

caelum et infernum

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15078845) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15078845>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/M
Fandoms:	Star Wars Sequel Trilogy , Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens , Star Wars Episode VIII: The Last Jedi
Relationships:	Kylo Ren/Rey , Rey/Ben Solo Kylo Ren , Rey & Ben Solo Kylo Ren
Characters:	Rey (Star Wars) , Kylo Ren , Ben Solo Kylo Ren , Ben Solo , Poe Dameron , Finn (Star Wars)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements , References to Supernatural (TV) , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Alpha Kylo Ren , Omega Rey , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Scenting , Knotting , Explicit Sexual Content , but not right away , Basically the Millenium Falcon is Baby , Kylo/Ben is somehow both Sam and Dean? , Rey is a prophet , Poe is kind of Bobby Singer but hotter , Demons , Angels , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Finn is Castiel kinda , stormpilot is lowkey a stand-in for destiel , Hux is like Crowley but worse
Language:	English
Collections:	ABO Ben and Rey
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-28 Completed: 2018-09-05 Words: 42,884 Chapters: 10/10

caelum et infernum

by [monsterleadmehome](#)

Summary

Kylo Ren is a hunter. You name it, he hunts it: demons, vampires, ghosts, werewolves, etc. His alpha designation makes him exceptionally good at it. Scarce in today's mostly beta society, alphas are treated as outcasts, making his life on the road lonely.

That is until he meets Rey Johnson, a prophet who sees visions of the future. She also happens to be a rare omega. Once he saves her life, she must join him on the run as they are caught up in a battle between Heaven, Hell and their inexorable pull to each other.

Chapter 1

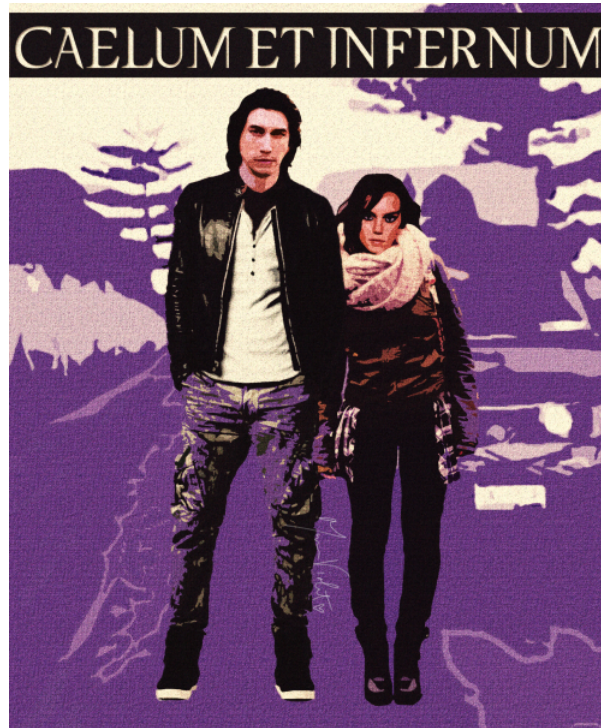
Chapter Notes

Hello there! Welcome to my first ever a/b/o fic! Why did I write an a/b/o when there's so many other good ones out there in the Reylo fandom right now? Well, dear reader, because I wanted to. And to make it extra self-indulgent, it also happens to be an homage to the originator of the trope, the SPN fandom. But don't worry, you don't have to be an SPN fan to enjoy this. I am basically just lifting all my angels/demons/monsters lore from the show.

I'm about halfway into the story so I should be able to update every Thursday, though comments do help the process! Also, please do check out this lovely [artwork](#) (now also embedded below) by the multi-talented [mrsvioletwrites](#), which serves as the cover art for this fic. She is amazing!

Many thanks to the lovely [raven_maiden](#) and [reylo-convert](#) for beta'ing this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



A '67 Falcon revs its way down the dusty back road and pulls into a decrepit gas station. Before pumping gas, the driver heads to the bathroom on the outside of the convenience store. He furiously scrubs the blood off his pale hands and looks at himself in what passes for a mirror, long rusted over and cloudy from years of disuse. He grabs a handful of paper towels and scrubs at the smear of blood running across his forehead. Once he's satisfied that

the blood is all gone, he looks at himself again. Sees his mother's eyes staring back at him, his father's nose. The beauty marks and moles that dot his face stand out against his pale skin. At least his longer hair hides his ears, he thinks. He rubs the stubble that has cropped up along his jaw. "I need a fucking drink," Kylo Ren says to his reflection. He pops up the collar on his faded black leather jacket and walks back to the car.

This town isn't much for ambiance, and so he pulls into the first hole-in-the-wall bar he can find. It has a nondescript name like Joe's or Moe's... who even cares? He took out a whole nest of vampires today, single-handedly, and all he wants is some goddamn whiskey. And maybe a piece of ass. The latter takes the form of a blonde bartender who's been undressing him with her eyes since he walked in. Usually the smart ones stay away from hunters, unless they've got that stubborn brave streak that glamorizes the life somehow. He thinks they must just not get a lot of hunters passing through.

After he knocks back a few drinks, and she is relieved by the second shift bartender, he follows her into the bathroom. No sooner has he covered her lips with his than she gasps and pulls away suddenly frightened. "You're... you're an alpha."

"You couldn't tell?" he growls, his erection making his pants unbearably tight and now he realizes he probably won't get what he came in here for.

"The bar is always full of so many smells, and you *have* to be on some kind of suppressants, right?" She says it with an indignant tone, like she wouldn't normally have made such a mistake.

He nods slowly, palms against the dirty bathroom tile on either side of her.

"I'm sorry, I can't. You seem nice enough, but—"

He doesn't let her finish. "Just go."

She runs out of the bathroom, and he drags a shaky hand through his hair. Then punches the wall. *Fuck* .

A few miles down the road, he finds the cheapest, seediest motel and checks in. It's only for one night so threadbare will do. He's had worse. As he lets the hot water run over his body in the dingy shower, he considers rubbing one out. It's been a little while, but in the end the mildew stains are enough to make him turn the shower to cold and finish up as quickly as possible. It doesn't matter anyway. He's gone without for so long now.

The only thing worse for your sex life than being a hunter, was being an alpha. Remnants of a dying age, there were hardly any left in the wild. One heard stories, but he'd never come across another alpha in his time on the road. People were scared, the rumors were wild, etc. It's not like Kylo was born this way, but it was a curse he had come to live with. Not all beta women were as squeamish as the bartender. In fact, some of them were turned on by his designation. He even had one in particular who became fixated with his knot. She was a little unstable, but a fun lay. It wasn't as if his job was conducive to relationships, so he was used to taking whatever he could get; these days it wasn't much.

Still, there was a part of him that longed for a partner. Someone who wouldn't be put off by what he did, who he was. He would dream about her sometimes: his omega, his other half. He knew she likely didn't exist, this fantasy woman. Omegas were just as rare as alphas anymore. He met one once, a man that he had helped vanquish a poltergeist. Friendly enough, but Kylo didn't swing that way. Besides, his scent had been all wrong. He was pretty sure from the extensive lore that he's read that your true mate would smell amazing. Sounds like some fairytale bullshit, but he could dream. With that thought, he rolls over in the squeaky bed and turns off the light. As he sleeps, he sees her again. Chestnut hair, tan skin, freckles. She is perfect and made for him. They fit just right. He wakes up hard and groans as he shoves his hand down his pants to take care of his problem.

In a similar rundown town the next state over, a woman grabs a wad of bills off the edge of the pool table, raises her shot of Patron and says, "Thanks for a lovely evening, gents." Then she downs the shot, tosses them a wink and starts to leave. The biggest of the group - was his name Dwayne or Wayne? - grabs her by the elbow.

"Not so fast, missy. You're just gonna tease us all night, take all our money, and not leave us anything to show for it?"

“That was the general idea, yeah.”

He moves in closer and takes an exaggerated whiff. “I don’t think so... *Omega* .” Her eyes widen in surprise. “Yeah, I could tell. Haven’t seen one of your kind in ages, but I hear you lot like to bend over and take it real good.”

He’s leering now, eyes traveling to the hint of cleavage showing beneath her gray V-neck. She doesn’t like drawing attention to herself, but the bastard is asking for it. “We do,” she says. He draws in a quick breath, but before he realizes what’s happening, she brings the heel of her boot down hard on his foot. As he yelps in pain, she slams her right elbow into his face and finishes with a knee to his groin. His friends start like they’re going to help but she holds them off with an outstretched hand. She spits on the floor beside him, “But only for an alpha, not a piece of shit beta like you.”

Rey Johnson turns, wipes her mouth off with the back of her hand, and gets the hell out of dodge.

No sooner has she swiped her keycard in the hotel room door than a blinding pain rips through her head and sends her to her knees. She grabs her temple with one hand and just manages to close the door behind her with the other before curling into a fetal position on the floor. She’s so used to the visions by now that she knows she just has to ride it out. The flashes begin and she sees demons, at least five of them, their bodies human but their black eyes shining like an oil slick. They smile as they advance on her. The leader, a bulky blonde man, holds the others back and says, “Remember, the boss wants her *alive* .”

The scene changes and the demons have overpowered her, dragging her off to God knows where when she sees a flash of black leather and is released from their grip. A man has taken down one of the demons and starts in on the others. The vision ends and Rey opens her eyes, heaving gulps of air into her lungs. She never knew when her premonitions would come true, only that they would. She hadn’t been wrong once in the three years since she’d started having them. Who was this mystery man that was seemingly coming to her rescue?

It would happen sooner or later, of that she was sure, but she was too exhausted to pack up and run tonight. Besides, the surroundings in her vision look nothing like the hotel room she’s currently occupying. She quickly showers off the filth of the day and throws on an AC/DC t-shirt to sleep in. As she nestles into the covers, she thinks again about the man in black. There was something about him, something familiar. When she dreams, he comes to

her again, and she can see him more clearly - he has dark hair, pale skin, and his arms are incredibly strong. She awakens to sunlight streaming through the blinds and a dull ache between her legs.

The bell over the glass door clangs as Kylo enters the small diner. He sits down at a booth with his laptop in tow and does some research while the waitress pours his coffee. He orders eggs, bacon, and toast as he reads over the latest news stories looking for his next job. There has been a rash of suicides in a town one state over, which in and of itself isn't that unusual, but then he reads that the wife of one of the victims said it smelled like sulfur in the room where she found her husband. Sulfur usually equals demons. He will hunt anything paranormal, but some time has passed since he last dealt with demons. He's always got revenge on his mind where they're involved.

"More coffee?" The waitress is back with the pot and his food.

"Yes, thank you." Kylo pushes his cup towards her. As he digs into his food, his decision is already made. He'll head over there and check it out.

After finishing up and leaving a generous tip for the waitress, he jumps in the Falcon and hits the open road. It's about a three hour drive so he's glad he had that second cup of coffee. He rummages through the box of old cassette tapes he keeps in the car and picks Led Zeppelin for the ride. He keeps telling himself he needs to update the sound system, get satellite radio or something installed, but the tapes were his dad's, and he can't seem to part with them. Just like the car, and his jacket. For a man who changed his name to forget, he sure has kept a lot of things that only make him remember. He pushes his morbid thoughts away as merges onto the interstate. Hopefully, he has a job to do.

He pulls up to the widow's house and turns off the engine. It's a nice old victorian style with a wrap around porch and a tire swing tied to the tree out front. He tucks a flask of holy water into the interior pocket of his jacket just to be safe and approaches with caution. After a couple knocks, a small woman with gray hair answers. She looks frail and it plays on Kylo's emotions. He's always tough on the outside, but the job wears on him like it would any sane person. "Mrs. Stevens?"

“Yes, are you with the police? I already answered all their questions. It seemed to be a closed case to them.”

“No, no. My name is Kylo, I’m a grief counselor. I’m here to check up on you, see how you’re doing.”

“Pretty shitty, my husband just killed himself.” She pulls no punches. He likes her. “But come on in.”

After chatting with the widow a bit, Kylo learns a few things. Mr. Stevens was not suffering from depression, and they were planning a trip to Aruba next spring for their 50th wedding anniversary. His taking his own life did not make a bit of sense. He inspected the room where she found her husband and found a bit of sulfuric residue on the window ledge. Definitely a demon. But why was the bastard making people off themselves?

He leaves Mrs. Stevens, who claimed she was feeling better after his visit, and finds a nearby hotel to check into. This one is a little nicer than the last place, but after so many, they all start to blur together. He logs onto his computer to try to figure out what the other victims had in common. Turns out, it’s the school. Mr. Stevens was a professor, Susan was a student, and Gerry was the janitor. There were five others as well. He decides to order a pizza and tackle the school in the morning.

She knows it’s time. Rey has stayed too long in this town already and has started to attract unwanted attention. It’s only been recently that she’s had to take up the nomadic life. She was perfectly happy in Jakku prior to all this vision shit. She had a steady job as a mechanic, access to parts for her motorcycle, and her own studio apartment. It wasn’t much, but it was enough. Until that damned angel showed up.

“Rey,” his voice was mellifluous and soothing. Still, it was disconcerting to wake up with a stranger standing over your bed, even if he was quite handsome. She rose and tried to knock him out with the bat she kept by her bed. He just held up his arm and it broke in half.

“Who- who are you?” she managed to eek out.

“I am an angel of the Lord.” He spoke so self-assuredly, his dark skin illuminated by the moonlight filtering in through her chevron curtains.

“Right, and I’m the queen of-” but her words were cut short because it was then he chose to unfurl his black wings, which took up the entire width of the room.

“You have been chosen for an important mission. Do you accept?”

This was ridiculous. Things like this did not happen in real life. Had she been drinking? She stared at him for a minute before answering, “What’s the mission?”

“All will be revealed in time. You have been chosen because you are pure of heart. What you will receive is a gift, but it is also a burden and comes with a price. If you accept, you will become a prophet and save many from peril, but it will also be a lonely life. For if you take up the mantle of prophet, you must also bear the burden of an omega.”

An omega ? She thought those were just a myth. “I thought omegas were extinct, but even so, wouldn’t it be a little late for me to present now? I’m eighteen.”

“Nothing is impossible with God.”

Right. An angel would give a Sunday school answer. “Can I have some time to think about this?”

“You will have three days. At that point, if you have not said yes, another worthy soul will be chosen and you will lose the opportunity forever.”

And just like that, he had disappeared with the noise of his wings flapping, though she couldn’t see them anymore. It wound up not taking three whole days. She was up to her elbows in an engine when it hit her, and she called out to the angel to say, “yes.” She had always known she was meant for something more. The omega thing, though, that was

different. Rey found suppressants right away and had never been off them in the three years since. She had never even had her first real heat. She planned to keep it that way.

These are the things on her mind and she packs her meager belongings into her duffel bag and takes off on her motorcycle. She doesn't always know where she's going when she packs up and leaves, but her prophetic inner compass always tells her when to stop. She knows she's likely heading into a trap because she's foreseen it, but she goes just the same.

She has just arrived in the next town when she feels the pain at the base of her skull. She pulls off to the side of the road and holds her helmeted head in her hands as a vision sweeps through. The pain varies according to the length and strength of the vision. Now she sees flashes of a naked woman, older with auburn hair, she is getting into a bathtub with a straight razor. What Rey sees next causes her to retch into the dirt. The water in the tub turns red. She has to find the woman before it's too late.

Kylo walks around the school. It is eerily quiet with the kids in class, and no one seems to care that there's a mysterious stranger in a black leather jacket stalking the halls. Maybe that's part of the problem. He rounds the corner towards the cafeteria when he notices a weasley little man with a thin face watching him. His spine tingles so he heads towards the man. It doesn't help suspicions any when the man starts to run.

As Kylo takes off after him, he is glad he had the forethought to tag every exit with a devil's trap beneath the dust mats. He finds the man trapped just outside the side entrance of the school. He is wriggling and trying to move off the mat, but an invisible force keeps him tethered to that spot.

"Comfortable?" Kylo asks, moving to face him.

"Alpha scum," he spits.

"You should be nicer to me, or I might just send you back to hell now." He takes the flask out of his jacket, unscrews it, and splashes just a little holy water into the man's face.

The demon growls as the water burns his skin and turns to steam on contact. His demeanor changes as his eyes flash black and then back to the dull brown they were a moment before. He looks scared. "Please, I'll do whatever you want. Don't send me back."

Kylo smirks. "First, tell me why you've been making people kill themselves."

"It- it wasn't me. I just find the right people, then another takes over. He stays with them until he deems whether they are worthy or not. If not, they die. They have seen too much."

"Worthy for what?"

"To join his army."

"Who is this other demon?"

"I- I can't say. He'll kill me."

"It's not him you should be worried about." Kylo pauses then begins the exorcism rites he's long since memorized. "Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus--"

"Wait!" The demon croaks. "I can tell you this. He already has several in his service and they are in town looking for a girl."

"*What* girl?" He stops the rites, eyeing the man warily.

"I don't know. All I know is she is said to be important." He blinks rapidly, fear apparent in his wide eyes. "Please don't send me back."

“Thanks for the info.” Kylo winks, then continues, “omnis satanica potestas...” he finishes the rites and watches as a column of black smoke leaves through the man’s mouth and is violently pulled down beneath the ground. The man collapses in a heap against the door. He checks for a pulse and satisfied the human host will be just fine, leaves without a sound.

This is it. The house from her vision. Rey is nearly shaking as she ascends the steps. She knocks on the door, but in doing so pushes it ajar. It was already open - not a good sign. She slides inside the house on cautious feet, but she can already tell the change in the atmosphere. It is heavier. It feels like death.

“You’re too late,” an ominous voice warns her. It is the blonde man from her vision. She doesn’t need him to flash his black eyes for her to know what he is. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

“I know,” she replies resolutely.

“Remember, the boss wants her *alive* .” He says when the others get too excited.

She doesn’t fight them. She knows from experience they are strong, and there are too many for her to fight off single-handedly. She also had known this was coming. Rey ignores the flutter of excitement in her abdomen, even as they are pushing her inside their car and driving off. If the demons have her, it means the man in black is not far behind.

Water beads on Kylo’s bare chest as he steps out of the shower. He had to get out some of his frustration over his lack of progress, so he hit up the hotel’s gym room. It wasn’t much: a treadmill, an elliptical, and a worn punching bag in the corner. A punching bag that is now even more worn, thanks to him. He finishes dressing and throws on his jacket, exiting the room. He is about to go off in search of dinner when he sees a car pull into the parking lot. There are too many people crammed into this vehicle for it to be comfortable, and he notices a shock of chestnut hair from a woman wedged in the backseat.

Something inside tells him to wait in the shadows. So he does. When they get out of the car, he sees that two of the people, a man and a woman are holding the girl with the chestnut hair by her arms. She's not struggling much, but she doesn't look happy either. Then he sees the burly leader - surely a reject from an unmade Die Hard sequel - flash his black eyes. He knows what he has to do.

He doesn't have time to trap and exorcise them all, so he opts for plan B. He pulls out a large knife that he keeps in a sheath at his belt. It is serrated on one edge and comes to a very sharp point. It also has markings in a long dead language on the hilt and down the length of the blade. It had once belonged to his grandfather, a man who died before he was born.

He slips out of the shadows and follows the group, sneaking up behind the one at the back and slicing his neck open in one fluid motion. A flicker of bright light flashes in the man's eyes before he slumps to the ground, dead. Next, he tackles the ones holding the girl. The woman goes first, her eyes wide before he sinks the blade into her chest, crackling light flashing around the wound before she falls. The man is more difficult. He doesn't want to let go of his prisoner. Kylo gets him with kick to the groin and an elbow to the spleen before he releases his charge. "Get behind me," he says to the girl as he goes in with the blade and ends the demon with a slash to the throat.

By now, the hulking leader has noticed Kylo picking off his army one by one. He is several paces ahead and as he turns around, his face is enraged. Knowing when to cut his losses, Kylo grabs the girl's hand and runs for the Falcon. She doesn't protest, falling in line with his quick strides. He lets go of her as he makes for the driver's side and gets in, leaning over to unlock the passenger side for her. She hops in without a word and they speed off, leaving the beefy demon yelling at them in their wake.

"What's your name?" he asks her.

"Rey," she pauses, eyeing him quizzically. "Y-you can kill them? I didn't think they could die."

"Everything can die. My trusty knife has proven that time and again." He smirks. "I'm Kylo, by the way." It is only now that he's turned onto the interstate and can breathe deeply that he notices. Her scent is *intoxicating*. It's citrus and sunshine and a hint of exhaust fumes. He takes another breath and feels his blood rush downward, desire tugging at his insides with ferocity. He risks a glance at her from the corner of his eye. She is *gorgeous* - chestnut hair,

hazel eyes, defiant chin which is still raised, tanned and freckled skin that he imagines would be so soft to touch. *Eyes on the road, asshole*, he chides himself.

“Well, thank you for saving my life, Kylo.” Fuck, even her accent is beautiful.

“No problem,” he mumbles. He keeps sneaking glances her direction, though. His eyes roam over her graceful neck and suddenly he has the distinct urge to find her scent gland, bury his nose in it, and never let go. Then it washes over him, and it takes all his power to keep his hands on the wheel: she is an omega. And not just any omega, but the one he’s been dreaming about. She looks over at him and he catches a hint of green in her eyes as the sunlight catches them. He’s never been more sure of anything. “It *is* you.”

Chapter End Notes

Did you know the [Ford Falcon](#) was a real car? [This](#) is what I imagine Kylo's looks like (a passing resemblance to another old muscle car, no?).

Songs for this chapter:

Highway to Hell - AC/DC

Rock and Roll - Led Zeppelin

Black Smoke Rising - Greta Van Fleet

Won't Back Down - Johnnyswim, Drew Holcomb & the Neighbors

Follow the Spotify playlist [here](#). Will update with the chapters.

Come say hi on [tumblr](#)!

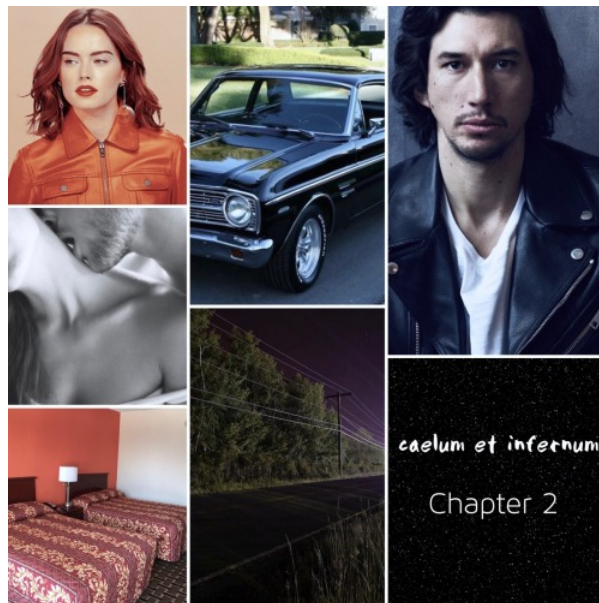
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Here we go, chapter 2! Not sure if it matters, but I forgot to mention in the first chapter that Rey is 21 and Ben is 30 in this AU.

Thanks to [obsessivepropulsive](#) for beta'ing this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



“It *is* you,” he says, and Rey feels desire pool in her belly.

His *voice* . It is manly and deep and reverberates somewhere deep inside of her. It is ridiculous, but she wants to melt into a puddle right here. Now that her heart has slowed, she can fully take him in, and goddamnit if he isn’t even more beautiful than in her vision. That chiseled jawline, perfectly coiffed dark hair, and chocolate brown eyes that turn liquid gold in the sunlight. And his smell - it’s like bonfire and fresh coffee and old books - and she thinks she must be salivating as she swallows her intense attraction. This has never happened to her before... *Oh* . “You’re an alpha.”

He keeps his eyes forward on the road ahead of them and simply says, “Yes, I am.”

“I’ve never met one before.” She realizes her mouth has gone completely dry. Her stupid omega brain is sending her all kinds of crazy signals, the least of which is straddling his lap right now. While he’s driving. Fucking nuts.

He gulps and she watches his Adam’s apple bob as he does so and resists the urge to lean over and lick him. “You’re only the second omega I’ve met. The other was a man... not really my type.” Good, then she wouldn’t have to tear the competition limb from limb. *Where is this coming from?*

She rolls down the window a little, hoping it will give her a reprieve from his overwhelming scent. “Where are you taking me?”

“Don’t know yet. Somewhere safe. Why were you being held captive by a hoard of demons?”

“I don’t know, actually. It probably has something to do with my visions. The leader of the pack said their boss wants me alive.”

He quirks an eyebrow. “Visions?”

“Yes, I’m a prophet. I have visions of the future.” She pauses here because the handful of times she’s had to tell someone this, they usually don’t believe her. Those other people didn’t just save her from a carload of demons, though. Kylo appears unfazed, so she continues.

“They’re usually pretty disjointed, but they always come true. I saw you coming to my aid before it happened. It’s why I didn’t completely freak out when the demons took me. I knew you’d be coming.” Rey smiles sheepishly and notices that his mouth has fallen open slightly. It’s then that she notices how truly sinful his lips are, all full and pink, and practically begging to be kissed. She groans as she realizes how damp her underwear have grown. *Oh no, I’m so fucked.*

A prophet? That’s the first time he’s heard of that being a thing. He keeps his uncle’s old books in the trunk. He makes a mental note to check on it later. “A prophet, huh? Like Elijah?”

“More like Deborah,” she retorts with a grin.

He is now actively breathing through his mouth, trying to not take in too much of her scent. All he can think about is pulling over and jumping her here in the car, sliding his hand down her pants to find the source of the arousal that is permeating the air. He grips the wheel tighter, knuckles whitening, as he tries to shake off thoughts about making her come again and again. “Hmm,” is all he can manage.

Rey stares out the window, falling silent. He wonders if she’s struggling just as much as he is. He can’t risk stopping the car, though. They need to get as far as possible from those demons. “So you saw me before I came to help... did I live up to your expectations?”

