Constellations and Star Bursts (Treasure Worth Keeping rewrite)

by Mantabel

Summary

Kylo Ren is a fine specimen among his kind. His strong, big, powerful, and handsome as well, but none of the mermaids truly catch his eye. Instead, he longs for creatures above the surface, however nymphs are only good to relieve him. Then, along the shore, he spots the thing he wants to add to his collection. A human.

(A retelling of A Treasure Worth Keeping)
It the depth of the seas is where all things are lost forever. Forgotten treasures sunk below and never to be seen again. Forgotten by time by those of the surface, but to few below, they are worth having. That is what Kylo Ren thought at least. A merman of myth and legends to the surface dwellers, he was the finest specimen among his kind. Born with moon kissed skin and stars that decorated his chest, back and face, his tail as dark as the night sky that simmered silvery and red in the sun, a thick, unruly black mane, sharpen gray claws and eyes of amber, he was a mate worth having. Bigger than most, with a fin that smashed the water with a loud slap that could be heard for miles and had the strength to take down any beast that came his way. The mermaids fawned over, even fight of him, clawing and biting, nearly ripping each other to shreds for his attention, but they simply bore him. He had no interest in their pheromones, even the sight of his kind drew nothing. They only saw him for his status and his prowess. Despite his mother’s constant nagging and his uncle disapproval, Kylo’s interests were for things from the surface. He was would often find himself swimming through the ship graveyard of the sea, collecting the forgotten jewels and adorn them in his mane, wrists, or waist. They seemed to attract the best mates for him as that’s what his kind did. While other would used shells or pearls, his gems sparkled the brightest, but they were only for his enjoyment.

“A truly vain creature,” his uncle whispered under his beard after his nephew refused to partake in another mating season.

Kylo was destined to lead his colony into the future once his mother passed, but instead he would hide away, in his secret cove, filled with his newest discoveries. Gems were what he wore, but he held onto to portraits, paintings, books, mirrors, combs, forks, spoons, crowns, dolls, anything of the surface, he keep it as his own. This was where his true passion lie. He wanted know more about the surface world, all of it. So, to the ship wrecks he would go, breaking open chests, tossing aside planks to find anything.

It was a fresh knew wreckage where the fish were feasting on the dead remains of the bodies that sunk below. Kylo shooed them when they got to close to his findings. He had found new gems to adorn in his mane. The old ones were starting tarnish, losing their glimmer and his new beauties were going to be adorn on him. Breaking to the surface, he found a rock to perch on. He shook the old jewels out of his mane and began to prepare himself for the new ones.

When he started to comb the knots out, his ear picked a strange noise. A mournful moan from the beach in the lagoon he was near. This is where the nymphs of the water and earth would be found, his “play things” as his uncle called them when Kylo was in rut. Yet, it was not a sound any of them would make. It was more soft and somber, tugging at his heart. Abandoning his new gems, he choose to investigate. He swam towards the shore, keeping his belly low towards the sand and his eyes just above the water to see a different kind of creature upon the land. Skin a gold brown with soft trestles of brown, shivering almost violently from the crying it was experiencing. When it move, he looked upon a very feminine face with eyes like the sun, a small nose, flushed cheeks that were tear stained and small, pink lips. She too have stars that decorated her nose and cheeks, but her were more of clusters rather than constellations he had. Then, she elongated herself and Kylo gasped in awe. A beauty from her face, but watching her stand made her even more desirable. Legs. She was a creature of the surface, the one like he had in the paintings and books, brought to life before his eyes. He took in the swell of her breast and the curve of her waist from the tattered clothes that covered her body.
The water around him started to lap by him as he felt arms start to caress his shoulders, face, neck and chest.

“My prince,” spoke a voice near his ear, “You’ve come to play today?”

“It’s been so long,” spoke another one as a head formed from the water.

“That creature,” he nodded towards the beach as the surface dweller walked towards water, splashing some on her face, “when did she get here?”

“Just the other night,” the first one said as she form in front of him, blocking his view.

“She just washed up,” the other one continued as she rubbed his shoulder, “Must have been a victim of the sirens of the west.”

“Pathetic thing,” the first one giggled in his ear, before light nibbling on it, “she’s done nothing but cry and whale like an injured orca.”

“Pay her no mind, sweet prince,” the other whispered, her lips brushing against his, “We’ll drown her soon enough.”

Kylo grabbed the water nymph’s face, digging in his claws as she cried out in pain.

“You will not harm her,” he growled, bearing his fangs in a threaten snarl, “She is mine. I found her and she is mine. If you so much as harm a hair on her, I’ll make sure the ocean swallows you whole, never to be seen again!”

“Let her go, you beast,” the first one cried as she made the water start to boil.

With a shove, he threw the nymph at the other one.

“What good is a bloated fish like you to a female of the sand?” the nymph shouted.

“Leave him. When he’s been rejected, he’ll come crawling back to us,” the first one said.

He snarled, threatening to charge at them before they sunk below, becoming one with the sea. Kylo sneered before turning back to the beach towards his new find, but she was gone. The surface dwell had vanished from the beach. He swam around the island, finding an opening towards a river and took a chance. Perhaps she had ventured in the forest that was behind her. He hoped that she would come upon the river and that it was not a dream. The nymphs may tease for having an interest, but she was something intriguing, something new, something he had never seen before. He would pop his head, hoping to spy her somewhere close and would keep moving along the bank when he didn’t.

When he came upon a fruit bearing tree, he found her on a limb, reaching for a red and orange treat. She amazed him as he watch her nimbly climb down with her reward still in hand. She sat crossing her beautiful legs and took a hearty bite from the fruit, moaning with delight as the juice ran down her chin and neck, a soft smile played across her face. Gods, was she a sight to look upon as Kylo spied on her from behind a rock. She took another bite as she stretched her neck, the juices flowing more freely onto her covered bosom, making Kylo wished that he could lick her clean. He wanted to taste her like he had done with other creatures he had fornicated with, but never had this desire been so strong. He imagined the mixture of salt and sweet would drive him into a rut. There something about this beastly that just make him quake in his very soul. Just gazing upon her as she simply feasted was making him feel hot. To mate with her, that would be a true honor and, if his colony were to know, a scandal worth living for.
She seemed to notice that her tattered shirt was stained from the fruit she had just and shucked it off. His mouth gaped as he saw her breasts for the first time. Small, but pert with rosy nipples that peaked in the cool breeze. She ran a finger along the juice trail between her breasts and licked it clean. Her lips suckled around her finger unleashing a rumble in his chest. She had to been a creature sent to seduce him as he watched her stretch her limbs, arching her back as warmth pooled in his stomach. His claws start to scrape the rock he was hiding behind as he watched her rid herself of the torn pants as well. He beheld the gift that was in front of him. The light trickling in from the canopy above, bathing her in the afternoon sun. It made her glow like some other worldly being. From the corner of his eyes, he saw some of the woodland elves watching her as well. They were curious creatures, not nearly as threatening as the nymphs, but Kylo would be damned to share this find with them. He let out a low growl that sent their curious being to dart back into the forest and his surface dweller to turn towards his rock, reaching for the shirt to cover herself.

“No,” he said softly. He didn’t mean to frighten her.

“He... hello,” she called out, making Kylo’s heart almost stop. Her voice... oh her voice was the most captivating thing about her.

“Is... is someone there?” she called again with hope lingering in her tone. Her head shift towards his rock, her eyes almost meeting his as he pushed himself further back.

“Don’t be silly,” she muttered to herself, “Just your mind playing tricks on you.”

