keeps eye contact. Bold. Almost impressive. “Off. All of this.” He says.

He turns from him to pick up the datapad. Ren is built like a wall, Hux realizes. He's ridiculously muscled. Hux has a very strong feeling that the only reason he gets away with hurting Ren is because Ren asked for it. He looks like a man who could easily kill anyone, that's not counting the force. The smell of him, ash and smoke and burnt, rise into his nose. He fights to keep the bile down.

“Did you bring a razor?” Ren gives him a straight razor which he frowns at. His father had one of these. He has one of these. Why does Ren need one, when he clearly doesn't shave? Hux has to fight to role his eyes. “Shave.” He puts it back into Ren's hand.

“What?” Ren blinks.

“What?”

“Shave what?” Hux rolls his eyes.

“All of it.” Hux feels like he's talking to a child. A stupid child at that.

“I-”

“Alright, here's the thing.” Hux says. “I almost vomit every single time I see you.” Ren swallows. “Oh, don't tell me you get off to that too- I can only-”

“No.”

“Because I'm only human. I can only take so much.”

“That's gross.”

“Good to know you agree.” Hux doesn't know what to do with himself, so he goes to the closet and tries to find a pair of pants. “Like I was saying, you make me nauseous. Since I can't give you scent blockers, this is the next best thing.” He pulls on a pair of slacks before turning around to face him.
“You want me to shave... everything?”

“All of it, yes.” Ren looks hesitant, and Hux sighs. “Don't tell me this is where you draw the line.”

“I've never shaved before.” Hux sighs again. No of course not. That would be all sorts of ridiculous. Void forbid. “I don't get why it matters so much.”

“Because you-” Hux takes yet another sigh. This can't keep happening. The man stands naked in front of him, and Hux has to look at all of that. Why is he hung like a fucking bantha? That's just insult to injury, honestly. “I don't know why it's so easy for you to just wave away the fact that we shouldn't be doing something like this with each other.”

“I've been fucked by an alpha before. It's not that big of a deal.”

“Don't just-” Admit that, Hux wants to say, but no, there's another sigh of irritation.

“He didn't care that I was an alpha!” Ren continues. “And listen, we're not even fucking, alright? I don't need that. Not from you, if your going to be such a fucking dick about it.”

Hux knees him in the groin.

“What the actual fuck?!” Okay, so, poor impulse control. Ren reels back. “Why the fuck would you- Stars! Fucking Stars!”

“Since you think I'm such a fucking dick, I don't see why I can't act like one.” Hux throws his arms up as he watches Ren bend over. He looks good like that, halved, his dark hair almost sweeping the floor. Weird thought, alright, roll with it. If he meant it, it's not like Ren would ever find out.

“CBT is a hard no, why would you ever think- fucking fuck. Fuck!” CBT? What the fuck is that supposed to mean? Ren drops to his knees and folds over himself. “Tell me you have ice.”

“I didn't hit you that hard.”

“You put your knee in my fucking dick.” His age is showing its self. Hux takes pity on him though, and pulls out his med kit to find the freeze pack. He hands it to Ren, who shoves the thing into his crotch. Right, so he's not getting that back. He doesn't want it, more accurately. Hux sits back on the bed and thumbs his datapad back and forth until Ren's more sensible. It takes a while.

“Are you done?”

“Am I-” Ren scoffs. “Sure.” He stands up and twists the razor around. “Do it for me.” He sticks the handle in Hux's direction.

“Excuse me?” His eyebrows must be touching his hair line, because that was a bit much, even for Ren.

“I've never done it before. What if I hurt myself?”

“You want to hurt yourself.”

“No.” He laughs. “Do it for me. As an apology. Or I won't do it at all.”
“Excuse me?”

Why does it seem like Hux has lost control of the situation?

They end up haphazardly in Hux's refresher. Hux is still dressed, and Ren is standing at his regular full height, naked under the water. Hux uses his own shaving cream. He drags it down his arms to start. It takes him a long time to get even one arm done, because Ren kept trying to twist away from the blade and Hux didn't want to do any irreparable damage.

“This is the worst razor you could have brought.” Hux says as he yanks Ren's arm up so he could get at his armpit.

“One of my knights gave it to me.”

“Your- what? They're omegas.”

“And?” Hux makes an aborted noise.

“Did you grow up under a rock?” Hux asks as he cleans the blade off. He twists Ren around with his hands and repeats the process.

“I was sheltered.”

“That explains so much.”

It's a laborious process, but Ren lets him do it. When one part of him is done he pets at it with his hand, seemingly shocked that his skin is soft. Hux is a little shocked too, the man is clearly battle weathered, the amount of scars he has attests to that, but his skin is pretty soft. Maybe it's his ridiculous clothing that keeps him insulated.

“Hux?” Hux waits. “Is it because of your commander? The alpha problem?”

“That's a stupid thing to ask someone with a razor to your throat.” Hux says. The chill rocks through him. He stills his voice. “It doesn't matter what that man was. This is just not normal.”

“I just think-” Hux puts the razor to his neck in earnest now.

“Don't. You're not very good at that.” Ren doesn't say anything. Hux finishes the rest of him in silence.

When they finish half an hour later, Ren's pretty thrilled about the entire thing. Hux was hoping that maybe he would snap to reality, but no, that was too much to ask for, clearly. He sits on Hux's bed and pats at different parts of himself.

“I see why you like this.” Hux doesn't really want to talk to him anymore. He's burned out and tired. His rotation is going to start soon.

“We have to go over rules.” Hux says. “If you want this to continue.”

“Rules, sure, yeah.”

“Is there something you don't want from me?” Hux asks. The datapad sits in his lap. He has a list
open.

“No CBT.”

“I don't know what that is.”

“Seriously? Cock and ball torture. Don’t you use the holo?” Hux punches in the letters and doesn't bother answering him. Of course he doesn't, that sort of thing is for people like Ren.

“What else.” It's clipped.

“Uh, I don't------”

“You don't?” He waits. He's surprised Ren remembers.

“I think I'm fine with everything else.”