“It was just flashes honestly, and I may have dreamed about you. Just a little.” She catches his eye as he turns to look her way. “You are *much* more than I was expecting.”

His heart almost stops. She had dreamt of him, too? This is some next level shit. He’s not sure what makes him do it, but he takes a hand off the wheel and reaches over to squeeze hers briefly. “Don’t be afraid. I feel it, too.”

She lets out a soft gasp at his touch, and he can already feel himself growing hard. Is this what it’s supposed to feel like when you finally meet your mate? He’s known Rey for all of twenty minutes, but he already feels like he would die protecting her. Kylo has never really put much stock in fate, but this... this certainly feels like it. He’s so out of his depth, but then the thought occurs to him - there is one other hunter he begrudgingly trusts enough to ask to for help. It’s a bit of a trip, though.

“What are you thinking about?” Rey’s voice brings him back to the present.

“I think I know where we’re headed now... hope you like road trips.”

“I’m used to being on the road, but I left all my things back there - including my motorcycle.”

“Motorcycle? Well, aren’t you full of surprises, Rey --”

“Johnson,” she finishes for him. “You’ve still got a lot to learn about me, Kylo --”

“Ren. And I left my stuff, too. We’ll have to grab some things when we stop for the night.” Thankfully, everything important was already in the Falcon’s trunk.

Kylo Ren... what kind of a name was that? The more she mulls it over, the more Rey decides it sounds made up. He had said ‘stop for the night,’ though. She was trying very hard not to think about what that might entail. It was nonsense to think they’d jump in bed together right away. They barely know each other. Someone should tell that to her omega brain, the same one that’s connected to the now throbbing between her thighs. She’s never even had sex before, but now suddenly all she can think about is pleasing her alpha... no he’s not *her* alpha. She refuses to think of him like that. Even if she does want him to throw her down and knot her until she screams. *Get it together, Johnson* .

It was just before dusk when he had rescued her. By now, the sky is an inky black and she can see a few twinkling stars beyond the lights of the interstate. Kylo had finally put on some music so they could be left alone with their thoughts for a bit. She thinks she hears him singing softly to the Foreigner song and smiles in the darkness. There’s something about him that’s comforting. She feels safe in a way she hasn’t in a long time... if ever. Her stomach growls and she hopes he doesn’t hear, but he either has amazing hearing or is reading her mind because he says, “Hungry?”

“Starving,” she answers, somewhat realizing the irony that she is talking about more than just food.

“It’s getting late, too. Maybe we should find an exit where we can eat and rest for the night.”

She nods, knowing he probably can’t see the motion. “Good idea.”

They get lucky, finding an exit within a few miles that has a motel, 24-hour diner, and a Walmart. They decide to get some supplies first, then dinner, then sleep. She is bound and determined to make sure all they do is sleep.

Kylo is protective of her, to put it mildly. She tries to tell herself it's just because they have demons on their trail that he can't let her out of his sight, but instinctively she knows it's also an alpha thing. Instead of being bothered by it, she finds it absolutely endearing. So they go together throughout the store, gathering what they need. He accompanies her through the women's clothing as she picks out some essentials. She normally sleeps in ratty t-shirts and her underwear, but something makes her grab a delicate feminine nightgown in a shade of lavender that is decidedly out of character. Rey notices as Kylo stares at it for just a beat too long while she stuffs it in the cart. She also makes a show about grabbing a couple bras and several new pairs of underwear, smirking slightly as he tries to shift his gaze.

They drop off their stuff at the motel next, checking in for the night. The boy in the lobby looks barely out of his teens and easily makes the assumption, "One king?"

"Two doubles," Kylo is quick to correct him.

Right, Rey thinks. Of course they're going to sleep in separate beds. That's what she wants. After they drop off their new purchases in the room, they head over to the diner, which is mostly quiet at this hour. There are only a couple other tables besides theirs. They both order burgers - Rey gets hers with fries, and Kylo has them switch out his fries for salad. *What a weirdo. Must be why he's so jacked, though*. She smiles at him around the straw in her soda.

"What?" he asks.

"I don't know. I just feel... *comfortable* with you. Like I've known you forever." She notices the slightest bit of pink creep onto his cheeks.

"I know what you mean," he responds.

Their food arrives and Rey inhales it like the ravenous thing she is. She never takes a meal for granted, but this feels a little different. She finishes her food and still has room so she orders a piece of the diner's famous peach pie.

Of all the creatures he's encountered - and there have been a lot - Kylo thinks Rey is the most dangerous. He can feel her creeping inside and invading all his empty and dark spaces. If he's not careful, he fears he's going to lose his heart to her. And having someone you love is kryptonite for a hunter. It's what any enemy will attack first. He won't let anything happen to her; he *has* to get a handle on this. He watches her simply devour her food and thinks how it might be unattractive on literally anyone else, but Rey could never look anything but beautiful. Her hair is disheveled after their harrowing day, there's a random smudge on her cheek, and she has a bit of peach clinging to her chin, but she is still stunning. His alpha brain keeps sending him signals to protect, care for, please her. He tries not to think about the motel room waiting for them across the street and all the positions he'd like to put her in.

He pays the bill, and they return to the room. He's barely gotten the door closed and locked behind him when she's on him, stubbornly pulling him down to her so she can cover his lips with hers. She still tastes like peaches and he thrusts his tongue in her mouth to taste more of her. God, how he wants this. He is already hard again, and it would be so easy... the bed is right there. But he gets a hold of himself and breaks away from her. "Rey-"

She blinks once, twice, and seems to return to herself. "Right. We can't do this, oh my god, I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry," he holds her shoulders so he can look her in the eye. Her lips are *so* soft, and he's tempted to go back in for round two. He can feel his whole body screaming at him to claim her. "I want to, believe me. There's nothing I want more."

She looks almost relieved, like she was afraid he might not want this. That would be ridiculous. Of course he wants her. "We barely know each other," she says softly. "I know it's just biology."

It is. She's right, but he also feels like it's not *just* biology. There's definitely something more to this. "I need to keep you safe, and I don't feel like I can do a good job of that if I'm..."

distracted.”

“Sure, I get it.” She shrugs. “For the record, I can handle myself.”

He looks at the toned muscles in her arms and is not surprised. She is fierce. “I don’t doubt that. But with how many demons were after you, you’ll need all the help you can get.”

She nods and turns from him, flopping onto the nearest bed. *Guess that one’s hers, then .*

“If you don’t mind, I think I’ll shower first.” He grabs his things and heads into the bathroom. *A cold fucking shower .*

When Kylo walks back into the room, he is forced to stop short at the sight in front of him. Rey had taken every single blanket and pillow in the room, including the extras from the closet, piled them on her bed and was dozing wrapped up inside them. She was *nesting* in their shared room, and it was goddamn adorable. A lazy sort of smile appears on his face and all the tension he was feeling drains away. He wanders over and whispers, “Rey?”

She doesn’t stir.

He tries again, “Can I get just one of these pillows, for my head?” He begins to shimmy one of the nearest pillows out from her little fort, but a hand darts out and clasps his wrist.

“Please,” she says and his resistance crumbles. “I just need you close, Alpha.”

The way she calls him that jogs something in the primal part of his brain, and he can’t say no. How could he say no? She’s his mate. No, that’s not right. But she *is* an omega, and she’s asking him for a simple comfort. The least he can do is oblige. She scoots over, making plenty of room for him in the tangle of blankets and pillows. He gently climbs into the space and wraps himself around her. He knows she isn’t short but all curled up like this, she seems so tiny.

His shower had calmed him some, and he is exhausted from the day's events. He breathes her in, nose tickling her neck, and she makes a contented noise. He thinks he's never been more comfortable, and another person has never felt this right in his arms. They both fall asleep easily.

The demon couldn't have picked an uglier vessel if he tried. The poor bastard looked like he'd already been dead for several months. The young man, just a teenager really, dusted the dirt off his jeans as he came to standing. He was at the crossroads to make a deal, after all. He looked the demon in his black eyes with a ferocity that hid the terror within.

"Well, well, well. Young Ben Solo, what can I do for you?"

"The deal you made with my father... I want you to reverse it."

The demon laughed. "Han Solo's soul is a valuable prize. What have you to offer in its place?"

"Me."

"Ah, such strength. You are too young yet, not world weary enough for my liking. I've no use for your soul," he walked a circle around Ben as if appraising him. "But maybe we can make other arrangements..."

Rey awakes with a start, sweat beading on her forehead. It's been awhile since she's had so vivid a dream. She feels Kylo pull her in tighter and relaxes in his hold. Her alpha has her, everything will be okay. No, *no*. He is *not* hers. If only her instincts would stop telling her that he is.

She knows it was him in the dream. He was a lot younger, but it's undeniable with that dark hair and beauty marks, that the boy in her dream could be anyone else. She doesn't usually dream about the past. There must be a reason. The demon had called him Ben. *Is that his real name?* Only one way to find out. She slowly rolls over in his arms, trying her best to ignore his hardness against her bottom. She wants him inside her so badly; she can already feel her wetness giving her away. *Focus* . She finally comes to face him, and he awakens with a grunt that makes her shudder with need.

He rubs his hands up and down her arms in a soothing manner. When he opens his eyes she can see his expression change quickly to concern. "Rey, what's wrong?"

"I had a dream. About you, I think."

"You think?"

"Well, I can't be sure. He was very young, talking to a very ugly demon, and his name was Ben Solo."

The shock in his eyes tells her everything she needs to know. "I haven't gone by that name in a long time... Not since my father died."

"Then it *was* you. Did you really make a deal with that horrific creature?"

"His name was Snoke, and yes... I did."

They get up, and Rey showers before making some truly terrible coffee with the tiny machine provided by the motel. Once Kylo has had a couple sips, he's ready to tell her everything. She listens to his story, rapt with attention, and not just because the timbre of his voice is making the situation between her legs even worse.

"My mom disappeared when I was a little boy. We later found out it was demons that took her. So my dad and I packed up and took off, in search of her. We hit the road and never

looked back, and killed a lot of things along the way. I didn't know it at the time, but my mother had come from a family of hunters. She never wanted that life for me, which is why she ran away and settled down with my dad." He pauses to take another sip of coffee. "But your past always catches up with you. Once we figured it out it was the demons that had her, he tried to make a deal. I told him it was a bad idea, but he did it anyway." He smiles softly and shakes his head with a huff.

Rey feels her heart break into little pieces and reaches forward to take his hand. She didn't see it before, but now she can clearly perceive just how broken he is, right beneath the surface. How can she feel so much for him already? She wants to hold him and tell him everything will be alright, but there's no way to know that. "So what happened?"

"I made a deal, too. In exchange for my dad's soul to not be taken, I agreed to become an alpha and a weapon. He said when the time came, he would call upon me to do his bidding. But as soon as the contract with my dad was burned up, he died anyway."

"How?"

"Car accident. I knew it wasn't really an accident, but there was no way to prove it. I retreated to the woods and spent my first rut alone and in mourning. I was fifteen. It took me a few years but I managed to track down that bastard demon and kill him for good."

"And what about your mom?" She smooths circles over his wrist with her thumb. She knows there is a scent gland there and the thought of their smells intermingling is oddly comforting.

"Still haven't found her. I know she's probably dead, but I haven't given up the search." His eyes are sad, but he remains strong. She gets the feeling he's learned to bury his pain deep.

Rey wants to comfort him, but she doesn't know how. Instinctively, she lets her omega side take over and rises from her chair. She wraps her arms around him from behind and hugs him awkwardly, burying her face in his neck and inhaling deeply. *God, he smells so good*. Without thinking, she begins to lick him there, right over his gland. He hisses through his teeth and grabs her hand. "What are you doing?"

“I don’t know... scenting you I guess?” She’s done some reading as well, but she could never have predicted how she would react upon actually meeting an alpha. The power he has over her is intense.

“Come here, then,” he pulls her around, and she comes to straddle his lap. She can feel his hardness underneath her, so close to where she needs him. She bucks her hips just once and he growls. “Not that,” he says, gripping her thighs so she stops moving. He holds her close and lowers his mouth to her neck, laving at her gland. She whimpers slightly as he licks all the way up her neck and winds up back at her mouth, kissing her furiously.

When they break apart for air, she attends to his wrists, dragging her tongue across the gland there before leaving a kiss atop his vein. Somehow this feels better, even though they don’t have time for what she *really* wants. He takes her wrist in his hand and laps at the delicate skin there. “Ben,” she breathes, and he stills his tongue. “I’m sorry... is that not okay?”

A funny look comes across his face, but he says, “No, it’s fine. You can call me Ben.”

His real name sounds so right coming out her mouth. That beautiful mouth that he just spent too long kissing. They’ve already burned enough daylight. He certainly doesn’t have time to pin her down against the mattress and bury his knot deep inside her.

“Okay... Ben,” she smiles and smooths a lock of his hair back, letting her fingers weave through it. Her touch is soothing, and he closes his eyes for a second as her fingernails lightly graze his scalp.

He groans and starts to shift her off of his lap. “We really should get going.”

She looks dejected, and he hates the thought of disappointing his omega. Dammit, not *his*. She reluctantly agrees and starts throwing her things together. They check out of the motel and get back on the road, windows open so they aren’t overwhelmed with each other’s scent.

Once he's on the interstate, he lets his hand drift over, and she laces her fingers with his. It feels better, somehow, to be touching. Every so often the breeze brings their intermingled scents his way and pride surges through his chest. He didn't know he could feel this way about another person, and she's only been in his life for a day. As he watches the mile markers whizz by out of the corner of his eye, he wonders if he could actually keep her.

"So what about you?" he says as she digs through his box of cassettes. "What's your tragic backstory?"

She grins a little as she shoves a tape into the player, and Fleetwood Mac begins coming out of the speakers. "Parents brought me here from England when I was just a child. Don't remember them much as they died shortly after that, but my uncle raised me. He wasn't *actually* my uncle, and we weren't related; he didn't treat me well, but I guess it was better than being in the foster system. Then he died when I was a teenager, and I was basically on my own."

So that explains why she seems older than her years. "That must've been tough," he says bringing her hand up so he can briefly kiss her knuckles.

"Yeah, but I managed. Held down a job, got my GED, even had my own apartment until the visions started." He listened as she told him the whole story about how the angel had come to her, offering her this glorious burden and how she had accepted, presenting late as an omega.

"So you've been a nomad since then?"

"Yeah, it took me awhile to get used to how the visions worked, but once I realized I could prevent bad things from happening, I had to take action. So I would go to where I was needed, help out where I could. And I guess that's how the demons found out about me. About a year ago, I had my first encounter with one. Been trying to keep a low profile since then. Guess that's over."

"But you don't know why they want you."

“No... I’m a prophet, but what good would that do them? It’s not like I can control my visions.”

He grunted. “Well, hopefully we can figure that out once we get to where we’re going.”

Chapter End Notes

I wonder where they're headed? Let me know what you think in the notes!

Songs for this chapter:

Hot Blooded - Foreigner

Beggin' For Thread - Banks

A Cross and a Girl Named Blessed - Evans Blue

The Chain - Fleetwood Mac

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify.

Come say hi on [tumblr](#)!

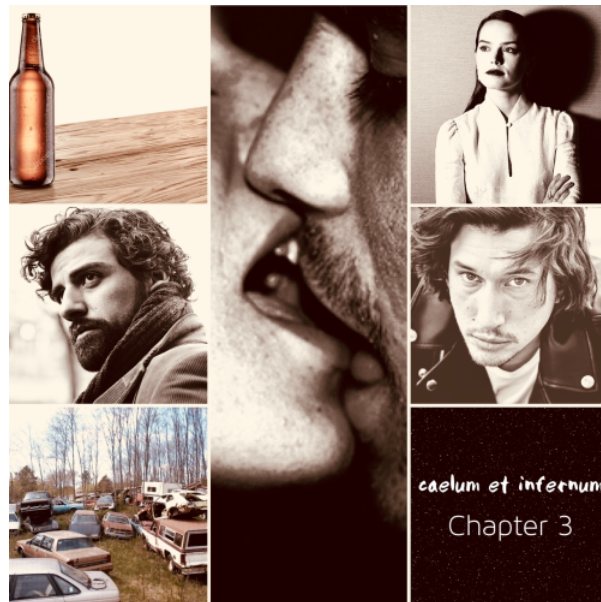
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hello again! Thanks for sticking with this story so far. I'm so touched by all the lovely comments! Please keep them coming as it fuels my writing! I have company coming into town next week, but I'm going to try to write as much as possible this weekend so as not to interrupt the posting schedule! If anything changes, I'll be sure to mention it on [tumblr](#), so come find me there if you want.

Many thanks to [obsessivepropulsive](#), my awesome beta for this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



The sun is setting as they pull off the exit. Rey is feeling sleepy and oddly warm. She takes a deep breath and her lungs are filled with Ben. It is unsettling how fast her desire for him rushes back. He has a very singular kind of beauty, and though she hasn't had much experience with men, she is somehow sure he is the most attractive one she's ever met. It could just be the alpha thing, but she thinks she would have noticed him anyway. All of her hangups about romantic attachments seem to fade completely in his presence.

They drive for almost an hour as Ben steers the Falcon down a bunch of back country roads before turning up a path that looks a bit like a junkyard. There are old cars in various states of disrepair, some just skeletons. As they get closer to the main house, no more than a cabin really, Rey sees a pristine white Thunderbird illuminated by the porch light, a bright orange racing stripe down the side. Whoever they were here to see, they had nice taste in cars.

“Where are we?” she asks as she cranes her neck to get a better look at some of the cars on the lot. She would definitely have to do more inspecting in the daylight.

“Another hunter lives here. His name’s Poe Dameron. Not my favorite person in the world, but he knows a hell of a lot about hunting. Got a full library that I come and take advantage of once in a blue moon.”

“He fix up these cars himself?”

“Yeah, he says it’s a business, but I never see customers around when I’m here.” He chuckles to himself and it’s the first time she’s heard him laugh. She decides instantly that she loves the sound.

“You know... I was a mechanic back in Jakku.”

“You said you had a job, but you didn’t say that’s what it was. You’ll get along great with Dameron then.” He sounds almost bitter about it, jealous even.

Ben parks the Falcon on the side of the cabin, and they walk up to the front door. He knocks on the door a few times before it opens. Poe Dameron is not what Rey was expecting. He is maybe a couple years older than Ben and quite a bit shorter, with some gray hair at his temples and a little shot through his thick beard. The rest of his hair is dark and he has an intense gaze. Not quite as intense as Ben’s, but nearly. He is definitely attractive, and not an old man like she had been picturing.

“Solo! Haven’t seen you in a long time, eh?” He wraps him up a big hug clearly making Ben uncomfortable. Then, releasing him, he takes a look at Rey, “And who is this magnificent creature?” he takes her hand and kisses it.

Ben rubs the back of his neck and says, “This is Rey Johnson, my um --”

Poe sniffs the air, and it dawns on him. “Oh is she... are you guys, ya know... bonded?”

Rey looks at Ben, and he looks at her. There is so much left unsaid, but she chimes in. “No, it’s not like that. Ben saved my life and we’re kind of on the run now, I guess.”

“Oh ho ho... he lets you call him Ben? You are special, then. Well, come on in.” He leads them through the entrance of the cabin. “Usually I like guests to call before they come, but it’s not every day I get to host an alpha *and* an omega in my humble abode.” He spins around quickly and splashes something in Ben’s face.

Ben flinches, blinks, and slowly wipes his face off. “Holy water, Dameron? *Really*?”

“Can’t be too careful.” He chuckles and pours just a drop on Rey’s hand just to be sure.

“Yeah, except you know I have an anti-possession tattoo.” He slides his shirt collar down to reveal the ink on his chest, a five pointed star encompassed by a flaming sun.

Rey has not seen this yet, and she licks her lips thinking about what the rest of his chest might look like. She feels a little slick dampening her underwear again, and is embarrassed that it’s happening in front of this stranger she just met. “That’s a thing?”

“Yeah,” Poe answers. “I’ve got one, too. You should probably also get one if you’re planning on hanging around this asshole for long.” He smiles and makes his way to the kitchen. “Grab a seat; I’ll get us some beers.”

She is standing close enough that he can smell her arousal, and he has to keep his eyes trained on Dameron’s back to keep from jumping her right here and now. This is not going to work for long. *I’m so fucked* .

Rey takes a seat on the tattered couch and Kylo moves to stand across the room, as far from her scent as he can manage. She gives him a slightly wounded look before turning her

attentions to Dameron, who's coming back from the kitchen with three bottles. He hands her one and winks. Kylo feels the angry beast inside stir. He has to tamp it down, remembering that she is not *his*, and he shouldn't be feeling so possessive.

"That's a nice T-bird you got out front," she says.

"Thanks! That's B.B. I can show you more of her tomorrow. Maybe even take her for a spin."

"I'd like that."

He stays silent as he takes the other bottle from Dameron's hand and pulls a long gulp. The other hunter sits in an armchair beside a small fireplace on the other side of the couch. "Okay, so what's up? I'm assuming this isn't a social visit."

"We find ourselves in a unique situation, and I thought we could use a bit of your expertise... And failing that, maybe find something in your extensive library."

"Alright, but would you sit down, man? You're making me nervous just looming like that." He motions to the other side of the couch, next to Rey.

"I don't loom," Kylo says, walking over to the couch and sitting beside her. She is smiling coyly and he grunts, "What?"

"You do," she grins, and he feels his chest constrict. "You absolutely loom."

Dameron starts laughing, and Kylo shoots him a look. A look that he then directs towards Rey.

"I didn't say it was bad. I rather like it." She is so close now and he has to ball his hand into a fist to keep from touching her. Her smell invades his nostrils and he blinks rapidly, taking a

swig of his beer. He *cannot* let himself get a boner in front of Dameron. He'd never live it down.

Dameron rolls his eyes as he gets up from his chair. "Well, I know you guys have come a long way. We'll have plenty of time tomorrow to dig into the lore and discuss whatever predicament you've gotten yourselves into. I need to get my old ass into bed." He motions down the hallway. "Spare room's in there; the sheets are clean. So you two can fuck all night if you want."

Kylo nearly spits out his beer. "We haven't... we're not--"

"No man, I'm telling you... you clearly both want it. I sleep through anything, so feel free to ruin my sheets." He winks and then he's gone.

Rey finishes her beer and sets it down on the end table beside the couch. She looks at him expectantly. He looks at her with trepidation, "We don't have to do anything. I can take the couch."

"Ben, don't be ridiculous. This couch is much too small for you."

"I know, but I just thought--"

She stops his speech with a hand on his thigh. She slowly drags it closer, and he can feel himself straining against his jeans. "Maybe the problem is you think too much." Her eyes are dark with desire, and he's done fighting. She straddles him and he crashes into her, tongue instantly inside her mouth, sucking, tasting. *Fuck, she tastes so good.*

He grabs her ass as he rises from the couch, forcing her to wrap her legs around him so she doesn't fall. Her arms are around his neck, and she moans as she nibbles his bottom lip. The sound she makes goes straight to his groin, and he makes a strangled noise as he opens the door to the guest bedroom. He deposits her promptly onto the bed and closes the door behind them.

Rey watches as Ben closes the door behind them and then turns to her. She can see his muscles underneath his shirt and she wants every inch of him pressed up against her immediately. *God, he's gorgeous*. Her underwear are completely soaked by the this point, and she wants her alpha to know how wet she is for him.

He crawls on top of her and begins to lave at her gland, tongue dragging languid circles on her neck. She growls and does the same to him, teeth skimming the edges of his skin as she savors the taste of him, salty and just a little bitter. "Need you... now," she whines into his ear as he moves his lips further down her neck to her collarbone. She presses a hand to his chest, stilling him while she peels her shirt off, revealing the delicate lacy bra underneath.

He groans, and she firmly grips the hem of his shirt, yanking it up and over his head. He helps her and throws the offending garment to the floor. Now he is bare before her in all his glory and damn if his chest and abs aren't more impressive than she'd been imagining. He is like a statue chiseled out of marble, and she has always been appreciative of fine art. She trails sloppy kisses across his chest to show him just how much she enjoys the view. "I want you inside me," she breathes.

"Rey, we can't. I don't think I should knot you yet." His face shows a mixture of fear and desire. She can almost feel his worry.

She lets out a frustrated grunt, but then agrees. "Okay, it's probably for the best. I haven't actually done this before."

"What, sex with an alpha? Because me either," he laughs as he goes back in for her gland.

"No, I mean, sex in general."

Ben immediately stops and looks her in the eyes. "What? As in, never?"

She bites her lip, insecurities taking over. “Yeah, I mean, I fooled around a little but I had to drop out of school to work and then get my GED at the same time and then the visions came along... there just was never really time.” He’s clearly shocked, but she also doesn’t want him to stop. The throbbing between her legs grows worse with each passing moment. She places her hand on his cheek. “I’ve never really *wanted* to with anyone before you.”

The surprise that had painted his features has now melted into something more reverent. He is in awe of her. “Okay. I don’t want us to cross that line until we’re ready, but I *am* going to make you come.”

Rey can feel the heat coursing through her veins as Ben carefully pushes her panties to the side, nestling along her curls, and dips a finger into her wet folds. She is positively dripping and just the presence of his finger sends shivers up her spine. He draws tight circles around her clit and she can’t help from gasping, “Ah- Ben. That feels so good.”

He enters her with one finger, her walls clenching around him, then stretching as he adds another finger inside her. She cants her hips up into him, seeking that friction. Slowly he begins to thrust with his fingers, bringing his thumb back to her swollen bud and eliciting more groans from her. “God, Rey, you’re so tight.”

She is perfect. Just perfect. He can’t believe how wet she is for him, and he knows it’s probably just an omega thing but *damn* . Then to know that she’s never had another man inside of her, his alpha chest is swelling with pride. That’s not the only thing that swollen, but he can focus on that later. It is all about her right now. He focuses on his fingers moving inside her velvety walls. She is contracting around him and he can only imagine what it will be like when he can be fully inside her, his knot buried deep and pumping her full of his seed. He almost comes from the thought.