Kylo turned once more and watched her head towards the river. She dipped a hand in, playing with the slow current and shivering from the cool water. She took a couple of hand full to drink before setting foot in the water. She let out a sigh of contentment after plunging her whole body in, soaking her hair. She ran her hands all over her body to wipe away any grim that was on her skin, making her glow even more.

Kylo braved himself to swim closer, keeping himself submerged with his eyes upon her. She must have heard him approaching or felt a shift in the water and turned in his direction making him dive under. Here he was able to get a better look of her legs and the small patch of curls between them. She slowly walked closer to where he was at, bringing an ankle nearly inches from where his webbed hand was. Those toes, so small and delicate with a amazing arch from the ball of her foot to her heel. Breathtaking, as his eyes traced the length of her leg to her knee and up her thigh, noting the stars that trailed along there. If she stood any closer, perhaps he would be lucky enough to stare in awe of her most forbidden of parts. Hypnotized by this, he hadn't noticed her hand grazing across his mane. He dart behind her, making her shriek and swim away, fearing whatever creature he might be. He didn’t want her to leave so suddenly, knowing that once she was on the surface, she would be lost to him forever. Driven by instincts, he grabbed hold of the ankle making her more frantic and panic, splashing the water as she tried to kick him off of her. He didn’t want her to draw attention from the other beings that lived on this island, so he broke to the surface, released her ankle, and cupped a hand on her mouth. He pulled her flushed against his chest, but it made her fight harder.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” he whispered into her ear as she stopped. Her chest still heaving as her body trembled with fear.

“I will never hurt you,” he promised, his words seeping into her skin as his tail fluttered against her. She was so soft to the touch that made his other hand wander over the curves of her waist, tracing her ribs, the smoothness of her stomach and the underside of her breast. She struggled slightly until he placed a soft kiss on her cheek.

When he released her mouth, she turned towards him, her sun blazing eyes borrowed into his dark
ambers. She took in his features, her eyes starting at his thick, black mane to his angular cheeks and chin, resting on his predominant nose and lush lips. Kylo offered her a small smile as he clearly see she was still fearful of what he was, mindful to not show her his fangs. He gently took her wrist and placed her hand on his cheek. It was a method use to calm mates, by allowing them to explore their prize fully. It was a soft way to mix pheromones before the consummation. It was a way to build trust, letting her know that she was in control. Her other hand joined in, delicately tracing the divots and ridges of his face, finding the pointed ears under his mane and seeming to enjoy the softness of his wavy locks. He tried to encourage her to go lower so she could feel the broadness of his shoulders, pride herself in the strength of his arms, take in his expanding chest and enjoy every bit of muscle as he hummed with pleasure. Her touch was soothing, drawing him closer as he watched her eyes look lower towards the water that surrounded them.

Then the surface dweller found his scales and retreated her hand from his body. Her cheek redden as if she had touched something that she wasn’t supposed to.

“What are you?” she asked.

“I’m yours,” he simply answered as he reached for her.

“No, but what are you?” she asked again, turning her body away and folding her arms into, “Are you man? Human?”

His tail peeked out to the surface, his large, dark fin on display for her.

“Or perhaps I’m mad...”

Kylo swam closer, nearly backing her into the rock he was hiding behind earlier.

“You’re not mad,” he said softly, his eyes darting towards her lips and back up to her eyes, “I’m as real as you are or perhaps your kind just doesn’t have a word for what I am.”

“No… we do…” she stammered before cursing to herself, “But this is impossible. There’s no way… unless I’m dead. Christ! What a way to die.”

“You’re not dead,” he answered as he cupped her chin, “You’re very much alive. Perhaps more alive than you’ve ever felt.”

“So what then?” the surface dweller asked, “Are you going to drown me like everyone else?”

“Why would I do that?”

“That’s what your friend did,” she spat back, taking her chin back, “I heard their songs. Drove my crew mad and now here I am, on a deserted island that probably miles from home.”

“I assure you I was not the one who put you here,” he replied, “My kind do not drive wayward ships to a watery grave. We supposed to hate creatures like you.”

“Makes sense that you would want to kill me.”

“No,” he smiled, “in contrast I find you most stunning, a treasure worth keeping.”

Her breath hitched at that moment, stunned by his words.

“Please,” his face now mere inches from her, “let me keep you.”
Hey, so I get a lot of compliments about Treasure and I figured, I want to make it better. I want to expand the story and flush out Kylo and Rey more. So here we go guys. Leave your comments and kudos. Promise the smutty stuff will come later. <3

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Rey, a wayward soul

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rey was nobody. She had no place anywhere, a child of the streets and was meant to die in the gutters her parents left her in. A scavenger she liked to call herself, better than a thief, she would be found in the market place swiping from stands or the pockets of gentlemen. That was her life, to live and survive. It was only when her hand was caught in a Naval captain's coat that her story truly came to be. He didn’t have her thrown into the poor prison where she would waste away. Instead he found her nimble little hands helpful and gave her a job as a cabin boy. So a board the great ship Falcon, Rey was tasked with many things from mopping the deck, clipping barnacles off the ship, serving meals to the crew, repairing sails, and climb in the crow’s nest when needed. For the first time in her life, she felt like she had a family to call her own. She even felt the captain had grown fawned of her as he taught her to navigate with the stars and gave her sweet treats when ever the landed in a new port.

On a standard voyage to a Caribbean port, they had were carrying cargo of sugarcanes and various fruits. When they had depart, weather was fair and it would a smooth sail home. Till the tides started to shift, clouds started to roll in and a storm nearly blowing them off their course. The captain barked orders and the men ran to the post. They would ride it out for queen and country, their journey would not come to an end, not on his watch. Then a melodic voice pierced through the howling winds. The men stopping as if under its spell. Soon more voices joined in sounding almost like the lovers they had left behind. To Rey, it was the sound of her mother wishing her to come home. They were frozen, just listening to the song. Then the wood around them began to splinter and the ship started to break a part. Rey was swept up under the tide, tossed around by the waves and destined for a watery grave.

She was nobody and was to die a nobody.

However, there seemed to be a voice that whispered to her fight. So with one last jolt, she fought the current, kicking with her legs and clawing the water with her hand. She gasped for air before being tossed again in the storm. She broke for the surface once more and was thrown under by a wave. She would not let this be her final bow. She had to fight. For what reason, she did not know, but that was what had always driven her. Survival was all she ever known and she would be damned if she would let the storm drown her.

By some miracle she had found herself on a sandy shore. She took deep breaths and counted her blessings with ever breath. She was alive. She would survive. She could feel the tears of joy form as she smiled, that was till she looked along the beach and out into the waters. They were calm once more, the skies had cleared showing the stars once more and Rey was alone once again.

Now here she was, in the cool water of the river, staring at a creature that was born from stories that she had heard as a child, asking to be kept. She eyed his out stretched hand, staring at the webbing and the dark crawls. She swallowed hard before meeting his eyes once more.

“There,” he said softly, “I will not harm you.”

“And... and if I go with you, what then?” Rey asked.

“You’ll just have to wait and see,” the merman smirked, “I will provide you with all that you need. I will help you.”
Rey hesitated, contemplated going back on land and making a break through the forest, but who’s to know if she would survive on her own here. A child of the streets she was, but this was unknown territory for her. She could hear the calls of strange birds and the shuffling of leaves around her. Perhaps there were predators that would devour her. It wouldn’t be so bad to run into the arms of death, but something in his eye made her feel safe, that the longing to belong had finally been found.

“Then show me your intentions,” she challenged, earning a wicked glint in his eye.