“And what rules did I give you?” He asks. Ren smiles, and it looks like he's excited about something.

“I can't say I don't know, and I have to look you in the eyes, and I can't leave unless you tell me to, and we can only do this after your rotation.” He runs them off like an excited dog.

“Keep yourself shaved.”

“That too. Yeah.” He's almost bouncing.

“What? Why are you doing this?”

“Just, you know, it's official. I've never had someone do this for me, so it's like--”

“You said you had- been had by another alpha.”

“Yeah, obviously, no I mean, someone to- You really don't use the holo.” He laughs and gets up, picking his clothing as he goes. He starts pulling it back on. “You should.” He winks. No, no Hux isn't a fan of this in the slightest. What is this happiness and levity. He's probably going to think he can just bother him at any given moment. Like Hux lost all control.

And that simply wouldn't do.

He's given a new mission, with Ren. Another sniper job. He doesn't complain, just packs his DLT and goes. The nest is on a roof. Ren dangles his legs off the edge like it's not a big deal, the fucking ingrate. The DLT sits against his shoulder and Hux breathes in the smell of gun oil. It's one of the few things that could actually blot out Ren's sent. Was it always like this? No, certainly not, he would have lost his mind if he had the smell of an alpha in his noise at every instance. He wonders
what's changed. Maybe it's because he's seen Ren naked. Maybe it's because he's made Ren bleed?

“Hux?” Hux doesn't bother answering, he just waits for Ren to either continue or to leave him alone. “What's your name?” Not so lucky then.

“You haven't earned my name.”

“I could just look it up. I have the clearance.”

“Then why haven't you?” Ren doesn't say anything for a while and Hux goes back to watching the target location. It's amazing what you can get away with if your careful. Amazing what Hux could get away with when a gun was in his hands.

“Maybe I have, and I'm just being nice.”

“I wasn't aware you were capable.” Hux says. He slots the bullet into the chamber. “So what is it, then? If you've looked it up.” He listens to it click. Music to his ears.

“Armitage.” Ren says and Hux wishes he wasn't in position right now, wishes that the target wasn't due in a few minutes, wishes he could get up and shove him off the roof. “That's it, isn't it? What kind of name is Armitage anyway?” He doesn't answer him. The target walks into view and Hux stills his breathe. Ren slides over the railing to stand next to him.

“Another force user?”

“She's not supposed to be.”

“Then why are you here?” He stares through the scope. The women is young, tall, a princess. Not that things like that really mattered anymore, but there she is, with her crown.

“To make sure you get a promotion.” Hux rolls his eyes. The women enters his crosshair. He stops breathing. “Wait- something-” Hux takes the shot. The bullet doesn't go through the window. It drops out of the air half way through it's trajectory. Hux doesn't know what to do, because what in Void could possibly stop a pulse of energy going at mach 5.0? “I told you to wait.”

He moves his eye away from the cross hair and rolls on his back. Ren has his hand out, and when he turns to look at where the bullet was supposed to be, it's slowly traveling back to him. To Ren. Who stopped a –

“Fuck.” Hux mumbles.

Is this what looking in the face of a god was like?

“You have another bullet, right?” Hux nods in mute shock. “There's a man in there. I need to talk to him. He knows something important.” Hux has never been more lost before. “When I'm done, shoot him.” Ren says, dropping the bolt of energy on the floor, and Hux watches the thing burn through the metal. He walks off like it's no big fucking deal. Hux...

Hux follows orders.

It's what he's good at. He's a soldier first, a human second. His father would be proud. He loads the next round, lies back down on his belly and waits. It takes about twenty standard minutes, but he
sees a shift at the window. Ren's by it, and he opens it, before turning around. A few minutes after that, the man's head is in his sights. Was that the signal? It's not like they talked this through, Ren rushed off like-- Ren appears in the window for a second, his fingers snap, which Hux takes as good a sign as any, and as Ren moves to close the window, he fires off the shot.

The man drops dead and Ren is gone. If the women was still there, she certainly wasn't appearing anymore. He dismantles his gun slowly, rubbing the rag through it with more affection then was normal. At least it still made sense. He slots the parts into his bag, before standing up, brushing off, and leaving the roof down a set of service stairs.

He lives in a state of something akin to mute horror until the next time he sees him. The promotion he was supposed to receive kept on getting moved forward, someone being busy, or the ceremonial hall being occupied, a series of things that made him aggressively more and more tired. That's what it was, though, a state of tiredness that wouldn't leave him, no matter what he tried to do. It was sunk into his bones, at this point. Not that he could sleep.

He spends time on the Holo.

He learns a lot.
There's a battle coming up.

So, why, exactly, is he standing outside the door of the bridge?

Massively important to the First Order, a make or break moment, and if it's to become anything more than a fringe group, it has to win. Hux knows how to win. He's poured over strategy, did all the calculations, made all the right appearances. The General knows him by name now. They have caff together on some mornings. And it's easy. It is so easy right now, because this, he can do. This is was he was born and raised to do.

So, why, exactly, is he standing outside the door of the bridge?

Why is he not on the bridge, with officers discussing the intricacy of just war theory, and laughing over how the guns on First Order star destroyers were actually programmed to fire in half rotations, and commiserating the lost officers on a smaller ship? Well, Hux is happy to note, because the answer, as it always is, is Kylo Ren. But not just Kylo Ren, no, this time, it's Kylo Ren and his horde of omega followers who had some very choice words for the General that descended to something akin to this entire battle being a waste of time.

He wants to eviscerate him.

But he's not the force user between the two, and his wood chipper is on Arkanis so he's left with tapping his heels against the steel floor and waiting for Mitaka to either walk in or out so that he could do damage control. He's done the theory, he's done the research, he's wasted his time on this. *His. Time.* The door finally opens, and Mitaka walks out very quickly. Hux slips past him and goes to stand in front of the General.

“Sir, I think this is a mistake.” The man turns to look at him, and it takes a minute for recognition to sweep across his features.

“Lord Ren has assured me that it is not.”
“With all do respect, Lord Ren is not a military strategist, sir.”