Her mouth is slightly agape, and he thinks she is the most beautiful creature to ever walk the earth. He continues thrusting his fingers and moving his thumb in tandem as she makes the sexiest noises beneath him. “Ben - ah! Faster, please,” she says, and so he obliges, picking up the pace until he feels her start to shudder around his fingers.

She crashes into her orgasm with a loud moan, but he doesn't stop until he feels her coming back down. Her breathing has slowed just a bit as he retracts his fingers from her and licks them clean. Her taste is even better than he imagined, and he can't wait to make her come with his tongue next. "My sweet Omega," he says leaning in to kiss her again.

"What about you?" She says when they break for air. She begins unbuckling his belt.

"It's okay, Rey. You don't have to..."

"But I want to." She continues to undress him and he helps, shimmying out his pants. She reaches into his boxer briefs and gasps once she frees his erection. "This... is going to go inside of me?"

"Not until you're ready." He has had a few complaints about his big size in the past, and he hopes that part of the mating dynamics is that she would stretch to comfortably receive him. He can't imagine ever hurting her.

She runs her small hand up his length and he shivers. She feels so right. "Let me know if this is okay." She brushes her thumb over his tip and begins to pump him, gently. Then with a little more pressure as he grunts his affirmation.

"Fuck, Rey. I'm not gonna last long." He can feel his knot starting to swell.

She increases her speed at his behest and true to his words, he comes, his warm liquid spilling out onto her stomach. She watches in awe as it spurts and then runs a finger through it, bringing it to her lips for a taste. This woman would be the death of him. She smiles at him, "Next time I'll use my mouth."

He groans and collapses on the bed beside her. "Come here, Omega." He grabs his shirt off the floor and cleans her off before tucking her into his arms.

"My Alpha," she whispers, nuzzling into his neck. They fall asleep entwined.

Rey awakes still wrapped up in Ben's arms. She smiles and nuzzles into his neck, taking in his wonderful scent. Last night had been amazing. Her extreme lust is slightly abated, but now that she's had his fingers inside of her, she wants more. That can wait, though, as the smell of something delicious wafts into the room and her stomach grumbles in response.

She throws on some clothes then turns and looks at her alpha, still snoozing in the bed. Never in her life has Rey felt like this about anyone, like she would move the heavens for him. She walks back over and presses a kiss to his neck. "Ben, I think Poe is making breakfast."

He groans and blinks his eyes open at her, sleep still weighing heavy on his eyelids. "Okay, go ahead if you're hungry. I'll be right out."

She doesn't need to be told a second time and bounds out of the room in search of food. When she reaches the kitchen, Poe is finishing up the scrambled eggs. There's also chorizo and warm tortillas laid out. "Breakfast tacos... it's the easiest thing for company."

"Smells wonderful," she says as she loads up a plate.

"You work up an appetite?" he teases as he hands her a mug. "Fresh coffee in the pot, too."

She can't hide the blush that forms across her cheeks, but is relieved from having to answer by Ben entering the room.

"The mighty alpha awakes!" Poe says in a mocking tone.

"Don't, man. It's too early for your shit." He heads straight for the coffee pot, ignoring the food.

“Right, I forgot you’re not a morning person.” He winks at Rey then adds in a more hushed tone, “Or an anytime person.”

“I heard that,” Ben says, already drinking his black coffee.

They all find a seat at Poe’s small kitchen table and he breaches the silence. “So, what’s the situation you guys find yourselves in?”

They proceed to tell him about the demons and Rey’s visions. Ben adds his story of the demon amassing an army, of which Rey has yet to hear the full story. By the time they’re done, the whole pot of coffee is gone.

Poe lets out a long whistle. “A prophet, huh? Haven’t heard of that in a long time.”

Rey feels a glimmer of hope. “But you have heard of it?”

“I think I might have read something, yeah.”

They all make their way into Poe’s office, which is right across from the guest room. Rey hopes Ben has made the bed... or at the very least, closed the door. He starts pulling books off the shelves and handing them to either Ben or Rey. Most of the books look positively ancient and some have symbols and runes on them Rey has never seen before. She settles into a wingback chair in the room and starts flipping through one of the tomes. There are pictures of ghastly creatures, spells for protection, recipes for warding off evil spirits and other such content. She is mesmerized, never having heard of half of this stuff before.

“So why do you think this demon would be so interested in forming an army?” Ben asks, looking at Poe, who’s also flipping through a book with worn and yellowed pages.

“Best guess? Armageddon.” He scratches his beard.

“Like, the apocalypse?” Ben ran a hand through his hair. “That’s a real thing?”

“There’s been whispers about it for years, but you know... hunters talk. It seems that the demons are more riled up than usually lately, though.” He stops and grabs a particular book. “There’s some info here about a portal to hell and needing the specific key to unlock it, but it’s always been rather vague.” He hands the book to Ben.

“No, this would make sense, though. The dickbag I questioned was frightened of letting anything slip and terrified of being sent back to Hell.” He looks over at Rey and softens a little. “You have any more visions or dreams?”

“Not since that one the other night. I wish I could get in touch with the angel who came to me, but he only shows up when he wants to. It’s nearly a year since I last saw him.”

As if on cue, the whole cabin starts to shake, as if being rattled by an earthquake. The sounds of flapping wings can be heard from the other room, and the three of them rush out to see what the commotion is.

There, in the middle of Poe’s living room is the angel, looking as radiant as ever. He is dressed in a blue jumpsuit. “Greetings, Rey.” His voice is somehow ominous and soothing at the same time.

“Hi, Angel.”

Poe walks around the heavenly being appraising him. “Just ‘Angel,’ huh? You don’t have a name?”

“My true name is too complicated for human speech. If I were to try to tell you, your ears would bleed.” A hint of a smirk forms, and Rey wonders if the angel is cracking a joke.

He looks at the jumpsuit the angel is wearing. There is a patch just above the heart with a serial number. “FN-2187? What’s that?”

The angel looks down. “Oh, this vessel is a maintenance worker of some sort. Very devout man.”

“F-N. How about we call you Finn?”

Rey smiles. She had never once thought to give the angel a name in the time he had been visiting her. The angel nods. “Finn, yes, I suppose that would be acceptable.” He then turns his attention to Rey. “I came to warn you. There is a war coming, and I believe you are the only one who can stop it.”

Rey clutches her chest. “Me?”

Finn nods. “You and him,” he says, motioning to Ben. “I see you have met the alpha. The demon Snoke was unwise to give you that designation. It may yet prove the downfall of all Hell’s minions.”

Ben moves forward. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Finn looks upward as if he hears something. “I’m sorry, I have to go.” He turns to Poe and puts a hand on his shoulder. “I trust this home is properly warded.”

Poe nods and no sooner has he done so, than Finn vanishes in front of their eyes.

They all look at each other in disbelief. Poe is the first to speak. “Well, that was something.”

An angel. Well, now he had seen everything. Kylo had seen a lot of cryptids in his day, but an angel? If it wasn’t for Rey, he wouldn’t have believed it. They are all kind of standing around

just staring at each other, not knowing what to do. Suddenly a hint of Rey's scent wafts over to him and he thinks back to last night. What it had been like to finally touch her. He would give anything to kick Dameron out of his own house so he could ravage her again right now. But they have more important things to think about. His top priority is figuring out how to keep Rey safe.

He is getting lost in thought and almost misses Rey saying, "So how about we take that T-bird of yours for a spin?"

"Oh yeah!" Dameron agrees, almost too eagerly. Kylo makes a note to keep an eye on him. Damn this fucking alpha possessiveness. He is better than that.

Still, he follows them out the door and watches with rapt attention as Rey fawns over B.B. "It *is* a beautiful car," he admits.

Dameron looks at him, confused. He guesses he probably never gives the man a compliment. Another thing to feel bad about. "Thanks, man. She's my pride and joy."

They are about to get into the car, and Rey is beaming. She looks positively radiant, and Kylo feels another crack in the walls he's built around his heart. Then he looks down the dirt road that leads up to Dameron's place and sees a group of people walking towards them menacingly. "Get back in the house," he says.

Rey looks up in disappointment, "What? Why?"

"That's why." He motions towards the group and she follows his hand with her gaze.

"Shit," says Dameron as he makes his way back towards the door.

Kylo races to the Falcon to grab some weapons out of the trunk and follows Dameron and Rey back into the cabin. Like any good hunter, the cabin will have been warded against attacks already, but they start adding lines of salt around every entrance.

Dameron hands Rey a book. “This is the standard exorcism incantation. You ever take Latin in school?” She shakes her head. “Well then, let Solo show you how to pronounce it.” He takes a shotgun off the wall and goes to stand in near the front door. “You go with her, I got this for a bit.”

“Yeah, okay.” Kylo doesn’t know what else to say. Seems like the visit from Finn really got to Dameron.

He teaches Rey the pronunciation, and she picks it up surprisingly fast. Add that to the long list of reasons that already made him crazy about her. He doesn’t want to let her out of his sight, but they agree to all stand guard in different areas of the cabin. He leaves her with a flask of holy water and gun in the office. Dameron is in the living room. Kylo takes the master bedroom.

It’s not long before the demons make their intentions known. They stand calmly in front of the cabin. The big burly one speaks. “Give us the girl, and we’ll leave you alone.”

Dameron yells back through the door. “Go fuck yourself, hellbeast!”

“Look, we can do this the easy way or the hard way. You have one hour.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun DUN! Cliffhangers are fun, right? LOL.

[Anti-possession tattoo.](#)

Songs for this chapter:

The Only Thing Worth Fighting For - Lera Lynn

Breed - Nirvana

Seven Devils - Florence + The Machine

(Don't Fear) The Reaper - Blue Oyster Cult

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify.

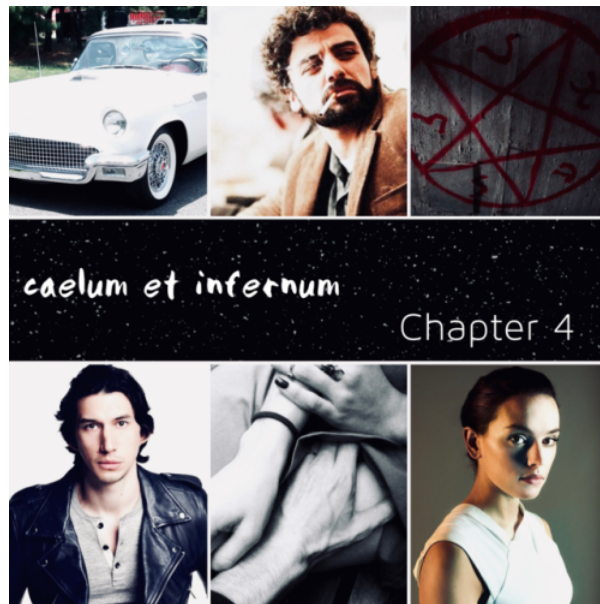
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Early update this week as my best friend is coming into town and I probably wouldn't be able to update Thursday! I am going to be showing her the sequel trilogy during her visit (and trying to convert her to the ways of Reylo), so wish me luck! Lol.

Thanks again to my lovely beta, [obsessivepropulsive](#)!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



One hour. It is more than enough time to devise a plan. At least that is what Kylo keeps telling himself as he walks back through the cabin to check on Rey. “How are you holding up?” he asks her. He can smell fear mixed in with her regular scent and instantly decides he doesn’t like it.

“I’m fine. I’m prepared.” She is so brave, his omega. He wants to sweep her off somewhere where no one can find them, to keep her safe and protected and do *other* things... Things he really shouldn’t be thinking at this moment.

“Okay. We’ll just let them come to us. I think it will be easier to take them down that way.” He presses a quick kiss to her forehead before leaving her again. “I won’t let anything happen to you.”

He takes a count. There are seven demons outside. Seems that the leader from last time wised up and brought reinforcements, but not nearly enough. Between himself and Dameron, they have years of experience with handling their kind. Not to mention Rey is tough as nails and fast on her feet. It is only the alpha in him that is worried about protecting his omega. He stops correcting himself for saying 'his.' They can deal with that later. Right now, he decides he'll think of her in whatever terms that will keep her best defended.

Rey isn't scared. At least that's what she keeps telling herself. She hadn't foreseen this, and is not sure why she hasn't had a vision since Ben rescued her. She reads over the incantation again, having memorized it by now but needing something to do. She wonders how long the line of salt at the window will hold. She has faced a lot of tough things before in her life, and she is no shrinking violet. She will handle this the way she's handled all her other problems - head on. Even if every bone in her body is telling her to go be by her alpha's side.

True to their word, the demons wait the full hour. She hears Poe yell from his place in front of the door, "Hold onto your butts!"

She watches through the window as the demons begin to scatter, surrounding the cabin and looking for all the ways of ingress. One of them, a woman with a scarlet mohawk, advances on her window. *Shit*. Rey watches as her eyes flash black before she starts beating on the window, trying to move the line of salt. She hears a crash in the other room, but cannot afford to divert her attention.

The woman manages to break the glass and a piece that falls in the ensuing crash, creates a small break in the salt line. The demon cracks a grin. "I've got you now, vision bitch."

"Come and get it!" Rey shouts back.

The woman enters easily through the window and stalks toward Rey. Only she finds she can't move past a certain point. Rey lifts up the corner of the rug to show her the red lines of a devil's trap painted on the hardwood floor. She smiles slyly before beginning the rites just as Ben showed her. "Exorcizamus te, omnis immundus spiritus-

Kylo makes quick work of the two demons that enter through the bedroom window, having little patience for exorcism when his knife makes things quicker. One lunges for him with too much gusto and finds himself on the receiving end of the serrated blade. The other manages to land a kick to Kylo's side before finding himself stuck over a devil's trap. He runs the blade across the demon's neck, taking a little pleasure in the flash of light that accompanies the death blow. He looks down at the black hilt, a long red cross emblazoned on the center. If only he knew how to make more of these weapons. He can hear Dameron reciting the exorcism incantation in the living room and the growling protests of the demon on the receiving end. Maybe some of these poor bastards will make it out alive. He frowns at himself over what he's become. The old Ben Solo would have always tried exorcism first. But this is personal now.

So Dameron's got one, and he's taken out two. He's sure Rey has one of her own that she's dealing with, though not rushing to her aid is taking all his willpower. That leaves three of them, including the ringleader. He climbs out the broken window to finish this. He wants the leader alive for questioning. He is barely out of the cabin before one of them charges him, knocking him to the ground. The vessel is a man nearly the same size as he is and that makes it harder. "Ah, the great Ben Solo. How I wish I could kill you." His eyes flash obsidian as he wrestles with Kylo.

"Then why don't you?" He teases, trying to keep him talking while he struggles to get his arm with the knife free.

"You're important. Just as important as the girl. Can't spill your precious blood." He sneers and rears up to knock him out but receives a resounding blast to the chest, courtesy of Dameron's shotgun. Surprise is evident on the demon's face, and there is now a giant hole in his chest. There can be no saving this vessel now.

Kylo rolls over and nods in his direction. "Thanks, man." He then slashes the demon's throat, the light sparking out of his eyes. Shotgun shells only delay them, but his knife ends it. He is shaken up, but he dusts himself off a little and goes in search of the other two demons. "Go check on Rey, will you?" he asks Dameron. The other man nods, hands him the shotgun, and heads back inside.

She didn't realize that both Ben and Poe were no longer in the house. So when the gangly kid who looks like a emo rock reject comes into the office, Rey is taken aback. He must be barely out of high school, and she doesn't want to hurt him. She splashes the holy water in his face and watches it steam as the demon writhes in pain. She then recites the exorcism rites and watches the black smoke exit the host and disappear through the floorboards on its way back to the underworld.

When she is finished, and the kid is slumped on the floor - unconscious but alive - she briefly thinks about going to check on the others. Poe has just shown up in the doorway when she doubles over in pain, a vision snaking its way through her brain. "Rey, are you okay?" he asks as he comes over to brace her fall.

She puts a hand up to motion it's fine and sinks into the nearest chair as she receives the flashes. A woman with vibrant lavender hair is talking to her and Ben. She motions between the two of them. She sees tarot cards spread out on a table and a gray cat on a staircase. She can't hear the words the woman is saying, but her face is kind, empathetic. Suddenly it's over, and Rey looks up.

Poe looks concerned. "What happened?"

"I had a vision. That's what they're like."

"Looks painful."

"They are, but thankfully they never last long. I've gotten used to it." She cracks a slight smile. "Where's Ben?"

He is stalking around the back of the cabin when he sees him, the burly blonde man. He flashes his oil slick eyes and sneers. "Give me the girl, and this can all be over."

“You’re in no position to dictate,” Kylo says as he fires the shotgun.

The man wavers and stumbles backwards several feet. “You know that can’t kill me.”

“I don’t need it to kill you.” He fires again. The man takes the hit and backs up several more feet. He is now nearly flush against the house, under the overhang of the roof. “I just needed to move you.”

The demon looks up at the roof where a perfect devil’s trap is painted on the underside. He isn’t going anywhere. His eyes go black again as he growls at Kylo.

“Who sent you?” Kylo asks, taking his knife out and twirling it in his hand. Being the one with the upper hand always sends a little thrill through him.

“Fuck you, hunter.”

“Okay, we can do this the hard way.” He brings his knife up and cuts a thin sliver across the demon’s cheek, causing him to wince and groan. A brief flash of light comes out of the wound before it goes back to normal, blood starting to trickle out. “I want to know who sent you and why they want Rey.”

The woman and the teen are still alive, but in bad shape. Poe offers to take them to the hospital in town, since he doesn’t want local authorities on his land. Rey agrees to that and sets off in search of Ben. She rounds the back of the cabin and gasps at what she sees. Ben has the demon leader trapped and has made cuts all over his body with his knife. Worse, he looks like he may actually be enjoying the interrogation. He is nearly snarling as he goes in to make another slice. “Ben!”

He stops and freezes when she makes eye contact. He must know he has demon blood splattered on his shirt, and he looks down at his feet.

“What are you doing?” She asks as she walks over.

He peers at her through a fringe of hair that’s fallen in his face, eyes seeming darker than usual. His voice is almost a low growl. “I’m trying to find out who he’s working for. I need to know so I can hunt them down, and keep you safe.”

The demon’s head lolls to the side; he is barely coherent now. “Just kill me,” he chokes.

“While I appreciate your alpha protectiveness, this isn’t the way, Ben.” She grabs his knife and stabs the demon in the heart, light pouring from the wound before he slumps to the ground lifeless. “There’s still a person in there, and we shouldn’t prolong their suffering.” She wipes the blood off the knife and touches his arm lightly before handing it back to him.

She’s right. He knows she’s right, and it doesn’t make him feel any better about it. He wants to touch her, to reassure her that it’s still him in here, not a monster. He looks down at his hands, covered in dirt and demon blood; he needs to wash them first. “Thank you, Rey. I don’t know how much further it would’ve gone if you hadn’t stopped me.” It’s not the first time he’s tortured a creature for info. He’s let himself become so hardened to the job that it’s sometimes hard to remember that there’s still a human inside, even when a demon takes over.

“Hey, it’s okay. You’ve been doing this a long time on your own.” There is such sincerity and compassion in her eyes. Kylo realizes it’s too late now - he’s a goner for this woman and there’s no going back. She touches his arm again, but only briefly. He longs for the contact as soon as it’s gone. “Poe is taking the two hosts who survived to the hospital. I said we’d stay behind and clean up.”

“Good idea.”

They gather all the bodies and burn them in a heap far away from the cabin. Then they clean up the broken glass and other debris inside the house before making a pot of coffee and sitting at the kitchen table. Now that his hands are clean, he takes one of hers in his and

strokes the back of it with his thumb. *Her skin is so soft.* He grabs his mug with his free hand and takes a sip, letting the hot liquid soothe him.

“So, I had a vision,” she says suddenly.

Kylo nearly spits out his coffee. “What? When?”

“Earlier, right after I exorcised the demon out of the boy.” She proceeds to tell him about what she saw.

“Tarot cards and purple hair? I know who that is. Amilyn Holdo: psychic, medium, and old family friend. She actually lives in this state, but several hours away. We should probably stay here another night and leave in the morning.”

At the mention of staying here another night, Rey blushes and says, “Sounds like a plan.”

He remembers their activities from the night before and wonders if she’s thinking the same thing. He’d love nothing more to spend another evening exploring her glorious body, but he is also exhausted. He slumps back in his chair.

Rey is squirming in her seat. She tries to focus on her coffee instead of the wetness seeping out of her. Any moment now he’ll be able to smell it, and she doesn’t want to be caught in the act if Poe suddenly comes walking back in. It should have made her upset to see Ben torturing that demon, to realize how dangerous he is. Instead, her stupid omega brain was saying things like, *Look how strong and virile your alpha is. He can protect you, care for you, give you many children* . It was ridiculous, really.

The smell of him invades her nostrils now that everything has settled. It is wonderfully masculine, and she is so aroused right now. Ignoring whatever better judgements might have once been inside her head, she gets up out of her chair and straddles him. “Rey, what are you doing?” She can sense his restraint but his eyes are dark with lust.

“I just - kiss me,” she pleads, and he can’t help but oblige.

He leans in and kisses her softly, tentatively. But she isn’t made of glass and won’t break easily. She runs her tongue along the seam of his mouth for him to open to her, and she can taste the coffee they’ve both been drinking. She loves the feel of his tongue and starts to imagine what it would be like on *other* parts of her body. She moans into his mouth and can feel his hardness underneath her. She leans back, pulling him with her before surging forward again, pinning him against the back of the chair. He grunts with the movement, spurring her on.

Letting her instincts take over, Rey starts to move, grinding herself against him. Her panties and shorts are nearly soaked through, and there’s no denying what she wants now. Ben’s massive hands trail up her bare thighs before moving to her ass. She thinks he’s going to try to stop her like before, but he squeezes and shifts her slightly and - *Oh* . This is a much better angle. “Rey,” he breathes as his mouth leaves hers and seeks out her gland.

He is sucking on her neck now, and she’s sure there will be a bruise there later, but she doesn’t even care because it feels so good. She wants him to mark her. She continues to rub her cunt against his hard length, bumping that sensitive spot over and over. She begins panting and grinding faster - she’s *so close* . “Ben - I’m, ah-”

“I know, me too,” he says and grips her harder, rocking her into him in just the right way.

She comes with her mouth against his gland, her teeth scraping ever so lightly along the surface when she moans. This is enough to send him over the edge, too, and she can feel as his pants become wetter underneath her. They are quite a mess.

She looks down and then back up at him, laughter bubbling up out of her. “I feel like a horny teenager. This is insane.”

He smooths back the damp strands of hair from her face. “It’s never been like this for me, with anyone, Rey.” He kisses her again for emphasis. “Just you.”

She looks into his eyes, amber in the glow of the kitchen lights, and feels like she could drown in them. No one has ever looked at her this way before, with such reverence. She doesn't have time to dwell on it, though, because Poe comes bursting in at that moment. "Hey guys, I'm back." He takes a look at the two of them, Rey still astride Ben's lap at the kitchen table. "It smells like sex in here."

Ben looks mortified, and Rey smiles slyly. "That's so weird, we were just talking."

"Yeah, I'll bet you were. Look, I brought pizza, and I have some shit to tell you so why don't you two horndogs get cleaned up?"

Rey pops up and heads off towards the guest room to change. Ben follows close behind, hands in front of his crotch for good measure.

"And uh - no more sex in my kitchen, huh?" Poe calls after them.

He can't believe she still wants him after that scene earlier. But the large wet spot on the front of his jeans says otherwise. Maybe Dameron will let them do a load of laundry before they head out. Kylo picks up a new pair of boxer briefs and pants and turns around to leave.

"Where are you going; you're not gonna change in here?" Rey asks.

"If I have to watch you undress, we'll never leave this room," he responds.

"Fair enough." She smiles, and his insides go all gooey. "I'm sorry for just jumping you like that."

"For the record? Not something you ever have to apologize for." He heads to the bathroom to change.

When they're all gathered back around the kitchen table, Dameron on the other side from the offending chair from before and Rey in her own seat, he lets them know what went down at the hospital. "I stayed with them for a little bit. The woman seemed to remember some things." He takes another bite of pizza - pepperoni and mushroom, which he knows very well that Kylo doesn't like mushrooms - before continuing his story. "She said 'Gigantor' was reporting to some big shot in Hell by the name of Hux."

"Hux, huh? At least we finally have a name," Kylo said, picking the mushrooms off another slice before biting into it. Rey, apparently indifferent to mushrooms, has already eaten two slices and is working on her third. He watches her take a swig of beer and stares a beat too long at her neck while she swallows. He's not sure why, but he loves watching her eat. He thinks he could probably watch her do anything.

"Did she say why they're after me?" Rey asks around a mouthful of pizza. So fucking adorable.

"Yeah, she mentioned it having something to do with your connection to Heaven."

"But that's ridiculous. I can't control my visions and Finn only shows up once every several months."

"Yeah, I guess they don't know that. Think they can use you as some kind of conduit to angel radio or whatever."

Rey lets out a frustrated sigh and falls back in her seat.

Kylo speaks up. "Rey's had a vision about Amilyn Holdo."

Dameron perks up, "Oh yeah? Is that what that was about?" He looks to Rey, who nods.

“So we’ll crash here one more night if that’s okay and head her way in the morning.”

“Sure, sure,” says Dameron as he gets up from the table. “Tell Holdo I said hey, will ya? Oh and try not to break my bed.”

Rey is exhausted and feels somewhat sated from their earlier dalliance in the kitchen, so she doesn’t instigate anything with Ben. That doesn’t stop him from coming up behind her and pulling her close as he buries his face in her neck. She brings her arm up and winds her hand in his hair while he nips at her gland. Everything about this is perfect.

After he’s paid enough attention to her neck, he spins her around and captures her lips with his again. She swears she’ll never tire of kissing him. He breaks the kiss and says, “Are you all ready to leave first thing in the morning? I’d like to get there by lunchtime.”