“With pleasure,” and he let his hand graze her cheek, “The stars on your face,” he was inches away from her, she could smell his musk, it was strong, but inviting, like a warm sea breeze, “it must mean you’re a being sculpted by the heaven,” his warm breath was on her cheek as his other hand gentle took her waist, pulling her flush against him, he was solid with his rough scales rubbing her skin, “I wish to adorn you with my mouth and have my scent all over you,” his lips grazed against hers, “to mate with you, would be such a delight.”

Rey took her hands and gripped his shoulders, making him stop before he could finish.

“Mate?”

“Is that something your kind does?” he asked as his handsome face showed confusion.

“I mean…” Rey felt her cheeks heat, “yes… but… it’s not really mating… I mean… it is mating… but we don’t call it that… it’s more… I mean…”

Before she could continue, he silenced her with his lips, full and soft against her mouth. Rey stiffened for a moment before finally relaxing. He released for moment, eyeing her dazed state and pulled in for another one. With each kiss growing more passionate till she felt his tongue on the seam of her lips.

“Please,” he growled against her mouth as her back scraped against the rock, his weight fully on her as she felt his tail wrapping around her leg. She moaned when she felt his lips along her jawline. She had heard of acts of passion, but never would have imagine she would be willing give herself to a creature of the sea. Rey felt him setting himself between her legs, light grind against her core, making her hotter than she had even felt before. She was sure to burst into flames as she felt his teeth lightly bite into her neck. Lovers would never dare to do something to harsh as this. Bruises like this were only for harlots who willing gave themselves to whomever or at least that what her captain would tell her. Yet here she was, acting like a lioness in heat as her “mate” was readying her for to take his seed. He was going to fill the void she had felt for so long. He was going make her felt complete. He was going make her felt everything... Everything...

“Wait,” she said weakly, but he continued nipping at her skin, almost like he was going to devour her.

“Wait,” she said a bit louder, trying to wriggle away, but he answered with a primal growl, almost like a threat, that shook her in a pleasant way.

“Wait!” Rey shouted, digging her nails into his thick mane and she tugged hurt.

“What?” the merman roared, his eye darken and his claws were starting to dig harder into her skin.

“I... I don’t even know your name...” she said meekly, losing her nerve when she met his hungry gaze.
“Why does it matter?” he asked before placing light kisses on her collarbone, trying to place her back under his spell.

“Uh... your kind...” she shuttered, hating how her body was betraying her, “you have... ah... customs... traditions... rituals... oh...” she shivered as his tongue licked the length of her neck.

“Yes,” he muttered into her ear, “I’m doing that right now. I told you, I will mark you with my mouth, tasting every bit of your heavenly skin.”

“But... but...” she stammered, “I... don’t... know...”

“Relax,” he purred as his hands stroked her sides and nipped her earlobe, “I’ll take care of you.”

What was wrong with her? Why was she giving into him so easily? Any other man, she would have fought until she bleed, but her mind was hazy and she was lost to his touch. Her body wanted him, needed him and she could resist.

“Let go,” he continued as he kissed her cheek, “I’ll take care of you.”

“Your name,” Rey sighed, “please...”

“Kylo,” he growled against her breast, before taking her nipple into his mouth.

Rey arched her back, tugging harder at his mane, calling out his name as if it was a desperate plea to the gods. The sensation of his mouth on her was too much. She had to be going mad just from his lips alone. Not to mention the sudden smell of sea, ash and rain that were hitting her all at once. She felt herself pushing him more into her bosom as he licked the underside of her breast before toying with her nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

“You taste divine,” he murmured, “I must have more.”

He captured lips as he pulled on her nipple in his fingers, making her groan against his mouth, and giving his tongue easy access to be inside her. He wrestled for dominance with her, but she wasn’t going to give up so easily as felt his want starting to grow. He was heavy against her stomach as his hips began to move. When she felt his ridges again her clit, she nearly screamed. It was too much and all happening so fast. It wasn’t till she felt the shift in her legs and the head of his cock at her entrance that her mind finally woke up. She bit hard on his bottom lip and started to claw at his shoulders. Kylo pulled back from the sudden act, blood trickling down his chin and released her to assess the damage. With a close fist, she punched the side of his head and jumped out of the water. She grabbed her clothes and bolted into the woods.

Once Rey was far enough, she caught her breath and covered herself once more. She was shaking as she looked in horror at her thighs. They were red with etches from the scales. She could see the scarring from where his tail was wrapped around her right leg. The divots where his claws dug showed where his hands were the most firm on her. Her breasts had his teeth marks and she could only imagine what the bruising would look like on her neck and shoulder. Tears welled up as she fell to her knees. Though she feared the creature, his intentions frighten her to no end, there was a want to go back to him. Something inside her had awoken, a feeling that she didn’t know about, and she wanted more.

By night fall, Rey had somehow found herself back at the beach she had landed on. With the palms near by, she managed to build herself a small shelter when she heard the shifts in the waves behind her. The beast had found her and dragging him onto the sand. He groaned as he pulled himself, he wasn’t going to let her go that easily. She grabbed a long stick and slow approached
him. Taking it in both hands, she had it ready to strike.

“What do you want?” Rey asked.

“You ran,” he panted as he turned himself onto his back, “I hoped to find you here.”

She stilled herself as she took him in, all of him. In the pale moon light, his skin seem to resemble that as she noted the various moles and freckles he had on his face and upper half. No wonder he compared her freckles to star clusters when he seemed to adorn with Ursa Minor and Regulus. As her eye journeyed lower, she say the black scales that shimmered sliver against the soft glow of the moon. He was the most beautiful she had ever laid eyes as her heart began to race. He was large, truly a beast that she could never tame.

“Please,” he started, “I will not harm you.”

“Then what was that back there?” Rey asked nodding back towards the forest.

“Did you not want that?”

“No… I mean yes… I mean,” she groaned in frustration, “It’s not how it’s done. People… humans like me… we have customs…”

“As do my kind and I respected that by giving my name,” Kylo answered.

“It’s not that simple!” she yelled, “You took advantage of me. I’m alone and you have this bewitching bit about you.”

“I am no sorcerer.”

“Then what are you?”

“I’m yours.”

“No! What are you? What do you intent to do with me?”

He hesitated to find the right words.

“I am a prince among my kind. I supposed to lead the next generation, yet I have no desire to. My mother wants me mate this season, but none of the females have caught my attention. When I’m in rut, I seek the pleasure of the nymphs that on this island. I scavenge the old ship wrecks for items of your world and keep them for my own. Now here you are, a vision from the many paintings I’ve seen brought to life,” he answered, “I had to have you.”

Rey felt her cheeks start to redden again. Her guard lower as she knelt by him. Still keeping her distance, she didn’t know what to make of it all. He seemed sincere in his intent that he would do her no harm, but she thought by to the scarring on her leg and bruising across her breasts.

“I can’t say I might be able to return your feelings,” she said as his face fell into a sorrowful look, “but I do need your help, if I am to survive. I know nothing about this island and you seem to be of these parts, so… I would like to be kept…”

Chapter End Notes
Hooray new chapter with some naughty bits in there. It's all about building trust now. Can't have them fornication just yet. Kudos and comments give me life. <3

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Kylo watched her from the shoreline as she was determined to catch her own food. His tail swished lazily in the water as the sun blazed on over them. She insisted on wearing the scrap of clothes she had, despite the heat growing. From where he was, he could see the delicious perspiration build on her brow and run down her neck. With her makeshift spear in hand, a weapon she made after asking him to retrieve a knife for her, Rey waited patiently as the fish swam in lazy figure eights at her feet. Kylo would have been happy to catch her a mackerel, but she wanted to prove to herself that she could catch her own. She would be a mighty huntress in her own right and the thought only made him grow more fawning of her. She froze for a moment and tossed the spear into the water. He smiled when she pulled out the small fish, cheering to herself. Taking it off her spear, she placed it in a pouch she had made from some bits of sail before turning back to the water.