“I could be.” Hux has to keep his eyes from rotating backwards into his skull. The fucking vocoder crackles towards the end, and it's almost like he's laughing quietly, the fucking abomination. The knights through out the room turn to look at him. And you know what, fuck them too. Fuck all of them.

“He could be.” The General says.

“He isn't.” Hux grits out. “Sir, please. I've done the numbers, we stand to lose nothing.”

“The force.” The General says. Fuck the force too, while he's at it.

“I trust numbers, sir, not a nebulous hypothetical.” He's not going to beg.

“I've had a vision.”

“Have you?” Hux snaps. “Of what, Ren?”


“Whose?” It's a hiss through his teeth. His fists are clenched, white knuckled, while the General seems perfectly unbothered by this. The anger must be coming off of him in waves at this point.

“The First Order's, Brig. Gen.” He can see the smile on his stupid face through the mask. He knows it's there and it makes his skin crawl.

“This is a mistake, sir. You are making a mistake.”

“Hm.” The man looks between both of them before turning to Hux. “How many men would you need? It's a small resistance movement.” It is a small resistance movement, but that's just an inaccurate term. A part of the New Republic is up in arms about they're recent acquisitions in both planets and weapons. Not officially sanctioned but the Senate, but it might as well be.

He wouldn't need a lot of men, his own brigade would be able to do handle them under certain circumstances. The intel had said it was a force of 6500 strong right now, and people were banding for more. He had less men, only 4000, but there was an asteroid field between them and the resistance. He could choke them there, and then it's fish in a barrel.

“Four thousand, sir.”

“You're own men?”

“I just need the ships. Sir.” He nods. Ren cocks his head to the side. The General walks of to discuss something with the lieutenants.

“I don't think-”

“No one asked.” Hux cuts him off. “Why are you undermining me?” He whispers.

“I'm not-”
“You are. That is exactly what you are doing.”

“I wasn't lying when I said-”

“I don't care if you're lying or not. You can't expect an entire army to listen to an over grown pervert who listens to the voices in his head! You don't know anything about military operations. This isn't you're wheelhouse, Kylo Ren. Stick to your mysticism and stay off the bridge!”

“The Supreme Leader instructed me to advise the General and-”

“The Supreme Leader is not here.”

“That sounds very treasonous, Brig. Gen.”

“Report me.” He hisses. The General returns, with four other officers behind him.

“We will discuss you're proposed plan in 3A. If you will accompany us, Brig. Gen.” The General gives a look to Kylo Ren, but Ren is busy with something else already, half way across the room, and whispering something to his knights. Hux smiles.

“My pleasure, sir.”

Ren kneels on the floor of his room, naked. Hux is busy, he has to finish all of the preparations for his attack. It's quite daring, if he was to be honest, and more importantly, it's all his. This could be infinitely more important then an assassination, this could be the first mark in the history they'll write about him.

Ren's little fit he pitched earlier hasn't been mentioned since then, Hux doesn't want to think about him actively undermining him. The implication makes him a bit ill, the thought that Ren would only grant him what he wanted for favors in turn and would halt every other ounce of progress made makes him seethe. To think Ren would be capable of that level of manipulation, to think Hux almost fell for it.

Ren's been on his knees for an hour at least, but he put himself there. Hux didn't want to talk to him but he muscled his way into the room, stripped his clothes off and kneeled. He hasn't said a word. Hux works from his datapad, and honestly, how did he ever live with out one? He doesn't pay attention to Ren, he has work to do, has better things to do then baby sit. So he works. For what could be hours, he doesn't watch the clock. There's a lot to do, a lot of little nitpicks he needs to get right.

“I'm sorry.” Hux tries not to jump, but Ren startles him all the same. Sitting in nothing but silence and all of a sudden, this.

“For what?” He keeps his voice measured.
“For upsetting you.”

“Not for anything else?” The gall of him.

“I saw what I saw.”

“And that's always been right, has it?” That shuts Ren up again and when Hux risks a glance, his face is pressed into the floor. He can't tell if it's in prayer or in apology. It can't be very comfortable on his joints though, either way. Hux finishes a rationing tabulation before setting his datapad on the table and getting up. He watches Ren shift slightly, and it's a sight, no matter how much he hates him, Ren is a specimen of an ideal alpha. His muscles move under his skin and around his bones and it is certainly something.

“I'm sorry.” He mumbles into the floor. Hux is off rotation anyway, so he takes off his jacket and folds it neatly against his chair. His boots and socks go next, until he's left in his button down and slacks. He rolls up his sleeves, all the way up to the elbow.

“Are you?” Hux asks.

He got something, recently. At great personal cost, mostly to ensure very discreet packaging. He ordered it under a pseudonym, had it dropped off in a different part of the ship for him just to be safe. He goes to pull it out from the shelf he's hidden it in. The riding crop is sullust leather, and it shines black in the fluorescent lights.

He stands, legs spread just enough, behind Kylo Ren. He holds the end of the crop between his hands.

“Yes.” It's a whisper, now, Hux doesn't know who Ren is apologizing to anymore. It's almost like he's intruding on something he's never supposed to see.

“How am I supposed to know you mean it?”

“Can I show you-” He swallows. “Can I show you what I saw?”

Hux stares at the plane of his back. It's almost clean, one massive scar at his shoulder, it looks like someone tried and failed to rip his arm off, a few, what look like, bullet wounds on his lower back, and a lot of moles. His skin is soft, he can tell. Clean shaven, even there. Good.

“I thought I made it very clear, my opinions on the force.”

“You'll understand, if I show you.” He says. Hux wants to swing the crop down then and there, but he bites his lip and waits. He's a patient man.

“How do you plan on doing that with out using the force on me?”

“Make an exception.” It's the wrong thing to say, they both realize it at the same moment and Ren presses his face into the floor harder. “It's important.” He says.

“Life and death?” Hux asks. Whatever it is, it's clearly bothers him.

“In a sense.” Hux raises an eyebrow.
“Afterwards.” He says and lowers the crop so that the soft leather of it rests on the base of Ren’s skull. His body reacts immediately, an entire shiver rakes through him, and wow, that’s nice. That’s the type of dizzying power Hux can very firmly get behind.