“Yeah, just let me throw the rest of my things together.” She yawns as she grabs her bag and tosses stuff in.

“I’ll get the stuff from the dryer. You can go ahead and go to sleep if you want.” He kisses her on the head before leaving the room.

So, no sexy times tonight. Rey is too tired anyway. Still, she can’t help but feel a little disappointed that Ben feels the same way. She finishes packing then piles the pillows and blankets into a reasonable nest before climbing into the bed. She is still awake when Ben climbs in beside her and wraps his arms around her. He is so warm, and she feels safe.

They leave early the next morning, before Poe wakes up. Rey is a little sad. She likes Poe and wanted to say goodbye, but Ben assures her they’ll probably have to cross paths again eventually. She runs a hand along B.B.’s grill on their way out. “Next time, then,” she says wistfully.

The Falcon leaves a trail of dust behind as Ben drives them back to the main road and then the open highway. Rey doesn't know what's in store next, but she can't help feeling like everything has changed somehow.

Chapter End Notes

The description of Kylo's knife was inspired by [this comment](#) from chapter one by [enjrabbitwolf](#).

I realized I also never included the link for the [devil's trap](#).

Songs for this chapter:

Bad Moon Rising - CCR

Hit Me With Your Best Shot - Pat Benatar

Dreams - Fleetwood Mac

Can't Fight This Feeling - REO Speedwagon

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify!

As usual, comments fuel my writing and if you feel so inclined, come say hi on [tumblr](#)!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the slight delay on the chapter update! My friend's visit was good, but I was not productive at all during the whole week. Hoping to make up for it this weekend! We've got a lot of ground to cover in this chapter... let me know how you feel about it in the comments! :)

Thanks again to the lovely [obsessivepropulsive](#) for being a great beta! If you've got a minute, come say hi on [tumblr](#) - my ask box is always open.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



True to his word, Kylo gets them to the home of Amilyn Holdo by lunchtime. Her house is a cute, two-story Victorian style with a wide porch and a sign out front that says, “Readings by Amilyn.” There’s even a crystal ball painted on it. He smiles a little, remembering the few visits he’s paid to her in the past. She wasn’t around when he was a kid, but apparently she had been quite close with his mother at one point. The first time Han brought him here to seek her advice, he’d nearly laughed his father out of the Falcon. But she was the real deal.

Before he and Rey can finish climbing out of the car, Amilyn is bounding down the steps to meet them. She is wearing an old Lilith Fair t-shirt that has been cut across the top to reveal her shoulders. Her skirt is long and gauzy, but he can still see the gladiator sandals peeking out beneath it. She wears far too many bangles on her arms and they clang together as she swings them out to embrace him. “Benny Boy! Long time no see!” Once she lets him go, she

turns to Rey. “Oh and this must be your mate! I’m so happy for you both.” She grasps Rey’s hands.

“Ah, no. Ami, we’re not... I mean, she’s not my mate, technically.” He risks a quick glance at Rey, who’s freckled cheeks are starting to turn pink. *Someday, though*, he can’t help but think.

“Right, right. My apologies. Not yet, anyway,” she says, touching the side of her nose with a wink. Her hair looks a more vibrant shade of lilac in the bright sunlight.

The tips of his ears go bright red, and he hopes Rey can’t see from this angle. One of the things he doesn’t like about when he comes to see Ami is how he always feels exposed around her. Like she can sense things about him that he hasn’t even admitted to himself yet, and he’s always been a terrible liar, anyway.

They follow her into the house, her gray tabby cat coming to run between their legs. Rey is in awe. Her place is just so *whimsical*. There are kitschy knick-knacks next to religious artifacts and pieces of fine art beside velvet posters on the ornately wallpapered wall. She watches as Ben bends his massive form down to pet the cat. “Hey Ninka,” he says, scratching behind her ears while she purrs.

Rey’s heart swells at the gesture. She is falling hard for him. She can see the darkness and torment that he contains within, but yet there are moments like this, when he is so needlessly soft. Amilyn had called them mates, and for the first time since they met, it feels right to Rey. She doesn’t know where they might end up, but she doesn’t think she can bear to part with him when this is all over.

“I knew I’d be having company today, but I wasn’t sure who. I thought I should be prepared so I made enough lunch for guests. Nothing fancy, just sandwiches. But I was about to brew some tea, so you can pick out your own. I’ve got English breakfast, Darjeeling, Oolong, and Egyptian mint green tea.”

“I shouldn’t be surprised, but I somehow always am. Thanks, Ami,” Ben says as he begins to look through her tea selections. He decides on the Darjeeling, and Rey opts for English breakfast. “By the way, Poe Dameron says ‘hello.’ He - uh, wanted me to tell you that.”

“Does he now?” Amilyn sounds amused. “I trust he’s doing well?”

“Yeah, we just came from his place, actually. Had an ambush by some nasty demons, but nothing we couldn’t handle.”

“I’ll bet,” says Amilyn, and Rey gets the distinct impression that she is quite familiar with what Poe can handle. “Milk and sugar?” she asks, quickly diverting any further talk of the other hunter.

“Yes, that would be lovely,” Rey says. She likes this woman immensely.

Once everyone has their tea, they sit down at the dining room table. Amilyn has put out a spread of several different types of sandwiches, along with a selection of chips, potato salad, and coleslaw. Rey is starving, so she helps herself to a big portion of each.

“So what brings you two here?” She stirs her tea and fixes her gaze on them.

“Well,” Ben begins, making sure to finish chewing his bite of sandwich first. “Rey is a prophet, and she had a vision of us getting a reading from you. So we came as soon as we could.”

“A prophet, hmm? That’s exciting. I knew there was something special about you. It’s not quite the sensitivity that I have, but your aura is very pink.” She grins widely at them both. “I’m sorry, I can’t stop smiling. It’s just that you two are *perfect* for each other. I’ve never seen Benny’s aura this clean.”

Rey notices that he isn’t correcting her on his name. It appears that no one who knows Ben will call him by his chosen name. She suppresses a giggle and shoves more potato salad in

her mouth.

They finish eating and Rey helps Amilyn clear the table. “So Rey, I hope you’re planning on sticking around. You’re good for him, I can tell.”

She tries to hide a blush, but realizes it isn’t worth the effort. “Yeah, I think I am.” She glances back through the doorway separating the kitchen from the dining room. Ben is working on his second cup of tea with a wary eye out the window. Always on the lookout. “You knew him when he was younger... what was he like?”

Amilyn tucks a lock of lavender hair behind her ear and smiles. “He was shy, withdrawn. A big nerd. He was always more interested in the research part of hunting than the physical part of it. Han said he got that from Leia. They were broken when they lost her. Never truly came back from it... and then after Ben presented as an alpha, I didn’t see him as much. He would come to me on occasion for help. He’s definitely more confident now - those alpha hormones, you know. And he has less trouble with the brawn of hunting, obviously. I mean, I don’t have to tell you,” she nudges Rey playfully.

“No, he’s very strong and... agile.” Rey swallows, suddenly thinking about his sinewy arms holding her close, his giant hands gripping her thighs.

Realizing the direction Rey’s thoughts must have taken, Amilyn clears her throat and changes the subject. “Come on, let’s get to your reading.”

They rejoin Ben in the dining room, and Rey helps herself to some more tea. Amilyn gets out her tarot cards and begins to shuffle. “Normally I do readings for clients in the parlor up front, but since you’re practically family, I figured we’d be more comfortable in here.”

She spreads the deck out and has them both place their hands over it. Then she asks them to choose three cards: first Rey, then Ben, then back to Rey. Amilyn flips over the first card, Death but reversed. The second, Lovers, is upright. The third, Temperance, is also upright. She places the cards in a neat row and smiles. “Well, this is very good,” she says before taking a sip of her tea.

Rey can feel Ben bouncing his leg next to her under the table. *Is he nervous?* “Ami, what’s it mean?” He sounds like a little boy.

“Okay, so we lay them left to right: past, present and future. Reverse death in the past position can mean you’ve not fully let go of something in order to move on. I’m also interested that it came right before the lovers, because I think that speaks to the budding relationship here.” She motions between the two of them and Rey can feel her cheeks flush. This is what she saw in her vision.

Amilyn continues, “Upright is good and it’s in your present, which is obviously because it’s happening now. Temperance, in the future position, is a very good sign. I think this is showing that you two are going to reach a point of harmony, or *balance*. This can be both in your personal relationship and also in a greater sense, which in your case - hunter and prophet? I think it’s very likely. I think we’re actually referring to the cosmic balance itself here. It feels heavy, important.”

Kylo can barely breathe. Ami is saying a lot of things right now, and it sounds like the fate of the world could hinge on his and Rey’s relationship. *That can’t be right, can it?* Finn made it sound that way, too. He reaches over to put his hand on her knee underneath the table. He just needs to touch her, to be reassured by her presence. She glances at him briefly and smiles. The blooming realization in his chest is almost too much - he loves her. He’s known her less than a week, but it’s true. He would die for this woman without a second thought.

“What do you mean, Ami? Like we’re supposed to bring balance to what, the world?”

Her laugh is high and clear like the peal of a bell. “I mean, maybe, Benny. I certainly see both light and dark in both of you. If I’m correct, Hell made you an alpha and Heaven made Rey an omega... so maybe you’re to bring the balance between these two dichotomies.”

“That is... a lot,” Rey adds.

Ami reaches out to take her hand and her expression softens. “It’s about to be more, too. You do know you’re going into heat soon, right?”

Rey blanches. “Wh- what? I’ve never... I mean, I’ve been on suppressants since I presented.”

Kylo can feel the color drain from his face as well. Rey’s never had a heat? That would make sense if she’s never had sex. He’d hate to imagine her going through that all alone.

“You know being around a powerful alpha, especially one who may just be your perfect mate, can trigger a breakthrough heat,” Ami replies. Then she adds, almost as if an afterthought, “I’d say you have two, maybe three days at the most.”

“But, but-” Rey looks at him, and he can see, she *knows* . “We don’t have *time* for this, right Ben?”

He lowers his head and stares at the lacy tablecloth. “It’s not ideal, no. What the impending apocalypse and all,” he snorts a small laugh. “But my uncle has a cabin, or had. It’s vacant now. I can take you there until your heat is over.”

Ami smiles like it’s settled. “Good. I should tell you both,” her tone is more serious, causing them both to look up at her. “You need to mate, and not just have sex, but I mean permanently bond. It’s in the cards here, and I can *feel* it. How this conflict turns out depends on it. I know in a perfect world, you’d have time and be able to suss out all your feelings, but Rey’s going into heat for a reason. Take advantage of it.” She winks at them as she rises from the table and waltzes into the other room. “Ninka, time to eat!”

Kylo watches the gray tabby follow Ami into the kitchen. He’s afraid but he turns his head to look at Rey. She’s staring at the table. Carefully, he lifts a finger under her chin and directs her to look at him. “Hey, what are you thinking?”

He watches her eyes fill up, glinting green in the afternoon sunlight pouring through the blinds. “It’s just, a bit much to take in,” she says. She blinks and a tear escapes.

He catches it on his thumb and licks it clean, the salty brine somehow soothing his nerves. “We make our own destiny, okay? No matter what outside forces may say. You and I, we’re

in this together.”

She sniffs and nods. He can't take it anymore; he leans in and kisses her. It's soft and comforting at first, but she opens to him instantly. He finds his tongue slipping past her lips, tasting her, taking her in. He loves the feel of her, the way her scent invades his nostrils, her light infiltrating his darkness. Reluctantly he breaks away. “I'll see you through your heat, if that's what you want, but we don't have to do anything you're not ready for.”

His promise reverberates through her and sends a pulse through her nether regions. *Not now.* “Ben, of course I want you to see me through my heat. I've wanted you since we met, even before, when I first caught a glimpse of your leather jacket and dark hair in my vision. I want... this, *us*.” *I love you*, the thought comes to her unbidden. But it's too soon for that, isn't it? Still, the idea of mating with him, being permanently bonded is enough to make her head spin. She's been alone for so long, and now he's here - her Ben, her alpha, her mate. She doesn't want to ever let him go, and if they're destined to be together, then even better.

“I want this, too,” he says and then he's on her again. His tongue in her mouth, the heady smell of him, it's all traveling a little south for her again. He mouths down her neck and nips at her gland and fuck - she's already wet.

“Ben,” she whimpers.

“Mm?”

“Maybe we don't do this in Amilyn's dining room, after she's been such a nice host?”

He unlatches his mouth from her neck with a pop. “You're so right,” he says with a laugh.

Rey can't help but laugh, too. Some levity feels good, and she braces a palm on Ben's chest. He is so firm, so solid. Suddenly, searing pain shoots through the back of her head, and she falls forward onto him. The flashes begin: items being thrown across a room, an Asian

woman running through her house screaming, lights flickering on and off, and a terrible pervasive sense of dread. Outside the house, a old motorcycle with a sidecar is parked. She can make out a number of the mailbox. Then it's over.

"A vision?" he asks as he runs his hands through her hair, massaging her skull.

"Yeah." This is nice. Normally, no one is there when her visions end. She just pops an Advil and gets back to work. But being held by Ben is much more preferable to that. She allows herself to sink into his strong arms for a moment.

Hearing the commotion, Amilyn comes back in from the other room. "What happened?"

They explain that Rey had a vision, and she pops into a room off the hall, returning with a cool cloth to place on the younger woman's head. Rey feels like she could cry with both Ben and Amilyn looking after her. Is this what it's like to have a family? She goes into detail about what she has seen, and they both listen intently as she describes the flashes.

"What was the number on the mailbox?" Amilyn asks once she's done.

"Fifteen thirty-two," Rey replies.

"Oh my, I know who that is. Rose Tico, she's a client of mine. She's been seeing me to communicate with her sister who passed away last year."

"Yeah, but the scene Rey described sounds like poltergeist activity. That's usually from a vengeful spirit," Ben adds. "If she and her sister had a good relationship, I don't know that it would necessarily be her ghost? We should check it out, anyway."

"Yes, you should. And I actually hate to rush you two, but I do have a five o'clock appointment."

“Of course, Ami. You’ve been more than gracious with us.” Ben rises from his seat and Rey follows suit.

Amilyn writes down Rose Tico’s address for them and sends them off with a doggy bag of sandwiches. Rey gives Ninka one last scratch behind the ears and thinks that she will miss this place. There are a few nice hotels in town, so they decide to check in and pay this Rose person a visit tomorrow. They both pretend it has everything to do with how tired they are from their journey, and not that they’re looking forward to whatever might await them once they get to the room.

Before they reach a hotel, though, the Falcon needs a fill up. They stop at the first gas station they see, and Rey goes on a snack run while Ben mans the pump. Inside the convenience store, everything looks good. Rey’s stomach grumbles even though she had just eaten a couple hours ago. She goes through the isles picking up every candy bar and salty snack that catches her eye.

Kylo is pumping the gas and staring aimlessly at a couple trying to corral their kids into a minivan. He watches them as the kids giggle and the parents huff their frustration. *Could that ever be me and Rey?* Probably not. A hunter’s life was too dangerous for children. Even if they could stop the end of the world, there would always be a target on their backs. That’s assuming Rey stays with him. She seems ready to go all-in, but Kylo wouldn’t blame her for jumping ship. Not when the ship is as fucked as his is. He’s so lost in thought that he doesn’t notice someone unexpectedly appear beside him. He turns when the figure clears his throat, jarring him from his reverie.

This demon is the most put together Kylo has seen. For one, he’s wearing a suit. A nice suit, at that. He’s also pale with slicked back ginger hair and a haughty sneer that he suddenly wants to wipe off his face.

“Ah the mighty hunter Kylo Ren, or should I say Ben Solo? At long last we meet.”

Of course this smug son of a bitch would have a British accent. “And you’re Hux, I presume.”

“The one and only,” he says, giving a slight bow of his head. He really must think he’s the shit.

Kylo looks around. Rey will be back any minute. “What do you want?”

“I’ve called my dogs off of your whore.” He looks almost bored as he speaks, eyes glancing over his fingernails. Kylo wants to kill him. “I know she’s got a guardian angel, anyway, and we don’t like to get involved with their kind. Look, you may have eliminated Snoke, but that didn’t nullify your contract. You still owe us, or in particular, me. I inherited his contracts. All we need you to do is open a door, it’s simple.”

He remembers something that Dameron said, about unlocking a portal to Hell. “And if I refuse?”

“Then my hounds will drag you to Hell. And I’ll make sure your pretty little prophet pays, too.”

Kylo clenches his fist. “So where is this door?”

“Ooh so eager, I like that. I’ll be in touch when the moment comes.” And with that, he disappears.

He is shaken to the core, fumbling slightly as he puts the pump back in its holster and looks to see if Rey is done inside. There was something different about this demon, more ominous. He never once flashed his black eyes. What was so special about him? Why did the demons need him to open this door? He knows these questions won’t be answered tonight.

As he’s getting back inside the Falcon, he sees Rey exit the convenience store, two very full bags in tow. She saunters back to the car and tosses them in the back before climbing in beside him. “Did you need to buy one of everything?”

He’s rewarded with one of her megawatt smiles. “I was hungry, so sue me.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t dream of it. But I do have a few things I’d like to do to you,” he says with a mischievous gleam in his eye.

He hears Rey’s sharp intake of breath. “Then what are you waiting for? Let’s get to that hotel.”

Kylo has learned his lesson about trying to deny this thing between him and Rey. It is undeniable, and it is fierce. He gets them a room with one bed, but requests extra blankets and pillows to be brought as soon as possible. She looks up at him with such appreciation. He knows she’ll be nesting again.

They barely get the keycard in the door, as wrapped up in each other as they are. His hands slide down the length of her back, stopping to cup and squeeze her pert little bottom. “Your ass is perfection,” he growls in her ear.

Rey huffs a small giggle into his mouth before nibbling his bottom lip. She smacks him on the rear and answers, “Yours isn’t so bad either.”

He resumes kissing her full throttle, hardly leaving them any room to breathe. It’s desperate and fervent, like he’s afraid she’ll disappear. Maybe he is. He trails sloppy kisses down her neck, stopping to suckle her gland again. He imagines what it will be like when she’s in heat, how he’ll knot her deep and good, and bite her hard right here on this spot, claiming her as his forever. *Only if she wants you to, idiot.* Right.

He’s so caught up in the feel and smell of her that it takes him totally by surprise when she slinks down into a crouch, unbuckling his pants. “Rey, what are you doing?”

“Don’t you remember, I made you a promise? That I’d use my mouth next time?”

Oh. *Oh.* He does remember now, and he gasps as she frees his cock, painfully hard from their vigorous makeout session. “You don’t have-”

But his words are cut off as she licks the tip of him. Fuck, that feels good. Next, she licks a stripe from the base of his shaft all the way up. “You taste even better than I imagined,” she says and he knows he’s in for it now.

“Rey,” he whimpers and she takes him inside her mouth, giving a tentative suck before going deeper. He groans low in his throat.

She’s got a good rhythm going now and as her spittle leaks out and down the length of him, she uses her hand to cover what she can’t fit in her mouth. His knot starts to swell and her eyes widen at the sight. She gives it a gentle squeeze, causing him to shout in pleasure. “Ah—that feels so good.”

She hums around him in response and a shudder racks his body. She strokes him with her hand in tandem as she moves her mouth up and down. When she hollows out her cheeks and takes him even further, his tip hitting the back of her throat, he loses all control and bucks his hips, fucking into her mouth.

“I’m gonna come,” he moans, gripping her hair tight as she sucks hard again. And then he does, his seed spilling into her. She doesn’t back off, instead swallowing every last drop.

“Mmm.” She releases him and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. “How was that?”

He flops onto the edge of the bed, pants around his ankles. “Perfect. You’re perfect.”

Rey is fully aware that she has soaked through her underwear yet again. She didn’t expect sucking Ben off to turn her on as much as it did. But he is so big, and the thought of that knot inside her, yeah... It does things to her. Still, she reduced her alpha to a blubbing mess and her omega brain is feeling quite proud.

Slowly she can see rational thought return to his head. His eyes darken, and he smirks. *There's my alpha.* "Your turn," he says as he surges forward and picks her up, heaving her onto the bed. He has kicked his pants off the rest of the way, and he peels his shirt off as he eyes her hungrily. *What a perfect body*, she thinks as he crawls on top of her. "You are far too dressed for this occasion, Omega."

"By all means, please undress me, Alpha." The growl Ben makes is truly primal as he grips her shirt and yanks it up over her head. The last time they fooled around she left her bra on.

"Up," he commands and helps her sit up slightly so he can reach around and unlatch it. "I want to see those pretty tits."

As the air hits her breasts, she sees it again, that look of utter awe that he's reserved for only her. He palms them lightly, then squeezes, then brings his mouth to her nipple and takes her in his mouth. She arches her back into him. "Ben," she whines. Oh the things he does to her.

He switches to the other breast, laving it with attention, before laying her back down and kissing his way further south, along the hard lines of her stomach. He unbuttons her jeans and pulls them off. The panties she has on today have little devils on them. His eyebrows raise when he sees them, then he smiles. "Cute." He snaps the waistband before dragging them down and off.

Finally she is bare to him. He presses a kiss to her inner thigh and parts her legs, pulling her to the edge of the bed to give him better access. The first lick up her slit sends shivers down her spine. She is drenched, but he dips his tongue into her folds, lapping up all her juices like a thirsty man in a desert. He circles her bundle of nerves and then gives a firm suck, causing her to cry out, "Ben!" She winds her hands into his hair for something to hold onto. It's so soft.

"You taste so good my pretty little Omega." He continues his attention with his tongue at her clit, and brings a finger to her opening, thrusting inside with ease. He adds a second, moving in and out, going deeper, curling into that spongy area that makes Rey keen underneath him.

She is near out of her mind, her eyes screwed shut and panting as he brings her past the point of no return. "Ben, I'm gonna- I'm so close."

He sucks again, *hard* and increases the speed of his fingers inside her. Suddenly she is spasming around him and a fresh stream of slick coats her folds. He licks every last bit up as she screams his name. He smiles and crawls back up her body to kiss her on the lips again. She can taste herself on him, and she likes it. “Mine,” she mumbles as she strokes his hair.

“Yours,” he agrees as he goes in for another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, so I know pretty much nothing about tarot cards. I did a little research to figure out which ones I wanted Holdo to read for them and how to do a general 3 card reading. I didn't get into the minor arcana because frankly it's a bit confusing, but I figured the major arcana cards would be more recognizable anyway. Don't tell me the odds of drawing only major cards, lol. Here's the links I used to figure out the meanings and how they would relate to the story: [Death](#), [The Lovers](#), [Temperance](#).

[Ninka](#)

Songs for this chapter:

Wheel in the Sky - Journey

Death In Reverse - John Mark Macmillan

Arsonist's Lullabye - Hozier

Follow the Spotify playlist [here](#)!

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Here it is, our next installment! I guess official update day has now been changed to Friday! We get a little Rose Tico action in this chapter, which was a lot of fun because she's a fav. As usual, let me know what you think in the comments! They fuel me nearly as much as caffeine. <3

And thanks again to my brilliant beta, [obsessivepropulsive](#)!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



He wakes up with Rey in his arms, nestled in the bundle of pillows and blankets that she arranged on the bed. Kylo runs hot, so in a compromise he turned on the a/c so she could have all the blankets she wanted. The room is actually a comfortable temperature like this. Rey, however feels slightly warm to the touch. They don't have much time left before she goes into heat. They need to make quick work of the case today.

She stretches and lets out the cutest noise as she rolls over to face him. Light filters in through the blinds and falls in lines across her face. *A heavenly creature*. When she sees him looking at her, she smiles and reaches up to brush the hair off his forehead. "You're so beautiful," she says.

Beautiful? No one has ever called him that before, and the weight of everything they've experienced together hits him square in the chest. He loves this woman, so much. "You're probably the only one who thinks so."

She leans up to kiss him on the nose. "I highly doubt that, but I'll take it. Less competition for me to worry about."

Nothing he's ever done in his pitiful life is worthy of this. Rey truly is a gift he doesn't deserve. "You shouldn't say things like that; you're going to inflate my ego."

"I think you could do with a little inflation. These eyes always look so sad." She caresses his cheek with the pad of her thumb.

He leans down to kiss her soundly in response before saying, "Come on, we need to check out Rose's house, and then get back on the road."

"Yes, Sir!" She mock salutes him and rolls out of bed. Neither of them bothered to put their clothes back on last night and his eyes are glued to her tan, naked form as she pulls out her things to get dressed. The freckles that sweep intermittently across her skin, the tight curve of her ass, her long, lean legs - it's all perfection. He shakes his head, forcing himself to get up and focus on his own preparations, lest he be tempted to draw her back to bed.

*

Rey is happy, and not just because she had the best orgasm of her life last night. This hunter stuff with Ben? It gives her a sense of purpose. She feels more equipped to handle her visions than ever before. It's amazing how much it can help to have one other person on your side instead of going it alone. She's actually excited to meet Rose Tico, and possibly help her in a meaningful way.

She's also starving. Rey has always been quick to hunger, but lately she's downright ravenous. It must have something to do with her oncoming heat. Ben is right: they need to take care of this case quickly and get the hell out of town. She grabs a bag of chips from her

convenience store bag and rips into them with gusto. While she's crunching, a pair of strong arms encircles her from behind. "Did you work up an appetite?"

She leans back into Ben and plants a hasty kiss on his lips, chip crumbs and all. "Indeed."

He licks his lips. "Mmm, cool ranch." He smacks her on the ass before heading into the bathroom.

Her heart swells as she watches him close the door. *I love that man* .

When they roll up to the house, it looks just as it had in her vision. A simple A-frame painted in neutral colors with a pretty flower bed out front. Everything about it looks new. The only not new thing is the vintage motorcycle with a sidecar parked in the driveway. Rey used to be a mechanic, but this is the first sidecar she's seen up close. As they walk up to the front door, she lets her gaze roam over the vehicle. If there's time later, she definitely plans to ask Rose about it.