Trust is what they needed to build or at least that’s Rey told him. After giving her the knife, he had hoped to be rewarded in someway of affection, but instead she smiled and patted his head. When he persisted on a kiss, Rey pointed the knife at his throat. So he had to prove himself worthy to her. It was a strange, she was in arm’s reach, but she didn’t want what happened at the river to happen again. It was unfair. Did she not know how lucky she was to have someone like him? Perhaps there were other ways of persuasion.

“She’s making you a fool,” came a whisper as he felt the light touches on his chest, “You’re no better than a dolphin to her.”

“Go away,” he growled low, keeping his eye on Rey as she raised her spear high again.

“Or what?” the whispered continued, “She rejected you. It’s only a matter of time before the enable happens.”

There an ear piercing scream followed by a loud splashes and gurgling. Kylo’s eyes widen as he watched Rey started to be dragged out to sea. Nymphs were very jealous creatures and with a prize like Kylo, they were not too keen on sharing. He propelled himself towards his surface dweller only to be tossed around by a large wave. He heard Rey gasp for air before calling out his name and being pulled under again. The nymphs giggled, masking themselves in the current. Kylo streamlined himself towards Rey once more, reaching for her and was thrown off by another wave. He paused, sinking himself lower into the sand and looked above him. If he could spot her from above, he might have a better chance to rescue her. He spotted the silhouette of her body tumbling in the water and pushed himself off, streamlining himself towards her. He wrapped an arm around her waist and they broke towards the surface. He didn’t stop swimming till they were back on the shore. Rey coughed and gasped, her eyes closed as Kylo watched her slowly regain her breath. She was soaked, head to toe, but Kylo seemed so drawn to her stillness. His heart was still pounding at the thought of nearly losing her. He tucked a wet lock of hair behind her ear and let his fingers trace the shell. She was so captivating to him. His fingers linger along her cheek, calming him as he followed the pattern of her star clusters. When he got to the bridge of her nose, he pulled away as she let out a loud cough. Her eyes fluttered slowly opened and her golden eyes met his dark orbs.

“Kylo,” she said weakly.

“Rey,” he replied and was shocked when she wrapped her arms around his neck. She was
trembling as she pulled herself against him. She softly cried into his chest and Kylo couldn’t help but rub her sides.

“I hate the water,” she whimpered.

“You don’t hate it,” he whispered into her ear and he continued to soothe her, “You just slipped is all.”

“I could have sworn, something pulled me under.”

“Shh… don’t think about it,” he continued, enjoying this closeness, “What’s important is you’re here. You’re safe. No harm will ever come to you.”

Rey pulled back, looking up at him before eyeing his lips.

“I guess you want a reward,” she implied.

“No reward,” he smiled as he lightly cupped her chin, “but if you’d let me, I can catch us something to eat.”

Her pretty mouth parted as if to say something more before turning towards his cheek and placing a soft peck on one of his stars.

“Thank you,” she said softly, “for rescuing me.”

Kylo watched her as Rey stoked the fire. She was shivering, still in her wet clothes. He knew she was still wary of his intentions. Still the shivering made him concerned. He wiggled himself closer, being mindful of her fire, and draped an arm over her. He watched her cheek darken as he pulled her flushed against his chest.

“How… how are you so warm?” Rey asked.

“It’s natural I guess,” Kylo said, “My uncle used to say we generate more heat when we’ve bonded with our mate.”

“We’re not mates,” she said quickly and tried to push herself away.

“Please Rey,” he spoke with gentleness that stopped her fight, “I just want to help you.”

She looked at him, her eyes more stunning in the dying fire light. She worried her lip with her teeth. He knew she was still frighten of him. Perhaps he was too forward with her. They came from very different worlds. If she were of his kind, she would still deny this, deny him? She relented and tugged off the wet garments, still shaking, but Kylo wasn’t sure if it was from the cold or from embarrassment. They laid down in the cool sand as he tucked her into his side. He rubbed her small back and felt along her spine as she shivered from his touch. However she hummed as she burrowed herself into him. Her soft breath on his chest made him groan with pleasure. Her naked body pressed against him once more. Now he should be able to finish what he set out to start.

“Kylo…” Rey said softly, “I… uh… have been thinking… about what happened in the river…”

Kylo’s interest peaked as he turned to look at her. He felt her small finger trace his constellation as she tried to think of the right words to say.

“You were going to umm… mate with me…” she paused, taking deep breath before meeting his gaze, “Why?”
“Why not?”

“I may have spied one of your nymph friends as you hunting,” she admitted, “They are beautiful creatures. They said you should have let me drown.”

A low growl rumbled in his chest. Those devils didn’t know when to quit.

“Rey if they hurt you…”

“No, Kylo… I know you would never let that happen. Today almost proves that, but they said it would never work with us… That I should go back to my own kind…” she sat up, hugging her knees close to her chest, “or just let them drown me… end my suffering…”

Kylo heard her sniffle and saw the tears form in the corner of her eyes.

“Go back to my own kind… ha,” she giggled, “As if I could, not like there would be anyone who would take me back.”

Kylo traced a line between her shoulders and let his claws light graze down her back. Rey turned to him, her cheeks stained with tears as the fell freely.

“Come here, little one,” he said as he helped her straddle herself across his waist. From this angle she was desirable. With the stars above her, she was as divine as the females he saw in the paintings and prints. She was his for the taking. His and only his. Kylo brought her hands to rest on his shoulders as he felt the warmth of her sex on him. He hummed as he stroked her soft thighs and eyed the patch of curls before looking at her. She had the desire for him, she just need a push.

“Let me take away your pain,” he started as his hands started rubbing her sides, “Let me ease your mind from those restless thoughts,” his thumb grazed along her right nipple, making her breath hitch, “Let the world be jealous of the beauty that you are,” his other hand snaked behind her head, pulling her closer towards him, never breaking eye contact, “For you will be seduced by the prince of the sea.”

They kiss softly, with lips grazing against each other before Rey sank her fingers into the thick trestles of Kylo mane, deepening it. Kylo released a rumble of pride as his claws settled on her hips. He was delighted when she released her own soft purr as she started to kiss his cheeks and jawline. Her tongue lightly painted along the length of his neck as Kylo groaned, smirking to himself. He unleashed something inside her as he felt her hips grind against him. Rey’s desire was starting to spill out in moans and mewls as she seemed to be seeking a way for them to become one. Her hand searched lower, feeling for a sensitive slit. He growls as her fingers rubbed the seams. She captured his lips once more before he rolled them over, taking her hands and pinning them above her head.

“Kylo,” she mewl, her legs wrapping around his waist, “Please…”

He ran a hand down to patch of curls and felt her want. When he brought his fingers to his lips, he hummed with satisfaction. She was his for the taking.

“So this is how you win,” came the voice, “Bewitch the little beastly to submit to you.”

“How pathetic,” spoke another from the forest, “Just like you did to our sisters and now they wish to kill her.”

He let out a snarl before nibbling on Rey’s tender skin. She moaned in his ear, breathing sighs of pleasure as his licked the sensitive spot on her neck.
“What happens when the spell breaks?” the voice taunted, “She’ll hate you.”