“Thank you.” Ren mumbles.

“We’ve not even started yet.”

“For forgiving me.” He says and moves to turn his head, to look up from the prayer position, but Hux makes a sharp noise and Ren snaps back down.

“I’ve forgiven nothing. Maybe afterwards, if your fever dream is worth anything, I’ll forgive you then.”

“For caring, then. For caring enough to-”

“Shh.” It’s not care for the person, it’s care of the advancement.

It's care for his legacy, his history, for the stories they will write of him, and the hushed whispers decades past about who he was.

Hux drags the leather down his spine, all the way down between his legs. The leather caves under the weight of Ren’s balls. Another heavy shiver.

“Do you want me to count?” Ren asks.

“And thank me for them afterwards.” Hux nods even though Ren can’t see.

“You've been on the holo.” Ren sounds pleased with himself, and Hux drags the tab against his shoulders.

“Well when I'm waiting for a promotion that just doesn't arrive, you really have to take matters in your own hands, don't you think?” Ren nods and Hux sighs. He’s not in the right state of mind for this, neither of them are. Hux has a war to fight, Ren has his own garbage to deal with.

“Should I call you sir, too?”

“Call me whatever you want, Ren. Tell me when you want me to start.” That shocks him into silence. Good to know he has at least something. Ren nods, and Hux sighs. “Use you're words.”

“Please hit me, Armitage.” Hux swings, and the rage at his name carries his arm forward. It lands almost square in the middle, and the mark it leaves in it's wake is angry and pronounced. When Ren doesn't say anything, Hux stretches his leg and steps down on it until Ren yells.

“Are we starting over?”

“One. Thank you.” He grits it through closed teeth. Hux removes his foot and raises the riding crop over his head. He puts weight into the hit, and it goes just slightly higher. He’s decided he wants to paint his spine red. “Two, thank you.”

There are delicate bones there, he'll avoid those, though he's sure Ren could take it either way. It'll be a fun thing to explain to the Supreme Leader, though. Where did my force user go? Oh, sorry sir, it's
a really great story---- He swings again, higher up this time, best space things out, and Ren jolts forward.

“Three, thank you.” His breathing has gotten harsher. The scent of smoke crawls up to his nose slowly.
He hits out the next two quickly, not giving him the cool down time to form the words. With Ren's nose in the floor, he has to wonder how the breathing is going, but Hux didn't put him there. He did this to himself. “Four, five, thank you.”

So dutiful.

He swings the crop down five times in a row, back and forth over the same spot. He wants Ren to fail, or he wants to see blood, he doesn't know anymore. He just wants repentance and he knows he's not going to get it. But Ren's breathing hard now, bodily, and he'll take that. The bruise in the spot is cracking open and yes, there it is, there's something that's proof that Hux was here.

The blood drips down, towards his hair, with the way he's angled now, and it's slow in it's descent. Ren shivers along with the slow glide of it.

“Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, thank you, Armitage.”

This fuck.

This fucking monster made flesh.

This human abomination.

Hux stops counting at that point. He just starts swinging until his own arm starts hurting. It's reckless, he knows better, but he can't bring himself to stop. When his arm is soar at his side he considers switching just to keep going, but decides to wait. To see, if Ren will keep going, keep counting along. He does. Get's all the way to forty two before spouting out a thank you.

“Do you want more?” Hux asks.

“No, sir.” Ren's posture is worse now, his forehead is pressed into the ground and he's breathing. He's bleeding in places, and his entire back is covered in bruises and welts.

“What do you say then?” Hux squats down by his head and slides his fist into a mass of his hair before pulling his head up. Ren groans and a line of spit trails to the floor. His eyes are wet. He's covered in sweat. Hux wants to drag him into the refresher.

“Thank you-” It's laborious but he offers up a big smile and Hux lets his head drop back down with a sigh.

“Are you hard?”

“Mmhm.” Hux turns up his nose at that. “Jerk me off?”

“Ren-”

“You don't have to look at it! Just-” He chokes on spit. Hux gets up to go find a pair of medical gloves. Ren turns his head, and only his head, it's quite the sight, to watch him. “Seriously?”
“Don't complain.” He doesn't deserve it, the fucking human disaster that he is, but he looks like a mess and Hux did that. He did that. It's only fair. He snaps them on and walks back, tugging Ren's head back around to lay flat on the floor. He hooks an arm under Ren's waist and lifts it.

Right, how to do this with out looking at it. He presses against him, lays own chest down on Ren's back. The shirt was an old one he was meaning to throw out anyway. His chin rests on a clean patch and he reaches around to grab at Ren's cock. The fucking this is as big and unpleasant as the rest of him. He doesn't know how Ren likes it, but judging by the noises he makes, Hux is doing something right.

“How--” Ren lifts and arm for balance. “How do you do it-- yourself?”

“Don't make me regret this.” His chin must dig into Ren's back. Ren doesn't talk anymore so Hux takes the task at hand in earnest. He rubs up and down the shaft, twists just slightly at the head and thumbs at the slit. Ren makes breathy moans. Hux can feel Ren's heartbeat. He's glad he doesn't have to ask if Ren likes it. Ren starts fidgeting in his hand, trying to twist away from and Hux swings his left hand down on his ass. Ren's head shoots up with a moan.

Hux sighs and tightens his fist. Ren's hips hump against it. The smell of smoke fills his lungs, and with how hot he is under him, it's easy to believe that Ren is just fire incarnate.

“Ren?”

“Mm?” He doesn't know where he's going with this. Hux uses his left hand to reach forward and dig his fingers into the scent gland. Ren croons from it, and Hux shoves his hand forward until Ren can dig his nose into Hux's wrist. He opens his mouth slowly and when Hux lets him, starts licking at the gland there. His hips are getting more and more erratic, snapping forward.

Hux presses his wrist into Ren's neck, at the gland there, and Ren makes another noise high in his throat. He rocks his hips back and forth and Hux tightens his fist and with a shout, Ren spills over his floor. Hux feels Ren swell up in his hand and stumbles away from him, back on his feet. One step at a time.