Ben knocks on the door and before long, a petite Asian woman answers. She looks just like Rey pictured her, and it never ceases to amaze her, the way people appear just as they had in her vision. Her full rosy cheeks look like they were made for smiling, but she's not at the moment and it seems wrong.

"Rose Tico?" Ben asks.

"Yeah, and you are?"

"I'm Kylo, and this is Rey. We're friends of Amilyn Holdo's. Can we come in?"

"Oh, okay," she steps back and lets them inside. "Wait, are you *Ben* the hunter? And you're Rey the prophet?"

Rey gives her a look. “You’ve heard of us?”

She gives them a sheepish grin. “Amilyn called and told me you’d be coming. But I think it’s pretty impressive, what you guys do. She also told me not to call you Kylo under any circumstances.” She eyes Ben warily, taking in the leather jacket and large knife strapped to his waist. “But seeing as you look like you could kill me, I’ll call you whatever you want.”

Rey giggles and says, “Oh I like her already.”

Rose offers them coffee, and they readily accept, having decided to skip the terrible hotel java this morning. They all sit around the kitchen table as she tells them about her experiences. Rey looks at the cute little kitchen, done in shades of turquoise and yellow. There is open shelving, showcasing Rose’s impressive coffee mug collection. She has ones from cities all over the world, ones with characters on them, and some with funny quotes. Rey also notices there are several boxes stacked around the area. “Did you recently move in?”

“Yeah, last month. After my sister’s passing, I had to sell our old place. It was our home growing up; but it was too big for just me, and too painful to be in without her.”

“I’m so sorry for your loss,” Rey offers.

Rose gives a half smile. “Thanks. It’s been hard, but Amilyn’s been a big comfort.”

Rey watches Ben react. His face is sympathetic, but he doesn’t want to go deeper than necessary. Family is a painful subject for him, too. “You don’t think it’s your sister’s spirit that could be causing these disturbances, though, correct?”

“I don’t see why she would - we had a good relationship.”

Rey turns to Ben. “Would moving out of their childhood home be enough to cause a spirit to become vengeful?”

He sighs and takes a swig out of the coffee mug. **I Don't Do Mornings** is scrawled across it in shaky letters. "Not usually."

Rose frowns down at her mug, a picture of a gray cartoon cat adorning the side. "What do you suggest, then?"

"Rey and I will have a look around and see what we can figure out. Spirits can be tricky sometimes."

Kylo doesn't want to be here. Rose seems nice enough, but he's worried about getting Rey to the cabin before her heat sets in. It's not that they'd run into another alpha, but you never know. Mostly he doesn't want her to be uncomfortable any longer than is necessary. Normally a poltergeist case sounds like it would be cut and dry, but it doesn't seem like Rose's dead sister would be the type. Paige is what she said her name was.

He climbs up the stairs and walks through the rooms one by one, combing through them carefully. He left Rey and Rose downstairs while he got a head start on the upper level. The house seems so new, so either something was here before, or Paige suddenly became vengeful and followed Rose here. He's walking down the hall when the lights suddenly start to flicker. The temperature also drops unexpectedly, and Kylo rubs his shoulders. He had taken his jacket off in the foyer, which now seems like a mistake.

He hears a noise in one of the rooms and turns just in time to see the flickering form of a spirit - a man in period clothing. *Definitely not Paige, then.* Then a chair hurdles at him. Before he can react, or get out of the way, it falls apart in front of him. Okay, *that* was weird. He runs back downstairs and calls out for the girls, "Rey! Rose! I saw something."

He tells them what happened, and they both look shocked. "It was, a man?" Rose asks incredulously.

"A man who was dressed like an old timey photo?" Rey asked.

“Yes. I need to figure out what was here before this house was built, since it’s obviously new.”

“That makes sense,” Rey said.

Kylo continues, “There was something else, though.” He tells them how the chair the entity flung at him broke apart before it could hit him. “I think your sister’s spirit might be here too.”

Rose looks at him wide-eyed. “I think you might be right. I had felt her a little in our old home before I moved, but ever since I got to this house, it’s been different. It’s like there’s something here that doesn’t want me here, and something else that’s trying to protect me.”

Kylo nods. “That’s likely the case. Let me do a little research so we can get this taken care of for you.”

He goes outside to retrieve his laptop from the Falcon. When he comes back in, he finds Rey helping Rose make lunch. His heart does a little flip to see his omega being so domestic. If only they could settle down somewhere and build a life together.

“Hope you like macaroni and cheese. Rose supposedly makes the best. I’m on hot dog duty,” Rey announces proudly, flipping the weiners in the pan.

“Sounds amazing,” he answers as he pulls up his browser to start searching. Back in the old days when it was he and Han on the road, Kylo did most of the research while his dad was the brawn. It worked out well for them. Then, he lost everything and had to figure it out alone. The alpha thing made the physical aspect easier, but he still enjoyed the research more.

He is able to find out that Rose’s house used to be a saloon in the 1800s. Then it was a number of other things before burning down in the 1980s. It was a vacant lot for nearly twenty years before being built into the A-frame house that is now inhabited. That would

explain why no one would necessarily have known the place was haunted when it was sold to her.

A smile breaks out across his face when Rey sets a plate down in front of him. Kylo takes a bite of the mac and cheese. “Okay, Rose. Where have you been all my life? This is the best mac and cheese I’ve ever had.”

“Hey now,” Rey warns, punching him in the arm.

Rose giggles and says, “I’ll give you guys the recipe. Paige taught me how to make it.”

Kylo is able to determine the name of the former saloon owner and finds out he died in a brawl on the premises. One of the patrons pulled a gun in the middle of the fight, and he was struck by a shot not intended for him. He was the only casualty. Vengeful spirit? Check. He does a little more digging and finds out the man is buried at the local cemetery. They can salt and burn the remains, easy peasy. The only problem is, they’ll need to wait till nightfall to do so.

He tells them this and to his surprise, both the women take it well.

“So I guess you guys are stuck with me till then,” Rose says with a smile on her face.

Kylo watches as Rey drags her out to gawk at the motorcycle they saw upon arrival. He rolls his eyes for her benefit, but he has to admit it’s adorable, like everything else she does.

I could get used to this, Rey thinks as she helps Rose tinker with the car that is inside the garage. After running her hands lovingly over the motorcycle, Rey was pleasantly surprised to find out Rose was restoring a classic Mini Cooper in the garage. Rose works in the mechanical engineering department at the university, but she likes to fix up old cars as a hobby. Between Rose and Amilyn, Rey thinks she’d already have built in friends if she and Ben decided to settle down here. A fleeting thought, but a precious one nonetheless.

She doubts the life of a hunter allows for any kind of settling down. She also knows now that wherever Ben is, is where she wants to be. Even if it means living on the run for the rest of their lives. He is her future, for better or worse. They walk back outside, and Rey can just make out his silhouette through the bay window at the front of the house. He turns his head towards her. She can't really see him as she squints into the descending sun, but she smiles anyway.

"So you have visions, like of the future?" Rose asks, drawing her out of her reverie.

"Yeah, they're just flashes really. I'm hoping what I saw of you is something we're preventing by being here."

"Was it that bad?"

"No, but it wasn't pleasant. You were screaming and running through the hall of your house."

"Oh, okay. It hasn't been that bad yet."

"Well, Ben knows what he's doing. It'll be fine."

"Have you told him yet?"

Rey looked at her, quizzically. "Told him what?"

"That you love him."

Oh, she is perceptive. Rey can feel her cheeks flush. "Not yet. It's kind of soon - we haven't known each other that long."

“Mm,” Rose’s face grows pensive.

“What?”

“I just, wouldn’t have thought that. He’s head over heels for you, you know.”

“Yeah?” Rey asks, feeling self-conscious for some reason.

“Definitely. You have him wrapped around your finger.”

Rey glances back through the window towards Ben again, and the bastard actually smiles at her. Maybe Rose is right.

When it’s finally dark out, after they have enjoyed a pizza and a beer or two, Kylo loads up the Falcon and escorts the two women to the graveyard. Rose insists on coming along to “see how it’s done.” He thinks that she and Rey are just not ready to give up this newfound friendship just yet. He can hardly blame them - he’s had so few friends over the years and knows how precious it can be to find a kindred spirit.

The cemetery is fairly nondescript with a small mausoleum at one end. The gates aren’t even locked. It’s such a trusting little town. The wind whips through the trees, and Kylo pops the collar of his jacket up when the hairs on the back of his neck start to prickle. “Let’s split up and look for the headstone.”

“What was the name, again?” Rey asks.

“J. Tinsley,” he responds.

Each equipped with a flashlight, they take off in different directions, shining their beams onto the granite and marble, looking for the right one. It's Rose who finally calls out "Got it!" after fifteen minutes of searching.

"Nice work," he says and the compliment sounds weird coming from his mouth. Rey is truly making him go soft. "I've only got two shovels, so you two can draw straws if you want." He smirks. It's actually kind of nice to have company in a setting like this.

Taking the shovel in one hand, Kylo gets to digging. He tries not to notice when the sweat starts beading at Rey's forehead, or how the breeze wafts her scent, stronger now with her exertion, over to him at random intervals. He tries to remind himself where he is and that if his pants were to get a little tighter out here, then that would make him a *truly* despicable person.

When Rey tires, she reluctantly lets Rose take over some of the digging, and Kylo breathes a sigh of relief. He is given a slight reprieve from her enticing smell. A few minutes in, he finds himself impressed with Rose. Despite her diminutive stature, she's got strong arms and is quite adept with physical labor. He hits the top of the coffin and says "Jackpot."

Salting and burning the remains is one of the first things you learn as a hunter. It's a surefire way to make sure a ghost is gone for good. He pours a heavy helping of salt and lighter fluid on the old bones then watches as Rey strikes a match and tosses it in. All three of their faces are awash in the orange glow of the flames.

When the embers peter out, Rose finally speaks. "So that's it? No more poltergeist?"

"That's it," Kylo responds. Then his voice softens. "Rose, you need to let your sister move on, too. She might have been sticking around to keep you safe, but if you hold onto her long enough, she could turn into a nasty spirit."

He turns to look at her and sees a tear dribble down her cheek. "I know. I know I do. Amilyn's been telling me the same. I think this new house will be a new start for me. I'm going to get some sage and do a cleansing. I need to finally tell Paige goodbye."

Rey rushes over to hug her new friend, and Kylo can't help but be touched. This is the first case she's helped him on, and already he doesn't want to go back to doing this alone. As he watches Rey whisper something to Rose, he hears the flapping of giant wings. The air shifts and Rose lets out a scream as they are joined by another.

"Finn, what's wrong?" Rey asks, visibly shaken to see the angel in their midst.

"It's the angels." He looks around as if to make sure no one has followed him. "Right now there's a war going on in Heaven over the apocalypse. Half of them want it to happen. The other half, the side I'm on, are doing everything in their power to prevent it." His voice is even and calm as usual, but there is something of a facial tick that belies his uneasiness about the situation.

"And you're the leader of your side?" Kylo asks him.

"No. I have a garrison under my command, but I'm not the leader."

"Then who is?" Rey inquires

"The archangel Phanuel. That's actually why I'm here. He wants to meet with you." Finn is looking directly at Kylo.

No, that can't be right. The angels are Rey's thing. Why would one want to meet with him?
"Me?"

Finn nods once and then disappears. In his wake, there is another figure. He's standing with his back to them, the shadow of giant black wings folding back in till they disappear from view. He slowly turns around.

Kylo can't believe it, after all this time. He thought his uncle was dead, taken out by one of the monsters he hunts. "Uncle Luke."

"Yes, Luke Skywalker is in here, but right now he is my vessel. It was the best way to keep him out of the demons' hands." It's so weird. The voice sounds like Luke, but is decidedly *not* Luke.

"Then who the hell *are* you?"

"I am the archangel Phanuel. The demons want you to open the portal to Hell and usher in the apocalypse. It needed to be someone in your bloodline, and they've been trying for years. That is why they took your mother when you were younger, but she refused even after years of torment. Your uncle was able to reach an agreement with the angels to keep her safe in exchange for becoming my vessel. He tried to find you, but by then your father had already died, and you had become an alpha."

Kylo chews on his inner lip as he processes all of this. So that's why Hux is trying to keep him on a leash. Then he realizes what the angel has said. "So my mother is... alive?"

"Yes, and hidden away somewhere safe. If you succeed in stopping the apocalypse, she will be released."

"Can I- can I talk to my uncle for a second?"

Phanuel nods. He drops his head forward, and when he looks back up, he is Luke again. *Fucking weird.* "Ben, I'm sorry. I failed you."

Kylo can feel the tears coming on. He tries to blink them back and fails. "I was all alone, Uncle Luke. Dad was dead, Mom was gone, and I couldn't find you... I was fifteen! It's my fault he died, if I had only--"

“What?” He asks, cutting him off. “What could you have done to stop your father? You know how stubborn he was. You did what you could and still got screwed over in the process. If anything, it’s on me for not being there. I could have helped you both. I was too obsessed with finding out what happened to my sister.”

Kylo huffs in response and stares at the ground.

“I know, I know. You have every right to be angry at me. I thought I was doing what I could to protect our family.”

He can feel the venom rising to the surface. “I’m not angry, I’m fucking *hurt*! I could’ve used my family, someone to be there for me. Instead, I felt abandoned. I had to become someone else to put it behind me, to forget.”

Luke grins ever so slightly. “So I’ve heard... does anyone actually call you Kylo Ren?”

In spite of himself, he wipes back his tears and feels the edges of his mouth lift. It *was* a bit ridiculous to expect that people would start calling him something else after fifteen years. “Literally no one.”

“Maybe it’s time to stop running from your past then.” He puts a hand on his shoulder. “Look, making mistakes is part of being a Skywalker. But you’re more than that. You’re a Solo, too. And your dad was one of the bravest idiots I ever knew. He also fell hard for a strong woman who wouldn’t take his shit. Seems like you’re following in his footsteps.”

He doesn’t look over to see if the girls are paying attention. Instead, he whispers “Rey...”

“I know you’ve already been told how important it is, and I can see that you love her already. You need to take it the extra step, Ben. There’s a reason she was given her omega designation so late in life. If you two bond, you’ll both be stronger, and no longer able to be used as a weapon for Heaven or Hell. I wasn’t supposed to tell you that, but sometimes Phaniel turns a deaf ear.” He shrugs and it’s like Uncle Luke was never gone. “Look, the other angels don’t want you to know that. We’re fighting back the faction that actually wants this apocalypse to happen. You and Rey, you are the only ones who can stop this.”

“What makes him so sure?”

“Phanuel? He isn’t sure you can do it. I’m the one who knows you’ve got it in you.” He looks uncomfortable for a moment and shakes his head swiftly. “Okay, it looks like I’ve overstayed my welcome. I love you, Ben.”

Instead of Phanuel coming back and talking to him again, Luke just vanishes before his eyes, the sound of wings following. Ben stares after him, rooted to the spot. It takes him awhile to realize that someone is shouting after him.

“Kylo? Kylo! BEN?!”

He blinks and swivels to see Rose cradling a limp Rey in her arms. He rushes over to them. “What happened?”

“I don’t know - she just fainted!”

Oh God, not now. Not with everything else going on. He scoops her up into his arms and carries her back to the Falcon. He presses his lips to her forehead - she’s burning up. Rose sits in the back with Rey’s head on her lap as they drive back to her house. He lays her in the tub while Rose fetches some ice. “You’re gonna be okay, Rey. I promise. I’m going to take care of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, you guessed it - next chapter is Rey's heat! Mwahaha.

Songs for this chapter:

Long Black Road - Electric Light Orchestra

Renegade - Styx

Burnin' For You - Blue Oyster Cult

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify!

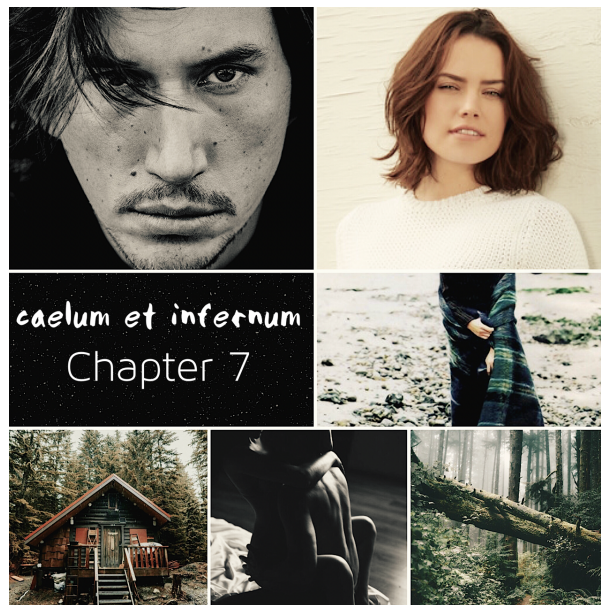
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Porn. This chapter is all porn. Sorry not sorry! :D

Thanks as always to my lovely beta, [obsessivepropulsive](#)! This smut is now more legible LOL.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



When Rey awakes, she is in the Falcon with Ben. He is driving way too fast, and she can feel the breeze coming through the open window, tousling her hair and cooling her overly warm skin. “What happened?”

“You fainted. We iced you down in Rose’s tub and you came to for a bit, but you were super tired. I figured I needed to get you to my uncle’s cabin as soon as possible, so that’s where we’re headed now.”

“Oh, okay,” she says but her head is swimming. The last thing she really remembers is being in the cemetery, seeing Finn and then another angel that seemed to upset Ben.

“How are you feeling?”

That was a complicated question. Rey had never fainted before, and she suddenly realizes how vulnerable she is. It’s the first time she’s ever resented taking on her designation. Ben shouldn’t have had to carry her around like an invalid. As she becomes more aware, things start to focus. “I’m hot, and I feel weak... but otherwise, okay I think?”

Ben points to a bottle of water in the center console. “Drink. You need to keep hydrated at least.”

She grabs the bottle immediately and starts taking big gulps. *Your alpha has you. Do what he says. He takes such good care of you.* “Oh no,” she says after swallowing.

“What?”

The wind had carried over a bit of his scent, and now Rey realizes she has other problems than just being hot. The heat has increased between her thighs, and she can feel the slick starting to seep through her underwear and dampen her pants as well. She feels increasingly empty inside to the point of pain. “Are we getting close?”

“Thirty minutes out, give or take. Why, what’s wrong?”

“It hurts, Ben.”

“What hurts?”

“Literally everything. I need you to fuck me, like *now* .”

“Fuck,” he says, slamming his foot on the gas.

Rey leans back in the seat with the force of the acceleration. *Your alpha has you. He's going to take care of you.* She screws her eyes shut and prays she can make it.

“Fuck,” he says accelerating the Falcon as much as he can. *Your omega needs you, needs your knot. You must provide for her.* These are the thoughts going through Ben's head, but he also thinks about what he would tell the police were he to get pulled over for speeding. *Officer, you don't understand, I need to fuck my girlfriend or she's going to combust!*

Rey is leaning back in the seat and he can smell her now, her stressed state adding a bitter note to her normally mouthwatering scent. He feels like he's failing at being an alpha. They shouldn't have taken the case with Rose. She could've waited another week with that poltergeist, or he could've called Dameron to come help. None of that matters now. The only thing that matters is getting Rey to Luke's old cabin and fucking her senseless. He tries placing a calming hand on her knee. “Don't,” she says as soon as he does.

He purses his lips and sneaks a peek at her. “I'm sorry.”

“I just- don't put your hand over here unless you're shoving it in my pants.”

His cock twitches. *Oh.* “Umm... Okay.” He thinks for a second. “Rey, if you want to touch yourself, please don't hold back on my account.”

She winces and stares him down. “I would, but I think it would just make it worse for both of us. That's not what I need.”

“Oh, right.”

“Just drive, Ben.”

By the time he maneuvers the Falcon down the long and winding dirt road through the forest, he is painfully hard. He can smell the slick coating Rey's pants, and he can nearly feel her discomfort every time she makes a noise. They run over a bump in the path and she hisses, arching her back off the seat. "Sorry!"

"No, it uh... it felt good."

It was secluded enough around here now, and he knew this road so well he could probably drive it with his eyes closed. "Unbutton your jeans."

She complies quickly, pulling the zipper down as well. He reaches over and slips his hand inside, finding her dripping center. He uses his middle finger to find her bundle of nerves and starts stroking it furiously. "Fuck, Ben!"

"Is that helping?"

"God, yes," she says, spreading her legs wider on the seat to give him better access.

He adds a second finger to his ministrations, dipping into her folds as well. His left hand stays rooted on the steering wheel, guiding them to their destination. She bucks up into his hand a bit and he finds himself able to sink his fingers in deeper, pushing into her opening while keeping his thumb on her clit. He thrusts in and out as the trees give way to a clearing and the cabin comes in view. Rey is openly moaning now as he parks the car and picks up the pace, bringing her closer to the edge.

"Don't stop! I'm so close..." she is nearly mumbling, but he understands just fine, plunging his fingers deeper inside her and circling her bud with his thumb. She comes with a cry, and he can feel his pants tighten uncomfortably as she spasms around his fingers. Her eyes blink open, and she looks at him through a haze of lust. "Thank you, Alpha."

Her words go straight to his groin, and Ben thinks he might explode soon if he doesn't get himself inside her. He licks his fingers clean and groans. "Let's get you inside, my love."

Rey's breathing slows as she opens the door to the Falcon and clambers out. She's already feeling so much better after her orgasm, but she can feel her need building again. She won't be sated until Ben knots her. *Not long now.* A wide grin breaks across her face. *Fucking finally.*

She grabs her bag from the Falcon's trunk and follows Ben. The cabin is beautiful. Its natural dark wood is accented with hunter green here and there, making the place blend into the scenery. Once inside, he shows her around quickly, the interior no less stunning. The simple furniture is accented with a few beautiful area rugs and there is a painting of a rocky island in a blue sea above the couch. It is so peaceful here. She makes a mental note to have a better look once she's not so overcome with desire. Her temperature is rising again, and she needs to have him inside her as quickly as possible.

"Bathroom?" She asks.

Ben shows her where it is, and Rey closes the door behind her quickly, stripping out of all her clothes. Once the cool air hits her back, she feels a little better. She has been burning up all day and while she'd love to take a cold shower, she knows that there's really only one way to alleviate her symptoms. She pulls the lavender nightgown out of her bag. It is probably the frilliest thing she's ever purchased, and she slips it on for the first time. There is a bit of cream lace along her breasts and at the bottom hem. It isn't often that she feels feminine. Her interests and her body have always left her sorted into the tomboy column. She knows Ben likes her for who she is, but she smiles at the decidedly womanly reflection in the mirror. *Yes, this will do.* She slowly makes her way out of the bathroom.

"Rey, are you alr-" Ben's words are cut short when he sees her in the gown. His jaw practically drops before he crosses to her in a split second. His one hand goes into her hair, drawing her head forward to bring her mouth to his. The other snakes around her waist, feeling the soft material before gripping her ass. "I have been fantasizing about you in this since you put it in the cart at the store," he breathes as he goes in for another kiss.

"Good then, my plan worked," she says with a smile. When he lets her go, she quickly asks, "Bedroom?"

He scoops her up in his arms, bridal style, and carries her the rest of the way down the hall, depositing her onto the bed. She scoots further back on the mattress, propping herself up on her elbows and parting her legs just enough for him to see she isn't wearing panties. She feels aflame and positively aching for him to fill her, and will do anything she can do to expedite the process. All of this is new to Rey, and she feels so frenzied inside. She's so thankful Ben got them here when he did because her heat is now in full swing. If they had still been on the road, she would have had to make him pull over and jump him in the car. Though, he had quick thinking fingers. The memory makes her blush.

"You're more than ready, aren't you my pretty Omega?" Ben, to his credit, wastes no time, peeling off his shirt, trousers, and underwear before crawling towards her on the bed. Rey is stunned by how primal he looks as he comes towards her, and her body reacts accordingly, producing more slick than she had previously thought possible. He doesn't get right to it, though. He takes her ankle in his hand and kisses it gently. "You're so beautiful."

She watches as he trails kisses all up her leg, slowly making his way to her inner thigh, which is by now well honeyed with her arousal. "Ben, please." She feels like she would beg for it at this point, but she knows her alpha won't let her suffer.

"My darling, so wet for me already," he croons as he lowers his mouth to where she needs him.

And oh, this is *amazing*. It was good the time before, but now her senses are all heightened and as he builds pressure on her sensitive bud with the width of his tongue, Rey sees stars. When he enters a finger, then another into her opening and begins to thrust, she knows she won't last long. She grips the sheets and cries out his name as she comes. It's not enough, though. She feels overwhelmingly empty.

Ben slides the nightgown further and further up, revealing her stomach then her breasts and kissing each new exposed part in utter reverence. He helps her remove it entirely and kisses her on the mouth again. She can taste herself on his tongue, and it sends a thrill of pleasure through her. When he breaks for air, she pleads, "Inside me. Now. Please, Alpha."

“Please, Alpha.” Those two words have more of an effect on him than anything else. He must care for his omega. She needs him. Ben must comply. He is still painfully hard, the first stages of his rut kicking in. Still, he’s glad that they took their time. He wants Rey’s first experience to be a pleasant one. He kisses her again, slow and sweet, before lining himself up with her entrance, rubbing his tip up over her clit and back down before pushing in. She’s so wet, he’s not met with any resistance and he buries himself to the hilt, relishing the feel of her around him.

“Rey, unf - you’re so tight.”

She moans beneath him.

“I’m not... hurting you at all, am I?” He has his arms braced on either side of her, suddenly fearful that he could be causing her pain.

“No, Ben. It’s good. It’s *really* good. You can move.”

So he does. And fuck, if she isn’t the best thing he’s ever felt, her walls so smooth against his cock. He feels his knot already starting to swell. All at once, he regrets every sexual experience he’s had that wasn’t Rey. It’s not a long list, but he wishes it were a blank slate all the same. “I’m sorry,” he grunts as he thrusts into her again.