His mouth hovered over her erect nipple as Rey arched her back. The lovely bud grazing his lush lips as he froze.

“That she’ll surely throw herself willing to the sea,” laughed a voice.

Kylo released Rey from his grasp and pulled away.

“What’s wrong?” she asked as she pushed herself up, her hand splayed across his chest as she tried to pull him back down, but instead he took her wrist. Kissing them delicately, he wave his hand over her, willing her to sleep and laying her down gently onto the sand. He couldn’t stop the guilt he felt raising in his throat. He took the blanket she was sitting on, another item that she happened to find from her ship wreck, and wrapped her in it. He laid next to her and watched the raise and fall of her chest. He was disgusted with himself. How dare he resorted to such tactics, but he wanted her. He wanted her more than anything he could ever possess. She was worth more than any gold he could ever find as she glamour more than any of the stars in the heaven.

“Please Rey,” he whispered, “please let me keep you.”

Chapter End Notes

New chapter. Let's give Kylo so powers and hope for the best. Hope you guys enjoyed. Kudos and comments make me feel more alive. If you have a Tumblr, you can find me: http://mantabel.tumblr.com

Thanks and I hope you all enjoy.
Rey was drowning. All around her was just water and there nothing for her to do but sink. She couldn’t breath as she felt a weight pushing her down. This was it. This was how she died. Lost to the abyss like every wayward sea dog. She should just accept it. She was a nobody and was to die a nobody. Then there was a shift in the water. A pair of strong arms wrapped around her middle pulling her in to a warm body. She saw familiar pair of brown eyes, warm as the summer sun. “Rey, please let me keep you.” Rey bolted up, tangled up in the blanket as she tried to slow her racing heart. Her fire was dead and the sun was high. It must have been midday, but more notable, Kylo was gone. Rey’s panic started stir up again as she looked out towards the ocean. The waves roared on as her eyes darted around. Why would he leave her? Why wouldn’t he just wake her and take him with her? She paced along the shoreline, hoping to spot him anywhere, her ankles in the water. “Drown…” came a chilling voice, “Drown and never be seen again.” Rey froze and stared out at the sea again. It was calming, soothing, and inviting. Perhaps Kylo is out there waiting for her. He is of the sea, perhaps there she could find him. So to the water she would go. There she would find Kylo and never be lonely again. He wanted her. He desired her. He would keep her. No more would she deny him. She would give him everything. The water lapped around her, slowly gathering at her waist but she needed to go further out. “Drown... you worthless beastly…” said the voice again. Rey soon found her toes were barely grazing the sea floor and found herself starting to swim further out. If she went further out, then she would find Kylo and give him everything. She would mate with him. She would feel whole for once and he was the key. The current started getting stronger. She found it hard to keep her head above water. “Drown!!! Drown and never be seen again! Worthless beastly!!!” “Rey!” came Kylo’s voice. The haze Rey’s mind was swimming in cleared and she realized swam too far out from the beach. Panic started to seep in as Rey struggled to find purchase. Soon it felt like a hand had wrapped around her ankle once more and started to drag her down. Whatever the demon, it was not going to let her go a second time. Deep and deep Rey sank as she tried to fight off the invisible force that was pulling her into the watery abyss. No, she didn’t want to die. Not this way, she needed Kylo. Kylo. Kylo. The world around her was going dark and she was running out of air. Much like the dream she had before, this was how she going to die. No matter how hard she struggled, the grip would not let her go. Giving up would be so easy. Just let death sweep her away and fade from existence. Just as her eyes began to close, a pair of strong arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her into a warm body and a pair of lush lips pressed against hers, willing her back into life. Rey coughed and gasped as she struggled against the sand. Water spewed from her mouth as she tried to get her bearings again. She was still on that god forsaken island and next to her was the most beautiful merman she had ever laid eyes on. His face riddled with concern, soften slowly as she came back to life.
“Rey,” he said softly, stroking her cheek. Her name had never sounded more heavenly than the way he said it. Her heart fluttered with joy as she enjoyed his touch. She turned her face to kiss his palm before meeting his gaze.

“Kylo,” she whispered, “what happened? Where did you go?”

“Never mind that,” he answered, kissing her forehead, “We need to get you away from the shore. The nymphs won’t stop.”

“But where?”

He had her hold onto him as the ventured further into the forest, upstream to where they found a waterfall. He signal for her to hold her breath as they dove under. They entered into a cave with shimmering crystals all around them, when they came up for air. Rey took in the wonder she beheld before her. Paintings and portraits, books lined the walls, scattered jewelry everywhere, a broken oar, a sword were only a few things she could make out. Kylo helped her on the ledge as she continued to look at their surroundings.

“Kylo,” she whispered.

“These are my collections. Things that I’ve found from the wreckages,” he gleamed with pride as he rested his arms on the edge of the cave floor as Rey walked up to a painting.

She knew this one or knew of it. The captain had mentioned to her of the royal fleet that was carrying paintings from Rome to her majesty, commission prints of the gods and goddesses of the old world. She marveled that he was able to get this piece of the goddess of passion and the god of war. The goddess had soft, porcelain skin with rosy cheeks and luscious lips while the god seemed to have skin of ash with red eyes that blazed with desire for his lover. They were tangled in a fit of passion with the god’s lips on the goddess’s neck, much in the way Kylo’s were on Rey’s a few days ago. When Rey touched the faded mark, it seemed to burn as she shivered at the memory. Goddess seemed the smile as the god’s hands roamed over her body. Rey could only imagine what was happening under the sheet that hid their lower half but the goddess’s breasts were on display, but it was the eyes that seemed to flirt with whoever, almost challenging Rey. She looked down at her thigh, where the scars were slowly fading from Kylo’s scale.

He meant no harm to her. He never did. He save her life twice. He wanted her, desired her like the god did with his goddess. Rey traced over the scars lightly before Kylo spoke, breaking her train of thought.

“I always liked that one,” he stated at the painting she was eyeing, “Something I had always hoped to have. You look almost like her.”

Rey laughed.

“Me? A goddess? You flatter me.”

“I mean what I say, Rey,” he said, as he hoisted himself out of the water, “You are just as beautiful as her, if not more.”

Rey turned to meet his gaze. His eyes were drifting over her, taking her in as he had done many time before.

“Kylo, close your eyes,” she commanded and he did. Rey scooted closer towards him. Taking in his features, his long lashes, his high cheek bones, the wavy locks and those full lips, but it was his spots she probably loved the most. Stars, he called them, that made him more handsome than any other being. She raised to her knees, her eyes darting to his lips once more. He could protect her.
He could give her everything she needed, the belong she wanted. Who needed the world she had left? Here she could finally be wanted. She leaned in and kissed him ever so delicately on his mouth. He hummed like he always did when they kissed and took the chance to pull her into his lap. He nipped lightly on her lip, but she took charge to snake her tongue into his mouth, tasting the salt, fish and warmth she seemed to like. Kylo groaned as he shifted her, making her whimper as her sensitive nipple rubbed against his hot chest. His claws were digging into her hips as she slowly began to move them, trying to find the friction she desire.

“Kylo,” she breathed as he released her from the kiss to nibble on her tender skin. She knew he was going to bruise her, decorate her skin with purple, red and blue marks from his lips and teeth. He was going to claim her and she would give him everything.

“Yes,” she sighed as she felt her core start to burn as the heat start to build. She hissed when she felt him sink his teeth into her shoulder and licked the tender skin, making her dizzy.

“Say you want me,” he growled into her tit before suckling on her nipple.