He's only human, he can only do so much. Ren flattens out then, against his floor and just lays there in a heap. Hux goes to clean himself up in the refresher. He leaves the door open, in case Ren needs something. What came over him? Well, it's not real scenting, so it's fine, right? If he says it is, it is, and he says it's absolutely fine.

He stands under the water for what must be to long because Ren stumbles into the refresher. Hux can see the weight of him move from one leg to the other, bone tired, clearly. He presses against Hux, his chin resting on Hux's shoulder. Hux is fine with it, as long as he doesn't press his nose into his scent gland, it's alright.

“You smell like wind.” Ren says. His eyes are closed.

“What is that supposed to mean.”

“Like snow, and wind, like cold.”

“Ren--”
“I like it.”

“Good for you.”

“How much did the crop cost? I'll repay you.”

“You don't need to. Make sure your back is clean.” Ren makes a nodding motion. He doesn't move.

“Can I show you now?” Hux was hoping he wouldn't be too tired to even remember that. He guessed he'd beat it out of him.

“Is it going to be the needle again?”

“Mnhm.”

“Is it really that-’

“Please.” He begs. Ren begging sounds nice.

“Fine. But this is the only exception to the rule, don't think you can crawl into my head when ever you like.” Ren grabs his shoulders and turns him around. Hux briefly notices his knot is gone. Thank void for that. He feels the sensation off the needle sink in between his eyes. It's fast, the slew of images that hit him all at once.

He sees the army, his army, flying under the colors of the First Order. He sees them winning, sees his plan succeed better then he was hoping for, sees the supplies they would recover. He sees his promotion, the General laying dead at his feet, Ren standing over the man, his saber drawn, heavy breathing. He sees troopers salute him, he sees the a new ship, sees his quarters within the ship. Sees a speech. Sees fire and blood and red across the sky.

The needle pulls away, and Hux is left gasping for air.

“That didn't look like a loss.”


“I am the First Order.” Hux says. “Or I will be, at some point.”

“At some point.” Ren nods. “Let me blow you.”

“Ren, concentrate.”

“I am. Let me suck you off. Celebrate, or whatever.”

“Nothing's happened yet, Ren- Ren!” He's already sinking to his knees. “Ren-”

“Let me do something nice for you, please?” He looks good on his knees, that much is painfully obvious. Hux sighs.

“And the knot?”
“I'll gag on it, come on. I'll be perfect for you.” There's a smile on him that Hux wants to beat out. “How many people get to brag about a force user choking on their dick?”

“Stop talking.”

“Start sucking?”

“Shut up and put your mouth to use.” He grits out and it's frustration again, it's always frustration with him.

At least Ren knows what he's doing here. He's clearly done this before and it was probably with an omega or something equally shameless. He licks the head, into the slit just a bit, before sucking on it with hollowed cheeks. If Hux closes his eyes he can pretend it's not Ren and can put someone more pleasant there instead. Like Mitaka or-

Ren drags his teeth, slightly, down the side when he deep throats him, okay, maybe just Ren is fine. Maybe he could get off to just Ren and his absurdness and all of the garbage that he put Hux through. This is okay, just fine. He has nice hair to tangle his fingers into, either way.

Ren bobs his head back and forth, fast and faster and Hux thinks of a sky streaked with Red and spills down his throat. He tries, to be fair, to shove him off, but Ren takes Hux's knot pretty well. He has a big mouth, either way. They stand like that, under a spray of water, Ren on his knees, with his mouth stretched open bathing Hux in warmth.

“You're nice like this.” Hux says. He doesn't know where it comes from, but Ren can't ruin the moment right now. He tracks his hands down Ren's face, into his hair, tugging him around gently. “When you can't ruin the moment.” He looks like he wants to say something. “Don't start. You did this to yourself. You did every part of this to yourself.”

Hux's knot deflates after twenty minutes and Ren stands back up again. The first thing he does is slump back onto Hux's shoulder, chest to chest this time, his face buried in Hux's scent gland.

“Can I sleep here?” He asks. Hux is stunned to silence. Out of all the things he was expecting, that wasn't it.

“That's fine.” He says. He's tired too, though. Tired of whatever he'll have to deal with tomorrow already.

Ren trails off back into the bedroom and the lights turn off a few seconds later.

Hux follows.

Hux smiles into the full body mirror in his room. The major general uniform looks even better then the last and he wears it well. The black is clearly his color and the belt cinches his waist in the best way, making him look broad shouldered. He looks good from every angle, and his boots match this look better anyway.
He smiles the entire way through his promotion, he gets a commendation, too. For excellency in military strategy, not to mention for all of those extra supplies. Ren stands in the back of the room the entire time, his murder of knights surrounding him. It's quite imposing. He has shore leave scheduled in time for his birthday, and when he sees his father he'll have a few medals to show off.

That aside, though.

He wears major general well.
Hux is already late.

He scheduled out his departure to the minute, and it was all going so swell - up until half an hour ago, when he got called to the bridge. On the brisk walk over, Hux has to wonder how rude it would be to tell the General of the ship he lives on that he has shore leave, has had shore leave scheduled on this day for about a month now, and that he really has to go right now or he will miss the shuttle he desperately needs to be on because Arkanis can flood the ports out at any moment and then his entire trip is wasted.

When things pay off, and they so rarely do for him, Hux goes out of his way to enjoy it to the fullest. Like now, he can just walk onto the bridge and not waste time in the hallway for twenty minutes waiting for some needy hopeful to open it for him. And it only took him a year and a half to get his own key card. Thats- alright, mildly insulting, but he has it now. It's his now. And no one can take it away from him. The door slides open with a satisfying click and it really is the little things. Everyone turns to look at him and stars know what they're expecting. That sort of behavior will have to stop once he becomes General.

If he becomes General.

“Major.” Graves waits for him to do his salute before continuing. “About the operation scheduling next month, could you handle it? I'll need it by tomorrow.”

Hux’s fists clench behind him tightly. He has to think about the best way to point out that he is off duty since half an hour ago.