“What, Alpha?” she asks smoothing back his now sweat-dampened hair from his forehead. “Why are you sorry? Ah - this feels so good.”

“I should’ve waited for you. You - unh - should have been my first, my only.”

The slapping of skin against skin is all he can hear for a moment, and he thinks he might start crying. *No, alphas are supposed to be strong. You’re not going to cry during sex.* “Shhh...” Rey whispers into his neck, and he quickens the pace of his hips pistoning into hers. She licks and mouths at his gland. He doesn’t deserve her. “Don’t think about that. We’re here now.”

She's right. He needs to let the past die. His omega needs him. He runs his tongue over her gland and can feel it's already slightly swollen. The urge to sink his teeth in is strong, but he places a tender kiss there instead. He brings a hand back down to where they are joined and circles her clit. He can feel her start to shudder and knows it's nearly time. "Come for me, Omega."

"Ben!" she shouts and he can feel her walls contracting around him. His knot is now expanded to it's full width, and he shoves into her with one last thrust, chasing his release.

"Rey, you're perfect." He's locked inside her now, pulsing his seed deep inside her. He rolls them onto their sides so they can be comfortable until his knot goes down.

She is full. Full of her alpha, and his come that is still pumping into her in hot pulses, each one sending a shudder of pleasure up her spine. The painful stretch she felt at the beginning of their coupling has quickly eased into the most intense pleasure Rey had ever felt. She loves the feel of being joined with Ben like this, knowing that part of him is now in her. Logically she knows that the true reason for a heat is pregnancy and maybe someday, she'd like it if they could have a child together. But for now, this is the most content she's ever felt. She nuzzles her face into his neck, and he holds her tight.

When his knot shrinks enough, Ben slides out of her and she whines at the loss of him. Some of his spend leaks out, and he uses his fingers to push it back in. Must be an alpha thing. "That was amazing," she says, rubbing lazy circles on his chest around his tattoo.

"Yeah? For me too. I've never knotted anyone before. It was euphoric."

"I'm your first?"

He nods, and pride blooms in her chest. She may not be the only woman he's slept with; but she's the only woman he's knotted, and that's something that they share just between them.

She lays her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat. “How long before you can go again?”

“Already?” He looks at her with a gleam in his eye.

“Not yet, but soon. I *am* in heat, you know.”

“Oh I know.”

They lay together entwined for awhile, not saying a word, reveling in the quiet of the woods and the soft beating of each other’s hearts. Then Rey can start to feel the pressure build again. She presses a heated kiss to Ben’s chest and starts to explore the vast expanse there. She swirls her tongue around his nipple and licks her way up to his gland, suckling the tender skin there.

He moans beneath her touch, and she feels his hardness growing again. “Rey, what did I ever do to deserve you?”

She doesn’t have an answer for that. She pulls back and looks deep into his eyes, pupils wide with desire. “I don’t know, but you’re more than I deserve, too.”

He shakes his head at her. “You’re a goddess, and I want to give you everything you need.”

“I need *you* . I need you to fill me up good, Alpha.”

At this he growls and flips her over onto her stomach. He leans close beside her ear and whispers, “I’m going to fuck you so hard you’re going to see stars. I’m going to make it so good for you, baby.”

“Yes, Ben,” she moans into the pillow as he claims her neck with his greedy mouth. Surely he leaves bruises as he sucks on her gland. She can feel the slight edge of his teeth against her

swollen flesh and wants nothing more than for him to bite down, marking her as his forever. But he doesn't. He moves to press a line of kisses down her spine, then drags her hips upward. She moves with him, spreading her knees on the bed and exposing her dripping cunt to him.

He dives in with his mouth first, licking a stripe up her slit. "I love the way you taste. I'll never get tired of it."

He makes a few languid circles around her sensitive bud before she loses her patience. "Stop teasing me."

"As you wish," he says and plunges into her all at once.

Rey grips the sheets and cries out, "Fuck! You're so big." Her recovery time is fast because of her heat, but she still feels the delicious stretch of his length inside her, filling her like nothing ever has before.

He grunts out, "You feel so amazing," and starts driving into her with wanton abandon.

It's not as tender as last time and Rey is feeling the heated tingling creeping up even faster than before. This is what their bodies were made for, and she's relishing every minute of it. When he leans back over her, she can feel his chest, slick with sweat, against her back. He reaches a hand around to play with her breast as he continues his merciless thrusting. *God, I'm going to explode*, she thinks.

"Is this what you want, Omega," he murmurs into her ear. He turns her neck so he can kiss her mouth.

"Touch me," she pleads. He brings his hand lower, stroking and teasing her clit while picking up the pace of his hips. "Oh fuck - Oh Ben, I'm.." Her voice trails off as her vision whites out and her walls spasm violently around him.

“Good girl, that’s my good girl,” he praises as he fucks her through it, driving several more times into her before his knot catches and they’re stuck. He rolls slightly back till they are on their sides, still joined together and smooths the hair back from her face while he occasionally shudders with the release of more spend into her body.

“I love this, being joined to you. I’ve never felt so close to another person before.” She cranes her neck until she can see the edges of his face, the profile she’s come to adore. A bead of sweat trickles off a lock of his hair and lands near her mouth. Her tongue darts out quickly to catch it. Every bit of her alpha is amazing.

“Mm, me either.” He kisses her chin and nuzzles close, embracing the mini bursts of pleasure he gets with each new pulse into her. Ben hates the idea that she would just be lying here this whole time, so he snakes his hand around her front, past her thatch of hairs and finds her now swollen clit again. He alternates between pinching and circling until she arches her back into him and she knows she’s close.

“Ben, don’t stop!”

He strokes her harder and moans along with her as she comes. He can feel her clench around him, releasing more of his seed. Ben feels like he’s waited all his life for this, this sheer bliss of being joined to his mate. His knot slowly starts to reduce in size. He’s not ready to pull out yet, though. So he doesn’t. Instead he stays inside of her, caresses the smooth skin down her side, presses feather-light kisses to the shell of her ear. *I love you, I love you, I love you.*

He loses track of time, but eventually she smacks his hip. “Ben, I need to pee.”

Of course. That makes sense. Reluctantly, he slides out of her and hisses as the cool air hits his cock. “Okay, are you hungry? I can make us something to eat.”

He watches a confused look pass over Rey’s face. She must be realizing now that she hasn’t eaten since the day before. It’s unlike her to go without food. “Yeah, that sounds good. Then I want *you* for dessert.” She waggles her eyebrows suggestively before padding into the bathroom.

He laughs, and it feels so good. In fact, Ben is the happiest he's ever been in his life. Sex with Rey is nothing short of divine, and finally having someone who can take his knot- it's like a fifteen year burden has fallen off his shoulders. She is so much better than the omega from his dreams, even if he knows it's been her all along. He throws on a pair of sweatpants and makes his way into the kitchen, checking the cabin's angel-warding sigils and devil's traps along the way. His uncle made this cabin pretty much unfindable, so he isn't all that worried, but still... he must protect Rey at all costs.

He rubs his neck while rummaging through the fully-stocked fridge. It seems Phaniel let Luke make a detour on his way back to Heaven. He sends a silent prayer of thanks up as he grabs ingredients for grilled cheese. He thinks about Ami's predictions, and everything that's happened since. He doesn't want to mate Rey to save the world, he wants to do it because he loves her. He wants to know that she feels the same, and that is the main reason they're doing this, *not* because the fate of the world is in the balance, *not* because they feel they have no other choice. *Now how do I tell her that?*

Rey wanders into the kitchen, the lavender nightgown back in place. *Damn, she looks so sexy in that thing.* "Mmm, that smells amazing."

"Grilled cheese with tomato and bacon. One of my favorites. I also cut up some fruit."

"Where did this food come from?"

"I think my uncle may have stocked it for us."

"I thought he was missing?"

"Turns out, not missing. Sit down, and eat. I'll fill you in on what you missed." He tells her that the other angel in the cemetery was his uncle, or at least the vessel was his uncle. He also confesses about Hux and how they're after him to open the portal.

“Why didn’t you tell me before, as soon as it happened?” She’s not accusatory, just hurt. He shouldn’t be keeping secrets from her.

“I wanted to protect you... and I didn’t want to worry you.”

“Ben,” she takes his hand. “Remember what you said earlier? It’s you and me, we’re in this together.”

He shakes his head. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. I know how you can make it up to me.”

“Oh is that so?”

She nods, biting her bottom lip, and it drives him over the edge. It’s crazy - he’s never felt this fire in his veins before. He’s sure it’s his rut, but also it’s *Rey*. Everything about her drives him wild with lust. He scoots the plates to the side and hoists her up onto the table, nightgown bunching up around her hips.

He slots his mouth against hers and tastes the sweetness of the fruit she’s just consumed. He drags her to the edge of the table, fingers pressing deep into her hips and she gasps into his mouth. “Fuck me, Alpha,” she groans as she wraps her legs around him.

Ben drops his pants to the floor and not even bothering to step out of them, pushes into her in one fluid motion. She’s more than ready and accepts him easily. His pace is rapid and she grunts as he drives into her again and again, causing the table to rock. He feels his knot expanding and knows he can’t hold on much longer. Bringing a hand down to stroke her, he also kisses her again, swallowing her cries when she comes. He follows close behind, giving it a few more thrusts before knotting her deep.

When they break for air he smiles at her lovingly and remembers where they are. Is he going to have to stand against the kitchen table this whole time? “Rey, hold on, okay? Wrap

yourself around me tight.”

She does, and he carefully walks them back to the bedroom, his knot still inside her. He sits down on the bed, then lays back gingerly with her still connected until he’s flat on his back. Rey is somewhat straddling him but easily lays her head down on his chest. He goes to finger her again, but she shakes her head. “If it’s okay, I’d like to just be close to you.”

He kisses her forehead. “Of course, my love.” He brings his hands to gently stroke her back and by the time his knot shrinks enough to pull out, she’s fast asleep. He rolls her onto side and brings the blankets up over them, before pulling her close again. Ben nods off with his arms around his omega.

Chapter End Notes

ducks to avoid the tomatoes being thrown As my beta so lovingly put it, I'm a biting tease! I promise the chompening is coming! Sound off in the comments to let me know how you feel. ;)

[Angel warding](#)

Songs for this chapter:

Heat of the Moment - Asia

Make Me Feel - Janelle Monae

You Shook Me All Night Long - AC/DC

Jericho - Marc Scibilia

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

The chompening has arrived! This chapter starts out smutty, but then we jump right back into the plot.

Thanks as always to my effervescent beta, [obsessivepropulsive](#)! She recently published her first fic, a post-TLJ one shot, which you can check out [here](#).

As usual, please let me know your thoughts in the comments, and come say hi on [tumblr](#)!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Rey awakes before Ben and slips out onto the wrap-around porch, a blanket covering her shoulders. She can feel the stickiness of his spend on her inner thighs, but she can always wash herself off later. She likes smelling like her alpha. She sits in the rocking chair that's

there and looks out into the forest. It's insanely beautiful here, and she tries to pretend they could just stay here forever, carve out a life for themselves away from the demons, angels, and fucking apocalypse.

She can see Ben through the window, the sheet covering his waist, but leaving his bare back exposed. She lets her eyes linger on his well-toned muscles and feels a fresh round of slick rush out, coming down to coat her thighs. She's going to need to wake him soon. Sex in heat is more than she ever could have imagined. Her orgasms are intense, and she is having so many of them. She knows it's an omega thing, but she also secretly thinks Ben is just really, *really* good at it. Not that she has anything to compare it to - the only ones she'd had before him were self-inflicted and not as satisfying.

Still, he's knotted her several times by now but left her mating gland woefully unbitten. She knows he's hesitant because of Amilyn's reading. She told them they practically *had* to mate in order to save the world, and that puts a lot of pressure on their situation. Rey hopes he knows that she would want this anyway, that there's no one else for her now... nor will there ever be. She brushes her own fingers lightly over her gland and cringes at the contact. It is swollen, itchy, and begging to have Ben's teeth bear down on it.

She pads back inside the cabin and kneels on the bed next to him. She runs her hands up the length of his back. "Ben, I need you again."

He mumbles something and rolls over onto his back. "Good morning," he says sleepily.

She looks down and sees he's ready for her as well. "Good morning to you, too." She crooks an eyebrow in question, straddling him.

"Rey," he grumbles, bringing a hand down to her dripping cunt. "You're practically a waterfall down there." He grins, dipping a finger in and circling her clit deliciously.

"Ah - Ben, I know. I need my alpha. I need you to knot me." She hovers above him, lining up her entrance with his cock. When she sinks down on the length of him, he makes an inhuman sound.

“Baby, you’re so tight. You feel so good.” He runs his hands up her hips and onto the small of her back as she begins to ride him.

“Ahh,” she hisses through her teeth as he hits all the right places inside her. She can still hardly believe how big he is, how he fills her up just right. They were made for this, for each other. “Alpha, you feel so right inside me.”

He rises up to join her and kiss her on the lips. She never tires of his tongue inside her mouth, the way he tastes, even first thing in the morning. As he moves down her neck she can feel him getting closer to her gland. He licks over it, and it’s not nearly enough. “Ben, I want you to bite me.”

Surely he didn’t hear her right. Surely it’s just omega pheromones talking. So when she repeats herself, he nearly falls back on the bed.

“Mate me, Alpha.” Her hair is loose and moving in tandem with her bouncing on his cock. He can see how swollen her gland is, and he is very close to knotting her.

“Are you sure that’s what you want, Rey?” He asks because there’s nothing in the world he wants more. The thought of her being his mate, the two of them bonded for life, he almost comes from just thinking about it. But he knows she deserves better, and he also doesn’t want her to be doing it for the fate of the world. As selfish as it may be, he wants her to want it because she loves him. If he’s completely honest, he knows he was gone from the minute she got in his car.

“Yes,” she breathes against his gland. She is licking him, too, and now sucking obscenely on his swollen gland. This is a new kind of euphoria, but he can’t lose himself just yet. He brings his fingers back down to her clit, stroking and teasing out her first orgasm. She gasps into his skin and he can feel her walls fluttering around him. It won’t be long now.

Pausing, he draws out of her for a moment and flips her onto her back before driving back in. Rey moans loudly as his thrusts speed up. She is beautiful. “Omega, do you want me to mate you?”

“Yes, Alpha... *please* .”

She makes a sound like a whimper and before he loses all his senses, he asks, “Why? Say it.”

She looks up at him and he can see it in her eyes. She feels the same as he does. “Because I love you.”

His knot swells as he pushes into her one last time. They are locked together now and he is pulsing her full of his seed. That was apparently what he needed to hear. “I love you, too,” he murmurs. Then he bites down on her gland *hard* . Hard enough to draw blood, to leave a mark. That’s how it supposed to work, right? She screams and he starts to worry that he’s hurt her when he feels her walls contracting around him again. *Oh* . So that’s how it felt.

Rey’s vision whites out when Ben’s teeth lock onto her gland. She’s never felt such intense gratification as being filled with her alpha’s cock when he bites her. It’s enough to send her over the edge again, and she cries out in pleasure. As the waves abate, she gets a wicked gleam in her eye and says to him, “Your turn.”

Usually only alphas bite their omegas to mate, and that’s the end of it. Historically, this allowed an alpha to mate with multiple omegas as was the custom in some cultures. Rey thinks this is bullshit. She wants everyone to know that Ben is hers and she is his. He is still locked inside her and has finished licking over the bite he just gave her. She gives his gland a cursory suck and then bites down, teeth sinking into his neck.

Up until this point, he had been bracing himself by his forearms so as not to put his full weight on her, but when she bites him, he goes limp and comes crashing down on top of her. He is so massive. It doesn’t hurt, but it’s not comfortable either. “Holy fuck, Rey,” he says regaining himself and pushing up again. He gently rolls them both onto their sides as he’s still inside her and will be for awhile.

“It’s done. You can’t get rid of me now.” She smiles looking at the bite mark on his neck and feeling quite proud of herself. He already smells more like her and the omega part of her brain is all blissed out from their intermingling scents. That, and the fact that he’s still pumping her full of his come.

“Never. I would never want to.” He kisses her shoulder and brings his hand back down to where they’re joined. He makes her cry out his name again before his knot shrinks enough to pull out. After that, he holds her for a long time before she even thinks about wanting breakfast.

Rey realizes that they must’ve dozed off again because when she wakes in Ben’s arms, the sun is high in the sky. Apparently continuous sex can really take it out of a person. She feels sticky and gross, so she rolls over and kisses Ben’s temple, whispering, “I need a shower.”

He groans and opens his eyes. “I’ll join you.”

She was hoping he’d say that. He takes her by the hand and leads her into the bathroom, where there’s a sizable shower with a glass door. “What temperature would you like the water?” he asks.

She isn’t burning up anymore, so she answers, “Somewhere in the middle?”

He nods and turns the taps before stepping in. He waits until the water is just right, then beckons her to join him. Somehow, he has gotten it just right. It’s not too hot or too cold. She sighs as the water hits her back and instantly realizes it’s not the only place she’s wet.

She does actually want to get clean, though, so she leans back into Ben as he shampoos her hair, grunting her appreciation as he massages soothing circles into her scalp. It feels so much better than when she does it. He rinses it out and adds conditioner, letting it set in while he scrubs her body with the cedar and sandalwood body wash. Her alpha takes such good care of her. When he reaches her mound, he gently washes over the outside before slipping a finger in.

“Again?” he asks, the corners of his mouth turning up.

Rey bites her lip and nods.

“Okay, give me a second.” He finishes washing her and then gives himself the quickest scrub down ever before bringing his mouth to the apex of her thighs. He draws one of her legs up to rest over his shoulder to give him better access and start rolling his tongue over her clit.

“Oh god, Ben,” she moans, leaning back against the cool tile for support.

She feels him smile into her folds as he keeps up his barrage, licking and sucking until she’s not sure she can stand any longer. The water runs over her legs, and she thinks with an almost chuckle, *best shower of my life*. She grabs a fistful of his wet hair, for something to hold onto. Then she is spasming around his tongue, and he licks up the fresh coat of slick she produces as she comes.

“My sweet Omega, you taste divine.”

Rey feels herself lose her footing, but before she can slip a centimeter, Ben picks her up and pins her to the tile wall. She squeals in a mix of surprise and delight.

“I’ve got you,” he whispers as he starts kissing her again.

She tastes her own musk on his tongue and relishes the sensation of their intermingled scents. Then she is arching her back as he eases into her, their wet skin making the most lewd sounds imaginable. *I’ll never get tired of this.*

Ben has never felt like this before, and he can barely believe this has all really happened to him. He’s getting to fuck his perfect omega through her heat, he’s mated her, and she told him she loves him. It feels like all his open wounds have begun closing up, and Rey’s healing love is now coursing through his body. He almost feels ready to take on all of Hell if it means

he gets to come home to her glorious pussy. He bucks his hips into her, sliding her ever so slightly up the shower wall, loving the sounds she makes. He wants to spend the rest of his life making her feel this good.

“I love you, Rey. I love you so much. You’re so good, baby,” he murmurs in between thrusts. He can feel his knot expanding and increases his pace, the now cold shower water dousing his back as he moves.

“Ben - ah, I love you.” Her fingers increase their pressure on his back as he holds her in place. He may have bruises later, but that’s perfectly fine.

He feels the tingles down his spine and knows it won’t be long now. The only problem is, he’s using both hands to support her weight. “Touch yourself, Omega.”

Rey complies, bring a hand down to rub her swollen bud. He watches her fingers quicken and loses it when she screams, “Yes, Alpha!”

She is coming apart in his arms, and he plunges his knot inside her, groaning through his release.

After they dry off, Ben insists they eat again. It’s now well into the afternoon and they haven’t had any food. He thinks Rey is reluctant at first, but then her stomach growls and she giggles, a wonderful sound. “I guess I could eat.”

She is wearing a black t-shirt with **Rock and Roll Saved My Soul** printed on the front over the tiniest pair of hot pink shorts he’s ever seen. He doesn’t think she’s wearing panties, and he tries to ignore the twitch of his groin in response to that image. He’s pulling out all the stops for this meal, broiling the ribeyes he found in the fridge along with baked potatoes and sauteed spinach.

When he brings their plates over, Rey’s eyes are wide. “Ben Solo, you are just full of surprises.”

He smiles. He loves doing things for his mate. He takes out a pair of stemless wine glasses and opens a bottle of merlot for them. "Am I?"

"Absolutely." She leans over to give him a quick kiss. "Demon slayer, sex god, and excellent cook? Color me impressed." She spears a piece of her steak and hums in delight.

He tries not to be turned on by this display, but he is failing. He takes a sip of wine instead and reaches over to squeeze her knee. "What can I say? I'm a Renaissance man."

Her laughter is his favorite sound.

"So," she begins, and he feels like this is the coming down from a 24 hour high. "I think my heat will probably over soon."

"I know," his voice sounds resigned.

"Where do we go from here?"

"Honestly, I think both sides are going to be after me to open that portal. We should probably head back to Dameron's to regroup and figure out a strategy."

She nods. "Sounds like a plan."

They finish eating, and he starts a fire in the fireplace. It's not overly cold out, but Rey wanted to see the fireplace in action. She's never had one before. He lays out several blankets on the floor so they can enjoy the warmth. Then he makes love to her, their writhing bodies lit up in the glow of the embers.

She looks up at him after she's come twice, her hazel eyes appearing nearly molten gold in the firelight. "I love you, Ben Solo, body and soul." She smooths a strand of sweaty hair back from his forehead and kisses it gingerly.

He cups her face, knot still locked deep inside her and kisses her back. "I love you, Rey Johnson, more than anything in this world."

When Rey wakes up, she feels like she's wrapped in a cocoon. They had fallen asleep in front of the fire, wrapped up in the blankets. She glances over to the table and sees Ben watching her lovingly while he eats a bowl of cereal.

"Good Morning, Sunshine. Hungry?"

She is. It must mean her heat is nearing the end. She feels a pang of sorrow at the thought. The past 48 hours in this cabin have been like a dream, the best two days of her life. She quickly locates her clothes and puts them back on, joining him at the table. He pours her a bowl of cereal and pushes the milk towards her.

They both crunch in silence for a little before Ben asks, "You want some coffee?"

She nods in the affirmative, her mouth full of Frosted Flakes.

He makes a french press of Columbian roast, and the smell causes Rey to wake up a little more. He brings over a couple mugs, along with the cream and sugar, so she doesn't have to get up. "You take such good care of me, Alpha."

"I hope so. I plan on doing this forever, you know." He kisses her on the temple. "How are you feeling?"

"You mean, do I want to jump your bones yet?"

He laughs. “Yeah.”

“No, I actually woke up hungry, so I think it’s subsiding. If you think you’re getting out of here without fucking me again, though, you’d be wrong.” She winks as she takes a swig of her coffee.

“Oh I’m looking forward to it. I just asked because I was wondering if you’d be fine with leaving around sunset.”

“Yeah. I think that would be fine.”

Ben starts to pack up the cabin some while Rey drinks her coffee. Eventually she wanders out onto the porch to survey the forest one last time. It’s so beautiful that she wishes they could stay. Maybe they can come back once all this mess is over. She smells Ben come up behind her before she feels his arms slide around her waist. Their scents are now intertwined in an irrevocable way, and she just can’t get over it. He is hers, forever.

He dips his head and starts kissing her neck. She hums in appreciation before setting her mug on the table nearby. “The view is gorgeous, isn’t it?”

“Amazing. I wish we could stay here.”

“Me too,” he says, snaking a hand up her shirt to caress her abdomen while pressing more kisses into her shoulder.

Rey is leaning back into his kisses, enjoying the attention, when suddenly he yanks her shorts down. “Ben!”

“I want you *now*,” he groans, sinking his teeth into the perfect fleshy round of her ass. It’s not a hard bite, and Rey is a little concerned at how turned on she is by this. She can feel the slick seeping out, running down her thigh.

Ben makes quick work of this mess, spreading her legs and licking a trail up to her core where he mercilessly begins sucking her already swollen bud. “Oh god, *Ben* .”

She grabs the railing for support while he nips and licks her folds, never straying far from her clit. She is crying out, waves of pleasure pulsing through her, by the time he stands back up and grips himself. “Now I’m really going to fuck you.”

“Yes, Alpha.”

He grunts, pumping his cock a few times, enjoying the view of Rey bent over the bannister of the porch, her perfect ass his main focus. It’s just them now, in the middle of the forest, and he gets to claim her once more. Clearly he’s waited too long as she pushes slightly out from the railing, baring her glistening cunt for him. He is powerless to resist and enters her swiftly. “You were made for me,” he says as he starts thrusting.

He pounds into her relentlessly, feeling like he’ll never get enough of her. His fingertips dig into her hips as if he’s holding on for dear life. He can scarcely believe it when she starts to tremble and yells, “Harder, Ben!”

If he has anymore left in him to give, he does, somehow quickening his speed and force until her walls are clenching him tightly, drawing him closer to his release. Rey screams over the railing, her voice caught by the branches of the trees. His knot is already starting to catch on each entrance into her pussy, and this is the final stage. He plunges deep into her one last time, locking himself inside her. His cry is nearly as loud as he comes, his hot seed spilling into her in bursts.

She straightens up and brings her arm up to wind into his hair. “That... was incredible.”

“Mm,” he hums, walking them carefully back so he can sit in the rocking chair with her on his lap, still joined.

“Are you quite sure we need to leave?” She leans back so she can look into his eyes.

“Unfortunately.” He kisses her nose and gazes out into the forest.

They stay like that for a good while, until well after Ben’s knot has gone down. Begrudgingly, he pulls out of her, and she stands up. She grabs her shorts up off the porch. “I’m gonna go get changed.”

He nods and watches her go, eyes glued to her ass until she disappears inside. No matter what happens next, Ben will always cherish their time here at the cabin. It’s been the best few days of his life. He sighs loudly and gets up off the rocking chair.