“I want you,” she whined as her hips wiggled against him.

“Say you desire me,” he murmured as his tongue lapped at her other one.

“I desire you,” she repeated as she arched her back and wove her fingers into his locks.

“Say you’re mine,” he groaned, licking the length of her neck as the head of his cock bumped her clit.

“I’m yours,” she shuddered as Rey felt herself becoming dizzy from the sense of pleasure she felt.

Oh, his cock had to be the best cock in the world. Never would she have seen herself being seduce by such a beast as him with a such a large garth. When she looked down, she saw how long it was, snuggled between the clef of her pussy, purple and proud, dripping with want. She lifted herself up, whimpering at the large head at her entrance and began to slowly lower herself.

“Rey,” he growled, stilling her for a moment, “not yet. Let me taste you.”

Kylo laid her on her back on the cool cave floor as he sipped back into the water. Her legs dangled as he pulled her closer towards the edge. He wedge his body between her legs as he threw them over his shoulders. His thumbs parted her nether lips to take in the beauty that her forbidden fruit hold. She shuddered when she felt him sniff her scent and blushed more when she heard his sigh of content.

“Better than imagine,” he said as she looked down at him. He kissed her right thigh a few times before turn over to her left and biting on the inner part. Rey’s hand bolted to her mouth to cover the embarrassing noise she was making.

“No,” he growled, “I want to hear you.”

Her hands slammed down on to the floor of their own will. Her nails scraped along the ground in anticipation. She was quivering from his hot breath as his mouth hovered. With a long, lazy lap of his tongue, Rey bit on hard on her lip till she tasted her blood. The sensation he was filling her with was too much. Her head was spinning by the time the tip of his tongue flicked against her clit. Her hips jolted forward as he threw his weight on top of her. His claws were digging into her flesh as stillled her. The next lazy lap produce a rumble from deep in his chest before sucking on her labia. Whimpers formed at the back of her throat as Kylo’s eyes closed. She could almost feel how pleased he was to taste her. Soon his tongue probbed her entrance almost like he was trying to devour her from the inside out. When his lips latched onto the little bud of nerves was when she
finally released a moan. It echoed through the cavern as Rey’s nails dug into his thick lock, trying to push him further into her crotch. He hummed with pride which made her body convulse more as she felt the first wave of pleasure build inside her. He nipped lightly on the outer lips before licking the slit with more vigor. Rey let out a primal cry that seemed to buried deep inside as the rush of new sensation filled her blood streams. Her body folded around Kylo as she trembled. Never had she been hit with that amount of ecstasy before. She felt like she had ascended into a higher plain. She almost thought her soul had left her body only for it to crash back into her. Her head hit the cool cave floor as she tried to regain her breathing. Kylo’s tongue lapped up ever bit of her, savaging her like a fine wine. She could have sworn she heard him purring like a cat that just had its milk as he pulled himself out of the water.

“Rey,” his voice had changed to a deep timbre as his eyes were so hypnotic, he cupped her cheek, his thumb light caressing her, “Let me keep you.”

In an instant the world around her when black by the time his lips nearly met hers. She woke up on the beach, draped in the blanket she had found from the wreckage. Her mind was muddy, only making our fragments of where she was or how she had gotten there.

“Ahoy!” came a cry from the sea. When Rey looked out, she saw a ship of the royal fleet. Tears whaled up in her eyes as a boat was deployed to go ashore. She waved frantically for them as the tears flowed down her face. She was going to be saved. She was going to be rescued. She was going home.

The crewmen assisted aboard the ship. She allowed in the captain’s quarters to change as the provided her with a spare shirt and trouser. When went above deck, she was feed handsomely and give ale to warm her bones. The captain, a Carmel skin sailor with dark curls, introduced himself as Poe Dameron. He was a handsome man with an infectious smile. He noted the wounds that were all over her body. When he asked what creature had done this to her, her mind went blank. She knew how she got to the island, but everything between then and now had just seemed to be lost.

“Whatever it was,” the sea captain said, “it probably was a vile thing.”

“Somehow… I don’t think it was,” she answered as she looked back at the island slowly disappearing into the distance.

Chapter End Notes

New chapter. It's been a while. Hope you like it. If you're a fan of this one, do check out my other stories such as The Prince and the Scavenger and Letters to the Girls I Loved. Kudos and comments are welcomed. Please and thank you, ya'll.
Kylo was so close. He could still taste her on his lips. She was going to give in. His uncle, however, had other plans. He was pulled back into the water by a strong force. Dragged out of his cove, down the river, and to the depths of the ocean, leaving Rey behind as he was met by a merman with tuffs of grey hair and a beard. He was met with cold, icy eyes that held disappointment towards the young merman. Kylo was now in his uncle’s lair where the walls were lined with potions and scrolls, his crystal ball clouded with visions only he could see. Though he was small, Luke was a very powerful warlock. Revered by many and feared by most, he knew what Kylo had done.

“Seducing nymphs is one thing, but now you’ve exposed yourself to the likes of those who dwell from above,” his uncle’s voice bellowed through the room.

“She’s alone!” Kylo argued back, “No one is going to look for her! And I found her.”

“This not like one of those oddities you find in one of those wreckages, Kylo,” Luke warned as he took his scepter, “She is a living thing who can only live on fish and fruit for so long.”

“Then make her one of us!”

“It is not our way, Kylo and you know that.”

Kylo was in rage. How dare he judge him when he doesn’t understand? He swam to charge at his uncle only to be thrown back against the wall by a powerful force.

“Your mother had asked me not to get involved, that she only saw it as mere infatuation and the eventful the nymphs would do what they always do,” his uncle continued, “but it was clear to me that this was not going away and that were using your power against her.”

“She was willing,” Kylo growled.

“Yet your confidence shifted and under your gaze and voice she was powerless to you,” his uncle’s voice bellowed, “You know what happens with that or have you forgotten the forest nymph they drowned because of your charm?”

“I wouldn’t have let that happen to her!”

“You miss the point,” his uncle turned from him and to the crystal ball. Rey appeared being carried away to a ship with people like her, “She’ll have no memory of you or the time on the island. If you truly care about her, you’ll let her go.”

“What have you done?” he asked. His uncle looked upon him with a somber look.

“You’ll understand one day.”

Kylo bolted for his sea lair and made a break towards the surface. He searched aimlessly for Rey or the ship, but there was no used. She was far away. Perched upon a rock, he wept. He felt like his heart had been ripped from his chest. She was everything he had ever wanted and his uncle took that away from him. His happiness, his sense of peace, gone. He feared what the nymphs would do to her, but had never thought of what his uncle. He pounded onto the boulder till chucks
fell into the ocean. He wished for the sea to swallow him whole. Death would ease his aching heart. However the tides seem to change around him. They shifted and swirled as bubbles formed into foam. Head poked out from it, the face deformed with shark bites and claw marks, mouth at a slant, and a pair of captivating blue eyes appeared under Kylo.

“You mourn what you have no control,” came a menacing voice. Kylo was frozen in fear as the beast revealed himself. He was covered in discolored spots that consist of faded browns, blacks, and blues. The slack of his mouth seemed to curve in a crooked smile as he reached to take Kylo’s face in his taloned hand.

“Poor Kylo Ren. Misunderstood by everyone,” the creature continues as he stroked Kylo’s chin, “When you finally have what you want, they wish to rip it from your grasps. First the nymphs and now your uncle, such a pity.”

“What do you want, beast?” he growled as he took his chin back.