“Sir, I have shore leave scheduled.”
“Do you?” He pulls his datapad up and Hux has to fight the urge to pull his own out and show him the alert. “Are you saying you won't do it then?”

“I have no problem with doing it, Sir.” He hopes he doesn't sound desperate. “But I am off the company's credit right now. If it can wait a week—”

“If it could wait a week, I would ask you in a week.” The lieutenants are gossiping already, he can hear them. Hux can see Mitaka from the corner of his eye, staring at his console. “This is not the type of attitude I expected from you.”

“I apologize sir, but—”

“And after all that daring strategy. I did feel like you were moving up too fast...”

Hux swallows. That information hits him like a brick. Why did no one tell him, why didn't the General tell him, why didn't Ren tell him? He feels like he's lost at sea with nothing to help him and a storm is about to over take him. He hates walking into a room blind. He says the only thing he can imagine would fix the situation.

“I'll send it to you this evening, sir.”

“Excellent.”

There's a smile on the General's face Hux does not like even remotely, but he snaps his salute and walks out of the room. He walks all the way to his quarters before letting out a long breath. He wants to break something and there is nothing available to him that he can afford to lose. He sits at his desk and pulls out his datapad. What can he do but do as he's told.

Ren finds him at dinner hunched over his datapad trying to figure out if attacking minor outposts was worth it if they were going to mount an attack on the Yavin system a week later. What were the merits of controlling their sector if they were going to move to another so soon? How many supplies did they need if they split the Order in half? How many inches of rope would Hux need to hang himself on if the ceilings were so low?

“That's morbid.”

Hux looks up. He hadn't even noticed Ren, let alone the knight standing behind him. It's not the Chiss from earlier, this one sounds feminine now. How ever, or what ever she is, she's pretty tall. Of course it could still be male, Hux would hate to assume.

“Tell your friend to stay out of my head.” Hux says to Ren before looking back down. All of the numbers are just swimming together and if he looks at another graph he's going to blow his brains out.
“Aww, what happened to the rope?”

“Ren.” Hux sets the tablet firmly on the table. The last thing he needs now is some chipper alien hovering over his head and berating him. “Tell your friend to stay out of my head.”

“I really don't see what you see in him.” Hux rolls his eyes. At this point he doesn't either, but that's firmly beside the point.

“Iubow’dere.” Ren's vocorder crackles and Hux stares at the Twi'lik in knight armor. A million questions float through his head. A Chiss was one thing, he didn't know Twi'leks even had omegas. And a female Twi'lek as well? Where are her lekku even tucked away? And Ren's lusting after him?

“He has a point, why are you-” Ren stands up to his full height and now people are looking. All Hux wanted to do was go to Arkanis, why is he putting up with this? With any of this?

“Iubow.” Her basic name, probably. “You have training with Olena.” His voice is filled with anger. Hux hasn't heard Ren mad in a while. Things on the table are vibrating and if people weren't staring before they certainly are now.

“Lord Ren.” Hux says louder, and all of the movement clatters to a halt. Ren turns his head to look at Hux and then snaps it back at the Twi'lik.

He hisses something at her in Twi'leki that is covered by static but its fast and forceful and she bows at a full ninety degrees before leaving the room. He sits back down at the table, presses his hands flat and looks at him. The rest of the room settles with him, and the general noise is back. Hux lets out a sigh, somehow even more exhausted then he already was.

“I thought you were supposed to be on shore leave.” Ren says after Hux has a moment of calm.

“So did I.” Hux rubs his eyes with his knuckles. The last time he felt this exhausted he was a cadet. If he was less tired maybe he would remember that he never told Ren he was going on shore leave. Which means one of three things, and Hux has the energy for none of them.

“You're not on shore leave.”

“Astute observation, Ren.” Hux sighs for the umpteenth time.

“Why are you not on shore leave?” Finally an actual question.

“Because the General insisted that I do a week's amount of work in a couple of hours because apparently that's the kind of attitude that wins wars or some such.” All he wanted to do was lean his head against the filthy table and sleep. “Now I'm going to work through the night and not get my shore leave for at least another month, if the ship will even still be in the sector by then.”

“How much have you done already?”

“Not enough.” Nothing he does is ever enough apparently. For anyone.

“I'll go talk to him.” Hux opens his eyes and stares at black glass.

“You'll only make it worse.” Hux stands up slowly, picking his datapad up to his chest. “I'll do my
work like an adult and take my shore leave in a month.” Because he's an adult. And he'll do what he's told. Yes.

“You can barely keep your eyes open.”

“So what?” His father would be screaming at him for even taking this long of a break. “I'll get it done.” He walks out of the mess hall and doesn't give Ren another moment of his time. He's given him enough already.

He opens the door in the middle of the night to find Kylo Ren staring down at him. Hux hates it, every part of it. The fact that even with just two inches between them Ren still towers over him. The fact that even though he can't see Ren's face he still knows what it looks like. That he's smiling.

“Are you still packed?” He asks. Hux nods, stepping aside to let him in. He fell asleep at his desk, still fully clothed, and it's not like he had time to do anything but work on the reports. “Where is it?” Hux points to the case by his bed. “Let's go.”

“Go where?” It's the middle of the night - what is he talking about?

“Take your datapad with you.”

“Ren where are we going?”

“I'll shuttle you down to Arkanis, come on.” Hux has to rub his face. “You're on shore leave.”

“Ren- Ren-” The man- the child busies around the room and no matter what Hux seems to do, there's no reaction. He's like a tornado, a hurricane, a flare storm. “Ren-” He just wants him to sit down and stop for five seconds. It's always go go go with him and Hux needs a break so badly. Just for a second. Just for one tiny moment. “Kylo!”

It feels like the eye of the storm, if he's being honest. A stillness, a quietness that is somehow even more dizzying then all the movement. He sits down at his desk, looking at the pillar of black in his room. His head is still reeling. He breathes. Slowly, but surely, he breathes. Is it just him or does the room chill?

“What did you do?”