Before long, they have packed up all their stuff and are back in the Falcon. Rey asks Ben if she can drive, and he concedes. It feels weird letting someone else take the wheel, not just because it was his dad’s car, but also because alphas are used to being in control. Still, he trusts this woman with his life and now they are bound forever. He roots through the box of tapes and finds the one he was looking for. It was a mix he made when he was fifteen, shortly before his dad passed.

The first few notes of the song plays, and Rey gives him a look. “Really?”

“Hey, this is a classic. Keep your eyes on the road,” he chides and turns the volumes up. “Eye of the Tiger” is now blasting through the speakers and Ben sings along to every word, playing air guitar as well.

Rey is laughing and starts to beat the steering wheel like a drum. If anyone saw them now, they could pass for a normal couple on a road trip.

When they arrive at Poe’s, Rey bounds out of the car and runs to give him a hug.

“Whoa there, killer,” he says, taking her in. “You smell different.” It might have been offensive coming from anyone else, but Rey took comfort in the fact that he could tell. Everyone knew she was Ben’s.

“Solo, is that a smile? I’ll alert the media.”

“Shut up, Dameron,” Ben grumbles as he follows Rey inside and the other hunter claps him on the back.

“I’m happy for you two. I really am. Now let me get you a beer because I’ve got some shit to tell you.”

Poe grabs them all a cold one, and they gather in his office. He has a map laid out on a table with some X’s drawn on certain spots.

“What’s all this?” Ben asks.

“Well, while you guys were busy fucking each other’s brains out, some of us were doing actual work.”

Rey punches him in the arm while Ben just rolls his eyes.

“Alright, alright,” Poe continues. “Enough teasing, I get it. Anyway, these X’s represent a wave of demonic omens that have happened in the past few days, all concentrated in this area. Cattle mutilations, crop failures, freak electrical storms - that sorta thing.”

“Oh wow,” Rey muses, staring at the map. “How about in the middle, here?”

“Nothing at all in the middle. Like there’s some kind of invisible force-field keeping them out.”

“Hang on a second,” Ben says. He grabs his laptop from the other room, typing as he comes back in. “Shit, that’s what I thought.”

“What?” Poe asks.

“Give me that marker.” Poe hands him the permanent marker from the table.

“Each of these sites,” Ben says, drawing lines on the map. “Is an old church. They were going to be demolished, until my grandfather, Anakin Skywalker, purchased them in the sixties. We know from my uncle that he cut a deal with the railroad company, but we never knew why.”

He finishes drawing his lines on the map, and reveals that it forms a perfect pentagram.

“Are you saying-” Poe starts.

“Yeah, I think he had solid iron tracks laid,” Ben says.

The other hunter scratches his beard. “I’ll be damned. It’s a hundred mile devil’s trap.”

“That’s why they need me.” Ben’s eyes grow wide as the realization dawns on him.

Rey seems to be a little lost. “What? Why?”

“The railroad tracks form a solid iron devil’s trap. No demon can pass over it,” Dameron finishes for him.

“And I’m guessing they need someone from my bloodline to open the portal because my grandfather is probably the one who locked it in the first place. It’s clever.”

Anakin Skywalker had been an ace hunter back in his day, but he let himself become consumed by the life, forsaking his wife and children in the process, all under the guise of keeping them safe. In the end, he was struck down by the very demon he had become obsessed with hunting. It’s why Ben’s mother chose to walk away from the life.

They all sip their beers in silence for a moment, not really knowing what to say. Ben is the first to make a movement. “I need to get some air,” he says, walking out of the office.

“Want some company?” Rey offers.

“Not just yet. Come get me in fifteen?”

She nods her assent, eyes on his back as he leaves.

When Ben gets out the front door, he staggers and takes a few heaving breaths. The weight of everything comes crashing down on him again and it’s too much. He runs off the dirt trail that leads to Dameron’s house. He doesn’t think about how far he’s gone until he hits the treeline. He’s out of the range of protection. Almost on cue, Hux appears. “Solo, you look like a man who’s just learned some hard truths.” He stands with a haughty grin on his pasty face, his tailored suit spotless and dress shoes shiny in the light of the setting sun. When he flashes his demon eyes at Ben, he notices they are red. Not black. That’s different.

“Fuck off, Hux. I’m not opening your goddamned door.”

Unamused, he continues, “You can and you will.”

Not if I kill you first , he thinks. Ben whips out his knife in one fluid motion and stabs it right in Hux's pretentious chest. Nothing happens. "What the-"

His words are cut short as Hux waves his hand and an unseen force flings Ben into a nearby tree. Winded, he braces himself on one arm to give the demon the death stare.

"That toothpick won't work on *me* , Alpha. Better luck next time." He removes the knife from his chest, drops it on the ground, and promptly disappears.

Ben is stunned. Unable to move, he barely registers the sound of Rey running over to him. "Ben! Ben, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. A little bruised, but nothing's broken - at least, I don't think."

"What was that?"

"It was Hux. And my blade doesn't work on him. He's a different kind of demon."

"Fuck. Well, come on and get back inside. We've got other company."

Rey leads Ben back inside where Poe and Finn are conversing over the kitchen table. It's quite a sight.

"Is that, an *angel* drinking a *beer* ?" Ben asks.

"I asked him if he wanted to try one, and he said why not?" Poe states.

“It’s quite pleasant. Makes me feel warm inside,” Finn bemuses.

“Wait,” Ben begins. “Don’t you have this place warded against angels, too?”

Poe looks a bit sheepish. “I gave Finn my number in case of emergencies.”

“He has a *cell phone* ?” Rey and Ben say in unison.

Finn, dressed today in a suit and trench coat, pulls what looks to be a gas station burner phone out of his pocket. He smiles like he’s quite pleased with himself. “It has come to be useful.”

Rey shoots Ben a *what’s going on with these two?* look, to which he just shrugs in reply. Then she says, “So why are you here, Finn? Besides to flirt with Poe and drink his beer.”

“Right. The war in Heaven is coming to a head. They know the location of the portal now that the demon omens have been sighted. The other side, led by Anna, are going to try to persuade you to open that door. I thought it might be best if I kept an eye on you for awhile.”

“Like, guard us?” Rey asks.

“Something like that,” Finn responds.

“Hey, while we’re on the subject... do you know what can kill a red-eyed demon?” Ben eyes Finn curiously.

“Yes, this.” He pulls a long silver blade out of his sleeve and drops it on the table with a resounding clang.

“What is that?” Ben asks, clearly intrigued.

“It’s an angel blade. It will kill everything except archangels.” Finn casts a glance at Poe and further explains, “They have their own special blades.”

“Nice,” Ben says, picking up the weapon to inspect it. “I don’t suppose you have more of these?”

“Not currently, but if an angel dies in battle, their blade is left behind. You may have a chance to obtain one soon enough.” Finn frowns and downs the rest of his beer.

Rey is watching the whole scene with rapt attention, suddenly worried for Ben. They are mated now, stronger than ever, but she can’t stand the thought of losing him in what looks like it will be an all out war. She threads her fingers through his and looks up at him. “I’m scared for you.”

“Don’t be, my love. I’m not going anywhere.”

Just then, a loud crack of thunder booms outside.

The sky has grown thick with clouds in shades of charcoal and plum, lit up by the occasional lightning strike. It’s like the heavens are raging. Four figures appear gradually, so as not to seem as imposing, even though they are with their intimidating winged shadows that unfurl and fold back in as they approach the cabin.

Finn steps out in front of all of them, his blade dropping from the sleeve of the trench coat. “What do you want?”

A woman with blazing red hair steps out in front of the other three. “The alpha needs to open the portal. It’s what has been prophesied.”

Ben blanches at this. These are not friendly angels. He watches as Finn takes a defensive stance against the group. Four against one isn’t very good odds. He doesn’t count himself, Rey, or Dameron because they don’t have weapons that would work on the celestial beings. “Anna, sister, don’t do this,” Finn implores.

“If he won’t do it willingly, then he needs some motivation,” says one of the other angels, an older male with dark brown hair and glasses. He brandishes his blade and strikes at Finn first. Finn catches the blade with his own and parries back with a flourish, his coat whipping around with the movement. He is a graceful fighter.

The other angel stumbles back but thrusts again. Finn catches his arm with his, bending it out of the way and backwards till he has the other angel trapped. Another angel, a lanky fellow, comes to the assist, raising his blade towards Finn’s chest, but Finn spins the angel he has trapped around just in time and the blow meant for him is taken by the older angel. A bright white light shoots forth from the angel’s wound before he falls to the ground dead, his large wings scorching a shadow into the dirt.

The lanky angel looks horrified at what his own hands have wrought and he turns to their leader, Anna, for guidance. “Enough! I do not wish there to be more bloodshed.”

“Then call off your dogs!” Finn yells at her.

“I can’t do that. We need to know if the alpha will cooperate.”

“My *name* is Ben. So you can cut it with the ‘alpha’ shit.” Ben starts to walk towards them, but feels a hand on his chest. He looks down at Rey, who is pleading with her eyes. *Don’t*, they seem to caution him.

Anna looks directly at Ben. “Will you or will you not open the portal?”

Finn looks at him, too. “Don’t do it, Ben.”

It seems like an easy decision. Then why does he feel so uneasy about it? “No,” he says.

“Then you leave us no choice.” Anna and the two remaining angels advance on Finn.

Ben watches in stunned silence as Dameron runs to pick up the blade dropped by the fallen angel and goes back to back with Finn. It’s two against three now. Or it was. Ben looks around as the lead angel, Anna has gone missing. He turns to his side to see her suddenly holding Rey in a vice grip. “Let her go!”

“You need motivation. I’m giving it to you.” And with that, she disappears with Rey.

“REY!!!” He screams, falling to his knees in the dirt.

Ben’s cry momentarily distracts Finn, who turns in the direction of the commotion. There is one fallen angel already on the ground. The lanky one, still standing, uses this window of opportunity and plunges his blade forward. Dameron goes to block, but he is a hair too late and only succeeds in changing the trajectory of the blade. It lands right above Finn’s heart.

Ben can only watch in abject horror as Finn falls to the ground and Dameron, screaming, thrusts his blade up into the lanky angel’s chin and head, the bright white light emanating from his eyes before he crumples. They both rush to Finn’s side. It’s the first time in his life that Ben has ever seen Dameron cry. He shakes their angel friend. “Finn, buddy, are you with us?” But the black outline of wings against the earth is the only response he receives.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter especially was riddled with SPN easter eggs. If you're a fan of the show then the bleak cliffhanger ending shouldn't be too much of a drag. You know things aren't always what they seem in SPN. (i.e. don't freak out yet! I didn't update the tags for a reason.)

[angel blade](#)

Songs for this chapter:

Bite Down - Bastille & HAIM

Eye of the Tiger - Survivor

Crossfire - Brandon Flowers

House of the Rising Sun - The Animals

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify!

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Here we go, everyone! Our penultimate chapter! We actually have the main plot wrap up in this one, and the next chapter will be a sort of epilogue (but still normal chapter length). I'm so excited to share this one with you, and I'm actually getting sad that our time in this universe is coming to a close soon! It's been such a blast to write, and I am overwhelmed by all the love and support I've received.

Thanks again to my beta, [obsessivepropulsive](#) who has been so great getting these chapters back to me super fast so I could keep to my weekly schedule!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Dameron is hunched over Finn's body, and Ben is standing there flabbergasted. *They took Rey.* He takes off towards the Falcon, swiping the angel blades of the fallen heavenly beings on his way. He might need them. He's opening the trunk to check his arsenal when feels someone tug his arm.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Dameron's eyes are bloodshot. He clearly had developed some kind of bond with the angel in a short period of time.

“We know where the portal is, so I’m going there.”

“What?! No. Ben, why?”

He looks at Dameron straight in the eyes. “They want me to open the door? I’m gonna open the fucking door.”

“You can’t!” He goes to grab him again.

Ben whips around and shoves his arm off. “They took Rey! *Rey*, Poe. She’s my mate. She’s my *everything*. I don’t care if the whole goddamn world burns if she’s not in it.” He jerks open the driver’s side door. “I don’t need you to come with me. I don’t even need you to understand. I just need you to let me go.”

He nods solemnly, and Ben’s so concerned with getting the Falcon on the road that he misses how the other hunter runs back to where Finn’s body lies, now surrounded by a thin halo of light. He knows exactly where he’s going. He marked the area down on his phone the moment Dameron pulled out the map. He’s got to get inside that devil’s trap and at least offer to open the portal. Anything to get her back. He slams his foot on the gas and takes the car as fast as it will go.

Rey is discombobulated, to say the least. One minute she was with Ben and her friends, the next she finds herself in a children’s playground. The red headed angel, Anna, is still holding her arm tightly. Rey watches as the sand in the sandbox starts swirling around like a vortex, floating up into the air. Anna yanks her towards it. “Come on, Omega.”

“Where are we going?” she asks, but suddenly they are there. It is bright, white, sterile.

“Heaven,” Anna replies.

Of course Rey has thought about Heaven before. She's had plenty of time since she met Finn to contemplate what his home might look like. It was never anything like this. Everything is white or muted shades of gray. It looks like an office. "This... is Heaven?"

Anna looks like she doesn't have much patience for humans. "This is part of it, yes. Where the angels are. Not the part where souls go to rest." She opens a door and flings Rey inside.

"Hey!" She shouts, but it's too late. She bangs on the door and yells, "Let me out!"

However, the door is locked tight. She can't even see a sliver of light beneath it. Rey looks around, realizing she's in what must be Heaven's break room. There's a water cooler and a coffee machine- there's even a fucking microwave, whatever they use that for. She's never once seen Finn eat. After methodically going through every cabinet and drawer, searching every nook and cranny for something that might help her escape, she flops on a chair, defeated.

"Well, if I'm going to be stuck here, might as well have some coffee." She heads over and starts the pot: no wasteful Keurig cups in Heaven. She's sure Ben must be coming for her. Surely he saw that winged bitch kidnap her. *Please hurry, Ben.*

"Unbelievable," Ben says to no one in particular. He has just made it to the railroad tracks, where Hux is casually standing astride the crossing, chest puffed out like a baboon trying to find a mate. He steps out of the Falcon reluctantly.

"I would say I told you so, but that kind of childish petulance is beneath me. So I'll just say, I informed you thusly."

Ben wants nothing more than to wipe the sneer right off his pasty face. He feels the cold metal of the angel blade against his back. *Easy Solo, it isn't time yet.* "How kind of you," he quips instead. "So what, do I need to escort you across the River Styx?"

“No, I can’t cross these tracks. I just came to give you the key. Once the door is opened, I’ll be able to enter.” He takes a heavy, iron skeleton key out of his jacket pocket and hands it to Ben.

“Gee, thanks.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Ben goes to give Hux one last threatening glare, but the son of a bitch is already gone. He returns to his car and drives across the tracks, into the center of the demon’s trap. It’s another mile or so before he gets to what he assumes is the end of the line. A cemetery. How typical.

He gets out and enters the graveyard. It’s eerie, especially now that the sun has started to set, casting the tombstones in a chiaroscuro of light and dark. He is utterly alone. After finding Rey, he thought he’d never be on his own again. Now he won’t get her back unless he goes through with this. He knows what he has to do. He walks around the solemn place, looking for a clue. Then he sees it: the mausoleum. It has runes set into the door and something that looks strangely like a pentagram where the knob should be. He walks toward it.

“Don’t do this, Ben.”

He whirls around. “Uncle Luke.”

The coffee here isn’t bad, but it’s not the best Rey’s had. Which is disappointing, considering this is Heaven. But maybe angels aren’t big on coffee. She’s already starting to go stir-crazy, and she hasn’t even been here that long. That, and it feels like there’s a hole in her chest without Ben there. Is this what it’s always going to feel like apart from him, or is it just because they’ve so recently mated?

She’s tried every way possible to get out of this room, but nothing works. There’s no TV and no books. They must have confiscated her phone, which she doubts would work up here

anyway. At least there is a couch. She lies down on it and counts the ceiling tiles, idly starting to hum “Eye of the Tiger” to herself. She needs to get out of here and get back to Ben.

She makes herself another cup of coffee then resumes her perch on the couch. She’s replaying the events of the past few days in her head: imagining the feel of Ben’s skin against hers, how amazing it feels when he’s deep inside of her, and how she practically floated out of her skin when he bit her mating gland. God, she misses him so much. It feels like hours have passed, but since there’s no clock in the room, she has no way to be sure. Finally, the door opens and Anna returns.

“Why didn’t you say you had already mated with the alpha?”

“Well, no one asked, and it really isn’t any of your goddamned business,” she snarks back.

Anna grabs her forcefully by the arm again, but Rey manages to wrench it free. “Would you stop manhandling me? I will go with you if you show me the way.”

“Fine. We’re going this way,” she says as she takes off down the hall.

“Where are you taking me anyway?”

“Well, you’re of no use to us now. You could have only been a proper vessel if you were unmated. Some of the others wanted to just let you go, but I think you should be eliminated.”

Rey stops in her tracks. “Ben will never open that door if I’m dead.”

“He will if he isn’t given a choice.” Anna is about to grab for Rey’s arm again when someone sneaks up behind her and knocks her out cold with the back end of an angel blade.

“Bitch, please,” Finn says to her unconscious form.

“Finn!” Rey exclaims as she throws her arms around him.

He reciprocates awkwardly, giving her back a couple short pats. “Come on, I’m breaking you out of here.”

He takes her hand and starts sprinting down the hallway. “Let go of my hand!” Rey shouts.

He does but gives her an odd look. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s fine. Just that Anna kept yanking me around, and I’m tired of it. Show me the way and I’ll follow you.”

He leads her through a series of halls and back to a vortex like the one she came through. Once they’re back on earth, Poe is waiting for them. He gives them both a sound hug and Rey asks, “What happened?”

Poe is the first to start talking. “Some crazy shit, Rey. I watched this guy die, only to be brought back to life a few minutes later.” He’s grinning like a madman, and so is Finn, for that matter.

Looking around, she cannot contain herself any longer. Rey bursts out, “Where’s Ben?”

“The angels said they’d give you back if he opened the portal, so where do you think he went?” Poe asked.

“Oh no.”

“They took her, Uncle Luke. Your angel buddies took my *mate*.”

“I know, Ben. But they won’t hurt her. You can’t give into their demands.”

Ben was at war with himself. What did Luke know? He had abandoned him in his most desperate time of need. “I’m sorry. I don’t have a choice,” he says as he jams the key into the pentagram lock of the mausoleum. A small pointy, instrument pops out and jabs his finger, catching the drop of blood before retracting into the mechanism. The gears begin to revolve and several hard clicks are heard before everything stops.

“What have you done?” Luke exclaims.

The door stutters open with a loud creak and a rush of black smoke zooms out of the darkness, a demon without a vessel. Several more follow along with spirits of the dead. He can barely see their translucent forms as they wander through the graveyard. Back at the railroad crossing, Hux waits with a smug look on his face as a hoard of smoke demons blast through the iron tracks, allowing him to pass over and head towards the cemetery.

Ben looks at the chaos around him and feels like he has opened Pandora’s box. *Shit*. He screams towards the heavens, “I did what you wanted! Bring her back!” Then he sinks to his knees, helpless.

“Good work, Solo. I didn’t think you had it in you.” Hux was straightening his tie, as if this was all a casual part of his evening.

“I didn’t do it for you,” he spits.

“No, I don’t suppose you did.”

At that moment, Anna and a small brigade of angel soldiers appear. “Where’s the omega?”

“What?!” Ben exclaims. “You took her!”

“Somehow, she escaped.”

Ben turns his head in time to see Dameron, Finn, and Rey roll up in his Thunderbird. They hop out of the car, and Rey runs to him. “Ben! What did you do?” She says as she buries her face in his neck.

“I needed to get you back. I didn’t have a choice.”

She nods at his words, knowing they have bigger issues to deal with at the moment. He does a double take as he looks at Finn. “You were dead. I- I *saw* you die!”

Finn announces, “Guess it didn’t take!” Dameron just shrugs. Then they both brandish their angel blades as Anna’s forces come upon them. In the chaos, Ben feels like he is starting to go mad. He turns to his uncle, who is conveniently Phaniel again. “You need to get that portal closed,” he orders.

“I know!” He rushes back to the mausoleum but is thrown back by a powerful force. He crashes into a tombstone, cracking it in two. He hears Rey scream, “Ben!”

Hux is standing over him, a self-satisfied look on his face. “Well, Alpha. Thanks for holding up your end of the deal. Your contract is complete, but let me give you your reward.” He takes the knife from Ben’s belt and raises it in the air. Just then, Ben is able to make out one of the shadowy spirits that walked out of the abyss. He materializes right behind Hux and grabs him firmly, the smoky essence of his evil form split from his vessel for a second as the two otherworldly beings grapple for control.

In the time it takes for the demon to reenter his vessel, Ben is able to grab the angel blade at his back. “Now, kid!” The ghost of Han Solo says to his son. Ben plunges the blade deep into Hux’s heart, a surprised look forever etched onto his pale features. His eyes turn red, then flood with light, then go dark. He collapses to the ground, dead.

“Dad?” Ben whispers.

His father’s spirit rests a hand on his shoulder. He can’t really feel much, but there is a slight pressure. It’s so strange - he can see into his worn blue eyes and make out all the lines on his face, but he’s also not corporeal. “I’m proud of you, son.” He then watches as Han dematerializes into a beam of light.

“What the fuck just happened?” Ben says to anyone who will listen.

Phanuel comes forward, smiling. “He’s crossed over... to Heaven, Ben. He went to Heaven.”

Ben smiles, momentarily forgetting the crazy shit around him. His father has found peace, and it’s more than he could have hoped for. He then turns back to the door. This needs to end now.

Rey is standing back to back with Finn and Poe, wielding a weapon she’s never used before in a fight against Anna and her battalion of angels. Every time her aim rings true and one of the celestial beings falls, she winces. This isn’t how it’s supposed to be.

“Sisters, brothers, please! This is not the way,” Finns pleads with them.

Anna calls to her brethren, “Ignore him. Just keep them busy long enough for the portal to be completely emptied!”

“You really want to watch the world burn, Sister?”

“The humans have had their chance time and again. It’s our turn now!”

Caught up in the bickering, Rey almost doesn't notice Ben being thrown back into the tombstone. "Ben!" she screams. Then she watches, unable to avert her eyes as Hux goes to strike a killing blow to her beloved, her mate. She abandons the fray and runs across the cemetery. Before she can get there, though, a most peculiar scene unfolds. She can do nothing but stare in stunned silence as a ghost grips Hux from behind, separating demon from vessel, allowing Ben enough time to kill the bastard for good.

It is obvious it is his father; she can tell by his reaction. Once he disappears, Ben rushes to the portal. He is trying in vain to close it. It won't budge. Then she remembers what Holdo and the others have been saying - they are stronger *together*. "Ben, let me help you!" She closes the distance between them and braces the metal door beside him, overlapping one hand over his.

A heat passes between their joined skin and transfers onto the metal itself, casting the area around their hands in a red-orange glow. Ben looks at her and says, "Push!" They both surge forward with all their strength and amazingly, the door starts to move. It is heavy, but together they are able to handle it, shutting it with a resounding BOOM. Once closed, the gears whirl back in place, closing the entrance to Hell permanently.

"We did it!" she exclaims.

He turns to her, a world of emotion in his eyes. "I thought I'd lost you."

"Never. We're bonded for life, remember?"

As an answer, he grasps her face firmly in his hands and kisses her with all his might. There's no time for teeth or tongues, but he lets his lips mold to hers as if they are one, because in a way they are. She melts into him, the relief of being reunited informing every molecule of skin pressed up against his. When they part, it is unclear what the next move should be. Phanuel has joined Finn and Poe in the fight against Anna and her legion, now down to a meager four soldiers.

"Give it up, Anna. The portal is sealed, and you've lost." Phanuel stands in an authoritative stance, his golden archangel blade catching reflections of the moonlight. "We do not need to waste anymore of Heaven's warriors this night."

Her teeth are bared and she looks enraged, but finally, she drops her weapon. “Stand down,” she orders her soldiers.

“We have much to discuss, Sister. Let us go home,” Phaniel tells her gently. With a whoosh and the sound of wings, Anna and her minions are gone. The archangel in the shape of Ben’s uncle approaches them both. He lowers his head and when he looks up, it is clear he is Luke again. “I trust you two found the provisions I left behind at the cabin.”

Rey feels her cheeks warm as she remembers everything else they did in the cabin. Ben answers, “Yes, thank you.”

“I’m proud of you Ben. You too, Rey. It is because you listened to your biological imperative that you were able to close the door and stave off the apocalypse.”

“No,” Rey insists. “It was because we listened to our hearts.” She feels for Ben’s hand, entwining their fingers.

Luke smiles. “That too. Well, Ben. I made you a promise.” He pulls a slip of paper from his monk-like robe and hands it to him. “You travel there, and you’ll find what you’re looking for.”

Ben glances at the paper and goes to ask his uncle for more information, but the man is already gone. “I wish he’d stop doing that.”

“I guess that’s what you get when your uncle’s an archangel.” Rey giggles.

“It’s not funny,” he replies, even as the edges of a smirk tug at his plush lips. They walk hand in hand over to where Finn and Poe are talking in hushed tones, their weapons put away for now.

“Not following the others back to Heaven?” Rey asks.

“Not yet. A lot of demons and spirits were let out of the portal while it was open. I think it best that I stay and help correct some of that.”

Ben looks crestfallen. “About that... I’m really sorry, guys.”

Finn puts an awkward hand on his shoulder. “There is nothing to apologize for. One side or the other would have forced you to do it somehow. At least you and Rey were able to get it closed.”

Poe looks around at everyone. “So is it straight to work, or do we have time for a beer and a cheeseburger? I don’t know about you guys, but I’m starving.”

The smile on Finn’s face is incandescent. “I do not eat, but I would love another one of those beers.”