“I only wish you help you, your majesty,” the creature smile as he propped himself on the rock, tentacles circled around Kylo as the sea monster threw an arm over his shoulder, “It’s what I live for. Poor, misunderstood souls like yourself who have been judged and casted out by your own kind, because they don’t understand you. Or better yet, the fear what you do understand.”

“What are you getting at?” Kylo cocked an eyebrow as he looked into the sea creature’s piercing eyes.

“I wish to help you rejoin with human so your mating can commence,” his finger had twirled around a bit of Kylo’s mane as he move closer, “See I used to be beautiful like you. Long before the tyrant Luke Skywalker banished me from the colony. Chased by the sharks, whales and dolphins, deforming me in the way you see me now.”

“You... you knew my uncle?”

(Of course,” the beast gave an eerie grin that was unsettling, “but he did not like my ideals when he found out his sister had sired a boy with a man of land. I wished to help her rejoin with her mate, but he would not have it. Casting me out as a mad man who wished to destroy the poor spirit of his sister.”

“My mother? But that’s impossible... I’m the son of Ackbar.”

“Is that the lie they told you? You poor, innocent child,” he whispered, “have you never once questioned your influence over the nymphs of sea and land or how you were able to communicate flawlessly with the human girl? It’s in your blood. You are a powerful force to be reckon with. Once you harshness this power, you can be the ruler of land and sea. The command in your voice is one of your many talents.”

Kylo was taken back. He had never once thought of his change in timbre a gift. To bend the will of those around him. He started to feel sick. Perhaps, it was for the best his uncle sent Rey away. He couldn’t bare to think of what the consequences would be. He hung his head low in defeat.

“Cheer up, boy,” the monster continued, “You would have never harmed the girl. She wanted you too. I could sense it when you were about to mate. She would have given herself willing with or without your command.”

“So is that all you’re here for?” questioned the young merman, “To pity me?”

“I merely wish to offer my set to you, young prince. For a month I’ll turn you into a human and send you to her. All I ask in exchange is that lovely voice of yours.”
“But without my voice, how will she...”

“You have your looks, that pretty face and don’t underestimate the use of body language,” he winked, “Her kind are not talking. Preen and polish yourself, she’ll see is truly within. You get the girl to fall in love with you, you get to stay human forever, but if not, you go back to the way you are.”

Kylo thought this over looking down at his hands.

“If I do this, than I’ll never see my family again.”

“She needs my life to keep her heart strong. Mere sacrifices to be made when dealing with affections of the heart,” the sea monster before sticking out his hand, “So, do we have a deal?”

Thunder rumbled in the distance as the water started to crash harder against the rock. Perhaps he should turn back, go home and fulfill his duties as next in line. Yet, a part of him could not let go of Rey. He could see her in the stats above him, the clusters that twinkled so brightly. He feeds on that hope that she might be looking under that same sky, longing for him to find her. Turning once more to the sea monster and shakes his hand. Electricity shoots through his veins in an instant. The tentacles wrap around his body, binding and holding him to keep him from breaking free. With a loud gasp, he feels something rip from his throat and his fin being torn apart. He had never felt so much pain in his entire life as the fangs retreated from his mouth and his web hands opened wider. He tried to let out a blood curtailing scream, but silence only followed. Soon he was shot down into the water, bolting across the ocean in a tiny ball. Before he knew it, he was struggling to breathe. When he went to open his mouth, he was met with a big gulp of salt water. He struggled to move his arms as he made his way towards the surface. He gasped for air in his new pair of lungs before being dragged under the water. His powerful tail was gone and trying to wiggle without was nearly impossible. He broke for the surface one more before feeling the pull of the current again. He was going to die before his journey even began, but he would not give up as he kicked for the surface again. He gasped for air as he found footing on the sand. He crawled to the shore and flopped on his back, taking his time to gasp for air. His gills circled around him as if eyeing him as new prey. He looked above him as dark clouds rolled over him. His eyelids were slowly getting heavier, struggling to stay awake.

He should rest. Once he’s gains his strength again, he can find Rey and they could be together once more. So, he closed his eyes, welcoming sleep for the first time in a long time.

“Kylo,” came her sweet voice, “You came for me, Kylo.” She was a vision in white as the gown hung off her shoulders and flowed around her body. “Now we can finally be together. Just us. Say you’ll be mine.” She gently caressed his face. She smiled at him as he took in the light dusting of stars on her cheeks and shoulders. He went to remove the garment, but she stopped him. “Say you’re mine and I’ll give you everything.” He groaned as she pressed her body against his. “Say it, Kylo.” She groped his cock. “Say it... say it... say it...” So he opened his mouth and nothing came out. He went to try again and the result was still the same as her hand stilled. “What’s wrong? Do you not want me?” The smile on her face fell as tears welled up in her eyes. “So you have truly abandoned me. You never wanted me.” He frantically shakes his head No and tries to hold onto her but she’s slipping away. “You never wanted me.” She’s fading into the darkness as he reaches for her again. Her face is still visible but only for a few moments as Kylo’s finger graze her cheek. “Rey,” he finally said to the whisper of smoke.

His eyes slowly open as he feels the warmth surrounding him. His head hurt and his bone ached, yet he felt the soft cushion around him. He took in the room around him. It was small with what seemed like a fireplace, a bookshelf and a dresser. The was a small table to his left which held a pitcher and a water basin, but it was the delicate hands dipping the cloth into the basin that gave
him pause. From the hand, he took in the bodice of the simple grey dress, to the bosom that peeked out, to the long neck, to the oval face with those sea colored eyes he had missed so much. And those clusters that painted across her cheeks, nose and face never made him feel more alive than he did now. His heart was pounding violently, his head swimming in a daze as she seemed to hesitate when she met his gaze.

“Oh,” Rey said, “you’re awake.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow! Surprise update! Couldn’t leave you hanging after the last chapter. Hope you enjoy.
The Sea Calls Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rey was placed in a house with a miller and his wife, good friends of the good sea captain. Finn was a man of dark complexion and his wife was a woman of eastern descent. They had met per chance wanting to start a new life for both of them as free people. They happened upon the mill as the good captain was looking to sell, however, out of good faith he gave it to the happy couple who were ready for this new lease on life. Finn and Rose were very happy with each other and were also very happy for their newest housemate. They promise her food and a roof if she helped with the chores around their small farm and help nanny their son, Elias. Rose was heavy with another child that was not due till the spring. Rey look upon this family with much envy. Here two lost souls were able to find happiness with so little and yet here she was, a complete stranger to them but they were willing to welcome her with open arms.

“If the captain thinks you’re good, then you’re good to us,” Finn said with a warm smile one night as she was stoking the fire.

She was fortunate that the loving couple lived by the sea. There she could stare out and watch the waves as they crashed upon the shore. Her longing for the sea had not change since the departure of the naval captain, if anything it only grew strong. She felt it’s pull everyday and night as she travel to town to help the miller sell his grains or to walk with his wife and child to shop. In the evening, when everyone was asleep, Rey would venture towards the water. With the cool summer breeze on her face, she’d strip in the night till she was as naked as a new born and submerge herself into the water, tasting the salt like she was dying of thirst. Sometimes she would just sit at the shore and listen to the songs that blew in the winds, those that seemed to be sad, like lovers that had been ripped apart. There was a hole in Rey’s heart. She felt most when she stared at the sea.

In her dreams, Rey would be on the island again. Alone, basking in the sun as the waves crashed upon the shore, she would hear someone calling her name. A deep rumble, almost like thunder, spoke her name. Soon she would feel strong, broad hands all over her naked body, caressing her like she was a precious object.