“You called me by my-” Hux shakes his head, snapping his fingers a few times, just to be safe that he has Ren's attention.

“Focus.”

“…” He sets Hux's bag down and for a second it looks like he's going to calm down before he sits on the edge of the bed, wrinkling his sheets. “You said I couldn't use the force on you.”
“Take your stupid helmet off.” Ren sounds like a child. That’s what he is, but- Hux waits until the thing is sitting next to Ren, making an even bigger mess of his bed. He hates it. “What did you do?”

“I spoke with the General. And showed him the error of his ways.”

“...Did you speak to him like we are speaking right now, like normal people speak with their mouths and with their words, or did you speak to him?” Hux feels the weight of worlds on his shoulders and he’s so fucking tired.

“He won’t remember.” Ren says, already back peddling. At least he’s consistent. “So it’s fine, right? This won’t be traced back to you and no one else saw me so-”

"How did you accomplish that. There's always someone on the bridge."

"It. Maybe wasn't. On the bridge." Hux rubs his temples slowly.

"Did you steal away into his private chambers?"

"I-"

"Ren."

"Well, I wouldn't say-"

"Ren." He stills, ramrod straight, hands clenched into fists.

There’s a million things Hux can say right now. His mind runs through all of them at once, every option, every strategy, just like work. And that's what this is right? It's work? He has to ask himself that, because right now this feels like anything but work. Like a fever dream. If Hux is being honest with himself, and when has he ever lied, no one has ever done anything like this for him.

No one has ever done anything for him before.

No one who was still alive, anyway.

So instead of all of the things that he could say, all of the berating and the chastising, all of the strategy, instead he smiles. Awkwardly. He does it rarely and it's effectively been beaten out of him. Later, he'll blame the lack of sleep if asked. He hopes he won't be asked. He stands up and walks to him, placing a hand on his head.

“Good boy.”

He leans down and grabs his bags and walks away before Ren has a chance to respond or Hux has a chance to reconsider his actions.

He hears footsteps behind him a few seconds later, accompanied by labored breathing through a vocoder
Arkanis is just as cold as he remembers it.

Just as wet and cold and unforgiving like all the miserable fuckers who live on it.

The dock was inaccessible by the time Ren's shuttle made it down planet side, rained in just like Hux expected it to be, so he told him where the manor was. He sets foot on Arkanis land for the first time in over five years, and his nice pristine boots sink into the mud immediately. It's pitch black out, by this point. If anyone is in the manor, they're already asleep.

“No one's meeting you?”

“If they were, which I doubt- highly, they would have been at the docks ten hours ago.” Ren rounds the side of his ship to stand near Hux, handing him his bags. “You're free to go.” Ren shakes his head and Hux sighs. “Of course not. Lets get inside before one of us catches something nasty.” He can already feel his uniform clinging to him with the weight of the water.

“You grew up here?” Ren sounds mystified.

“Mhm. Well. Here for a few years and on a starship for the rest of them.” Hux pushes the kitchen door and it gives just like it used too. He rubs the boots free of mud and steps inside, making Ren do the same. Ren must have grown up in a cave, obviously, if he needs prompting. They walk past the storage rooms and into the kitchen. Hux swallows. “If you look to your right you'll see where my mother's skull got bashed in.”

He tries not to dwell on it, ignoring the spot where the blood never really got all the way out and crosses the room as fast as possible, trying not to think about Ren staring at the spot where the blood never really got all the way out. He doesn't know what came over him, but he's been through a lot today. He was allowed his eccentricities. After a moment Ren catches up with him. His room should be as he left it, or at least he instructed the servants to keep it. If he's lucky, Cardinal did as he was told.

“Hux-”

“Later.” Hux puts up a hand. “If you want to talk or ask questions, you can do it later.” He feels like he’s floating along old wood.

Ren stares at all of it, every painting, every scratch, every spare bedroom door, and Hux can almost hear all of the questions brewing in his head. They're almost silent until they get to his rooms, and it is, in fact as he left it, as he liked it. Well. As he's used to it at least. He drops his bags at the foot of the bed to open the balcony and let the fresh air in.

“What happened to catching something nasty?” Ren's helmet is off.

“I don't plan on sitting out there, do you?” He pulls his coat off. “Make yourself useful and clean the room a bit.” He wants to soak in the refresher for a few minutes. Before Ren can protest, his shirt buttons are coming undone and he lets it fall to the floor. His trousers afterwards, leaving a trail into the bathroom. It's all a bit provocative, and if he was thinking straight he wouldn't have done it. But maybe Ren deserves the delusion.

The old tub is still there. It's not what he wants, right now. Hux can't remember the last time he has
wanted it. Well. He can. He can remember the exact moment he started to hate it. Hux steps into the refresher and turns on scalding water. He leans his head against the glass and lets it wash over him, working out tension.

“I thought you drowned.” When he opens his eyes again, Ren is getting in behind him and Hux doesn't bother stopping him. He can't even see straight anymore. “You've been in here for half an hour.”

“I've been trying my hardest too, but it just won't seem to take.” Ren snorts. “Why did you do any of this?”

“Wanted to.” Ren pushes him towards the glass gently and Hux breathes in smoke again. “I dressed the bed down.”

“I'm surprised you even know what that is. I'm convinced you were raised by savages.” He stands there until Ren pulls him out. Sure enough, the bed is the way it's meant to be.

“I'm not uncivilized.” Hux laughs and laughs and laughs.

“That has to be the funniest thing you've ever said. Not an ounce of self awareness in you, is there?” The cold wind knocks rain inside. The mattress is soft and Hux sinks into it. The pillows smell like dust and dry heat and something he doesn't want to think about. He'll have to deal with it soon enough.

“Won't it rot the wood?” Ren raised the blanket for himself to crawl under. “If you let it soak.”

“Arkanis wood doesn't rot. No matter what you do to it.” He's been doing this for years against everyone's protests. But no one's told his father yet. He's sure Ren won't start.

Ren doesn't say anything for a while. They lay there in silence, Hux trying to ignore the sent of a big desert planet on his pillows and Ren laying on his side, staring at every little detail.