There have been few times in his life that Ben Solo could say he was truly happy. Most of them were before his mother was taken, or before he became an alpha. Recently, all his happiest moments have included Rey; and this one is no different. The four of them: an alpha, an omega, a hunter, and an angel, are all crammed into a booth at some 24-hour diner off the interstate. The seats are red vinyl and the menus are sticky, but they are all here. They are all alive. His beer is cold, his cheeseburger is juicy, and he really couldn’t think of another thing he’d rather be doing... okay, maybe *one* thing.

Rey smiles at him as she pops a french fry into his mouth. He has never loved another human being quite as much as he loves her. Her scent now is still citrus, sunshine, a little bit of motor oil, but also very hard notes of alpha, his smell. It makes him deliriously happy to know that she is and he is hers. His hand finds its way over to her jean-clad thigh underneath the booth and he gives her a gentle squeeze of reassurance. On the other side of the booth, Dameron and Finn talk animatedly about... something. Ben can’t be bothered to pay attention to them when he can watch Rey eat instead. Something inside him sings with

contentment as he observes her stuff her face. It says, *you are a good alpha, you can provide for your mate* .

“What are you thinking about?” She asks, taking a swig of her beer.

“You,” he says, truthfully. “And how I love watching you eat.”

Color rushes to her cheeks, sending a thrill down his spine. “I know I can eat like a beast.”

“No,” he shakes his head. “Everything you do is perfect.”

This earns him an eye-roll. “Be-en,” she chastises, drawing his name out to two syllables.

“I mean it.” He leans over to give her a greasy kiss. “I love you.”

“I love you, too... *Alpha* .” The last word she says in a hushed tone meant only for him.

When they finish their meals, they all crash at a nearby motel. Dameron and the angel share a room, while he and Rey get their own as well. They have been through too much today, and they are too exhausted for much, but they manage to stumble into the shower together. It is comforting, cleansing each other in more ways than one. They take turns shampooing each other's hair and scrubbing the other clean with gentle caresses. Ben kisses his mate sweetly under the stream of hot water, and they let the tension leave their bones with the flow down the drain. Afterwards, they climb into the king sized bed and hold each other close, breathing in their intermingled scents. It is enough to know the other is alive and safe. They have the rest of their lives for making love.

Dawn breaks on the cheap motel, sending dusty shafts of light through the cracks in the drawn curtains. Ben wakes first, reveling in the feel of his omega wrapped around him. One of Rey's legs is sandwiched between his own and her head is tucked up under his chin. The ginger smell of the shampoo wafts upward and he inhales with a sigh. Everything about this

moment is perfect. Too bad it needs to end. He presses his mouth to her head, rousing her with a gentle kiss. "Wake up, baby. We need to get on the road."

"Already?" She blinks at him sleepily.

He thinks of the address on the slip of paper, still in the pocket of his jeans from yesterday. "As soon as possible."

"Alright," she responds, slipping out of his arms to head towards the bathroom.

Ben sighs and packs up their stuff. He puts on his normal hunting clothes- jeans, plaid shirt, boots and his trusty leather jacket. Then he exits the room to load up the Falcon. When Rey joins him, she is fresh-faced, hair loose, dressed in jeans and a burgundy sweater. The morning breeze is brisk and chilly, so the alpha in him is pleased with her choice of attire. She waves to Dameron and Finn, who are loading up the Thunderbird.

"Heading out?" Dameron asks them.

"Yeah, where are you guys off to?" Ben asks.

"Well, we're not sure yet. There's quite a few demons and spirits that need to be sent back where they belong. Figure we'll find some cases on the way. You?"

"Probably the same, but we have a stop to make first."

"Good luck to you, man. That's one hell of a mate you've got." He winks at Rey and the two embrace. She even gives Finn another awkward hug before they hop in and drive off.

It's nearly sunset by the time they reach their destination. It's a large, but very inviting looking house in this small town Ben swears he's never even seen on the map before. Rey marvels at the flower garden out front, vines winding up the trellis to the second floor. A

warm sepia glow emanates from the windows and the smell of something delicious cooking hits his nose as soon as they step out of the car.

“I’ve got a good feeling about this,” Rey reassures him.

Ben does too, and even that sensation feels alien to him by now. They walk up the three short stairs of the porch and he knocks calmly on the front door. When it opens, the face that greets him is familiar but also so foreign. She has the same eyes, but there are now many more wrinkles present on her face. Her long brown hair is streaked generously with gray, but she still wears it up in braids. Her eyes light up when she takes them in.

“Mom?”

Chapter End Notes

Yay, Finn's alive! If you watch SPN at all, you know that every main character has died (multiple times) and come back. Since Finn is kind of our Castiel stand in, I had to do it to him. But he's back, baby!

And Leia! We finally see Leia! I'm so excited for the mother/son reunion in our next chapter. I promise our alpha and omega will also find some time for *other* things as well. ;) Please leave a comment and let me know your thoughts!

Songs for this chapter:

Back in Black - AC/DC

Heaven/Hell - Chvrches

The Devil's Bleeding Crown - Volbeat

Knockin' on Heaven's Door - Bob Dylan

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify!

Come say hi on [tumblr](#). :)

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

[The Road So Far...](#)

If you've ever seen a season finale of Supernatural, you'll know what that means. I can't believe we're here at the last chapter already! I want to thank each and every one of you who have commented and/or left kudos. It means so much to me that you've come along on the journey and excited for you to see the end!

Thanks again to my wonderful beta, [obsessivepropulsive](#) who has really helped me polish off these chapters before they get to you!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Leia Organa's eyes glisten with unshed tears as she takes in the face of the son she hasn't seen in over twenty years. "Ben," she says softly.

He doesn't wait for further invitation, but wraps her up in the biggest, fiercest hug he's ever given. He cries freely, letting his tears spill down into her hair. "I thought I'd never see you again."

When he finally releases her, she steps back and waves them both inside. “Come in. It’s getting cold.”

They take off their shoes and jackets by the door and follow her in as she shuffles around, her fuzzy house slippers making slight scuffing noises on the hardwood floor. The house has a foyer and hallway leading into an open dining room and living room overlooking a back porch. The kitchen is off to the right, separated from the rest of the bottom floor. A set of stairs leads up from the living room to the bedrooms upstairs. Ben watches his mate take in the woman before them. She whispers to him, “Your mother is so short.”

“I heard that!” Leia swivels around, a mock angry look on her face.

“She also hears like a bat. Glad to see that hasn’t changed.” He’s having a hard time with all the emotions swirling around in his head, but it feels good to get back into the witty banter they’ve always shared. He was barely even ten years old yet when his mother was snatched away, but he always kept her sense of humor with him.

“Sorry,” Rey starts, but Leia wraps her up in a big hug instead.

“It’s fine, my dear. Han was the tall one. Ben already had surpassed me by the time he was ten. I’m not surprised he shot up like a weed.” She takes them both in again. “I can’t believe my son is an alpha, and now he’s found a mate. Do you know how rare that is?”

They both nod their heads, painfully aware of the scarcity of the designations given them. Then again, neither of them were born with it.

Leia continues, “I knew an alpha once, before your father. He was handsome and charming, but a little too volatile.” She gazes off into the distance, recalling the memory. Then she parts the pair standing before her and waltzes into the kitchen. “You’re just in time for dinner. I’ve made a big pot of beef stew and fresh biscuits.”

“That sounds, delicious, Mom.” Ben follows her into the kitchen while directing Rey to take a seat in the living room. It’s odd that the house resembles his childhood home, but he

guesses the angels wanted her to be as comfortable as possible since she was being hidden away. “Can I do anything to help?”

“Sure, you can get the drinks.” She points to the fridge and inside Ben finds his favorite beer. “Did you know we were coming?”

“Luke told me. He’s really the only person I’ve had contact with over the years, after he rescued me from the demons.” She sets the bowls down on the counter and turns around to face him. “I’ve been so lonely.” She collapses into his arms and sobs with all her might. “My baby boy. I never even got to see you grow up!”

“Shhh, it’s alright, Mom. I’m here now.” He fights off the urge to join her in crying, knowing he needs to be strong for her in this moment. Both Heaven and Hell have taken so much from his family, and he makes a silent vow that it will never happen again.

She snuffles and grabs a paper towel to wipe herself off. “I’m so proud of you, Ben. You actually stopped the apocalypse.”

“Well, I didn’t do it alone. I had lots of help, especially from the omega sitting in your living room.”

Leia smiles. “Yes, your mate! Tell me more about her.” Quickly composing herself, she starts ladling the stew into bowls.

“She’s amazing. You’ll see.” He grabs the magnetic bottle opener from the front of the fridge and starts opening the beers. “The kindest, strongest woman I know... besides you of course.” He grins at her.

“Oh stop. No need to flatter your old mother.”

They carry the provisions into the dining room and set everything out on the table. “Beer okay?” Ben asks Rey, setting an opened bottle down for her either way.

“Yeah, sounds great,” she says, walking in from the living room area.

It is awkward as they all sit at the large table, not knowing quite what to say. Rey watches as Ben and his mother keep eyeing each other, as if at any moment one of them could disappear from view. She never knew her parents well, can barely remember the shape of them. But Ben had a loving family that was torn apart by forces beyond his control.

They eat in silence and sip their beers until Ben blurts out, “I saw Dad. Well, his ghost.”

Leia looks taken aback. She lost her husband and son at the same time. “What? How did he-”

“In the chaos of everything that happened in the graveyard, he showed up. Helped me kill this boss demon. I uh, probably would have died if not for his help.” His voice catches, and Rey reaches over to hold his hand, rubbing her thumb against the scent gland on his wrist. “He said he was proud of me.”

The face of the woman sitting at the head of the table changes. She no longer looks grief stricken or woebegone, but it’s like her youthful vigor returns. “Of course he is. As he damn well should be. We both are, honey. What you’ve become in the face of everything you’ve been through, you should be proud of yourself, too.”

Rey realizes she is seeing Leia the hunter as well as Leia the mother, coming from a legendary family of monster slayers. It’s easy to see where Ben gets a lot of his strength from. She decides right then that she loves this woman. “It’s true. I’m proud of you, too, my mate.”

He gulps, all the love and attention a bit too much for him to take. Nodding, he replies, “I love you both.”

The rest of the dinner passes in easy conversation, both Rey and Ben taking second helpings of the delicious stew. They've been through a lot in the past few days and their appetites show it. It isn't until later, after they've showered and settled in the guest room Leia prepared that Rey realizes her appetite for other things is back in full force as well.

She pads over to him as he's turning down the bed and grabs at the waistband of his sleep pants. "Rey, what are you doing?"

Their intermingled scent fills her nostrils, heady and inviting. She can't back off now; it's been too long. She may not be in heat anymore, but she finds her desire for him is just as strong. "I haven't had you inside me since the cabin, Ben." She fiddles with his drawstrings and bites her bottom lip, trying to look as sexy as possible in her shapeless pajamas.

"No, I don't think we should. You know my mother has excellent hearing..." he looks like he might keel over with how hard he's holding back.

"Please, *Alpha*. I need you." She knows he can't resist when she says it like that.

Grunting, he gives in and pulls her close. His mouth is nearly upon hers when he whispers, "Fine, but you better be quiet as a mouse when you come."

Smiling, she nods emphatically as he tosses her onto the bed. "I can do that."

"Good. That's my good little Omega," he says kissing down her neck and latching onto her gland.

Rey writhes beneath him, doing her best not to make a sound. Oh it feels so good to have his teeth and tongue back where they belong. She returns in kind, nipping at his gland as he moves his hands down into her pajama pants, finding her center to be sopping already. "Fuck, you weren't kidding," he whispers.

She shakes her head no and arches her back up as he slides her bottoms off. Trying to make as little noise as possible, he keeps his eyes on her as he dips a finger inside. For some reason, it feels exhilarating trying to keep quiet. Rey throws her head back into the pillows as he adds a second finger, pumping in and out, circling her swollen bud with his thumb. Ben doesn't take his eyes off her face, his stare down a challenge.

For her part, every time she isn't screwing her eyes shut, she stares right back letting her mouth fall open in a perfect O to let him know he's giving her what she wants. When her orgasm hits, she clamps her hand over her mouth, letting out only the faintest whimper. He smiles as he makes his way up her body and finds her mouth again. "You did so good, baby. Think you can stay this quiet while I knot you?"

"Mmm," she moans. "Only one way to find out."

Not wanting to draw it out, he enters her in one swift motion, burying himself to the hilt. They both release a hiss of pleasure at the contact. This is the first time they've had sex when she's not in heat, and it feels different. Less urgent, more voluntary. It is glorious as Ben begins to thrust, still not willing to break eye contact. He doesn't take her shirt off, doesn't let his hands or his mouth roam to other places. He just looks deeply into her eyes, occasionally kissing her mouth to cover any noises she might make. Rey feels closer to him than ever before, and so, so loved. He moves slow and steady at first and she is marveling at how good the stretch is, how full she feels with him driving deep inside of her. He brushes up against her inner wall just right, causing her to dig into his back. A soft "Faster, Ben," leaves her lips.

How can he resist? A new pace is reached, little huffs leaving his mouth as he increases momentum. She pants in tandem, barely keeping it together. Her thighs part more, allowing him to reach further inside, bumping a spot that has her seeing stars. His knot swells and rubs against her on each ingress, so he moves a hand between them to help her along. Soon her mouth falls open in a silent scream, walls clenching around him. He covers her lips with his to muffle any potential moans as he drives home one last time, spilling into her and locking them in place.

My mate, my mate, my mate, Ben recites as he comes, pulsing deep inside his omega. He'll never get tired of this, of her. He asked her to be quiet, and she more than exceeded his expectations, lasting through two orgasms without even crying his name. "I love you," he whispers, unable to hold back.

“I love you, too,” her voice is barely audible, but her words so loud in his head. Never did he think he’d have all this. Now he is reunited with his long lost mother and making love to the woman of his dreams. He showers her with kisses, rolling them onto their sides while they’re still joined. Then he lets his hands wander, caressing everywhere before making his way back to her apex and making her shudder around him again. Eventually he shrinks enough to pull out, but he cherishes the moments when they are joined together by his knot. It is something truly sacred and just between them.

When Ben awakes the next morning, Rey is still nestled deep in his arms. He loves waking up beside her. The smell of freshly cooked batter and maple syrup wafts up into the room and he can’t help the goofy grin on his face when he remembers where they are. She yawns and asks, “Pancakes?”

“No, waffles.”

“Even better.”

They trudge downstairs in their pajamas to find Leia bustling about the kitchen, waffle iron going and bacon sizzling in a pan. The coffee maker sputters as the last few drops drizzle into the pot. “Mom, this is amazing.” He could remember her cooking like this for him and his dad on Sunday mornings. A pang of longing shot through his chest for what could’ve been.

“Well, I just got you back. Seems like a fine occasion to celebrate. Did you kids sleep well?”

“Very well, thank you,” Rey answered.

“I have to thank you for being so respectful. Couldn’t even hear you fucking.” Leia chuckles to herself.

“*Mother!*” Ben exclaims.

“Like I said, I didn’t *hear* you, but you’re both glowing. You think I’m too old to recognize the post-coital glow?”

Ben drags his hand across his face. “Please never say ‘post-coital’ ever again.”

“I missed out on embarrassing you for your formative teen years, but as they say, ‘it’s never too late to start.’” She winks at Rey, who immediately begins cackling.

“I’m done with both of you till I’ve had my coffee.” Ben fills up a mug for himself before going to sulk in the living room.

Over breakfast, Leia makes them tell her the story of how they met. In regaling her with the tale, Ben suddenly realizes that all of this has happened in the span of about two weeks. Two incredible, life-altering weeks in which they stopped the apocalypse and found each other. He watches Rey as she shovels another bite of waffle into her mouth and thinks how impossible it seems that he could love someone so much.

Then his mom speaks up, “So what are you two planning on doing now?”

Rey looks at him, and he’s at a loss for words. He hadn’t given any thought to living beyond the day before. He certainly doesn’t know what the future holds. “I-I don’t know. I hadn’t thought about it.”

“You know you’re both welcome to stay as long as you want, but I figure you’ll be wanting to go off on your own soon enough. Now that you’ve found me, you can come back anytime.” She smiles and reaches for his hand.

Just like that, he has a home to come back to again. It touches him so deeply that he doesn’t know what to say. Rey speaks up for him, “Thank you, Leia. That means so much to us.”

“You can call me ‘Mom’ if you want, dear. You’re family now.”

Tears brim in his mate's eyes as she lets this wash over her. They all have each other now, and that's more than enough.

They stay with Leia for another full day before Rey has a vision of Finn and Poe. They leave with the promise of returning again regularly, especially for holidays. Neither of them has had a proper Christmas in years. Leia wants to take advantage of her newfound freedom and visit Amilyn. Ben thinks that's a wonderful idea.

"Love you, Mom." He gives her a kiss as he throws their bags into the Falcon's trunk.

"Love you, too. Both of you, come here." They oblige, dwarfing her small frame in an awkward group hug. "Text me often, so I know you didn't die or worse."

"We will."

"And don't forget the sandwiches I made you."

"We won't."

"Okay then, be safe!" She turns and quickly walks back inside before she starts crying again.

They have been on the road for several hours when the Falcon gives a shuddering lurch and stops completely. "What was that?" Rey asks. "You filled up before we left, right?"

The look Ben gives her could cut glass. "Of course I did! Don't you remember getting all that candy you said you just *had* to have?"

“Okay, okay!” She holds her hands up in surrender. “I needed my sour cherry straws, thank you very much.”

“Well, why don’t you help me take a look, Ms. Mechanic?” he prods as he steps out of the vehicle.

Rey follows suit as Ben pops the hood. A bit of steam rises to meet them as she pokes her head inside to look at the inner workings. She knows Ben has been fixing up the car for years by himself, or going to Poe for help in severe cases, but she appreciates him asking for her expertise. It’s very un-alpha of him. “Mm-hmm, mm-hmm,” she muses and holds her hand out for the keys.

He drops them into her hand with a little grunt - Rey is really enjoying this. She turns the engine over and listens closely. The rhythm is off, just as she suspected. She kills the ignition, hops out and hands the keys back. “What’s the diagnosis, doctor?”

“I think there might be a problem with the timing belt. I could fix it, but we need to take it to a garage. Too many parts need to be removed to access it.”

Ben nodded. If he had suspected this, he didn’t show it. “Nearest town was quite a ways back... can we drive it?”

“It might make it there, might not. It would be safer to have it towed.”

“I was afraid you’d say that.” He calls a tow truck company while she munches on her sour straws. By the time he hangs up, he looks pissed. “Two hours! They can’t get someone out here for two hours.”

Rey lets him fume for a minute, knowing he needs to get it out of his system. She, on the other hand, is used to waiting. Once he calms down, she smiles and gets in the back seat. “Oh no, whatever shall we do for two hours?”

“Rey, it’s the side of the road!”

“Do you see anyone around?”

She has a point. No cars have been by this whole time, and it’s been at least thirty minutes. He jumps in beside her and pulls her close. He puts his lips against the shell of her ear. “You want me to fuck you right here, right now, Omega?”

She shivers under his touch. “Yes, Alpha.”

He leans in to kiss her, immediately pressing inward with his tongue and tasting the sour cherry flavor of the candy she’d been eating. “Mmm, you taste good.”

She moans in response as he continues nibbling at her bottom lip. It’s amazing how quickly he can be ready to claim her again. He lays her down on the backseat, her arousal already filling his nostrils. It never fails to thrill him to know how badly she wants him. It sends his alpha brain into overdrive and he starts unbuttoning her jeans greedily. Rey moves her hand atop his and rubs his wrist gland with her thumb. “Be as alpha as you want, but remember we can take our time.”

His smile is knowing. “I’m well aware. Maybe I want to set a record for the number of times I can make you come.” He goes back to the task at hand, yanking her pants down and off, letting them crumple on the floor of the car. The panties go next, and he can see how ready she is for him. He growls and settles himself just outside the car, knees in the dirt as he pulls her to him, a leg on either shoulder. There is a wicked gleam in his eye as he spreads her wider and ducks his head down to feast on her wet heat.

“Oh god, Ben,” she cries as he draws the flat of his tongue through her folds, circling that sensitive bud at the top. He kisses, nips, and sucks at her, causing her back to arch up of the leather seat and grind herself into his face. His eyes close as he savors her juices, moaning while he laps at her core. She comes suddenly with a cry, another round of slick coating his face and he hasn’t even gotten his fingers involved yet. Maybe he really can set a record.

“More?” he asks, gathering his breath before going in for round two.

The way she peers down at him stirs his already roused cock. Then she giggles. “If you insist.”

He dives back in again, suckling her already swollen clit as he pumps a finger inside her opening. A steadying hand comes down on her hip bone when she starts to buck too much. He smiles into her, adding another finger and curling upwards to reach that special place inside that makes her keen beneath him. Making her come undone like this is his favorite thing. Thrusting his fingers faster, he adds a third and feels her start to spasm around him in seconds.

“Ben, Ben, Ben,” she mumbles, her hands winding through his hair.

Rising to his feet, he licks his fingers clean and gazes down at his mate, her beautiful blissed out expression making his chest swell with pride. He unzips his pants and crawls on top of her. “I love you so much,” he whispers before kissing her again.

She reaches up to tuck his hair behind his ear. “I love you, too.”

His mouth finds her gland as her legs wrap around his waist. He pushes inside her with ease and begins to move, the velvety friction making him groan with each thrust. “You feel so good.”

Ben picks up speed, knowing he won’t last long. He got himself too riled up from before. He steels himself, though, trying to give her one last orgasm before he loses it. Slowly, he presses one of her legs up towards her chest, giving him a deeper angle and hitting that place inside that he knows drives her wild. He grunts as he pushes as hard and fast as he can, dragging his thumb to her clit again. Rey screams as she comes, her walls clenching him so tightly he can’t help but follow, nearly going boneless as he pushes his knot into her and pulses her full of his seed. Well, that’s the first time he’s ever done *that* in the Falcon.

They are still entwined when he hears the tow truck roll up. *Shit*. He's shrunk enough by now that he can pull out, so he does, falling onto the floor in the process. He's frantically tucking his cock back in his pants and pulling them up while Rey laughs her ass off. She's managed to tug on her undies, but only has her pants up halfway when the rather large man comes up and raps on the windows, fogged over and dripping with condensation. "Somebody call for assistance?"

Sheepishly, Ben opens the door and steps out. The man is huge, taller than him by nearly a head and incredibly hairy like a long lost ZZ Top member. His charcoal coveralls bear a name badge with **Chewie** written on it in a script font. "Yup, that would be us."

"Awfully foggy in there," he observes as Rey slinks out behind him. "You two alright?"

"Yup, just fine. Something's wrong with the timing belt. Just need a tow back to town, to the nearest garage." Ben's cheeks are flushed and the tips of his ears are red, not that anyone else can see.

They don't speak on the ride back to town, and the beast of a tow truck driver drops the Falcon off with a smile and a nod. Ben decides to call Dameron and give them the head's up about Rey's vision since he doesn't know how long this will take. It sounds like pure pandemonium on the other line, but the other hunter sounds assured. "We got it under control, buddy."

Rey smiles at him after the call. "Thank you."

"Think they'll be okay?"

"Yeah, they've got each other." She looks calm and collected. It makes him believe her.

The town is small but inviting, and they wind up having to order the part needed as it isn't in stock. They find a cozy inn to stay at until it arrives. Ben cooks, Rey cleans, and they settle into a domestic routine over the next couple days. No more visions come, and no specters visit. He almost thinks he could get used to this when the owner of the garage calls to say their part has come in.

True to her word, Rey does the labor so they don't get charged an arm and leg. The shop owner charges them only for the part and small convenience fee for the use of his garage and tools. It is nearly sunset again by the time the Falcon is ready to get back on the road.

Ben checks inside the trunk, just to make sure everything is still there. After spending so much time off the road, he's feeling weird. "So what do we do now?"

"What do you mean, Ben? We have a particular skill set- saving people, hunting things- it's kind of what we do!"

"Yeah, but I don't know. I just thought maybe after the past few days, we could-"

Rey laughs, cutting him off. "What, get a house with a white picket fence? I'll pop out a couple kids and you can be, oh I don't know, a P.E. teacher?"

"Oh god, could you imagine me in those shorts?"

A wicked grin lands on Rey's face. "Mm... I'm imagining it right now." She gives him a hard slap on the ass.

"Hey now!"

Still beaming, she wraps her arms around his middle. "Wherever you are is my home, Ben. We were made to help people, so let's do that."

He gives her a quick kiss on the lips. "How'd you get so wise?"

"Ah, you're forgetting I'm a prophet."

“Oh, that’s right. That must be it.” He opens the passenger door of the Falcon for her before jogging over to his side. “A prophet and a mechanic... is there anything you can’t do?”

“Nope.”

They laugh at her simple reply as Ben turns the engine over. Rooting through the box of tapes, Rey takes one out she doesn’t remember seeing before. “Hey what’s this one?”

“Looks like a mix. Why don’t you pop it in?”

She does and a wave of nostalgia hits them both as the opening notes of the Kansas song flood the interior of the car. *Carry on my wayward son, there’ll be peace when you are done. Lay your weary head to rest, don’t you cry no more...*

Chapter End Notes

Out of all the fics I've ever written (here on AO3 and in the deep bowels of early 2000's forums), I think this is the one I've gotten the most emotionally attached to. In fact, I love this universe so much, I'm thinking about coming back to it from time to time for "monster of the week" type drabbles... let me know if that's something anyone would be interested in. I could take [prompts](#) for favorite monsters on tumblr or just scenarios you'd like to see hunter!Ben and prophet!Rey get into. (I have a particular desire to see Charlie Bradbury and Rose Tico go on a date, weird?) Anyway, thanks again so much for reading!

The PE teacher bit was a reference to the [episode](#) where Dean goes undercover as a [gym teacher](#).

Songs for this chapter:

Mother - Florence + the Machine

Back on the Road Again - REO Speedwagon

Carry On Wayward Son - Kansas

Follow the [playlist](#) on Spotify!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!