Mine... it would whisper, “I found you. I keep you.”

Then she would feel soft kisses on her neck and shoulder followed by light nips as a blur of a man formed before her eyes. However her mind would be fogged with passion that she almost couldn’t comprehend what was happening to her.

“You taste divine...” he’d whisper into her chest before sucking on her teat, “I want you all to myself... come back to me... we’ll live here on this island forever... you... and I...”

She would wake in a tangle of bedding, her skin stinky with sweat and her thighs slick with her want. This had been the worst of her dreams. So perhaps that’s why when she went to sea before the house was awake she found the body of a man on the shore. In a hurry, she ran to him, not caring that he was naked and knelt next to him. Her ear next his mouth, she could feel him breathing but it was faint. Thinking quickly, she pressed on his chest as she had seen done to a man who had been save from going overboard. After that, she blew some air into his lung. Soon he starts to cough up the water that had been blocking his lungs and turn over to his side. More water came out and Rey believed a sigh of relief when his chest began to expand. Who was this man? She stared at his angular face with speckles of moles and freckles and his wet raven locks.
He was a man, but not of this world. His face was nothing she had ever seen before and his lips…
there was something that was drawing her to them as her finger traced them. To kiss them would
be wonderful…

“Rey!” called Finn from above the sand dunes, breaking her from her trance. No, she had to save
him.

“Bring the wagon!” she cried back, “He’s still alive!”

Together they lifted the unconscious man into the cart and dragged him back to the house. Up the
stairs into Rey’s room, Rose and Rey dried his body and clothed as Finn stoked the fire. She
tucked him as best she could in the small bed she had as Rose helped layered with extra blankets
they had.

“No ring on his hand,” she noted, “and not a scrap of clothes on him,” Rose rubbed her belly to
calm the babe that was now kicking, “His face doesn’t look familiar at all.”

“Perhaps just a drunk sea dog that had too much to drink,” Finn added as he stood next to bed,
“His captain might come looking for him.”

Rey dabbed his forehead as the poor man shuddered, moaning softly from a night terror he
seemed to be having.

“May I stay with him?” she asked the miller and his wife, “I promise to do all the chores around
the house, but I just want to see him when he wakes.”

Finn turned towards Rose, who raised no objections. Finn nodded and went to see his son to
school before he headed towards the mill. So Rey milked the goats the couple had as Rose began
the wash. She would often stare at her window, hoping that the man might wake soon. After the
goats, she fed the chickens and collected any eggs. Then there helping Rose hang the linens to
dry. Next sweeping the halls and the stairs as she would press her ear against her door to her the
stranger soft snoring. She prayed that his nightmares would stay at bay. Soon, she was massaging
poor Rose’s swollen feet.

“I’ll be soon happier when this baby is out of me,” she laughed as she fanned herself, “He’s worse
than Elias was. Finn believes this one will grow to be a solider.”

“Have you decided on a name yet?” Rey asked as hope to distract her from the stranger in their
home.

“Emily,” she smiled, “Finn may be convinced we’re having another son, but I know for a fact that
it’s a girl.”

“And how do you know that?”

“Maz told me,” she simply said as she rubbed her belly, “Pretty, little Emily.”

Maz was the local midwife, who has help birthed at least two generations of babies. It was
rumored that she was a witch too and could predict anything by just looking at a person. When
she had met Rey, she had looked at her with such sad eyes, tell her that she mourned for her.

“You are missing a piece of your heart,” she had told her, “but soon you’ll get it back.”

Perhaps that was the reason she eyed her room so much that day. Here was a stranger who
washed up on the shore, from the sea that called to her every night. Something had drawn her to
him. Some part of her wished for him to live. When she entered her room that night, he was still
sleeping soundly. The soft glow of the fire seemed to almost give him a heavenly look. Maybe he was her guardian angel sent to look over her or maybe he was just a stranded, drunk sea dog she happen to find on the shore. She sighed before dipping the washcloth into the water basin. A soft groan was heard from the bed and she turned to meet a pair of smoldering, brown eyes. Her heart seemed to skip a beat in that moment as their eyes locked. Time stood still as they silently made their exchanges. Something about his look seemed to give her a sense of unevenness, like he was ready to pounce on her.

“You’re awake,” she said, “Good… perhaps we should get you something to eat… Are you hungry?”

He began to open his mouth, but nothing came. He tried again, only to loudly groan in frustration.

“It’s all right,” Rey reached for his shoulder, trying to calm him down, “it’s fine…” she sat on the bed, next to him and began to rub his arm, taken back by the pure muscle that was concealed in the sleeve of the gown. Soon she felt his thumb caress her cheek, making her look him in the eye again. There was a softness behind them, something had had almost made Rey want to cry. Why was he looking at her like that? Only lovers seemed to share a look like that. She had seen the way Finn looked at his wife when her back was turned to him. Now here was a stranger looking at her like that. He... wanted her and that was nearly frightening for her.

“I... umm... should...” but his lips were on hers before she could finish that sentence. He nipped at her lower lip as his tongue dove in to taste her. He pulled her to straddle his hips and Rey found herself willing, like her body had done this all before. Soft wantoning moans formed at her throat as he began to explore her curves, cupping her breasts through her dress as her finger threaded through his thick locks to deepen the kiss. Everything about this felt right as her hips seemed to have a mind of their own, grounding down against this man’s waist. He released from the kiss and started nipping and licking her neck. He pulled at the collar of her dress to expose her shoulder more so he could kiss and nip more of her skin. Rey’s head was spinning. She didn’t know what was happening as she felt a fire grow hotter inside of her. Then there was a small rip in her dress, where he was trying to reach for her breast, making her pull back.

“Wait…” she said softly at first before his mouth came crashing back on hers.

“Wait…” she mumble against his mouth as he had sudden found the strength to flip her onto her back. This had to stop.

“Wait…” she gasped as he start tugging hard at her dress. This not what she wanted. This man was mad and would not stop no matter how many times she begged. Her heart was racing as her mind was screaming at her to fight, but he was so big and his weight was almost too much. There was only one thing she could think to do, so she pulled at his hair hard, away from her now exposed chest and scratch at his face, making him stunned as he fell to the floor with a loud thud. Rey jumped from the bed and to the other side of the room, away from the predator as she tried to make herself right again. She could hear to loud steps of Finn’s heavy boots as he made his way towards the room. He barged in with a rifle in hand as he looked upon Re in her disheveled look and the stranger on the floor.

“What happened?” he asked.

“He fell,” she said quickly and over to the stranger’s side, “He hasn’t quite gotten his land legs back.”

“Your dress,” Finn noted.

“He was just trying to steady himself and misstepped is all,” she answered as she hoisted the man
up. He wobbled a bit, but seem grateful for how strong she was to keep him up. She helped back into the bed and eyed him closely, as if to give him a warning. “No need to worry, Finn. I was just about to get him some stew and tea.”

Finn eyed the pair wryly, but knew that Rey could take care of herself.

“Just don’t be afraid to call me,” he whispered to her as they left the room.

The stranger woofed down the stew like he hadn’t eaten in ten years, noisy slurping and moaning with delight on the potato and beef. Rey sat next to him in a chair as she watched him eat like a barbarian with no use for the spoon. When she poured him his tea, he took the cup and gulped the liquid in one go. She took the napkin and wiped his face for him as he watched her. He reached for her hand, but she quickly pulled away.

“Oh no you don’t,” she glared at him, “By the time you are well enough, you are leaving.”

Chapter End Notes

New chapter, because it's been a while. Hope you enjoy.

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