“I should warn you of my father, Ren.” He turns on his side and Ren stares at him with his big brown eyes.

“We all have unfortunate fathers.” Ren insists.

“...I suppose.” Hux closes his eyes. He would hate to assume. “He'll demand we have breakfast with him and his guard. He won't take no for an answer. If you ever want me to touch you again you will be on your best behavior.”

“I doubt he's much worse then mine.” Ren insists.

“My condolences then. To your late mother.” Hux tugs the blanket up higher and Ren apologizes quietly. If there was anything louder then the rain Hux is sure he would not have heard it.

He falls asleep to the sound of rain and Ren's breathing.

He hasn't slept this well in years.
Brendol stares at both of them over breakfast and Hux has never wanted to be anywhere less.

Brendol sits in his chair like he's the king of a kingdom and not an aging alcoholic. But then, Hux only assumes he drinks because of his gut. There's no other explanation for it just appearing while the rest of him remains bone thin. Brendol has yet to say a word to either of them, and Hux is more then content to sit there silent. Ren is a bundle of nervous energy, he's practically radiating stress and Hux has to wonder where he finds the gall.

It's a quiet morning. The rain stops and starts as it wishes. Hux sits across from his father and Ren is standing at the counter with Cardinal, noticeably not talking. And Hux was fine with this too. And he's fine with Cardinal very pointedly not looking anywhere in Hux's direction, like he hasn't been busy rubbing himself on Hux's sheets.

"When is he going to take that bucket off of his head?" Brendol asks and Hux looks up from his tea.

"I don't presume to know, father." He lifts his mug to his lips and drinks his caff quietly. For all of Cardinal's numerous faults, he does make good caff. "He's his own man."

"Is he?" Hux shrugs. If avoiding both of them was his solution to his behavioral issues, Hux had no intention of stopping him. "I heard the Supreme Leader was his owner." Brendol sneers.

"As far as I am aware, he came here on his own volition."

"Do you speak for him?" Hux drinks his caff and goes back to staring at Cardinal. The man hasn't changed at all, and that's somehow more shocking then the- Well. Hux drinks his caff quietly. When this trial is over maybe he should go out. Breath in air of this sad planet. He's missed it more then he wants to admit. Lay in the grass like his mother used to.

"Commander Hux."

Hux closes his eyes. His father is right, of course. Kylo Ren is his own man. His own child, at the least. And Hux is more then happy to watch him dig his own grave, like all adult children are want to do. The caff isn't the same as on the ship. Unfortunate, that. When he had first transferred back onto a ship he was remiss how much worse the it was, but now it seems the tables have turned.

"I accompanied your son because I was ordered to by the Supreme Leader."

Hux opens his eyes slowly. It's almost as if he isn't chugging caffeine and didn't just sleep for six hours. Amazing. He's really amazing. For each and every wrong reason, but amazing all the same, clearly.

"And why would the Supreme Leader be interested in my son?" And its equally amazing that even after all of these years his father can make 'my son' sound like such an insult.

"He has foreseen great things. He's on track to make General very young." His father now very pointedly turns to look at Hux, eyes digging holes into him. If he was any younger he would be
feeling the belt already.

“What would him making General have to do with you.” It's not even a question anymore. Hux debates getting up, brushing off the glare to wash his mug but decided against it. A look of cool indifference is all the brushing off he needs to do.

“The Supreme Leader wishes to take a holistic approach to the future power structure of the supreme order. He has so many great visions, Commander.”

“Does he.”

Hux gets up now, standing straight and walking to the sink, letting water run over the ceramic cup. Sometimes, indifference just isn't enough. It makes a peculiar noise, a noise just loud enough to make it easier to ignore the feeling of three sets of eyes on his back.

“Are we having breakfast?” He asks, putting on a neutral tone. “Wouldn't this conversation be better with some food.”

“We've already eaten.” Brendol gets up and Cardinal rushes to his side. How embarrassing that must be to do all the time. “Dinner will be at five.” And with that he walks off and out of the kitchen. He hears the familiar hiss of Ren's helmet and leans across the counter.

“I see where you get it from.”

“It?”

“Your-” Ren waves a hand around. “You know.”

“Would I have asked if knew?” Hux considers heading back to his room, laying down and getting more of a well deserved rest.

“Was he always like that?”

“That's him in a good mood.”

“Could have fooled me.”

“Yes well. You're pretty easy to fool, aren't you?” Hux looks out a small window. “Nice people don't kill the women they're fucking.” He leans forward to try and tell if the rain stopped for now. “At least not usually.” Kylo makes a strangled noise and Hux rolls his eyes. “I really feel like it's not that hard to remember.”

“I was distracted.” He mumbles. “The omega smells like your bed.”

“And here I was worried you were so far up your own ass you wouldn't have noticed. What even was that? Destined for a great purpose? Was that it?”

“I assumed.” He pauses, probably for effect and Hux is just about ready to leave. “He wouldn't have appreciated the real reason.”

“There's a real reason? And here I thought you were just hoping for another lay.”
“I'm protecting your virtue.” Hux sighs.

“And doing something useful is too much to ask for?”

“Why does your bed smell like the omega?”

“Jealous, Ren?” He decides then, that yes. He should at least go for a swim in the lake behind the house. Nothing to lose, anyway. “Unclench. I assure you it's nothing untoward.”

“Why does your bed smell like omega.”

“Scary.” He trails after him like a puppy until Hux is shivering from the crisp air and the fog from the lake. The grass is just about the brightest green he's ever seen. The clouds hand low and heavy. He pulls his clothes off slowly, more interested in the way the water moved then in anything else. Ren is a wall behind him, protecting his virtue just as promised.

“Are you going to tell me?”

“Tell you?”

“Your father's servant.”

“Cardinal? Oh. Yes.” He folds his clothes and hands them to Ren. “Father likes to fuck him in my bed.”

“What?”

Hux ignores him in favor of getting a running start into the water.

End Notes

iamalivenow is me on tumblr, come say hi, I'm nice, I swear.

I take requests there!

Comments always appreciated!

If you make anything, please tell me!

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